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THE RELIGIOUS WORLD

Uplifting Thoughts of Preachers and Writers of the Word.

God's Will.
Let nothing make thee sad or fretful. Or too regretful—
Be still!
What God hath ordered must be right; Then find it in thine own delight.
My will,
Why should thou fill to-day with sorrow About to-morrow.
My heart?
One watches all, with care most true; Doubt not that he will give thee, too, Thy part.
Only be steadfast, never waver, Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest!
Thou knowest that God's will must be For all his creatures—so for thee—
The best.

Need of the Religious Principle.
I confess I look round on civilized society with many fears, and with more and more earnest desire that a regenerating spirit from heaven, from religion, may descend upon and pervade it. I particularly fear that various causes are acting powerfully among themselves to inflame and madden that enervating and degrading principle, the passion for property. This peril is increased by the spirit of the times, which is a spirit of commerce, industry, internal improvements, mechanical invention, political economy, and peace. There is danger that these blessings may by perversion issue in a slavish love of lucre. I am no foe to civilization. I rejoice in its progress. But without a pure religion to modify its tendencies, to inspire and refine it, we shall be corrupted, not ennobled by it. It is the excellence of the religious principle, that it aids and carries forward civilization, extends science and arts, multiplies the conveniences and ornaments of life, and at the same time spoliates them of their enslaving power, and even converts them into means and ministers of that spiritual freedom which, when left to themselves, they endanger and destroy.—William Ellery Channing.

The Gain of Loss and Lack.
We often pray for things that we lack and long for. We do not so often thank God for good things that he has given us, and which we should long for, and might even pray for, if we lacked them. Is this right? Will God understand from this that our prayers to Him, and our communion with Him, will be increased by our lack rather than by our fulness? Do we pursue the course that we do in order to show God that the way to us nearest to Him is to deprive us of much that we value, and to see to it that we have always cause for earnest longing? Judging by our own experience, are we not more richly blessed spiritually when we have fewest temporal advantages and benefits? There is truth in Mrs. Norton's words:
"Those who have fewest joys know joy's true measure; They who most suffer, value suffering's pause. They who but seldom taste the simplest pleasure Kneel ofttest to the Giver and the Cause."

Staan on the Alert.
When you feel you are safest from the attack of Satan, says the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who is conducting the "Question Class for Christians" in the Ram's Horn, you are most in danger of becoming a victim of his wiles. Show me the man who has some spiritual experience—call it conversion or second blessing, or anything you please—and who, coming out of that experience, says: "Now I am safe. I have passed the region of temptation; I have gained the mastery; and I will show you the man in supremest danger. It is the man who clings tenaciously, out of the agonized sense of his own weakness, who is strong; and not the man who stands erect, and says temptation can have no power over him. Satan has no respect for any building, or convention, or religious frame of mind man has ever possessed. The pure soul of Jesus was met with temptation when the divine voice had been heard and the divine approval declared.

The Fitch of Our Lives.
Not long ago a lady who has had much experience in training singers, said: "I presume that pupils often wonder why I am constantly striking chords on the piano. I like to do it because in that way I can discover the natural pitch of their voices as it is revealed in conversation when they are unaware that anyone is taking note of the key in which they talk."
The Rev. Charles A. Fulton of Syracuse, commenting on this conversation says: "I could not but think that God must often strike the chords of the great harp of life as he marks the character of our unstudied actions, that he may discern, when we are not posing and when we are not aware that judgment is being passed, what the natural pitch of our lives is. For, after all, it is not so much the deliberate endeavors as the spontaneous, unpremeditated acts that reveal the character."

As to Church Choirs.
H. H. Oberley of Elizabeth, N. J., writing in this week's Churchman on "Vested women choirs," does not object to female singers, but insists that they should not wear "men's dress," neither should they march in procession with the clergy, or sit in the choir stalls. He says choirs are not necessary in a church anyway. In the ordinary Greek and Russian churches there are no choirs, and this was a common condition in England before the reformation. Services were always choral, but they were congregational. If a really good choir is not to be obtained, he concludes, then have none. Go back to first principles and let the people do the singing. But under no circumstances put yourself under the anathema of Art. XXXIV. by dressing women like men and putting them in places that belong to men.

