

Pastor and People.

Sunday Schools and Foreign Missions.

It was recently stated by George H. Stuart, in a public address, that eleven foreign missionaries had gone forth from the Sunday-school of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. A. W. Corey, who has been in the missionary work of the American Sunday-School Union for over forty years, has observed its close connection with foreign work, and says he is persuaded that if the world is ever to be converted, we must raise up an army of missionaries in our Sunday-schools, which is a strong argument for employing Sunday-school missionaries to gather all the children into them. He is personally conversant with several cases of foreign missionaries who were converted in Sunday-schools, and these first led to consecrate their lives to their present work. Among these are a missionary to China, one to the Pawnee Indians, one to Africa, and one who has been many years a missionary in Syria, whose feet have stood on Mount Zion, and who has taught a mission school on Mount Lebanon, and has preached on the ruins of Nineveh. More than forty years ago he came a little boy without shoes or coat, wearing a walk of four miles, into a small school organized by a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union on an Illinois prairie, and was then converted and conceived the idea of preaching the gospel.

Do superintendents and teachers sufficiently urge upon the hearts of their scholars the claims of the kingdom of Christ, and of a world lying in wickedness and moral ruin—Sunday School World.

Priestly Arts.

Miss Ronzone, missionary at Milan, relates the following incident:—

"Allow me to relate to you what happened a short time ago at the hospital of this city. An evangelical woman was there sick. She had been assailed by the priests at times, but always in vain. At last the time of her death approached. She was very feeble and low when the priest went to ask her if she believed in Jesus Christ. As she answered yes, he said that was the confession, and returned with the so-called consecrated water, and administered the communion. Had she died, every one would have been told she had returned to the mother Church. This was all the priest cared for. But fortunately, she recovered her strength for a while, and in the morning, when Mr. Turin called on her, she was able to tell him all. She was distressed and weeping over her weakness in not having resisted the priest. The nuns for revenge had refused water to drink to that poor dying woman for more than twelve hours. Mr. Turin was so put out that he told them they were more cruel than beasts; and at his word, priests and nuns ran away. He reported the matter to the director of the hospital, who did him justice and gave up the corpse of the woman to him for the funeral. But as long as the priests are priests, and nuns are nuns, such things will happen. So, some good Christians are endeavoring to have a hospital for Protestants in Milan, that the poor of the church may depart in peace also."

The Bible in Bengal.

A decision of the Bengal Government in favor of Bible circulation in that immense presidency, numbering some 65,000,000, has just been given by the Lieut.-Governor, Sir George Campbell. It is addressed to the convener of the committee of the Calcutta Bible Society, and is to the following effect: "Sir, with reference to the Rev. J. E. Carlyle's letter, dated July 10th, 1878, offering to supply copies of the Bible to the libraries of all the schools and colleges in Bengal, I am to convey the thanks of the Lieut.-Governor for the society's offer. The Bible is already in the library of some Government schools and colleges; but as Government has no specific information whether it is supplied in all, the Director of Public Instruction will be requested to assist you in distributing English and vernacular copies of the Bible to all Government schools and colleges, if you think proper to supply them. The despatches of the Home Government quoted by you plainly lay down that the Bible should be kept in the libraries of Government schools and colleges." The only exception made to this general principle by the Government is in reference to the village pathshalas or primary school, where "it is feared" by the Government that a general distribution might "arouse suspicion, and do little good."

The Worst Infidelity.

