

PERIPATETIC WORSHIPERS.

Mamma, aren't you going to pay for our seats?" demanded an anxious little girl in a stage whisper as the collection plate passed them in church; but the mamma, who had neglected to bring her porte monnaie, could only shake her head and frown. In pleasant weather, when there was nothing in particular to keep them at home, she and her little daughter were in the habit of attending church every Sunday morning, just as they attended matinees every Saturday afternoon during the season, and as they did not confine themselves to one play-house, so it did not seem to occur to the mother to take part in the service of any particular church. When a girl at boarding school she had been confirmed by the bishop of the state in which that school was situated. She had been married through choice in the largest and most fashionable church in the town in which her parents lived; the nearest minister had been hastily summoned to administer private baptism to her only baby who, at a very tender age, was so ill that its Roman Catholic nurse, fearing it might die at any moment, insisted upon the sacrament. But though the baby had recovered, and had now passed the pinafore period, it would seem, from her anxiety to pay for her seat in church, that she and her mother were still without a church home. And the pity of it is that this is by no means a singular case. Churchless men and women, professing and calling themselves Christians, are to be found in multitudes in all large cities, and even in villages and country neighborhoods this habit of what has been called peripatetic worship is found only too often.

The man of business who, every Sunday morning, after duly perusing the Sunday newspaper, goes off on his bicycle "to worship in nature's temple", as his apologetic wife or sister explains it to the neighbors, is perhaps more consistent in his devotion than are these worshipers in many and various churches. If it be true that on these excursions he "Looks up through Nature unto Nature's God," he cannot be accused of being fickle in his method of adoration. There are those who would seem to contend by their Sunday impartiality that the

word church should have only the definition we sometimes find in old-time spelling books: "A building of stone." With them the choice among these buildings of stone (or stone's substitute) depends sometimes on the choir, sometimes on the preacher, sometimes on the social status of the other worshipers. "Variety is the spice of life," some of these churchgoers will say, "and as long as we assemble ourselves together to worship God, what does it matter just where we do it? One grows so tired of seeing the same set of people every Sunday!"

It is to be feared that if on some of the fashionable avenues of our cities there were Jove's temples to be found, these unsettled worshipers would not confine their patronage to the churches of the true God. Theirs is a roving nature, and change of scene is more to them than consistency of faith. The joss house of the slums does not attract them, it is true, but if the Diana of the Ephesians had a modern shrine with a Pagan Campanini in the choir, or if a Mohammedan mosque reared an artistic front in the fashionable quarter of the city, it is quite possible that over-broad religionists might be found listening to Pagan pæons, or to the discourse of some silver-tongued Koran preacher, gravely endeavoring, as they listen, to decide within themselves "which speaks truth, Mohammed or Moses."

It is the fashion of the day to condemn narrowness (so-called) in doctrine, and to speak with complacency of the breaking down of denominational fences; but it should not be forgotten that poor humanity is ever for extremes, and that when there are a multitude of ways that seem right unto a man the end thereof is confusion.—Living Church.

THE CHURCH STILL STANDS.

While so much is being said, and correctly too, about the worldliness of Christians and the feeble activities of the churches; while indifference to religion and fondness for new and vague beliefs are very much in evidence just now and threaten to lead many souls into error; yet let it not be forgotten that God is still with His Church. Men may reject His Gospel, or fail to know

it as a power unto salvation; Christians even may lose their hold on its spiritual, transforming mysteries; but the Word is still the same mighty agency it was when Christ proclaimed it. That Word is still with us; and where that is, God's Spirit is.

Now, this fear among devout Christians that the pillars are falling out from under religion, and that the devil is getting the Church exactly where he wants it, springs from a lack of faith in the power of the Gospel. The Church, it is true, is under the spell of worldiness, and she does not reach the masses as she should, because they are still more worldly. Her pulpits do not ring with the message of repentance and faith and justification as clearly and powerfully as they ought. Her membership are far more generally interested in the material prosperity of the churches than in the spiritual prosperity of the Church. But with all her shortcomings, with all her divided and antagonistic forces, she is today, as never before, a mighty power which Satan has to reckon with. We live in a critical age, and men see the imperfections of the Church much more clearly than in the days gone by. In the shadow of these imperfections, the Church as a spiritual organism is being lost sight of; but notwithstanding the adverse forces arrayed against her from without and the enfeebling conditions which handicap her from within, she is still the salt of the earth, and, according to the Word of her great Head, ever will be, for He has promised never to leave her.

Is it not in order then to revive the faith among Christians that God has not left himself without a tangible witness here upon earth? that He has ordained His church to be that witness? that while godlessness may rage and sinners imagine vain things, no adverse power shall overwhelm His Church? That stands secure amid all the revolution of time. Zion is still with us and our hearts need not fear. "Walk about Zion; mark well her bulwarks; consider her palaces."—The Lutheran.

The greatest of all responsibilities is that of doing what we choose to do.

He who does evil needs our pity more than he who suffers wrong.

THREAD AND NEEDLE TREE.

There is a forest of such trees on the plains of Mexico. The Mexican housewife is truly favored, for when the children tear their clothes she has only to step outside her dwelling, lay her hand upon a sharp, slender thorn needle, which is pushing itself out from the tip of a green leaf, draw it very carefully out of its sheath, slowly unwinding the thread—which is strong fiber already attached to the needle—and everything is ready for use.

The tree is called the maguey-tree, and it bears pyramids of flowers which rise above its rich, dark leaves. The roots when cooked make a most appetizing dish, and the leaves are used to thatch the cottages. From the leaves is also made a paper, and the heavier fibers are used by the natives to manufacture ropes and coarse cloth.

TEN RULES OF POLITENESS FOR CHILDREN.

1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others.
2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.
3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them or they speak to you.
4. Do not bluntly contradict anyone.
5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong.
6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum or eating at lectures, in school or at places of amusement is rude and vulgar.
7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors.
8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it.
9. When a classmate is reciting do not raise your hand until after he has finished.
10. When you pass directly in front of anyone or accidentally annoy him, say: "Excuse me;" and never fail to say: "Thank you" for the smallest favor. On no account say "Thanks."—School Rules of Santa Barbara, Cal.