Life's Opportunities.
It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things; but

It is far more important to be kind-hearted and gentle. When you go out into the world no one will ever ask or know whether you got good grades in algebra or Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this: Every one who meets you will know, without putting you through an examination, whether you are a gentleman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with every one you meet, but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living.—The Union Signal.

Mexican Church Work.
Bishop John C. Granbery of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, is in Guaymas superintending the eleventh session of the Northwest Mexican Mission Conference of his church. The church is doing extensive work in the sister republic. It now has stations in seventeen states of the Mexican republic, with twenty-eight missionaries in the field, with sixty Mexican preachers, and with 5,700 members; with 113 Sunday schools, having an attendance of 3,800 pupils, with 158 congregations, and with two hospitals. In the field are nineteen representatives of the Women's Missionary Society, with seven boarding schools, fifteen day schools, fifty-nine teachers, and more than one thousand pupils.

Origin of the Sabbath.
The Sabbath as a religious institution is far older than the Pentateuchal legislation. It can be traced back to a Babylonian prototype, not however, as a day of rest from labor, but as a kind of atonement day, when by various rites and by observing certain restricted regulations the anger of the gods could be appeased.
On this old institution the Hebrews ingrafted their religious ideas and produced the unique institution of a day observed as a respite from the week's toil, and which, from being an "in-between" occasion, a dies irae, is viewed as a "delight."—Prof. Morris Jastrow in the Independent.

On What Life Depends.
The duration of life does not appear to depend so much upon the strength of the body, or upon the quantity of its excitability, as upon an exact accumulation of stimuli to each of them. A watch spring will last as long as an anchor, provided the forces which are capable of destroying both are always in an exact ratio to their strength. This golden thought is commended to those who make no effort to control their temper. Every time you let your angry passions rise you tax or strain the forces so nicely organized to carry you far down the green slope of green old age. The violent and irregular actions of the passions tend to wear away the springs of life.—Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Blessing of the Scriptures.
A Japanese, in this country on business, found in his room in a New York hotel a copy of John's gospel, and became deeply interested in the account of the visit of Nicodemus to our Lord. He sought a Christian teacher, and before he returned to his country he became a Christian. To many thousands in similar ways the scriptures have been the entrance into the kingdom of God.

New Methodist Hymnal.
A united Methodist hymn book in England is said to be now clear. It is agreed that the Wesleyans, embracing about 2,112,000 adherents, the Methodist New Connexion with 168,000, the Reform Union with 41,000, the Irish Methodists with 100,000 and the Methodists of Australia with 1,000,000, shall unite in using the hymnal when ready.

Must Have a Scotch Minister.
Whenever its pulpit becomes vacant St. Andrew's Presbyterian church Montreal, has to import a new pastor from Scotland direct. The obligation is a legal one, imposed by the Scotch founders. No Canadian or American minister, however found in the faith, is eligible.

Vast Religious Field in India.
The American Board of Foreign Missions finds India one of the largest and most accessible fields in the world. It has a population of over 291,000,000 who are accessible to the Christian teacher.

Thoughts from Sermons.
"Of all titles, Christianity has rejoiced most to be called 'The religion of the poor.'—Rev. F. M. Kietly.
"No cause is so important as not to find men ready to endanger life for it."—Rev. M. T. Haw.
"Trials gave us Plymouth Rock, and it is the same spirit in the moral and physical world that forces us out of the places of ease and complacency and makes us attain unto the best."—Rev. W. J. Williamson.
"Sometimes unexpected agonies come into our own hearts, when though our work appears to be acceptable and successful, the worker is ignored, and forgotten. This is what tests us."—Rev. E. Duckworth.
"Smooth out the little imperfections which mar life. The fly is a little thing, so is the rift in the lute, but the one destroys the fragrance that might fill a room; the other destroys a harmony that might thrill a soul."—Rev. J. C. Horning.
"Winter forces men to fight cold and hunger, or to be overcome. Out of this battle are born courage and fortitude and self-reliance. We Americans are losing sight of the value of cold—human nature needs opposition. There is a physical, as well as spiritual opposition. Opposition is never pleasant, but it is profitable."—Rev. J. K. Brennan.

WITH THE VETERANS

Tales Told by Old Soldiers—Whitman's Tribute to Lincoln.

