

Religious Thought

The Last Treasure.

All that the hand can grasp we cast behind,
In that last hour that brings us down to death,
Yea, the high wisdom of the soaring mind
Grows poor and worthless with the falling breath.
The portal is so narrow! What shall pass
Out with the spirit when it journeys forth?
The gains it cherished are so little worth,
Of so poor value all the wealth it has.
This dear belonging is no longer dear,
And that, so needful once, is needless now.
Ambition's crown falls from the dying brow!
Oh, soul, what keep'st thou of thy sojourn here?
Nay, all thy treasures may be dropped,
For if thou hast not faith, thou goest forth alone!

—Madeline S. Bridges.

The Garment of Praise.

Fashions in dress change, and we are glad that they do. Some of them at first sight amuse and amaze us, but they would weary us if they long remained. We rejoice when the bulletin of modes decrees something different, for if it be better, so much the better, and if worse, the memory of the discarded becomes less unpleasant. The ingenuity of man must surely be taxed to produce some of civilized society's designs and patterns. Alas, that dress takes up so much of mortal thought, as though to be well dressed were to be well blessed.

Amid the changing wardrobes of humanity from the early fig leaf aprons down to the latest demands of the Parisian costumers, I note some dresses that remain much the same in material and in style and cut. The rough, heavy garments of sackcloth, the habiliments of mourning, have been known in all ages and worn by all classes. Few are the souls that have not at some time or other worn the weeds of woe. The scarlet robes of royalty have been for the few, but the sackcloth of sorrow has costumed the many. Rent garments have told their story of sorrow and affliction over and over again. If I mistake not, the race will not do away with all somber habiliments for some time to come.

But there is a garment as beautiful as these are doleful, a garment which should be found in all wardrobes and which can be properly worn in all seasons and in all climes. The garment of praise befits the human form. There is no soul that may not wear it, with its frills of chant and song, and its furbelows or hallelujah. There is no other robe so truly regal as this. It is the right privilege of every soul to praise God. There are elements enough in all lives out of which to fashion the praise garment, nor is there any proper occupation that can at all depreciate it or take from its beauty. Our temples of worship are the proper homes of praise, but God seeks worshippers everywhere, and would have every human habitation made a temple of praise. It is a good thing to give praise unto God. The effect of praise upon the grateful heart is stimulating and strengthening; it is at once restful and recuperative.

It is high time with some sorrowful hearts that the garments of mourning and heaviness should be exchanged for this garment of praise. Tears have their victories, but songs boast more triumphs than do tears. The affairs of mortals may in one sense be of a lachrymose character, but the best use to which one can put tears is to look through them at the sun and see all the beautiful hues of the rainbow. The eyes were primarily intended to see with and not to weep with, and he who keeps his eyes busy looking for the bright things in life will see more causes for songs than for sighs. The eyes of such an observer will not be ever bedewed with drops that too often make them red. Even if weeping endured through the night, joy will

be found at the door by morning's dawn.

The garments of the saints in heaven are garments of praise, aye, and the garments of the redeemed universe will be of the same bright nature, for thus it is written, "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

"There no tongue shall silent be,
But all shall join the harmony."

In other words, the garment of praise will be universal.—Henry Force.

The Glad Heart.

If you want to do work easily, get a gay, glad heart. You know how hard it is to do anything, how the lessons drag, how the tasks seem to pile up, when you feel a little sad or unhappy. On the contrary, any of us can remember times when the work in hand fairly flew, because our hearts were so glad about something that the fingers had to keep time to their joyous beating.

But my thought to-day is as to the excellence of the work done, rather than the ease or rapidity of the performance. Good work is almost always joyous. Heart sunshine gets into the painter's colors and brightens all the dull, dead pigments. By and by people get to talking about it. The canvas glows and throbs with the life pulse of genius! The life-pulse of love and happiness, rather. The painter has told nobody, but they found it out, those careless onlookers. They knew his heart was gay as he painted in that trudging berry-picker, those sheep and cattle feeding in the meadows. Might he not have painted the same thing in a trouble-filled house, with new griefs knocking at the door? No, not the same thing. Something must have been lost out, some sad thing have crept in. Our mood gets into everything, whether it is shutting a door or making a picture or poem.

So, then, for the sake of the good that we can do, let us shut the door on the whole sulking, frowning crew of ugly feelings, and call in the good little brownies of gladness and good will. We shall wake to find that happy thoughts have noiselessly cleared away our troubles overnight, and fresh light will seem to be poured on the old problems, "bright ideas," find some swift, sure way through all the tangles. Bright, clear, outlooking eyes see better than tear-dimmed ones. Every sad and gloomy moment is a waste of power.

But can anyone be always glad? He can always keep the attitude of gladness. He can hold his joy-cup right side up, so as to catch any drop of gladness. Eyes and lips can learn to smile so easily that little pleasures move them. It is a matter of habit and training, quite as much as of natural temperament, or even of circumstances. That being the case, do not some of us need to make us other habits and start in on a new course of training? Not because we shall be happier, more peaceful, richer every way—that is all true, but it is not the reason. The real motive ought to be that we shall be stronger for our work in the world, whatever it is. "Be strong; be strong!"—how the Bible echoes with the inspiring command! And it adds, also by way of explanation "The joy of the Lord is your strength."—Anna Frances Burnham.

