

## Sunday

## Reading.

## Pulpit Eloquence.

By The Very Reverend Frederic W. Farrar, D. D.  
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There are some who argue—and among them is my friend, the present Dean of Rochester—that every sermon ought to be “extempore,” as it is called, i. e., delivered without book; and that if it be read from a manuscript it is hardly to be called a sermon at all. Yet it is certain that more preachers have, in this century, produced a powerful effect by written sermons than by those which have been, more or less, learned by heart, or as the Scotch used to call it, “committed.”

Cardinal Manning was very effective as a speaker. As a preacher he seems to have produced stronger spiritual emotion before he left the pale of the Church of England than afterward. One who was himself eminent and interesting both as a preacher and as a man—the late Edward Monro of Harrow Weald—described to me how once Mr. Manning had preached in Balliol College Chapel on the text, “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;” and how, as the sermon flowed on, the silence became more and more breathless, more and more “a silence that could be felt,” while the eye of every young undergraduate was fixed upon him, and all those youths seemed to be literally hanging upon his words.

The two preachers whom I shall next mention were among the acknowledged leaders of the Evangelical party. Hugh McNeile, D. D., afterwards Dean of Ripon was for many years the leading clergyman at Liverpool, where he acquired great power and influence. He was a man of very fine and striking presence, and the effect produced by the tall figure and handsome face enhanced by a grace of bearing and gesture which would have made the fortune of an actor. Whenever he was announced to preach, a crowd was sure to fill the church to its utmost capacity, and he invariably visited London for the “May meetings” every year. I have not infrequently heard him both speak and preach; and I must confess that, while I had the utmost respect for him as a sincere and a deeply religious man, his success as a preacher seemed to me to be due far more to his extemporaneous method and his grace of manner than to any original truths or striking passages.

Hugh Stowell, another noted Evangelical, was equally popular, but his style was absolutely unlike that of Doctor McNeile. He was by birth a Marxman, and had to a high degree the perfridum ingenuum of the Celt. He spoke with a rush of words and an obvious intensity of feeling, and certainly produced on my mind when I was a boy far more of the effect of natural eloquence than was ever done by Doctor McNeile. I can recall both of them vividly, and many things which they said, but nothing which seems worthy of permanent preservation, however admirably it may have fulfilled its immediate purpose.

With these two were often associated at meetings the Presbyterian minister, Doctor Cumming. He, too, was extremely popular, full of anecdote, sprightly and effective. He won his chief fame as an expounder of the Apocalypse; but he would not have denied that all which was really valuable in his system was borrowed from Elliott's “Home Apocalyptic.” The popularity of Doctor Cumming was evanescent, and he outlived such small fame as he had acquired. He made little or no impression on my boyish mind.

E. D. Maurice, on the other hand, was a great teacher, a great thinker, and in many respects a great man. His sermons were deeply impressive and sank into many minds. He exercised a more permanent and powerful influence on the thinkers of his time than any of the preachers whom I have mentioned. I never found in him that “obscurity” of which many complained—partly, perhaps, because I had been his pupil for three years, and was familiar with his method of approaching a subject. There never was a nobler character. He lived for the most part, as most of the best and greatest men do, amid a roar of ignorant obloquy from party newspapers; but if any man ever loved his enemies it was he. I never knew a man so full of genuine and kindly nobleness. His candor, his sincere desire to understand the minds of even those who were most bitterly opposed to him, his endeavor to see truth in all possible lights, were unique features of his character.

He was not a popular preacher. He attracted no crowds to hear him, but he moulded the minds of many who have deeply influenced their generation.

His sermon on the “Idea of Eternity” left a very permanent impression on my mind. I have somewhere ventured to describe it—from my point of view not too

enthusiastically—as one of the noblest sermons of ancient or modern times. I cannot at all agree with my friend Mr. Matthew Arnold that “he spent his life in beating about the bush with deep emotion, without ever starting the hare.”

