



Her Special Realm

Fatigue.

Fatigue lowers all the faculties of the body.

It puts a chasm between seeing and acting.

It makes a break, somehow, between the message that come into the brain from the outside world and the messages that go out.

It destroys will power. Fatigue is a destructive agent like sickness and death.

It is a condition which in the nature of things we cannot avoid.

But it is important to know how to deal with it if we wish to keep away from important blunders.

The only thing to do with fatigue is to get rid of it as soon as possible.

Import questions must not be decided when one is fatigued.—New York Press.

Women as Physicians.

In the entire list of admissions to practice at the bar just made public there is not one woman among the more than 150 new attorneys. Of the ninety-two doctors of medicine passed by the State Board of Registration ten are women.

The alignment of the sexes in the professions seems to be turning in the direction of natural aptitude and sympathetic development. The practice of law is not a congenial occupation for women unless in exceptional cases. Few have the temperament and the disposition to find in it happiness or achieve success.

On the other hand the healing art offers to women a career in which their natural intuitions and their delicate perceptions constitute invaluable aids to science.—Boston Post.

Pastor of a Kansas Church.

The first woman graduate from the Kansas University School of Law, Mrs. Ella W. Brown, is now pastor of the Congregational church at Powhattan, Kan., having forsaken the courts for the ministry some years ago. She has had her pastorate for four years and has made a record for efficiency as a minister of the Gospel, as she did also in the practice of law.

Mrs. Brown was ordained as a minister of the Congregational church April, 1905, and was called to the present pastorate of the Powhattan church in that year. No revivals have been held in her church since she took charge, but there has been a steady annual growth in membership and prosperity.

The officers of Mrs. Brown's church are mostly women.—Topeka Capital.

The Art of Happiness.

The art of happiness consists in being pleased with little things. People with great wealth or great power are seldom happy. The leaders of the world, great men or great women, are seldom satisfied. The society leader, with millions at her command and the homage of many men and women, rarely knows the happiness that comes unasked to the young wife or mother in humbler circles, says Home Chat.

The possession of money decreases the power of enjoyment. A child gets more pleasure out of a sixpenny toy than a millionaire does from a thousand pound yacht. Sixpence has greater value to the child than a thousand has to the millionaire. The joys of life belong to the little people—the quiet men and women who are satisfied to live their own lives and make little mark on the lives of others. It is in the power of the least of us to be happy and to make others so.

An Intrepid Explorer.

By her intrepid journey of exploration across the almost untraveled hills of Labrador, Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, a Canadian lady who has recently come to London, has once more demonstrated the courage with which a fragile, gently nurtured woman can brave hardships and dangers which might well daunt any man. For twelve years Miss Constance Gordon-Cumming wandered over the earth from the "granite crags of California" to the "fire fountains of Hawaii," climbing in the Himalayas and penetrating into the heart of China and Tibet. Miss H. M. Kingsley explored the Cameron regions and made herself quite at home among fierce gorillas and fiercer cannibals. Lady Baker, who was the first European to sight Albert Nyanza, thought nothing of walking into the tent of an Arab slaver and fetching out the captives; while Miss Jane Mair, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Marshall and others also occupy honored places as explorers.—Washington Gazette.

Future Wives.

A novel experiment in training girls to manage a home is to be made in London if the Education Committee of the London County Council adopt a scheme which has been submitted to them.

The aim is to make the girls proficient in the domestic duties they would have to perform as the wives of artisans earning from 2s. to £3 a week. In addition to washing, cooking and cleaning and the general management of the home on a systematic basis, they would be taught how "to shop" in the most economical way.

At the beginning of each week a certain sum would be set apart for rent, rates, clothing, insurance, traveling expenses, and for providing a fund for "a rainy day." The remainder would be available for food and any little luxuries that might be possible, says Home Chat.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

Subject: The Gospel of Tears.

New York City.—The famous head of the Christian Alliance, the Rev. A. B. Simpson, on Sunday preached a notable sermon, having for its subject "The Gospel of Tears." The texts were:

Jesus wept.—John 11:35. And when He was come near He beheld the city, and wept over it.—Luke 19:41.

Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared.—Heb. 5:7.

Who has not wept? Weeping we begin life as helpless babes and, amid the tears of mourning friends, we pass out to the grave. Tears are the badges of sorrow.—How can they be the expression of the Gospel, the glad tidings of great joy and divine love?

And yet redemption has transformed the curse into a blessing and made a rainbow of our tears.

"Jesus wept." This little phrase, the shortest in the Bible, has more in it than all the books that man has written. A single drop of ink could not write it, but all the world could not contain its depths of love.

