A SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

Subject: A Discouraged Man-Most People Dissatisfied Because They Lead Too Artificial a Life-No Room in the Kingdom of God For Pessimism.

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., is now the most distinguished and best known evangelist in the country. He was second only to Dr. Talmage, but since the death of that famous preacher Dr. Chapman has the undisputed possession of the Pulpit as the preacher to influence the plain people. His services as an evangelist are in constant demand. His sermons have stirred the hearts of men and women to a degree unapproached by any latterday divine. J. Wilbur Chapman was born in Richmond, Ind., June 17, 1859. His mother died when he was but twelve years of age, and his father died seven years afterward. Consequently he was not only deprived of a mother's care at the formative age of boyhood, but he was thrown upon his own resources before he had reached early manhood. He was educated at Oberlin College and Lake Forest University, and graduated for the ministry from the Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1882. While there he manifested the character and the spirit which have followed him as an evangelist all over the country. They have made his ministry a continual success as pastor and as a revivalist. His sermons are simple and direct, so that their influence is not so much due to exciting the emotions as to winning the hearts and convincing the minds of those who hear him. Dr. Chapman is now in charge of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City.]

NEW YORK CITY .- The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, America's most famous pastor-evangelist, who took charge of a moribund church in this city several years ago, and is now preaching to an overflowing congregation, has furnished the following eloquent sermon to the press. It was preached from the text: I Kings, 19: 4 But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree, and he requested for himself that he might die.'

The history of Elijah begins with the seventeenth chapter of I Kings and starts with the word "and." The preceding chapter tells us of the idolatry of the people of the reign of lawlessness and the apparent triumph of iniquity. It seemed as if the end of all things had come, and I ose everybody living in that time thought so, but if this was the impression, the fatal mistake had been made because God is left out of all consideration. It is well for us to remember that He is never at a loss. The land may be overrun with iniquity, His witnesses may be silenced, but all the time He is preparing a man in some quiet village as He prepared Elijah, and at the right time He will send him forth with no uncertain testimony! There is really no place for pessimism in the kingdom of God. He has never made a failure in the past, He never will in the future. "If God be for us, who can be against us." It is literally true that when the enemy comes in like a flood this spiritof the Lord shall lift up a standard against

The story of Elijah is most interesting, and we trace him from his sudden appearance here flashing like a meteor upon the scene of action, down to Cherith, where he is fed by the ravens, over to Zarephath, where he relieves the distress of the woman who meets him, but the most remarkable scene in his life is on Mt. Carmel, where, facing the prophets of Baal, after their inability to call down fire from heaven he produces the fire from the very hand of God, which consumed the sacrifice, licks up the water in the trenches and gives him victory of a most remarkable kind. The prophets of Baal are distressed, and the news concerning their defeat is carried to Jezebel. She is intensely engry, and declares that Elijah shall be as her prophets are at a certain hour of the day. Instead of looking up to God and triumphing over this wicked woman Elijah does quite the opposite, and thus it is that the text is written to describe his sad

How are the mighty fallen? It would be difficult to imagine a man in whose life there was more of real contrast; now he is swings one way toward glory swings in his life in the other direction toward despair, and the prayer for victory becomes a wail of distress; now he is locking up the heavens and holding the key and apparently at his own will the rain tarries or falls, and now utterly dismayed he is rushing to the wilderness and wishing that he might die, but Elijah is not alone in this desire. The most of men have at one time or another wished that they might end all. Moses did, "And if Thou deal thus with me, kill me, I pray Thee, out of hand, if I have found favor in Thy sight, and let me not see my wretchedness." Numbers 11: 15. So also did Jonah, "Therefore now, O Lord, take, I beseech Thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live." Jonah 4: 3. And even the great Apostle Paul said, "I am in a strait betwix! two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ," but the trouble with the most of us is we want to die our own way. Elijah was not willing to die at the hand of Jezebel, but he was quite ready to sleep himself away into insensibility under the juniper tree in the desert. Elijah made a great mistake in running away. If he had not bowed the knee to Baal would have come forth, and they would have rushed forward conquering and to conquer, but Elijah is a picture of ourselves, and we all with Elijah.

