

# RELIGIOUS

## "Faint, Yet Pursuing."

Twelve years ago Charlotte Stanton was graduated from college with a great many theories of the manner in which society could be elevated, and with an enthusiasm capable of any possible sacrifice. The alumnae of her college were establishing a settlement in a slum district, and she took up residence there for a year, and then was chosen as the head of a new institution, which had shaped itself largely on the lines of her own ideas.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the zeal with which she flung herself into her new occupation, nor did she readily yield to discouragements. But after ten years the reaction came. Charlotte had nervous prostration. She spent some months in the country, and then faced the problems of life again with greatly diminished zeal. Her place had been filled. She resented it a little, yet would not have returned if she could.

"I am adrift," she said to her friend. "It isn't so much that my occupation is gone; my ideals have gone, too. Here I am, 40 years old, a hopeless old maid. I can't teach school; I haven't the patience left. If I were young I could study kindergarten, but that's out of the question now. I had some talent as a writer, but it's too late for that. The worst is the loss of the ideals."

"Lottie," said her friend, "I'm sure there's help for you. You started to bring in the millennium before sundown, and you must learn to leave something for another day and for somebody else. I have a notion that you have forgotten the importance of what the boys call 'second wind.' Somewhere in the Gospels there is something about getting one's second wind. I don't know where to find the chapter and verse, and I don't believe that's the exact term. But it's there somewhere. Look it up."

They did not find it in those words, but they found the story of Gideon's pursuit of the Midianites, and how he came to the Jordan with his diminished host, "Faint, yet pursuing."

There was a ring of triumph in the words. Gideon had had his disappointments in the men who went back, and in the replies of the men of Succoth and Peniel. He had come to a crisis when he stood beside the Jordan, and the question pressed itself whether he should be content with such victories as he had won, and the disappointments that had come, and give way to the faintness. But he pressed on, faint though he and his men were, and won a series of victories that brought forty years of peace.

The word "faint" in the concordance gave them other leads, and finally their quest stopped at Isaiah xl:31: "But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

"That is the text I want," said Charlotte. "I've had my flight on the wings of enthusiasm and my run in quest of an ideal. I am ready for the thing still better, the grace for the long, sober walk after the good that must be."

**The Robes of Righteousness.**  
A beloved pastor once made use of a beautiful illustration. A naturalist one day was studying a cocoon, in which a butterfly was struggling to be free. He heard it beating against the sides of its little prison, and his heart went out in pity for the helpless creature. Taking a tiny lancet he cut away the fragile walls and released the little captive. But to his amazement it was not the beautiful creature that he had expected to see. It lay struggling upon the table, unable to walk, unable to fly, a helpless, unlovely object. In place of the gorgeously colored wings that he had expected to see, were weak, shriveled members.

What was the matter with this creature that should have been so fair? The prison gates had been opened too soon, the obstacle had been removed before the struggler had developed sufficiently through the struggling to be ready for its glorious flight into the sunshiny skies and among the perfumed flowers.

O God, when the walls seem to close about us, when we struggle and agonize to be free, when Thou dost not cut away the barriers, is it not because, in Thine infinite wisdom, Thou dost see that we are weak and dost want us to become strong? Then, at last, when the struggle is finished, like the butterfly, we may come forth, not perhaps in glorious robes of splendid colors as it is, but in the everlasting robes of righteousness.

**The Progress of the Church.**  
The progress of the church of Jesus Christ is strikingly depicted by the pen of John, the disciple of love. I call you to follow the progress of the growth of the Christian church in John's writings. First there was only one man who believed in Jesus—John the Baptist. Then we read of two, then of three, then of five, then of twelve, then of seventy, then of 120, then of 500, then of 1,000, then of 4,000, and then of a great multitude which no man can number, all singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and strength, and honor, and glory and blessing."

**The Believer's Sin.**  
Blotted out, Isa. 43:25; borne by another, 1 Peter 2:24; cast behind God's

back, Isa. 38:17; cast into the depths of the sea, Mic. 7:19; covered, Rom. 4:7, Psa. 32:1, 2; finished, Dan. 9:24; forgiven, Col. 2:13; made an end of, Dan. 9:24; not beheld, Num. 23:21; not imputed, Rom. 4:8; not remembered, Heb. 8:12; pardoned, Mic. 7:18; passed away, Zec. 3:4; purged, Heb. 1:3; put away, Heb. 9:26; remitted, Acts 10:43; removed, Psa. 103:12; subdued, Mic. 7:19; sought for and not found, Jer. 50:20; taken away, Isa. 6:7; washed away with blood of Jesus, 1 John 1:7.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9.—Word and Work.

