

Pastor and People.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

I.—"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

(Concluded.)

Many will be condemned by-and-by simply from their taking care, as they thought, of No. 1. Then, when they see matters in the light of God's nature, and Christ's life and death, and when their own true life stands before them in its proper light, they shall see how far they had departed from God's law in the whole spirit of that life. Perhaps they will be surprised. Perhaps, like those men in the parable, they will say, "Lord, when saw we Thee an-hungered, or thirsty, or naked, or sick, or in prison?" and perhaps the answer they will get shall be this, you could not see, because you would not see; you stood in your own light; you put your gross and earthly self between your real self and Me, and as you would none of My law, so now I mock at your calamity. Behold, all your life was strewn with opportunities of your living in others for Me. "Inasmuch," says Jesus, "as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me." Suppose you hear the remainder of that speech addressed to you, that a voice said to you, "Depart, thou cursed one, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" cannot you understand with what gibes and jeers and cruel mockings you may be received into the abodes of woe? horrible voices full of irony crying, "Here comes the man whose life-motto was, 'Every man for himself,'" your own heart's memory jeering and mocking too, and saying, "And thus miserably ends a lifelong taking care of No. 1!"

The fact is that all sin is against our real interest in the end. And so it comes to pass that a great deal of getting and keeping here may be simply dead loss, and ruinous as regards hereafter. If he that loses his life shall find it, how much more he that for Christ's sake gives up some smaller thing? If not even a cup of cold water can be given to a disciple in the name of Christ without its bringing hereafter a corresponding reward, how much more all those still larger services which it is in the power of every one to render?

Well, is it taking care of No. 1? is it being in any true sense of the word "for yourself" to lose the future great reward? Even suppose you have repented and sought Christ, and found life and safety in Him, are you pursuing your true interest when you are doing all you can to make your reward as small as possible for eternity? God has made a true sense in which a man's own interests are to be dear to him, in which his own self is to be precious; and you are missing God's way when you are following out your own. His teachings about yourself would lead you one way, your ideas on the subject lead you another; His would have landed you in gain imperishable, your own can land you in nothing but loss.

I would say to such a man, Remember this, too—and it is a very serious consideration—every day that you spend with "Every man for himself" as your motto and rule of life hardens you to the power of the Cross, and makes you move farther and farther from its influence. One of the great operations of the Cross is to penetrate "self"—to break through its hard shell, to pierce the armour in which it is encased from head to foot. And if we buckle self closer and closer still, then the more do we shut ourselves up from those holy influences which would make us like Christ and fit for heaven. "Self" in some form, is the great enemy with which the Cross has to contend; and to hug ever closer the enemy of Christ is to do ourselves a deadly injury.

How can a man be said to be for himself in any sort as to good, when he is putting from himself his hope of life?

And then I say to such a one, You are losing all real pleasure. There may be a poor shadowy pleasure for a moment in doing what that "self" desires which is not of God. It is folly to say that there is no pleasure in sin. If there were none, then people would not sin. The first sin was committed under inducements of pleasure—goodness of food, pleasure to the eye, the being made wise, all gave goodly promise; and under that inducement the sin was consummated. And so it is now. The miser, the drunkard, the voluptuary, and all who commit sin, find a pleasure of some kind in it for depraved self. But it abides not, and finally it stings.

The greatest pleasures are those which we find outside ourselves; they become our own, though we do nothing for self, still all our outgoings for others come back upon ourselves; good measure pressed down and running over is poured into our bosom. There is a story of, I believe, an Italian noble, who had lived entirely for himself, and exhausted, in what he thought pleasure, all his energies. At last life became burdensome to him, and he determined to commit suicide. On his way to the water in which he intended to drown himself he was accosted by a beggar-child asking alms. He threw the child a piece of gold, and was

proceeding on his way to the river, when he suddenly determined to go and see the child's sick mother, according to her earnest request when she asked for charity. He went; and the happiness he experienced in ministering to their wants, and feeling their gratitude, was such that he believed life was not quite exhausted, that it had some new sensations and interests still left, and henceforth he became a useful and a happy man.

