

CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH

Elloquent Sermon by Dr. Charles T. Edwards in Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Chauncey T. Edwards, pastor of the Bay Ridge Presbyterian church, preached a strong and convincing sermon on "Christ and His Church" in the Central Presbyterian church, Brooklyn recently. The text was 1 Corinthians, xiv. 25. "But He must reign till He hath put all things under His feet." Dr. Edwards said:

When Jesus entered Jerusalem, or just before He had to speak a parable because they thought the Kingdom of God should immediately appear. After all the excitement of Palm Sunday and the glory of Easter, the apostles had to gather themselves together and wait until they realized that the Kingdom of God came slowly and spiritually. We are continually learning that same lesson. But because I would have you believe that the conquest of that Kingdom is absolutely inevitable, I ask your attention this morning to the things that prove us that Christ must conquer in and with His church. When I speak of the past, when I speak of the future, I am not speaking of feelings; I am speaking of facts. Sometimes if you think it is so, it is so, but not always. But if it is so, and you see it is so, then you know; and that is the lesson that we draw from the past conquest of Jesus Christ and His church. I will call your attention to the triumph of our Lord, and through Him of His church, over man and institutions and ideas, most of all, over obstacles.

Now we have read and we have known of the conquest of man by Jesus Christ. It is a thing that is very peculiar. It was so complete a transformation in the case of the Apostle Paul that he said, speaking out of his own experience, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Tenison describes the extraordinary friendship that produced "In Memoriam" as a union of his life with the life and spirit of his dead friend even after he was dead.

So word by word and line by line The dead man touched me from the past.

And all at once it seemed as last His living soul was flashed on mine, And mine in his was wound and whirled.

About empyreal heights of thought, And came on that which is, and caught The deep pulsations of the world; Aeolian music, measuring out The steps of Time, the shocks of Chance.

The blows of Death.

The union of the individual with Jesus Christ is so close that it leads a man to want to justify to himself, all his own trouble, all the crosses that he has to carry, all the injustices that he has to suffer. He feels that if his Saviour is the Son of the world there must be a theology. If he cannot find a theology of life that will explain those things in accordance with the justice and love of Jesus Christ as making all things work together for good, he is plunged into the depths of doubt. Now I do not speak of that as praiseworthy doubt, but I speak of it as showing the closeness of the union that he has with Christ. We do not know any thing like it. We have known men whose souls were filled with the appeal made to them by Jesus and by Marcus Aurelius. We have known men to sit up all night reading the great eloquent sentences swinging along in the melody of the richest Greek of John Chrysostom. I have known men passionately absorbed in the study of Shakespeare until it seemed as if every line of at least the tragedies and comedies were continually fresh in their minds. But have you known any man that has been so absorbed in the heroism of his hero, in the greatness of his intellectual leader, as to feel that his life was wound up with the life of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, John Chrysostom, or William Shakespeare or Bacon? We have known of mathematicians who seem to think in cosines and equations. We have heard of philosophers who forgot to eat their meals while they were floating through the glories and spiritualities of a psychological heaven.

But I never knew anybody who thought of saying, "To me to live is Christ, to die is gain." I never knew of any astronomer who would say, "To die would be gain, because I would then know all that Kepler desired to know." Now that conquest of Christ is one which even our present here testifies to as not unusual, not merely belonging to those whom the world agrees to call saints, but to the man in the street whose faith is as a grain of mustard seed. One who can do such things as that is not a man who can be stopped by any thing that is human. He is Lord of man, Son of God.

In a month's time we will celebrate the Lord's Supper. It is today the oldest of institutions, the widest of human celebrations. Ever since Jesus instituted it, the same night in which He was betrayed, there has not been a year in which it has not been repeated. Maybe it was in the catacombs, among the lines of graves where lay 6,000,000 of the dead. Maybe among the glories of Scotland, or in what the Huguenots called the desert of France, maybe down in the cellar with the cellar windows covered to keep in the light as in Japan, maybe in the hollow of a great rock behind the jungle where they hid the pulp Bible of Madagascar. But somewhere every year that sacrament has been celebrated; and since it grew out of the Passover you must add to get its complete history another thousand years and have a thousand. Now what does an institution do? People say this is a mere memorial, but it is more. Some say I can be just as good a Christian without it. I can. I know that is untrue. Jesus never did anything useless, still less would He command anything that was not worth while. An institution is the best thing man knows to socialize himself.

To perpetuate and to socialize are the two necessities of human progress. If you wish to have your church fade out, destroy the regular celebration of your rites, but if you find a church that in form, word, spirit, keeps this institution, you may be sure you will find that will make you at home. In the land of pyramids you drift casually out of an Alexandria into a little hall and you see the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and without struggling you sit at the table and partake. The drift comes

ly through one of the back streets in the working men's quarter of Paris into a little hall where you hear singing. It is all in French. The women are in working costumes and the men in blouses. Without understanding a word of the service you take your place and with them take the bread and the wine. You are their brother. The curse of the city is the lack of friendship. The curse of a church would be lack of mutual acquaintance. The sacrament socializes. We may not know one another's names, but if we have partaken together, the Lord's Supper we are brethren. No power in earth or hell will ever stop the progress of a church whose institutions have such a hold in men. That I draw from the history of 1,900 years of the Christian Church. A man who can so organize himself by an institution will have serious kingship.