**Exhortation from a Heathen.**  
If you were a statue of Phidias, you would remember both yourself and the artist, and you would endeavor to be in no way unworthy of him who formed you, nor of yourself; and are you now careless how you appear, when you are the workmanship of God Himself?—Epictetus.

**Where the "If" Belongs.**  
Always put your "if" in the right place. In the case of the man who wanted Christ to cast out the dumb spirit of his son, the father said, "If Thou canst do anything;" but the Lord answered him, "If thou canst believe." Christ straightened out the "if" and put it in the right place.—D. L. Moody.

**Winsomeness.**  
He who would win a soul must have a winsome spirit. It is not enough to be a good man. Some men seem to be good, but they are not attractive. They have long faces and sad countenances, and are cold as ice. The Spirit of God will make the heart warm and the countenance cheerful and bright.

## FREAKS OF SLEEP WALKERS.

### Some Peculiarities of Somnambulism Related by a Lecturer.

The psychological nature of somnambulism was the subject of a recent lecture by Prof. Pierre Janet of the Paris Sorbonne at Johns Hopkins University recently, says the Kansas City Times. In the course of his remarks he said:

"The somnambulist has not our dull memory of things. He sees the objects he speaks of and really hears, feels and touches them, exactly as if they were real.

When a patient speaks he has a fluency of language and even an eloquence that are superior to his normal powers. When he acts he has a precision and quickness that are wonderful.

"When a patient gets back to consciousness he forgets everything that has happened during his delirium. If you try to awaken his memory with questions two things result. You will either do it so vividly that he will fall into a somnambulist state again or he will be unable to recall it all.

"There is a man of 30 with both legs paralyzed, who had been an invalid for years. In the middle of the night he rises slowly from bed, takes his pillow, hugs it close, walks out of the room, through a courtyard, and climbs to the top of the house.

"His friends have difficulty in reaching him, and must take great care in awakening him, for the moment he awakes his legs become paralyzed again.

"When awakening he does not understand how he has reached the house-top and why he, a man sick with palsy, should have been carried there.

"There is the case of a girl, made ill with despair at her mother's death. They lived in a garret. For months before her mother's death the girl was under a great strain, tending her mother and earning her living at the sewing machine. After the old woman's death the girl tried to revive the body by lifting it to a sitting position and appealing to it. She now has a singular habit of often acting these scenes over again while in a somnambulist state. No actress could rehearse these lugubrious scenes with such perfection."

### An Expensive Luncheon.

One day three friends in Paris were taking a walk together.

"I should like to have an exquisite lunch," said one of the three.

"I should be satisfied with a lunch," said the second, "which is a little short of being exquisite."

"And I," remarked the third one, "should feel content with any kind of lunch."

Unfortunately none of them was possessed of the necessary money. Presently one of the trio was struck by an idea. He led his friends to a music publisher and made him an offer.

"Buy from us a song. This gentleman wrote the text, that one set it to music, and I shall sing it, as I am the only one of us with a good voice."

"Well sing it for a trial," answered the publisher.

The young man complied and the publisher seemed to be satisfied. As Harper's Weekly tells the story, he paid 15 francs for the song, and the friends hastened joyfully to a restaurant.

The author of the text was Alfred de Musset, the musician was Monpou and the singer Dupre. The song, which was bought and paid for with 15 francs, "the Andalusian Girl," yielded the publisher 40,000 francs.

**Oh, Boston!**  
A well-known Washington architect who has just returned from Boston is chortling over a good joke on that correct and literary city. He says that in the reading room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the Hub there is a sign that reads: "Only low conversation permitted here."—Pittsburg Press.



"Them peaches ain't no good," said the pretty cook smartly. "You can just take 'em right back."

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked the groceryman, in tones of surprise.

"Oh, nothin', except they ain't no good," said the cook, sarcastically. "They're rotten, that's what the matter with 'em."

"You're away off," said the groceryman. "Them peaches ain't rotten. They've got a few soft spots in 'em, maybe, but that don't hurt the part that's good. They're ripe, them peaches are—juicy an' ripe. You don't want no green peaches."

"I want some that are sound an' ripe," insisted the cook.

"Now, you're askin' too much," said the groceryman. "You're foolish an' I didn't think it of you. You never seen a peach that was sound an' round an' without a speck on it that tasted the way it looked. I never did. But that's the way with you women folks. If you see somethin' that you don't think looks just right in some spot or other you think it's all to the bad. That ain't right, Evelina. Now, if I look at a peach—if I look at you, for instance—I may see some little soft place—"

"You must think you do if you want

me to believe them peaches is fit to put on the table," said the cook.

