SURELY A GIANT HAS PASSED THIS WAY

Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, on "Mr. Morgan and Some of the Lessons of His Life."

A notable sermon was that preached in the evening of Sunday, April 13, the evening before the funeral of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

The preacher was Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and his suject was, "Mr. Morgan and some of the lessons of his life—a sermon to young men". Dr. Hillis said:

The death of Mr. Morgan removes from our world the most colossal figure in terms of finance of our generation. What Lord Northcliffe, with his fifty newspapers, is in influence to England; what Charlemagne was in the Middle Ages; what Oliver Cromwell was in the seventeenth century, that in terms of power over modern men was Mr. Morgan. Had he lived in a military era, doubtless he would have made a name akin to that of Alexander through his conquest and organization of the East; or, like Julius Caesar, he would have won and developed the province of Gaul. But Mr. Morgan lived in the twentieth century, during an agitated and a material age, and he expressed his genius in terms of railways, banks and industrial movements. The total wealth of the United States, in towns, cities, factories, stores, ships, engines is only one hundred and thirty-five billions, yet Mr. Morgan was at the head of institutions that controlled fifteen billions, or about one-ninth of the total property of the American people. All the States west of the Mississippi River represent a property scarcely more than fifteen billions; if, therefore, we should conceive of the great banker as a monarch, stretching his scepter half way across the Continent, until it reached the Golden Gate, we would have the physical expression of his influence over the army of workers. All this is the more remarkable when we remember that Mr. Morgan achieved this power by sheer force of genius and personal worth.

Equal to Kings

He wrought out his life work in the republic, under our industrial democracy, and yet no emperor clothed with absolute power was ever more powerful. He lived, he planned, he achieved, he died a private citizen, and yet, he received unique honors, hitherto reserved for crowned heads. Indeed, the King of Italy has used words about Mr. Morgan that are kept for czar and king, while the Kaiser of Germany could not have paid higher honor to a hereditary monarch.

In the Museum at Yale are slabs of red sandstone marked with the tracks of birds that hurried along thousands of years ago. From those huge tracks we reason to the vast birds that spread their wings and made these footprints on sand. And thus the industrial and financial world, with its art and its learning, tell us that a colossal figure has walked through our generation and left lasting imprints upon the moral earth. For yonder library, the Metropolitan Museum the collections of old masters and of modern artists, the banks, the industries, the railways are simply the images of a great man that has left his imprint upon the generation.

His was a many-sided greatness. A university student at Gottingen he kept the scholar's tastes to the end of his career. He was a banker and our great master of money as the mechanism of exchange. He was a railway builder and opened up vast stretches of Western prairie to new settlers. He was interested in manufacturing and ambitious to see his country the greatest workshop on earth. He was interested in commerce and cherished the hope that once more American ships might sail every sea. He was a student of the beautiful and the greatest collector of this or any generation. He was a lover of his fellow-men, and gave like a prince to hospital, orphan asylum, reform, social settlement, to missions, and the Christian church. We are too near Mr. Morgan to have perspective, and the ashes of controversy are still hot, and the din of the investigating committee at Washington still echoes in the air, but Rome and Paris, London and Berlin are far enough removed from our great citizen to have perspective, and London and Paris have weighed Mr. Morgan and rank him with the three or four greatest figures of the generation. When Mr. Gladstone died, John Morley said: "The world has lost its greatest citizen."

There are three unique men still living in this country and four wonderful men living in foreign lands, and what these men have wrought each in his own realm Mr. Morgan wrought out for our world in terms of finance and business. Mr. Morgan has gone from our earth, while three other great figures remain with us; their passing will mark the close of an era, an era of giants, the greatest era of colossal fortunes that our earth will ever know.

The Art Collector

Just now the world is thinking of Mr. Morgan as an art collector. What Lorenzo the Magnificent did for Florence, that our great banker has done for New York and the people of the Republic. After the fall of Constantinople, artists and scholars fled to Italy, carrying their rich treasures. Lorenzo, Prince of Florence, had just fallen heir to an enormous wealth. Soon his palace became the literary and artistic center of Italy. He hired architects and filled his gardens with bronzes and statues; he built a library and gallery, and collected copies of Homer and Hesiod, Plato and Aristotle, with the works of all the Greek and Roman poets, philosophers, historians and dramatists. He sent agents everywhither searching for illuminated missals, rare manuscripts, ivories, bronzes, terra cottas, rugs, tapestries, silks, with treasures of gold and silver vessels, and his palace became the jewel box of Italy. Symon thinks that during his life Lorenzo spent two millions of dollars upon the art treasuries that later enriched the people of Italy.