But the intellectual conquest of Jesus is one of the largest and most fascinating of topics. There is no other way in which man can come to himself so interestingly and with so much of self-approval as in the history of the continuity and development of Christian thought. Our religious life is the product of intellectual influences and form which underlie the whole discussion of the philosophy of history and the history of that great thing we call civilization. There was a time, and it was when Jesus came to this earth, when there was a great gift between the thinker and deed. Society was divided, and it required the authority of a despot and the effort of a genius to so unify it as to enforce any one plan of imperial development. But today the essence of all life and progress in society and in church as well as in commerce and science is to be found in this one thing, the application of ideas to personal needs. What has made all mankind practical? Do you say it is the mere lust of power? It is impossible to believe that. Then let me give you another suggestion. The world when Jesus came into it was characterized by despair. It was only the bravest, it was only the most virtuous, that were apt to live their lives out. Suicide was popular. It was recognized as the last resource of the hero. If he could not die any other way he must hold himself ready to take his own life. What has taken despair out of literature and out of the world's life? The literature of mankind today is marked by hopefulness. I care nothing for Schopenhauer and Ibsen. They are not typical.

They are mere eddies, or ripples. The current of human literature and human things is marked by hope and a hope that has no limit or end set for itself, that continually preaches to man this: You can do anything, you can be anybody if you only will. Now where did those two ideas come from? Practicalness and hopefulness? Where were they first preached as possible? In the gospel of Jesus Christ as recorded in the Book of Acts. Jesus so presented ideas as to show their practical moral uses. Everything made use of in his great work of building moral character. No idea was for him abstract, impractical, unmoral. A wise woman wrote on the flyleaf of a book: "This book will keep you from sin; sin will keep you from this book." That shows how intensely practical and hopeful is the most casual Bible reader. "This book will keep you from sin; sin will keep you from this book." That shows how intensely practical and hopeful is the most casual Bible reader. Now just one more suggestion. Jesus shows nowhere else the hand of the Master more clearly than in the way in which He turns obstacles into power. That is the art of the world conqueror. Let me give you two or three illustrations from the Bible. The whole life of Jacob is simply a series of disasters, everyone of which Providence succeeded in finally turning right around into character development and ultimate success. The whole life of Joseph still more is a series of romantic misadventures coming to a perfect climax in a disgraceful imprisonment in jail under a disgraceful charge. But out of prison he came to reign.

The story of the life of St. Paul is the failure of self-chosen work, the misunderstanding of self-denying helpfulness, the disappointment of an enthusiasm for humanity, the loss of property, health, friends, opportunity, but when he sat down in the dungeon with the chains to think it all over, he wrote about it in these words: "Thanks be to God who always leads me about in triumph." Now a man who can think that of his sorrows, and his losses, a man who will not blame God, but will thank God, because He is persuaded that God will some time show him that all things work together for good and have worked

CHANGED CONDITIONS IN LUMBER CAMPS OF TODAY

So Far as the Health of the Men is Concerned There is But Very Little Difference—Our Bodily Constitutions are Pretty Much as We Make Them.

There is extraordinary magic in the forests of Canada. Scratch them with buzzsaws and they not only shower gold but not away the evil spirits of disease and breathe upon their patrons vigor of body and length of days.

Consider the youthfulness of some of Ottawa's lumber patriarchs. Hon. E. H. Bronson, nearly 70, is as keenly alive as ever to matters of business. Mr. Hiram Robinson, 82, is building business blocks and still goes fishing every summer. Then there's Mr. John R. Booth—every one knows how young he is. Perhaps the "magic" taught him when he was young how to keep young when he should get old. At any rate his recipe is simple.

Holding It Down.

Senator Lodge was talking in Boston about certain investigating committees. "They are like the brook," he said. "They flow on forever. Some of them, in fact, remind me strongly of St. Hoskins."

"St. Hoskins got a job last spring at shooting muskrats, for muskrats overran the mill owner's dam."

"There, in the lovely spring weather, he sat on the grassy bank, his gun in his hand, and fired him thus one morning, I said:

"What are you doing, St.?"

"Well," replied Senator Lodge, "I'm paid to shoot the muskrats, sir, he answered. 'They're undermining the dam.'"

"There goes one now," said St. "Shoot him, why don't you shoot?"

"St. putted a tranquil cloud from his pipe and said:

"Do you think I want to lose my job?"—Washington Star.

The Truth Will Out.

"What is a Liberal leader?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, who had been to Ottawa, "sometimes he is very much like the orchestra leader, the man who provides a gestation and general excitement while somebody else is doing the real work."

together for him, is a man who is under the hand of a conqueror.

The things that our weak senses here have spurned.

The things of which we grieved, With lashes wet, Will flash before us out of life's dark night.

As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;

And we shall see how all God's ways were right.

And what we deemed reproof was love most true.

