

or earthenware, Solomon's were of gold (1 Kings x. 21)—and were not therefore transparent. It was not wine, but wine in a certain condition that Solomon condemned.

Again, the "temperance" people claim that we should abolish wine to remove temptation. James knew that from Adam and Eve to his own day men had been tempted by it, and that Joseph, Job, Daniel, Abraham and Christ Himself had been tested, yet he said: "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into manifold temptations; knowing that the proof of your faith worketh patience."—"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life." For this reason it was not by the enforcing of legal enactments men were converted, but by an appeal to the heart and mind. "Brethren, be not children in mind, howbeit in malice be ye babes, but in mind be men." I doubt not the Almighty permits Satan to exist for some divine purpose, and that if man had no temptation to overcome he would not be as noble as he is. The affirmation that there is more evil than good in liquor, and that it should be abolished, is a libel on the Creator and a defiance of the injunction: "Nothing is to be rejected." "There are criminal laws against theft, but it is a sin in itself." No moderation in theft, lying or murder can prevent them from being sins. Moderation in the use of meat and drink is rather a virtue and certainly not a sin. Why, then, make it a crime? If the evil preponderate then it is rather an evil than a good thing. The temperance people make God a tempter by asserting that it is an evil thing, and repudiate the teaching of James and John, the former of whom said: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man," and the latter: "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." It is because temptation exists and because man is a reasonable being that a "reasonable service" is required of him, and that God appeals to the mind and the heart: "I will put My laws in your mind, and write them in your hearts." Yet, if we cannot clearly see that wine is good, we have no right to abolish it by law, for "the Lord hath made all things for Himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil."

But if the Protestant Church of to-day were a unit in conscientiously asserting that the Bible imposed total abstinence, she would not be justified in supporting prohibition. When the last census was taken there were 1,791,982 Roman Catholics in this country, of which 320,839 were in this Province. They use the Douay Bible which differs from ours in many respects. They also differ with us in the interpretation of many important passages, but they as conscientiously believe in their Bible as we do in ours. Let me quote a few passages from it: "Wine taken with sobriety is equal life to men: if thou drink it moderately thou shalt be sober. . . . Wine was created from the beginning to make men joyful, and not to make them drunk. . . . Wine drunken with moderation is the joy of the soul and heart. . . . Sober drinking is health to soul and body. . . . Rebuke not thy neighbour in a banquet of wine, and despise him not in his mirth." Oh! let it not be said of a Church that has proclaimed herself the champion of civil and religious liberty, that she has forsaken her first love. There are nearly 400,000 more Roman Catholics in Canada than there are Methodists and Presbyterians combined, and I ask on what precept of the Bible the conscience of one Roman Catholic is to be ignored?

It is impossible to believe that any man can condemn the moderate use of wine who has an unshaken and abiding faith in the correctness and infallibility of the Scriptures as handed down to us. There must be a doubt somewhere, a lurking suspicion that the writings of Moses and the Prophets and of Christ and the Apostles have not been properly preserved in the sacred Scriptures, and that the Bible is not an exact guide or rule of faith for the Christian era. This movement is degrading the Church by creating unbelievers in the sufficiency of Christ and by making hypocrites of laity and clergy, who have not the moral courage to defy public opinion. It is creating a bolder class, who have said to me in private conversation: "I don't care what Christ or the Apostles taught, there is only evil in liquor. Christ was not able to foresee the evils from liquor in 1885." And it is creating an audacious and blasphemous class, men that I have heard cry out in a public hall in this city when told that Christ did not teach total abstinence: "That's what He ought to have done." "To the pure all things are pure, but to them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure; but both their mind and conscience are defiled." The clergy judge from their own sphere, and think they know the world. For one unbeliever among the laity who will tell a clergyman that he does not regard the Scriptures as a rule of life for this age, there are hundreds who will not do so, although openly avowing it among themselves.

WILLIAM T. TASSIE.

(To be continued.)

## Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### ANOTHER WONDERFUL HYMN AND ITS AUTHOR.

BY THE REV. DUNCAN MORRISON, M.A., OWEN SOUND.

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

The author of this very popular hymn is Reginald Heber, D.D., second Bishop of Calcutta, one of the youngest men that ever wore the episcopal mitre, having scarcely reached his fortieth year when he was called to that honour. He was born 21st April, 1783, at Malpas, county of Chester, England, the rectorship of which his father held for many years. He was a distinguished graduate of Oxford (Brazenose), carrying off many prizes, not the least of which was his poem on "Palestine."

It was a great day for young Heber when called to read this poem in the Convocation Hall of the College, and great was the favour with which it was received by his friends and fellow-students; but the praises which greeted him on this performance, though very encouraging, were far from spoiling him. At the close he hastened to the vicarage, withdrew to his own room, bent down before God and offered up thanks for the honours which had been conferred on him and the joy which those honours had yielded his parents. His was indeed a beautiful character, so much so that one of his biographers says that if all our students were like Reginald Heber it would be hard to make out the doctrine of original sin.

