

Galilee and Judea, in founding a new dispensation, and is then put to death as a blasphemer and malefactor. What he did, what he taught, and what he suffered during those three brief years, became instantly a spring of spiritual life to the world. Dreamy, distorted, grotesque notions of God and his purposes, of man and his destiny, give place to clearer, nobler, more consistent, and more exalted views. Conscience recovers its sensitiveness, and exerts its all-conquering power. Society feels its heart throbb with new life. There has evidently been infused into it an element of nervous vitality, to which it has been long a stranger. The spiritual in man's nature, obedient to some invisible law, struggles with the material, and proves its title to supremacy, and its competence to maintain it. Life gains upon death. Sensibility, power, enjoyment, in respect to divine things, to truth, to righteousness, to communion with the Highest, widen their domains, and the limits within which healthy action goes on are rapidly enlarged. There is resistance—but to no purpose. A religious life has been evoked, and cannot be stifled by coarse and violent methods. Nor scoffs, nor threats, nor sword, nor sin, nor learning, nor philosophy, can put that which, but a few years before, it seemed impossible to kindle. Rome smiles incredulously at first—then feels in its own veins the tingle of spiritual vitality—struggles to expel the strange vision—and is itself subdued. Much, perhaps, of what meets the eye is symptomatic only; but beneath it, and perceptible to unprejudiced observation, there is a substantial reality—a faith that can remove mountains—a full assurance of hope—the hope of immortality—a constraining and victorious love. As we watch the marvellous progress of this novel religious movement, and mark on every hand the indications of its power and depth, we naturally ask by what means and influence it is promoted. Averting our attention from everything claiming to be regarded as miraculous, we have nothing left but the earnest proclamation of simple-minded men of certain facts and doctrines of which the departed Jesus was the centre—no power of law, no influence of rank and station, no worldly wealth, no flattering bait to the sensual passions, no political acts or promises embodying the vain wishes of the vulgar. A few men agree in testifying to certain marvels which they cannot but have themselves believed, and give such additional force to their testimony as sanctity of life can impart. That is all—literally all. But the spiritual life which they generated by this seemingly inadequate instrumentality, rapidly increases in volume, passes to all the principal seats of cultured intelligence, possesses, pervades, assimilates them, and establishes itself in the world as a permanent power. Gradually, the reaction of Paganism oppresses it, and a long and dreary winter of priestcraft drives that life beneath the surface of human affairs, to manifest itself only here and there, at infrequent intervals. But scarcely does mind awaken from the slumber and incoherent dreams of centuries, than this same life, nurtured by the same truths, and marked by the same power as of old, bursts forth again. It remains, to this day, the strongest moral element of which we have any knowledge. Numberless are the instances in which it grapples with human selfishness, and subdues it, as no other known agency does or can. Countless are the disquieted and trembling souls which it soothes to peace, and into the darkness of which it radiates a "blessed hope." It is modifying for good the spirit of the times—developing to an extent surpassing all former precedent, man's interest in, and care for, his fellow-man—tempering modern civilization in, and care for, his fellow-man—tempering modern civilization with a genial glow—and bringing into more healthful and active play the heart's purest and most disinterested affections. And all present probabilities point to a future, in which its sway shall be much more extensive—in which it shall possess the larger part of the world's population, and, by the intelligence, enterprise, and influence with which it has become associated, undermine and overthrow all less vital systems of religious faith and worship.

—*Basis of Belief*, by Edward Miall, M.P., London, 1853.

Pity the Poor Drunkard.

BY THOMAS SMEETON.

THE "MODERATE" DRINKERS' PITY FOR THE DRUNKARD.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we wish thee quite as well
As those fiery hot, cold water folks, but dare not so rebel
Against the rules of custom, or from the olden habits pass,
So much as quite to fling away the spirit-cheering glass.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," but our sorrows don't extend
To giving up of *that we love*, thy hapless case to mend;
If we were drunkards, we'd abstain, but cannot clearly see
That tho' *thou art thus fallen*, we should do as much for thee.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we see thy weeping wife
A wretched, sad, and haggard thing, grown weary of a life
Made scarcely worth the caring for, and grieve to see it so;
But cannot spare "our little drop" our sympathy to show.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and thy starving children too,
And we think that "Total Abstinence" is just the thing for you;
But we cannot take thee by the hand, and lead thee to this cure,
Because we must *abstain ourselves*, and that we can't endure.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we think that this society
Is "just the plan" to bring poor sots to comfort and sobriety;
To fill the foodless euphoard, and the hopeless heart to cheer,
And would help it—but, the help includes the forfeiture of beer.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we tremble lest thy sov'rn
Should be sacrificed, and perish, through the barchanalian bowl;
And we fain would draw thee from the sin that would thy spirit slay,
But, still, on this account we cannot give our drink away.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and we wish the House of Prayer
Were filled by *such as sing awan*, that God's own Gospels there
Might reach the rocky heart thro' grace, and turn its gloom to-day,
But cannot fill the House of God in this "Teetotal way."

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and perhaps thou once didst find
In Jesus' blood a balsam, for thy sin-distracted mind,
And thro' "strong drink" didst stumble, and forsake the gospel
track—

But we cannot give our LIQUOR up to bring our "brother" back.

THE TEETOTALERS' PITY FOR THE DRUNKARD.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and in token of our grief,
Have join'd the band, who, heart and hand, go forth to thy relief,
And think the sacrifice *but small*, if, by our doing so,
We "lessen, by a feather's weight, the sum of human woe."

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and have chosen to abstain,
In hopes that by *example led*, thou mayst once more regain
Thy standing in society—he freed from want and care—
And finally be led to breathe the penitential prayer.

"We pity thee, poor drunkard," and may He who dwells above
Smile on this work of merr'y, in the spirit of his love—
Till drunkenness, and all its woes, are banished from the land,
And peace, and joy, and piety, prevail on either hand.

Oh! speed the time, dear Saviour, when *thy saints* shall all abstain
From that which *robs thy church*, and fills the earth with sin and
pain—

That cleansed from all that "doth defile," thy Zion may be given
To work thy perfect "will on earth, as it is done in heav'n."

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything
whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—
Rom. xiv. 21.

Far from thinking the temperance reformation a *sole means* of
converting sinners from the error of their ways, we deem it to be
but an *auxiliary* to the great cause of religious truth; it is in-
tended *not to supersede*, but to *make way* for other means.—
J. A. James.