That is the impression that Jesus has left on the men and women who have been before you. I am not talking about you. I am not appealing to your feelings. I am inferring what is past from undoubted facts. That impression of the Providence of Jesus is the impression under which men and women lived and died, and so the blood of martyrs has been over the seed of the Church. We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses. Men, institutions, ideas, the ideas of the un-Christian as well as the Christian, and ever obstacles, all testify of Christ, giving evidence of the triumph of Jesus.

But after all, the great evidence to us of the triumph of Jesus is that which lies back of all these appearances or evidences, even Jesus Himself. Nobody could have imagined His story. No dramatic analyst of human character could ever have fancied such a story and such a man.

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enough. He found it through unpleasant personal experience and through observation of lumber camps.

"Conditions in the lumber camps have changed greatly in the past fifty years," he said the other day. "Then, the only commodities sent into the woods were flour, pork and tea, and during Lent, codfish. The men had a very informal way of eating their meals. The bread, the pork and the tea were placed on the floor and the diners squatted about them. The bread and the pork was passed and each man cut off what he wanted and proceeded to help himself to the tea. Many a time I have eaten at such a meal and enjoyed it. I never worked in the lumber camps very frequently made trips of inspection."

"You see, our bodily constitutions are pretty much what we make them. If one particular food combination agrees with a person, and is indulged in for any length of time, it becomes a part of him, and it is the combination he should continue to eat. If, however, it shows signs of not being suited to his bodily needs, he should quit it at once and find out just what he should eat. Each of us, in fact, ought to study his own food needs and know precisely what hurts and what benefits him. Then he should eat accordingly. Our constitutions are strengthened or weakened according as how we treat them at meal time. Most ailments, I believe, can be cured by observing the laws of Nature and exercising common sense. Doctors are necessary only in extreme cases."

"Take my case, for instance. For years in my early life I suffered from indigestion and stomach trouble. I finally analyzed myself and came to the conclusion that I was eating too much and too fast, and that a meal neither my mind nor my body was at rest. I would hurry home, bolt my food and hurry back to business. I determined to eat myself right. I began being moderate at meals; laid aside all business cares; ate slowly and chewed well."

About Meals.

"I have kept this up ever since, and to it I attribute much of my health. All these years I believe that no one ought to eat a meal when he is tired out. He should, it is true, take something nourishing, but it should be light and easily digested. When I am tired at meal time I only drink a cup of hot water and eat a scalded egg of two. I do not think that any but persons who are very heavy manual labor should eat three meals a day. For brain workers, two meals are plenty. We are inclined to eat too much."

"All people should learn this early in life. They should be moderate and discreet in their living, remembering that their constitutions, later in life will have become weak."

Don't Diet Yourself TO DEATH TO CURE DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. IT ISN'T NECESSARY.

While it is necessary for the dyspeptic to abstain from rich, greasy, seasoned food, it is useless and injurious to deprive the sufferer of a full supply of good nutritious food sufficient for the needs of the body.

Weakening the body will never remove dyspepsia, on the contrary, all efforts should be to maintain and increase the strength.

Burdock Blood Bitters will increase the strength and at the same time enable one to partake of all the wholesome food required, without fear of any harm to the system.

Miss Martha A. Brooks, Gagetown, N.B., writes: "I have been troubled with indigestion for more than seven years. I have tried several doctors and different medicines, claiming the power to cure, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. I have taken only one bottle, and that one has done me more good than all the other medicines I have used. My appetite, which was very poor, is now good, and I can eat most everything without any disagreeable feelings."

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or strong according as they have been treated.

"One of the surest preventives of enfeebled old age, I believe, is keeping active and getting plenty of fresh air. I have always been very active, and kept out of doors as much as possible."

Mr. Booth still goes to business regularly, despite his 87 years. He is a "gentleman of the old school," delightfully old-fashioned and democratic. At the Booth mills he may often be seen mingling with the workmen, perhaps himself turning a hand at some little job about the place.

It is interesting to speculate how great would have been Canada's loss had this wonderful man of millions not taken heed to his eating just when he did. After all, perhaps the "magic" of the forests did have something to do with it.

A Weird Coin.
"They say the new nickel shows a very low degree of art."

"Yes, on both sides. Lo, the poor Indian on one, and Buffalo on the other."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Bobby's Explanation.
Elsie—Why does the clock start all over again when it gets to twelve?" Bobby—"Cause thirteen's an unlucky number, of course."

How Much?
Secretary—"Here's a letter from a fresh air mission begging a contribution."

Marianne—"A fresh air mission? Send them a draft."—Boston Transcript.

Between Women's Health or Suffering

The main reason why so many women suffer greatly at times is because of a run-down condition. Debility, poor circulation show in headaches, languor, nervousness and worry.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

are the safest, surest, most convenient and most economical remedy. They clear the system of poisons, purify the blood, relieve suffering and ensure such good health and strength that all the bodily organs work naturally and properly. In actions, feelings and looks, thousands of women have proved that Beecham's Pills

Make All The Difference

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents. Women will find the directions with every box very valuable.

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