

# Religious Notes

## GOD IN NATURE.

Oh, men that darken life, you dream  
When you with idle words blaspheme,  
And laugh at any ruling God  
More mighty than a common clod.

Have you surveyed all Nature round,  
Proved well the clod that you have  
found  
As great as God o'er life and death?  
Say, have you marked its living breath?

Take one poor little life from out  
The common clod, you do not doubt,  
And trace the wonder of design  
Till justice falters, 'tis divine.

Can you with cunning learning make  
An insect that shall warm breath take?  
Nay, Flea could not make it glow,  
Nor even Michael Angelo.

Paint me the glory of the grass  
That doth all purple state surpass;  
Then tell we whence the wind doth come,

And where it goes when it is dumb,  
Reveal why in this self-same bed  
The lily's white, the rose is red,  
Why color with unseemly power  
Is different in each different flower.

Translate the language of the oak,  
As though in living words it spoke  
From out its mighty heart and strong  
The meaning of its ancient song.

Sing me the song of all the sea  
In moving, wistful melody;  
Unroll its sobbing swell and fall,  
Say why waves make a song at all.

Then sweep the limitless sky,  
And with great wisdom tell me why  
The everlasting stars are there,  
And lay eternal mystery bare.

—Charles Lusted, in the Gentleman's Magazine.

## RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

Men talk of renouncing the world—that amusement or this amusement, this pursuit of this manner of living, and persons using it mean by "the world" something they do not practice and somebody else does. When a man professes to shun the world he forgets the vanities of the world in his own home, and in his own heart, it is not another man's world we are to shun, but our own world, that in our circumstances, our positions, be what it may, which we are putting in the place of God. The world is the world God has made, and which we are striving to have and enjoy without God—that is, the vanity, the unreality, the dissipation, and that is what we promise to renounce when we enter into the Kingdom of Christ, a kingdom filled with the realities of the spiritual world, and the true and real power and energy of enjoying, of living for God. And when we say we renounce "the pomp and vanities of the world" we mean this—everything that attracts us from God. It may be innocent and enjoyable in itself, but if we make it our idol and put it in the place of him who made it, it becomes all pomp and vanity, and it is a thing

we should forsake.—Bishop Magee.

Bishop Harzell of South Africa.



He presided over the World's Methodist Missionary Conference in session at Cleveland.

## IMPERISHABLE INFLUENCE.

Men die, but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids, not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For awhile we wield the trowel, or pound with the hammer, or measure with the yardstick, or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain; and for a while the foot walks, the eye sees and the ears hear and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind

deeds or malevolent deeds we do are spread into another layer. All the Christian or unchristian examples we set are spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time comes when we put down the implement of toil, and pass away, but the pyramid stands. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth century, nor the one hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks this world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil.—Christian Herald.

## THE SPIRITUAL BIRTHRIGHT.

I may forego my spiritual birthright. I may let myself be implicated, soul and body, with the world and the things of the world, with the lusts of the flesh, with pleasant sensations, and gratified appetites and sensuous pleasures, with that side of my being whose bliss is to bask in the sunshine of material enjoyment, and then I am at nature's mercy. At any moment of my brief existence by a slight turn of her forces, by sudden accident or swift working disease, I may be rendered bankrupt of all on which my life is staked, torn away from every element or ingredient of my happi-

ness. But the life of love, of purity of self-sacrifice, of holy aspirations and sweet affections, of that faith in God which links and blends the life of the soul with the very life and being of the Eternal—if this life be mine, then amid a world of change and accident, through all sorrow and pain and decay, amid the rushing stream of time which, as the years pass on, bears everything else away, my feet are planted on a rock; for though "the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."—Principal John Caird.