But in contrast, Lorenzo the Magnificent seems but a small collector, when his treasures are placed beside those of Mr. Morgan. If we can trust the statements of the dealers of Rome, Paris and London, Mr. Morgan was the greatest collector this age has ever known. His Colonna, Madonna, his Gainsborough, "The Duchess of Devonshire"; his Hobbema's "Landscape," his Joshua Reynolds, his examples of Valesquez, Rembrandt and Van Dyke are among the world's great treasures. His ten panels by Fragonard represent a fortune in themselves; his Barbemi tapestry is said to be the finest in the world; his collection of Chinese porcelains exists perhap anywhere else in the great world. The gold room of the Museum contains his treasures of Grecian vessels, urns, cups and ornaments that are the envy of the directors of the Vatican and the Louvre. Two hundred huge cases containing the enormous collections that for years were loaned to foreign museums, or housed in London, were last year shipped to the Metropolitan Museum, and art critics have exhausted our language in describing the supreme artistic work, the variety and intrinsic value of these treasures. They include a collection of the art of the middle ages; a collection illustrating every form of the art of the Renaisance; a collection of the works of gold and silversmiths; a collection of miniatures and of fifteenth century enamels; of jewels, pearls and gems every form of ornament.

His Literary Treasures

More important still are some of Mr. Morgan's literary treasures. Among these are the Ashburnham gospels, the Golden Gospel of Henry VIII, a group of Caxtons, that not even the British Museum can equal; many illuminated manuscripts, a Tyndale Bible; almost the only manuscripts of Lord Bryon known to exist; Blake's original drawings for the book of Job; Shelly's note book; a collection of the manuscripts of Robert Burns, for which Mr. Morgan paid $200,000; the manuscript of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; the original manuscript of Robert Browning's most important volumes. The experts tell us that Mr. Morgan's collections of Aldines is the finest collection in existence; his library holds seven shelves of rare Elzevins, thirty-two shelves of Bibles, including two Mazrin Bibles; the Bible owned by Sir Walter Scott, for which the great novelist asked when he was dying, to be placed in his hand, saying to Lockhart, "There's but one book in the world when a man's dying." Mr. Morgan's collection of the early quartos of Shakspeare is well known to scholars. Nor must we forget his Egyptian treasures, he built the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of the Egyptian department, and organized, equipped and financed the Egyptian art exhibition. The recent discoveries in the tombs include manuscripts that his experts have not yet examined. No one knows what ligth these manuscripts may throw on the New Testament times.

But the significant thing about Mr. Morgan's enthusiasm was his ambition to enrich his country and diffuse a knowledge of art among the American people. From time to time he threw his library open to those who are interested, and it is understood that he made his collection for the Metropolitan Museum, the people of New York and of his country. Until he began this work the student had to make his way to London and Paris, Florence and Rome, but now through Mr. Morgan's foresight, imagination, generosity and genius, this new republic, in an era of machinery and material development, has entered upon an art era and largely through the influence of Mr. Morgan and his associates in the Metropolitan Museum. Indeed, it is not too much to say that this man has helped to change the very climate in the realm of art, and every lover of the beautiful owes Mr. Morgan an immeasurable debt.

The Financier

The people of Rome, Florence and Paris, and Madrid, are now telling about Mr. Morgan as a lover of the fine arts, but for the moment, New York is thinking about the banker and the business man. His achievements in the realm of finance are the wonder of his city; he organized a private bank he built it up until his deposits equaled one hundred millions. In 1874 he rescued the control of the Erie and Susquehanna from a group of railway wreckers. In 1877 he saved the West Shore from disaster. In 1884 there came an era of cut rate wars, when one week merchants could ship their goods for half rate, and the next week another merchant had to pay double rate and was ruined thereby. It was Mr. Morgan who worked out a plan that was finally approved by the Government and ended this era of disastrous competition. In 1885 he saved the B. and O. Railway from ruin, and later, reorganized the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Reading Railway. During the early 90s when the panic came on and Mr. Cleveland issued fifty millions of bonds, it was Mr Morgan that came to the assistance of the United States treasury. Later, when England was in the midst of her war in South Africa, Mr. Morgan placed fifty millions of her bonds and won the gratitude of the English people. Then came the organization of the United States Steel Company and the reorganization of the life insurance companies. Any one of these events represented a crisis, a battle, and a victory so signal as to confer distinction upon the leader, but Mr. Morgan's career included a score of events that lent him world-wide fame. A great art, a great law, a great poem, a great institution, are life-giving streams flowing down out of the genius of some great soul. From any viewpoint, measured in terms of organizing ability, this man is one of the great financial Titans of history. The future historians will explain many of the events of the last half century by the statement that these are the footprints telling us that a giant has passed by.