It is nearly thirty-seven years since Abraham Lincoln, the matchless American, went out into the night. He saw the light of glory, though, before he fell asleep. He saw his mighty men at arms, bronzed, bearded and resolute, their great triumph complete, all ready to march down Pennsylvania avenue preparatory to disbanding among the farms and fields and workshops that they had quitted for the fields of war. He saw Old Glory advanced to the peak of every spar in the republic. He saw the Union restored and the blessings of human freedom saved to the race. Therefore, my masters, mayhap it is well that he rested when he fully completed the long, weary task of the salvation of the country.
And here will one of the youngest of Lincoln's soldiers lay down his pen, first saying over once more those noble and immortal lines of Walt Whitman, the good, gray poet:

"O Captain! My Captain! our fearful ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won; The port is near, the bells I hear, the white foam of the sea, the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring; But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead."
"O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells; Rise up for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills, For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding; For you the eager faces turning; Here Captain, dear father! This arm beneath your head! It is some dream that on the deck You've fallen cold and dead."
"My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still; My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will; The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done, From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won. O shore! O shore! ring the bells! But I with mournful tread, Walk the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead."

Anecdote of Gen. Nelson.
"I had a scrap once with Gen. Nelson," said an old soldier recently. "In all my service in West Virginia up to January, 1862, I had acted on the theory that a commissioned officer had privileges in the way of standing in line of battle early in the morning. I, in common with the other captains in the regiment, issued strict orders for my company to turn out in the morning and stand the required time in line, but I remained in bed. I continued this practice after we went to Kentucky and were assigned to Nelson's division, early in 1862, and all the other company commanders did the same."
"The next morning I was called to the tent, and then Nelson issued an order that every commissioned officer from colonel down should appear fully accoutered with his men in line of battle. We laughed at this and agreed to stand together in ignoring the order. But the next morning just after the bugle at division headquarters sounded reveille, there was a commotion along the line of officers' tents. Nelson was storming through camp, slapping at tents with his sword and routing out colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants.

"Half awake, I was wondering what it was all about when Nelson roared in at my own tent: 'Get out of the tent, you son of a gun; get out or I will have you shot; get out, you son of a gun,' and then a slit was cut in my tent and Nelson glared in at me swearing. I sat up on my cot, and pretending to be only half awake, took up my heavy boots and hurried them one after another at the opening through which the general was peering, shout in the meantime, 'I don't know who you are and I don't care. I am no son of a gun—take that back or I won't budge.' Instantly the general replied: 'You gotobellis—I take it back. You are a great big, fine-looking, lazy officer, disobeying my orders and setting a bad example to your men. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'"

Brave Sailors of Other Wars.
In a sort of despair over the continued crop of nettles springing from the Schley case, some one in a Philadelphia paper says "It will dim the glory of the greatest victory ever won upon the sea." The writer of that judgment could not have been familiar with the times of Farragut, Winslow and Worden. Farragut, with the Hartford and many other wooden ships on the Mississippi, in the fight with Forts Jackson and St. Philip and with rams, gunboats and fire rafts, at Mobile, where he had himself lashed in the rigging to overlook the battle, ordered his wooden ships to ram at full speed, bow on. The rebel ram at Tennessee did not fire a gun after the Hartford struck it.
When the Kearsarge met the Alabama off Cherbourg in armament they were evenly matched. They fought in circles, closing in. With either of these battles (and several more might be named) neither battle of the Spanish war is to be named in comparison. The enemy's ships were not mere targets from which you could draw away for breakfast, a cup of coffee, or a "loop." Both combatants were of the give and take kind, and the battles were won by the most consummate skill and bravery.

Would it not be well for the present generation to read some naval history, and learn what our naval battles have been? The combatants were somewhere near matched? Farragut was the son of a Spaniard and Winslow a native of North Carolina. But both fought the battles of the union to a finish, and their deeds should never be overlooked.—Boston Transcript.

Honor Commodore Barnette.
Commodore W. J. Barnette, U. S. N., just before he was relieved from command of the schoolship Saratoga, at Philadelphia, was presented with a silver loving cup by all the officers who have served under him, with their names inscribed on the cup and the inscription: "In token of the high regard and esteem of the officers who had the privilege of serving under his command on the Saratoga." Commander Barnette was in command of the Saratoga for three years.

