

RELIGIOUS

Sermonless Sermons.

If the church abandon the sermon, it abandons direct instruction of adults. Even the churches with the most elaborate liturgies have never yet done that. They have always recognized that the people should not only be called to worship, but that they should also be given reasons for worshipping and counsel that might sustain them in their faith against the trials and temptations of the world.

To ask people to attend church services without instruction and devoted wholly to prayer and praise would be like asking them to attend political meetings at which there would be no speeches, merely to hear the band play and the quartet sing and see the candidates sit on the platform.

The sufficient answer to all such silly suggestions is that the preachers who really preach—who realize that it is neither necessary nor desirable nowadays that a Christian minister should be a scientific summarizer, or a literary reviewer, or an art critic, or a "sociological" investigator, or anything but just a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to sinful men, never lack for hearers.

The preacher who presents that Gospel full and round, with its bones of positive doctrine as well as its flesh of aspiring emotion, and who presents it with the authority which belongs to every man who preaches because he cannot do anything else without feeling himself a false man and a traitor to the truth, has no need to ask why men do not come to hear him.

They are here, hanging upon his words, taking his thoughts into their souls, knowing why they are there and glad to be there, because they find there the food for which they are hungry and by which they are made strong to live in righteousness and to die without fear.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Where God and Man Meet.

What is our Bible? It is man in contact with God. It is mountain-top vision. It is Sinai, Horeb, Calvary, Olivet and Patmos. It is God stirring in the hearts of earth's lowly. It is the shepherd being shepherd, and the potter being molded. It is the wall of the penitents. It is the hand of doubt appealingly stretched forth and made into the hand of faith and action by the grasp of that of the fatherly Almighty.

It is light. It is the music of the spheres—sung in the darknesses of earth. It is the earth cry of the universal heart and the heaven answer of the suffering compassion and the eternally glad. It is the united hallelujah of the pilgrims of the night moving into the light of everlasting day. It is God and man coming to a blessed understanding.

The Bible has been, is, and ever more shall be. These great facts are beyond the reach of any molester. They are of the inner sanctuary.—Christian Century.

The Power of Love.

Everything becomes possible to those who love. The commands of the Lord are no longer grievous, for the soul that loves is gifted by that love with fresh energies; it discovers in itself unsuspected possibilities, and is supplied with ever-flowing currents of new vigor. We shall be enabled to do so much if only we love. We live by loving, and the more we love the more we live; and therefore, when life feels dull and the spirits are low, turn and love God, love your neighbor, and you will be healed of your wound. Love Christ, the dear Master; look at His face, listen to His words, and love will awaken, and you will do all things through Christ Who strengtheneth you.—Henry Scott Holland.

"Forgive Us Our Debts."

Our blessed Saviour likens our sins to a debt which stands against us with God. How does the prudent man of the world act with regard to money matters, to his debts, and to his spending? Does he let them run on without taking any account or knowing how he stands? Does he suffer them to mount up till the mass is too great to be examined into, and he has forgotten all about many things he finds wanting straight? We all know each folly must end in ruin. But, strange to say, men are content to be far more careless in their heavenly concerns than in their earthly. They will balance their accounts with men; they neglect to do so with God.—Bishop Walsingham How.

May Love Be Mine.

I shall not pass this way again, But far beyond earth's Where and When May I look back along a road Where on both sides good seed I sowed, I shall not pass this way again, My Wisdom guide my tongue and pen, And Love be mine that so I may, Plant roses all along the way, I shall not pass this way again, May I be courteous to men, Faithful to friends, true to my God, A fragrance on the path I trod.—Clarence Urmy.

The Path of Trouble.

There is a time appointed for weakness and sickness, when we shall have to glorify God by suffering, and not by earnest activity. There is no single point in which we can hope to escape from the sharp arrows of affliction; out of our few days there is not one secure from sorrow. Beloved reader, set not your affections upon things which are

above, for here the moth devoureth, and the thief breaketh through, but there all joys are perpetual and eternal. The path of trouble is the way home. Lord, make this thought a pillow for many a weary head!

AS HUMANS SLEEP.

One Writer Thinks Scientists Should Teach Art of "Relaxing."

Man is the only animal that sleeps on its back, says the New York Press. Many animals sleep on their sides, but most sleep prone—that is, face down. Dogs never dream when prone, but invariably do so when sleeping on their side. All of us from the country have seen the hound chasing rabbits in his sleep. An animal would be perfectly helpless if it slept on its back. And so is man helpless in that position.

