

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

## ETIQUETTE vs. POLITENESS.

Etiquette and politeness are related to each other very much as morality is to religion. The one is a hollow shell, affecting the outward behavior as regards society, while the other can only spring from a heart full of love and kindness toward all who come within reach.

A man can satisfactorily answer all the demands of society upon his habits, manners, and general conduct, yet be heartless and selfish in the extreme; but to be really polite, he must go deeper than the surface; and even set aside—if need be—the stern decrees of custom, that others may be relieved from embarrassment, and be made to feel at ease.

To be perfect in the rules of etiquette requires a knowledge of and association with good society, with time and opportunity for reading and travel; for etiquette, like fashion, differs in every land; but to be polite, such training is not necessary; neither luxury nor riches is requisite, nothing save a kindly heart.

True politeness dictates—among other things—a deference to the opinions of those older than ourselves; an avoidance of unpleasant subjects of conversation; or, having stumbled upon them, an adroit introduction of other topics in their stead; a careful consideration for the peculiarities and personal defects of others, a gentle charity towards their antipathies and idiosyncrasies, as well as a frank and prompt acknowledgment of favors shown us.

An act of disinterested kindness is the evidence of real politeness, more than the strictest devotion to form and ceremony; but sometimes we are prevented, through reserve or timidity, from carrying out our better impulses. We do not always know that they will be kindly received.

Many years ago, before the introduction of the English sparrow, a gentleman and his wife were walking through one of our city parks, on their way to church, and just before them were another lady and gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion. An immense worm swung from the tree, and crept up the breadths of the lady's delicate silk dress; and the couple behind discussed their duty in the matter, whether or not to let her sweep into her pew and sit down, unconscious of her proximity to the hateful creature. "I must take it off," exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "But," urged the lady, "perhaps she will not like it." "It will ruin her dress," was the practical reply; and so, just at the church door, he stepped forward, removed the worm, and threw it on the ground. The gentleman (?) who accompanied the lady, turned at once, and, instead of thanking him, drawled out. "Sir, anything that this lady requires, I am quite competent to do for her myself." The other bowed and made no reply; but the devotee of fashion, with his lavender gloves and his supercilious smile, appeared to great disadvantage beside the simple dignity of the kind service which he could neither understand nor appreciate. The influence of such a repulse would go far to make one hesitate to offer again the slightest civility to a stranger. Sometimes exceedingly rude things are done under the cover of politeness. Many a scathing rebuke and cutting sarcasm is uttered in a soft low voice, and, with the sweetest of smiles, one's weaknesses are made, without scruple, the subject of conversation; one's most sensitive feelings played upon, until, though surrounded by politeness and polish, one is rendered miserable and unhappy.

While it is kind and thoughtful to assist those in difficulty or embarrassment, it is also in very bad taste to stand by and gaze stupidly when you can do no good. Better let them suffer alone than to lay upon them the additional burden of feeling themselves to be objects of impertinent curiosity.

The standard of true politeness, then, is not to be found in Lord Chesterfield's Letters, nor in the opinion of the world, but in those words uttered more than eighteen hundred years ago, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

## SUCCESSION.

Apostolic succession is all very well, but we don't know where you can get it, pure and simple, except from the New Testament. Instead of hunting after apostolic succession, or deducing it from a *priori* reasoning, we much prefer the safer, sounder, and more reasonable course of appealing directly to the New Testament for our principles, pattern and polity, than to suspend any question as to the correctness of doctrine, the validity of ordination, the administration of ordinances, or the authority of a Christian Church, on our power to trace back an ecclesiastical succession from the present time, and through all the dark ages, to the apostles, in order to justify our claim to be churches of Christ—such as were formed and tended by his apostles—and to show that our ministry, and the ordinances it administers in the name of the Lord, are valid. Doubtless some kind of succession there was; but it is not so apparent that we can lay much stress on it; for historical documents may be destroyed, may be corrupted, or may fail in explicitness; and therefore fail to prove any succession such as is claimed. All, however, that could be gained by complete possession of this knowledge, were it possible, we now have in the most certain and reliable form in the teaching, testimony, prophecy and history of the New Testament. There is furnished for all coming ages a divine delineation of the Church of Christ as respects doctrine, the spiritual character of its members, the ordinances they are required to observe, the holiness they should exhibit, the benevolence they should cultivate, and the great end they should have in view—the glory of God—the magnifying of Christ, and the highest good of mankind.

