

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

THE STORY OF A SAINTLY LIFE.

One taper may light a thousand; one wave lifts another; one influence may run through unnumbered lives. Our influences mingle and come, and our characters are largely the result of all the influences we have met.

All lead a life of unconscious influence. Our very faces and expressions of countenance, which are reflections of our true character, are silent but perpetual influences.

It is generally our unconscious influence that produces the greater effect upon others. It is not so much when we assert that we are conscientious, as when we are accidentally discovered doing some conscientious act, that the force of our character is felt.

A man may talk virtuously, but if he live in secret an impure life his unconscious influence for evil will destroy the effect of his words. Character influences independently of its professions, and this influence of character is the heaviest weight in the scale of life.

A good life will preach under circumstances when no word is uttered, and will stimulate good in others when silently pursuing its own purpose.

All have heard of John Angell James one of England's choicest ministers. Thousands were converted under his preaching, and tens of thousands have felt the influence of his writings. He was converted under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and he owed the beginning of his religious life largely to the influence that was exerted upon him by the silent but conscientious performance of an act of religious duty by a roommate and a fellow-apprentice.

Mr. James's boyhood and early years were such as to produce a very unquiet conscience, but the claims of religion continued to assert themselves amid all his irregularities of conduct. At last he began to have longings for a better life. Sometimes on a Sunday he would go away by himself and pray. "I wanted to be pious," he said, "but knew not how." He began to pray that Providence would send him a guide. "I prayed," he said, "that the Lord would raise up some one in the house [where he was living] to be my guide. I am sure I was sincere in this, and now came a turning-point in my history."

"Mr. B." (he continues his own narrative of this spiritual crisis), "with whom I lived, being in want of money, took another apprentice for the sake of the premium. A youth was engaged who had been religiously educated. The apprentices all slept in the same room. The first time this youth lodged with us, he knelt down by his bedside and prayed in silence. The thought instantly occurred to me, as I looked with surprise upon the youth bending before God—"See, there is the answer to your prayers—there is some one to lead you in the ways of religion! This made me thoughtful and uneasy." Yielding to the influence of the good example set before him he began to pray too.

"After awhile," he says, "I observed that my new friend, as soon as the shop was shut, used frequently to go out for an hour. I at length discovered that his visits were made to a pious shoemaker. I prevailed upon my friend to allow me to accompany him to the pious cobbler. The house was small, mean, and ill-furnished, and in a low situation. The shoemaker himself was not prepossessing in appearance, but both he and his wife received me kindly. I found that their society was just what I needed. They were both pious people, and there was a softness in their manners which was above their rank.

The cobbler's name was John Poole. He began to pray with the lads, and length induced them to pray with him. "In order to take off all fears from my mind," says Mr. James, "he requested me, the first time I prayed, to go and stand in a small place, boarded off, in which coals and other matters were kept." Here, in this dark corner, John Angell James, whose fame filled the religious world, made his first public prayer.

"The little circle at the shoemaker's was enlarged by two more young men, who were permitted to join us. We usually all met on a Sabbath evening after a sermon, at his house for prayer and praise, and very sweet and sacred were the seasons that we spent there.

We know not whom we are influence-

ing by right doing, nor do we know how long or how far our influence is to extend. Byron said of Rousseau that he "multiplied himself among mankind." Our words and our efforts are the multiples of the acts of others; they are seed sown to produce their own kind, and to find some soil in which they will grow and flourish.

The prayerful apprentice and John Poole, the cobbler, live in thousands of lives to-day through the influence of John Angell James; and Rousseau, though his sentimental life and his unbelief have dwindled to a mere incident on history's page, still lives in dark intellects and unquiet hearts.

Is your life so positive for good that its accidents and incidents preach? Is your unconscious life a weight in the scale of good, or in the balance of evil?—*Christian Age*.

UNDER THE PAVEMENT.

"Can you tell me where I can find a clergyman?" said a female in the shadows of the old church. She was speaking to a kind-hearted man. She continued, "I thought there might be a clergyman living near the church?"