One so gifted both by nature and grace could not but be a living power wherever he should go, and so when he became rector of Hodnet (1807) then only twenty-four years of age, it was felt by the flock that a man after God's heart had been given them for their spiritual guide. For sixteen happy years he laboured in this place, drawing much of his inspiration from on high and under the ministration of a spirit so gifted, we may well suppose that many a hearer was touched and that on many a dark mind fell a light

Such as never fell on land or sea.

His church was the birth place of souls, and when the Lord shall count, when He writeth up the people, it shall be said that this man and that man was born there!

But how about the hymn, *From Greenland's Icy Mountains*? What were the causes of its birth, its genesis? The answer is, that he had gone to hear his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, preach the annual sermon for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and it seems that the clerk whose business it was to select the hymns for the choir could not find one sufficiently appropriate. In his perplexity he came to the Dean telling him his trouble. Whereupon the good man turned to young Heber, saying: "You are a bit of a poet; can't you help us?" Heber retired to his room and within two hours returned with the manuscript in his hand to see whether the poem would suit! Strange enough this same manuscript was found not long ago with the author's name appended in the old vicarage where the scene took place which has just been described.

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral-strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile—  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! O salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till, o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

THE LATIN TRANSLATION.

Ab Greenland glaciali,  
Ab oris Boreæ,  
In Africa qua fontes  
Sunt dulces gelidæ,

Ab palmaribus campisque  
Antiquis amnis  
Vox tilista miserorum,  
Audita auribus.

Quid refert ut Zephyrus  
Ceylonis insula  
Inflet aromaticus,  
Amœna omnia?  
Quid refert largitus tam  
Ut Deus, quam omnes  
Procumbunt suis tenebris  
Idolis homines?

Nun nos illuminati  
Muneribus mentem  
Fugantem tenebrosa  
Negenus lampidem?  
O Salus animarum!  
O Jesu, quid nomen!  
Hoc lati indicamus  
Tenarum per orbem.

O venti rem festole;  
O Mare et volve;  
Dum extrema incolæ,  
Exclamat, "O Salve,  
Redemptor, Rex, Creator,  
Effuso sanguine,  
Regnato per naturam  
Fulgentem lumine."

### "MY PURPOSES ARE BROKEN OFF."

This was amongst the laments of Job. Great calamities and disappointments had befallen him. In one sad day all his possessions and all his seven sons and three daughters had been taken from him. All that was left of his large household was his wife, who could have been but a miserable comforter to him, since her best counsel to him was that he should "curse God, and die."

Satan is permitted to lay his hand upon his person with the simple restriction that he shall spare his life. With fiendish delight he does his worst, covering him with sore boils from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. God and man and Satan all seem against him. It looks to him as though his end was near. He says: "My days are extinct; the grave is ready for me. My days are past; my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart." God seemed about to take him away in the midst of his days, with his plans all unfinished. It was a melancholy view of matters that, in the circumstances, he was led to take. He had hoped for better things. He had been greatly prospered, and he still had his plans and hopes for the future. But all of a sudden he is arrested in his career, and all his purposes are seemingly broken off. As it seemed to him he must lie down in the grave, leaving them uncompleted.

And this is no uncommon thing in this world where calamities abound, and where diseases and death reign. We all have our cherished plans and purposes; our hearts are set on their accomplishment; we give to them our best energies. But in the midst of our pursuits we are arrested by the strong hand of some disease that weakens our strength in this way and that and paralyzes our efforts. We struggle against the grasp that is upon us, but all in vain. We are compelled to succumb; and we sadly say with afflicted Job: "My days are past; my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart."

In such circumstances we need something better than philosophy to reconcile us to our condition. It is but cold comfort that philosophy gives. We submit, if we do indeed submit, because we must. What we then need is the religion of the Gospel. We need faith in God; we need that faith that enabled Job to say in his great affliction: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." We need the faith to believe the assurance that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Though the earthly hopes of the Christian may fail, his heavenly hopes shall be realized in perfect and everlasting blessedness.—*The Golden Rule.*

THERE could be no better authority upon the subject of training and nutrition of the body, to make it most capable of endurance, than the late Col. Burnaby, of the English Army. He was himself a man of splendid physique and strength, and had, moreover, subjected himself to the enervating influence of the torrid sun in Africa, and the deadly grip of the cold on the steppes of Central Asia. In his "Ride to Khiva" he speaks of the comparative utility of tea and spirits. The former is universally used by experienced travellers. Of it he says: "This beverage becomes an absolute necessity when riding across the steppes in mid-winter, and it is far superior in heat-giving properties to any wines or spirits. In fact, a traveller would succumb to the cold on the latter when the former would save his life."—*The Issue.*

INSTRUMENTAL music has reached the far north. A congregational meeting of the Stromness Free Church was held last week to consider a recommendation of the office-bearers in favour of the use of a harmonium. Only one member objected to its use. It is to be tried for a month, and if it pleases will become a permanent institution.