It is not the learned skepticisms of our times that are troubling the masses of the ungodly. They know little and care less for what the unbelieving scientists are teaching. Natural selection, evolution, and their kindred theories, are out of sight, above and beyond the thought of the most determined popular infidelity of the age. Modern worldliness, modern pleasure-seeking, modern fast life, modern recklessness of all that pertains to another life, are doing more to destroy faith in God, and to hinder the Gospel of His grace than all the atheistic materialists of Christendom. "This is the condemnation, that light has come into the world and men have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." When a man's deeds are evil he hates the light. "Neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved." There is moral cowardice and a depraved willfulness in all this which are hard to explain upon ordinary principles of self-respect and self-preservation. But the sad fact remains, that the most debasing and prevalent infidelity is that of a bad life. Theoretical infidelity slays its thousands, but the practical atheism which grows out of corrupted habits and manners numbers its victims by millions. The one is learned, intellectual and moral, but the other is "earthly, sensual, devilish."

Civility and Success.

Is it true that it costs some men a much greater effort to be polite than others. It was said with bitter spleen of an English statesman, "Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time." It is true, too, that there are times in every man's life when to be even coldly courteous makes an exhausting draught on one's patience; but silently to devour the many chagrins of life, and to maintain a respectful bearing towards others, even under circumstances of vexation and trial, is not only a Christian duty, but worldly policy. Dr. Valentine Mott said wisely to a graduating class, "Young gentlemen, have two pockets made, a large one to hold the insults, and a small one to hold the fees." Hundreds of men have owed their start in life wholly to their winning address. "Thank you, my dear," said Lundy Footo to a little beggar girl who bought a pennyworth of snuff. "Thank you my dear, please call again," made Lundy Footo a millionaire. Some years ago a dry-goods salesman in a London shop had acquired such a reputation for courtesy and unobtrusive patience that it was said to be impossible to provoke from him any expression of irritability or the smallest symptom of vexation. A lady of rank, hearing of this wonderful equanimity, determined to put it to the test by all the annoyances with which a veteran shop visitor knows how to tease a shopman. She failed in the attempt, and thereupon set him up in business. He rose to eminence in the haberdashery trade, and the mainspring of his later as of his early career was politeness. It is related of the late Mr. Butler, of Providence, Rhode Island, that he was so obliging as to re-open his store one night solely to supply a little girl with a spool of thread which she wanted. The incident took wind, brought him a large run of customers, and he died a millionaire, after subscribing \$40,000 toward founding a hospital for the insane, a sum which he was persuaded to give by Miss Dix, whom he was too polite to shake off, though almost as penurious as he was persevering.—From Prof. Matthews' "Getting on in the World."

Words Spoken in the Family.

In families where absolute falsehoods would be rebuked, there will often grow up a propensity to idle and frivolous conversation; a fondness for the marvellous and sensational; a censorious spirit in regard to the actions and characters of others, that imperceptibly exert a deleterious influence upon all the members. One neighbor is spoken of with contempt. The sincerity of another is doubted. The feeble intellectual abilities of another are dwelt upon. Even the generous deeds of the liberal are sharply criticized, and the motives of the worthy and pious are impugned. Thus children grow up in the exercise of an uncharitable spirit that destroys all true kindness of feeling, incapacitates them from any real friendship, and renders them very disagreeable objects in society. A life that might have been inspired with noble sentiments, and generous impulses, degenerates into a protracted sneer. A habit is formed of speaking disparagingly of others, and detracting in every possible way from their merits, while at the same time, a selfish spirit is manifested that is disgusting to every high-minded beholder. Many of the gossiping tendencies that are so fatal to social confidence and friendship, and destroy the happiness of social intercourse, are cultivated in the family. They descend from parents to children, and blight whatever they touch. Few adults are aware how very early children understand their words and imbibe their spirit. Under the impression that much that they say and do is not noticed by the little ones, there is a freedom of utterance that has a corrupting influence before they are aware of it.—S. S. Times.

Tact in Little Kindnesses.