"When I look at you an' I see somethin' that don't just suit my fancy I ferret it," pursued the groceryman. "I just think how sweet the other part of you is."

"You can't jolly me," said the cook. "I know it," said the groceryman.

"But if you want to put them peaches on the table to look at why don't you get some wax ones? We wester have some wax peaches an' pears at home when I was a kid that looked better than the real thing. But if you want peaches an' cream or peach shortcake you take what's in that basket an' cut out the spots. There's flavor in them peaches."

"All right. You take 'em back, flavor an' all," said the cook. "I don't want 'em."

"Let me look at 'em again," said the groceryman. "Why, them ain't what I picked out fer you. I've got the wrong basket. Sure, I'll take 'em back. I don't blame you for not wantin' them. Maybe I've got another basket in the wagon."

"You'll ketch on after a while," said the cook.

"I know a peach when I see one, all right," said the groceryman with a look of admiration.—Chicago Daily News.

## TOPICS IN TIMES

Some Paris cabs now bear the inscription, "English spoken."

The London Evening News has hopes of an "aerial Derby" at an early date.

Taking all crimes, more are committed in the autumn than during any other of the seasons of the year.

The British government gets an income of \$25,000,000 from the railways, river boats and forests of India.

Pigeons and turkeys have each a natural temperature of 109 degrees, which is ten degrees higher than man's.

Before Lister's antiseptic inventions the death rate in amputations of the thigh was 41 per cent. It is now about 6.

Austria's great salt mine at Wellezka has 600 miles of galleries and employs 9,000 miners. It has been worked for the last six centuries.

The Duke of Bedford has presented Lord Tavistock, his eldest son, with a silver-mounted motor car for his use while at Oxford University.

South Africa has a new and profitable industry—the manufacturing of hemp from olive and banana fibers. It realizes from \$100 to \$167 a ton in London.

Referring to the recent theft of a statue from the Louvre, Paris, London's Punch remarks: "Some cities seem to have all the luck. Nobody ever steals our statues."

New York City has the shortest stream of water in the world dignified by the name "river." It is the Harlem River, and is strictly one of the mouths of the Hudson.

The labor demand for plantation work in Hawaii has been a rapidly growing one, the number of plantation laborers having risen from 24,653, in 1897, to 48,229, in the year 1905.

The Irish farmer still clings to the cultivation of the potato, "and," sorrowfully remarks an Irish writer, "he will doubtless continue to grow it long after it has caused his death by starvation."

Queen Wilhelmina shipped some cows from Holland for her husband's estate in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. But they were stopped at the German frontier under the law forbidding the importation of foreign cattle.

In some parts of England the practice prevails of displaying a flag from a school house roof when every pupil is present. The children take great pride in this and the rivalry between schools is found to improve the attendance.

The French ministry has decided to abolish the cuirass. There are thirteen regiments of cuirassiers in the French army. The weapon has been famous for a hundred years, and its traditions from Austerlitz to Worth are among the most glorious of the French army.

The Eastern greyhound has been from time immemorial the hunting dog of the Eastern plains, and making allowances for the artistic attainments of those early periods we find representations of him which are almost identical with the dogs of to-day on the monuments and tombs of ancient Egypt.

How some people come to figure with an alias on police records was illustrated the other day when an Italian was called upon to come into court under the name of Mikado. His name figured on the docket as "Ricardo," but it turned out that he had given his name to the court officer correctly as "Genero."

The searchlight on board the new British battleship Dreadnought is of a new type, being double-ended, so as to

throw powerful beams of light in exactly opposite directions, to facilitate semaphore signaling. Each light is of nearly 50,000 candlepower, and, placed on top of the tripod mast, will be visible twenty miles.

During the days of indignation and anger caused by the recent Hohenzollern revelations the Kaiser had recourse more than usual to his favorite beverage, Mexican coffee, which, he claims, calms as well as refreshes. He has a supply sent to him periodically from a German colony of planters on the Pacific coast of Mexico.

The Duke of Sutherland's celebrated Trentham Hall library, recently sold in London, by auction, brought low prices. A perfect copy of the rare third folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, published in 1664, was obtained by a dealer for \$1,950, little more than half the sum paid for a slightly larger copy of the same edition four years ago.

The tax collector of Adelaide, South Australia, officially reports the conscientiousness of a taxpayer who, in getting up a statement of the real estate he owned, for taxation purposes, put down a piece of land of his measuring nine feet by six feet in "cemetery," and under the column, "Name of Occupier," gave that of his departed wife.