Why are we? There are thousands of People to-day who are utterly dissatisfied with life because they are living too artificial an experience. We have very many things that our ancestors did not possess. The possession of these things ought to bring to us great blessings in every way, but as a matter of fact it is true that neither happiness, nor brotherly love, nor power nor good have been increased in the least. We have indeed gone in the opposite direction, and many of us are of all men most miserable. We are discontented because we are trying to be something that we are not. The business man thinks he must been page with his competthinks he must keep pace with his competitor whatever the cost to himself, and in a little time he finds himself out of his latitude. In society thousands of people are aping the customs and manners of those Who are in an entirely different set from themselves, by whose side they can never stand, and if they did they would be only the more unhappy, and there are thousands! He slone can understand

of homes where instead of living a simple life the members of the household are living at a pace that is terrific, and all this is killing the business man, the society woman, the parents and the children, and instead of possessing joy and peace we are under the juniper tree. The thirst for pleasure in these days is so great that we have become absolutely unscrupulous in our attempts to gain the objects of our desires. We ought to be satisfied with just what we are and in the most natural way. We have come into the world with different gifts, some one with gold, others with silver, still others with marble and many with only clay, and our task is to fashion these things into the strongest manhood and the truest womanhood, and to do it in the most simple and unaffected manner. We are too selfish in our living, we long to satisfy our appetites, our passions and our desires. This longing has become uppermost in our living, and the man who makes it so makes his appetite stronger than himself, and his need is dreadful, for he who lives simply to eat, to drink, to sleep and to dress, whether he be pauper or prince, is on the downward grade to de-

Contentment is one of the greatest blessings in the world. It is not a question of the possession of either poverty or riches. He who knows how to be content possesses the secret, not because he is either poor or rich, but simply because he knows how to be content. The mere fact that we are Christians does not amount to much in many cases; if our religion increases our confidence, our hope, our love, it is good, but if it gives us the spirit that we are better than other people, if we seek to control the interests of other people, make them fashion their lives according to our own plan, if we are good simply that we may escape punishment, such a profession of religion is almost worthless. The difficulty is not in our surroundings, but in ourselves. "Joy is not in things, it is in us."

I met a young woman this winter in the South who told me that she was the possessor of à \$10,000 violin, and with a shining face she said, "You should hear the music of that instrument," and yet in the hands of very many people it would have been just a producer of unharmonious sounds, while in the hands of this gifted young woman it was truly marvelous, and all because the music was in her, and the violin was the best movement of the expression of that music.

When Ole Bull, the great violinist, played in Princeton, one of the professors asked him if the secret of his success was in the violin or in the bow or in himself, and he said, "The violin and the bow amount to but little. I never play until I feel that there is music in me that must be expressed, and then any instrument I touch becomes remarkable." Many of us are unfitted for life because we have become too artificial, have had wrong ideals and have tried to be what we never can be.

A friend recently sent me that wonderful little book, "The Simple Life," by Charles Wagner, which every one would do well to read. (To the author of this book I am indebted for some of the expressions used above, but in one of the chapters he tells us in speaking of the home life, "In the time of the Second Empire, in one of our pleasantest sub-prefectures of the provinces, a little way from some baths frequented by the Emperor, there was a mayor, a very worthy man, and intelligent, too, whose head was suddenly turned by the thought that his sovereign might one day descend upon his home. Up to this time he had lived in the house of his fathers, a son respectful of the slightest family traditions. But when once the all-absorbing idea of receiving the Emperor had taken possession of his brain he became another man. In this new light what had before seemed sufficient for his needs, even enjoyal le, all this simplicity that his ancestors had loved, anpeared poor, ugly, ridiculous. Out of the question to ask an Emperor to climb this wooden staircase, sit in these old armchairs, walk over such superanuated car-pets. So the mayor called architect and masons, pickaxes attacked walls and Comolished partitions, and a drawing-room was made out of all proportion to the rest of the house in size and splendor. He and his family retired into close quarters, where people and furniture incommoded each other generally. Then, having emptied his purse and upset his household by this stroke of genius, he awaited the royal guest. Alas, he soon saw the end of the empire arrive, but the Emperor never. The folly of this poor man is not so rare. As sottish as he are master in prayer and the pendulum which all those who sacrifice their home life to the demands of the world.'

> What was the difficulty with Elijah? First his physical strength had been overtaxed. He had been laboring under the highest tension, his nerves were unstrung, and he was just in the position where Satan could tempt him the worst. There are many like him to-day. They are in despair, and they need not so much a spiritual physician as the presence of a doctor who can tell them that their bodies must have rest, their nerves must be built up, and they themselves must remember that their bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and that they may sin against God just as truly when they break commands touching the body as when they commit sins touching the soul. Elijah noeded rest, and instead of taking it he prayed that he might die.