If a body or congregation of people in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, or elsewhere, conform in their principles in the ordinances they practice, in their spirit, in the life they lead, and the motives that influence and mould their conduct, to the teaching and requirements of the New Tes-

tament, that congregation may be taken as really in the succession—and possesses vital and significant marks of its relations to Christ and the apostolic church. But suppose that a congregation or church, without the proper and distinctive marks, may possibly trace its pedigree through the ages back to the apostles, of what value, we ask, is such a succession, though perfect in form and date, "if lacking the spirit of Christ, and having therefore no spiritual fellowship with the apostles, or with the regenerate of any age?"

To the law and to the testimony of Christ; if hierarchies, establishment or churches of humbler name and form, speak not and practise not according to the word of the Lord, they are not, whatever their profession or pretensions, in the real, true, spiritual succession that is linked with Christ and shall continue when earthly relation and tie are forever sundered. —*Christian Visitor*.

## SORROW ON THE SEA.

"There is sorrow on the sea—it cannot be quiet."—JER. xlix. 23.

The following fine poem, written by the late Captain M. A. S. Hare, of the "Eurydice," in a friend's album some years ago, will be read with mournful interest:

I stood on the shore of the beautiful sea,  
As the billows were roaming wild and free;  
Onward they came with unflinching force,  
Then backward turned in their restless course;  
Ever and ever sounded their roar,  
Foaming and dashing against the shore;  
Ever and ever they rose and fell,  
With heaving and sighing and mighty swell;  
And deep seemed calling aloud to deep,  
Lest the murmuring waves should drop to sleep.  
In summer and winter, by night and by day,  
Thro' cloud and sunshine holding their way;  
Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled breast  
Calmly and quietly sink into rest?  
Oh? when shall the waves' wild murmuring cease,  
And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?

It cannot be quiet—it cannot rest;  
There must be heaving on ocean's breast;  
The tide must ebb, and the tide must flow,  
Whilst the changing seasons come and go.  
Still from the depths of that hidden store  
There are treasures tossed up along the shore:  
Tossed by the billows—then seized again—  
Carried away by the rushing main.  
Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea!  
Sounding for ever mysteriously,  
Why are thy billows still rolling on,  
With their wild and sad and musical tone?  
Why is there never repose for thee?  
Why slumberest thou not, oh mighty sea?

Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,  
Mournfully, solemnly—sounding near,  
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,  
Fraught with dark memories of human woe,  
Telling of loved ones buried there,  
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer;  
Telling of hearts still watching in vain  
For those who shall never come again;  
Of the widow's groan, the orphan's cry,  
And the mother's speechless agony.  
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest  
With such secrets hidden within its breast.  
There is sorrow written upon the sea,  
And dark and stormy its waves must be;  
It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,  
The dark, relentless, and stormy deep.

But a day will come, a blessed day,  
When earthly sorrow shall pass away.  
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,  
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.  
Then out from its deepest and darkest bed  
Old Ocean shall render up her dead,  
And, freed from the weight of human woes,  
Shall quietly sink in her last repose.  
No sorrow shall ever be written then  
On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men,  
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,  
Still clothed in glory and light divine.  
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?  
Gone! for in heaven shall be "no more sea!"  
'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth,  
That cannot share in the soul's "new birth;"  
'Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray,  
And at resting-time it must pass away.

But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,  
There is health and joy and blessing in thee:  
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice,  
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice—  
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,  
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;  
Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,  
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;  
Weep for the sin, the sorrow, and strife,  
And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.

## A DEATH BED SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Tudor recently announced in Centenary Church, St. Louis, Luke xii. 20, as containing the text of his discourse, but before proceeding further he read the following clipped from a New York paper:

"A gentlemen died last week, at his residence in one of our up town fashionable streets, leaving \$11,000,000. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in excellent standing; a good husband and father, and a thriving citizen. On his death bed, lingering long, he suffered with great agony of mind and gave continual expression to his remorse,

at what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, as his weeping friends and relations gathered about his bed, 'Oh! if I could only live my years over again. Oh! if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a lifetime. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down, and makes me despair of the life hereafter! You have never reproved my avaricious spirit,' he said to the minister. 'You call it a wise economy and forethought, but my riches have been only a snare for my soul! I would give all I possess to have a hope for my poor soul!' In this state of mind, refusing to be consoled, this poor rich man bewailed a life devoted to the mere acquisition of riches. Many came away from his bedside impressed with the uselessness of such an existence as the wealthy man had spent, adding house to house, and dollar to dollar, until he became a millionaire. All knew him to be a professing Christian and a good man, as the world goes, but the terror and remorse of his death bed administered a lesson not to be dismissed from memory. He would have given all of his wealth for a single hope of heaven."