Henry Melville, for many years of his life, would, I suppose, have been mentioned by multitudes as “the greatest living preacher.” He was a man of marked ability. He took such immense pains with his sermons that, according to current myth, he devoted to them seven hours a day. He had a highly poetic and effective style, more ornate than would now find favor, but very attractive to all his contemporaries.

I remember one sermon of his in which he imagined himself to be walking in a churchyard and musing on the varied lives of those who lay in those mouldered graves. But if one element of his success lay in his style, another was the ardor of conviction which expressed itself in his delivery. He would work himself up in the pronunciation of a passage until at its close, his whole body seemed a tremble, and his sentences became the utterance not only of the lips but of the whole man. His addresses were largely utilized by other preachers. One of his friends, and I believe former curate, was the late excellent and beloved Canon Rowland of Westminster—himself a very remarkable preacher. He told me that on one occasion he went with Melville to hear a well-known bishop preach. As they went out, he asked Melville what he had thought of the sermon. “Of the manner,” said Melville, “you can judge as well as myself. Of the matter I cannot profess to be a critic. It was word for word my own!”

It is worth mentioning that Melville had the art, which I never saw equaled by any other preacher, of preventing himself from being interrupted by coughing even at times of the year when colds were most prevalent. No one coughed while he was speaking, but whenever he had finished any clearly marked paragraph in his discourse, he used to pause. Then every one coughed and blew their noses, after which he would proceed to the end of the next paragraph! This was an absolutely unique phenomenon in the delivery of Melville's sermons.

Thomas Dale, for many years Vicar of St. Pancras and afterward Canon of St. Paul's, and for a very short time Dean of Rochester, is not very widely remembered; yet in his day he was a well-known preacher, and I have heard him deliver sermons of striking beauty. He read them, but he read them effectively. He was something of a poet, and there are beautiful passages in his little-known poem on “The Widow of Nain.”

Some thirty years ago I first made the personal acquaintance of Doctor Liddon. Doctor Vaughan, afterward Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, invited Doctor Liddon and myself to preach the morning and evening sermons respectively in his church, at some great musical festival. As we came out of the morning service I said to Doctor Liddon that his sermon had been delightful in every respect, but this—that it seemed to make it impossible for any one to follow him. For many years Doctor Liddon preached without book. He afterward deliberately abandoned this practice and read his sermons. The vast audiences which listened to him Sunday after Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral show that, learned and refined as he was, he yet could reach the masses as well as he had reached his university audiences. He was a High-churchman, a friend and follower of Pusey's. There was an immense charm in his modest and kindly bearing. As a preacher I think that he used too many words. He was too long in entering into his subject, although he will always rank as a great preacher of exceptional gifts. I remember for less of the sermons I heard him preach than of those which I have heard delivered by far less gifted men. His sermons were matters of the deepest anxiety to him. On one occasion I had asked the headmaster of Harrow to invite him to preach in the school chapel, and on his arrival on Saturday evening I told him the touching details of the death, the day before, of a dear boy who was one of my pupils. I said that he would do well to allude to this, as the death of a boy at school always produces a deep impression on the minds of his companions. He was much affected by my story, and during a great part of that night he was heard pacing up and down his bedroom, while he altered his sermon in such a way as would best point the lessons of that sad but beautiful dying scene.

## Making Money in the Holy Land.

In the Bible, Palestine is described as a land flowing with milk and honey. In both respects it is singularly bare at the present day, but some progress is taking place, and enough has been done to show what could

be done if the country had a government that would favor industry instead of crushing it. The tale of the Baldenspergers, told in a recent report by Mr. Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, illustrates the situation with gleams of humor rarely found in an official report, and which appear in this one not from the intention of the writer, but from the farcical character of Turkish governmental methods.

