

Pastor and People.

GOOD INTENTIONS.

The wonderful things we have planned, Love,
The beautiful things we have done,
The fields we have tilled, the gifts we have willed,
In the light of another year's sun.
When we think of it all we are baffled,
There's so much that never comes true,
Because, I love instead of our doing,
We're always just meaning to do.

The friends we are wanting to help, I love,
They struggle alone and forlorn,
By trial and suffering vanquished,
Perchance by temptations of an orb,
But the lift and the touch and the greeting
That well might have aided them through
The perilous strait of ill-fortune,
They miss— we're but meaning to do.

We dream of a fountain of knowledge,
We loiter along on its brink,
And toy with the crystalline waters,
Forever just meaning to drink.
Night falls, and our tasks are unfinished,
Too late our lost chances we rue,
Dear Love, while our comrades were doing,
We only were meaning to do.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A THANK-OFFERING STORY.

'Good morning, Mrs. Roberts; a penny for your thoughts, though by the gravity of your countenance I should judge them worth millions. I hope I do not intrude,' and Mrs. Gray hesitated on the threshold of Mrs. Roberts' private room, to which the maid, on the strength of her intimacy with her mistress, had sent her unannounced.

'Oh, no, indeed; come right in. I am only too glad to have someone in whom I may confide. I can hardly ask advice, for there seems but one course left open, and yet I do want so much to do something for the spread of the gospel.'

Mrs. Gray looked surprised. 'Why, my dear friend, do you not? I beg your pardon, but you told me the other day that the church's demands were very heavy this year.'

Mrs. Roberts flushed, looked annoyed, but finally said: 'I believe after all I am in need of advice. Let me make a full confession. The demands of the church are heavy. I scarcely enjoy any of the services for fear some new contribution be asked; but, my dear, I am not responding to scarcely any of those demands, nor do I see how I can do so. You know Mr. Roberts' salary is small and our expenses heavy, try as hard as I may to be economical. For the sake of our children we must live in a respectable locality, where rents and living are no small item, and we must go respectably clad, and it just takes every cent to do it. Oh, of course we pay our pew rent, and occasionally something more; but I never have anything for extra occasions, such as thank-offering, for instance. It is that which is troubling me now.'

'Could you not give some of Mr. Smith's money?' Mrs. Gray put the question quietly, without a touch of sarcasm in her voice; but the quick tears filled her friend's eyes, and she said in a hurt tone:

'I did not think you would mock me.'

'I would not do that for the world,' was the quick rejoinder; 'but, oh, my dear friend, you have quite as much right to spend Mr. Smith's money as you have to spend the Lord's.'

'If you mean that we ought to set aside a tenth of our income for religious and charitable purposes, I can only say that it is quite impossible, and the Lord does not ask the impossible. No one would enjoy doing it more than I.'

'I know. Two years ago I said almost exactly those words to our pastor, who had asked a contribution toward the new church building, and I will reply to you as he did to me: 'Nine-tenths with the Lord's blessing will do more for you than ten-tenths without His blessing.' I am so sure, after these years of trial not only of the truth of His answer but also that there can be no exceptions in the rule God gave to His people. Small salaries as well as large ones must be tithed.'

'I do not know,' Mrs. Roberts said musingly. 'I never thought of it that way before. I know it would be a relief in many ways to have a stated sum to draw upon for the Lord's work, but suppose at the end of the month I should find myself in arrears, do you think it would be right to give when my debts were unpaid?'

Mrs. Gray smiled. 'The devil has a great many objections to systematic giving, for it always increases spirituality; and he will not cease to ply you with them until you have finally settled that you owe the Lord as truly as the butcher or grocer; and I do not believe, my dear, but that your management is too careful to allow yourself to run in debt.'

'You will excuse me, I know, if my question seems rude, but will you tell me just how you manage it?'

'Certainly. My husband draws his salary monthly. He, himself, when we decided to give systematically, purchased a small combination safe, such as your Willie keeps his pennies in, and in the little drawer marked 'For the Lord,' upon drawing his salary one-tenth is at once placed in the little safe, subject to demand. We also have a little book in which these amounts are entered and, underneath, the various objects to which they are given. Generally, the greater part of the tenth is already planned for, and it never lies long in the drawer.'

