

THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE  
WITHOUT LABOR

# CANADA

"HAPPY IS THE NATION  
WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD"

# CHRISTIAN WORKER

H. B. SHEPHERD, Editor.

"WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED 'TODAY.'"

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### WEAVING.

You never see how the weaver,  
Tidily early, tailbag late,  
Seeks the pattern hanging over them  
Perfectly to imitate.  
Working from the wrong side always;  
Only when they reach the end,  
And the web is true and drawn  
them  
See they how the colors blend,  
So we all are duly weaving  
In the busy loom of time;  
Some of us with weak complaining,  
Some, thank God! with trust sub-  
lime.  
Weaving each of us a fabric  
Which shall through the ages last,  
When our names from earth's remem-  
brance  
Shall forever no more pass  
Weaving on the wrong side ever,  
Vainly do we seek to know  
What designs, what forms and figures  
Underneath our fingers grow;  
Bright and glowing bits of color  
Threading in with eager hand  
But with slower motions winding  
Back and forth the somber strands;  
Weaving in our griefs and heartaches,  
With gay threads of hope and bliss,  
Mingling gray and gold together—  
Comprehending only this:  
That of all the countless toilers,  
He is surest of success  
Who is following his Pattern  
With the greatest faithfulness.  
Blessed, then, are you who bravely  
Weave your portion, day by day,  
Using when you can, the golden;  
Using when you must, the gray,  
Singing when the task is pleasant,  
Stilling sobs when it is sad,  
Knowing that your gladness ever  
Makes some fellow-worker glad  
Only when the web is woven,  
When at last your task is done;  
Only when your weary fingers  
Have their longed for respite won;  
Only when the finished fabric  
Is before your vision spread,  
While the light of heaven's glory  
O'er its varied hues is shed—  
Only then will you see clearly  
Each design in bold relief;  
See how tints shade on each other,  
In each flower, and bud, and leaf,  
You may then fitly, how in weakness,  
With a tired, trembling hand  
Through some life, the all were dark  
threads,  
You have drawn a shining strand;  
Find how oft when you were weaving  
Somber threads of care and pain,  
Just what filling-in was needed,  
God's design to render plain.  
And what rapture, pure and holy,  
Will your life-long task reward,  
With the words "Well done, my  
servant!"  
Thine the joy of Christ, thy Lord."  
—SELECTED.

### THE STORY OF LOUISVILLE'S "GREAT TRADE PARADE"

The "Great Trade Parade," to  
whose story we listened last week,  
tells also the sad story, that the  
liquor traffic is her chief business.  
Those who witnessed the parade  
remember that the different branches  
of trade were represented—  
some handsomely, some grandly,  
and some facetiously, and one dis-  
gustingly. There was a wagon  
representing Coopering, with this  
inscription, "coopering is a stav-  
ing business; you can always hoop  
it up." Of course everybody en-

joyed this. But the most exten-  
sive and expensive exhibition was  
that of the liquor traffic. We  
mounted in the procession fifty-  
seven wagons, of which twenty-  
five belonged to a single firm.  
Besides these, there was an exhibi-  
tion of the "Kentucky Distillers  
and Dealers Association." It was  
a wagon forty-two feet long, about  
ten feet wide, drawn by thirty  
horses. To the large posts—one  
at each corner, were tied stocks of  
corn, just from the field. There  
was a huge copper vessel, called  
the "mash," and the long copper  
tube, coiling upward, called the  
"worm," and the sacks of rye and  
the barrels of whisky. On both  
sides of the wagon were painted these

### "STATISTICS."

1,500,000 bush. of rye used in 1881  
750,000 bush. malt used in 1881  
750,000 barrels produced in 1881  
8,000,000 barrels corn used in 1881  
50,000 men employed.  
\$12,000,000 paid for labor.

In the middle, on either side,  
was a picture of two men standing,  
hands clasped, with the motto  
"United we Stand, Divided we  
Fall," and near by a table, with  
pen, ink and paper. On all of  
which we remark:

(1.) The liquor traffic consti-  
tutes a large part of the business  
of this city. Hence this traffic  
made by far the largest display of  
any branch of trade, and at the  
greatest cost. To every thirty  
houses in this city there is a saloon.  
Not only in this city but all over  
the country, the liquor traffic pre-  
dominates, as the statistics just  
quoted attest.

(2.) The prevalence of this traf-  
fic in our midst is a sad fact, and  
its large exhibit on parade day was  
no credit to the business of Louis-  
ville in a moral point of view. See  
the foaming beer exhibited from  
the wagons in the procession, and  
so freely drunk by the exhibitors  
and others! Almost the entire  
exhibition was a gluttonous appeal  
to the multitude, and a demonstra-  
tion of the success achieved at a  
mighty cost—the cost of home and  
happiness and human souls. And  
right here we propose a change  
which would be a much more  
truthful exhibition of this traffic.

