

fine clothes on over your bristles without tearing them to pieces.

"If a woman with a child gets into your pew, glare at the child every time the little one moves. When you speak of it to your neighbor, a man whom you really love,—has a night-latch on his pew-door,—call the child a brat. Smile pleasantly when you hear the sexton trying to coax your dog out of the church. That dog is too cute for anything. Might let him stay in; he wouldn't bother anybody."

And, again, it may be that by some mistake you stumble into the Church of the Samaritans. You have no dealings with these fellows, and you would back out as soon as you see where you are going; but the Samaritans are wide awake, with some very informal notions about church etiquette. The sexton, standing on the porch, sees you are a stranger, and the minute you pause hesitatingly in front of the church you are his. He hypnotize you with a cheerful look and a beckoning-hand, and passes you on through the wide open door almost before you know it. An old deacon in the vestibule has you by the hand at once, and introduces you to "our church clerk", as he reaches your part of the introduction, "I don't exactly know your name,"—as though he used to know it like a book, and has a pretty good inkling of it now, but can't quite place you. An usher at each door is ready for you,—there is a perfect picket line of sexton and deacons and ushers along the front of the Church of the Samaritans; not to keep people out, but to bring them in; it isn't a fort, it's a hospital; it's a man-trap, baited with Christian courtesy, and the man who is caught there never tries to get away. The older you are, the better seat you get: if you just hint to the young fellow who is leading you forward that your hearing is a little "near sighted," he'll get you the best seat in the house, if he has to ask a resident Samaritan to give it up to you. You get comfortably seated, and somebody pushes a hassock toward you; a child from the next pew hands you a hymn-book; an old lady puts a Bible into your hands. The minister looks at you as though he had seen you before and was glad to see you again.

Before you get fairly out of the pew, after service, somebody has you by the hand, telling you he is glad to see you there, the pastor is asking you to come again, the usher is telling you the hour of evening service, the superintendent is giving you an invitation to stay to Sunday-school, and when, a little ashamed of the way you felt, when you tried to back out, you say rather meekly, that you are a member of the Church of Jerusalem yourself, they say reassuringly, "Oh, that's

all right! there isn't much difference between the Samaritans and the Church of Jerusalem now; lots of your people drop in and see us on their way to Jericho;"—the deacon tells you "he got the best wife in the world out of the Church of Jerusalem;" and so you have a good time, and go away with such a glow at your heart that if it wasn't Sunday, and in town, you'd take off your coat.

You see, it is just here: the Samaritans feel at home in their church, and consequently they know just how to make strangers feel at home there. It is their Father's house, and they conduct themselves there as easily, cordially, naturally as children at home. A church of that sort has a home-like atmosphere the visitor recognizes and enjoys. Any guest can tell the family living-room from the "spare-room" with his eyes shut. The trouble with some of our churches is that the members frequent them so seldom they have a cat-in-a-strange-garretty feeling themselves when they do go, and are consequently awkward and constrained in their efforts to make the stranger feel welcome,—very much as I should probably be if, being a chance visitor at the palace, I should attempt to receive Queen Victoria's guests in the drawing-room, while she finished her luncheon of bread and honey in the kitchen.

Get acquainted in your own church; feel at home there yourself; get into the habit of frequenting the house during the week; and on Sunday attend both services and the Sunday-school, see how easily the "workers" of the hive and the little people receive and entertain guests,—and you will soon find yourself as cordial and warm hearted as those fellows over in the Church of the Samaritans, and won't ask for a letter of introduction and countersigned credentials before passing a hymn book to a stranger. And remember always the injunction of Peter, "an apostle of Jesus Christ," writing "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia."—"Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."

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THE SPIRIT'S PRESENCE.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

We have gained something when we have learned to come and lie low before the mercy seat, pleading for the Holy Spirit. Then we go a little further. We shall be very careful to be such men and women as the Spirit of God can use. Now, if you and I should become indolent or proud and domineering, or if we should become despondent, having little or no faith in what we preach,