Well, if all this be so, if self be likely to assume so undue a prominence, and to play as in our deepest, truest, and most real selves so false a part, surely, when we say, "Every man for himself," or when we are about to act on this principle, we had better take care what we are about. What we are called upon to do, is to take care, and to deal aright with self. Our deep, true, and real "self" has claims on us which we cannot disregard without ruin.

We must see well to it wherein our individual true happiness is to be found. Ask yourself, good reader, whether you have been making a mistake hitherto in this matter. If you have found no happiness, say to yourself, "Why am I thus?" We may feel inclined to lay the blame on this person and that, or on one circumstance and another, but in all probability the blame rests entirely upon ourselves.

You have a right to look for personal happiness; it is right that you should have no rest without it; and the way to get it is this—Come and get unbundled at the Cross, and then go and live with the usefulness which is the doctrine of that Cross.

Take care of No. 1, as you value all that is really worth having, but take care of it in God's way. Many, while they think they are taking care of it, are really ruining it. Every man shall give account of himself to God, therefore not to take care of No. 1 would be to throw yourself away, and be unable to render up a good account when the day of reckoning comes.

Put this question to yourself, good reader, "What kind of a 'self' did God mean me to have?" and when you do this, you will find that it is impossible that it can be a self unlike His Son—the great pattern Man for all.

Be strong, and earnest, and all alive for yourself, that you may be made what He would have you be, and God will put your self right with Him, and being right with Him, it will be in right and blessed relationship with all others also.

You must indeed look well to yourself. You must not commit this all-important interest to another; you must see to it that you yourself are in Christ—that you yourself are living for Christ.

Do not expect that others will look after you—that you can offer as a valid excuse, by-and-by, that if you had been properly attended to, things would have been different with you from what they are now. What can you answer if you be asked, "To whom were you of so much importance as yourself; why then did you not look after yourself?" Little do men know what error, what truth, lie in this common saying, "Every man for himself."

Helping the Enemy.

Yesterday our waitress, a good, devout Romanist, came to my door and said: "Miss A., there is a young girl down stairs would like to see you." I went down stairs to find a neatly-dressed servant girl, collecting-book in hand, come to appeal to me for funds to build a new house for their priest. She called my attention to the name of my next neighbor, a devoted Christian woman, who had subscribed a small amount. I particularly dislike to refuse people, but I have always been very outspoken in the belief that Protestants ought not to assist Romanists in religious operations. Yet I knew my faithful Annie was in the next room, and could hear every word I said; and will she, thought I, believe in my interest for her, if I refuse to give to her beloved Church? I hesitated for a moment, and then said, "If I give anything, I will give it through Annie, who is interested in all that concerns the Church." The girl thanked me and withdrew. Again that afternoon I was appealed to for the same object, with a like result.

Perhaps it will surprise your readers that it cost me so much trouble to decide; but I could not make up my mind until this morning, because I could not bear to disappoint Annie.

This morning I said what I ought, of course, to have said at first—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The answer was to me clear and unmistakable: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

Then I thought, shall I just let it go—say nothing about it? No, that would leave my motives open to question. So I went into the dining-room, where Annie was washing the dishes, and said—

"Annie, what would you think of me if I refused to give anything to your Church?"

"I wouldn't think anything; I should never have asked you."

"If it had been your sister's house," I said, "I would have helped you gladly, but your priest's house is different. If I asked you to give towards our Church you would not do it, because you do not think it the true Church, and you would not think it right to help it along. I feel just so toward your Church."

"That's just what I was saying last night to George," she replied; "you didn't come to us when you were building Dr. T.'s church, and I don't see why we should come to you; and I don't see how you could give to us, if you think you are right. Did you know Mr. A. gave us three thousand?"