The Hidings of His Power

Mr. Morgan was born on April 17, 1837, in Hartford, Conn. He was in Boston High School for two years, and then entered the University of Gottingen, Germany. His father was a banker of eminence, known in London and Paris, not less than in New York. His mother was Juliet Pierpont, daughter of John Pierpont, the leading minister of Hartford. The Pierponts were a family of clergymen, known for their intellect, energy and moral earnestness. Had Mr. Morgan fallen heir to the gifts of either the Morgan branch or the Pierpont branch, he would have been assured of success, but he fell heir to the genius of both lines, and was swept on to fame and fortune. Perhaps no man of his generation had a better body as the instrument of fine thinking. His brain was a perfect logic engine, that worked under high presure action without friction of fever, on beyond the three-score years and ten. But ancestry is not everything Absalom, the young prince, fell heir to his father's gifts and throne, but made shipwrecks of all ancestral treasures. It has been said that three elements enter into a great career—that which ancestry gives, that which opportunity offers, that which the will conquers.

His Era a Great Opportunity

Mr. Morgan's era was opportunity quite as wonderful as his ancestry. In a providence of God he entered the scene right after the Civil War, when the forward movement in industry first started. The great West was to be opened up. Illinois was still, for the most part, virgin territory for the railway builder, as was Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska. Lands now worth from $150 to $200 an acre were then worth $1 to $2. The great forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota could be purchased for ten cents a thousand feet, where now they are worth $10. The iron mines, the coal fields, the lead deposits, the treasures of silver and gold in the far West, were undeveloped resources. Millions of foreigners were restless and began to start to the new world and the farming lands of the great West. No such opportunity was ever offered to a young man of ability and capital, and Mr. Morgan had the ability, backed up by his father's five or six millions. It was a chance such as a young god might have coveted, and Mr. Morgan saw his opportunity. Meanwhile, the Government in its anxiety to open up the West to the tens of thousands of families, made land grants to the New York banker who would finance the desired railway. Enough lands were given, sometimes, not only to build the railway, but oftentimes enough treasure was added to make the builders enormously rich and to present the railroad as a free gift. The story of some of these railway builders reads like a fairy tale of Aladdin's Palace. Bankers, who knew in advance the line of the railway, sent their agents on a hundred miles beyond the builders, and bought lands for $1 an acre, on long time, knowing, through their secret information, just where town sites were to be located, and the certain result was an enormous fortune. But it took courage for the banker to risk his capital. Mr. Morgan had staked his fortune on these enterprises guaranteed their investments to his friends in London, and believing in the great West, having confidence in the American people, he became a nation builder. It was a splendid achievement. No one ought to begrudge men like Lord Strathcona and Sir William Van Horne their unique position and influence in Canada and England. The Canadian people received great rewards through the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it seems meet that the men who conceived the enterprise, risked their money, health, life, reputation and all upon the railway that was to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific, should receive a financial reward commensurate with their risks.

A New Industrial Era.

Another element entered into the unique opportunity offered Mr. Morgan. His era was an era of new tools, new ships, new locomotives, new looms. The genius of the inventor gave us Bessemer steel. It became necessary to quadruple the size of locomotives. This meant the rebuilding of all railway bridges; the new heavy sleeping cars made necessary new and airger steel rails; then came the reorganization of Industry. The coal mines had to be developed and the iron ores of the Northwest brought in. Old cars, old ships, old engines, went to the scrap heap. All things became new; wastes had to be saved; th efficiency engineer entered the scene. "Stop the leaks" became the watchword.

Men who had built up factories with thousands of workmen found themselves in financial distress. They began to go to Mr. Morgan for advice even as a physician takes his patient to an expert for counsel. Mr. Morgan had constructive genius. He organized the multitude into a regiment; he unified many little railways in one great system; he turned the warring steel foundries into a great system, apportioning different kinds of manufacturings to different plants and cities, with the result of enormous savings and increased efficiency. He became the great organizing force of his generation and his country. In the large sense, he was our first great efficiency engineer, whom we cannot praise too highly. Of course he made his mistakes—so bankers and business men say. But some men's financial faults are the shadows of their over-ripe virtues. The great mountain casts a long shadow across the land, when the sun is low. Let us remember, the proverb, "Men without faults are generally men without force."