I spent a few days on a steamboat journey last Spring, and in the evenings the passengers would gather in the cabins, and each contributing something to the general entertainment, we had very pleasant times. One young man gave a recitation, not much of a piece, perhaps—one of the old time school-boy declamations—and in the midst of it he forgot how it went, got confused, and broke down, feeling immensely mortified. But one of the ladies sitting near him spoke: "Thank you for that piece. It was particularly pleasant to me to be reminded of it, for I used to hear it years ago, and it brings to mind those pleasant old times when I went to district school in the country. But I have not heard it, nor thought of it, for a long time." The man's embarrassment was half taken away by such thoughtful acknowledgment that he had given pleasure by his attempt, and the lady proved herself a "real lady." But, unfortunately, nine out of ten would not have thought to say anything of the kind.

If the man who happens to sit on the same seat with you in the cars has not the morning paper, and you have, don't read it through and put it in your pocket, but offer it to your neighbour. And, in offering a kindness, if you can put it into shape of asking one, so much the pleasanter. A lady said to me, "I hate to carry round a subscription paper and go begging, but when I do go, there is just one man I like to go to. Mr. A. always thanks me for coming, just as if I had done him a favor by giving him a chance to subscribe. Sometimes he says he can't give me anything, but he always thanks me for coming." How easy for Mr. A. to do so; yet, in one point at least, it makes him regarded as the most agreeable person whom she knows.

The impressions left by these little things last so long, too. I remember well how an old gentleman, a stranger to me, gave me a luscious-looking pear one day, when I was an errand boy in Boston. I was waiting in one of the banks, and he slipped it through the wire-grating to me without saying a word. Why, that little thing has been a pleasure to me, every time I have thought of it, all these years.—Advances.

Broad-Churchism.

What is Broad-Churchism? That it is something which is heterodox is generally admitted, but what it really means is to most people a puzzle. As we understand it, we find that the very essence of Broad-Churchism is negative rather than positive—it decries truth because it is too rigid, yet never committing itself to any statement of what is right and true, and what is to take the place of that which is wrong and false. Whence the difficulty that is felt in giving a definition of what it really is. Any attempt to convert Broad-Churchism into a system, to attribute to it definite doctrines which may be deferred or impugned, is always more or less unsuccessful, for the simple reason that is the very essence of Broad-Churchism to avoid dogmatism. It claims to have reached a level at which all logical distinctions are valueless; the distinctions of parties have lost all significance, and the colours which mark the different aspects of religious thoughts and truth have melted into a uniform grey. The founders of the Broad-Church school, if we take it as consisting in an indifference to all definite beliefs, is not any one of the Apostles, but, if we may hazard an opinion, rather the Roman Governor, Pilate, who asked the question which he thought to be unanswerable—What is truth?

Broad-Churchism is not then a system, but a tendency which is fruitful in evil; a faith which leads to loss. But let us not make a mistake. There is a Broad-Churchism which arises from an indifference to truth, but there is also a Broad-Churchism which loves the truth for its own sake, and holds it to be greater than human systems; and the one in the present day is often mistaken for the other. The Broad-Churchism which is the result of indifference, and of which we hear so much, assumes the garb of charity, catholicity, and liberality, by simply putting aside all definite beliefs, and calls the state thus reached—peace.

As we have said, it is possible to be Broad Church in a good sense as well as in a bad sense—broad in comprehensiveness of view—broad in sympathy—broad in tolerance of convictions earnestly come by and earnestly held. It must be admitted that, even in doctrine, all the great truths of a theological system may be believed in with the utmost definiteness, and yet to declare these truths in a different order from that commonly received; to follow less the exactitude of any particular school than the freedom and fullness of the Bible; and in practice to admit the existence of various types of Christian life, varying with individual temperament, and yet every one of them genuinely Christian. The Communion of Saints is becoming more and more a feature of Church-life in the present day. Christians have been finding to their great surprise the marks of the Christian brotherhood where they have never expected to find them. The different theological types in the Scriptures—Paul, James, John, Peter, are found reproduced in different Churches—one in heart and spirit as these Apostles all were—building on the One great foundation, and each bringing into prominence some different aspect of the truth.

