

Christian Politeness.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

If Chesterfield has furnished some rules of social etiquette for the fashionable world, the Bible goes deeper yet, and furnishes the core principles of Christian politeness. Brotherly love is named as one of the cardinal graces; this dwells in the heart, but is of little worth if it does not come out in the conduct. "Be compassionate," says the apostle Peter, "be pitiful, be courteous." "Be ye kind to one another, and tender hearted," exhorts grand old Paul, and the same apostle reminds Timothy that "the servant of the Lord must be gentle," i. e., he must be a Christian gentleman.

To illustrate the true inwardness of Bible politeness, our Lord told that fascinating story that never wears out by repetition. A Jewish traveler on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho is overtaken by a gang of highwaymen who strip him, wound him, and leave him half dead by the wayside. A certain priest comes along who looks like a gentleman, but is only a sham in a sacred garb. Presently a Levite comes along who is as very a humbug as his saintly-looking predecessor. Then a man of very different stripe heaves in sight, a man whom neither of those two Jewish varieties would speak to because he is a Samaritan. This stranger has not only a kind heart; he knows how to show it. He might have hired some one to go back and fetch the wounded sufferer to the inn, but he does not risk that. He gently puts the poor Jew upon his own breast, and walks all the way beside him. When he leaves the caravansera on the next day, he does not put the money to pay the bill into the hands of the wounded traveller; that might have wounded his pride. He delicately slips the shillings (they were not our pennies) into the hands of the host, and says to him "take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

Now there was Bible politeness, which is kindness of heart kindly expressed. Both parts of this definition are essential. A person may have a truly benevolent heart, and yet show no suavity in his manners. Dr. Johnson would pick up a poor starving girl in London streets and carry her to his home, where he was harboring certain other objects of his charity, yet Johnson was proverbial for rough speeches, and sometimes the rudest violations of social etiquette. Better that than the varnish and veneer of smooth words over a hollow heart. Some people were rather shocked by Abraham Lincoln's careless dress, unkempt hair, and democratic manners, but he was the farthest possible from being "boorish," for while he disdained all fopperies, he was one of the most perfect gentlemen that ever graced the presidential chair. He had the infallible instincts of a big, loving heart, which is the only basis of a genuine Christian politeness.

Our incarnate Lord and Master was our model in this respect, that he looked at every one he met rich or poor, lofty or lowly, in the light of their humanity. To him the nobleman and the beggar were alike men, and to each he was their "elder Brother." Bartimeus is not passed by in his blindness and in his rage; the woman who washed his feet with her tears is not shunned because she is a social outcast. He had the divine right to denounce the hollow hypocrisy of the Pharisees, as well as to rebuke the fallings of his own disciples. But what an ineffable courtesy in every look, and tone, and deed! It is no derogation of his divine dignity to speak of him as a new and sacred meaning to that often perverted word. The Bible commands politeness as a Christian duty. There are certain external courtesies which good society requires that may have no heart behind them. The commands, "be courteous," goes deeper than that; it requires this from a godly motive; we are to practice politeness "as unto the Lord, and not unto men." A little more would add mightily to the popularity and influence of more than one Christian. It would give him the *entree* into the hearts of the people of the world, and it would save him from wounding some hearts by that keenest of all blades, neglect.—The Evangelist.

The Faith That Cures.

The faith that cures bodily or physical ailments is a faith that "recognizes the divine element in human recovery and man's part in the use of means." Dr. Page, the eminent French military surgeon, whose devout spirit and great medical discoveries gave him power and fortune in the sixteenth century, when one of his patients recovered, was won't to say: "I treated him but God cured him." He recognized the great commonsense truth that God, having placed within our reach herbs and fruits possessing medicinal virtues that allay fever, soothe overwrought nerves and relieve wounds of their inflammation, a living, intelligent faith in the goodness and mercy of God constrains us to use the remedies He has placed within our reach, and that then, and only then, can we honestly, and with confidence, ask Him to bless the means and restore the afflicted one. The so-called faith that simply sits down and asks God to do it all is no faith at all, but only a mockery; and that is the overcrowning objection to the Christian Scientists' faith. It requires God to do all—both man's part and God's part. As well might the farmer demand that God give him a crop of corn without his plowing, planting, and cultivating.—Religious Telescope.

