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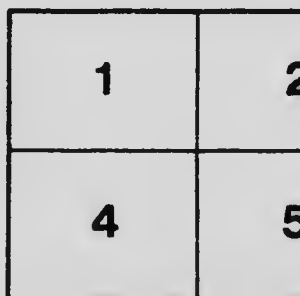
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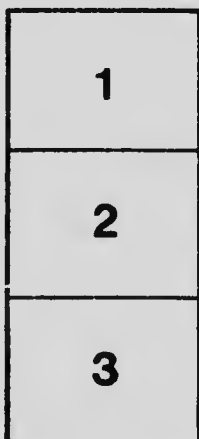
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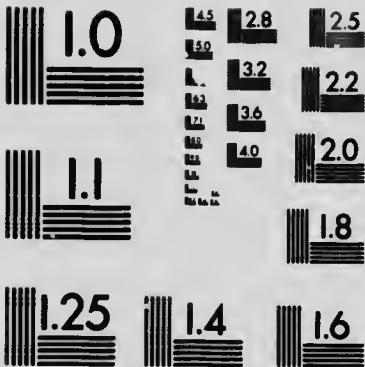
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Unpopular Men

UNITED CHURCH
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A Sermon Delivered By
REV. JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.
Pastor Central Congregational Church
Winnipeg, on Sunday Evening
May 24, 1914 before the
LOYAL ORDER of THE MOOSE

Published by their special request.

Unpopular Men

Text—1 Cor. 11:28, "Let a man examine himself."

(1) Some men are unpopular because they are hard to approach. They have an air of social superiority which chills you to the bone. Richard H. Dana, who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast," failed in everything, except literature. An American senator says: "He was a learned lawyer, an aristocrat by nature, a man of eminent powers, but he scorned the opinions of inferior men." Unconsciously, he breathed the spirit of Horace, the Latin poet, who wrote: "I hate the vulgar crowd and keep them at a distance." Thank God the crowd has improved somewhat since the days of Horace. There is no man so poor, so ignorant, so unlettered, so eccentric that he cannot tell you something you do not know. All my experience teaches me to strike hands with Henry George, when he exclaims: "I am for men."

A tender regard for all humanity is a sign of true greatness. It is the trade-mark of a genuine Christianity. It is the master sign of an apostolic church. "To believe that a man with £60 a year," Canon Liddon once said, "is just as much worthy of respect as a man with £6,000, you must be seriously a Christian." Lord Chesterfield showed a touch of the true spirit when he wrote a clause in his will leaving to each of his servants' two years' wages. These are his words: "I consider them," said my Lord, "as unfortunate friends; my equals by nature, and my inferiors only by the difference of our fortunes." How pleasant it is to turn to the last will and testament of John Wesley and read: "Let me be borne to the grave by six poor men: let there be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, no funeral eulogy—nothing but the tears of those who love me."

When the average man of ordinary common sense comes in contact with some shallow but successful specimens of humanity, who has evidently more respect for clothes than character and more regard for possessions than for personality he feels like Delphini, the underpaid but conscientious actor who had an occasional "set to" with Richard Brindley Sheridan. Thus, when Delphini one day pressed

the manager for arrears of salary. Sheridan sharply reproved him, telling him he had forgotten his station. "No, indeed, Monsieur Sheridan, I have not," retorted Deiphini, "I know the difference between us perfectly well. In birth, parentage, and education, you are superior to me; but in life, character, and behavior, I am superior to you."