The Laws of Business.

But not simply did Mr. Morgan have the advantage incident to the undeveloped resources of his country and the building of great railways and the use of the new tools, and the reorganization of business; he had also the advantage growing out of the fact that business men, forty years ago, practically made their own laws. In these new Western States there were new immigrants, and new settlers busy with the soil. The only class that was free for politics was the lawyers and they were few in number and were retained by the railways and the manufacturers. Each business was a new business. Pig iron was to be manufactured. Who should fix the tariff against ore and iron? Why the man called in as expert to say how high the tariff should be, was the manufacturer! A law was to be made fixing the tariff on steel, so the steel men went in, and in a generous and kindly mood, consented to tell the Government how high a protective tariff they needed. The cotton and the wool men were their own experts and so they fixed their own tariffs.

Soon these men became rich beyond the dream of avarice. They were the only men that had the leisure and the money to practice politics, build up the political machine, pay the delegates' expenses, run the convention, and pass the laws. The government of this country for forty years became a government of property. Laws were conceived, laws were passed, and laws were executed for the administration of property. The great business men of the country, who had their tariffs at the hands of a party, came to look upon a national convention as their private property, and upon a legislature and a Congress as a personal possession The inevitable result was that men of large wealth had political influence. That political influence secured special privileges, the special privileges and tariffs developed trusts, the trusts produced the half billionaire, the billionaire had a private judge in Seattle, and a private judge in Philadelphia, private judges in Texas, and all were impeached, or had to resign. In an era that prevailed during the 70's and 80's and 90's, private interests, property and Government were all intermingled. Soon the people became secondary and property was first. The inevitable result was that a few men prospered and became enormously rich. But it was the fault of the age. All men shared in the responsibility. Let no one say that the outstanding leaders of that era were sinners above all the other men that dwelt in Jerusalem. No criticism holds against the great banker and railway builder, the manufacturer, the merchant, the judge, that does not hold against us all. The men of the former era are not to be judged by the standards of this new generation. "Let us judge not that we be not judged. For with what measure we mete it shall be measured unto us again."

Mr. Morgan's Characteristics.

The lessons of Mr. Morgan's life and character are so striking that he who runs may read. First of all was his rugged honesty. He excelled in mathematics and prided himself on his accuracy. His associates and his generation bear this testimony that he was mercilessly honest, and that he loved to be exact and precise in the fulfillment of his promises. Men admired him because his word was as good as his bond. Many are the tributes paid him. Business men in Wall St., loved to tell of conferences in which Mr. Morgan would apportion tasks, percentages and rewards. Going away without a scrap of paper, weeks or months later, the company would reassemble and lo, every man received, to a nicety, the exact fulfillment from this man who was honest and kept his word. Another characteristic was his simplicity. He was a man absolutely free from ostentation. He lived and died a plain, stern, unadorned type. He made the impression of a man who hates fuss, feathers and show. His type is a plain Doric shaft. The Puritan in him was his most striking characteristic. He had the oak and the granite of the New England hills. Strength was his, rather than beauty and adornment. Simple in his dress, simple in his salutation, plain and simple the few brief words he spoke when he presided as president of the New England Society. But his iron will was the most striking element in his life. The hand upon the lever was an iron hand. His engine was always under control and he never relaxed his grip. Above all other gifts let us enthrone the gift of decision, determination and will power that concentrates all the activities upon a single end. That way lies victory.

As a Philanthropist.

But great as Mr. Morgan was in his intellect and his financial achievements, he was greater still in his generosity toward the poor and weak. I did not know Mr. Morgan well, save as one public man meets another, but the pastors and workers, and people of St. George's dwelt on the inside of the court. He gave money like a prince. Sowing abundantly and reaping abundantly, he scattered abundantly. He gave his millions and more to the hospital for women about to become mothers, and tens of thousands love his name. He gave money in a golden flood to orphan asylums, social settlements, Bible schools, city missions, foreign missions, to Harvard, to the American Academy of Art in Rome, to the Cathedral of St. John. The mere list of his benefactions would fill columns. As usher and vestryman and lay delegate he endeared himself to the great Protestant Episcopal Church, its ministers and bishops. When others recall Mr. Morgan's greatness, these close friends speak of his goodness.

