

## Our Contributors.

### SOME SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE JEHU FAMILY.

BY KNOXIAN.

The youth of this country have lately been taught a good deal about Jehu and his false zeal. Quite likely they know more about Jehu now than some of their parents know. All that some people know about Jehu is that he was a fast driver. They call a cabman a Jehu, and say of young men who drive fast that they "drive like Jehu." Jehu is not a model character; but he can be used for a far better purpose than he is made to serve by those people who know no more of him than that he drove furiously. In fact Jehu was a representative man. He represents those religionists who fight the other denominations more than they fight the devil. He is an excellent type of those people who make war against the sins of their neighbours, but allow sin to rankle unchecked in their own hearts. Jehu made war against the house of Ahab and almost annihilated the Ahab family; but he himself bowed to the golden calves of Jeroboam. His religion consisted in exterminating the Ahab family. He took no heed to walk in the right way himself. Jehu was a great reformer; but he liked to carry on his reform work away from home. He didn't like to operate on himself. His plan was to worship the golden calves of Jeroboam and strike down the idols of Ahab. Work of that class was his *forte*.

The Jehu family are not all dead. Some of them are to be found in all the denominations. There, for example, is the

#### PRESBYTERIAN JEHU.

The Presbyterian Jehu is very pugilistic. His religion consists in fighting everybody that does not agree with him. He has heard a good deal and perhaps has read a little about the battles fought and the victories won by his forefathers, and he thinks he ought to fight somebody. Because they fought for civil liberty, he thinks he ought to fight the Methodists. Because they wrung the right to read the Bible from unwilling tyrants he thinks he ought to wring the neck of his Roman Catholic neighbour. Because they hurled despots from the throne he burns with a desire to smash the little melodeon in the Sabbath school. The Presbyterian Jehu is not likely to be a man that attends prayer meeting regularly, or gives liberally for religious purposes, or helps on in any good work. His *forte* is fighting. If he cannot find any outsiders to fight he is certain to attack something or somebody in his own Church. There is one enemy he has scarcely ever been known to make war against. That enemy is the *sin within him*. He doesn't like that kind of warfare. He thinks there is no glory in it. He wishes to lead a party in some kind of contest, and have the crowd speak of him as a great man. Killing the calves of Jeroboam around home he considers a poor business. There is no popularity in it. The newspapers don't say anything about it, and nobody calls a man a leader if he confines his fighting to his own sins. Next comes

#### THE METHODIST JEHU.

The Methodist Jehu is not so pugilistic as the Presbyterian Jehu. He depends more on strategy. At certain times, however, he becomes very pugilistic. At camp-meetings he is often in fighting trim. At the beginning of special services he is rather mild; but, if the meetings turn out well and a large crowd gathers, the Jehus become correspondingly bold. Indeed, it has been noticed that the courage of the Methodist Jehu largely depends on the size of the crowd that is behind him. If the other denominations are large and his is small, he is always mild. If, however, his denomination far outnumbers the others the Methodist Jehu is very liable to be pugilistic. It need scarcely be said that when a Methodist Jehu wants to strike real hard, he instinctively strikes at the disciples of John Calvin. The worst specimen of a Jehu in the country is

#### THE BAPTIST JEHU.

He is in fighting trim all the time. And the worst thing about him is that he does not fight fair. When he goes against what he considers the house of Ahab he usually steals in by the back kitchen. Every other denomination is the house of Ahab to him, and he attacks them all. The Baptist Jehu often resorts to practices for the purpose of making proselytes that

would make an average ward politician blush. He could teach the toughest political editor in the country how to garble extracts from his opponents. When he mounts the platform in a country school-house and attacks the other denominations, he can deal out more downright misrepresentations in an hour than would serve for a political election in a large county. He usually works up the pathos by telling about his Presbyterian mother, and enlarging on the struggle that it cost him to "come out from among them." Conscience, however, had to be obeyed, and then he generously insinuates that if his opponents obeyed conscience they would come out too. Having worked up the pathos, he then poses as a prize-fighter and challenges those present to come on with their lexicons and have a set-to over *baptism*. He knows very well there is not a lexicon within ten miles of him. It would not be fair to say that all Baptist ministers are Jehus; but there is a far larger proportion of Jehus in the Baptist ministry than in the ministry of any other Church. And these Baptist Jehus often keep in their service a number of converts who sneak about in neighbouring congregations and by the basest arts and the vilest misrepresentations try to make proselytes. They and their masters seem to think it a far greater thing to put a man in the tank than bring him to the Cross. They seem to believe that to make him a Baptist is more important than to make him a Christian.

#### THE EPISCOPALIAN JEHU

is of an entirely different type. He relies mainly on the national prestige of his Church and the alleged superiority of his service for his success. Sometimes he hints that there is no salvation outside of "the Church"; but as a rule he does not fight his neighbours. Of late years in this country the Episcopalian Jehus have been a good deal engaged on each other. The armies they command are known as the *High* and the *Low*. They have had a lively scrimmage over Canon Du Moulin's Surplice lately. They fight a good deal about millinery. There are not many Jehus in the Episcopalian ministry. Some of the young Wycliffe Hall men drive at a rather rapid pace and are not perhaps as careful about keeping off their neighbour's track as they might be, but they will learn better in time. There is no use in trying to say anything about

#### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC JEHU.

