

be interpreted, but it seems to us that to shut up a barber's shop on Sunday, or to stop cabs taking travellers to trains or to Church, or to enjoy the country air, under a law which permits a man or woman to earn his or her daily bread on Sunday by speaking on political topics, is a very unfair law. The stirring up of contempt and malice for a reward; the inciting of hatred for a fee, are surely most violently in opposition to the very purpose and intent of the Sabbath law! The American orators who for money seek to set our people at variance, are Sabbath breakers of a far more wicked type than the store keepers, or barbers, or cabmen, who follow *their* calling on Sunday. Such persons are enemies of Temperance, for whoever incites civil ranocur and ill will is an enemy to the cause of Christ.

MORAL DEGRADATION ARISING FROM THE ROSS BIBLE.

A STRIKING proof of the lowering of the moral tone of christians arising from their taking up the Ross Bible as a substitute for God's Divine Word, has been shown in Toronto. In one division of the city a notorious atheist and socialist has been nominated by what is called "the labor party,"—as though we were not all laborers in Canada—as candidate for member of Parliament. There are we rejoice to say, hundreds of workmen who refuse to be dragged into shame by being represented by an infidel anarchist. But several citizens who are most enthusiastic champions of the Ross Bible, and *who are teachers in Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday Schools*, are now working and speaking to secure the election of an avowed atheist as a member of the Parliament of christian Canada! See what this implies. Our laws are based upon christianity, an atheist would endeavour to eliminate religion from the law, and those who are represented by an atheist practically declare that they are desirous of divorcing the christian religion from its association with the law of the land. The Ross Bible no doubt has set aside the warning against the people of God being unequally yoked with unbelievers, as it has other commands against association with such as raise the standard of revolt against the King of Kings, round which blasphemous standard we now see rallied champions of the Ross Bible. To commit a political party to such a scandalous association was seen by some to be a highly impolitic step. To be hand and glove with Papists, these Protestants saw no harm in, for it promised to help them into power, *but to be put to bed with atheists they objected to, as that was a risky alliance!* Therefore a number of members of the same party, led by a son of Dr. Dewart, refused to go into the shafts with an infidel. Their christian boldness and manly independence met with little sympathy from the Ross Bible party, and that party formally resolved to ally itself with an avowed enemy of Christ, an open blasphemer, a conspirator against social order. They were, we admit, consistent, for the man who accepts the Ross Bible as for any purpose a substitute for God's Word, is decidedly best

represented in Parliament by one who treats the Bible as of no more authority than an old wife's fable. We trust the ministers who allowed political passion to blind their judgment as to the influence the Ross Bible would exercise, will repent their approval of it now they see that it has led to committing their party to alliance with atheism. The person in question has again and again declared that the Sunday we observe, the moral code we honor, the social frame we enjoy, the Bible we revere, are each and all opposed to "the rights of man," and are merely devices of "priests" to keep the minds of men in bondage to superstition. Such a man is, as we write, receiving the active sympathy of those who, in the recent contest, were the most earnest defenders of the Ross Bible. Men are fairly judged by their companions, they are certainly to be judged by those whom they select to represent them. We must, therefore, consider the friends of an infidel, who select him as their public representative, as themselves infidels, however loud their christian profession, and in spite of their being teachers in Sunday Schools.

Indeed, the man who boldly declares his contempt for christianity, who laughs at our faith in God, is a very mild form of infidel compared to him who, while professing to be a christian, allies himself with an atheist for the purpose of making that atheist a legislator in the Parliament of this christian country. The former is possibly sincere, the latter is false, unfaithful to his God and his conscience, he knows he is a traitor but stifles his convictions by political passion.

There is in this case a singularly interesting illustration of the way in which men's offences are turned into a whip to scourge their guilty backs. The atheist in question, if put into Parliament, will be the representative of the editor of the *Christian Guardian* and of his party! If he is sent to fulfil that office, this infidel will owe his election to the Ross Bible party. So it will come to pass that the chief organist of the Methodist body will be represented by one to whom the faith of a Wesleyan is an object of scorn! We shall see in this, if it unhappily occurs, the result of political prejudice being allowed to ride rough shod over religious duty. Dr. Dewart gave strength to the Ross Bibleists and the reward they propose to give him, is to send as his representative in Parliament a blasphemer against God and a plotter against human society as based upon the christian religion. There is this also worthy of the gravest reflection on the part of those ministers in whose Sunday Schools the men are teachers who are allied with an infidel. Are such persons likely to influence youths for good, will they not bring a terrible scandal into their classes, will not youths argue that if their teacher chooses an atheist to represent him in Parliament, they may also get into such a dignity without being brought under the yoke of Christ?

—"O, ma, I have heard such a splendid minister. He stamped, and pounded, and got mad, and shook fist at the folks, and there wasn't anybody dared to go up and fight him."

THE LUCY OF WORDSWORTH.

BY M. A. F.

Written for DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

WORDSWORTH is acknowledged by everyone to be essentially one of the Poets of Nature. The aroma of the mountain heather hangs around his poems; as we read them we can almost feel the fresh breezes of his northern home, almost hear the gentle ripple of the lake. He revels in nature; he has communed with the spirits of mountain and moor, he has seen fairies dancing on the greensward, he has listened to the songs of woodland sprites. Each tree, flower, grot, dell, has its spirit-lord, and he has seen and talked with all.

Amid a circle of god-parents from this fairyland, his Lucy enters life. For three years the little maiden grows 'mid sun and shower, 'mid smiles and tears, a bright, happy, healthy, young creature. Nature, Queen of Fairyland, sees the fair child, loves her, and determines to endow her richly. Not like fairy-godmothers in the old tales, with gold and princely suitors, but with all the graces which can make her a Queen among maidens. Thus she is an embodiment of health: healthful in body, healthful in mind. She has a keen enjoyment, too, of all that is beautiful; "sportive as the fawn," she roams over hill and dale with light, fleet foot, enjoying life to the full in the exuberance of her spirits. It is a tender, sympathetic joy; for in the silence of the far-off mountain glen, in the tangled woods, she is as sensitive to the influence of nature's stillness as elsewhere to its joyousness. Her soul is keenly alive to every phase of beauty, attuned by its purity to every key of nature's music: and, even in her gladdest moments, she possesses the calm which springs from sympathy with the voiceless loveliness of "mute, insensate things."

The poet goes on to describe her personal charms. Her form is lithe and light as the willow: her movements are graceful, born of accord with the floating summer clouds; yet can she, when occasion requires, bear herself with all the stateliness of the majestic storm-cloud. Let none presume on her child-like innocence and grace, for she lacks none of the dignity which knows how to repel the familiarity of vulgar minds.

But the poet's darling is not only appreciative of the sunshine, free air, and active enjoyments of life, she is possessed also of a depth of feeling which these cannot fully satisfy. The midnight stars are dear to her, attuning her spirit to adoration; in many a secret place she bends her ear to listen to the deeper whispers of nature, and her heart whispers back in reply:

"Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

What is this beauty "born of murmuring sound?" The thought is believed to be original with Wordsworth. It seems to be a something which baffles description, a blending of mirth and melancholy, of joy and calm, of earthly and spiritual, which neither pen nor pencil can pourtray. The very words have a beauty over which we love to linger.