

## Our Contributors.

### CONCERNING THE ANGELS AND DEMONS OF SOCIETY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Macaulay says that "wise men have always been inclined to look with great suspicion on the angels and demons of the multitude."

Had they looked in any other way they would not have been wise men. The multitude sometimes transforms a consummate scoundrel into a shining angel and quite as often reduces a very ordinary flat kind of a transgressor into a demon. The multitude is a poor judge of character. Without evidence or with evidence of the filmiest kind it makes one man an angel and another a demon and not unfrequently the popular demon is about as good a human biped as the popular angel.

The most absurd thing the multitude ever does is turn an angel into a demon on short notice, and without any particular reason. Perhaps the best illustration of how quickly this may be done is furnished by Macaulay himself in his essay on Byron. Byron was rather unpromising raw material out of which to make an angel, but his countrymen and his countrywomen made him one with great enthusiasm. They loved and admired him in spite of his excesses. But the reaction came and the multitude turned on their "froward and petted darling." Byron the "petted darling" was just as bad a man as Byron the exiled demon, but the multitude did not wait to make any comparisons. Multitudes scorn any such commonplace exercise as thinking. They worship their "petted darling" without any reason and then turn and rend him they know not why. The unfairness and cruelty of the rending is generally in proportion to the servility and sycophancy of the worship.

As a matter of fact there are not many demons in a Christian country. There are some bad men and a great many middling ones. There are rough, careless men by the thousand—men who know better than they do, and who perhaps hope to do better at some distant day, but there are not many men in a country like Canada who are bad through and through. People who have a good deal to do with the criminal classes of this country utterly repudiate the idea that the average man called a criminal is much if any worse than many who are at large. An official in the Penitentiary at Kingston told this contributor some years ago that many of the convicts under his charge were not criminals at all in the worst sense of the word. He said many of them were young fellows who kept bad company, drank too much, did something they should not have done, and "got caught" while others just as bad were at large. In fact he seemed to think that the chief difference between many of those under his charge and many outside was that his people were caught and the others were not.

Occasionally a very bad man comes to the surface, but he is not always sent to the penitentiary though he may be much worse than many who are there. Sometimes he is found where bad men ought never to be. He may be a prominent "worker" so-called in revivals; he may be a member of an orthodox church; he may be and sometimes is an occupant of the pulpit; he may be found anywhere or belong to any walk in life but such men are few and far between. None of us are as good as we ought to be and few are as bad as they might be. There are comparatively few demons though the crowd sometimes go after an unfortunate sinner and try to make it appear that he is a demon. Quite frequently he is no worse than the average man in the crowd.

If the number of demons is few the number of angels is still smaller. In fact it may be doubted if there are any angels in this country at all. A bride or a newly-imported minister come nearer angelic nature than any other beings, but after a little time it is found that both the bride and minister are human—in some cases

very human. The fact is the best of men have their faults, their foibles, their "moments of weakness." Thank heaven though there are no angels down here, there are many fairly good men and women. There is some reason to believe that a human angel might not make a very useful member of society, as society is now constituted. But that question is not worth discussing. It is purely abstract. There is no human angel here and if one did come he would feel so lonesome that he would not stay long. Those people who are always clamouring for angels forget how lonely a good angel would feel among them.

Some people decide whether a man is an angel or a demon by the application of one single test.

If he belongs to our "set" he is an angel; if not he is a social demon.

If he agrees with us he is an angel; if he has a mind of his own, he is a cantankerous demon.

Some men estimate their fellow-men solely by the test of servility. If the fellow man is docile and does as the would-be-tyrant orders, if he lies down and stands up, fetches and carries as he is told, he is an angel, but if he dares to say that his body or his little soul is his own, then he at once becomes a demon. If you are my little man you are an angel; if not you are a demon.

Here is a good rule for actual life—Never put much confidence in a man who howls when the multitude howls, brays when the multitude brays, cheers when the multitude cheers, and damns when the multitude damns. A man of that kind may be a fool, or a knave, or only a lightweight; but in any case he is not of much account.

### THOUGHTS ABOUT JERUSALEM.

BY A. BEN OULIE.