The subject is too large. This Church used to be largely made up of Jehus and they exterminated many better people than the Ahab family. Some people think that they have not quite got over their exterminating habits. Quite likely some of them have not.

A paper on the Jehu family would be radically defective without something on

#### THE SCOTT ACT JEHU.

The Scott Act Jehu mounts his chariot and shouts loud enough to be heard over a township: "Come, see my zeal." Then drives furiously, and if the Jehonadabs don't come up and ride with him at his killing pace he does his best to drive over them. One of the characteristic marks of a genuine Scott Act Jehu is that while he wants, or says he wants, to destroy the Ahab of the liquor traffic, he is ready to bow down to any number of Jeroboam calves. In fact he often worships the calves willingly. So long as he opposes the liquor traffic he concludes he may worship anything or nothing just as he pleases. His theory of morals is that, if a man is only opposed to whiskey and shouts for the Scott Act, he may break every command in the Decalogue. Were it not for the many wise men in the Temperance ranks, the Scott Act Jehus would have wrecked the cause long ago.

#### MORAL LESSONS.

1. Let us be thankful that the majority in most societies and in most churches are sensible men—not Jehus.
2. Let us learn to distinguish between a Jehu tearing along in his chariot yelling and making a fuss and sensible men.
3. Learn that a shouting Jehu generally upsets his chariot and does not drive very long.
4. Let solid, sensible people unite in putting the Jehus on a back seat or in making them hold on to the hind axle.

THE Moravian missionary ship *Harmony*, with three missionaries, recently sailed on the 116th annual voyage from London to Labrador which the society's ships have made since 1770 to that bleak and isolated coast.

## L' TOUR DE CONSTANCE.

A STORY OF HUGUENOT CONSTANCY IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

On the border of the great, sandy plain, composed of the materials deposited by the Rhone, as it empties its turbid waters by many channels into the Mediterranean, stands the old town of

#### AIGUES-MORTES,

surrounded by massive walls, from which rise sixteen towers. The town—an irregular parallelogram—is entered by four large and three small gates. Its streets are narrow and grass-grown, and lined by small, whitewashed houses, low and mean in appearance except in the centre of the town, where larger ones enclose a piazza in which stands a statue of Saint Louis, executed by Pradier. The town is gradually retreating from the sea which once washed its walls, for formerly the Rhone met the sea at Arles, and a lighthouse, constructed in 1869, is already 150 feet farther from the water than when it was erected.

It was from Aigues-Mortes that St. Louis sailed in 1248, with a fleet of 120 ships (?) to rescue the Holy Land from the possession of the infidel. St. Louis, however, was taken prisoner, and after being redeemed by the nation, he made a pilgrimage on foot through Palestine, and, on returning home, contrary winds obliged him to land at Hyères with his queen and three children. Twenty-two years later he again embarked at Aigues-Mortes on another crusade; but two months after he was attacked by fever and died on the site of ancient Carthage, on the coast of Africa.

The Aigues Mortes of to-day, however, is not that of Saint Louis, but the work of his son, Philip the Bold—the only remnant existing of the older town being the Tower of Constance, which now stands outside and detached from the walls of the present town. Philip, like his father, had also visited Jerusalem, and had spent a winter at Damietta in the Delta of the Nile, and this inspired him with the idea of building a town in the Delta of the Rhone, on the plan of those oriental cities.

From the esplanade on the ramparts, now covered with grass, and as deserted and as solitary as any abandoned town of the desert, the view is quite an Eastern one. The district around being wet and marshy, complete silence reigns. Troops of black oxen and half-wild horses may at times be seen browsing on the few salt herbs which fringe the lagoons; and one would scarcely be surprised to see palm-trees rise by the side of the canals, or Turkish sentinels pace the walls. This old town, so sleepy and silent, suggests to the thoughtful visitor a whole course of history and philosophy, as it supplies abundance of picturesque materials to the painter and the poet.

Its mediæval history abounds with legendary stories more or less interesting. It was the meeting-place of Francis I. and Charles V., and visitors are always shown the large fireplace in the room occupied by the great Spanish monarch. In the small parish church, which resembles all village churches in France, and in which mass is still said, Father Bridaive is said to have commenced his ministry. His biographers tell that one day, bell in hand, he went round the town collecting the people who were indifferent to religion, and enticed them into the church, where he preached a sermon so full of power and of the Gospel, that his audience burst into tears, repentance and faith following in the case of many. But I have tarried too long within the walls. Let us now go outside and see

#### THE TOWER OF CONSTANCE,

the object round which cluster memories, which all descendants of the Huguenots love to cherish, and justly so; for here, under the most trying circumstances, remained constant in the faith many brave Huguenots—men and women shut up long years for the crime of attending the "desert" services of some beloved pastor.

This old tower, an imposing mass of blackened masonry—some ninety feet in height, perhaps—was the *donjon* of the older town, the refuge of the besieged in case of surprise, the builders having neglected nothing to render it impregnable. Its walls are eighteen feet thick, and enclose two great circular rooms, one above the other, provided with narrow loopholes—twenty feet in height—by which alone light and air are admitted. Here in winter the inmates were frozen by the entrance of snow and icy-cold winds,