'But do you never feel like borrowing when some unlooked-for emergency arises in the household? You see I am determined to know all about it.' Mrs. Roberts spoke apologetically.

'You may ask all the questions you wish, for I am sure you intend to try the blessed plan yourself,' said Mrs. Gray heartily. 'No, indeed, I never feel like borrowing the Lord's money any more than I feel like borrowing from you. You know I have an unconquerable aversion to debt, and besides, through planning to spend my tenth, I have become more acquainted with the needs of the world, and they are so many and so great I am much more inclined to borrow from the nine-tenths. It is so blessed to give. I am looking forward to our coming thank-offering with delight, and for one month I shall drop my other 'causes' and give nearly all my tenth to that great cause.'

'I see you do not give grudgingly, but cheerfully. I am sure you are right in all that you have said, and if Mr. Roberts can be brought to see as I now do, there will be one more family henceforth pledged to systematic giving,' Mrs. Roberts said decisively.

'Then I am sure there will. I do not believe there are as many hard-hearted men as some would have us think. A man must be an ogre, indeed, that would bind his wife's conscience in such a matter. This question is, I believe, like many other grave ones in the hands of the sisters. Oh, that they might be roused to an appreciation of their responsibility!'—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

INDIA.

India has an area of 1,383,504 square miles and 288,159,672 of population. Of these 221,356,187 belong to British India and the native states contain 66,803,485. There are 207,654,407 Hindus, 57,365,204 Mussulmans. Forest tribe animal worshippers 9,302,083, Buddhists 7,101,057. India has more than 16,000 miles of railroad and 34,000 miles of telegraph line with 116,000 miles of wire, and transmits 3,000,000 messages yearly. Has 71,000 miles post roads, 8,000 post-offices, 95,000 government schools with 3,000,000 pupils, and 40,000 other schools with 500,000 pupils. 'The Christian Vernacular Educational Society for India' in 34 years has issued 15,500,000 books and tracts; 1,000,000 were issued last year. It provides a pure literature for 12,000,000 Indian readers. India is to-day a most, perhaps the most, marvellous and deeply interesting and cheerfully hopeful missionary field in the world. In 1891, one million Christians were reported for that country. Sabbath Schools were organized throughout many of the provinces and will soon be organized in all. In the schools of India there are 313,777 girls. Aias, this bright spot reveals the darkness, for of 18,000,000 Indian girls of school age, this leaves 17,686,283 to grow up in ignorance, and the degradation inseparable from ignorance in India. The low caste Indians believing and exercising the Christian faith, are leading Christian lives. They are entering upon a manhood that lifts them from a low caste position and thus the high caste foundation is taken from under the Brahman, and down comes Brahman, "scarlet thread"

and all. Christianity knows no caste; it eradicates the spirit that produces and tolerates caste. But this is not all. The power of Christianity is seen in the concessions made by the Indian Somajes. The Brahmo Somaj of the Chunder Sen school is composed of Hindu Unitarians. The Adi Somaj is more conservative, but correct and formative. The Arya Somaj professes to be anti-Christian, but in fact is anti-Brahmanical. It claims to be purely Vedic, yet its ethics are Christian and not Hindu. It is monotheistic. The first article in its creed declares: "There is only one God, omnipotent, infinite and eternal." The 24th article teaches: "There should be no worship, except of the one true God." The missionary spirit is stimulated, caste is "an inward character and not an outward condition." Child marriage is condemned; female education is encouraged; pessimism is opposed, the worship of ancestors is forbidden. It teaches contentment, chastity, forgiveness of injuries, truthfulness, honesty and obedience to God. The Universal Somaj holds prayer meetings and has a theological institute. An educated Hindu has recently declared: "Hinduism is now on its death bed." And another in a public address in the Calcutta Town Hall said: "The name of Jesus Christ is an honored name generally in the country, and a sweet household word in every Brahma family." All over India, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin and from Assam to Kurrachee, the impact of Christianity is seen and its cleavage power is producing a mighty effect. There are in India representatives of 40 missionary societies, 4,723 stations, 1,598 missionaries, of whom 819 are ordained, 779 lay—71 men, 708 women; 16,225 native workers, 912 of these ordained, 6,692 teachers, 8,621 helpers; 1,855 churches with 245,650 members and 24,303 additions last year; 117,707 Sabbath School scholars, 83 schools of higher education with 8,051 pupils, 6,614 day schools with 273,785 pupils. Native contributions \$477,283 last year.—*Rev. S. M. Davis, D.D., Compend of Christian Missions.*

MOODY ON THE BIBLE.