"No, no," answered the man, "the churches have all gone up town, and the clergymen have gone up with them, and there are no resident ministers down here. Why do you wish to see a clergyman?"

"My husband is sick, sir, in a basement near by. He is in great distress of mind because death is coming, and he says he is not yet ready."

The man addressed was a kind man, and told the poor wife he would bring a clergyman the first thing in the morning.

This woman was young, of prepossessing appearance, but in her conversation showed she did not appreciate the moral necessity which was upon her husband, though she sympathized in his deep distress.

Early next morning the clergyman and the strange friend were at the designated street and number. The room was entirely below the sidewalk. Going down the grimy steps they inquired if there was a sick man there. The front of the room was dimly lighted from the street, but the back of the room was in darkness. Two men were drinking at the bar. Two or three were at a table playing cards, and farther on in the distance were four or five straw mattresses scattered upon the floor. No attention had been paid to the inquiry for the sick man, which was now repeated, and a rough man gruffly answered, "No, no, don't know of any sick man. We don't keep such."

"No such man here," said another. "Yes, yes," another spoke up, "there is a poor fellow lying back yonder in the dark. Is it him ye are after?"

At this moment the poor wife came forward with a tallow candle in her hand, and led the way to her husband. He lay in one corner of that damp, miserable cellar, on a hard bed. He was about thirty years of age. In a few words this was his story:—

Seven or eight years ago he had come from the "old country" to try his fortune in the new world. He was then a sober, industrious man, well educated, moral, but not religious. About one year ago he married and went to work on a farm on Long Island. He laboured till he was stricken with dysentery. Still he laboured on, relying on his strong constitution to bring him out all right. He sunk lower and lower, till he found himself where he lay. He had spent all his money on physicians, who had done him no good; and sinking lower and lower, here he found himself on the very verge of eternity, and knew he was not prepared for the great change which was before him. "Look at my legs and arms," said he: "I am little but skin and bones, and I cannot get any better, and what am I to do to be prepared to die? O! if I had my dear praying mother here now, or my good old father, they could tell me what to do. I have no hope of living. Life is not my trouble. I want eternal life begun in my soul. This is what I want, and I don't know how to get it. How shall a poor sinner like me get eternal life? That is the great question. I drop every other to have that answered. O! what shall I do to be saved?"

The clergyman hitherto had not said

a word, while all the time the sobs of the poor wife could be distinctly heard. The man of God felt that he was now in the presence of a hungry, starving soul, and intelligent, earnest mind; and he began and preached unto him Jesus. His words were few; they were chiefly the promises which Jesus makes to every sinner seeking Him; but they were accompanied with the power of the Holy Spirit. The poor man drank in the words like water.

Then the minister knelt down to pray; and some of those rough men, hearing what was going on, came forward and knelt with him. He poured forth an earnest, believing prayer.

These interviews were repeated for days. At length the day dawned on this poor man's soul. Evidence was given that a great change had come; that a new-born soul had been washed in the Saviour's atoning blood. Peace and joy filled his heart. He expressed a strong desire to live, if it might be the will of God:—"I should like to live to tell others how precious Jesus is to all who truly believe in Him; I should like to live to do something for Him; I should like to persuade my impenitent friends to come to Him. But if I cannot live, I am happy to die just where I am, and just as I am, in the blessed assurance that I shall go from this cellar to the city of everlasting glory."

Early one morning he expressed great desire to see his clerical friend once more, and requested his wife to go and call him. But while she was gone, death released him. "How did he die?" inquired the clergyman of the attendant. "O, so happy, sir. He went away shouting, 'Glory to Jesus. Tell my wife I have gone to be with Jesus in heaven, and she must meet me there.'"

The feet of the passers-by kept up a continuous tramping on the sidewalk, all unconscious how near the angel of death had been to them, and how a sinful soul had been fitted below the sidewalk for seats in the mansions of the blessed.—*From Good News*.

THE "UNIVERSAL CATHOLIC LEAGUE."

