

MORACE GREELY'S THEOLOGY.

From an Essay Written in 1846 and
but Recently Published.

A REBUKE TO SELFISHNESS.

Social Relations which Christ Never
Recognized.

THE COACHMAN'S SABBATH.

Q.—What is the chief end of man?
A.—Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy
him forever.—*Westminster Catechism.*

It must be deemed unfortunate that, in a summary of religious doctrine from which so many human beings have received their first distinct notions of God's government and man's duties, the primary and most important truth should have been set forth so vaguely and obscurely. How many of the young learners of that catechism have any clear perception of what is meant by either question or answer?

But dissipate all obscurity in the statement of the problem and its solution, and the matter is still seriously objectionable. The existence of each individual is made to have two purposes or aims—first, God's glory; next, his own enjoyment. He is called into being to gratify two selfish ends—one the Creator's, the other his own. This must be wrong. God has not created us to the end that He may be glorified, nor with any such purpose, but in obedience to the dictates of His infinite benevolence. He has given us being in order to increase the infinity of good which pervades the universe. He has endowed us with reason and consciousness, not commanding us to glorify Him, but bidding us enjoy Him, but exhorting us to omit no opportunity of doing good—of diffusing true knowledge, wisdom, happiness, blessing. In short, God has not created us to subserve any selfish end of His own, nor will He hold us guiltless if we pursue only such ends as our own.

An I wrong in assuming that our ethical and clerical teachers are generally deficient in their indications on this head—that their point of view is insufficiently elevated and their requisitions too scanty? Is not the vulgar notion that to refrain from doing ill to our neighbor is virtue, somewhat countenanced by the usual tenor of moral exhortation? Does not the commandment-keeping squanderer, on his own luxurious appetites, of

THE AVERAGE COININGS OF TEN HUMAN BEINGS, pass in society as an innocent and often as an exemplary man?

It seems evident that a radical reform in the popular apprehensions of religious teaching, if not in the teaching itself, is here needed. Since the earthly pilgrimage of the Divine Man of Sorrows, we have had few preachers who said frankly and pointedly, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!" "Sell all that thou hast give to the poor; then come and follow Me," etc., etc. Do we realize that these were not the exaggerations of petulance or asceticism, but the simple, natural conditions of spiritual health, illumination and progress? What he required was the disencumbering of the soul of clogs which embedded it and bore it heavily earthward. What Christ said of wealth, its influences and proper uses, had no mere local or transitory significance. It is as true in New England as it was in Palestine—as true in 1846 as it was in the year 1.

In truth, wealth employed only or mainly to subserve personal ends is in its nature incompatible with a true life or with the purpose of such a life. The man of substance who regards his riches as means of luxury, of elegance, of power (other than the power to relieve and bless), or of continuing such advantage to his descendants, is inevitably, palpably beclouded as to the very purpose for which life was given him. His aims are selfish and groveling, his understanding darkened, his faltering, evading, feeble efforts at goodness are tainted by the sin of Ananias and Sapphira. His fealty to Mammon

WILL EVER CLASH WITH HIS DUTY TO GOD. The true disciple of Christ regards himself but as the steward of whatever worldly goods Providence has placed in his hands. From these he is to satisfy the necessities of those dependent upon him; all beyond belongs to his Master, and is to be dispensed according to His plain directions. Not that he is compelled to relieve want to-day of the means of relieving want to-morrow; that would be acting the part of a prodigal and thoughtless steward; but he is to dispense or reserve whatever has been confided to him with simple reference to the highest good of all. All that he has being the rightful property of his Creator, is to be dispensed according to the model ever before him in the dispensation of rain and sunshine. He whose sympathies or beneficent efforts are circumscribed by any boundary of family, sect, neighborhood or nation, is most imperfect in his obedience to the Father of Lights. He who is content to enjoy the fruits of other's toil, rendering mankind little or no positive service in return, can be but a very distant follower of the Divine Redeemer.

On no one point is error more common or more vital than on this. A life devoted mainly to what is deemed innocent, though selfish enjoyment, is not usually regarded as inconsistent with a Christian profession. The wealthy disciple may devote half his time to a round of visits, dinners, tours and entertainments

WITHOUT FEAR OF REPROBATION FROM THE SACRED DEED.

and with little danger of reproach from his own drugged conscience, yet it would be difficult to say wherein such a life excelled that of the less depraved heathen of our own or ancient times. He that lives mainly to himself and his kindred cannot truly be said to live to God, no matter whether he pray with his face to Jerusalem, Mecca, Rome or the sky. There is no savor of real Godlikeness in a life so devoted.