This high-toned regard for clothes, color, coin, and cash and the utter disregard for character, conscience, culture and Christian ethics is strikingly illustrated by a paragraph from a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher: "A friend that is present told me this incident, which I am at liberty to repeat. During the days when color was a virtue, in a famous church in New York, a distinguished merchant had a colored man in his pew. The presence of that colored man in the congregation had the effect that a lump of salt was put in a cup of tea. The whole congregation, with an eternity to come, thought only of the colored man in the merchant's pew. And as they went out of the church, various persons gathered about the merchant, and said, 'What possessed you to bring that nigger into your pew?' He whispered and said to them, 'He is a great planter, and he is rich—he is a millionaire.' And then they said: 'Introduce us to him!' As soon as they knew he was not a vulgar man, working for his living, but a capitalist and a millionaire, they were very willing to cross pails with him. Then where was their fine taste? and where was that distinguished consideration of minding God's laws? and where was all that ethics that we have heard so much about in years gone by, of social equality, and of different races? It was gone in a minute. When mammon said, 'Let it go,' it was all right. But when the loving Jesus said, 'Let it go,' that was detestable. Men will do anything for money in this bad world. Ah! self-denial is from God?"

An inherent contempt for humanity has ensnared and misled not a few of those born to wealth, position and fame. When Foulon was asked how the starving populace was to live he answered: "Let them eat grass." Afterward, Carlyle says, the mob maddened with rage, "caught him in the streets of Paris, hanged him, stuck his head upon a pike, filled his mouth with grass, amid shouts as of Tophet from a grass-eating people."

(2) Some men are unpopular because they never encourage. They never venture a compliment. They never say a kind word. They never speak to cheer. Joseph Parker, after preaching in a certain community for

a month, said, in reverting to the fact, "I was the guest of a millionaire provision merchant who never uttered a word of sympathy or appreciation regarding my services." Parker was preaching in the church of which this merchant was an official. During the month he had heard this young and gifted preacher deliver ten splendid discourses. Three times a day they had conversed at the table. But during all that time not one word of compliment, encouragement or inspiration had been uttered. A preacher must have "nerve" who can remain in cold storage for six days of the week and then catch fire on Sunday. Finally, as the hour approached for the departure of the gifted pulpiteer, the millionaire merchant ventured a remark: "Mr. Parker, you must have seen that our people were profoundly impressed by your ministry of the past four weeks!" Of course, a man ought to be conscious of the effect of his own words on an audience. But few of the sons of genius are. "That was a great lecture, Mr. Gough, a great lecture!" remarked a friend to John B. Gough. "Did you really think so?" said the great temperance orator drinking in the compliment like a famished soul, hungry for a word of encouragement; and this happened after Gough had been on the lecture platform for more than a quarter of a century. That man has not been born who does not appreciate a sincere compliment.

Jane Welsh, the wife of Thomas Carlyle, once remarked: "The least attention from Carlyle glorifies me," but she seldom received that word. And when she hinted, mildly, that it was natural for a woman to expect an occasional expression of endearment from her husband, Carlyle would blurt out a snappy sentence such as: "Do you expect to be praised for doing your duty?"

Robert Fulton said, in extreme bitterness of soul, "In all my long struggle to work out the principle of the steam engine, I received innumerable opposing arguments and prophecies of failure, but never once did I receive an encouraging word."

(3) Some men are unpopular because they forget their friends in the hour of their prosperity. Said Sir Walter Scott, in that moment when the world lay at his feet: "I will never cut any man unless I discover in him the elements of meanness." The time to help a man is when you are up and he is down.

"Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone,

Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

Charles H. Hall, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, New York, during the trial of Henry Ward Beecher, recognizing the famous preacher in his Sunday afternoon congregation, took him by the hand and led him into the chancel. That was a bold act, for the world was divided, just then, in its estimate of Mr. Beecher's character. Years afterward, when the great prophet of Plymouth Church lay still and silent in death, the question arose: "Who shall stand over these hallowed remains and pay a tribute to the memory of a great soul?" And the people of Brooklyn answered the question. The demand is universal: "Let Charles H. Hall, the rector of Trinity, deliver the funeral oration!" And it was so.