Jerusalem, what a name! how suggestive of thought. Thoughts innumerable rush irresistibly into the mind—mingled thoughts of great variety—historical, antiquarian and topographic; social and political; religious, Biblical and prophetic; retrospective and prospective; joyous and sad, of high, incomparable privileges and deserved retributive justice; of grandeur and prosperity, desolations and woe; of bright days succeeded by dark gloomy nights; of God's visible glory and departed splendour; of a stormy sky now pierced by rays of returning morning; and the cry is heard across the lapse of centuries. "Watchman, what of the night?" and echo responds in reverberating whispers. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand," the long night of captivity, dispersion, persecution, calamities without number, aridity, misery and untold sufferings, is drawing to an end; and the merciful visitation—of restoration, regeneration, recovery—"the time to favour Zion, yea the set time" is nigh at hand.

The brain of the thoughtful resident and the reflective tourist is crowded and oppressed, by the panorama-like processions of photographic views, or recollections of nationalities and costumes, belligerent, contending sects; contradictory, irreconcilable traditions regarding Holy Places; and the sound of diverse tongues and jargons. Foremost come the generally grave, proud, domineering, fatalistic Turks, Dervishes and fanatic Hadjis, intermixed with Moors, once masters of Spain, Druzes from the Lebanon mountains, and Arabs from beyond Jordan—from Idumea, Moab, Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, Greeks or so-called orthodox; Latins or Papists, Armenians, Copts, Melchites, Maronites, Lutherans, Anglican Episcopallians, high and low, and now at last Presbyterians also, representing the Evangelical churches of Christendom and therefore entitled to their prayers and support; then follow the Jews, the rightful people of the land, divided into Talmudists and Karaites, Caballists and Chasidim, Sephardim and Ashkenazim, Yemanites and Moghrabin. In fact men of all lands and climes—from the jet black negro of the Soudan, swelling with Mussulman pride and arrogance; intermediate Abyssinians, yellow Hindoos selling pretty stuffs

and trinkets; to fair Europeans, intermingled with priests, monks and nuns of diverse sombre apparel, fat and destitute of wrinkles, even the aged thereby proclaiming the easy life they lead, particularly the men, the Armenian priests surpassing all others in these respects and distinguishable by heads covered with the hoods of their long, black gowns—dear creatures, these sanctimonious-looking oriental priests, monks and nuns, for why should they disturb their intellectual equanimity by thinking, studying or caring anxiously for anyone besides, or above their beloved Egos? father Patriarchs, Abbots, Bishops, Mufties, Talids, Caddis, Pashaws, Effendis, so fond of sweet Bakshesh, and getting more of it for doing right than for inflicting wrong; white-sheet enveloped women, the Moslem sisters with veiled faces, all contrasting markedly with the dresses and bonnets of latest fashion according to the justly designated "La Folie;" devotees of different religions full of pretensions to holiness and purity; Tourists and Pilgrims, the latter consisting in great part of ugly, dirty Russian peasants; all interspersed with the abject poor, ragged, unwashed men, women and children, cripples, blind and half-blind in larger proportions, alas! than in any other city, long-suffering, care-for-nothing camels trudging the narrow streets with bulky loads: rushing donkeys or galloping horses, some gaily caparisoned; independent, socialistic dogs everywhere, howling all night long lest people should sleep too soundly and be robbed; and now the engine's whistle—the picture of a railway speeding on, perhaps running off the rails is superadded to the harassed, bewildered brain; and when one goes outside the walls, lepers by the way-side claim thought and commiseration, besides importunate beggars everywhere. Travellers, with the Jews uppermost in their thoughts, imagine that nearly all the beggars they meet must be Jews, whereas it is rare to see one begging of strangers in the streets, but they cannot, of course, be expected to recognize the different classes of people by their costumes and head dress so varied and unlike anything they have beheld elsewhere than in these Eastern lands. The Holy City is a very Babel of nationalities, religious systems and tongues. Those who ought to know say that from 20 to 30 languages and dialects are spoken within its precincts.