The assumed innocence of a life of pomp and luxury will not bear a searching examination. Is it not possible that such a life may be lived innocently, no matter how liberally it may be garnished with tithes and prayers. The man of substance who lives in luxury cannot fail to render the lives of other human beings merely auxiliary to his own enjoyment

Where some are only served, others must needs be merely servants; where some are to be habitually gratified, others must degenerate into the mere instruments of gratification, the machines whereby a certain quantum of supposed enjoyment is produced. Whenever one man

DRENDS THE SERVICES OF OTHER HUMAN BEINGS,

ESSENTIAL.

to his comfortable subsistence, and repays those services otherwise than by service in turn; whenever a family is divided into two or more classes, holding respectively superior and inferior positions, so that their reciprocal obligations differ wholly in kind and degree, so that one class, and but one, lives in constant dread of incurring the displeasure of the other, or, rather, of incurring the consequences of that displeasure, there is a relation which Christ never recognized, and which all his teachings tend to condemn and overthrow.

I do not know that I am more strongly moved by any ordinary spectacle than by that of the assembling for worship of a fashionable and wealthy congregation in one of our great cities. As the rich and the great roll up in their carriages to engross the richly adorned pews, the poorer and humbler shuffle in on foot and take the less desirable seats, leaving the worst of all to the crushed children of Africa, whose understanding, it would seem, is deemed so acute that they need not hear more than half the service to comprehend it thoroughly. The same equivocal complacency is paid to the decrepit, the deaf, the superannuated, if they happen to be hopelessly poor.

BUT THE GREAT MAN'S COACHMAN

is not even supposed to hear at all. Were he at liberty he would not venture to present himself at the door of the family pew. Such a stretch of presumption would cost him a lecture on manners to superiors, and very likely his means of subsistence. His business in that solemn hour is not to worship God but to take care of horses. While he assiduously fulfils this function in the shadow of the church outside, and the glided prayer books are in requisition within, half a dozen other human implements are busy at home preparing the sumptuous meal. For these, Sunday shines no holiday. It hardly witnesses a relaxation of their labors. They may have some vague idea that the obligations, duties and hopes of religion are divinely intended for all, but all the atmosphere, the daily necessities of their life condemn such a notion.

IT MAY BE THEIR MASTER'S DUTY TO OBEY GOD; it is theirs to obey their masters, and in this service conscience is well nigh superfluous, and would often be an embarrassment and obstruction. Thus they wear out their lives in mere brutishness and servitude, with no more mental exercise or development than the animals who are their fellow-servants and daily companions. How many families contribute annually to send the Gospel to the heathen without once reflecting that their practice and example make a great many more heathen than their money will ever convert?

To insure the speedy diffusion and triumph of Christianity throughout the world it needs but to be carried fully and fairly into practice by a part of its present adherents, so as to be fairly observed and understood. Were a single country thoroughly Christianized in all its institutions, laws, polity, usages, the world could not resist its noiseless appeal for universal conformity to its order, justice, harmony and happiness. It is because Christians are content to differ so little from pagans, except perhaps in theology, that gross darkness still overpreads nine-tenths of the habitable globe.

'Tis time is at hand when the significance which once dwelt in the disciples' washing each other's feet (and not those of each other only) in their office of deacons in the Lord's supper, shall again be apprehended and realized. Christianity has been preached, expounded, and moralized upon long enough; it is yet (by the mass of its professors) to be really lived in the age now dawning upon humanity; the Christian slave-trader and the Christian living in idleness and luxury will stand on the same platform. The professor who lives sumptuously on the unrequited toil of his slaves, and he who consumes largely without himself laboring to add anything to the sum of human comforts, will be regarded as neighbors; while he who requires service, but renders none, will be deemed a most unfaithful subject of the great Law of Love. In short, living to self or to any ends which do not embrace love to God and the highest good of mankind will be deemed the one great departure from rectitude, drawing after it all essential corruption and actual transgressions.

Economy of Space in New York.

One of the most striking evidences of the value set upon space in New York is the not infrequent use of narrow halls leading to stairways as places of business. There are perhaps a dozen shoe shops thus situated. The door serves as a window as well, and, peeping through its dingy panes, one sees two or three shoemakers in the front bending low over their lasts, while the gloom of the rear is filled with leather and refuse. One such place in Third avenue calls itself the "little shoe shop," and proudly announces that it has no connection with any other shoe store.—*New York Star.*

"Just Like a Man."