Frederick Douglass, the colored orator, marching in a great procession in the city of Philadelphia, where the order was: "Two Abreast," found himself, for a moment, alone and without companionship. Not even an abolitionist would he see, marching on the open streets, side by side with a black man. Suddenly there stepped up beside him a tall, upright, handsome specimen of humanity, aristocratic in his bearing and intellectual in the contour of his features. His name was Theodore Tilton. A year or so ago he died a lonely death in a foreign land. There were only thirty persons present at his funeral. The judgment of the world had finally turned against him. But the black-skinned orator of a rising race has written with his own hand the story of his struggle for freedom and fame and in that autobiography there is one page all aglow with a supernatural light. It is a picture of young Tilton as he marches, side by side, with the ex-slave, in the presence of an astonished and criticising populace.

(4) Some men are unpopular because they never forget a supposed injury. They grow bitter thinking about things which other people have forgotten. Like Roscoe Conkling, when he whined out his miserable complaint about James G. Blaine:—"That attack," referring to some legislative onslaught, "that attack was made without any provocation by me and when I was suffering more than I ever suffered before and I shall never overlook it." He never did. People get tired listening to the story of real or imaginary wrongs.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;

For the sad old earth must borrow
its mirth,
It has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your
pleasure;
But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nec-
tared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed, and give, and it helps you
live,
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleas-
ure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

(5) Some men are unpopular be-
cause they are self-centered and de-
termined to have their own way.
Head strong. Whilful. Obstinate.
History is replete with illustrations.
Think of Henry VIII., sitting in the
House of Commons, with his terrible
eye fixed on anyone who might ven-
ture to oppose him. Or Lorenzo the
Magnificent, who proudly remarks:
"No one ever ventured to utter a
resolute 'no' to me!" Or, again, that
famous warrior and sovereign who
uttered the affirmation: "I am the
state!" Or, yet again, George III.,
who requested his prime minister to
furnish him with a list of those who
had, in a certain matter of legislation,
voted against his wishes, that he
might, socially, turn his back upon
them on every public occasion.
Kingly! Eh?—The saddest story in
history is the story of the man who
has had his own way.

(6) Some men are unpopular be-
cause they are cruel in their business
methods. Their methods are ex-
pressed in three words—grip, gouge
and grind. It was said concerning
a millionaire who died recently: "He
could throw down a friend, if that
friend stood in his way." The first
article of his creed seemed to be ex-
pressed in three words: "Business is
War." Crassus, who lived in the days
of Sulla, was one of Rome's meanest
millionaires. He would stand by a
burning building, with a fire brigade
composed of 500 slaves, and offer a
price for the fated edifice, wrapped
in flames, and if the owner refused
to accept the stipulated terms, stoid-
ly refuse assistance whilst the wealth

and substance of his neighbor disappeared in smoke. That is the spirit of the soulless combine. Unless you can Christianize commerce our civilization is only a little removed from the civilization of the past.

Improvements in methods of exchange mark the advancement of the race, but the realm of commerce and business is as old as civilization. St. Augustine used to tell of a man who advertised that he would, on a certain occasion, tell all the people what was in their hearts, and when the vast multitude assembled he stepped to the front and uttered these words: "I will tell you, in one sentence, what is in your hearts; it is this, to buy cheap and to sell dear."

Today, the moral heroes of the world are battling for business morality in the business realm. Theodore Roosevelt affirms that he has found three types in the commercial and political realm. First, the man who is honest. Second, the man who is dishonest. Third, the man who is honest according to the law. This last individual is satisfied if he can keep clear of the penitentiary. He is satisfied to do the thing which is morally wrong, if he can be assured that it is legally right. Just how large the third class may be no one can tell. John Morley, the English statesman, has said that "in a public life covering many years I have only known four men whose personal love of truth was absolutely unassailable."

The moment a young man enters the business world he becomes conscious of this moral conflict. J. D. Naysmith, a Toronto merchant, who recently passed away, said to me, one day: "A young man entering business discovers, six months after he has entered the commercial realm, that all his ideas of morality, gathered up in Church and Sunday School, have been knocked endwise." Precisely!