If some other fellow wants a fortune let him invent a pillow that will allow a man or woman or child to sleep face down without having to twist the neck nearly out of joint. We will style it the "back-up cure" and introduce it in all homes. There is no excuse for lying on the back and keeping the spine hot all night, while the front of the body—the abdomen, the stomach, the chest, the throat, etc.—is allowed to become chilled. A hot spine is a disease generator. And, on the other hand, a cold spine is death.

Snoring is an infernal nuisance to every one except the snorer. People who sleep on their fronts never snore. Those who sleep on their backs invariably do. The palate as we know it is the roof of the mouth and the floor of the nose. Some style it the hard palate. Back near the throat is the soft palate. When you sleep on your back this gets down about the breathing apparatus and you snore. Some snore are worse than the midnight howl of a hyena. Never marry a woman that snores. Ask her before you propose if she is addicted to snoring, and if she says "yea" avoid her.

It is much easier to relax when sleeping on your front than when sleeping on your back. And what we all need after touching the bed at night is relaxation. It is a billion pluses that some scientist cannot teach the art of relaxing. Our strenuous life, of course, is not blameless in this matter. We go to bed in excitement, and the nerves (not all but some, as Bryan would say), are strung all night. That is to say, we go to bed in full tune, like a piano, and cannot possibly let the strings down. Therefore we do not rest. Could we relax perfectly we could sleep four or five hours and arise refreshed; but as we cannot relax, we groan and dream and sweat and roll over and have remorse for eight or nine hours, and get up with a swelled head.

Every man and woman in this country was brought up with the notion that if the feet were higher than the head in sleeping all the blood would rush to the head and cause strangulation. This is the veriest rot. Advanced physicians now advocate the elevated feet for the cure of insomnia. Hang your legs over the footboard, get rid of your pillow, and go to sleep like an infant. You are on your feet all day and half the night. Stand on your head the rest of the night and let the blood circulate the other way. Maybe your brain needs it.

Where Animals Beat Men.

"Nature faking aside," said the zoo keeper, "mice won't eat oleo. It is a fact. Lay a pat of oleo and a pat of butter side by side and in the morning the butter will be gone, but the oleo will remain untouched.

"Oh, yes, some animals are incredibly nice about their food. The otter, when living wild, will only eat one piece, one mouthful out of each fish he catches. He only will bite a beautiful trout, but he will land a beautiful trout, but he only will bite of it from the back, just behind the neck, is good enough for him. The rest he tosses aside. This epineure often kills a dozen fine, big trout to make one meal.

"Chimpanzees have very delicate tastes. A banana of a pine apple that to you seems delicious to a chimpanzee may be revolting. His taste is keener. Grapes grown in hothouses where sulphur fumes are used as an insecticide taste all right to a man, but a chimpanzee will have none of them. "The ichneumon loves eggs. He can tell a fresh from a stale one simply by tapping the shell."—Los Angeles Times.

Friendship.

Friendship, this beautiful relation of life to life, soul to soul, is of most serious import. It sometimes makes our warmest friend in reality our worst enemy. Bad qualities in a friend are false lights—they lure to evil. Many of us are constituted so that it is easy for us to form friendships. Let us be careful of those thus brought under our influence and power. Let us keep them unswayed. Let us feel that grave responsibilities lie in our friendships and that they also enshrine glorious opportunities.

A Card of Warning.

"Did Mr. Boren ever call upon you?" asked Miss Knox. "Yes, he called last evening," said Miss Wise. "I was quite delighted when the girl brought up his card." "Delighted?" "Yes; you see, if she hadn't brought up his card I might have gone to him, thinking it was some one else."—Philadelphia Press.

Advice They Need.

"Yes; I'm going abroad at once. I gotta go." "Oh, you mustn't let the doctors scare you." "I got this from a lawyer."



Rank Among Children.

We noticed the other day a paragraph floating through the press that exploited the eldest child in the family. Milton, Byron, Shelley, George Elliot, George Sand, Charlotte Bronte, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and a number of others were grouped together to show that the eldest child is the superior intellectually to those that follow.

But now some equally ingenious journalist has taken the trouble to combine the youngest children and they make a showing that is at least equal to the elder children's group. George Washington was a younger son. Napoleon was the eighth child of his parents. Coleridge was the thirteenth child. Franklin was the sixteenth child of his family and was the last.

Among musicians the record is yet more remarkable. Richard Wagner was the last of seven; Mozart the last of seven; Schumann the last of five; Schubert the thirteenth of fourteen.