Power of Patience.

Life at best is a struggle. The sea over which we sail to the "morning land" is swept by many a fierce storm.

It is certain that each heart knoweth its own bitterness. There are stubborn enemies with which we have to contend; tempests of temptation that sweep our path with all but irresistible fury; nights of darkness, when every star is hidden from our longing eyes; times of shipwreck that leave us with empty hands on the sad shore. We must climb with weary feet many a rugged path. But in spite of all this life is not a losing fight to the soul that will have the victory.

The text: "But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing," brings before us a great hope that shines like the north star in the darkest night. We may reach the perfect. If we will we may be "complete and entire," wanting nothing. Life is forever struggling to reach the perfect.

Patience will have her perfect work when we are able to work on without worry or fret. It is friction that takes the power out of life. The mightiest forces are noiseless. There is soul friction as well as friction in any other realm. Wherever it is found it makes impossible the best. Patience can have her perfect work only when there is persistent endurance to the end. Patience, born of faith, ripened by endurance, working in calmness, looking forward with hope, mellowed by sacrifices, steadied by the touch of a divine hand will lead to the goal and sanctify life at the last.—Dr. P. H. Swift.

Death a New Birth.

Those who die in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ do not really taste death; to them there is no death, but only a change of place, a change of state; they pass at once into some new life, with all their powers, all their feelings unchanged; still the same living, thinking, active beings which they were here on earth.

What comfort for us who must die, what comfort for us who have seen others die, if death be but a new birth into some higher life; if all that it changes us is our body—the mere husk and shell of us—such a change as comes over the snake when he casts his old skin and comes out fresh and gay, or even the crawling caterpillar, which breaks its prison and spreads its wings to the sun as a fair butterfly? Where is the sting of death, then, if death can sting, and poison, and corrupt nothing of us for which our friends love us; nothing of us with which we could do service to men or God? Where is the victory of the grave, if, so far from the grave holding us down, it frees us from the very thing which does hold us down—the mortal body?—Charles Kingsley.

Obedience Through Suffering.

It is a happy thing if we can learn obedience by the things which we suffer. Weakness of body and heaviness of mind will, I trust, have this good effect upon you. The particular lesson which you have now to learn is to be faithful in comparatively little things, particularly in conversation. God hath given you a tongue. Why? That you may praise Him therewith; that all your conversation may be, for the time to come, "meet to minister grace to the hearers." Such conversation and private prayer exceedingly assist each other. By resolutely persisting, according to your little strength, in all works of piety and mercy, you are waiting on God in the old scriptural way. And therein he will come and save you. Do not think he is afar off. He is nigh that justifieth, that sanctifieth. Beware you do not thrust him away from you. Rather say:

"My heart would now receive thee, Lord:
Come in, my Lord, come in!"
—John Wesley.

Happiness.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, and most steadfast happiness.

BRAVES HONOR A SQUAW.

Snake Indian Woman Has Great Powers of Leadership.

The party from the Creek enrollment division of the Dawes commission which has been in the field for some time taking testimony relative to names on the allotment rolls met with a remarkable Indian woman. She has wonderful powers of leadership and her fame for wisdom and valuable counsel has spread throughout the entire Snake tribe.

This woman's name is Fahne and she is a fullblood Snake. Her home is at Hillabee, a fullblood settlement west of Eufaula. The braves of the tribe never undertake a hunting expedition without first seeking her advice. The Indians usually look with contempt upon the advice of a "squaw," and it is a most unusual occurrence to find an Indian woman sitting in the council meetings of the tribe. Fahne, however, has this privilege, her opinion always being asked on such occasions. She is 50 years old and has an enviable reputation for virtue and honest dealing. She is often consulted by Wachache, the chief medicine man of the Snake tribe, who is supposed to be in closest touch with the Great Spirit. To be taken into the confidence of the medicine man would be considered an honor by any of the men of the tribe. A woman who enjoys this distinction is considered by the tribesmen doubly honored.—Muskogee correspondence Kansas City Journal.



Accidents in Profusion.

An extraordinary chapter of accidents has happened in connection with the death of a young man in South Tipperary, Ireland, a short time ago. One man was drowned while returning from the wake, and another was hurt through his horse bolting when returning from the same function. On the day of the interment the funeral passed a party bringing home the drowned man's body while the driver of the hearse fell off the box and injured himself. Soon afterwards one of the mourning coaches broke down, and the mourners were obliged to proceed in another vehicle.

Violent Rains.

The violence of tropical rainstorms is proverbial; yet never before has one been scientifically registered in which so much water fell in so short a time as at Santiago de Cuba recently. An English engineer, who gauged the rainfall, found that it was at the rate of over 4 inches an hour, and that between seven and ten o'clock in the evening more than a foot of water reached the ground. The storm covered nearly 300 square miles, and in places was heavier than at Santiago.