Fangle—What did you buy for a Christ-mas present for your wife, Compo?
Compo—A box of fine cigars.
"She doesn't smoke, does she?"
"No, but I do."—*Epoch.*

A California paper announced that "A lady who was to sing in the choir of the Catholic Cathedral, of San Francisco, on New Year's Day, would be well worth hearing, as she was one of the greatest sinners in the world." In the next issue the unfortunate editor explained that he had written "singers," and offered the most profuse apologies for the mistake, which he regretted the more because it was the lady's first appearance in their city.—*Australian Star.*

The workmen of Dundee, having returned two of their number to the City Council, have raised sufficient funds to pay the wages of the two representatives for three years, the period for which they have been elected. By this means the councilors will be enabled to devote their whole time to municipal matters.

THE BELLS TELL A TALE.

Creeds and Confessions Ring Out From
the Church Tower.

BE THAT HAS EARS MAY HEAR.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Physicians often have curious ideas as to the relative rights of sick persons and of healthy persons. Not long ago at a medical gathering in New England a doctor read a paper abusing the newspapers for printing detailed accounts of the havoc wrought by cyclones and great storms, declaring that the reading of these accounts had a most harmful effect upon many persons of a nervous temperament, frightening them and putting them in terror of some awful disaster upon the approach of any atmospheric disturbance. The doctor even coined a word to denote the peculiar nervous agitation of such persons. And now here comes along a Philadelphia doctor who says that the ringing of church bells often has a terrible effect on sick persons, causing them the most acute suffering. The tinkling little bells of the street car horses have already been banished on Sundays, and this physician would, apparently, have the church bells hushed also, so that on the Sabbath a deep religious silence would brood over the city like a cloud.

THEY BREAK THE MONOTONY.

This is a view of church bells that will be novel to most persons. From a musical standpoint it may be admitted that all church bells are not everything that might be desired, but most of them are musical enough. The church bells of Philadelphia do much toward breaking the dreadful monotony of its Sunday, and their sonorous clanging is a pleasant indication of some life stirring.

To the poetic mind church bells tell stories both sad and gay, and one poet has even read their creeds in their different tones. Doctors and sick people should look upon church bells as George W. Bungay does in his "Creeds of the Bells," in which he says:

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells
In tones that float upon the air
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the bell's own chime.
My happy heart in rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

THE EPISCOPALIAN RING.

In this exalted frame of mind the doctor or invalid who hears the chime-master at St. Stephen's or St. Mark's Episcopal Churches thumping out a tune on Sunday afternoon should fancy that the bells are saying to him:

In deeds of love excel! excel!
This is the church not built on sands,
Edifice of one not built with hands
I form and sacred rights reverse.
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!

A BAPTIST WARNING.

The bell of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, or of any other Baptist church blessed with a bell, says this to the sympathetic mind:

Ye purifying waters, swell!
Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Edifice of one not built with hands
Do not invoke the "venomous rod."
In what the Sacred Scriptures saith:
O, swell! ye rising waters, swell!

FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

There is a stern tone about Presbyterian bells, especially on a Sunday. The poet hears them say to him:

Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!
Life is a boon to mortals given
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the "venomous rod."
Come here and learn the way of God;
So to the world, Farewell! Farewell!

A JOYFUL CLANG.

Methodist church bells generally have a loud vigorous tone. They "shout in ecstasies," according to poet Bungay:

To all, the truth we tell! we tell!
Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!

THE CATHOLIC BELL.

A different story is told by the bells of the Cathedral, of St. John's and the many other Catholic churches which call their message to the faithful:

"All hail, ye saints in Heaven that dwell
Close by the Cross, exclaim'd a bell;
"Lead on our bat'lements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!"
All hail, ye saints, the chorus well
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

THEY CRY DOWN HELL.

The Universalist bells, which are not numerous enough in Philadelphia to get their tones mixed up, peal out this creed:

In after life there is no hell!
Look up to heaven this holy day.
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no floods to blight
Do not invoke the "venomous rod."
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!

This is the way in which people should hearken to the church bells and interpret their meaning. Heard thus by the faithful the bells would doubtless often have as much healing effect upon the sick as many doctors do. Their harmful effects are in all probability imaginary.

