

"No, I need not have been so anxious. How often the words of the Master came to me, 'O thou of little faith,' as one by one my treasures were taken home to my Father's house, where they shall hunger no more, and I am left to complete the pilgrimage alone. But by and by I shall meet my noble Elizabeth and"—

Here, suddenly becoming conscious once more of his auditors, whose humid eyes he could not fail to mark, with an effort he recalled himself from this train of reflection, and turned his attention to another subject.

But I could not forget his pathetic words, and often there comes vividly before me the picture of the aged, way-worn pilgrim resting a short time by the wayside of life ere completing his journey. How glad I was to know that my uncle and some other friends were able to cheer those hours of rest, and make that last stage a pleasant one!

And now he has crossed the river, and with the precious wife of his youth sits down to the bounteous feast in the palace of the Royal Son, honoured as "the King delighteth to honour." His faithful servants; and is not he rewarded a hundred-fold for the trials of the past? Yea, verily, for the King will redeem His promises.

But there are still upon their journey many weary pilgrims, who have "fought a good fight," and have almost "finished their course," and it is our precious privilege to bring peace and joy to cheer their last days, and to relieve them of all anxiety concerning the dear ones they must leave behind.

"God do so unto us, and more also," if we forget our duty, our privileges, in this respect.

We are not Ready.

BY W. MOORE.

Our land is not ready, not ready they say,
The curse of our country to banish away;
Long years may roll by and great changes
Will see,
But subjects of this mighty king we must be.
His yoke it is heavy, his bonds they oppress,
His shackles bind down in despair and distress;
He charms the poor soul by his brightness,
His breath;
His wages are misery, wretchedness, death.
The home, once so happy, is wretched and drear,
And love is now turned into terror and fear;
The husband once cherished is changed to a foe;
The wife's heart is broken with sorrow and woe.
The maiden so lovely, so gentle, and gay,
With sorrow and want is fast pining away;
The young man who struggles his manhood to save,
Is hurried despairing to death and the grave.

We groan with the burden, but no one can stay
The hand of the fiend till we're ready they say;
The burden is great, but it greater must be
Before we will strike for our lives and be free.
Oh shame to our country that's fallen so low!
Oh shame that we yield to the craft of the foe!
And shame to our statesmen by cowardice wrought
To sell the dear souls of their country for nought!

But God has His servants who ever are true;
Who fear not the world, what they say,
What they do;
Whose hearts beat in pity for sorrow and sin;
Who strive the poor fallen for Jesus to win.
While great men may falter the fools will be wise—
The Lord in His strength and His beauty will rise:
The demon thus losing his terrible sway
We'll gladly be ready to put him away.

Mr. Moody on Christian Life and Work in London.

"I REGARD London as the most religious city in the world. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere at present, and I very much doubt whether there ever was anything like it. Take, for instance your wealthy men. In London there is such a thing as sanctified wealth. That is a very rare commodity in America. The reason for that, I suppose, is chiefly due to the fact that in London you have families that have been acclimatized to wealth. They can breathe it without choking. It does not crush them. It is one of the ordinary incidents of their life, and, being born to wealth, they make as good a use of it as of any other gift they possess. But in America our rich men have nearly all been born poor. They have heaped together vast fortunes. As a consequence, their wealth is too much for them, and there is nothing to compare with the great numbers of wealthy men and women who in London devote the whole of their leisure time to the service of God and their fellow-men. Why, the other day the heir to one of the greatest fortunes in London, whose name I do not wish you to publish, stood outside our meeting and held a cabman's horse the whole time in order that the cabman might take part in the service within.

"Nor was that at all an isolated incident. Titled ladies and wealthy ladies moving in the first society have gone down into the lowest slums in the districts in which we have been holding our meetings, and taken care of the children and nursed the babies while the mothers spent an hour in our hall. In some of the places they opened a crèche, where they each took turns in keeping the babies while the mothers were at the services. There has been no duty which they have not been prompt to perform. But it was done over and over again. In fact, there has been no limit to the self-sacrifice and zeal with which the mission has been carried through on all hands.

"Nor is it only the wealthy who have shown such energy. About a hundred persons have followed us from place to place—camping out, as it were—and have taken lodgings in the immediate vicinity of our halls, in order that they might be able to work night and day and bring in the people. That is one of the great advantages you have here. You have more people with leisure than we have in America, people who have time on their hands, and who are good enough to dedicate it to the service of their fellow-creatures.

"I don't think that ever any series of services was arranged for with more good feeling between all denominations, executed with more unity or zeal, or crowned with greater success. For two months before we started the ground was thoroughly prepared, so that for about ten months Mr. Paton worked like a galley slave in the midst of an energetic and devoted body of helpers. Among those who helped us very materially were converts who joined us at Cambridge. There never was a place that I approached with greater anxiety than Cambridge. Never having had the privilege of a university education, I was nervous about meeting university men. But I think I had a better time at Cambridge than I had in any other provincial town, and many of the graduates who were brought in there rendered noble service in our London campaign."

