

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY
W. ROBERT ROGERS.

Theme: Overcoming Evil.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Church of the Good Shepherd, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Robert Rogers, preached Sunday morning on "Overcoming Evil." The text was from Romans 12:21: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Dr. Rogers said:

This is the closing verse of a rather remarkable chapter. The words immediately preceding my text, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" "Bless them which persecute you, bless and curse not," do not sound like the words of a Jew who was trained under the maxims, love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. They have much more the sound of the voice of Jesus, who said, "Love your enemies." It is very impressive to think how deeply Jesus was able to fasten His peculiar teaching upon a man like Paul, who had been trained in the religious philosophy of the old school.

Paul has lost his old prejudices; he has separated himself from the narrow tenets of Judaism; he has imbibed the spirit of Christ; he has been born again into a new world of moral philosophy, and he has been regarded as the best interpreter of the Gospel of Christ among the writers of the New Testament. Luther said the Epistle to the Romans is a complete epitome of the Gospel. In our text Paul has something to say about evil and something to say about good.

He does not deny the existence of evil, as some moderns are doing; he does not pass it over as merely "good in the making." He says, "Abhor that which is evil;" he says, "fight it, overcome it." But while he thus presents the reality of evil and the important influence it has in human experience, yet he looks upon it as something to be conquered, to be eliminated from life. He looks upon it as only a temporary condition of things. It is not a necessary complement of character. He says, "Be not overcome of evil;" therefore, a man can be free from it.

It is a matter of very great importance to every man to be sure of this truth, that sin is not a necessity of his being; many a man is in deep discouragement because he has been taught the permanence of "this ineradicable taint of sin," this necessary weakness and frailty of human nature.

Paul has a much finer conception of a man's possibilities. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," is his message to every man's soul, and in this he is but following His Master, who said: "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Thus if we follow Paul's teaching it will be wise for us to know of a certainty that there is evil in the world, that we can know it inwardly by conviction, that we can know it outwardly by its consequences. But let us at the same time know that we have the power to be separate and free from it and the ability to conquer it.

Paul has also a philosophy of good. Good is the power which overcomes evil. While evil is transient and temporary, good is permanent and eternal. Good comes from God. Wherever evil is present bring good to meet it. Wherever hatred is present bring love to conquer it. Wherever ignorance and superstition are present bring truth to enlighten it. Wherever lust and impurity are present bring love and purity. Wherever unbelief and recklessness are present bring your faith to victory. Wherever despair or moral rebellion is present bring hope. Wherever strife and enmity are present bring charity.

Paul's philosophy of good is "overcoming evil." Once set free from the forces of good in a man's individual life he will be saved from wrong. Once set free and active the forces of God in a community or city and evil will be destroyed. This is not a mere system of theory or speculation; it has the power of demonstration behind it. The experiences of life are full of illustrations of this fact, but yet we especially tell you something about a wonderful work being done in Emmanuel Church, Boston, and which is being taken up by other churches, and will grow more and more widely as it is investigated and its marvelous power comprehended.

The whole genius of this great work lies in the power of good overcoming evil. The two clergymen in that church are caring men and women of such evils as drunkenness, drug habits, gambling, kleptomania, murderous impulses, and morbidness, leading to suicidal mania, and mental prostration. A young woman was recently cured of the habit of lying and impudence to parents and teachers, a very grievous affliction which seemed impossible of cure by the best skill and advice. These are a type of a hundred other evils which yield to this new method of treatment. You will notice that each one has its basis in moral disorder of some kind, and I have no doubt whatever that every moral delinquency is remediable in the same way.

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A very marvelous and astounding thought in connection with this method of influencing men through this sub-conscious self is that some of the most learned students say that it is impossible to influence men to do wrong or immoral things while in this state. They may be made to do foolish or humorous things, but rebellion is encountered if a wrong or evil thing is suggested. It is this which leads me to call this state of sub-consciousness a man's moral nature. What a wonderful revelation this is, to know how we are guided and guarded against evil, if we will listen to and obey the advice which God has put within us.