Second, he looked away from God to his circumstances. Up to that time he en-dured as seeing Him who was invisible, then like Peter when he saw the wind that was boisterous he began to sink. I do not think that any minister could preach tostood his ground he might have saved his day if he realized the iniquity that surcountry, prevented the captivity of the people for I doubt not the 7000 that had rechestly the awful sins in many lives; he he who manifests I would grow faint and sick at heart, and all because he looked down, while it is possible, on the other hand, for anybody to preach in the midst of all this desolalike him have been times without number under the juniper tree. The object of this sermon is to ask the question, "Why we are thus discouraged," and then to determine if possible what the difficulty was upward to heaven, and the cause of your with Flict. distress is not that your mother has gone away from your home, but that you are standing like Mary looking in at the tomb, when you ought to be standing with upturned face looking by faith into the very midst of the angel company in heaven. What if the difficulties are great, let us look to God in it all.

The other day in my mail came a little piece of poetry from a friend in England, which has been singing its way like a bird of paradise through my soul all the week. "When the way seems dark and dreary, Think of Him.

Lest thy heart grow faint and weary, Think of Him. For He knoweth all the way, And His strength will be thy stay; He can cheer the darkest day,

"When some sorrow sorely presses, Think of Him. For through trials oft He blesses. Think of Him.

Think of Him.

Leave it all in His dear hand: In His love for thee He planned, Think of Him.

When some anxious care perplexes, Think of Him. Lest thy inmost soul it vexes. Think of Him. Bring thy care and thou shalt see, He will bear it all for thee; He would have thee peaccful be, Think of Him."

III. But there was still another difficulty with Elijah. First, he was alone. In verse 3 we read that he left his servant at Beersheba, and he himself went into the wilderness. It is a great mistake to be alone when trouble comes. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of God," gives us a picture of human fellowship, while the verse, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me," gives us an idea of that fellowship which we may have with Him,

John McNeill, the great Scotch preacher. has a fine illustration of this point in his sermon based upon I Samuel, the 27th chapter and the first verse, "And David said in his heart, I shall now perish one day by the hand of Saul; there is nothing better for me than that I should speedily escape into the land of the Philistines, and Saul shall despair of me, to seek me any more in any coast of Israel; so shall I escape out of his hand." "David said in his heart," and John McNeill says it would have been well if instead of saying it in his heart he would have said it out loud. It is the thing we say in our heart that grows to such great proportion and leads us to believe that we are on the verge of despair. Without question the passage is true, and Mr. McNeill suggests three cures.

First-Why didn't David say it aloud to his servant and let his servant argue him out of his position, for there are many things we think we would never dare to say to our dearest friends.

Second-Why didn't David pray it. He was a master in prayer, and if he had but fallen on his knees and said it to God, at least have tried to say it, he would have found that his very tongue would have cleaved to the roof of his mouth, for there are things we think that we would blush if we dared to say them to God.

Third-Why didn't he sing it. He was much of a singer, was David, and if he had but put it in a song his face would have grown hot, and he would have ended with stammering and sturnbling, and then said Mr. McNeill, "Why may we not follow this rule, and when we have a difficulty, imaginary or real, let us say it, or pray it, or sing it, and if we cannot say it, and it won't pray, and will not sing there nothing in it, It is but the devil's delusion to plunge us into despair.

Fourth-He sat down. That was a great mistake. He never should have given up. If he had only kept going he would have found victory. There are so many people in the church to-day who have done just exactly what Elijah c.d. They have sat down. The man who once taught a Sunday-school class is now doing nothing and fast slipping away from Christ. The member of the church who used to be faithful at the prayer meeting is now absent and sitting down in his home he is of all men most miserable. That man who was once in the church and loved the church has sat down in the world, and he questions if he ever knew Christ, so let us keep going. It is when a man is idle that Satan'

tries him up. Fifth-He wanted to dictate to God when he said to Him "Let me die." It is a good thing that God did not take him at his word, for he would have died under a cloud, and would have been buried in the desert. What a mercy it is that God cres not give us all we ask for. And my own experience I doubt not is yours, the things that God has refused to me have been my greatest blessings. Then let us remember that "no" is just as much of an answer as "yes," and your experience in your home has been that no for your children usually is the better answer. But how gracious God is in His dealings with those who are out of the way. He calls Adam in tenderness when He says. "Where art thou?" He woos David back again to virtue in the story of the ewe lamb, and gives us a picture of Himself in the seeking love of the father of the prodigal for his boy, lets us understand something of His forgiveness when He sends in the person of His Son to write upon the sand His disposition to remember no more the sin of a guilty woman, and then whispered to Elijah as he is under the juniper tree in a still small voice, and continues to whisper until at last Elijah is on his feet and fleeing for his life back again into the light. Oh, let us come out from under the juniper troe. It is a sad place to find a Christian and a good place to keep away from.