The Roman correspondent of the *London Daily News*, in a letter published in that paper on the 31st of July, states that a society has been organized at Rome with the above title. He writes: "Its programme, entitled 'The Universal Catholic (Holy Crusade),' is now before me, and in the process of transcribing and translating it I have been struck with its strategic skill, so to speak, and the completeness of its appointments down to the humblest detail."

"The bases of the organization are these:

1. The centre of the League shall be at Rome.

2. The Grand Presidency of the League shall reside in the Vatican, and, with it, the personnel of a General Secretarial Board.

3. Each Central International Committee shall nominate and maintain one or more representatives at the office of the General Presidency, which representatives shall communicate the orders and deliberations of the said General Presidency of the League to their local central committees.

4. A general depot shall be formed at the above named General Presidency for defrayal of the expenses incident to the League.

5. The office of the General Presidency shall have seven directions, each with a head division, and with secretaries, and these directions shall be in communication with the office itself for everything that has reference to the affairs of respective competence (*gli affari di competenza rispettiva*) which shall be distributed in the manner subjoined:—

Division first: Union of Catholic Jurists; Second: Catholic Working Men's Societies; Third: Central Committees; Fourth: Catholic Regions; Fifth: Diocesan Functionaries; Sixth: General Depot; Seventh: Academic Committee for the Union of the Learned in the Scientific Efforts of Catholicism.

The League shall have for its objects:—

1. The defence of right and freedom in face of the laws restricting the Church and the Pope. The restoration of the Temporal Power of which the Pope has been despoiled in violation of the rights of the Holy See and Christianity—a restoration to be effected in the sight of justice human and Divine.

2. To expound and demonstrate the dangers of liberty falsely so-called.

3. To combat Individualism, i. e., the idea that the individual in his relations,

religious, economical, and political, can act by himself alone, without the aid of his fellows.

4. To demonstrate the fallacy of the right of the State and the fallacy of the materialistic tendency.

5. To combat political fanaticisms.

6. To undermine the Press.

7. Rome, heart and centre of the supernatural life, is the Eternal City.

8. To attack the usurping State since the 20th of September, 1870.

9. To re-unite all the forces of civilized society, its intelligence, and its material resources, for the benefit of the holy cause.

10. To institute a Central Press for the reception and distribution of communications to all Catholic journalism.

11. To institute popular schools for technical instruction; to institute Catholic libraries, bibliographical societies, flying libraries, banks for the immediate advance of money, mixed clubs of the noble and bourgeoisie, directing clubs for the active agents of the League, workmen's aid societies, means of obtaining redress for the calumnious attacks of liberal journalism, savings banks for the people.

12. To collect within itself, conformably to the recommendation of the Pope, all the Catholic associations, leaving them entire liberty in their holy works, but at the same time indicating to them the line of conduct to be pursued with forces united and compact.

13. To effect the coalition of the noble and the clergy in the grand struggle for the freedom and ultimate empire of the Church; to consolidate the union of the clergy with the bishops with the Pope, "All for One and One for All."

14. Pecuniary largess and formation of the bonds of fellowship between the several cities, communes, boroughs, and persons, for the maintenance of the directing missionary priests, and for promoting harmony of the means of action.

15. Establishment of telegraphic bureaus in the great centres in correspondence with the central one at the Vatican, for the concurrence of all the Catholic forces in union.

This appears to be a very comprehensive organization and one that means business.—*Telegraph*.

FINDING TIME TO STUDY.

In preparing a lesson, a teacher should first study the passage of Scripture, to discover what truth or truths it was intended to teach or enforce; he should then make a selection as will suit the class he has to instruct; then according to the kind of truth and the class he has to deal with, he should determine the division of the subject, the methods to be employed, the mode of introducing, and the particular application to be made. . . . Such a plan of preparation will give definiteness and precision to the study, and enable him to get the whole exercise clearly worked out beforehand.