Such is a brief outline of Jerusalem as it is to-day; and to it must be subjoined contradictory, contentious Holy Places, claiming no end of perplexing investigations and endless research into Josephus, the Talmud, the Apocryphal books and ancient writers, and all this time, by a Providential decree, the unspeakable Turk, keeps a tight grasp of all places of indubitable importance and really sacred memories, thereby preserving them from idolatrous and superstitious practices by Latins and Greeks. But for their jealous, scrupulous custody, the sarcophagus and embalmed body of the patriarch Jacob would now be in the Parisian Louvre or the British Museum.

### CONCERNING GAMBLING.\*

BY THE REV. D. M. GORDON, B.D.

Gambling is the vice of savages as well as of civilized men, or perhaps it is the savage element still lingering in civilized men that responds to it. You may find the Indian in his tent upon the prairie gambling until he has gambled away his last blanket, Chinamen even on board of any steamer that sails along their coast gambling for opium, English and American travellers on Atlantic liners gambling over the ship's daily run, men of business or of high professional standing turning to some game of chance as their choicest recreation, and even the heir to the British throne gambling at baccarat.

No doubt one of its attractions lies in the excitement that it offers. We all like excitement of some kind or other. The

\* Condensed from a sermon preached in St. Andrew's Church, Halifax.

yachtsman would find sailing a tame affair if he had always a steady and moderate breeze; he likes an occasional blow that gives a spice of danger and that tests his cool and steady nerve. The soldier grows weary with the routine of barrack life; he prefers a campaign. The day labourer tires of the dead level of his daily toil; if there be no other change open to him he may seek it in the tavern. Much of the dissipation of gay social assemblies is due to the excitement that such gatherings afford. Some men may find their daily work so varied that it is rest rather than excitement they seek when their work is over, but others want something to relieve the tame humdrum routine of their life, and if they fail to find it along innocent lines they are likely to yield to some form of vice that offers it. Isn't this, in part at least, the reason why many find such delight in games of chance?

There are none more certain to be ensnared by gambling than some of the idle rich. They haven't enough to occupy them in life. They do not care about taking part in works of charity, or of benevolence, nor about entering public life in parliament or in other spheres where they might serve their fellow men. They do not need to labour for a livelihood. It's not money they want to play for, at least not mainly that; but they find in gambling a thrill of welcome excitement. Whether there be sin in it or not there's pleasure in it, and they yield to the pleasure of it, taking, as Swinburne says, not "the languor and lilies of virtue" but "the roses and rapture of vice." And this offer of excitement held out by gambling carries captive some busy brain-workers as well as wealthy idlers, just in the same way as the love of drink so often ruins men of active intellect. Such men want to be always high strung, with a keen thrill of life pulsing through them. Their work may be exciting, but it is also exhaustive, so they turn to some stimulant to feed the fire and prefer the excitement of gambling to that of drink. Then, when they have once yielded to its power, they tend to give way more and more completely. Like brandy or morphine, gambling must be taken in increasing doses if it is to produce the old effects. The habitual player seeks some resort where, with men like-minded, he can indulge his passion; and, unless his will be strengthened to put on the curbs and brakes, he has only a short road to run. Besides there's more than excitement in it; there's hope of quick and easy gains. Some who are not so moved by excitement may be drawn towards gambling by the love of gain; some may yield from desire both for excitement and for gain. They risk a little and expect a very large and quick return. \* \* \* \* \* Hundreds of men have lost their means in the booms of western cities, but some few have made largely by their investments; and so there are always many newcomers ready to invest, each thinking that he will surely be among the fortunate few. Thousands of men along the Pacific coast have lost their all in gold-mining, but some have made large fortunes; and to-day there are thousands from San Francisco right up to Alaska that are ready to rush at the first word of new gold fields being opened, each thinking that this time he will be sure to "strike it rich." Many men are brought to beggary every year on Wall Street, but a few become millionaires; and every day there are new recruits hurrying into that great maelstrom of speculation, each expecting that he will come out all right. So it is with the gambling spirit every time. It expects by risking a little to gain a great deal, whether by a chance in a sweepstake, or on a roulette table, or at a game of cards, or in stock gambling, or in a plain ordinary bet; and though many must lose yet each imagines that he himself is sure to gain.

Not only so, but there's the charm, the fascination of making money rapidly. Here is a young man tolling on from day to day on a small salary with long hours, hard work, small savings and very slow promotion. He sees that it must take the best years of his life, at his present rate, to get even a home of his own, while he