"Yes," said I, "and to the Methodists a plot of ground for their church."

"Yes, ma'am, and Harriet says she thinks he must be very stupid, and can't know what to do with his money, to give it away like that. I don't suppose he can be anything; do you, Miss A.?"

That's how they look at it—even the strictest and most devout, which Annie is—and I could not help telling it, hoping it would prevent some, at least, from giving of the means of which they are only stewards to build Roman Catholic churches throughout our land.—*New York Observer.*

The Vaudois Church.

The Waldensian Church is making rapid progress throughout Italy. A writer in *Evangelical Christendom* gives a cheerful picture of its present prosperity. Cases of discipline are fewer; the number of meetings and of their frequenters is increasing; new societies and meetings have been started, in order to a taken everywhere more interest in the work of the church as regards education, benevolence, evangelization, and missions.—Their charitable and educational institutions are flourishing. The manner in which the lesson of the Gospel is working in the community is indicated by the following account of the upspringing of a Church in the secluded Alpine village of Coazze. This story is told by an evangelical laborer in a neighboring field.—One market day, at Fignerol, a young rustic from Coazze bought from a colporteur a cheap copy of the New Testament. He became deeply interested in its contents, and before long was powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God. He at once left his home and moved to the city, so as to be within hearing of the Word. Soon he was a rejoicing believer. He then returned to Coazze, and made his livelihood by peddling, among other things, Bibles and tracts. The curiosity and conscience of his old neighbors were aroused by listening to his experience, as well as by reading the books he distributed, and they soon expressed a desire to hear the Gospel expounded by an authorized evangelist. On a bitter day in January, 1874, Signor Cardon arrived in the village late in the afternoon, after a long journey on foot over the mountain. Permission to use the public hall was promptly given him, and a congregation of more than seven hundred assembled to hear a pointed sermon founded on the words, "What must I do to be saved?" the evangelist met of course with some opposition from the priestly party, but the reception on the whole was favorable. A noble little society was formed, and a fine chapel has since been erected, and the blessed influence is spreading to all the country around. In the city of Rome the efforts of Protestant missionaries have not been so successful as in less important centres, probably because of its occupancy by so many denominations at once, presenting to the Papists the appearance of a divided front, and, also, making the enforcement of discipline in each society very difficult.—*National Repository for May.*

Forgive Your Friends.

It is said again and again that it is the duty of a man to forgive his enemies. That is true. But there is another duty equally as plain and sometimes more difficult—to forgive your friends. Not your false friends; but those who are your true ones, and who have shown their friendship in many ways.

Our friends tax our patience sorely sometimes. They say and do things which it is hard for us to understand. They presume upon our friendship and tease us; they cross our pathway, and they fail when we depend upon them. Out of pure friendship they tell us things which annoy us, and their thoughtlessness inflicts a wound as deep as that which malice itself can make. Sometimes we marvel at the strange conduct of our friends. We are puzzled to explain it, and all that we can do is to forgive. No light word or strange deed of theirs shall break the tie which through years of intercourse was slowly formed.

One day, in a confidential mood, we wrote a private letter to a friend. It contained a defence of our conduct which some enemy had publicly assailed. What does our friend do but print the letter, and then send us a copy of the paper, with a letter which said: "I deemed it due to you that your satisfactory defense should be published. Pardon me if I have done wrong." We forgave him, but it was an effort, for we smarted under the mischief which he wrought.

Another friend makes you the butt of his wit. He loves you so he nicknames you in the presence of strangers. He gives you a good natured thump. He throws the rays of his wit on your foibles, and raises a laugh in the company at your expense. He pursues that line of conduct until you are driven to calling him to account. Then he is hurt and grieved that you should doubt for a moment the sincerity and depth of his friendship. He would risk his life he says to save yours. He says truly; so you forgive him.