## KIND WORDS.

It would seem as if very few of us give the power of kind words the consideration which is due to it. So great a power, such a facility in the exercise of it, such a frequency of opportunities for the application of it, and yet the world still what it is, and we still what we are! It seems incredible. Take life all through, its adversity as well as its prosperity, its sickness as well as its health, its loss of rights as well as its enjoyment of them, and we shall find that no natural sweetness of temper, much less any acquired philosophical equanimity, is

equal to the support of a uniform habit of kindness. Nevertheless, with the help of grace, the habit of saying kind words is very quickly formed, and when once formed, it is not speedily lost. Sharpness, bitterness, sarcasm, acute observation, divination of motives—all these things disappear when a man is earnestly conforming himself to the image of Christ Jesus. The very attempt to be like our dearest Lord is already a well-spring of sweetness within us, flowing with an easy grace over all who come within our reach.—Frederick William Faber.

## FOG IN SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Fog in one's spiritual life need be no more lasting than in nature. "It will burn off before long." How often weather-wise people say this when the gray mists of the seashore depress the hearts that were longing for a bright day; and so it proves. A glow of silver in the clear sky near the sun, a thinning out here and there of the vapory shroud; glimpses of blue, clean outlining and swift sailing away of the clouds, and the fine clear day is here long before noon. We might

oftener save ourselves from heavy hearts and gloomy faces, when early morning shows gray in our lives, or other lives about us. Mists are left over from a storm yesterday. The day closed on a misunderstanding. The morning is foggy and depressing. Why talk about it? Let the weather alone. Fog is shallow. It will burn off before long. There is a good warm sun of love at work, and the blue sky will soon be over us.—Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

## QUIET THOUGHTS.

"He that winneth souls is wise," so also is he who allows himself to be won. Many a man thinks he is living his own way, when he is being led by the way of Satan. The truth of God stands inspection, but it does not prevent man from telling lies about it. Men who are spying out God's possessions in the spirit of unbelief are not apt to see anything but giants.

A deserted church is not a house of God. No house is a house of God unless it is a house of men also. Winning heavenly riches is worth all it can cost, but no one has the right to go the most roundabout way in obtaining them. It is only God that allows his servants to keep that which is precious. When men devote themselves to idols they have to pay for them out of their own possessions.

# Campfire Tales

**Iron and Dust.**  
The mighty ones who wrenched the world with pain,  
Far in the past,  
Attire raging o'er the bloody plain,  
The Scourge of Heaven, and bold Tamariane—  
Where are they now?  
The dust of centuries old Time has cast  
Above each brow.

Where roams the spirit of the Norman?  
Where  
The untamed soul,  
That from the sea, a lion from its lair,  
Arose 'gainst England? Where the banner  
her fair  
The world saw wave?  
O'er Harold, resting in man's common  
goal—  
A narrow grave?

What profits Alexander now, that he  
Across the world  
Bore ruin, sorrow, death, and misery?  
The grim phalanx which irresistibly  
Moved o'er the field—  
Dust—all is dust! The war-flags all are  
faded:  
Gone every shield!

Man lifts his voice and fills the universe  
For one short hour  
With blazoned vanities of his sword or  
purse:  
For God a sneer; for Destiny a curse,  
Tim's stroke is slow;  
But when it falls, man withers at its  
power  
And bows him low.

Man's arm is strong; his footstep shakes  
the land;  
His iron grasp  
May hold a mighty nation; but his hand  
Withers and falls when stops the run-  
ning sand  
In Old Time's glass;  
Death's finger touch—a shudder—cry—a  
gasp.  
The strong ones pass!

Where is the glory of the sword and  
shield?  
The bright spears rust;  
Fond lovers stray where once the legions  
wheeled;  
The stolid plowman turns the battle-  
field;  
The olive tree,  
Green badge of peace, may from a Cae-  
sar's dust  
Spring tranquilly.

Oh, you who would immortalize your  
name,  
N'er soulless cast  
Your brother's blood upon the pyre of  
shame  
And call the dread black smoke immor-  
tal fame!  
Though reared unseen,  
The sordid mound white marble will out-  
last,  
And still be green.  
—Lowell O. Reese in San Francisco Bulletin.