A remarkable hunt which took place in the northern part of Coahuila a few days ago is reported from Monclova, in that State. A party, of which about seventy-five were hunters, went on a deer hunt through the mountains, being out eight days. The seventy-five hunters killed 900 deer, an average of 100 a day, or more than one deer a man a day.—Mexican Herald.

"The afternoon nap cult is growing," said a mother of six children, "and I'm glad of it. Just look at me. I'm over fifty years old and my complexion is as rosy as any school girl's. I attribute it all to the afternoon nap. The cook can leave; the stocks in which we invest can pay panicky small dividends, the boys may 'funk' in their 'exams' and still I take my afternoon nap."—Philadelphia Record.

### Trackless Trains.

Locomotives without tracks, drawing behind them long trains of cars and speeding over the highways, are to-day familiar sights in Europe, from France in the west to Turkey in the east. Under the caption, "Trackless Trains Go Everywhere," Donald Burns, in the Technical World Magazine, so writes. Wherever the ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can go, the trackless trolley can go likewise. The author describes one particular model, known as the Renard train, as follows: "This latest prodigy, the Renard train, is a train of passenger and freight vehicles, headed by a steam or gasoline locomotive which travels over country roads and town or city streets. The ordinary railway train calls for steel rails and a special right of way; the Renard train has no necessity for either of these, but shares the common highway with the horse-drawn vehicle."

Further on, the writer says: "In France the Renard train has been used for military service, with marked results. A convoy so transported occupies one-eighth the space of one drawn by mules, or horses, and it travels at a speed of ten miles per hour." Even Turkey and Persia, two countries which are noted for their backwardness in most things, have been quick to take up the new ideas.

### Dog Days.

Bill—Did you get any frankfurters while you were on your vacation?  
Jill—No; I asked for 'em several times, but they told me they were out of season.  
"That's all nonsense! You were away during the dog days, weren't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.



## Two Figure Curiosities.

If you were asked to subtract 45 from 45 and have 45 as a remainder, you would be likely to say that the proposition is either a "catch" or an impossibility. But here it is, set down in plain figures, and you will find that it is neither one nor the other:

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Here, you see, are the nine digits, from 9 to 1, written down in that order, and below them are the same digits reversed. Add together the digits, from left to right, and you will see that each line makes 45. Now, subtract one line from the other, and you will find that the remainder—the third line—adds up 45.

The other little exercise is to set down the following fifteen figures, and then see if you can use six of them in such a way as to make a total of 21:

1 1 1  
3 3 3  
5 5 5  
7 7 7  
9 9 9

One way of doing it is to take the two 7's, one 5 and one 1, which make four figures, footing up 20, and then to use two other figures as a fraction to represent 1. For example: 7 plus 7 plus 5 plus 1 plus 3-3 equals 21. Perhaps the boys and girls can find some other way.

### The Jumping Coin.

A very pretty experiment may be made with a coin, nothing less than taking it up in your hand from a table without touching either the coin or the table.

The accompanying illustration shows the position of the coin and the operator.



ator. Lay the coin on the table, at a little distance from the edge, and place your half-open hand beyond it. Then blow suddenly and hard upon the table about two inches from the coin.

The result will be that the coin will jump from the table into your hand, and a little practice will enable you to succeed at every trial. The principle is that the compressed air from your lungs gets under the coin, and has enough elastic force to lift it and carry it to your hand.

### The Boy's First Room.

I've got a room now by myself;  
A room my very own.  
It has a door that I can shut  
And be there all alone;  
It has a shelf, a closet, too;  
A window just for me;  
And hooks where I can keep my clothes  
As neat as neat can be.

A lovely paper's on the wall;  
A rug is on the floor—  
If I had known how fine it was  
I'd had a room before.  
I like to go there after school;  
Way off from everyone;  
I felt—well—sort of scared at first,  
But now I think it's fun.

The voices of the folks downstairs  
Seem faint and far away.  
I hear the rain upon the roof;  
I watch the birds at play;  
Oh, yes, it's often very still.  
At night there's not a sound—  
But I let mother in, of course,  
When bedtime comes around.  
—Youth's Companion.

### Diagnosing Judith's Case.

Whenever Mrs. Peck's family showed even the faintest sign of ailing she always sent post-haste for the family doctor, who, fortunately for all concerned, lived within the same block that contained his most anxious patron, according to the Youth's Companion.

One night Mrs. Peck's small Judith, whose appetite was usually in excellent working order, refused to eat her supper. Mrs. Peck's motherly fears were instantly aroused. There was certainly something wrong with Judith.

The child had recently been unsuccessfully vaccinated and was, in consequence, living in hourly terror of undergoing a second vaccination experience, so Mrs. Peck considered it expedient to smuggle the doctor into the house without forewarning the little girl.