Some men thought him gruff, but the Geode is rough without—within, lo! the flashing crystal. This man must have had a heart like a woman's to have won such words of praise from his associates in the Chamber of Commerce. His body is sleeping yonder in his splendid library. Tomorrow morning he will be borne down the aisles of St. George's Church, and thence to sleep beside his father's in the dear old city of Hartford. Let us remember that he fulfilled the words of Cicero, and made his gold to shine "by a generous heart." Wealth is neither moral nor immoral— wealth is unmoral. The trade wind now fills the pirate's sail and now the merchant's ship —the quality of the trade wind depends upon the captain who uses it. The river's current may bear up ships of peace and plenty because the current is rightly used, or the waters may devastate the fields, wreck factory and

Mr. NEWLYWED said—"Hello! Is this a new kind of salt we are using? It shakes all right, doesn't it?"

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"Yes, it's WINDSOR SALT. The grocer told me about it—said it was the only kind his customers would have".

Mr. NEWLYWED said—"Well, if he keeps such good salt, I guess everything else in his store must be good, so I would do all my trading there, if I were you".

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"I intend to." 59

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

A FRESHMAN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ADVERSITY

The S. S. Lesson by Evangeline

May 4th. Gen. 40:9-23.

Golden Text—"The breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

Ten years had pased since the events of last lesson. Joseph was now a young man of twenty-seven.

Great changes had taken place since he stood in the slave market a shy, timid, broken-hearted lad, while prospective purchasers looked him over and passed judgments upon him which were unintelligible to him. At length he was knocked down to the highest bidder, Captain Potiphar, Chief of the Egyptian State Police.

How the simple minded country lad must have wondered as he followed his new master to his palace with its towering, burnished pillars, its crouching sphinxes, its hieroglyphic covered walls! How new and strange it all seemed!

It was not long before Captain Potiphar discovered in his new slave such diligence that when he wanted something done in which diligence was imperative, he turned with confidence to Joseph. He discovered that when he sought thoroughness, Joseph came to his mind. He discovered such freedom from covetousness that when sore in need of a man in some difficult situation free from the love of money, he set his hope upon Joseph. He discovered such absolute faithfulness that "he made him overseer over his house and all that he had he put in his hand."

Captains of labor, seek ye a man faithful in all his ways.

Seek him among those of whom it may be truly said, as was said of Joseph—'The Lord is with him." This was the secret of his coming so rapidly to the front. This was why

HIS BACKBONE, AND NOT HIS WISHBONE BECAME ABNORMALLY DEVELOPED

Ever conscious of the presence of the Unseen and Eternal, he did not wait for great opportunities to turn up, but he turned them up, by seizing common occasions and making them great.

Faithful to God as a slave, faithful as a master, Joseph's faithfulness shone out most brilliantly of all as a spiritual athlete in resistance of evil, when a base woman "stripped him of his coat but failed to strip him of his character."

The memory of heroes who have fought bravely and well for their country have been immortalized in literature, music and art, how much more worthy to be held in remembrance are the victories of those who have fought for a life of absolute purity.

Speer says, "Every man of us knows from experience what the battle with temptation is. Temptation is the one thing that a man can never escape from. If he does not like the place he is living in he can move away from it. If he does not like the men he is associated with, he can leave them, but there is no possible way for man to get away from temptation. A Christian man has not escaped temptation by becoming a Christian. In a magazine published by the students of Great Britain I read an article entitled "The Perils of the Forgiven Life," and the last peril mentioned was the peril of grievous moral fall."

"The fact that man cannot get away from temptation," continued Dr. Speer, "shows that God means us to get some actual good from it. It is temptation that makes men strong. In our colleges after the regular football practice of the day is over you will see the squads at work with

TACKLING DUMIES.

They hang them up with ropes and set squads of men tackling them. Do you suppose they could teach a man to do the work if he did not have resistance? You cannot make a man a tackler unless you give him something to tackle. When you train men you do not put them in a barn with no opportunity of opposition and say, "Now get strong." You give a man something to push against. That is what enables him

TO ACQUIRE THE REAL STRENGTH OF MAN.

It was as though God had said to the countless hosts of heaven "Do you see that young hopeful down there in Egypt?

LOOK AT HIS MORAL MUSCLES—See what a young giant he is developing into through his continued resistance of the evils of an oriental court. Watch him now. See what he will do while Satan lets loose against him this voluptuous woman. Will he yield? Will he yield? Will he let fiends of hell triumph over him?

What a cheer must have resounded through the pearly gates as Joseph stood solid as a rock for God and the right!