Harro.

BY F. D. SHERMAN.

This is brave Harro's story—
Harro who watched the sea,
To his renown I set it down
As it was told to me.

Back from the reef-caught vessel
Came Harro's comrades four,
And with them ten half-perished men
Safe landed on the shore.

"And are these all?" asked Harro,
Answered the sailor brave:
"Nay. One lashed high we left to die
And find an ocean grave."

Cried Harro: "Who goes with me
To rescue him, the last,
Alive or dead? Shall it be said
We left one on the mast?"

Spoke up his gray-haired mother;
"Oh, Harro boy, my son,
Go not, I pray. 'Tis death they say,
And there is only one!"

"Father and brother Uwe
Thou cruel sea hath slain.
My last art thou. Good Harro, now
Let me not plead in vain!"

Answered brave Harro: "Mother,
Who knows, perchance for him
Under the skies a mother's eyes
To-day with tears grow dim.

"Farewell! God watches over
The fields of flying foam,
And he shall keep us on the deep,
And safely bring us home."

Wild was the storm-swept ocean,
And like a fragile leaf
The life boat tossed long ere it crossed
Unto the distant reef.

Wild was the sea, and madly
Ever the tempest blew,
While down the track came Harro back
With one besides the crew.

Hard to the oars his comrades
Bent in the shrieking gale,
And Harro cries, when land he spied,
"Thank God, we shall not fail!"

And when he saw his mother
Pacing the shore in tears,
Loud over all the storm his call
Brought gladness to her ears.

Over and over he shouted,
And high his cap he waved:
"God gives thee joy! God sends thy boy!
'Tis Uwe we have saved!"

Such is brave Harro's story—
Harro who watched the sea
To his renown I set it down
As it was told to me.

—Harper's Weekly.

A Contrast.

Two little sparrows building a nest
In a lofty, thick fir tree;
Patient and cheerful they chirp about,
As happy as birds can be.

Content she the sacred office to fill
Of loving mother and wife,
While he is proud her protector to be
Amidst the struggles of life.

Of emancipation she never has thought,
The ballot's a term unknown,
The labor problem! There's none to solve,
And progress is let alone.

Extravagance never increases his toil,
Nor neglect of his needs does she show,
Tobacco's foul odours and alcohol's fumes
His breath and his feathers ne'er know.

Morality never an incubus is,
Nor work of reform must be done,
Inherited evils they've none to lament,
Their lot is a God-given one.

A. J. C.

Temperance Evolution.

Has anybody ever discovered, so as to be able to state accurately, the strangely obscure cases which in the matter of wine differentiate one constitution from another? We have written as if the main distinction were between sedentary lives and lives in the open air, and it is the main one; but there must be many others; it is quite certain that there are men upon whom wine, even in very large doses, makes no perceptible impression, and men who are not "themselves" when they have taken one glass, cannot stop, but crave suddenly and irresistibly for the happiness of unconsciousness. It was, we are firmly persuaded, a conviction derived from experience that this was the usual or universal proclivity of Asiatics which induced the early Hindu lawgivers, and after them the Mussulman lawgiver, to prohibit the drinking of wine absolutely and finally as morally a crime.

Their belief is not true of Europe, where the most violent differences alike of taste and of capacity for drinking, have always existed. The writer, though he fears not to be believed, had personal knowledge of a man who was sobered by a bottle of port after drinking 18 wineglasses of whisky; and every doctor knows of cases where one glass of spirits means a disordered head.

