

A REVIVAL OF RELIGION

WORSHIP IS THE SAVING RECOURSE FOR SOCIAL REFORM.

There's a Reaction Against Laziness in Social Conduct and Opinion—Religion's Main Concern Is More For Social Well-Being.

Century Magazine.

Careful students of social tendencies report a reaction against the prevailing laxity in conduct and opinion. This is sometimes called a moral renaissance. It goes deeper; it is nothing less than a revival of religion. Yet it does not appear to be the result of any of the ordinary evangelistic efforts or agencies. It is springing up in unnoted places, and is finding utterance by unprofessional and unfamiliar voices. Any one who has ears to hear must catch, now and then, in the common speech of men a note of unusual seriousness. The facts coming to light respecting the terrible infidelity and abuses of power in high places have touched the heart of the common man with a sense of solicitude.

One phase of this revival of religion is significant. Its main concern is less for individual than for social well-being. The two cannot well be separated, and doubtless those earnestly promoting it have a consciousness of their own personal need of deliverance from the engrossing mammonism. But the emphasis rests on the common danger, and the salvation sought is primarily a social salvation. The idea grows that moral health of the individual cannot well be preserved in a feid social atmosphere. Heretofore there has been much protest against any close contact of religion with business or with politics. Now it seems to be assumed that nothing but religion can renovate brutalized business and corrupt politics. It is a great enlargement of the popular conception of religion.

The mere readjustment of ethical formulas is not enough; a deeper note must be struck to the extent of a tooth of a goat's eyebrow better. Who of us would not covet the absolute grit of this man? But Joel Chandler Harris didn't begin in old age to cultivate the grace of cheerfulness. It was a life habit.

A Toronto woman who employs a charwoman of undoubted industry was recently surprised when the latter referred to the crest of the family. "What do you mean by a crest, Mrs. Jones?"

"It's a crest what belongs to my husband's family m'am—a sort of eagle with its wings flapping."

"Why where did your husband get the crest?"

"Oh, he's a real gentleman, he is. He never done a day's work in his life since we were married, bless him. He's the real sort." And the honest charwoman beamed with pride as she turned once more to her scribbling.

Willie Foster is a small Canadian whom his father is endeavoring to instruct in the best methods of becoming a good citizen. The other day, Mr. Foster gave his son the advice which Josh Billings has expressed forcibly: "Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its success is gained by sticking to one thing until it gets there."

"That's good advice, Willie," said Mr. Foster. "Don't ever forget it."

"But, father," said Willie, with a certain pensive sadness. "The postage stamp doesn't act like that until after it's been licked."

An Englishman hired an Irish cabby to get

babies. Many of them walk over a mile to get their daily supply. Incidentally, the work has become an inspiring factor in the life of the parish, bringing the congregation into touch with the material needs of the people, bringing women of leisure into relation with the mothers of the poor, setting idle hands busy making clothes for babies that otherwise would have lacked. The Morningstar church is not a rich one, but the work has been enthusiastically maintained and enlarged. Other churches have become interested, and the multiplication of church milk stations is becoming an interesting and hopeful possibility in New York.

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH.

A certain man, fettered by his instincts, married a certain woman, whose instincts likewise left her no alternative. After a while they discovered the amount of it and grew restive. "I am your slave!" protested the woman. "I do nothing but cook for you and mend your clothes."

"No, I'm your slave!" retorted the man. "For when I have earned so much as will buy your hats and dresses I've no time left for anything else."

Just here, however, a baby came along. "Hush! You're both of you my slaves!" quoth he.

And in that view the man and the woman forgot their bickering, and lived happily ever after.

A friend once said of Joel Chandler Harris: "No man ever maintained his life at a higher level of perpetual good humor." The day before he died, when he was already beginning to pass into the valley of death, one of his sons inquired, "How are you this morning, father?"

"Well," responded Mr. Harris, "I am about the extent of a tooth of a goat's eyebrow better."

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WORKS OF MERCY.

The Great Good Heart of the City Churches.

Twenty years ago a few earnest young men constituting St. Paul's Guild of Christ church, Hartford, Connecticut, became deeply concerned about the unfortunate condition of the large number of victims of drink. The result was the establishment of a home for the man desiring to get away from old associates and degrading associations. The effort of the Open Heart has been to receive the most wretched and miserable specimens of humanity, and, as far as possible, to restore them to respectability and self-reliance, also to inspire them with an ambition for the higher and better life. That the work has been successful is proved by the number of poor, lost men restored to home, family, and friends.

