

course this joint control must extend to *the fence only*. Your endeavour to shew that it must extend to everything pertaining to both farms, you can plainly see is fallacious; which is all that was contended in my last letter.

The Church and the State are two great institutions, so intimately related that it is unnecessary to raise the question as to which of the two is the greater. The relationship existing between them is peculiar. They are not allies in the ordinary sense of the term. Much less is either of them tributary to the other. They are near neighbours, and should live peaceably together and be neighbourly. It would be as unwise to set them so at variance that they shall affect to be wholly independent of each other, as it would be to seek to have them so united as to give each the right to interfere beyond the limits of the fence which now divides their property. But they should surely so respect each other and each other's rights, that they shall cheerfully build that fence conjointly, the Church building her part—the moral part, and the State building hers by means of her civil regulations. And if the Church shall not tax the State for what she contributes of protection to the State, neither shall the State tax the Church for what she contributes of protection to the Church.

A wholesome dread of Erastianism must not be allowed to carry us to the extreme of belittling the Church, by representing her as entitled to no more consideration at the hands of the State than a private individual should receive. Our intense voluntarism must not betray us into the pushing of every principle, however sound when wisely exercised, to the furthest extreme to which it can be pressed. Such a method of argument might be made to prove that the State should refuse to sanction the reading of the Bible in public schools, or should pass no laws providing against the desecration of the Sabbath.

Anything that tends in the direction of such extremes, emanating from so influential a source as the editorial columns of THE PRESBYTERIAN, will not be likely at any time to pass unchallenged. R. J. L.

Hamilton, April 30, 1880.

#### TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DR. BUCKE, medical superintendent of the London Asylum for the Insane, has lately published a pamphlet on "Alcohol in Health and Disease," in which he takes very strong ground against the use in any way or to any extent of all alcoholic liquors whether as beverages or as a medicine. We have not such medical knowledge as would justify us in saying that alcohol never does good to a person suffering from disease. We are, however, fully persuaded that the reckless manner in which many doctors prescribe it to their patients, is not only culpable, but positively criminal. We are glad to hear Dr. Bucke's testimony to the fact that he has cut off all intoxicants from the patients in the asylum over which he presides, not only without injury to those unfortunates, but with positive advantage. Prescribing alcohol will, in due course, follow blood-letting to the limbo of discovered frauds.

#### A MISTAKE.

A young man who thinks he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good, steady citizen, is deluded. He thinks that people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repent everybody will forget that he was a dissipated fellow. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break off in middle life bad habits that have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough till the wheels get into a deep hole, and then he stops and holds back. Just so it is with the boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough till they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit.

WE remember hearing of a young man who, on Saturday night, having received his wages, found himself in possession of five dollars and twenty cents. He started down town to buy some food for his family, and on his way drifted into the dramshop, where he was too frequently a visitor. One drink made him generous, and he was prepared to "treat all hands," and an hour passed swiftly in the rough hilarity which graces such places of resort. At length he,

late in the evening, bethought himself that it was time to go, and called for his reckoning. The dram-seller figured up the account, and it was just five dollars and twenty cents. The young man handed out the five dollar note, saying to the landlord, "You will have to trust me for the twenty cents;" and started for the market. Entering there he said to the market man: "What have you got that you can sell me for twenty cents? It is all the money I have, and I want to buy something for my family." "There is a bunch of soup-bones that you can have for twenty cents," was the reply. He accordingly bought them, had them put in a parcel, and was about starting for home, not without some reproachful thoughts, when the dram-seller with whom he had spent the evening entered the market, ordered a quantity of porter-house steak, and pulled out a five dollar note, the identical one which he had paid him, and gave it to the market man. Our dram-drinking friend had seen enough. He started for home, and probably did more good solid thinking on the road than he had done before in several years. Entering his house, he gave his wife the soup-bones, and said: "There, wife, that is the last time you will ever have to live on soup-bones, that I may furnish money for the rum-seller to buy porter-house steak with." From that time he turned from his cups, entered the paths of temperance and sobriety, and was able to buy beefsteak for his own family, instead of feeding them on soup-bones, from which the rum-seller had picked the meat.—*The Christian*.