Among artists, too, the younger children excel. Rubens was the last of seven; Rembrandt was the last of six; Sir Edwin Landseer the fifth of seven; and Sir Joshua Reynolds was the seventh child.

Coming down to our own century, Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant were both younger sons, while George B. McClellan and Stonewall Jackson were eldest sons.

An Ingenious Picture.



This picture was drawn without removing the pen from the paper. Can you do it?

Are You This Kind of Boy?

A larger boy was scolding a smaller one, at the close of a summer vacation, because a certain task remained unaccomplished.

"You promised your mother," said this youthful mentor, with severity, "that you would study your arithmetic at least fifteen minutes every day, and you haven't studied ten minutes all summer. You've had lots of time. Why didn't you do it?"

The little boy shuffled his feet and looked miserable. At last he whined: "I ain't had such an awful lot of time as you think. I wanted to get along in my 'rithmetic 's much as she wanted me to."

"You wanted to?" sniffed the elder boy, contemptuously. "Yes, I did want to." "You might as well not have wanted to. You didn't want to enough."

The Minutes.

O, the little minutes—O the minutes, every one, Are the tiny steps that I go climbing with the sun; Up the stairways of the day, we glancing, dancing go, And I'm happy climbing with the little minutes, O.

O, the little minutes—but they're big enough to find— Step by step I climb them, till I leave a day behind. They're the easy steps upon the stairways of the day, Guiding, leading, through the lovely golden lands of play. —Frank Walcott Hutt.

Seed-Carrying Birds.

It is almost beyond belief how birds carry the seeds of plants from one country to another, and even from one continent to another. Darwin says that he found on the feet of ducks and geese killed in England the seeds of plants peculiar to Central Africa. More specifically, he found in six grains of dirt removed from the feet of a plover three different kinds of seeds. Cattle carry seeds on their feet, too. It is said that a man in New York, by means of the microscope, found the seeds of six kinds of weeds and grasses in the mud that a Texas steer brought on its feet from that far distant State. All this may seem to have been accidental, but students of nature attribute it to a great and overruling design.

Cool Impudence.

The editor was sitting in a trolley-car the other day, when a nice-looking man got in, accompanied by his wife and his boy. The boy was not more

than eight or nine years old, but he looked unusually bright. In fact, he had the air of being what is called a "spoiled child." The mother found a seat opposite to the editor, and as there was room for one more beside her, the boy sat down without ceremony. This left the father standing, as there was no other seat vacant. The boy, with a look of indescribable archness and mischief, looked up at his father and said:

"Well, papa, you'll have to hang on to a strap, or sit in mamma's lap, whichever you like."

In spite of the cool impudence of the youngster, everybody laughed, for it was one of the most exquisite specimens of the kind ever seen in public.

POWER FROM THE WIND.

Sails Used in Germany to Generate Electricity.

The utilization of wind power for the generation of electricity continues to receive attention in Germany, and we learn from the *Electrotechnische Zeitschrift* that Herr Gustave Couz, the electrical manufacturer in Hamburg, has been experimenting in this direction with promising results. A wind motor has been erected at the works of the company in question which has a diameter of 40 feet and an effective sail surface of 1,470 square feet. The motor works at the rate of about eleven revolutions per minute, which speed is regulated by automatic modification of the direction of the sails to the wind. With this motor an output of 1 horse-power to 30-horse-power and more may be obtained, according to the force of the wind, which power is transmitted to a 30-horse-power shunt-wind, ironclad dynamo, designed to give 120 amperes at 100 volts terminal pressure when running at 700 revolutions per minute.

The current generated by this machine is conducted to a switchboard and thence to a battery of accumulators having a capacity of 66,000 watt-hours, or may be delivered to electromotors. So soon as the wind has attained a velocity of 8 feet per second the dynamo may be brought up to its full terminal pressure. With an increasing wind force the charging of the battery may be commenced. Automatic cut-outs for the dynamo were provided unnecessary with the arrangement adopted. The electro-magnets of the dynamo are permanently excited by the battery, the plus pole being connected with the battery, while the negative pole is connected to the charging switch. By this arrangement automatic regulation of the dynamo voltage is secured. An automatic battery-discharging switch serves to maintain the line of tension of 110 volts constant, both during the charging process and when discharging.

Small motors are connected to the lighting circuits, but larger ones are supplied by separate circuits branched off from the terminals of the generator.

CHICKEN-HEARTED MEN.

Every One of Group Dreads to Hear of Some Injury.

"I could hear the bone in his wrist snap," said a man who was describing an accident to a group of men.