The Baldenspergers are a Swiss family who settled at Artas, a small village about seven miles south of Jerusalem, near the famous pools of Solomon. The father began bee raising, and as the sons grew up they took an interest in the business and tried to develop it. They brought improved appliances from Europe and gave such thought and attention to the matter that eventually they obtained large crops of honey from orange blossoms, from cactus and acacia blooms, respectively, from lemon blossoms and from thyme. The business expanded so that the apiary at Artas alone was yielding 6000 pounds of honey in less than a month, when the industry attracted the attention of the Government, and a tax of a little less than ten cents a hive was imposed. In collecting the tax the officials reckoned as a hive every aperture through which they could see bees moving, so that in one apiary 150 hives were counted as 2000. The Baldenspergers refused to pay, and the apiary was sold at auction by the government. The purchaser, the officials, and a number of camel drivers with their camels went to the place to take away the apiary, but the bottom boards of the hives had been unhooked, and when they were disturbed the bees swarmed out, and there was a scene of vociferous trouble. The purchaser sold his tax title to the Baldenspergers, and the apiary remains.

It is, of course, impossible for industry to make progress under such government but help cometh. European capital and enterprise are being directed toward Asia Minor in a way which will eventually remodel government in that region, now sunk in squalor, but once populous and productive, possessing cities which were centres of art and refinement. With proper industrial opportunities, civilization will revise its ancient seats and turn the wilderness into a garden. At present there is a railroad, built by a German company, extending from Constantinople to Kon'a, in the corner of Asia Minor north of the Mediterranean. Recently it was announced that the company had obtained concessions for the extension of its lines to Basora on Euphrates, a port for the commerce of the Persian Gulf. The point of the projected line nearest to the Holy Land is Aleppo, just north of Syria, but the extension of the system will undoubtedly include Syria.

## CATARACT.

The Proper Treatment of this Troublesome Malady.

A cataract is a disease of the crystalline lens of the eye, whereby its transparency is more or less diminished and the sight correspondingly impaired. The trouble occurs most commonly as an accompaniment of advancing years; but it is by no means confined to the aged, for cataract is often seen in children, and may even exist from birth.

The opacity may be in the lens itself, or in the capsule which covers it, and it may involve the entire length and thickness of the lens, or a part of it only.

It is impossible to discover the cause of a cataract, but it is usually some disturbance of nutrition, such as rickets in the young, diabetes in the middle aged, and the normal failure of the nutritive processes in the old. The cause is sometimes a local one, such as a blow or a puncture of the lens by a scrap of iron filing or other minute body thrown with force against the ball of the eye. Eye strain, resulting from astigmatism or other imperfection of vision, which is allowed to go uncorrected by glasses, is another undoubted cause of cataract.

The early symptoms of the trouble are not very pronounced. There is no pain, the pupil of the eye is not cloudy, and the sight—in the case of an old person—may even be improved at first, so that the patient is often said facetiously to be renewing his youth and to be getting second sight.

Frequently one of the first things noticed—and it is one which should always suggest to a person past middle life the desirability of consulting an oculist—is the seeing of two or more images of an object when it is looked at with one eye.

Later the sight grows dim, and if the pupil is inspected, more or less of its center is seen to have a milky appearance. In most cases the patient can see best in a dim light, for the pupil is then dilated and he sees around the obstruction; but sometimes when the change in the lens begins at the edge, the sight is best in a bright



## Hard facts

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light when the pupil is contracted.

The operation for cataract is usually postponed until the process has advanced to such a point that the patient can just make out the light of a candle across the room, and the swelling of the lens, which generally occurs at one stage, has subsided. The most common operations are “discission,” by which the cataract is broken up and absorbed, and extraction. The first of these is a rule, more appropriate in the case of a child, the second in the case of an old person.

## BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT.

How a Rural Bridegroom Fooled William C. Whitney.

Hon. William C. Whitney, statesman, millionaire, trust magnate, lover of fine horses and former secretary of the navy, is a fine-looking man, and has just turned the sixty-year point. He is for the second time a widower, and his first wife was a daughter of the late United States senator Payne of Ohio.