Another friend, almost breathless, hastens to meet you. "Mr. A.," he begins, "said in my hearing a very ill natured thing about you." You beg him to stop, as you do not wish to hear what was said, but you beg in vain. "I am your friend and must tell you." And so he quotes a malicious remark, which ought not to have been repeated, and which makes you excessively uncomfortable. Then he asks you to forgive him if in his friendly zeal he did wrong to repeat this precious bit of personal gossip, and you forgive him.

But the friend that is the hardest to forgive is he who feels it to be his duty to be your faithful critic, and to tell you of all your faults. He uses no judgment about the matter. His eyes are always open and staring, and his tongue is always moving. He sees something odd about your dress, something awkward in your manners, something ungrammatical in your speech, you wonder what there is about you that he likes. He is worse than an accusing conscience, and in your loftiest tone you call him to order. "Pardon me for my criticisms," he says, "for they are well intentioned, and faithful are the wounds of a friend." What can you do but pardon him?

Forgive your friends! If you find it hard to do this, O think how often they have forgiven you!—*Methodist.*

"They are without fault before the throne of God."—*Revelation xiv. 5.* Is not this a most glorious prospect and portion for the believer? Am I looking forward to it as my own? And am I living a life of preparation for the blessedness thus promised to the faithful? Do I so trust in Christ, and so live a life of conformity to His will, as, through grace, to be fitted for heaven, as through the divine mercy and promise I may have a title to it? Does the expectation of coming glory encourage me to be faithful unto death?

O Jesus! Friend Unfailing!

O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this way pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.
Naught, naught I court as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure
Earned peace and joy for me!
I love to own, Lord Jesus!
Thy claims O'er the Divine;
Brought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine?
What fills my heart with gladness?
Thy Thy abounding grace.
Where can I look in sadness,
But Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing,
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold.
Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt over by my side.
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er befall?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me.
O worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ is, peace prepareth,
There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!
For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help, and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!

Meanness.

Economy is an excellent thing. That is, it is very comfortable to be able to say to one's self, "I will do without this, that, or the other luxury, rather than run the risk of being a beggar in my old age," or even to find it possible to live without what is usually deemed a necessity, rather than to run into debt. But exaggerated economy, or rather meanness, is something which must render its possessor wretched, and something too selfish to forbid themselves anything they desire. They covet rich food and fine dress, ease, and idleness, but they begrudge to those who minister to their wants their well earned price, and always forget that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

From the lips of such people you hear nothing but complaints. Every one is overreaching them. The dressmaker has sent in a frightful bill; the cook has no right to such wages; the abominable landlord thinks no rent too much for his house; it is impossible to have anything done without being cheated. In fine, they want all that people have to sell, and have within their souls a miserly desire to get it for nothing. Always accusing other people of their own vices, they slave their conscience, and when they do get something for nothing fancy themselves happy. But it is only a fancy. They can never know the pleasant warmth that fills the heart when a generous action has been done at its prompting. Never can they feel the pleasant independence that follows liberal and ungrudging payment of those to whose toil or trouble one is indebted.

Life is a constant battle to them, and many a spendthrift is happier than those who forget that they have no right to economy at the expense of other people, and whoever wittingly takes money from another to add to his own purse is, at least at heart, a thief.

Noise in the Pulpit.

A celebrated divine who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed people, but when I grew wiser I discovered it was the lightning; so I determined in future to thunder less and lighten more."