"Oh, cut it out, for heaven's sake!" called out one of the group. He was a big fellow, but he was as white as a sheet.

The speaker laughed jeeringly. "I didn't know you were so chicken-hearted," he said.

The big man began to explain. "I'm not what you would call a timid sort of person, but the mention of any injury to the wrist always turns me faint. I can stand seeing blood flow or hear thrilling tales of broken limbs and smashed heads, but I can't stand my wrist stories. I don't know the reason. It seems to be merely a matter of temperament."

A quiet little man came to the rescue. "I know just what you mean," he said. "You're not the only one who has a peculiar aversion to a certain sort of injury. Now, my particular aversion is on account of trouble with the eyes. Immediately I begin to blink and wink and my eyes smart until I can't stand it. I'd rather hear an account of a brutal murder than any description of an eye disease."

The man who had jeered at the big man had been thinking. "I have one of those aversions, too, now I come to think of it," he said. "It is accounts of paralytic shocks, to which I particularly object. I feel myself growing numb all over when I hear such tales, and I always make an excuse to get away as soon as possible."

His remark was a signal for a universal confession. One acknowledged that the sight of blood gave him a sensation of extreme nausea; another said that reading or hearing of a fracture of the skull gave him "a gone feeling at his stomach," and another said he shivered so his teeth chattered every time he heard an account of an operation for appendicitis.

The big man was triumphant. "Well, I'm not such a big baby after all," he said.—New York Tribune.

The Owe Sheridans.

Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, the great Irishman, was all his life long in dire straits for money, and when he died in 1816 the balliffs were actually in possession of his house. Sheridan's forbears had been O'Sheridans.

"Why," asked on one occasion his little son—"why have we not the O' as well as they?" "Heaven only knows," was the father's reply. "We ought to have it, for we owe everybody."

The religion of the average man is spasmodic.



A STREET CAR STORY.

Box of Candy Was a Bag of Pepper and It Dropped.

He boarded a Troost avenue car at 5:30 o'clock last night with a paper package under his arm and sat down with an acquaintance, according to the *Kansas City Times*.

"Same old story, eh?" said the acquaintance, glancing at the package. "Four order clerks call at the door every morning and two telephons in the house, but your wife calls you up just as you're leaving the office and wants you to bring home—"

"Oh, no, not at all," broke in the bearer of the package, hastily. "I got over that years ago. They can't ring me in for a package at my age. I'm too old a bird. This—this little package is a box of candy for my daughter. I—er—I wrap it up this way to fool her, that's all."

He tucked the package closer under his arm and became absorbed in his newspaper.

The vestibule was crowded when he started to leave the car at 26th street. As he squeezed his way through to the steps the "candy" was jostled from under his arm and fell to the floor.

"Ker-choo!" This from the conductor, as he grabbed his nose. The crowd in the vestibule decided the conductor's act was admirable and worthy of emulation. "Ker-choo, ker-choo!" they said. Then everybody in the car took it up. "Ker-choo, ker-choo!" was the watchword.

Two young women who had been discussing lit-er-a-tor (in four syllables) cut it out and reached for their handkerchiefs. "Ker-choo!" they both said (in two syllables), with the "ch" sound retained.

"Ker-choo! Pepper!" gasped the conductor, as he kicked the bag into the street and gave the motorman two bells.

MOWING CAPITOL GROUNDS.

It has always been a problem how to keep the capitol lawns at an even height, and it was thought to be solved in the purchase of a steam mower; however, it took from a week to ten

days to cut the lawns. The new motor mower, which has a 20-h. p. gasoline engine, is quite rapid, being equal to the efforts of fifteen to twenty men with lawn mowers. Its wheels roll as well as cut the grass.

Queer Positions of Hearts. There is one curious fact which no everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head. Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—St. Nicholas

Striving and Failing. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break, or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to bear the dinner call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year he must thumb the hardy varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much"—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed.—Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894).

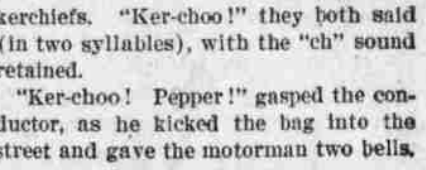
Very True. "Here, you!" growled the cranky man in the reading room, "you've been snoring horribly."

"Ugh! hey!" gurgled the drowsy one. "If you only kept your mouth shut," went on the cranky one, "you wouldn't make so much noise."

"Neither would you," replied the other.—Catholic Standard and Times.

It's a sure sign of age to feel tired after a picnic.

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