Instead of having the large  
wagon drawn by fifteen spans of  
horses, we would have it drawn by  
as many yokes of oxen, which, by  
their snail-like gait, greatly retard  
the procession—indicative of the  
fact that the liquor traffic is a  
weighty clog on the wheels of civi-  
lization. Instead of the firm name  
"The Kentucky Distillers and  
Dealers' Association," high above  
the wagon, we would have in bold  
letters the motto "Mammon!"  
"The love of money is the root of  
all evil,"—declaring the fact that  
an inordinate love of money is at  
the foundation of the liquor traffic,  
and not one noble, disinterested  
sentiment can be assigned for deal-  
ing in the business. We would let  
the ricks of rye, and the stalks of  
corn tied to the four posts remain,

showing how God's best gifts are  
devoted to such base means.

In the place of the "mash," in  
the middle of the wagon, we would  
have the ear of Juggernaut, be-  
tween whose ponderous wheels,  
sixty thousand souls are washed  
every year—the work of the liquor  
traffic. Instead of the "worm" or  
coiled tube, we would represent a  
cup of wine, out of which a serpent  
lifts its head, looking with glaring  
eyes for its victim, lolling its forked  
tongue in hunger for its prey,  
and hissing all the while; or more  
properly, perhaps, we should have  
a stony worm, working in a putrid  
body, with a fire near by, emblems  
of the "worm that dieth not, and  
the fire that is not quenched."  
And we would paint a picture to  
take the place of that on the side  
of the wagon. It should be a table  
with a beautiful spread, on which  
are decanters, containing every  
variety of liquors. At one end of  
the table stands Bob Ingersoll, rep-  
resenting *Irrigation*. At the other  
the President of the National  
Liquor League, representing *Ar-  
arice*. Each holds in his hands a  
glass of liquor. The name of this  
picture is *Last*, the fountain of av-  
arice and religion, with the motto:  
"Let us eat and drink, for to-mor-  
row we die." We would paint  
another picture for the other side,  
and in the place of the duplicated  
one which we have just supplant-  
ed. To the right is a beautiful mansion,  
amid beautiful scenery, whose yard  
is illuminated by Chinese lanterns,  
and whose parlors and corridors  
are filled with happy throngs.  
Through the gate is passing a  
young man with his bride, who is  
just returning to take possession  
of this palace. Over the thresh-  
hold is written *Hope*. To the left  
is a miserable hovel, with bleak  
surroundings, beneath a dark sky  
—the abode, in latter days, of this  
young man and wife. They stand  
in the doorway, the personification  
of *Despair*. Between these two is  
an immense building, representing  
the whisky traffic in all its ramifi-  
cations. Beneath is the name of  
this picture—*The Contrast*, and the  
motto: "He that sows to the flesh  
shall of the flesh reap corruption."  
Both before and behind these  
pictures, on either side of the  
wagon we write these

### STATISTICS:

1,500,000 bushels rye wasted in 1881  
750,000 bush. malt wasted in 1881  
8,000,000 barrels corn wasted in 1881  
750,000 barrels poison produced in  
1881.  
\$12,000,000 squandered by strong  
drink in 1881.  
50,000 and more drunkard's  
graves in 1881.

On the rear end of the wagon,  
instead of the whiskey barrels,  
there should be a number of coffins,  
of all sizes for drunkards and drunk-  
ard's children and drunkard's  
wives, who die of strong drink,  
desertion, and broken hearts, an-  
perluaded directly or indirectly  
by the liquor traffic.

This wagon, with such pictures  
and such statistics; with these

coffins, and this equipping worm  
or this hissing serpent; with this  
ear of Juggernaut, and Mammon  
as its motto,—such a wagon drawn  
by plodding oxen, yoked together  
after the old fashion, would, it  
seems to us, more correctly repre-  
sent the nature and effects of the  
liquor traffic. In harmony with  
this, we must mention an unde-  
signed co-incident which we ob-  
served in the procession. Immedi-  
ately behind the big wagon  
representing the "Kentucky Dis-  
tillers and Dealers' Association,"  
was the skeleton of a horse, sup-  
ported in an upright position, in a  
spring wagon. Its head was ex-  
tended, as if reaching for the corn,  
and remonstrating in the name of  
the brute creation against the un-  
righteous use to which it is put by  
the liquor traffic. As quick as a  
gleam of starlight, we thought of  
the skeletons that follow in the  
wake of this business—the skele-  
ton of poverty that hangs in a  
hundred thousand households, the  
skeleton of sorrow that hangs in  
two hundred thousand hearts, and  
the skeleton of the lost that is  
mouldering in a half million drunk-  
ard's graves!