THE following letter is extracted from the "Church of England Temperance Chronicle," the editor of which vouches for its being a genuine and authentic document. We can well believe it. Not a few in Toronto, and all over Canada, could only too sadly and truly write the same, or even worse, as descriptive of their own sad experiences. When will all good and Christian men and women unite in helping those sad and suffering ones, and in keeping the thoughtless and unwary, so often deceived by the fatal drinking customs of the day, from rushing to the same pitiable ruin? "My dear Mr. ———— You are to preach next Sunday on 'Intemperance.' I do not quite know what your views on this subject are, but perhaps you will allow me, as a member of your congregation, and one who loves you as her minister, and blesses God for sending her under your precious ministrations, to ask you to read and ponder the enclosed little book and speak a strong word on Sunday against the sin which is ruining so many. I speak from bitter experience. My childhood's days were shadowed by the curse resting on her who should have been the light of the home, and whose memory now brings little of pleasure to her children. I married, thinking I could respect and honour him who became my husband, a moderate drinker he called himself: never took drink in working hours, etc., etc. My married life has been one long experience of sorrow and suffering, physical and mental, uncheered except by my children, though I pray God night and day to send me no more, and to preserve those I have from the hereditary tendencies a drunkard transmits to his children. My husband is a church member, and few know how far he has fallen. During the last year he has been ninety-seven times the worse for drink, sometimes helplessly so, generally only hilarious, loquacious, or irritable and abusive. It is not very often that he is personally cruel, though I have many bitter experiences of even that. Just think, Mr. ————, how wisely love can live to such an one, and how disgust, loathing, and even contempt strive to fill our heart. What is a wife's duty to a drunken husband is a problem I study continually, and can never solve satisfactorily. I can only cry to God to change his heart, and give me wisdom and patience. I cannot sign my name to this as I would fain hide from all the world, as long as it will hide, the curse in my home; but dear Mr. ————, mine is no isolated case, and moderate drinking is to blame for it all. May God forgive those who continually lead my poor weak husband into this sin."

THE Bishop of Carlisle, in the "Nineteenth Century" says that science, when it works strictly within the field of observed facts, is, if he may coin a word, *atheous*, or without recognition of God. When it leaves this field to deny God and His attributes, then it becomes *atheistic*. The word *atheous* is not new. Milton speaks of the "hypocrite or *atheous* priest." The Bishop of Carlisle would revive it with a new sense to emphasize a distinction worth observing.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### PAUL'S LAST LETTER AND THE CLOAK.

The fourth chapter begins with a solemn appeal to Timothy to do his duty as a pastor "in season, out of season" because the time would soon come when men would turn away from truth to the fantastic doctrines of teachers who would answer them according to their own lusts. "Do thou then be sober in all things, endure sufferings, do the work of an evangelist, fulfil thy ministry. For I am being already poured in libation, and the time of my departure is close at hand. I have striven the good strife, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day; and not to me only, but also to all who have loved His appearing."

That is practically St. Paul's last word. The remainder of the letter is occupied with personal information, given in the natural, loose, accidental order of a letter, mingled with earnest entreaty to him that he would come at once. "Do your best to come to me quickly." Demas, Crescens, Titus are all absent from him; Erastus did not come with him farther than Corinth; Trophimus was taken ill at Miletus; Luke only is left. Mark is useful to him for service—perhaps because he knew Latin—and, therefore, Timothy is to take him up somewhere on the way and bring him. Tychicus is already on the way to Ephesus so that he can take Timothy's place when he arrives. Timothy is to be on his guard against the pronounced hostility of Alexander the coppersmith. Then follows the touching allusion to his first trial and deliverance, on which we have already dwelt. Greetings are sent to Prisca, Aquila, and the house of Onesiphorus. Once more, "Do your best to come before winter"—if he comes after that time he may be too late. "Eubulus greets thee and Pudens, and Linus and Claudia, and all the brethren. The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Grace be with you."

I have purposely omitted the one simple touching message, introduced so incidentally, and with such inimitable naturalness. "When you come bring with you the cloak that I left at Troas, at Carpus' house, and the books, especially the parchments." The verse has been criticised as trivial, as unworthy the dignity of inspiration. But men must take their notions of inspiration from facts, and not try to square the facts to their own theories. Even on these grounds the verse has its own value for all who would not obscure divine inspiration, nor obliterate the true meaning and sacredness of Scripture by substituting a dictated infallibility for the free play of human emotions in souls deeply stirred by the Holy Spirit of God. But even on other grounds how little could we spare this verse! What a light does it throw on the last sad days of the persecuted Apostle! The fact that these necessary possessions—perhaps the whole that the Apostle could call his own in this world—had been left at the house of Carpus, may, as we have seen, indicate his sudden arrest either at Troas or on his way to it. A prisoner who is being hurried from place to place by unsympathizing keepers is little able to look after his property. But now the Apostle is settled again, though his home is but a prison, and he feels that it will be his home for life. Winter is coming on, and winter in a Roman prison, as he knows by experience, may be very cold. He wants to get back his rough travelling cloak. It was one of those large sleeveless garments which we should call an "overall" or "dreadnought." Perhaps St. Paul had woven it himself of the black goat's hair of his native province. And, doubtless—for he was a poor man—it was an old companion, wetted many a time in the water-torrents of Asia, whitened with the dust of Roman roads, stained with the brine of shipwreck when *Euro-Aquila* was driving the Adriatic into foam. He may have slept in its warm shelter on the chill Phrygian uplands, under the canopy of stars, or it may have covered his bruised and trembling limbs in the dungeon of Philippi. It is of little value; but now that the old man sits shivering in some gloomy cell under the palace, or on the rocky floor of the Tullianum and the winter nights are coming on, he bethinks him of the old cloak in the house of Carpus and asks Timothy to bring it with him. "The cloak that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest bring with thee, and the books, but es-