When Adam Clark, the great commentator, was a young clerk in a Dublin mill, the proprietor, pressed for goods and in the throes of the busy season, took a roll of goods which was several yards to short of the required specifications, and, instructing the youthful apprentice to take hold of the other end, said: "Pull, Adam, pull!" But Adam Clark refused to obey the command. That presents one phase of the problem in a concrete form.

Avarice is the mother of meanness. The desire to grow rich is as a gold germ in the blood. The professor of religion and the non-professor both seem to be engaged in a "neck and neck" race for wealth. Some years ago there appeared in an American

newspaper the following prescription for producing a millionaire: "First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people. Second, have no anxiety about the worries, losses and disappointments of other people. Third, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of other people." Caesar's pathway through conquered provinces was marked by burning villages and ruined cities and many there are today whose commercial and financial success, Caesar-like, is built on the poverty, woe and despair of their fellows.

It is a dangerous thing for successful business men to speak too loudly of their swift, rapid and successful speculations in the presence of young and inexperienced clerks, salesmen, apprentices and messenger boys. A young bank clerk in Pittsburg, just before receiving a sentence of eight years for embezzling trust funds, turned to the judge and offered the following plea: "Your honor, we were money mad from our association with millionaires." Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who was the guest of honor at a national board of trade banquet, slipped out of the dining hall for a quarter of an hour, on some flimsy excuse, saying: "I grew tired of hearing men talk about "millions" and "billions" when they have not a word to say about education, moral progress, literature or poetry."

When a merchant compels a salesman to misrepresent the goods he is handling, he is adopting a method which blasts character and renders insecure the foundation of society. A customer in a jeweler's store asked the question: "Are those rings sixteen karats?" The salesman replied: "Those rings are fourteen karats." The customer, disappointed, said: "But I wanted a sixteen karat ring," and passed out of the store. The moment the customer had passed beyond the door, the head of the firm said to the young man: "Why did you not tell her the rings were sixteen karats?"—adding, "In business we make these little misrepresentations." And then, turning to the young man, he added with a sneer: "You will never succeed in business!" Certain men have a strange idea of "success." Some success is scum success—a sort of shiny, slimy something floating on the surface of the stream of pure honest humanity. If you desire to know whether or not a man is a success multiply him by one hundred million, and ask yourself the question, what sort of a civilization would we have if every subject and citizen of the North American continent were a duplicate of your original. He must be a dubious man whom it is not safe to duplicate.

The first day A. T. Stewart opened his store in New York city, a plain woman came in to purchase a piece of calico. She asked the usual questions: "Are these goods reliable?" "Are the colors fast?" "Will they wash?" The salesman, an experienced clerk, in a skillful handling of misleading phraseology, informed the woman that the goods were "right" and would prove satisfactory in every respect and particular. She purchased a sufficient number of yards to make a dress and passed out. When she was gone Mr. Stewart, who had overheard the conversation, said to his wily salesman: "What did you mean by deceiving the woman in that fashion? You know the goods will not wash—we have lost a customer, for she will soon discover that she has been deceived and never return to our store." The clerk laughed in the face of his employer. Said he, "Mr. Stewart, it is easy to see that fate never intended you for the dry goods business. You have no conception of modern methods. You can't succeed. You won't last!" But he lasted. He lasted until he became the proprietor of the greatest retail commercial concern in America. He lasted until the president of the United States invited him into his cabinet. He lasted until he became one of the first brood of American millionaires. He lasted until the name of A. T. Stewart became synonymous for sterling worth and business success.

There are certain business methods which break the heart as well as ruin character. When a business man makes half promises and then fails to keep them he is engaged in a brand of commercial trickery which is low but not shrewd. One business man said to another—and winked as he said it—"When I tell a man concerning a request which he has made that 'I will think about it,' that means 'I will not do it.'" And so it happens that the faithful clerk who has asked for an increase in his compensation—waits, and waits, and waits, for the answer which never comes.