It is important for us to note well why this very subtle method of influencing a hypnotic state is necessary before man can be cured. Why cannot the moral nature of persons afflicted be appealed to in the ordinary way of teaching and advice? The reason seems to be that in moral delinquency, this substratum of moral nature is so buried in bad habits, is so separated from the ordinary thoughts and acts of life, that it is practically lost, and therefore this hypnotic means is necessary in order to drive from the field the ordinary consciousness which is associated with evil. It is very important to see that a person may be so taken up with the physical affairs of life that the moral foundations are based so deep as to be practically non-existent. This is a sad state for a man to arrive at.

Now, as you think of this new method it is simple to understand—at least in a general way. It is forcibly building up the moral foundations in a man—God's sovereignty, fatherhood, goodness; awakening in man the consciousness of the nobility of his own nature; that his purpose in life is to love God, love his neighbor, love and respect himself. When this is accomplished in a man's soul he has a new vision of the power and glory of human nature under God. He sees the hideous face of sin and its blighting consequences on life; he understands the power of good overcoming evil. Thus it is that in religious and moral clinics the evils and immoralities of life which crush men are overcome by implanting goodness, which drives out the demons of evil from the soul. These men in Boston say that in a year's treatment of about 500 cases there is not one failure to be recorded. Now, I hope we are all very much interested in the principle involved in this illustration or demonstration of the truth contained in my text from St. Paul. It teaches plainly that where evil is present and controlling you in some habit of life which you know to be bad, it is because good is absent, because your moral nature is submerged and not allowed to do its work in your life. In order to be free from evil a man must build himself up in the moral foundations of God. Happy will we be if this work was begun in childhood and continued all along the years. I once quoted to you Evangelist Hadley's statement that he never known of a fallen man or woman to make a complete recovery of himself unless he had been trained in the Scripture truths in childhood. This is only another proof of the need of moral foundations strong enough to be vitalized at critical periods in order to recover a man from destruction by evil. The unfortunate man who has no such moral establishment has no power in him to recuperate when the critical time comes. This experience has its counterpart in bodily sickness. The great value of religious training is easily recognized. The value of Bible reading is that a man may see the moral foundations which God has laid for him—the value of the church and the Sunday-school, that we may be constantly reminded and stimulated and instructed in these moral obligations; the value of prayer, which keeps us in vital communion with the source of all truth and goodness. Let God's standard of goodness be deeply set in our lives, and evil will never find a resting place. If a temporary lapse in our moral standards shall permit evil to take hold of us, the power of recovery will soon assert itself and drive off the intruder.

The purpose of God toward man is redemption. This is the lesson of Jesus' presence among us; the Son of Man came seek and to save, and certainly one of the great messages of His life is to teach the truth of overcoming evil with good. Let us have no fear of evil. Many men remain in bondage to their sins and bad habits by being in constant fear of them, paying all their attention to the foes outside and giving little or no attention to the divine power within them. To such I would say, stop thinking of your faults and evils for a while and begin an earnest seeking after God, to know His goodness, His will, Search the New Testament and know who Christ was. Learn His message; do the things which He asks, and you will find power for goodness taking hold of you and evil will have gone.

The Value of Confession.
"Next to not sinning," says some one, "is confessing sin." A very learned man has said: "The three hardest words in the English language are, 'I was mistaken.'" Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate: "I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault." Goldsmith says: "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories." Such a prompt acknowledgment of his fault recalls Bacon's course in more trying circumstances. "I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and so renounce all defense. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed."—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Threads of Gold.
Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathies, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.—Canon Farrar.

An Uncomfortable Time.
When a minister begins to drive home the truth, there are always those in the congregation who would feel more comfortable if they could go home, too.

The Sunday-School

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR APRIL 19.