**The Soldier as He Was.**  
The commissioners appointed to select a memorial for the 29th, 35th and 36th Massachusetts regiments, which



took part in the siege of Vicksburg, have accepted the design submitted by Mrs. Theo. A. Ruggles-Kitson. The monument is to stand upon a boulder quarried at Annisquam, and will be erected in the National park near Vicksburg.

Mrs. Kitson submitted the figure of a typical private soldier of the union army to represent the men of Massachusetts, who were in the Vicksburg campaign. Old soldiers who have seen the design were impressed with the veracity of the bronze figure, as the sculptor has reproduced, with faithful detail the union soldier in rough campaign carelessness.

Veterans have commented upon the realism of the clothing. They have pointed to the socks, pulled up over the legs of the trousers, as an evidence of the value of this work of art as an example of the real soldier of the Civil war.

**Warm Praise for Selfridge.**  
The passing of Rear Admiral Thomas O. Selfridge will cause a feeling of sadness in the hearts of all his old shipmates, for he was an idol among us. His was a positive (strenuous, as we call it nowadays) character. Without such the great rebellion would never have been put down. Born and reared, as it were, in the United States navy, he was entirely at home on board ship, and woe to a delinquent officer who had to pass his scrutiny. We were always hearing something fresh and racy that Selfridge had said or done. One instance which happened in Illinois offered us a great deal of amusement. In 1864, while in command of the United States ram Vindicator, which was being fitted out at Mound City, Ill., his paymaster, who was fresh from the capital, where he

had been serving as Gov. Yates' private secretary, came to the captain in great distress, claiming that the men had stolen a lot of the ship's stores. It transpired that said stores had been left standing out on the deck over night.

"What did you leave them out there for?" asked the captain.

"I thought I would trust to the honor of the men," answered the paymaster. "And the captain concluded with the remark that 'when you have been in the navy as long as I have you will know better than to trust to the honor of old salt or where anything to eat or drink is at stake.'"

Capt. Selfridge speeded the Vindicator around for a while, and had the misfortune to run her aground and tear the copper off her bottom. Commander J. P. Foster of Indiana said to him: "See here, Tom, you have got down to the V's, so you will have to be a little careful or you will run out." When a vessel grounds in the Mississippi river the swift current will tear a great hole in the sand under her bows and pile it up astern, causing the vessel to break in two. As the captain was bringing the ironclad U. S. S. Ozark up the river the pilot run her aground at Helena, Ark.

The captain astonished the admiral by reporting the accident. "Way, you haven't got the Ozark aground, have you?" asked the admiral. "Oh, yes, she's aground and broke in two by this time I guess. I want another vessel. She will have to lie there all summer, high and dry on a sand bar. You had better get some soldiers to guard her or the confederates will destroy her." He got another vessel while the more timid officers said, "It is the audacity of the man that carries him through."

May our glorious navy always have her Decatur, Farragut, Porters and Selfridges.—T. F. Leech, M. D., Late Surgeon United States Navy.

### Wasted Self-Sacrifice.

Surgeon General Sternberg had a peculiar experience at the battle of Bull Run. Just before going in he was approached by an Irish sergeant-major of his regiment, who handed him a bag of gold weighing three pounds. "Doctor," said the Irishman, "I know I'm to be killed entirely, and I want you to take care of this money for me. See that it gets to the old folks at home in old Ireland." The doctor had no time to remonstrate or make any other arrangement, for the Irishman dropped the bag into the surgeon's lap and hurried away to his place at the head of the column. All through two bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried that bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and an embarrassment to him. He tried to get rid of it, but couldn't find anyone willing to accept or even to share the responsibility, and he couldn't throw it away, for the sake of "old folks at home."