Spear Points.

The light from heaven can never lead The world must read the Gospel in living epistles.

Resignation is putting God between one's self and one's grief. The most momentous truth of religion is that Christ is in the Christian. The time to show your Christian manhood is when it is put to the sore test. You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge your-

self into one. The light of the Christian shines brightest for Christ, when he is least conscious that it is shining.

Not all God's messengers are angels. Any hand that knocks at the door may bring a call from the King. It is better to build a life than to make a fortune. Character is a greater accom-

He who manifests humility, love and gratitude when told of his faults has made large attainments in the Christian

Spiritual sustenance cannot be effective in an abstract form, as pure Truth; it must come to us through the energy of a spiritual life.

We need a faith that will "grasp Christ with the heart" in order to "endure to the end." Heart communion alone will give us this grasp.—Ram's Horn.

A Child Messenger of Cod. The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of Cod to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof and found your little boy close behind me when I reached the ground. He looked up into my face with a childish wonder and asked frankly, "Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?" and. The still form of a little boy lay in a ing when you were up so high?" and, before I had time to answer, he said: 'Al! I know why you were not afraidyou had said your prayers this morning before you went to work.' I had not prayed, but I naver forgot to pray from that day to this, and by Cod's blessing I never will."

FLAVORING MEAT.

The Famous Roast Beef of Old England is Deteriorating.

England would not be England without its famous roast beef. Patriotic Britons are still under the delusion that by paying the price they can obtain the genuine article "as good as ever it was, sir." This is another of the pleasant fictions which the faithful journalist is obliged to shatter. As a matter of fact, the distinctive flavor which won the admiration of King James has been slowly lost owing to modern methods of fattening cattle.

Tenderness and juicy quality undoubtedly have been gained by modern breeders owing to their scientific feeding of oxen, but the original "beefy" flavor which took about three years to become perfect, is gradually being replaced by quite unpleasant

For instance, and the British Farmers' Association is the authority, consulted by the writer, Devonshire beef has a distinctly "turnippy" taste, due to the roots and turnips upon which the beasts are fed.

In spring beef this flavor is most noticeable, for it is during the winter months, when pasturage is scarce that the animals have to be fed on roots. If, for one month only, just before slaughtering, the cattle were fed on hay, this objection would be removed, but our cattle breeders are in such a hurry to send the animals to the market that this month cannot be spared when the demand for English beef is great and pressing.

Oilcake is another artificial food that affects the flavor. The taste of the oil is most unpleasantly perceptible when the food is used to any great extent. But it fattens very rapidly, so farmers use it. Six weeks only is necessary to get an ox into market condition on oilcake. What, then, is the finest beef for table? The answer will come as a shock. It is, according to an expert, the American who "succeeds again."

American beef, bred from the finest English stock, has many advantages over the home-grown animals. The pasturage in America is ideal. Sunshine is abundant, and sunshine has a great effect in the way of improving the flavor of beef. The most exposed portions of the animal, such as that from which the sirloin is taken, are always the best.

American beef comes over in chilled, not frozen, chambers. If the "ice gets into the meat" the flesh becomes tasteless, but a cold chamber, the temperature of which does not fall below freezing point, arrests decomposition without spoiling the flavor .-London Mail.

Monkey Flagged the Train. "Do you see that little gray monkey? Well, he's a hero," said John Lover, one of the keepers of the Zoo. as he put his hand tenderly in between the bars of the cage. "That monkey used to belong to an organ grinder, who one day got full and fell in a drunken stupor on the railroad track between Manayunk and Bala. The monkey sat on the organ beside him, waiting patiently for him to come to. Suddenly there was a distant whistle. It was an express train, still half a mile away, but advancing rapidly. With almost human intelligence, the monkey tore the red bandanna handkerchief from his master's neck, leaped boldly into the middle of the track and flagged the train. The engineer, just in time, pulled up, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw that he had been flagged by a monkey. Don't talk to me after this," ended Lover, "about the lack of intelligence in apes." The keeper didn't even smile as he told the affecting tale.—Philadelphia Record.

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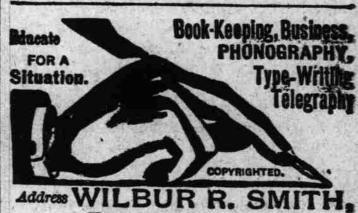
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