Subject: Jesus Anointed at Bethany. John 12:1-11—Golden Text, 1 John 4:19—Commit Verse 3—Commentary on the Lesson.

TIME.—Friday evening, March 31, 80 A. D. PLACE.—House of Simon the leper, Bethany.

EXPOSITION.—I. Mary of Bethany Unjustly Criticized by Jesus' Disciples, 1-6. We are now within six days of Jesus' last passover. It might appear from the account in Matthew that this supper was two days before the passover, but Matthew and Mark bring this feast in after mentioning the conspiracy of the chief priests and elders, because the incident of the feast led Jesus to his final determination to sell his Master to His enemies and is thus connected with the plots of the Jewish leaders. This lesson throws a holy light upon home life and the way in which Christ regards it. Jesus does not forget in these supreme hours of His life the friends He loved, Martha and Mary and Lazarus. He will have for His own heart's joy, and still more for the confirmation of their faith, a few more times of communion with them. To bring them some further spiritual gift He came to Bethany. There is something inexpressibly touching in these evenings at Bethany during the last week of our Saviour's life on earth. He came for another purpose also, to nurture that flame of faith that had been kindled in the hearts of many by the resurrection of Lazarus. We read in the beginning of Jesus' ministry, how, having performed His first miracle at Cana and faith being awakened, He afterward came back to Cana to quicken and nourish and strengthen that faith (John 4:54). So here Jesus comes back to Bethany for a similar purpose. Jesus did not awaken faith and then leave it to languish and die. But the principal purpose of this visit was communion with Martha and Mary and Lazarus. Jesus Christ, while He was "very God of very God," was also a very real man. He was our brother. The way in which Bethany is spoken of by John is worthy of note. "Where Lazarus was, whom Jesus raised from the dead," Bethany was a little village, but it had a title of dignity; there was a resurrected man there. There was no one else at the gathering who brought such joy to the aching heart of Jesus as did Mary. She above all others had listened to Him, understood Him, believed and loved. Out of the "faith of her love she had purchased at a cost of fifty-one dollars (a large sum in those days, her whole treasure) an alabaster cruse of ointment and put it aside to use it upon Him when the proper moment came. She had understood what none of the rest had, that He was actually to die and be buried. She had not sat at His feet in vain (Luke 10:39). Mary had not stopped to calculate the cost of the ointment and whether she might not better save part of her money for future needs. Love never calculates, it gives all. Mary's uncalculating love of Jesus proved a safer guide to conduct than the calculating prudence of Judas and the rest of the disciples (cf. Matt. 26:8).

II. Mary of Bethany Commended by Jesus Himself, 7-11. Jesus praised when His disciples criticized. He told the critics that they had the poor always with them and whenever they will they could do them good (Mark 14:7). There was a wrick in that for their consciences. He told them further that what was to be done for Him must be done at once. So it must be to-day. Upon Mary's act He bestowed the highest possible praise, "She hath done what she could" (Mark 14:8). That is all Christ asks of any one (2 Cor. 8:12). Mary was not looking for fame when she performed this act, but she got fame immortal. Jesus bestowed such commendation upon her as He bestowed upon no other, and His wonderful prediction concerning her (Matt. 26:13) has been literally fulfilled. Martha was taken up with her service. Lazarus was in part taken up with his enjoyment, but Mary was wholly taken up with Jesus Himself. And she is the one of whom the Lord said, "whosoever this Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." It would be pleasing to our Lord if we, in this busy, bustling age, and this age, too, of spiritual feasts, were more taken up with Himself than with our services or our experiences. Mary's love was utterly forgetful of itself, forgetful of surroundings, uncalculating of cost, regardless of criticism. It poured itself out utterly. The fragrance of it has filled the world as even the fragrance of her ointment filled the house. Whence this love? Mary had understood a message that apparently no one else grasped, certainly none of the apostles as yet. She understood that Jesus was about to die for her (v. 7, R. V.). Judas was stung to the quick by the gentle rebuke of Jesus (Matt. 26:14). He hurries to Jesus' enemies to strike a bargain with them for the betrayal of his Lord. He seeks to get back part of the money he had lost by Mary's not putting the 300 pieces into the bag. He comes in just as the priests are plotting Jesus' destruction and the bargain is soon closed. Contrast these two pictures: Mary spending her all to anoint her Saviour for His burial, Judas selling Him for a paltry sum of money.