Is it any wonder that the Amer-  
ican people are rising up, as one  
man and demanding prohibition?  
The conflict is beginning in earnest.  
The whisky dealers see the battle  
from afar, and are preparing for it,  
their craft is in danger, and they  
know it. Prohibition is the watch-  
word now. This is the question of  
questions, before which every other  
question is to give way. The two  
political parties have been com-  
pelled to introduce it in some sort  
of way into their platforms. And  
the party that respects its claims  
is to be the ruling party. Slavery  
gave way to the popular recom-  
mendation, and the liquor traffic,  
which is a thousand times worse  
than was American slavery, must  
go in the same way. And may  
the Lord hasten the day.—*Old  
Path Guide*.

### WHAT GOD FOREKNOWS MAY NOT COME TO PASS.

For the Christian Worker.

Doubtless your readers will be  
surprised at the heading of this ar-  
ticle, but let me bespeak a careful  
reading and then I hope their sur-  
prise will vanish: There are a great  
many mistaken ideas of God's fore-  
knowledge. Much aversion is felt  
by many persons toward the service  
of God; self-denial, the bearing of  
the cross, and the daily dying to the  
world, which the Christian religion  
requires, that they seem willing to  
play into the hands of Satan, in al-  
most any way, rather than let the  
Spirit of God operate upon their  
hearts. All manner of excuses are  
resorted to in order to a continuance  
in sin, which their own judgment  
must condemn as futile and deceptive.  
How many do we hear say I well,  
God knows whether I shall be saved  
or not. If he knows I shall be saved  
why then I am sure of that. If he  
knows I shall be lost, why then sal-

vation is out of my reach. What is  
the use of my trying? Do you not be-  
lieve that it will be just as God fore-  
knows it? It is useless to tell such  
persons that God foreknows that  
those who bear the cross, exercise  
self-denial, purify their hearts, walk  
before Him in humility, and remain  
faithful unto the end, shall be saved,  
and that this salvation is offered free-  
ly to all who do these things; and  
that he foreknows that those who  
neglect this gracious offer, and attend  
not to this work will be lost; that  
God also foreknows that it is solely  
their own fault, they might have been  
saved had they accepted the condi-  
tions so graciously and freely offered.  
This class of persons waste their time  
in speculation upon God's foreknow-  
ledge, as if God in the day of judg-  
ment, was to determine the destiny  
of men by his foreknowledge, and  
not by what their conduct has been.  
Let us illustrate: by way of proving  
the truth of the proposition at  
the head of this article. David had  
rescued the city Keilah from the  
Philistines, (1 Sam'l. 23 chap).  
When David was there, Saul thought  
it an excellent opportunity to take  
him and prepared to do it. And  
this we read: "Then said David,  
O Lord God of Israel, thy servant  
hath certainly heard that Saul seek-  
eth to come to Keilah, to destroy the  
city for my sake. Will the men of  
Keilah deliver me up into his hands?  
Will Saul come down as thy servant  
hath heard? O Lord God of Israel I  
beseech thee, tell thy servant." And  
the Lord said, he will come down.  
Then said David, will the men of  
Keilah deliver me into the hands of  
Saul? and the Lord said, They will  
deliver thee up." (ver. 10-12.)  
David had now the benefit of the  
Lord's foreknowledge. He could act  
as many act now, and say God fore-  
knows just how it will be and all my  
efforts will not alter it. David how-  
ever, feared God, and possessed prac-  
tical common sense. He knew that  
the foreknowledge of God did not  
bind him hand and foot or confine  
him in Keilah. In the 13th verse  
we read that David and his men  
arose, and departed and went where-  
soever they could go. This was the  
very thing David ought to do; it was  
what the Lord intended he should  
do. Saul hearing that David had  
escaped forbore to go forth." (13).  
Had David remained in the city  
which he could have done, Saul  
would have come down to Keilah  
and the men of Keilah would have  
delivered him into the hands of Saul.  
This foreknowledge of God did not  
make a mere machine of David, nor  
does it of ourselves. It was in  
David's power to remain in Keilah  
or not, as he chose, and the coming  
of Saul depended on that very thing.  
So it is with ourselves, salvation is  
offered freely to us, the conditions  
are plain, simple, easy of accomplish-  
ing; it is in our power to accept or  
reject them, but we must bear in  
mind, that our future destiny rests  
upon these two little words, *acceptance*  
or *rejection*. If we are lost it is  
our own fault. Jesus says "ye will  
not come unto me that ye might  
have life." Fearful thought if any  
who read these lines shall have it to  
say, in "that great and terrible day  
of the Lord." *I might have been  
saved.*

J. F. FURN.