It tells me that my Redeemer is human. Tears are human and the tears of Jesus proclaim Him my Brother and my Friend. He is the great heroic Head of our fallen race. One has come to us who is "bone of our bone" and "flesh of our flesh" and has the right to represent us; who is able to right our wrongs and recover our lost heritage of happiness and blessing.

When God determined to save this fallen world, He did not send some angelic being, but He stooped to become a man that He might meet us in a gentle human form of which we should not be afraid. How the Roman Catholic clings to the tender sympathy of the virgin mother, but we do not need even woman's tenderness to introduce us to the Father's heart; for Jesus Christ, our Saviour, has a large body of woman and of man. He has been an infant child like us. He has traversed every stage of the pilgrimage of man from the cradle to the grave. He has been everywhere that we have been. He has felt everything that we can feel. He knows our nature. He bears our name. He wears our humanity. And for evermore the Head of this universe, the King of Kings, the Lord of angels shall be a Man like us, our Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother."

Oh, what a gospel of comfort we find in the humanity of Christ. You can come to Him to-night as you would to the gentlest friend, the most intelligent father, the noblest man you ever knew; and though we have sinned and gone far astray, "He is not ashamed to call us brethren." They tell us that He is able to sympathize with our sorrows. He wept those tears for others. He saw two breaking hearts before Him. He felt their agony! He groaned in spirit and was troubled and at last He broke down altogether and burst into a flood of tears. How we thank Him for those tears.

This salvation is not all for the pearly gates, the streets of gold and the glorious Heaven that is coming by and bye. We need a lot of it down here in this broken-hearted world amid our poverty and pain, our sickness and death, our broken friendships, our wrecked homes, our wrongs and sorrows and, thank God, He has it for us. He has experienced it and He has not forgotten it and still in His heavenly home we are told "He is able to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

He was a child and has felt every childish sorrow. He had the hard struggle to support His mother at Nazareth and He knows all about hard work and hard times. He was despised and scorned and He understands the sense of wrong and sting of insult. He was deceived, betrayed and murdered, and there is no wrong or insult that can come to us that He has not borne and is still ready to bear for us. Yes, He has felt the awful weight of sin, for there was an hour when He sank under His Father's wrath in punishment for the sins of men.—He knows the cloud of spiritual darkness. He knows the weakness and agony of death and He is with us in it all. Blessed friend, how we thank Him for Christ and what a gospel of love and sympathy and help speaks to us through the tears of Bethany.

The tears of Jesus tell us that He understands our danger, our destiny and our estate. He shed those tears over the grave of Lazarus. They meant much more than a sense of bereavement. He was not weeping because He had lost Lazarus. He was not weeping because the sisters at Bethany had lost their brother. He knew that Lazarus was coming forth again in a little while and that the sorrow would be forgotten in the glad reunion. Oh, no, He saw deeper than that. He saw in the grave of Lazarus every grave that had been opened and filled through earth's forty centuries and that would be filled in the twenty centuries that have passed since then. He saw all the horrors and agonies of the battlefield, the ocean wreck, the lingering deathbed, the scourge of famine and pestilence and the ravages of the king of terrors with the millions and billions of victims that he has smitten in the past six thousand years; and as He saw it all, realized it all, and the vision loomed in lurid horror before His Omniscient eye, He realized the fearful curse of sin and His heart broke down in agony and sorrow.

Nay more, He saw a sadder sight. He saw a deeper grave. He saw the eternal grave beyond all, that we behold in death. He saw the death that never dies, the fire that never is quenched; the yawning gulf of endless woe into which the sinful soul must sink forever. It was the sight of that horror that had brought Him from Heaven to earth. It was the thought of man perishing in everlasting darkness that had made Him

glad to live and suffer and die, and as it all rose before Him as through a glass in the tomb of Lazarus "Jesus wept."

Oh, that we might realize it as He did.

Did Christ o'er sinners weep And shall our tears be dry? Christ never thought or spoke of eternal punishment in cold, hard words. He did it with a breaking heart. He did it with tenderness and tears, but none the less He did it; for none knew so well as He that eternal sin must bring eternal hell and that all we know and fear of death is but a paradise compared with that second death—

..... whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath; Oh, what eternal horrors hang Around the second death.

The tears of Jesus tell us of His atonement. He did not come down to earth to weep in helpless sorrow but to rise in almighty strength against our doom—and rescue us from it.

