

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE DEMON'S CURSE—A STATEMENT OF FACT.

Mr. Clayton was the proprietor of the "Eagle," in those bygone days when public houses were called taverns or inns instead of hotels, and when a tavern without a bar was seldom found. He served his many customers himself, and with rare conscientiousness often withheld "another glass" from those who lacked self-control. It was his pride to serve moderate drinkers in a gentlemanly manner, but no drunkard should ever disgrace his house. Not a total abstainer himself, he yet had sufficient self-control to let it alone before its effects were perceptibly seen or felt.

His young wife possessed many of the qualifications that win for a landlady public favour. Her house was always in order, her table well supplied, and while she was ever ready to welcome guests in a way that made them feel at home, each one saw that she felt a special interest in his welfare. That was probably not far from the truth, for her kind, motherly heart had room even for a stranger.

But after a while a shadow seemed to hover over the hitherto pleasant resort. Mrs. Clayton's health was failing. Quite often she was obliged to keep her room for a day or so; people were not really satisfied with the careless attentions of hired help. They missed her pleasant face and kindly ways as much perhaps as anything, but none would complain, for her countenance told too plainly of suffering. They said the care of a public-house was too much in addition to that of her young and increasing family.

Mr. Clayton evidently thought so too, for contrary to his own tastes and the wishes of friends, he sold the Eagle property, and bought a farm in a retired, lonely section of the country. Here they lived a very quiet life. Mrs. Clayton's health was restored, yet she was never again her former self. There was ever a look of sadness in her dark eyes, an indefinable something about her that reminded one of unseen trouble, of sorrow hidden, closely guarded, yet making itself felt.

And there was a hidden trouble, a skeleton from which all, except her husband, would have started back aghast, amazed. A brandy sling, taken to alleviate temporary pain, had roused the demon, appetite, whose presence had hitherto been entirely unsuspected, and Mrs. Clayton had found herself unable to resist, while temptation was constantly before her. She had resolved, promised, prayed, in a wild, faithless, despairing sort of way, but human strength of purpose was nothing compared with the demon's power, and she failed to lay hold with saving faith upon the Infinite One who is mighty to save even from sin. The appetite had grown stronger and stronger still, she more helpless, more powerless to resist. Her days of illness were simply the result of indulging more freely than usual. The remorse succeeding each terrible fall really preyed upon her strength more than any other cause.

When Mr. Clayton proposed selling out, she grasped the idea of change as eagerly as the drowning might a rope thrown from the shore. At the new home her husband became her keeper, watching her closely, guarding every avenue by which she might obtain that which was ruining her, for at times appetite mastered reason, and she would have sacrificed her very soul to gratify the all-absorbing passion.

The struggle was a long and terrible one, ending not until, like the demoniac of old, she sat at the Master's feet, clothed and in her right mind. A few years of peace and comparative happiness followed, and then came the fulfilment of anticipated trouble.

Sin repented of is forgiven, but in many cases its consequences rest upon some innocent heir, just as diseases or peculiar phases of character are handed down from one generation to another. It was so in this case.

During those terribly dark years three baby boys and two little girls had been intrusted to Mrs. Clayton's care. Harry, the eldest, grew to manhood, possessing many fine traits of character. Generous, warm-hearted, intellectual, he was as general a favourite as his mother had been in her younger days. He became a Christian, married, and settled down to farm life, with no visible shadow resting upon the fair prospect of future usefulness and pleasure. When the

civil war broke out he responded to the call for help in a loved country's time of need. One, two, three years in camp, hospital, and field, then home again to contend with another foe, the same enemy his mother had so long ago encountered; an enemy which had been roused by stimulants used to bring a chilled, wounded soldier back to consciousness, and nerve him for a surgical operation.

It was pitiful to witness the poor fellow's efforts to free himself. Sometimes for months he would bravely resist temptation, and strong hopes would be cherished concerning him, then the demon would drag him down again to the lowest depths of degradation and folly. And so the years have gone, each one telling the same sad story of broken promises, tears and prayers, sinning and repenting, over and over, oh, so many times.

Frank, the second boy, lives in one of our large cities, has prospered according to the world's judgment, but his wife shrinks away from him at times, and the children hide when they see that papa has one of his terrible head-aches. Poor little ones, they will learn the sad truth only too soon.

Upon Jimmie the fond hopes of father and mother were centred. Boyhood was full of promise, only there was a strong inclination to seek amusement away from home, especially evenings, and the companions he found lounging about stores and saloons at the neighbouring village were no help to him. Before manhood was reached the demon had him bound, and the sorrowing parents found that it was beyond their power to rescue or reclaim him. A few more years and both were at rest, hurried away from earth by sorrow and remorse.

Among Jimmie's companions was Archie Gray, a handsome, manly fellow, just the one to win a young girl's heart, and he did win Mary Clayton's, but so long as he indulged in the use of what was ruining her brothers she firmly refused to become his wife.

While matters were thus at a standstill a temperance society was organized at the village, and Archie and Jimmie were the first to take the pledge. From a distant State came the glad tidings that Harry, too, had joined the grand army of total abstainers.