There are certain lines of business which are absolutely without God. So low in design and mean in method that on the sober, second thought we hesitate to apply the term "business" to them. Business means a fair exchange with a prospect of profit. Charles G. Finney met a man, who, for some mysterious reason, seemed to lack peace of mind and the comfort of a quiet conscience. Finney asked him if he would be willing to join in prayer and the inquirer immediately consented. "Now," said the great evangelist, "I will offer the prayer and you follow me and repeat the words," and Finney prayed thus: "O

Lord, I will give Thee my life"—and the anxious soul repeated—"O Lord I will give Thee my life"—then followed the words: "O Lord, I will give Thee my talents—I will give Thee my friends—I will give Thee my business"—but, the moment the word "business" fell from the lips of the earnest evangelist, the man hesitated, and finally, leaping to his feet, remarked: "God does not want my business". The bad fumes of his rum-soaked and beer-stained bar-room seemed at that moment to suffocate him. He was engaged in a business in which he could not find God. Better lose your business than lose your soul. Let it be known, once for all, that in the blazing light of a twentieth century conscience, no wholesale or retail liquor dealer shall inherit the kingdom of God or continue to command the respect of decent people. Every week some broken-hearted wife or mother crosses the threshold of the manse and in sobbing syllables repeats the old, old story of temptation, drink, woe and blight. So I pronounced my curse upon the thing. Liquor means lawlessness and ruin. I weave for it a garland of contempt. Out with it!

"I have seen", says a popular writer, "In an English newspaper the announcement that a public house is for sale, and the advertisement contains the following sentence: "These premises are surrounded by numerous manufacturers, employing thousands of well paid hands, who inhabit numerous dwellings in this dense neighborhood. The trade is large, full-priced, and mostly done at the counter., approaching \$2,000 per month."

(8) Some men are unpopular because they are mean. Sin is selfishness and the lowest sort of selfishness is meanness. And meanness is a sin which is as old as the race. Oh to rid the world of meanness! What a divine but terrific task. When Ben. Johnson lay a' dying in a miserable hovel, the king sent him a paltry pittance: "Suppose," said Ben. Johnson, "the king sent me this, because I live in an alley"—and then with a splendid outburst of dying wrath he exclaimed: "Tell the king for me that his soul lives in an alley." There are men who, mentally, morally, and spiritually, "live in an alley." They are constitutionally and incurably mean.

(9) Some men are unpopular because they are lacking in courage, backbone and audacity. The difference between the hero and the coward is the difference between Luther and Erasmus. Erasmus said: "I have always been cautious, I would rather die than cause a disturbance.

When we can do no good we have a right to be silent. . . . A worm like me must not dispute with our lawful rulers. . . . We must bear almost anything rather than throw the world into confusion. There are seasons when we must even conceal the truth." But this is not the philosophy of the great men of history. When the leading political bosses of the United States offered Theodore Roosevelt an election to the presidency of the republic if he would only submit to their dictation, he answered: "I would rather be a whole president for three years and a half than a half president for seven years and a half"—the "three years and a half" being the unexpired term of Mr. McKinley's office when assassinated. Courage is the master sign of a great soul. Tolstoi remarked with a smile, "The day of my excommunication from the Greek church was the happiest day of my life." John Bradford, in the presence of the Instruments of torture which would cause him untold agony and finally snuff out his life, calmly remarked, "I am a Christian now if I have never been before."

O may I join the choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence; live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge men's search
 To vaster issues.

(10) Some men are unpopular because you never know where to find them on questions of vital importance to the community. How many there are who, in portrait and character, match, perfectly, the description of Cardinal Richelieu as painted by Dr. John Lord in his "Beacon Lights of History." "During seventeen years of office climbing, Richelieu was to all appearance the most amiable man in France; everybody liked him, and everybody trusted him. He was full of amenities, promises, bows, smiles, and flatteries. He always advocated the popular side with reigning favorites; courted all the great ladies; was seen in all the fashionable salons; had no offensive opinions; was polite to everybody; was non-committal."