It is by no means certain, however, that these inequalities will always last. It is greatly to be feared that the increase of temperance in this country, which is most decided, is not wholly the outcome of an increased self-control, but is the result of an instinctive recoil, produced by a sense that the man cannot "carry" liquor. All old men admit this, and most of the young, who almost disbelieve the facts which they find in literature not yet 60 years old. The powers of men in regard to drinking have changed as well as their habits, and we see no proof that the change is due in any large degree to the bibulous ways of our immediate ancestors. We should rather believe that a constitutional change was going on like that which has affected teeth, and which may last, at all events, for many generations. If that is the case—and the change has been observed in France and America as well as England—the desire to prohibit the use of alcohol altogether may one day become as strong in Europe as it has become in Hindustan and Arabia, and may lead to experiments in lawmaking of which we at present never dream.—London Spectator.

Trained Leaders.

It is said the number of men seeking high positions in the Army is well-nigh numberless. There are enough Brigadier-Generals equipped and ready for service to distribute over an army many times larger than the country can raise. This speaks well for patriotism, and illustrates the quality of assurance which vast numbers possess. In times like these skilled leaders are in demand. They hold success and victory in their hands. We should be grateful to God for the men of high character and sagacity at the head of national affairs. The churches, too, need trained and bold leadership. Men who can unite scattered forces, and inspire the people with courage, are always in demand. Our success is not larger because we are needing men to lead the army of the living God. Our churches are blundering, disunion arises, even wrangling and fighting within, because they have not clear-headed, true-spirited and wise-speaking men among them. Nearly all our church troubles come because there is no tactful and far-seeing leadership among them. The unwisdom of good men have wrecked a thousand churches in which unity and success might have been enjoyed.—The Commonwealth.

Spirit-Wrestlers.

An article appears in the *Arena* on a body of Christians in Russia, called "Christians or the Universal Brotherhood," or Spirit-Wrestlers. The chief mark of these men and women, who are mostly poor, is that they take Jesus seriously, and act as if he meant what he said. In other words, they are trying to live literally according to the Master's teachings. They exemplify the spirit of brotherhood, discard forms, and resemble to some extent the Quakers in belief and practice. Of course the Government is crushing them. The priesthood united with State always does that; and the more earnest, pure and Christ-like the people, the worse the persecution. Their home is the region of the Caucasus. Infinitely strange and pathetic that a nation which calls itself Christian should vent its hate on those who most sincerely pattern their lives after Christ himself. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." True even all these centuries since it was spoken. We trust our people will soon lose their superficial and senseless friendship for the government of the Czar of Russia. It is in deadly antagonism to every thought and instinct of liberty and Christianity which prevail in our land of the free.—The Commonwealth.

Who can believe in Jesus Christ without a passionate, all-absorbing desire that He should be Lord of all? Who can love men as Christ loved them, without a burning desire to give them the knowledge of God? Who can contemplate the curse of sin here, and its doom hereafter, without a passionate impulse to carry the healing balm to suffering men everywhere? The situation is so thrilling—Christ on one side of us, and humanity on the other—that anything less than passionate interest would be unworthy of human nature. A man who can look upon burning, drowning, of battle-wounded men without a passionate impulse to help, must be naturally or morally deficient, if not professionally hardened. A healthy faith and a fair degree of intelligence in presence of the great verities of redemption and world-need, must flash and flame with "love's resistless fires," and with eager impulses to help and save.—Vernon.

The scientist, Dr. Albert Wigand, late of Marburg, in Hesse, before his death remarked to his wife: "Proclaim it to the whole world that I died as a scientist saved by faith." And the clergyman officiating at his burial read the following extract from Wigand's last will and testament. I wish that at my grave the Apostles' Creed be recited, and that this testimony to the truth in my name be given, that I with God's help believed, in all the articles of this creed, and that neither in the whole experience of my life, nor in my scientific study, was I ever overcome with doubt as to any item of this complete statement of Christian truth; and that in this faith alone have I found a solution of all the problems of existence and complete satisfaction."