Distinguished Soldier Dead.
Maj. Joseph Hunter McArthur, retired, who died recently at Chicago, was graduated from West Point in 1849, and assigned to the infantry. When the civil war broke out he was captain of the Fifth United States cavalry and served during a portion of that war as lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Pennsylvania cavalry. He was promoted major, Third United States cavalry, in 1863, and was retired Nov. 2, 1863, for disability incurred in the line of duty.

In after years a man rejoices because of the failure of his youthful ambitions.

On the Wrong Side.
"The pension debate in the house a few days ago was very interesting to us Southern Democrats," said Representative Klutz, in the Democratic cloakroom, when he had touched on some reminiscences. "It recalls an in-

cident of a Fourth of July celebration in my younger days."
The crowd gathered around for Mr. Klutz is a prince of story-tellers. "You know, many Hessians settled in North Carolina after the revolutionary war," continued the warm-hearted Tar Heel. "Their descendants are among our very best citizens to-day. Those soldiers marched down through that country with Cornwallis; many of them fell out of the ranks, took up farms, married our girls, and, in fact, were very glad to become American citizens."
"Well, in my boyhood days, no Fourth of July celebration was complete without a soldier of the revolution. By the year I have in mind these patriots had become very scattering, and the country was scourged to secure such a soldier. The jubilant citizens placed the hoary veteran in the same carriage with the orator of the day. He rode through the streets of the town in triumph, and occupied a seat on the platform. The enthusiasm over the recital of revolutionary achievements waxed great, and the celebration was nearly over when some inquisitive person asked the veteran what battles he had been in.
"I was at Trenton, sir," came the reply in the deep-throated voice of the German, for such he was.
"Ah, then, you must have crossed the Delaware with Washington."
"No—oh, no," answered the subject of so much popular adoration, in a feeble voice. "I was on the other side."

Needs of the National Guards.
Unanimous support is given by prominent officers of the National Guard in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan and Indiana to the bill recently introduced in congress for increasing the efficiency of the militia. The citizen-soldiers say the bill, if it becomes a law, is bound to improve the service, at the same time placing at the command of the federal government a reserve force capable of meeting all emergencies.

Since the Spanish-American war there practically has been a complete reorganization of the National Guard in the five states named, and the guard now is on the same basis as that governing the regular army. A consequent marked improvement has been the result, yet it is admitted that there are limitations which the state governments cannot hope to overcome without the aid of the general government.

First in importance of the needs of the National Guard, which the bill is designed to fill, is the lack of equipment in arms and stores. National Guard officers who are conversant with the condition of the troops in their respective states particularly approve that section of the bill which provides the National Guard with the regular army pattern smokeless powder magazine rifles and carbines. The officers say this need was made clear during the Spanish-American war.

Phrase Coined by Gen. Grant.
"By the way," said Capt. Munn, "Gen. Grant coined a good many phrases that have come into very general use. In January, 1862, I and three others were with General Grant when he made a reconnaissance from Fort Holt to Columbus, Ky. Near the latter place the fly of a tent had been spread, and under this Gen. Grant and myself were awaiting the return of a scout who Gen. Grant had sent forward to discover whether there were any signs of the enemy.
"We had not waited long when the scout rode up in a state of great excitement, his horse fairly covered with foam. Gen. Grant went out quietly to meet him, and after a few moments' conversation returned to the tent as quietly as he had gone and said to me and the others: 'We must get out of here or we will be gobbled up.' That was the first time I ever heard the expression used in that way, and I have always believed that Grant originated it, just as he originated the phrase 'bottle up,' which he applied to General Butler later in the war. We rode away quietly but rapidly, Gen. Grant showing no excitement over his narrow escape from the clutches of the enemy."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

May Reorganize Militia.
A bill for the reorganization of state militia prepared by the war department has been introduced into both houses of congress. Strange to say, no change has been made in the Federal militia laws for 110 years. Under the law of 1792 congress may organize, arm and discipline the militia, and exercise control over troops employed in Federal service, but training and officering are reserved to the state. The object of the new bill is to introduce a larger element of Federal influence and control into the organization.

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