There is some satisfaction in beholding an outspoken character even though bad motives and low ideals are enthroned. Charles H. Parkhurst, the eloquent preacher and social reformer of New York, has recently

said: "I am by heredity a Republican, but I would not support the candidacy of a Republican if his membership in the party was all that I knew about him. Labels are inexpensive. The better a man is, if he is bad, the more dangerous he is to deal with and the greater his capacity for mischief. That is why I like the Divvers and Gradys and the Crokers, I feel entire confidence in them. I know just where I shall find them. They are consistent. No discount necessary."

A few years ago a black man came to the ticket office of the Albany line, in an American city, registered his name, and asked for a stateroom. The clerk was much embarrassed on perceiving that the name was "Frederick Douglas, Negro." He said, "I am extremely sorry, but the rules of the company require that colored men shall sleep on the lower deck. But if you will kindly allow me to substitute 'Indian' for 'Negro,' I can give you a stateroom." Mr. Douglass replied with indignation, "No, sir! Put me down Negro, plain Negro, and I will sleep in the hold." You can tell where to find such a soul as that. He is all there.

Be plain spoken, honest, sincere. Speak your mind. Let no man credit you with false motives. When Franklin offered Whitefield a lodging, the evangelist replied, "If you have done this for Christ's sake, you shall not lose your reward." Franklin replied, "I have not done this for Christ's sake, but for your sake."

(11) Some men are unpopular because they are animal in their instincts and material in their conceptions. In the lives of such there is to be found no beauty, poetry, or music. Like Esau, they have no spiritual aspirations. To all such "a mess of pottage" is vastly more than "a vision of angels." And they talk continually about money, land, merchandise and bonds. A Canadian remarks: "If I could be assured of an unfailling income of \$5,000 per year till I die, and reasonably good health, I would have no need for a single other thing that would not come with these to make me perfectly happy. I have no objection to religion, but had I that income and health I cannot see that religion would be a particle of use to me." As a certain United States senator remarks: "If I had plenty of money to do with as I wished, I'd have music played at all my meals and get cigars made at \$50 a hundred." It is also affirmed of Henry the Fourth of France, asked by the Duke of Alva if he had observed the eclipses, happening in that year; he answered that

he had so much business on earth, that he had not leisure to look up to heaven.

How true is the description given by a New York correspondent: "We met a New York broker in the Adirondacks who had been ordered by his physician to take a three months' rest. He studied the New York morning papers three hours a day, and spent the rest of the time in fretting. He told us one evening that he could have made ten thousand dollars as easily as he kicked a bug off the porch, if he had only been at home. 'Yes,' said his wife, 'and you could eat three meals a day and sleep, which would be worth more than ten thousand, if you would only quit thinking about money'."

(12) Some men are unpopular because they are right. "Where are you going?" said Caesar to a member of the Roman senate. "I am going out with Cato. I would rather be found with Cato in prison than with Caesar in the senate chamber." Ah, Cato, stern, inflexible, upright but unpopular, Cato! I once heard Dwight L. Moody say. "I would rather be in the heart of Africa with God than in the heart of America without God"—"Why didn't you accept the nomination for congress?" said an American politician to a friend, "Your political friends would have guaranteed your election if it had cost them a mint of money." The friend answered, "I would rather be found in yonder little church up on the hill top, with Jesus Christ than in the congress of the United States, through bribery and fraud, without Jesus Christ."

God give us men! A time like this
demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith,
and willing hands!
Men whom the lust of office does not
kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot
buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will
not lie.



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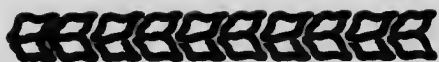
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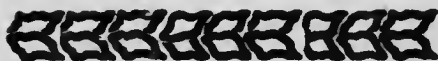
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