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine chest case, but clung to the gold, and, making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief, tied it around his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors. During the long, hot and weary march that followed the gold pieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering, but he was bound that the "old folks at home" should have the benefit of that money, and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington. Here he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.

### Veterans Welcome Old Foe.

The annual reunion of the survivors of the Second Illinois cavalry was held at Quincy, Ill., recently, and an ex-confederate soldier was the guest of honor. He was Capt. J. H. McDowell of Nashville, Tenn., and he came to return a carbine which he took from a soldier of the Second Illinois cavalry. Capt. McDowell was dressed in the gray uniform he wore in the confederate army. He captured the carbine at the battle of Holly Springs, taking it from Isaiah Weidman, who was killed in that battle. Capt. McDowell presented the carbine to M. L. Weidman of Farmer City, Ill., a son of the man from whom he took it nearly forty years ago.

"We of the South thought we were right," said Capt. McDowell, as he handed the old carbine to Mr. Weidman. "But, thank God, we lost. Providence decided the war right, and we are now glad you won."

### Remarkable Family Record.

James Lester, born to John and Vida Brennan, in Harwinton, Conn., recently, makes the fourth generation now living together in the same house in which they were born.

Premortification is what people think they have when they say, "I told you so."

The Massachusetts women who played golf in a rainstorm are congratulating themselves on having found a way to add excitement to the game.

# TEMPERANCE

## THE WELL'S SECRET.

I knew it all my boyhood; in a lonesome Valley meadow,  
Like a dryad's mirror hidden by the wood's dim arches near;  
Its eye flashed back the sunshine, and grew dark and sad with shadow;  
And I loved its truthful depths where every pebble lay so clear.

I scooped my hand and drank it, and watched the sensate quiver  
Of the dipping rings of silver as the beads of crystal fell.  
I pressed the richer grasses from its little trickling river,  
Till at last I knew, as friends know, every secret of the well.

But one day I stood beside it on a sudden, unexpected,  
When the sun had crossed the valley and a shadow hid the place;  
And I looked in the dark water—saw my pallid cheek reflected—  
And beside it, looking upward, met an evil reptile face;

Looking upward, furtive, startled at the silent, swift intrusion;  
Then it darted toward the grasses, and I saw not where it fled;  
But I knew its eyes were on me, and the old-time sweet illusion  
Of the pure and perfect symbol I had cherished there was dead.

O the pain, to know the perjury of seeming truth that blesses!  
My soul was seared like sin to see the falsehood of the place;  
And the innocence that mocked me, while in dim, unseen recesses  
There were lurking fouler secrets than the furtive reptile face.

And since then—oh, why the burden?—when joyous faces greet me,  
With their eyes of blimp innocence, and words devoid of art,  
I can not trust their seeming, but must ask what eyes would meet me  
Could I look in sudden silence at the secrets of the heart!  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## THE REFORM MOVES.

The forward march of the temperance reform is well indicated by a paragraph written for the Central Christian Advocate, by Rev. James A. Hall, as follows:

"An old man, who had reached his 91st year, stood in my pulpit in one of my charges to deliver a temperance lecture. 'Seventy-five years ago,' he said, 'I asked a large audience that had gathered to hear me speak, 'How many of you think it right to use spirituous liquors in your families, and how many of you are in the habit of using them more or less as a beverage?' and nearly every man, woman and child in that large audience stood up boldly and confidently. I asked it again fifty years ago," said the old man, "and there were a few who did not rise; they kept their seats for the sake of their convictions and withstood the gaze of the standing, smiling crowd. Forty years ago," he said, "I asked it, and now here and there, dotted all over the house, there stood a man or a woman, who had gotten up timidly and were looking around as if surprised that they should be alone. I asked it again today, and there is not a man or woman in this audience who would stand on the proposition." And so in like manner I myself this morning might ask it, and there is not a business man, who values his reputation in the eyes of this community, or his financial standing on the market, or the confidence of his creditors, who would stand up and declare himself for rum. And there is not a young unmarried man, who cares anything for his matrimonial prospects, who would dare stand up; for there is not a respectable woman in the city in whose eyes the act would not discount him an hundred per cent. And indeed would not the very fellows who steal around to the dives in town and keep beer in their cellars mark him as a failure, and taboo him when they in-