150 Rhodes Scholars in Oxford.
Twenty-eight new Rhodes scholars are expected to arrive in Oxford in October term. Last year's contingent numbered sixty-eight, but under the provisions of Mr. Rhodes' will none of the American States send candidates this year. The total number of Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford next term will exceed 150.—London Chronicle.



Tomfoolery

ALWAYS THE SAME.
Same old circus,
Same old band;
Same old sawdust,
Same old stand;
Same old bears and
Same old parade;
Same old peanuts,
Same lemonade;
Same old clown and
Same old jest;
Same old crowd with
Brand new zest.

A LONG TIME OFF.
The Brute—"What were you thinking of, Dorothy?"
Dorothy—"I was dreaming of my youth."
The Brute—"Ah, I thought you had a faraway look in your eyes."—St. Louis Times.

DIDN'T FIND OUT.
"So you really attended the lecture last night?"
"Yes."
"What did the lecturer talk about?"
"Well, I'm not sure, for he didn't say."—The Lyceum and Talent.

TWO VIEWPOINTS.
"Mr. Gotrox says very bitter things about those lazy sons of his, but his wife is always making excuses for them."
"Yes, she makes excuses, but he has to make allowances for them; that's what makes him so sore."—Philadelphia Press.

QUEER.
"Funny thing about a man's tongue," said Joakley.
"Go ahead," said Markley, "let's have it."
"When it's thick the excuses he makes to his wife are too thin."—Catholic Standard and Times.

SIMILARLY AFFLICTED.
"Editor—I am thirty years old and unmarried. Several times I have proposed to girls, but they have rejected me. What's the matter with me?"—Henry P. G.
Answer—"I don't know, but whatever it is, I've got it, too."—Denver Post.

HER ETERNAL PASTIME.
Little English Girl—"Can't we go on the Continent, mamma?"
Her Mother—"We've been there so much."
Little English Girl—"I know it, but I never get tired of watching the Americans spend their money."—Brooklyn Life.

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.
Wife—"Did you pay the dressmaker this month, dear?"
Husband—"Good heavens, no! Her bill is so large I never can pay her."
Wife—"Oh, well, don't worry. I was afraid she wouldn't let me have any more clothes if it wasn't paid, but she did."—Brooklyn Life.

VERY CONSIDERATE.
Missus—"Bridget, I hope you're not thinking at all of leaving me? I should be very lonesome without you."
Maid—"Faith, and it's not lonely ye'll be. Most-like, I'll go with there's a household o' company for luncheon or dinner."

A BIT OF ADVICE.
"If Your Honor please," said the pompous young lawyer, "I should like to make a brief address to the jury."
"Oh," said the judge, "the court will make no objection, but hadn't you better consult your client? As things stand he seems to have at least an even chance."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DRIFTING.
"Well, daughter, that young man of yours established a record last evening."
"What do you mean, pa?"
"Your mother reported him off the hat rack at 10 o'clock, and he hadn't made the vestibule when your brother steamed in at 12."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHY HE FOUGHT.
Magistrate—"Pat Murphy, the constable says you were fighting. What have you to say for yourself?"
Pat Murphy—"Well, your Worship, Oi had a clean white shirt on, an' Oi was so mighty proud av it that Oi got up a bit av a row wid a man so av Oi cut take me coat an' wescot off and show it."—Tit-Bits.