"Behold," he said, "My master hath committed all that he hath to my hand, neither hath he kept back anything from me, but thee, because thou art his wife; how can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

"And she caught him by his garment—and he fled and got him out." All her flirtations were not for Joseph. No—no—no—they were not for Jo.

Was he a coward because "he fled and got him out?"

Was that boy a coward to whom certain temptations came with terrible power, and who, jumping out of bed, dressing hastily, tore down the stairs, out of the house, across the country until exhausted he returned to bed and was soon sleeping the healthful innocent sleep of a child?

Was the mere handful of Turkish infantry who, at the siege of Adrianople refuse to stand their ground as targets before a whole regiment of invaders, cowards?

Is a human soul a coward when it flies from a superhuman enemy?

No, no, Joseph showed the highest type of moral heroism when "he fled and got him out."

Faithful to God as a wrestler or a warrior, he also proved faithful as a prisoner.

The tempter had been ousted in the first round and he would now change his tactics. He would seek with even greater malignity

TO GET HIS MAN.

He would now try the effects of slander, humiliation, oblivion. Since Joseph's character was unassailable he would, if possible, wreck his reputation by using the same willing tool—Lady Potiphar.

A wicked lie was put into circulation which threatened to extinguish the light of his testimony. He was placed under arrest to answer a false charge. A prejudiced judge and jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and Joseph was sentenced to serve an indefinite term in the state prison.

Again we read "The Lord was with Joseph," and that "He showed kindness unto him and gave him favor in the sight of the keeper of the prison."

Little was there to vary the monotony of prison life until two distinguished prisoners arrived—members of the king's staff—his chief butler and chief baker, and we read—

"Joseph looked upon them and behold, they were sad, and he asked 'Wherefore look ye so sadly today?'

And they said, 'We have dreamed a dream and there is no interpreter of it!"

Now came Joseph's opportunity to extend a helping hand to the men who were down and out. He had won their confidence by sympathy. He would point them to God.

"Do not interpretations belong to God?"

The verses which form the lesson tell how the interpretation was verified by subsequent events and closes with the words, "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." And the man's name who does that is not always Butler," said a father, as he closed the sacred Book on reading the story to his children.

The interpretation of their dreams seemed a small thing but as some one has said, "In becoming the interpreter of the dreams of others he became the fulfiller of his own." Had he been self centred, slow to notice the sadness of others he would have lost for ever

HIS ONE OPPORTUNITY

of turning the course of history.

Had the butler remembered his promise and secured the release of Joseph he probably would have returned to his father only to have perished in time of famine. His imprisonment, his kindly interest in others, his being forgotten were among the "all things" which "work together for good to them who love God," for it was part of God's plan for the exaltation of His boy from the dungeon to the place of power.

In this, as in our former lesson, we see in Joseph a type of Him "who came not be be ministered unto but to minister," "who was tempted in all points like as we are yet without sin," "who was despised, and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," "who was falsely condemned, who was "numbered among transgressors," one of whom was saved and one lost, who descended into the prison house of hell.

O Thou who wert "with Joseph, we need Thee in all the trying circumstances of life.

We need the benefits secured to us through Thy sufferings.

We need Thy courageous and fearless antagonism to all that is wrong.

We need Thy presence continually to enable us to say with Paul, "Thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph through Christ."

We need keener spiritual perception to enable us to lay hold of opportunity.

Keep us "faithful unto death that we may receive the crown of life."

Not Inflated, That's Why.

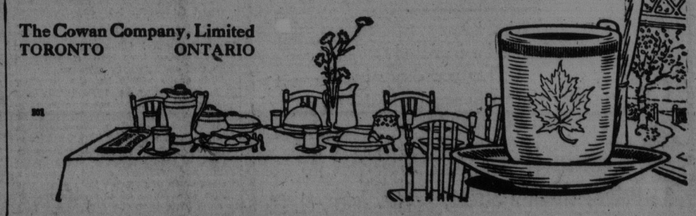
(Victoria Colonist.)

There appears to be an active movement in real estate in St. John, but prices are very low as compared with those anywhere west of the Great Lakes.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

Everybody wants more—the flavor is so good. And mother knows that COWAN'S is good for them—old and young—because it is Cocoa in its purest form.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa has no added flavoring. Its delicious flavor is obtained by using only the highest grade of cocoa beans, and being careful to remove every particle of husk or shell. That is the reason that there is no bitter taste to Cowan's—and no sediment.

There is nothing the children can eat or drink that will give them more real nourishment.

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