The Handsomeness of all Coins.

This proud distinction is generally conceded to the United States twenty-dollar gold piece, a marvel of beauty in design and finish. The loveliest of God's handiwork is a handsome woman, if in the bloom of health; if she is not, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore her. Ladies who use this peerless remedy are unanimous in its praise, for it cures those countless ills which are the bane of their sex—irregularities, dragging down pains, inflammation, hysteria, sleeplessness, and the "all gone" sensations which burden their daily lives. A tonic and nerve, without alcohol.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, who is now playing so prominent a part in Irish politics, is the original of Anthony Trollope's character of "Phineas Finn," the Irish member.

The richest man in the world, if he lives to inherit his patrimony, will be the young Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the Duke of Westminster. By the time he attains his majority it is estimated that his income will be between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a day.

SPONGE OUT A HEADACHE.

A Very Simple Way of Driving Out
Woman's Curse.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the muscles behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping or from a long round of calls and afternoon teas. She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner party or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not the cure, nor bromides or the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug shop.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in water as hot as it can possibly be borne; apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head centre, and then bathe the face in water running cold from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of ten minutes can follow, every trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for sunburn, and the worst case of this latter affliction of skins will succumb to the hot water treatment. The cold douche should not follow in this case; instead, a light application of vaseline or cold cream, which prevents the peeling of the skin as the hot water prevented inflammation.

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia in nine cases out of ten will yield to applications of cloths wrung out in hot water in which the hand cannot be borne.

The Turf.

The sale of the horses of the late August Belmont's stable to-day promises to be the turf sensation of the season. Messrs. T.C. Patterson, A. Bolt and Robert Davies, of Toronto, will attend the event, and some of them will most likely land a fast one for Toronto. Potomac seems to be the horse desired by patrons of the turf everywhere.

A table giving a list of the 3-year-olds which captured \$5,000 and over in stakes and purses during the period from January 1st, 1890, to date, includes forty-five performers, against twenty-three in 1887, thirty in 1888 and forty-one in 1889. In 1887 the twenty-three above mentioned won a total of 155 races and \$354,740, and the thirty-nine in 1888 landed 211 races and \$417,605, while in 1889 the forty-one lucky ones captured 261 races and \$621,249 in stakes and purses. It will thus be seen this year shows an increase of \$226,111 over 1887, \$163,346 over 1888 and \$59,557 over 1889 in money won. The races won also outnumber those of other years, there being 130 more than in 1887, seventy-four more than in 1888 and twenty-four more than in 1889.

In 1887 the largest winning 3-year-old was Hanover, who won twenty races and \$89,827. In 1888 Sir Dixon, with six races and \$37,920 to his credit, headed the list. Last year Salvador led all 3-year-olds in money won, his seven wins enriching his owner \$71,880. The combined winnings of 2 and 3-year-old winners of \$5,000 and over this season comes to the huge sum of \$1,126,533, an increase of \$526,075 over 1887, \$359,375 over 1888 and \$116,884 over 1889. When a 3-year-old with eight wins can capture the money Tournament placed to the credit of Senator Hearst it becomes by no means foolish for a man to pay \$35,000 for a colt of the promises of Bolero. The total winnings of the forty-five horses which won over \$5,000 each amounted to \$580,851, the leader, Senator Hearst's Tournament, winning \$89,755.

It is a strange fact that Salvador, the greatest 4-year-old, or the most wonderful horse, for that matter, that was ever on the turf, won but \$25,000 this year, \$10,000 of which was from the match race with Tenny. Numerous horses, much inferior to Salvador, have won double that amount.

The Arizona Kicker.

We apologize. The editor, owner, publisher and proprietor of the thing called "Our Contemporary" was driven frantic with jealousy because we were able to order and pay for three bundles of paper at once. We happened to meet him in Bonny's hardware store Tuesday afternoon, where he was dickering for a grindstone to use as a balance wheel on his "only steam press," and he boiled over and called us a liar. We hope he can be patched up, sewed together and saved from the grave, though the latest reports are discouraging. We didn't mean to. If he only will get well he may abuse us the rest of his natural life and we won't say a word.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Emperor of China.

When the Emperor of China made his pilgrimage two or three months ago to the tomb of his ancestors he allowed himself to be seen by the people, and even conversed with and received petitions from them. This is the first time in thousands of years that a Chinese emperor's face has been seen by the masses of his subjects, and formerly an effort on the part of one of them to speak to the Emperor would have been cause for execrating torture and final death. To pronounce the real name of the Emperor is a capital offence even now. He is known as the Son of Heaven.