In the lunch-room a meal may be purchased for either "money or work"; a plain meal, consisting of a bowl of coffee, plate of bread, and four slices of bread, costing only five cents. No sick or physically infirm man is ever refused a free meal. A bureau finds places for men out of employment. Large numbers of men find temporary or permanent positions through this agency. Many men on leaving fall into their way to the Open Heart, knowing that if they desire to do better, a chance is always given. These men, as a rule, are not bad, but weak men, incapable of resisting any temptation. Like chips on the ocean of life, they are driven here and there by wind and tide.

An annex of "Wayfarers' Lodge" is conducted, with accommodations for tramps. He is, in many cases, like the poet, born, not made. A chapel is also sustained. Rev. J. H. Jackson is rector of the parish.

Sacrifices in Humble Life.

New York Letter.

Allow me to enter protest against the exploitation of great gifts of wealthy men as the exceptional record of good deeds. They give of their overflow, denying themselves absolutely nothing. In some conspicuous cases the wealth has been gained by extortion.

I know of a sick girl who has been kept for three years by two poor girl friends dividing her time between them. I know of a girl who works cleaning offices from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, and at night freely gives her services to wash and iron for her frail sister's family of six. I know still another who, after working in a factory all day, gives the last half of her nights to watching over an invalid sister (melancholia), to relieve the hard working husband.

I could pile up these unending benevolences—and they mount much nearer heaven than those that conspicuously occupy the centre of the stage and receive the fulsome praise of men.

Rothschild's Alphabet of Success.

The subjoined alphabet, printed on a card, is hung up in coffee houses and places of resort and business in Great Britain. Why not follow the example in Canada?

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong. Watch carefully over your passions. Extend to everyone a kindly salutation.

Injure not another's reputation or business. Join hands only with the virtuous. Keep your mind from vile thoughts.

Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks. Use your leisure time for improvement.

Yield not to discouragement. Zealously labor for the right and success is certain. Respect the counsel of your parents. Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Attend carefully to the details of business. Be prompt in all things.

Pay your debts promptly. Question not the veracity of a friend.

Go not into the society of the vicious. Hold integrity sacred.

The wave of temperance in the Southern States is almost dead in its force. Alabama has voted 50 countries dry out of 64; Georgia 125 out of 146; Mississippi 69 out of 76; North Carolina 68 out of 88; Tennessee 92 out of 96.

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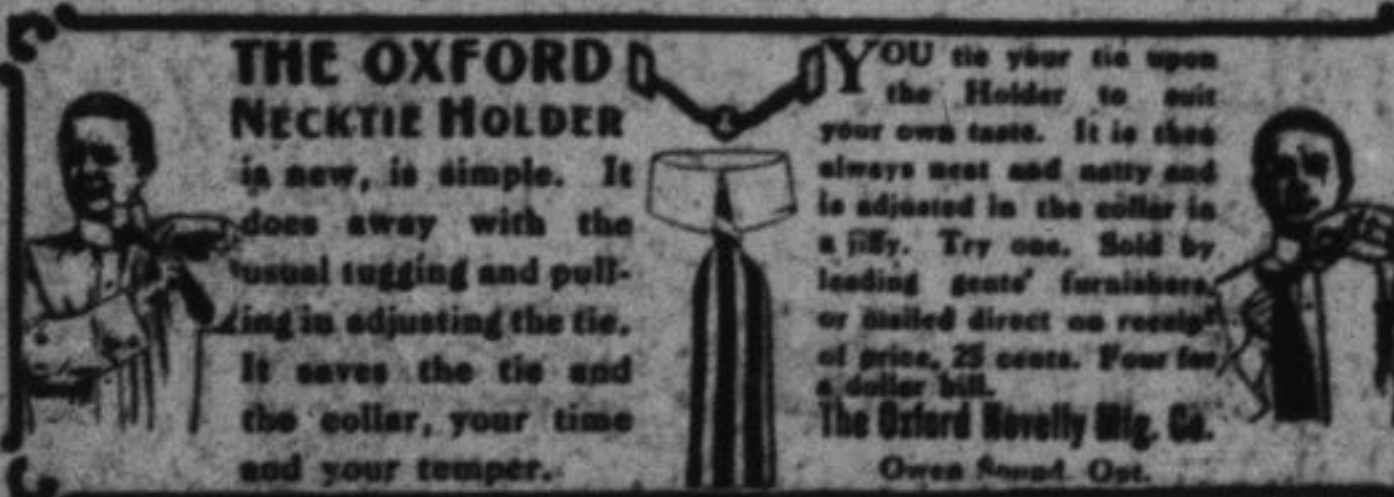
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