

**Zeal Sometimes
Misleads.**

It seems singular that whenever religion and temperance are made subjects for argument or discussion on the platform, or in the press, the most religious of men, the most ardent worker in the cause of total abstinence, is prone to prove by his intolerance there is no quality of the mind by which men are more apt to be misled than zeal. We have recently had illustrations afforded us in Canada of the effect that knowledge of the evils of the liquor traffic has upon those whose fiery zeal in the furtherance of their views renders them intolerant of opposition. It frequently carries them beyond the bounds of moderation in language. One would naturally expect that zeal, particularly zeal in religion, would be brought into subjection to the dictates of that religion; a religion, not furious, fiery, implacable, cruel; but "peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits."

The English people have lately been listening to some stirring addresses upon religious matters, and large and appreciative audiences have so fired the zeal of the workers that invective against opponents has been indulged in, and this inevitable deviation from the rules of charity and brotherly love has sown a crop of unseemly quarrels, theological disputes and sectarian brawls.

In this connection, *The Outlook*, of the 15th inst., thus refers to the attack in the *London Times* upon Sir William Harcourt:—

"Many men who are among the most courteous and mild-mannered of their kind in the ordinary relations of life become almost truculent when they engage in the theological controversy. Accordingly, Lord Halifax, the gentlest of men, falls upon Sir William Harcourt in Wednesday's *Times* with tremendous vigour. He knows his facts beyond a doubt; but what can one say of a controversialist who compares his opponent to Titus Oates and his accomplices? Think what we may of Sir William's sudden zeal for the Protestant faith, to compare the Squire of Malwood with perhaps the most infamous personage in English history is a trifle too much, even for a theological wrangle. By the way, it is perhaps worth noting that the *Times*, which gives Sir William Harcourt's letter the distinction of leaded type, puts Lord Halifax into small print and an outside column!"

It would have been better to put this wrathful nobleman into the basket reserved for rejected letters from correspondents. The good manners and courtesy of a Christian gentleman should not be thrown aside, even during heated argument.

**Special Pleading
for Life Insurance.**

The following excellent and strong argument in support of life insurance is from the pen of an editor of an Australian insurance journal, the *Mutual Life Chronicle*, and, as a self-explanatory bit of sentiment from one who has derived comfort from his prudence in providing for those near and dear to him, it will bear re-production in many lands:—

"The writer, struck down suddenly a month ago by

an illness which he was at once told would confine him to bed for at least a fortnight, and compel him to remain quarantined from duty for another month, realised as he had never done before how imperatively necessary it is for every man to so provide for his family that should the fiat go forth, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live," he may not lie in anguish, knowing that he has neither time nor opportunity to fulfill the command. Not only was he laid up himself, but his wife and one of his children were also ill and far more dangerously than himself, and in the sleepless nights caused by anxiety more than fever, mild soporifics utterly failing to bring rest, his thoughts were ever upon how differently he would arrange his affairs if even a week were given him to do so. Like most men of any common sense, he had made his will long ago; but the trying years through which, in common with all Australians, he had suffered in pocket, had made its provisions all inadequate to the needs of the situation had he been called away. Again, like most men, he had investments of one sort and another which might prove all he hoped for if the head that planned and the hand that should carry them out remained to do their work, but which without them might prove good for little, especially if suddenly realised upon. What was his consolation? He hopes he will not be accused of "talking shop" when he avers that it was the knowledge that his life was assured for nearly four times the amount of his annual income, so that even if the breadwinner were gone, those he left behind would be sure of an immediate provision, sufficient at all events to save them from dependence on others till able to shift for themselves. Scotia's bard, whose performances, alas! fell short of his promises, averred that:—

To make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime of human life."

The *Equitable Record* for September contains the following:—

"Even in times of profound peace not a ship sails from harbour for a distant port that is not equipped with spare sails, spars, cordage, and provisions, extra materials with which to refit herself and sustain her crew should she be crippled in a hurricane on the voyage. How does a man who is beginning a mercantile life differ from a ship which is going to sea? The welfare of his family is involved in his venture, and, like the ship, he must be equipped with the best precautions against the consequences of every disaster, for before him stretches as perilous an ocean as that on which the ship is sailing. Losses and panics will fall upon him like hurricanes. Should he sink, what will become of wife and children and others who are dependent upon him. . . . Those men who embark on any commercial or professional career without securing the protection which such a company supplies are like ships that go to sea unprepared for any event but fair weather."

Ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.