The Broad-Churchism, then, which would obliterate the distinction between the true and the false, which makes light of principles, and shapes the doctrines of the Word to suit the taste, and the law of God to suit the practice of a particular age, is the worst enemy of Christ and His Church. Against this error we must oppose that Broad-Churchism which will fight the new enemies of the truth with the newest weapons, and like the Children of Isaac— "hath understanding of the times to know what Israel ought to do."—Weekly Review, London, England.

How I Was Saved.

To every wife whose husband is the slave to liquor, I say hope and pray! Do not give up to despair, and if your husband has any sense of religion or affection for you, he will, by the grace of God, reform.

For ten years alcohol was my master, and for seven years I battled fiercely to overcome him. Sometimes I would abstain for several months—once for six—then, trusting in my own strength, would fall.

My angel wife bore her troubles without a murmur, and, though delicate and nervous, never gave way to despair; and was always most kind and affectionate, and clinging to my neck, would say, "Poor dear, John, how I pity you, but let us hope and pray, and you will yet conquer." We did hope and pray, and God in His mercy answered our prayers, and a happier home on earth than ours cannot be found. We are now old and gray, and are looking forward to that happy home above. No memory of the past is ever allowed to mar our perfect peace, for we knew that the blood of the Lamb cleanseth from all sin. My wife says, "I love you all the more, John, for I know how you struggled, and I feel proud that I was the instrument in God's hands of saving you. I never, even in the darkest moments, regretted marrying you, for I thought if I had not you would have been lost."

O, if all wives were like mine, how many more might be saved, if they would adopt her course instead of a harsh one.—Montreal Witness.

Search the Scriptures daily. Let error alone; look for truth. Do not allow yourself to play around a book, which dangles before you, though it may be baited with very flattering doctrine. They used to call in derision Tottenham Court Chapel in London, "Whitefield's soul-trap." Other soul-traps there are in this world, which may be seriously named. Glorious captivity is that when the soul is truly caught for Christ; awful slavery is that, when the soul is in bondage to Satan. "O, never mind them," said the sainted Venn to his Bible class, when the revilers told them his religion was all extravagance; "never mind them; never answer them; read your Bibles; press forward, dear lady, and you cannot miss of heaven with a lamp at your feet.—Robinson.

Pocket-Book Logic.

It is a good time to examine some of the notions that are put forward as an excuse for extravagance. It is no news to most people that it is the "little things that count." Nevertheless, there is universal difficulty in stepping the small leaks from the family purse. Each one seems so small, and is so small, that not to indulge seems parsimony. Supposing we represent expenditure by the one article of cigars, while we ask liberty to waive all discussion of the influence and utility in general, of tobacco. A man's expenditure for cigars may seem small as a daily item, or as a per cent. of his income for the year. But it may represent, nevertheless, just that fraction of each day's wages, or just that per cent. of the annual income, which would, otherwise, be a surplus. The surplus, or the savings of most men—that they lay up—is necessarily in itself, a small per cent. of their total income. Extravagant outlays should, therefore, be computed, not as a per cent. of the total income, but of the probable surplus. Supposing a clerk with a salary of \$1,000 a year to spend \$50 in cigars and to save, from his entire income, \$200. His extravagance should be measured, not by the fact that he spends 5 per cent. of his income needlessly, but by the fact that he thus cuts down his savings 20 per cent. It makes a great difference which 5 per cent. it is that is thus dissipated. If it is the last one, the one between 95 and 100, it is evidently the one which will have to be reformed before the young man will save anything at all.

There are a good many current traditions of the pocket-book, and particularly of the pocket-book that is trying to keep up an air of gentility that are open to some criticism. We fear that the motto of our dictionary friends is responsible for some domestic bankruptcies. "Get the best" must always be interpreted with strict regard to the relativity of all human things, as Sir William Hamilton calls it. "The best" has come to mean the most expensive, which may be the best, indeed, for people who can afford it, and the worst for those who cannot. Of similar character is the despotic dictum that "the best hotels are always the cheapest." We have heard this opinion advanced with an air that was intended to brand any one who doubted it as a mean and vulgar fellow. If the cheapest hotel is that which surrounds its guests with the vainest luxuries, such as most of them do not enjoy or ask for at home, undoubtedly our so-called first-class houses deserve all the cast.