"I've here a little bill I'd like to present sent to you and—"
"Keep it, keep it, my dear fellow—I make you a Christmas present of it. It's far more blessed, you know, to give than to receive."—*Shoe Recorder.*

The population of the earth doubles itself in 260 years.

—Do Pink—Professor, in your experience what is the most discouraging thing in matrimony? Professor—A woman's no.

A Boy's Mother.

(James Whitcomb Riley.)

M—mother she's so good to me
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good; no air!
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An' what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cryin'; no, I cry; an' men
We both cry; and be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak and Sunda, clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him, most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her and hug my pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as ma.

SEE HERE, JENNESS MILLER:

Men Need a Support For the Shoulders and Chest.

More than one eminent physician is advocating the wearing of corsets by men. Not steels, stiff whalebones and strong lacings and all that, but something to remind them that nature intended them to stand straight, and that they should lay claim to a suggestion of a waist line. Nowadays, when the average man gets to be 30 or more, he goes all to pieces in looks, unless he is made of uncommon material. "About that time," says a writer on the subject, "his shoulders that were firm and square take on a pathetic droop."

"The coat that was buttoned up with so much pride and showed off the symmetrical back and waist in such fine lines is apt to swing open, the smooth front becomes a wrinkled nonentity, and that waist line, that was so symmetrical, is lost in what is called a stomach. I know some men take great pride in that comfortable looking stomach. It does show that life is worth living, but it also proves that a man is getting on in years, and each year adds several inches to the waist measure, and it isn't graceful if it is comfortable."

"Now, a corset or band, say eight or ten inches wide, made with heavy cords, stitched in solidly to give firmness, in the front several pieces of silk elastic tape, and the back provided with buckles and straps, would not be uncomfortable to wear, and would be a support for the stomach that cannot stand too much comfort without a sacrifice of symmetry and grace."—*New York Telegram.*

KINDLIEST OF THE KIND.

Appreciative Summary of the Qualities of a Girl We All Know.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. The New York Sun itemizes concerning her:

She is the girl who is not "too bright and good" to be able to find joy and pleasure all over the world.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who is sweet and womanly to look at and listen to, and who doesn't strike you as a poor imitation of a demimondaine.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place, because she is so pleasant herself.

And, by the by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore, you like her?

GIRLS BEHIND THE COUNTER.

Ten Common-sense Suggestions as to Store Civilities.

1. Remember that all the time spent in the store belongs to your employer.

2. That courtesy behind the counter wins even the most captious customer.

3. That gossip about young men, or with them, is unbusiness-like and, under the circumstances, rude.

4. Never attempt to instruct a customer; while you may suggest, or politely question, the desirability of this or that.

5. Do not say, "Here, Sade, hand me your pencil," to your neighbor.

6. Never say, "No, we haven't got it," in a short, crisp tone; far better a polite, "I am sorry to say we do not have it in stock."

7. Do not thrust a package at a customer as you would a pistol in the face of a highwayman.

8. Never throw down goods with an air which seems to say, "I do not care whether you buy it or not."

9. Dress modestly and avoid cheap jewelry.

10. Frown down with womanly scorn the nonsensical title of "saleslady."—*Kate Tannatt Woods, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Death Rate in the Cities.

Following is the death rate in these cities and towns for November, 1890: Q. uebec, 2.01; Sorel, 2.07; Halifax, 1.95; Q. uil, 1.71; Montreal, 1.53; Sherbrooke, 1.51; Chatham, Ont., 1.37; Windsor, Ont., 1.29; Hamilton, 1.28; Ottawa, 1.22; Winnipeg, 1.17; Toronto, 1.14.

The Veil Caught Him.

Father—So you have decided to go to the Hard Scrabble University? Don't you know the faculty is extremely limited?

Son—Yes, but their college yell is simply superb.

What He Can't Do.

Drake's Magazine: Man in a power in the land, but after all, he can't get married without a woman's consent.

What is the measure of a woman's arms when outstretched? Fifty-nine inches for a height of 58.8 is curious, because it represents seven tenths of an inch more than the stature of a woman. The tallest woman being 67.7 inches from tip to tip of fingers, the measure was 68.3 inches. The average is 64.2.