"Well," said Dr. Brown, capturing his small patient and seating her on his knee, "I hear you didn't eat any supper. What's the trouble?"

"Couldn't," replied Judith.

"Why not?"

"Don't know—just couldn't."  
"Have you a pain anywhere? Does your head ache? Is your throat sore? No? Then let me see your tongue. Hum—nothing the matter with that tongue. Had anything to eat since noon?"

"Yep," said Judith, brightening up at the remembrance.

"What, for example?"

stopped at Kittle Page's after school. Her mother was having a party, and Kittle and I ate all the ice cream and cake there was left.

"Then I went to the church fair with Kittle, and they gave us doughnuts. After that we met Flossie Blake going with her uncle for hot chocolate, and we had that, and some nice little wafers besides.

"Then I went home with Flossie and ate five of the waffles that their cook was making for supper. I guess that's all, except the banana that grandma gave me."

### The Sneeze-Wood Tree.

This queer name is given to a certain tree that is native to Natal and other parts of South Africa. Workmen cannot saw or plane it without sneezing, the dust having precisely the same effect as the strongest snuff. The wood has a bitter taste, and insects give it a wide berth. For this reason, it is much used for work that is required to last a long time.

### THE RIGHT WORD.

Spoken by the Big, Blundering, Kind-Hearted Husband.

A small, frail-looking woman, followed by two young men of more robust fiber, although closely resembling her, hurried up to a gatekeeper in the Grand Central station.

"Does the train from Gresham come in here?" she asked, anxiously.

When the right gate was found there were still thirty minutes to spare.

"Better go inside, Letty, and rest," suggested one of the brothers.

But Letty would not leave the gate. Her two brothers looked significantly at each other, and let her have her way. They took turns in carrying the baby up and down.

Long before the train came the conversation revealed the situation. They were here to meet Letty's husband, who six months ago had gone away because of supposed irreconcilable differences between himself and his wife. But the relations on both sides had arranged a peace. He was returning—the broken home was to be restored.

"It was Jim's fault in the beginning," repeated the little woman, after asking her brother again to look at his watch. She was becoming more and more nervous.

It was easy to guess at the differences that had undermined this home. Excellent qualities were revealed in the young wife's face. Although of a nervous temperament, she was no shrew. But, evidently, she had a habit of imparting "pieces of her mind." She was capable of love, but one of those who stickle for a "point," while deeper consequences go unnoticed. Had the sad months past taught her the larger wisdom of life?

"It was Jim's fault at first—I stand just as firm as ever," she repeated, the tears in her eyes contrasting curiously with her words. "But for baby's sake I'll try it."

She must make her brothers understand that consenting to live again with Jim did not involve yielding her original point!

"I shall tell him so—the first thing!"

The brothers looked into each other's eyes doubtfully. Would there be a scene?

To the brothers' relief, the train finally came. One held the baby, leaving Letty free—to tell Jim!

In the long line of passengers moving toward the gate a big fellow loomed up whose blue eyes searched vaguely. Suddenly he made a rush forward. The little woman's face lighted up and grew beautiful; then she remembered herself and set her face in order. There was that point to be made first.

Jim, big and awkward and gentle, kissed the baby first—perhaps he, too, was giving Letty her opportunity.

She went close to him; her head just reached his chest. The words seemed to stick.

Jim awkwardly patted her shoulder, waiting.

"Letty," he said, at last, his voice faltering over the last word, "let's go—home."

And then they all marched away together—the little woman's face beautiful now with the light, which stayed. She had let the "point" go. Through the awkwardness of Jim, big and blundering and kind, had worked a great wisdom—only four words, but the last one that word laden with the magic of the ages!—Youth's Companion.

### A Severe Test.

Conscience was an important factor in Eben Haddon's life. At times, however, he was not absolutely clear as to his dictates, and at such times it was his wont to appeal to his minister.

"Do you think it would be wrong for a Methodist to play in a brass band?" he asked the minister one day his open and ingenuous countenance filled with eagerness and doubt.

"Um-m," said the minister. "It's for yourself you're asking, I suppose, Eben?"

Mr. Haddon admitted that the case was his own.

"And what instrument have you fixed your mind on?" asked the minister.

"Well," said Eben, with a gradually clearing face, "I kind of thought I'd tackle the cornet, if you said 'twas all right, and I wouldn't be falling from grace to do it."

"Eben," and the minister's mouth twitched at the corners as he laid his hand on the shoulder of his eager parishioner, "if you can find any one who is willing to pass through the fiery trial of hearing you practice, I think you may risk the danger of falling from grace with good courage."