When Hercules came to the place where the helpless virgin lay bound upon the rock and the dragon was coming to devour her, her parents and all around were frantic with tears, but Hercules cried, "This is no time for tears; this hour is for rescue," and he slew the dragon and saved the maiden.

So Jesus came, not merely to weep but to help, and by His own tears and His own agony and His own blood to meet our peril and our penalty and save us from eternal sorrow.

And so we read of another instance of His tears in Heb. 5:7. "These were the tears of Gethsemane and the anguish of His passion. These were the tears that we deserved to shed. These were the pains that we deserved to suffer. But as our great Substitute and Sacrifice, He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and having paid the penalty and satisfied the claims of justice, He comes in the glad message of the Gospel to announce our pardon and salvation.

O Christ, what burdens howl! Thy head; Our load was laid on Thee, and Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead, Didst bear all sin for me; Jehovah lifted up His rod, O Christ, it fell on Thee; Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God, Thy bruising heathen me.

Hindu mythology has a strange tale typical of the atonement, the story of a dove pursued by a hawk until in desperation it flung itself into the bosom of Vishnu, one of their deities. But the hawk demanded satisfaction, declaring that the dove was not only his prey and that Vishnu must not only be merciful to the dove but just to its claims. Then Vishnu, holding the trembling dove in her bosom, bared her breast and bade the hawk devour of her own living flesh as much as would compensate for the dove, while all the time the dove lay fluttering there and knowing the fearful cost of her deliverance. Yes, we are safe within His bosom, but oh, the cost to Him. "He saved us, Himself He could not save." He wipes away our tears, but in order to do this He had to weep when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save. Don't you think the least that you could do would be to thank Him and give Him your heart, your love, your grateful tears?

We have yet one more picture, Luke 19:41. He was entering Jerusalem from Olivet. He had just turned that point where the whole city suddenly bursts upon the traveler's view. As He gazed upon it in its singular beauty, there arose behind the scene another vision that a few years later was to fill all that valley: a city besieged, cruel Roman legions around on every hill top, the narrowing cord of destruction, a breach at last in the walls of defense, the breaking in of the brutal conqueror, the streets running with blood, the Temple rising in smoke and flames, the shrieks of mothers, maidens and little children in the cruel grasp of the conqueror, and then, a long train of captives going forth to distant lands while behind them lay a plowed field of desolation where once their beautiful city had been.

And as He saw it all and how it might have been prevented if they had only received Him, He cried, "If thou hadst known even now in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." It was too late; but even yet He had for them His tears.

These tears tell us of Christ's compassion. They tell us how He longs to save. They tell us that He is here to-night with infinite pity and power to wipe away your tears, to wash away your sins and make you happy and holy through His love.

But they tell us also that if you refuse and reject Him, there may come a time, there will come a time, when He can do nothing for you but weep. They tell of a judge before whom was brought for punishment his oldest friend. As he stood up to pronounce the sentence upon him, the memory of their boyhood days together came upon the judge's heart with overwhelming force and he broke out in floods of weeping. "My friend," he said, "how can I, by a single word, consign you to a felon's cell and a life of banishment from home and friends and all that earth holds dear? But I am a judge and must be just. Why did you force me to do this thing?" And they wept together, but it was too late to save him from his fate. From that scene of weeping, he went forth a doomed, ruined man to spend his days in fruitless tears.

Oh, sinner, beware! Lest some day on the Throne of Judgment you look in the face of a weeping Saviour and hear Him say: "How often would I have gathered you even as hen doth gather her brood under her wings and ye would not. Oh, that thou hadst known the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Separated, Man Dwindles. Separated from God, man dwindles; he is nothing. He was made to have magnitude and be in flood, by having great inspirations roll under him and through him. Existing in mere selfhood he cannot push himself out any way to be complete as from himself. There is nothing, in short, but religion, or the life in God, that can be looked to for the completion of a soul.—Horace Bushnell.

The Material Value of Friendships

What a Boon to Our Weaknesses! Nothing But Friends—Yet How Rich!

By O. J. Marden.

JUST think of what it means to have enthusiastic friends always looking out for our interests; working for us all the time, saying a good word for us at every opportunity, supporting us, speaking for us in our absence when we need a friend; shielding our sensitive weak spots, stopping slanders, killing lies which would injure us, correcting false impressions, trying to set us right, overcoming the prejudice created by some mistake or slip, or a first bad impression we made in some silly movement—who are always doing something to give us a lift or help us along!

What sorry figures many of us would cut but for our friends! What marred and scarred reputations most of us would have but for the cruel blows that have been warded off by our friends, the healing balm that they have applied to the hurts of the world! Many of us would have been very much poorer financially, too, but for the hosts of friends who have sent us customers and clients and business, who have always turned our way everything they could.