Who is there that has not puzzled himself with the soothing speculation as to whether, in the event of a certain questionable expenditure, he will "be any poorer ten years from now?" The remoteness of the era, the infinite complexity of possibilities entering into the computation of the results, the utter ridiculousness of supposing that a paltry five-dollar dissipation to-day will affect anything so far down the stream of time, make this a most dangerous issue to raise. The bare suggestion of it generally outweighs all considerations of economy, and down comes the money. We have often wished that somebody would try this interesting but impossible experiment—"both ways," and inform an erring world whether the man who spends five dollars foolishly to-day will be just five dollars poorer when he dies, say fifty years hence, or not. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have solved the problem, and some of them can be interviewed at the alm-house.

But it is not this expenditure or that saving that makes a man poor or beforehand—it is the habitual carelessness regarding expenses, or the habitual scrutiny of them, that determines this result. And we wish to say a word here about the relations of economy and charity. Many people have a great contempt for "scrimping," but like to see "free-heartedness." We have space merely to observe that the people of economy and judicious expenditure are, as a rule, the people who maintain our great charities with their timely and systematic contributions. The "free-hearted" fellows, on the other hand, don't amount to much for the practical alleviation of real suffering. They have spurs of giving, and often give where it were better to withhold, or where there is a large per cent. of social pleasure returned for their money, but they are not the class who put down in their estimates an annual contribution to the home for the friendless. The charity has a large dross of selfishness or folly, and is not the true metal.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Only a Grain of Sand.

A man who for years carried an old and cherished watch about him, one day called on its maker and told him it was no longer useful, for it would no longer keep time correctly.

"Let me examine it," said the maker; and, taking a powerful glass, he looked carefully and steadily into the works, till he spied just one grain of sand.

"I have it," he said; "I can get over your difficulty."

About this moment, by some powerful unseen power, the little grain, suspecting what was coming, cried out,—

"Let me alone; I am but a little thing, and take up so little room I cannot possibly injure the watch. Twenty or thirty of us might do harm; but I cannot, so let me alone."

The watchmaker replied: "You must come out, for you spoil my works, and all the more so that you are so small, and but few people can see you."

Thus it is in the home. One cross feeling or one hasty word, one angry look, may mar and hinder the running of the perfect machinery. We may go along, and with God set again the timepiece; but if we do not trust in His keeping power, how soon the old enemy is on hand to thrust in again the little grain which will impair the works and hinder the wheels and present a false face to all who are around! Let us then look to our "behaviour as one who is able to 'keep us from falling,' and trust Him as the God who will deliver in the temptation, and keep the home watch running perfectly.

A View of Hell.

Hell is the infinite terror of the soul, whatever that may be. To one man it is pain. Did him of that, he can bear all degradation. To another it is public shame. Save him from that, and he will creep and crawl before you to submit to any rotable meanness. "Honour me now, I pray thee, before the people," cries Saul, till Samuel turns from the abject thing in scorn. To others, the infinite terror is that compared with which all these would be a bed of roses. It is the hell of having done wrong—the hell of having had a spirit from God, pure, with high aspirations, and to be conscious of having dulled its delicacy and degraded its desires—the hell of having quenched a light brighter than the sun's—of having done to another an injury that through time and through eternity never can be undone—infinite, maddening remorse—the hell of knowing that every chance of excellence, and every opportunity of good, has been lost forever. This is the infinite terror; this is wrath to come.