## THE NOBLENES OF PRAYER.

It is in prayer especially that we cease to live, as it were, in a single faculty, or on the surface of our being; it is in prayer that we cease to regard ourselves as animal forms, or as social powers, or as family characters and look hard, for the time being, at ourselves, as being what we really are; that is to say, as immortal spirits, outwardly draped in social forms and proprieties, and linked to a body of flesh and blood, but in our felt spiritual solitude looking steadily upwards at the face of God, and straining our eyes onwards towards the great eternity which lies before us.

Prayer is then so noble, because it is the work of man as man; of man realizing his being and destiny with a vividness which is necessary to him in no other occupation. But what shall we say of it, when we reflect further that in prayer man holds converse with God: that the Being of Beings, with all His majestic attributes, filling and transcending the created universe, traversing human history, traversing each man's own individual history, is before him; that although man is dust and ashes, he is, by prayer, already welcomed into the very courts of heaven? It is not necessary to dwell on this topic. Whatever be the daily occupations of any in this Church, be he a worker with the hands or a worker with the brain, be he gentle or simple, be he unlettered or uneducated, be he high in the state or among the millions at its base, is it not certain that the nobleness of his highest forms of labor must fall infinitely below that of any single human spirit entering consciously into converse with the Infinite and Eternal God.

## BUSINESS MORALITY.

Religion bids men be honest, not because honesty is the best policy merely; be truthful, not because lying is unmanly only; be temperate, not because intemperate habits weaken the intellect and impair the vital energy, and, in short, put you outside the pale of society; but be all these from one supreme, absorbing motive, the fear you have of offending a loving God. It will be the thought of God and of Christ which will alone make us true to man. Our religion will not be of that kind which displays deep emotion in the words of our lips, and then goes out to drive very hard bargains, if not to steal. And what do some men mean by this business morality? Surely not that God allows and winks at some recognized code of signals by which, if one man can over-reach another, it is all fair play. Are the strict commandments of God to be admitted in the church, and an expurgated and revised edition hung up in the counting-house? Of many business transactions it may be said: "Everybody does it;" but the Christian man will say: "So do not I, because of the fear of God." And so, too, will this powerful motive, the fear of God, purify into a bright, honest, cheerful single-mindedness and considerate kindness, the reciprocal duties of employer and employed. The servant will not reason, "My Lord delayeth his coming; I may do this trifling piece of commission, and no human eye will detect me." The landlord will not hardly press his tenant, though long accepted precedents still flourishing around him may invite his imitation. The workman will not "scamp" his work, or waste the time of his employer. Why? "Because of the fear of God."—*Sunday at Home*.

The quality of Christ's kingdom is to be a growing kingdom; though the original thereof be but like a grain of mustard seed, or like Elijah's cloud, to a human view despicable, and almost below the probabilities of subsistence—the object rather of derision than of terror to the world; yet it groweth into a wideness, which maketh it as catholic as the world. Therefore the prophets express Christ and His kingdom by the name of a branch which groweth up for a standard and ensign of the people—a branch which grows, but never withers. It hath no principle of death in itself; and though it be, for a while, subject to the assaults of adversaries, and foreign violence, yet that serves only to try it, and to settle it, but not to weaken or overturn it. The gates of hell, all the powers, policies, and laws of darkness, shall never prevail against the Church of Christ. He hath bruised, and judged, and trodden down Satan under our feet: "He hath overcome the world;" "He hath subdued iniquity; He hath turned persecutions into seminaries and resurrections of the Church; He hath turned afflictions into matter of glory and of rejoicing; so that in all the violence which the Church can suffer, it doth more than conquer because it conquers not by repelling, but by suffering. Christ is a great Lord; hath much more business than all the time or strength of his servants can bring about. He requireth the obedience of every thought of the heart; grace, and edification, and profit, in all the words that proceed out of our mouth; a respect unto the glory of God, in whatsoever works we go about; the whole soul, body, and spirit should be sanctified throughout, and that even to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Bishop Reynolds*.