His marriage with Miss Payne took place in Cleveland, and after the ceremony the couple were driven, unaccompanied, to the railroad station.

“We shan't let anybody know we are newly made bride and groom,” said Mr. Whitney. “We'll act just like old married folks. It always seems so foolish for bridal couples to flaunt the fact that they are just married.” Mrs. Whitney warmly agreed, and the two entered a parlor car and quietly seated themselves.

The train stopped at several stations before reaching Buffalo, and at one of them a newly married country couple came aboard, after being pelted to the very doors of the car with showers of rice by a throng of laughing friends. All this did not embarrass them in the least. They merely looked supremely happy, and then, as the train pulled out, proceeded to bill and coo unrestrainedly.

The other passengers either smiled or looked annoyed, but to all manifestations, whether pleasant or otherwise, the couple paid no attention. They were just married and they didn't care who knew it.

“How ridiculous we should be, if we were making an exhibition like that of ourselves!” said Mr. Whitney. “We are too sensible for that. No one can possibly suspect that we are just married!”

“No one can possibly suspect it,” agreed Mrs. Whitney. “How wise we were to decide to keep the fact to ourselves!”

At Erie the train stopped for some minutes on account of a hot box, and a few of the passengers got out and walked up and down the platform. Mr. Whitney was one; the newly made country bridegroom was another. Whenever they passed, on their walk on the boards, the youthful countryman leered at Mr. Whitney with a knowing grin. Finally he walked up to him and, giving him a vigorous punch in the ribs, chucklingly exclaimed, to the wealthy man's consternation:

“Well, we're both of us in the same boat, I see!”

## A Waste of Flowers.

It is a pity that supply and need are often so far apart. What a fund of wealth to one of the flower missions of the city would be an active connection with a Dutch bulb-farm as rich in bloom as those described in the Windsor Magazine! Field after field of exquisite flowers, and no gatherers, is the story of these farms.

The most casual visitor, travelling in the train from Leyden to Haarlem in the spring, cannot but find his attention arrested by the splendor of coloring on either side. From early April, when the hyacinths bloom, to late June, when the Spanish irises are at their best, the fields hold carnival.

Snowdrops come first, and then crocuses, hyacinths, narcissi and tulips; buttercups, anemones and peonies follow, and the stately Spanish iris blings up the rear. The air has a sweetness comparable to that of the orange groves of Seville or Jaffa.

But these delicate flowers are of little importance to the bulb-grower. He wants the bulbs, not the blossoms. Tons of exquisite blooms are destroyed every year. For trade reasons the flowers are not sold, and for the sake of the bulbs they must be cut as they approach the height of their bloom. So they are cut and conveyed

away in barges for destruction.

One of the most curious details in work of the bulb-farmer is observed in the summer, when the hyacinth prepared for purposes of propagation. Formerly a bulb was slashed transverse and set in the ground. By the following summer it had thrown off a number of young bulbs. Accident taught the growers a better method.

Among the bulbs were some out of which mice had eaten the bottom, and in all such cases, in the place where the mice had eaten, an extraordinary number of baby bulbs were found to be growing. The bulbs had reproduced itself thirty or forty fold.

The growers took the hint. Today they cut away the bottom of the bulb from the center and stand the bulb in the sun for time; then they plant it out, and evaporation raises little ones and nourishes them with its own life. Next season the parent bulb has disappeared, and thirty or forty little bulbs have taken its place.

## Caught.

Mr. Rockingham: “No, sir, I cannot consent to let my daughter become the wife of a man who is as wild as you are.”

Mr. Honeywell: “How do you know I am wild, sir?”

Mr. Rockingham: “Oh, that's all right. I get about town a little myself occasionally, and hear these things from people who know all about it.”

Mr. Honeywell: “Very well! I'll go and explain to Alice and her mother just how it is.”

Mr. Rockingham: “I say, hold on. My boy, you can have her. It's all right. I was only bluffing you.”

## WHAT IS

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