Have you ever marked that striking fact, the connection of the successive stages of the soul? How sin can change the countenance, undermine the health, produce restlessness? Think you the grave will end all that—that by some magic change the moral being it shall be buried there, and the soul rise again so changed in every feeling that the very identity of being would be lost, and it would amount to the creation of a new soul? Say you that God is love? Oh, but look round this world. The aspect of things is stern—very stern. If they be ruled by love, it is a love which does not shrink from human agony. There is a law of infinite mercy here, but there is a law of boundless rigor too. Sin, and you will suffer—that law is not reversed. The young and gentle, and the tender, are inexorably subjected to it. We should shield them if we could, but there is that which says they shall not be shielded. They shall weep, and fade, and taste of mortal anguish, even as others. Carry that out into the next world, and you have "wrath to come."

One there was in whom human nature was exhibited in all its elements symmetrically complete. One in whom there met all that was manliest and all that was most womanly. His endurance of pain and grief was that of the woman rather than the man. A tender spirit dissolving into tears, meeting the dark hour not with the stern defiance of the man and the stoic, but with gentleness, and trust, and love, and shrinking, like a woman. But when it came to the question in Pilate's judgment-hall, or the mockeries of Herod's men of war, or the discussion with the Pharisees, or the exposure of the hollow falsehoods by which social, domestic, and religious life were sapped, the woman has disappeared, and the hardy resolution of the man, with more than manly daring, is found in her stead. This is the "patience" for us to cultivate: To bear and to persevere. However dark and profitless, however painful and weary existence may have become, however any man like Elijah may be tempted to cast himself beneath the juniper tree and say, "it is enough; now, O Lord!" life is not done, and our Christian character is not won, so long as God has anything left for us to suffer, or anything left for us to do.

Thousands more would find it easy to love God if they had not such miserable types of him in the self-seeking, unpulse-driven, purposeless, faithless beings who are all they have for father and mother, and to whom their children are no dearer than her litter is to the unthinking dam.—George Macdonald.

A good mother made several attempts to bring her stubborn little son to obedience by chastisement; but at last grieved by his obstinacy, she burst into tears. At once subdued, the little one threw his arms around the mother's neck and cried, "sorry mamma; sorry." Are there not some fallen ones whom our tears might reclaim, who seem to be hardened against what we call "plain dealing"?

It is written upon the heart,—and nothing but a long process of vicious indulgence can cover or efface it; it is written upon the social system under which men live safely and happily; and it is written more legibly and impressively on the inspired page,—that every one of us must give an account of himself unto God. Happy the individual or the community, who moves under a felt sense that the Great Searcher of hearts is in heaven and looks down upon men, and that he will hereafter judge the world in righteousness, and render to all according to their works.—Rev. Thos. Parson.

We never could succeed in weaving a wedding garment such as would allow of our sitting down at our Heavenly Father's banquet. We must receive it from the Redeemer's hand, and this robe is His own royal robe, which He has dyed in the crimson of His own blood. We cannot appear before God except as we are clothed in His righteousness. But He will not clothe us in it until we have approached Him with an ardent desire to receive His grace, and until, like the poor daughter of Israel who met Him one day, we have soiled with a trembling hand that holy robe with which we must be covered. In other words, we can only share in His merits through the faith which unites us to Him. What He did for us eighteen hundred years ago is of no value without this faith, this personal adherence to Him.—Pressense.

No one loves because he sees why, but because he loves. No human reason can be given for the higher necessity of divinely created existence. For reasons are always from above downwards. A man may just feel this necessity, and then questioning is over. It justifies itself. But he who has not felt has it not to argue about. He has but its pantoim, which he created himself a vain effort to understand, and which he supposes it to be. Love cannot be argued about in its absence, for there is no reflex, a symbol of it near enough to the fact of it, to admit of just treatment by the algebra of the reason or imagination. Indeed, the very talking about it raises a mist between the mind and the vision of it. But let a man once love, and all those difficulties which appeared opposed to love, will just be so many arguments for loving.—George Macdonald.