vited their guests to the debut of their daughters? Ah, yes, we have moved on! The walls are still standing, but there are great rents in them! The enemy is still bold and arrogant, but he is at bay! All great revolutions are slow, and often most discouraging. The French revolution muttered and struggled for many years before the tyranny of class was broken. And in our own country the wrong that was expiated in the civil war grew old amid the protests of the public conscience."

Mrs. Stevens Re-elected.  
Mrs. Lillian Stevens was re-elected president of the National W. C. T. U. The past year shows a record (and only sixteen states gave figures) of



26,260 evangelist meetings, 14,485 vi-  
sits, 5,268 pledges, 1,066 conversions.  
The banner states are New York and Missouri.

## NEED TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

Poverty is the cause of most of the drunkenness that afflicts the race. And drunkenness is the cause of much poverty. It should be the aim of every friend of temperance, therefore, to give his cordial sympathy to all efforts to abate poverty. But social changes that affect the material conditions of the masses of men come about slowly, and while these changes are progressing it is not a waste of energy to view the average man and woman as a free agent and to urge upon him and her the duty and advantage of letting alcohol alone.

That method, though it does not promise the elimination of the drink habit from society, at least makes certain the savings of many men and women. It is doing good in detail, while waiting for larger causes to produce wholesale results.

Therefore the Journal believes that a pressing need of the country is a great temperance revival relying chiefly upon the personal appeal.

Thousands of pledge-signers would be rescued from drunkenness and more thousands prevented from becoming drunkards. And an assured consequence of such a revival would be to guide public thought to the temperance question as a whole, and so advance the cause in those wider and deeper aspects which involve legislation, not only upon the liquor traffic directly, but upon the industrial conditions which are responsible for poverty.—New York Journal.

After counting the cash on hand the receiver of a New Jersey salt company came to the conclusion that he had been preceded by an evaporator.

## DEAN FARRAR'S TESTIMONY.

Dean Frederick W. Farrar, the world famous preacher and author, took the temperance pledge for the following reasons:

First—I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity.

Second—I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England 20,000 inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to strong drink all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by it, could be, and were, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss, but with entire gain, to their personal health.

Third—I derived from the recorded testimony of our most eminent physi-

cians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease, even to thousands who use it in quantities conventionally deemed moderate.

Fourth—Then the carefully drawn statistics of many insurance societies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and indisputably conducted to longevity.

Fifth—Then I accumulated proof that drink is so far from being requisite to physical strength or intellectual force that many of our greatest athletes, from the days of Samson onward, have achieved without alcohol mightier feats than have ever been achieved with it.

## THE MODERATE DRINKER.

The moderate drinker may profess to be exercising self-control, but he is not. I may set my house on fire by applying a torch here and there, and I may put out the fire without having done the building any serious injury. I may continue to do this again and again, if the authorities and the insurance companies did not put a stop to the insane proceedings. It would be the general verdict that only an

unbalanced person would be guilty of so dangerous a thing. There can be nothing moderate about one who deals carelessly with so dangerous an element as fire. So there can be no moderation about that which inflames the passions, and sets on fire the whole lower nature.

Every crook has his own peculiar bent.

## HE WHO HAS CONQUERED.

The man who early in the day has overcome, by vigilance and restraint, the strong impulses of his blood towards intemperance, falls not into it after, but stands composed and complacent upon the cool, clear eminence,

and hears within himself, amid the calm he has created, the tuneful paean of a godlike victory. Yet he loves the virtue more because he fought for her than because she crowned him.—Lan-  
dor.