In one of his discourses at Washington, Mr. Moody said:

'Folks ask me if I understand the Bible, and I answer frankly and gladly that I do not. There are things in that book that are beyond me—things that I do not pretend or try to understand. I am glad it is so, because if I understood everything in the book there would be nothing to interest me now in it. It would be as dull as last year's almanac. The charm about the Bible is that every time you read it you will find something new in it. You may go through a chapter or a book ten times, and on the eleventh time you will see some new light, some new interpretation of a word, some new phase of the doctrine advanced.'

'Let us thank God that we live in America, and in the day and land of the open Bible. The open Bible has been a greater boon to the world than any other element. It has made America and England what they are to-day. A closed Bible has made France the uncertain, struggling people that it is. France closed the Bible, and the nation went back hundreds of years.'

'There are people who say that the Bible is going out of date. Why, my good friends, it is just coming in. The printing-presses are putting forth more Bibles to-day than ever before. There are more of these good books in the world to-day than ever before. The output is growing each year. And who ever dreamed in the days of Christ that His words would be so scattered through the world? There were no shorthand men then to take down His syllables and to put them in type. There were no publishers then eager to get a contract with Him to publish His sermons. There was no market for them. He has no vast multitudes ready to read every word that fell from His lips. Yet to-day His words are translated into 350 different languages, and scattered to the four corners of the earth.'

'It is the great medicine book of the spirit. In it you will find a cure for all ills. The soul has its diseases as well as the body, and needs its nostrums as well as the organs and the tissues. In this book you will find a prescription for every ailment that the soul com-

plains of. Search it through and through not only for your own sake, but for the sake of others. Go into training and read your Bible systematically. Mark the passages that strike you as being specially comforting. Then some day you will hear some one say that they feel so badly in their hearts about something. You can take your Bible and give them a dose of God that will cure them quicker than any patent medicine ever cured a patient.

'Why not have 5,000 preachers in the city of Washington instead of a hundred? Why does not every member of the church constitute himself or herself a minister to the spiritual ills of all the rest of the world about them? Then, indeed, we shall find the grace that is taught in this book.'

'People ask me if I believe every word in the Bible was inspired. I tell them no: I say that I do not believe that the devil was inspired to say the words to Eve that tempted her to eat of the fruit. But I do think some one was inspired to write those words as a lesson to us. I think that the whole work was inspired.'—*Lutheran Observer.*

THE DIVINE TEACHER.

'A teacher come from God.' (John iii. 1.) What a wonderful teacher was Jesus. What power he had to make all things teach lessons of life. Whatever He saw He would touch and make it live and preach. There would be no trouble about reaching the masses if our teachers could but learn to teach as He taught. People are hungering for the gospel, but they don't know just what it is they want. They want happiness, ease and rest, but do not know that Christ alone can give them that. Children love truth, but hate their school books until they get far enough along in their studies to find out what they mean. Their best teacher is the one who can make them see that a book is more than a book. It was in this way that Christ taught. He sought to make men perceive that every created thing had been made to tell us something about God. He made everything around him teach and preach. A bird could not come in sight without bringing a message of love from God. A vine could not lift up its golden fruit in His presence without helping to explain the mystery of eternal life. He could point to a sparrow swinging on a twig, and make it say more to draw hearts to God than some of our learned doctors can say in a whole course of lectures. How quickly He could come to the real marrow of His subject. His listeners never had to wait until he got to "ninthly" before they could make out what He was going to talk about. No wonder He was so much sought after by the multitudes, for never man spake as He spake; never man taught as He taught.—*Ram's Horn.*

THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT ARE GONE.

Why do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of heaven? Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our natures only to leave them so soon, choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at His call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection, and to have this treasure in heaven.—*Chicago Advance.*