

## Voices of the Night!

BY ROBERT AWDE.

I HEARD a voice from mansion fair,  
Twas anguish'd with a wail of despair—  
"Drink has its victims here."

From villa, ornate, homelike, sweet,  
A cry with bitter grief replete—  
"Drink has its victims here."

From highest legislative hall  
I heard distinct a trumpet call—  
"Drink has its victims here."

From sacred desk and cloistered cell,  
A fiend like cry, with laugh of hell—  
"Drink has its victims here."

And from the stately courts of law  
Justice, tho' blind, admits the flaw—  
"Drink has its victims here."

From colleges and schools the cry  
Falls harshly on the passer-by—  
"Drink has its victims here."

From hospital and prison cell  
The cry rings out like funeral knell—  
"Most are Drink's victims here."

From tavern bars the cry resounds  
These are Drink's favourite training grounds,  
"We drill its victims here."

What from the licensed Grocers' shops,  
Where fupers get their morning drops?  
A cry—"We nurse them here."

"Here children come with jug in hand,  
When round the corner, see them stand—  
To taste what they get here."

"Sometimes they get a pint of Rye,  
'Tis entered *au jar*—What care I?  
Can't be particular here."

"We're men of business! don't you see,  
Must be obliging, else, dear me,  
We lose them, that is clear!"

"I pay my license, and I sell,  
'But see the evils, friend!—'Ah, well,  
That don't belong to me!"

Hark! from the poor hard-worker's home  
A cry—"Come to my rescue, come,  
Strike now for victory."

Toronto Citizen.

## A Missionary Revival.

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## II.

THE highest compliment ever paid to Methodism was uttered by the man who spoke of her as "Christianity in earnest." Her early efforts for the conversion of souls fully justified the praise. Where the whole Church of Christ to labour for the conversion of the heathen as Wesley and his coadjutors struggled to spread Scriptural holiness through England, a decade would suffice to give the Gospel to every creature. Earth has not witnessed a purer, nobler heroism than that which is read in the earlier pages of our history.

Oh! for a Peter the Hermit, to rouse the slumbering host of Christ to immediate action, not to retako from fleeing Moslem the stolen cradle of Christianity, but to burn into the heart of Christendom the "Go ye into all the world" of the Master, and the starving condition of the uncounted millions unroached by the Bread of Life. Here is a crusade worthy of the Cross. We want an apostle for this Holy War who shall so rouse the Church to earnestness that not only from Christian councils, but from rank and file shall arise the cry, "It is the will of God."

Let the watchword be, "The world for Christ in this century." For such a project men will be forthcoming. No

draft will be needed. Volunteers will flock to this standard. Protestant America has over seventy thousand evangelical ministers. A high authority gives to the United States alone 69,870 for the year 1880. It were a moderate estimate to say that this should represent a force of at least ten thousand men on the foreign field—every seven churches at home supporting one abroad.

With the great commission before us, "Go ye"—with the burning words of the Master and His apostolic followers, as well as their divinely heroic life, self-abnegation and death, how can a man with apostolic fire in his soul rest satisfied with our present efforts?

Let a Missionary afflatus come on the Church and we would find little trouble in raising our share.

Think of the effect of such a movement on the Church at home. It would be as life from the dead. Missionary zeal is among the holiest of impulses. It is the natural outgrowth, essential concomitant of love to Christ. Then, what an interest would be created in Missionary affairs! Eagerly would we watch every movement of our Missionaries, from their departure to their landing, and then follow them in their victorious and onward movements.

If the Methodists of America would consecrate ONE CENT A DAY for the conversion of the world it would produce over-thirteen millions and a half per annum. When it is remembered that the united Protestantism of America supports only about eighteen hundred ordained Missionaries, counting both native and foreign, and that a cent a day from two branches of Methodism, containing only a little more than half the Methodists of America, would give a thousand dollars a year to seven thousand men, it will be painfully apparent how little the cause of Missions has affected the heart of the Church. A cent a day from these two branches will give a thousand a year to a Missionary army greater than that furnished by all Protestant Christendom. Were the Methodists of America to give a cent a day they would more than double all the Missionary force of the Protestant world. Were the Methodist Church of Canada to give a cent a day they could send an army five hundred strong to the foreign field. We could establish one hundred different Mission stations, leaving five men at each station.

I lately visited a charge not remarkable for anything but this, that its pastor was all aglow with Missionary zeal. Its register contained not the name of a rich man. Yet its membership averaged about five dollars, or almost ten cents a week for Missions. Were this project fairly launched by the leaders of our Israel, in the spirit of faith and hope, I doubt not that every charge in our Zion would promptly respond with an offering commensurate with the faith of our leaders.

The only possible objection to the amount I have named is, that it is too low. It is hardly enough to create the impression that we are in earnest for the conversion of the world.