THE ONLY WAY OUT.
Mrs. Casey—"I don't know what we'll put in little Patsy's stocking, Mike. He writ a letter t' Santy Claus axin' fr th' rate avntymobile, no less."
Mr. Casey—"Shure, we'll drop a few drops iv gassyline in it an' I'll bet he'll be thankful he didn't git th' rist of the machine."—Puck.

NOT FIT TO PRINT.
Miss Gushly—"Oh, Mr. Verse, I suppose you poets have thoughts that are so heavenly that they couldn't be expressed in writing."
Mr. Verse—"Well, we do have some that—er—er—had better not be reduced to writing, but I assure you that it is not always because they are so heavenly."—Toledo Blade.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE TREMBLING PIRATE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

A Pirate sat on a rosebush twig, And brave and bold was he; When along came a Butterfly, fierce and big, And as savage as he could be!

The pirate shivered and shook with fear, He gave a despairing cry, He said, "I could brave a Buccaneer, But I'm scared of a Butterfly!"

The Pirate's teeth were chattering fast, The Pirate's blood ran cold; He thought each minute would be his last, As he watched that Butterfly hold.

He quivered and quavered and quaked and quailed, He whimpered and whined and wept, He shook in his shoes, and his visage paled, As the Butterfly nearer crept.

Now I've told you the tale as far as I can, For I'm sure I do not know What about the poor little Pirate man, And his fierce, ferocious foe. —Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

ON THE TOP FLOOR.

There was great commotion in the work basket; it was a tall, three-storied structure, and the tenants on the first floor were annoyed by the constant disturbance above them. The tenants on the first floor were very exclusive, being usually bits of fine white work, or fancy silk, or rare old lace or embroidery, which had found its way to the work basket for some light treatment. They were for the most part soft and refined, and often very beautiful, and it hurt them to hear the noise and contention of their less refined neighbors. But on this special occasion they actually shivered and pressed close together in their terror. The second floor was bad enough; it was used entirely for stockings, who were quite inoffensive, and though they were very much out at the heel, they had evidently seen better days. But the top floor, and the exclusive ones below shuddered at the strange noises which floated down to them.

On this special occasion it was entirely the thimble's fault. She held a little girl by the hand, and was guiding one fat finger across a seam, when she made a fatal slip, and the needle held by the other fingers pricked the soft white skin till the blood came. This was not all; that one tiny drop of blood fell upon one of the tenants of the first floor. The thimble saw it, but went on with the little girl to the end of the seam as if nothing had happened. When she was safely at home, however, on the top floor, she got very angry.

"I don't see," she said, turning to the emery bag, "why it is you make your needles so slippery; that was the cause of all the trouble. We will hear from the tenants on the first floor; they are always complaining, and though I pretended to take no notice, that drop of blood fell on a piece of white satin, and poor little Elsie, I'm afraid, will be blamed for it."

"Serve her right!" snapped the emery bag, red with wrath. "Elsie is never allowed to come here, and I won't be blamed for other people's faults. I can't help being thorough; give me a needle, and I'm bound to polish it."

"All the same," said the thimble, who was always trying to push things. But the big scissors cut her short. "What's the use of an argument? The thing's done, isn't it?"

"I think," said a plum piece of French chalk, "that I might venture below and offer some assistance to Mrs. White Satin."

"That spot will have to come out," said the scissors sharply. "All the same—" persisted the thimble.

"Look here," said the emery bag, "you might just as well fix the blame on that little fat cushion over there. That's where Elsie found the needle, if you must know."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the thimble, "I'll have it out with him at once," and he went over to where the innocent looking cushion was quietly reposing. She gave him a smart rap on the head—the thimble was always giving smart raps—but the cushion took no notice. The thimble thumped and thumped, but it made no difference. The scene grew interesting; the emery bag rolled over to see the fun and so did the darning egg; even the tape measure edged nearer inch by inch. Finally a crowd collected, while the thimble, getting excited, thumped harder and harder; still the fat cushion made no sign. The thimble grew visibly tired, and two or three balls of darning cotton and a big roll of white tape volunteered to do a little punching while she rested; so they flung themselves with some force upon the enemy.