But all this will take time, and a teacher will have to prepare one, or it may be two lessons every week. How are men and women, busily engaged in secular occupation all day long, to find time for this? "Wise men," it has been said, "will make more opportunities than they find." So with the teacher whose heart is in the work, and who is bent on rendering his Master good service. But from personal experience of its value, the following plan is recommended:—Let the next Sabbath lesson, or lessons, be the Scriptures read at the Monday's private devotions, morning and evening. Let them be prayed over, and fixed in the mind; and let them be kept in memory, thought over, ruminated upon, all the week. And let some time be given, toward the end, to the writing out and more careful arrangement of the several parts of the lesson. Much thinking may be done while we are walking, and no extra time is then needed.—*Ibid*.

WORSHIP AT FRANK HOLMAN'S.

I have never told you about the family worship in Frank Holman's home. To me it is very beautiful.

I have a very sunny feeling toward Frank's household. He was one of the young men who grew up in our establishment, and when he consulted me about his early marriage on a small salary, I advised him not to delay it, but to take the sweet girl of his choice into such a home as he could provide her. I had no fears of the result, and the years as they have passed have made me more than satisfied that my bachelor advice was good. The years have given them the inevitable cares

and sorrows, but they have been also years of perpetual comfort and joy.

A little family has grown up around them, and more than once, as we have sat together, they have been good enough to tell me of their gladness that I encouraged them to make a venture which has been so full of blessing. Christians themselves of a bright cheery character, they have made from the beginning a Christian family, and the family worship has been the centre of its life. As they have told me, they began their married life in prayer, and from the first the family altar was set up. Its incense has not ceased to send up its fragrant column to God. It has been a privilege, very sweet to me, often to be present at the evening sacrifice.

They have their family worship early in the evening, usually as soon as possible after Frank comes home at night from his business. They tell me that it sometimes is inconvenient, and occasionally is interrupted, but these occasions are so comparatively rare that they do not seriously trouble them. Old friends understand the habits of the household, and expect to find them engaged at that hour; and, as I have had occasion to know, so far from feeling disappointed, have rather sought the opportunity of being present at a scene full of touching meaning.

Frank and his wife always sit side by side. I have been present at the worship in other households, where this seemed to be made of no account; but as soon as Frank takes the Bible or hymn-book in his hand, and seats himself for the service, Fanny takes her place by his side. I have never asked them why, but I understand it well. They have an instinct that, at this hour, when the idea of family life comes peculiarly into visible form, the husband and wife should be close beside each other.

The children—there are three of them now—take their places on either side, and they nestle as closely as possible to father and mother. In other families I have seen them scattered over the room and at a distance, but not here. My eyes have sometimes filled as I have looked upon the picture of that family group, a group indeed; when little Willie—named after me—was resting his curly head upon his father's knee, and little Mary—named after my brother John's wife—close by her mother's side, and slyly holding her hand, was looking into her father's face. They are both uproarious little folks; Willie, brimful of fun and frolic, making things rather lively at times; and Mary, her father's "Tomboy," as he delights to call her, is not far behind her brother in childlike noise and play. But when family worship comes they sit in a quietness which I confess has surprised me.

I asked Fanny how this came about—how it was that these little folks, at just this one hour, seemed so transformed.

"I do not know," she said, "except it be that they have never had any other idea than that when we take our places for this service, they are to be reverently quiet."

"I notice," said I, "that you always have the baby in your arms at family worship, even when the nurse is in the room."

"O yes; I always do when it is at all possible. We like to have the family close together as possible, and you know that this little fellow makes a considerable part of the family."

"He is a restless baby usually; does he never disturb your devotions?"

"Very seldom; I may say never when he is well. It is very curious to see how very early the fact that he must be quiet at this time seems to fix itself in a baby's mind. I cannot tell you why, but almost at once they seem to know that this hour is different from every other hour of the day, and they adapt themselves to it long before they understand its meaning."

"Do you take the babies when they are very young in your arms at the family worship?"

"Always, and almost as soon as I myself am able to sit by my husband's side. I suppose that is the secret of it all—the children have never known anything else than to be still and attentive at this time."

I did not need to ask any other questions. I saw it all. "Ah," I thought, "wise little wife and mother! How far-reaching and how true that intuition of thine! would that more mothers had caught a little of its inspiration!"—*Christian Weekly*.