There is an immeasurable distance between the genuine and the spurious Christian. The genuine Christian may be weak, wild, eccentric, fanatical, faulty; but he is right-hearted; you find "the root of the matter" in him. The spurious Christian is the most dangerous of men, and one of the most difficult to deal with. You see what he is, but you find it almost impossible to keep clear of him. He will seek your acquaintance in order to authenticate his own character—to endorse his own reputation; but avoid him. His errors and vices will be assigned to the Church by an indiscriminating world. There is less danger in associating with worldly people by profession, and more tenderness to be exercised toward them.—*Richard Cecil.*

As the earth must have its sun, so the soul must have its Christ. The longing of every heart is for power to look beyond the mist and darkness of life, to penetrate through the seen to the unseen, and learn something of the character of Deity and of his purpose concerning us. That is a longing which men will ever have, let the coming ages bring with them what they may, and one which has never been so fully satisfied as in the person of Mary's gentle Son. There may be those who, in the future as now, will continue to claim that philosophy and science, and the natural religion which grows out of them, suffice to answer man's questions as to God and human destiny; but this class, as to-day, will always be small. The world calls for bread, and will not be satisfied with husks. It can only feed its hunger on the manna of Revelation; and until God shall vouchsafe unto it a higher manifestation of His wisdom, love, and power, it cannot give up its Christ.

Random Readings.

ONE cannot well know himself, unless he knows his Creator.—*Eastern Proverb.*

THE man who is not thankful for a favor, will not be insulted if treated amiss.—*African Proverb.*

HE who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.—*Chinese Maxim.*

THERE is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.—*Coleridge.*

NOTHING draws along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs—the first day of saints. It has been from the first day till now the sublime day of the Church of God; still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us then remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

HE who labours only for his personal pleasure may well be discouraged by the shortness and uncertainty of life, and cease from his selfish toil on the first approach of disease; but whoever has fully realized the grand continuity of intellectual tradition and takes his own place in it, between the future and the past, will work until he can work no more and then gaze hopefully on the world's great future.—*Hamerton.*

THERE is nobody to say that, having tried the Bible, they found it injurious. The more reading, without a proper regard to the truth and the help that is needed from God, will prove a savor of death; but the fault is not in the word, but in the man. Throughout the Church there is one universal testimony to the fact that the word of God is a benefit and blessing to those who use it properly.

No one will do for himself who does not do for somebody else. Taking care of number one is always best accomplished when we are bearing burdens, giving cups of cold water, and otherwise manifesting our interest in those who have need. Let a man begin life with a determination to build himself up by selfishness, and he will pass through it a miserable failure, both as regards his own happiness and his influence on society.

MEETING with a person, the other day, who had formerly been in the liquor traffic, I asked him why he left the trade. His reply was as follows: "In looking over my account-book one day, I counted up the names of forty-four men who had been regular customers of mine most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, and ten of the remainder were then living confirmed sots! I was appalled and horrified. To remain in such a dreadful, degrading and murderous trade I could not, hence I abandoned it." Such are the fruits of rum-selling.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life, without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before-hand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

You can be happy in plain clothes and in a small house. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." But you cannot be happy with debts for yesterday's luxuries, and discounts over their loss. Let us encourage modesty and sobriety of life. The rage for wealth has ruined thousands in conscience, in character, in reputation. Let us eschew ostentation of life, and increase our power to help the needy around us. A suit or a hat less in a year will be easily endured, and the savings will cheer the man or the woman who works for you. Look down more; look up less; substitute charity flowing down for envy trying to fly up. You will be happier.—*Methodist.*

In itself, and merely for itself, death need not be terrible, and often is not. But it is the light of the higher life in Christ which alone glorifies it. And unless this light has sunk into our hearts, I know not whence hope can reach us. We may be resigned or peaceful. We may accept the inevitable with a calm front. We may be even glad to be done with the struggle of existence, and leave our name to be forgotten and our work to be done by others. We may be able to say to ourselves, if not in the sense of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," I am ready to lie down and die and cease to be, if this is my fate. But in such a mood of mind there is no cheerfulness, no spring of hope. With such a thought St. Paul could neither comfort himself nor content the Thessalonians. Nay, for himself he felt that he would be intensely miserable if he had only such a thought. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all most miserable."—*Principal Tulloch.*

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel it; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength, yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sere leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with littles; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant, it heaps mountains on mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment.—*Exchange.*