Then suddenly the cushion seemed to rouse himself, for the attacking party retreated with groans and cries. "Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed the balls of darning cotton, as they pulled several sharp needles from their sides. "The cushion is carrying concealed weapons; he must be arrested at once."

"Put him out, put him out!" called the thimble; "he's not fit to live among us," and they all made a rush toward the fat cushion. But at this moment all the tenants received a shock; the three-storied structure was caught up with no

gentle hand and moved to the other side of the room.

"There now!" said a voice, "here's work for an hour at least. The top of my work basket is in terrible confusion; straighten it out in your finest style, Elsie, and when it is in order I'll give you a little box to hold all the needles you can squeeze out of the fat cushion; you have no idea how many are hidden away there."

"That'll fix him," said the thimble triumphantly. "Indeed it will!" echoed the emery bag.

"Tie the emery bag to the side of the basket and put my thimble in its case," was the next order, much to their chagrin.

And so thoroughly did Elsie do her work that with a sigh of relief the tenants on the first floor settled down to a life of peace and quiet.—Washington Star.

HE COULDN'T HELP IT.

"Why do you take so much pains to make that call?" asked one college boy of another during the holidays. "You know you'd have a lot better time at the concert, and I want you to go with me. You know I do."

"Yes, old fellow, I know it, and I want to go with you; but you see, it's this way. I promised my mother I'd call on this old friend of hers, and the friend is expecting me. [This is really the only time I can go, and I know they will both be awfully disappointed if I don't. You see, they were chums when they were young like us, and I've heard about this Mrs. Brown all my life, and, of course, she has about me. You see how it is. I can't help going; and then I always enjoy meeting my mother's friends."

It was only a little thing for this young fellow to lose a concert in order to give pleasure to an older person, but it is just little things that many young folks carelessly leave undone without realizing how much happiness the attention would give.—Home Herald.

SAILOR BOYS' DRILL.

Drill island! It makes my legs ache to write it, for I have tramped 10,000 miles (or less) over its rocky cliffs and sandy shores, dragging field pieces and playing soldier like boys on the Fourth of July. Since the day of my enlistment, on an average of once a week we have gone through a drill "Equip for heavy marching order." Each man runs to his hammock, unlashes, takes out his blanket and lashes it up again; from his bag he takes an extra suit of blue and one of white, with a lot of other things prescribed, and packs them in his knapsack, and whether he uses tobacco or not, there must be a plug brought along. He fills his cartridge belt and buckles it on, ditto his canteen, ditto his leggings. In his haversack he puts a plate, cup, knife, fork and spoon. When ready with guns and battleaxes and brush hooks, he is carrying a load of about eighty pounds. Hurrying to the deck there is generally a dress parade, a flave of trumpets and all would be over until the next time.—From "Three Years Behind the Guns," in St. Nicholas.

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS.

You all know the rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four-and-twenty blackbirds represent the four-and-twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, is day dawn, and the clouds, the birds, that so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—Home Herald.

THE KING GETS THE MOST.

If this game is played out of doors a large bowl or basket full of small pebbles will do; indoors a bowl of small white beans or peanuts would do. This bowl is placed at an equal distance from the equally divided party. There is a captain on each side: He or she says: "The king is he who gets the most. One, two, three!" At this the opposite captains run to the bowl, grasp as many pebbles or beans as he can in one hand, and dashes back to his place. Then the next two in line become captains and do the same, says the Washington Star. After all have tried a count is taken and those who have the most all go upon one side. There may be fewer upon that side, but they ought to be the best equipped, though they may not be at the second try. At this point the strength of the two parties is decided.—Philadelphia Record.