How shall we begin? I dare not trust myself with details. All I know is, that Christ commands us, and that we have both men and means in abundance. We must have a Missionary revival. We must sound all along the line, "The world for Christ

in the nineteenth century." We must put it on our banners. We must proclaim it, preach it, sing it, pray for and expect it. Above all, labour for it, till our very being is possessed by it. Then may our eyes behold its realization and we may join the exultant song, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." The two grandest auxiliaries, the press and the pulpit, should strike the keynote simultaneously. In our revivals, it is that the Missionary spirit is born. It is there that we first learn to sing—

"O that the world might taste and see  
The riches of His grace!  
The arms of love that compass me  
Would all mankind embrace."

You ask again, How can this plan be realized? I answer. Agitate, agitate, agitate! When? Now and on every appropriate occasion. How? By tongue and pen, by preparing for the work, and volunteering when prepared. By consecrating yourself to this grandest of callings, and by praying the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers unto His harvest.

All other questions of the day sink into insignificance compared with the Missionary theme.

It has special significance to the young men of the Church. It should awake their sympathy and secure their co-operation.

To these young men I would say—choose apostolic ground. Be the first bearer of the "good news and glad tidings" to some precious souls.

We have too many ministers at home, considering the condition of the world. We are constantly crossing each other's paths and getting in each other's way. Hence there is a keenness of competition that might shock profane callings. If half of us were breaking the Bread of Life to the heathen the Word of God would be more precious at home.

If there be a Church that can afford to adopt this policy, it is ours. Our very organic structure provides for such an enterprise. We have our local preachers that in most cases are degenerating through inactivity. We could spare a heavy detachment of regulars more easily than any other Church, and every man in our ranks accustomed to march in obedience to orders. But let the Missionary spirit seize Methodism, and soon every other branch of the Church would be pervaded by it. Here is a field for a genuine Christian emulation, not in crossing each other's path but in vieing with each other for priority in shedding light on those "in the region and shadow of death." Imagine if you can, the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Episcopal and Methodist Churches moving in their utmost might to the relief of those Oriental millions, actuated by one spirit, ignoring every name but Christ's. Shall our eyes ever behold the sight? and if not, must we still believe that Christ's is the name above every name to these bodies?

The indications of Providence would urge immediate action. While we are trifling with the matter at home, the various forms of infidelity are pre-occupying the ground with a vicious and vitiating philosophy and with "the oppositions of science falsely so called." It is easier to reach the non-Christian heart to-day than it will ever be in the future.

The condition of eight hundred millions of the human family cries unwearily for the adoption of prompt measures. The Church at home demands it for her own sake. Volunteers will flock to this standard at first tap of drum.

To those who aspire after ambitious laurels I offer the sure word, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

It is an open question whether the Church fully recognizes the greatness of her heritage in her great men. Next to the personal example of Christ Himself and the abiding influence of the Holy Spirit, the greatest stimulus to the religious life comes from the recorded words and deeds of those whom Christian men everywhere delight to honour. There is nothing which so arouses and sustains the spirit of heroic being in boys as the reading of books of heroic adventuring; nor is there any process of education by which children may be better trained in the habit of Christian chivalry than by that process in which the knowledge of the life-stories of the heroes of the faith has its due place. There is in this no treason to the Christian ideal. To recognize and own the Spirit of Christ as reflected variously by those who have been most faithful to Christ, detracts in no respect from the pre-eminent honour which belongs to the Lord Himself, but rather leads to a noble emulation of the deeds of those who, wholly human like ourselves, have breathed in so much of the better life. Whoever has the training of young people in charge, deprives them of a large part of their inheritance as Christians, if he fails to guide them to a knowledge of the lives which Christianity has ennobled. And the thought of those who have already fought the fight and won the victory, should not only encourage each of us in his own battle with evil, but should prompt a song of thanksgiving to Him whose arm sustained them as it sustains us:

"For all the saints who from their labours rest  
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest!  
Alleluia!"

—S. S. Times.

## The Omnipresent Scotchman.

"Go where you will," said the Marquis of Lorne recently, "it is very difficult to get away from Scotchmen. I was on the coast of Labrador, visiting an encampment of Indians, and being then young in Canadian service, I wanted to see a pure-blooded Indian. I said to the friend who was with me, 'Make the man of purest blood among them come here, upon which he shouted out in French, 'Come here, McDonald.' Very near the Rocky Mountains, I saw, in a fine Indian lodge, a beautiful baby, and I asked to whom the baby belonged.—'Was it an Indian baby?' 'Part Injun,' was the reply; and it turned out that it was partly the product of a Scotch engineer. In Nova Scotia I found a Highland woman, who could talk nothing but Gaelic, cultivating a very successful farm, while her husband could speak nothing but Italian. I have no doubt that the successful management was due to the fact, that they had the ordinary Canadian family of about twenty children, who no doubt were able to act as interpreters."