Oh, what a boon our friends are to our weaknesses, our idiosyncracies and shortcomings; our failures generally! How they throw a mantle of charity over our faults, and cover up our defects!

Was there ever such capital for starting in business for oneself as plenty of friends? How many people, who are now successful would have given up the struggle in some great crises of their lives, but for the encouragement of some friend which has lifted them over the critical place! How barren and lean our lives would be if, stripped of all that our friends have done for us!

If you are starting out in a profession, and waiting for clients or patients, what more profitable way of occupying your spare time than in cultivating friendships? If you are just starting out in business, the reputation of having a lot of staunch friends will give you backing, will bring to you customers. It has been said that "destiny is determined by friendship."

It would be interesting and helpful if we could analyze the lives of successful people, and those who have been highly honored by their fellow men, and find out the secret of their success.

Forgive Your Daughter Her Pity for You

By Winifred Black.

HOW does she come home from school, the girl of your heart? How does she look to you, with her new frocks and her new way of dressing her hair, and her new manner of speech and her new little tricks with her eyes, and her funny little air of kindly patronage toward everything in the old home?

Dear girl! I never know whether I want to laugh or to cry when I see them patronizing mamma and approving of papa and allowing the ordinary, everyday members of the family who haven't been away to boarding school to live by special permission.

What a serious thing life is to them just now! If mamma should wear white gloves when black ones were the thing the whole firmament ought to fall to keep in tune with the horror in daughter's miserable mind. And papa, how old fashioned he is, and where did he get that jay way of wearing his hat? The maid who sets the table in the old-fashioned dining room means well enough, probably, but what would the GIRLS say if they should see her passing the bread in an old-fashioned bread plate instead of a new-fashioned basket?

Don't laugh at daughter. It's all very real to her, the funny little world of queer conventions she's built up around herself. When she's a little older and a little wiser she'll know that nothing really matters except what people mean when they do things. The things themselves are not of any great account.

Don't take her too seriously, either. Bear up under it if you suspect that she's just a little bit ashamed of you because you say "Just think" instead of "Only fancy." She's your own little girl, after all, and some day when she wakes up from this queer little dream she's living in, you and she will have the time of your lives laughing over this summer that came near to making you some really serious heartaches.

Girls will be girls, you know, just as kittens will be kittens. And, after all, what a stupid, prosaic, matter-of-course old world it would be without the dear, delicious, foolish, funny, pathetic things to love, after all!—New York American.

How to Speak Correctly

By John D. Barry.

ANY people, for example, fairly well educated people, too, don't know how to pronounce the letter that follows g. And as for spelling the name of aitch, some of these people would be astonished to hear that the letter had a name. The letter that follows v is frequently pronounced as if it were double-v, instead of double-u. A fault, often noticed among singers and actors, is the giving of a fictitious value to the letter l, which makes it sound very like the Italian liquid doubled.

Say the alphabet aloud, and when you have finished, ask yourself if every letter would be perfectly distinct and intelligible to any one who might be listening. Here lies the fundamental principle of all speaking; every element of every spoken word should be distinct and intelligible. In repeating the alphabet each letter ought to make a perfect escape from the lips of the speaker. Does it make such an escape when you say it? Do you send it out vigorously? Watch yourself as you speak each letter and see what happens to it. If it gives you the sense of hanging about your lips, or if it does not to it, as if it were a thing apart. When you succeed in thinking of it in this way, you don't care for words, or if you have never thought about them, you will have taken the first step toward the mastery of good speech. To speak well; you must love words and their elements. You must love individual letters.—Harper's Bazar.

Spirit of Beauty

By Henry W. Parker.

TO those who are verily awakened to the great words of truth and beauty, the universe daily becomes a sublimer miracle. Not a summer cloud sleeps in the blue air, or unfolds its pure fullness, or melts in the distance, but they are dissolved in a luxury of contemplation and think of Him who spread above us the glory of cloudland wherever we are, and when all around us is tamely wearisome. Not a landscape lies dreaming in the sunshine, and slowly expands itself to the passing gaze, but they are intoxicated with a more fiery sense of beauty until their vision often swims with tears of gratitude for existence, and the heart is ready to break with weight of blessedness. Their souls overflow with the "glory of the sum of things." Every flower that looks up, and every star that looks down, smiles to them the smile of God; and every stream that dingles away, or thistle-seed that floats in the noontide, bears them onward to limitless seas of thought and joy.