A whole year Mary waited before giving herself to Archie, for she wanted to be sure that his reformation was thorough. Then he pleaded so earnestly that she ventured to trust him, went to a new home, was very happy for a few short months, and then her bright hopes were rudely blasted, her faith in man shattered, and many a time since then she has feared to stay alone with the man who had promised to love and protect her.

Nellie, the younger sister, comes to her at times, heartsick, full of trouble, for Jimmie, too, has broken his pledge, but so stern, so brave in spite of it all, that Archie fears her, and Mary feels safe under her protection. Poor Nellie says, "The Clayton family are cursed." She will trust no man for fear of his becoming a drunkard, so she goes on her way alone, keeping under lock and key, as it were, a heart too warm and impulsive to submit passively.

And now there comes a gleam of hope to the sorrowing ones; another determined effort is being made to rescue the fallen: and we hope, pray, and trust that Archie Gray and the Clayton boys may be reclaimed, saved this time, washed in the blood of the Lamb.

But, mothers, shall this sad story be unheeded?

You may not be tempted as Mrs. Clayton was, you might not fall as she did if you were, but there are others who are tempted who do fall. For their sakes will you not by word and deed cast your influence on the safe side?

And you who arrayed yourselves in open warfare against the demon, will you not fight a little more resolutely for the sake of suffering wives, mothers, and little ones, scattered all over this fair land of ours?

Will you not deal lovingly with the erring, because you know that in many cases they are bowing beneath the weight of an inherited curse? Will you not point them to the One who alone has power to cleanse from all sin?

Temperance societies are doing a noble work. The pledge is somewhat of a safeguard, but only in the strength of the "Mighty to save" is absolute safety. He says, "Come, I will love you freely. I will strengthen, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness."—*Christian Weekly*.

THE MEANING OF THE WORD ARYAN.

We have to inquire into the meaning of the word Aryan; and this is not a difficult matter, or one about which there is much question. In Sanscrit the word *arya*, with a short initial *a*, is applied to cultivators of the soil, and it would seem to be connected etymologically with the Latin *arare* and the archaic English *ear*, "to plough." As men who had risen to an agricultural stage of civilization, the Aryans might, no doubt, fairly contrast themselves with their nomadic Turanian neighbours who—as Huns, Tartars, and Turks—have at different times disturbed the Indo-European world. But for the real source of the word, as applied to the race, we must look further. This word *arya*, "a cultivator of the soil," came naturally enough in Sanscrit to mean a householder or landowner, and hence it is not strange that we find it recurring, with a long initial *a*, as an adjective, meaning "noble" or "of good family." As a national appellation, whether in Sanscrit or Zend, this initial *a* is always long, and there can be no doubt that the Aryans gave themselves this title as being the noble, aristocratic, or ruling race, in contradistinction to the aboriginal races which they brought into servitude. In this sense of noble, the word frequently occurs in the composition of Persian proper names, such as Ariobarzanes, Ariaramnes, and Ariarathes; just as in old English we have the equivalent word *ethel*, or noble, in such names as Ethelwolf and Ethelred. As an ethnic name, therefore, the word Aryan seems to have a tinge of patriotic or clanish self-satisfaction about it. But we shall find, I think, that such a shade of meaning has been more than justified by history; for we have now reached a point where we may profitably enlarge the scope of our discussion, and shew how the term Aryan is properly applicable, not merely over an Indo-Persian, but over an Indo-European area, comprehending the most dominant races known to history—the Greeks and Romans, Slavs and Teutons, with the highly composite English, whose language and civilization are now spreading themselves with unexampled rapidity over all the hitherto unoccupied regions of the earth, which the Vendidad did not care or did not know how to specify.—*February Atlantic*.

PIETY AND MORALITY.

Piety and honesty are not complements of each other. There are many men who are devotedly, even fanatically, pious, who are great rascals. It is usual to say that such an one is a hypocrite—but he is not necessarily so. He may be perfectly sincere in his devotions, even in accordance with the forms of true religion, and yet be almost totally deficient in the sense of moral obligation. The great law of Christianity requires absorbing love of God, that is, piety; and the love of our neighbour equal to the love of self, that is morality. One may be a moral man, and yet not be a Christian; and equally it is true that he may be a pious man and yet not be a Christian. The Christian loves God and loves his neighbour. To God he renders reverence and gratitude, and to man he renders justice and benevolence. The finger of scorn is pointed at some pious men who wrong their neighbours, and Christians are told—"There is a specimen of your piety." "But," we reply, "he is not a specimen of our morality." He is not a sound Christian—he is a religious cripple, paralyzed on one side. If you want to deal honestly by us, take one of the vast majority of our church-membership—men who reverence God and help their neighbours—and judge of Christianity by them, by men and women who are in sound, healthy Christian condition. Don't bring out a religious paralytic, and point to him as a specimen Christian. To do so is to lie.—*Interior*.

THE centenary of the missionary, Henry Martyn, was celebrated at Truro, his native town, Feb. 17th.

IF worst should come to worst, the Crown Prince of Germany could support himself and family by his skill as a turner, his oldest son has also a good trade. It is a good rule of that royal family that every prince should learn some useful trade.

A CHRISTIAN village has been founded in the heart of the slave district near Lake Nyassa, Central Africa. Eight new English missionaries joined Bishop Steere in that country last year, seven of them being Oxford and Cambridge graduates.