"Now, Mr. Moody, compared with

your last visit to England, how does this one stand?"

"Better," was the reply, "better in every respect. We have had more meetings, better meetings, and the work has been of a more satisfactory character in every way. For the last eight months I have addressed on an average 9,000 people every day, and we got down to the people better. There was not so much absolute work in the slums as among the middle and working classes. Eight years ago it was a superstition that you could not get people in the suburbs. Now, we find this time that it is much easier to get them at their homes than anywhere else."

"And what do you think of us, Mr. Moody? Have we improved or gone backward during the eight years which have passed since you last came to England?"

"You have improved," said Mr. Moody, "wonderfully improved. To begin with, there is much more brotherly feeling, more Christian union among the various denominations, than in 1876. The number of ministers, Established and Non-Established, that cooperated with us all through has been much greater, and their fervor and brotherly feeling were all that could be desired. Another great change very welcome to us is the increased spiritual life of the churches. There is still, no doubt, a great deal to be done, but there has been a great awakening, and the Church of England especially is much more alive than it used to be. Then there is another improvement that is very perceptible, lying on the surface of society; I mean the enormous advance you have made in temperance. Eight years ago it was difficult for me to mix in your society without being constantly pressed to drink wine. Now I may say, broadly, I am never asked to touch it, and at many places where I go it is not even on the table. This is a great change, and brings you nearer to the American level in that matter, for in our country Christian people have been ahead of you in recognizing the mischief of drink. The last improvement that I notice is a diminution of caste feeling. There seems to me to exist in England a greater sense of our common humanity permeating all classes. The rich and the poor seem to feel that there is no longer that great gulf between them which was formerly there."

A Sailor Preacher.

UNFORTUNATE and disabled seamen find a cosy retreat in the Sailor's Snug Harbor. This asylum, whose buildings are on Staten Island, N. Y., was founded by Robert Richard Randall eighty-three years ago. Alexander Hamilton drew the will. When the founder had bequeathed what he thought proper to nieces, nephews, and servants, he said, to the great lawyer:

"I am thinking how I can dispose of the remainder of my property most wisely. What think you, general?"

"How did you accumulate the fortune you possess?"

"It was made for me by my father, and at his death I became his sole heir."

"How did he acquire it?"

"By honest privateering."

Then General Hamilton suggested that a fortune made at sea might appropriately be left for the benefit of unfortunate seamen. The rich man assented. The will was drawn, and

for thirty years heirs strove to destroy its validity.

Chaplain Jones, who has himself been "a sailor man," is the pastor of these "old salts," many of whom are maimed and not a few totter with age and infirmities. A writer in the *Century* reports one of the chaplain's sermons, full of the flavor of the sea, on the theme, "Let go the stern line!"

"I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea," began the chaplain.

"The tops'ls and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up.

"Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command:

"Are you all ready?"

"All ready, sir," said the officer. Then came the commands,

"Stand by to run up that jib! Hands by the head-braces! Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line!"

"Let go! Run the top-halyards! Run 'em up boys—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet."

"She pays off fine—there she goes, and—halloo! halloo! What's the matter? What's fast there? Starboard the helm! Starboard!"

"What holds her? Is there any thing foul aft there? Why, look at that stern line! Heave it off the timber-head! Heave off that turn!"

"Its foul ashore, sir!" says one of the crew.

"Then cut it! Cut it! D'ye hear! Never mind the hawsor! Cut it before she loses her way."

By this time there was a faint strain on the hawsor. A sailor drew his sheath-knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig *Buller* filled away.

"So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save bound to the world by the hawsors of their sins, then I think of that scene, and feel like crying out:

"Gather in your breast-lines, and haul out from the shore of destruction! Fly as Lot from the guilty Sodom! Oh, let go that stern-line!"

We have repeatedly said that when the matter came to a fair test Scott Act men would sink mere party factionism and stand unhesitatingly by their principles and their cause. Our predictions have been realized even sooner and more fully than we expected. The liquor-men of the Reform party in East Simcoe deserted their party-nominee and went over to the support of the man who did not antagonize their rascally business. With a manliness that reflects upon them lasting honour, the Conservative Scott Act men stepped into the breach, rose to the importance of their position, and gave the liquor traffic one of the most deadly blows it has yet received. They have not stood up for the right in vain. The lesson is one that will be remembered by party politicians for all time to come. Simcoe's glorious Scott majority means not merely "Twenty hundred majority for prohibition," it means, "No whiskey candidate need apply." Prohibition, national and complete, is not far in the future. We "thank God and take courage."