

### THE LORD AND THE PENNIES.

It has been aptly said that, as a rule, Christian people save their pennies "for the Lord and the organ-grinders." No doubt pennies are used to a large extent in small transactions outside of charity and worship; but it is past question that they are largely used in the "worship and work of the Lord."

Now we do not despise a penny when it is consecrated to God, and represents the ability of the giver; but we are profoundly assured that there is no proper relation between the mass of pennies which find their way into the offering-plates and the well-dressed worshippers (?) from whose ample hands they are dropped into the plates. From a little child, and from the hands of the poor, a penny may have some significance as an act of worship; but from the hands of an able-bodied man or a well-dressed woman a penny dropped into the offering-plate at a church service may be an abomination in the sight of God and man. Yet the number of those who contribute a penny on the Sabbath day to the "worship and work" of Christ, is in excess of those who contribute more than that sum. We have been at some pains to verify this statement by a careful inquiry into the facts as shown by the collections taken in various churches and religious assemblies.

The instinct of meanness is more apt to show itself in connection with a church collection than in any other place. There are men who will almost quarrel with a neighbour for the privilege of paying his car fare, or some other courtesy of like value, who will persistently select the pennies from the other loose change in their pockets in order to put it in the collection-plate. And these are not "worldly" men, but professing Christians.

It has long been a baffling question to us why it is that this streak of meanness comes out of men and women so habitually in connection with the service of God's house. Surely it must be either that the heart is closed with ingratitude, or else it is pure (bad) habit and thoughtlessness. -- *New York Independent.*

### WHERE TO FEEL SYMPATHY,

A kind-hearted man knew that a poor widow and her children were in great distress, because the widow's cow, which chiefly maintained them, had died. The

man was not able to help them much; but he did what he could, and then he went around to the neighbors and told them the tale of trouble. He received many words of regret from those he visited; but he thought to himself "These kind words won't buy a cow." So he went back to the richest of those he had visited before, and the rich man told him how keen were his feelings of regret for the widow.

"Yes, yes," said the plain man, "I don't doubt your feeling; but you don't feel in the right place."

"How so?" said the rich man; "I am sure I feel with my heart."

"I don't doubt that," said his visitor; "but I wish you to feel in your pocket."

### THE PURITAN SABBATH.

Sunday has had more value in this country than merely as a day of rest. It has been a power in forming American character. It has caused a pause to men in whatever pursuit. It has kept before men always the knowledge of a great authority regulating their affairs. Those who were brought up under the strict law of what is called the Puritan Sunday, sometimes look back from early manhood with intense dislike to its iron restraints imposed on the jubilant spirits of their youth. But as they grow older and more thoughtful they recognize at least the priceless discipline of the day, its effect on the formation of mind, its lessons which hurt so much in entering that they are never to be forgotten. No wandering life prevails to lead them away from the effects of those days; nor are there among sons of men in this world of labor and pain any who look back with such intense yearning for the home rest, as those men who out from the anxieties and agonies and sins of mature life, howsoever gilded its surroundings, send longings of heart to the old fireside, where the Bible was the only Sunday book and the Pilgrim's Progress was almost the only week day fiction. Scorn it, as may those who never knew what it was, the Puritan Sunday made men, thinking men, strong men, looked always to something beyond the approval of their fellows, felt always that there was somewhere some one like what they were in their hearts. It made a large part of what is worthy in our institutions and our men, in New England and New York, in Virginia and the Carolinas, and throughout the growing Union. -- *W. C. Prime, in New Princeton Review.*