THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE DELIVERED IN CRAIG CHURCH, COTE STREET, MONTREAL.

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Psalm—105., 2, 3. "In the Courts of the House of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good."

We have reached another "Rest and be thankful" in our Wilderness Journey. By common consent, and without any legislative recommendation, the various Branches of the Protestant Family in our Province gather to-day in the Courts of the House of our Lord, to praise the Lord, for the Lord is good. It is a fine practical exemplification of our essential unity—a unity not like that of the staves in the barrel which the iron hoops girdle, but the unity of a common life in Jesus secured by love cords stretching from His Cross and Throne. The ordinary manifestations of the divine goodness on which we had occasion repeatedly to touch, and which should freshen and intensify our thankfulness, we shall not recapitulate, but direct your attention chiefly to some practical and historical topics the day suggests.

There are domestic and social blessings, the retrospect recalls, for which it becomes us to "praise the Lord for the Lord is good." His goodness has stocked our barns, and furnished our boards and spread our tables and made our cups to run over. The year might have brought to us, as it has done to the poor perishing *Persians*, the horrors of famine. Faces of loved ones here, as there might have looked pinched and hollow and wan. But we have plenty in our land for man and beast—so that the poorest of the people may have bread and praise the name of the Lord. "Our children are about us,—healthy and happy. The blanks in our circles are comparatively few. Changes we mark—for "we all do fade as a leaf," and "one generation passeth away after another." On each Anniversary season like the present, there are "vacant chairs" in some homes which make "virtuous sorrow cloud the face, and tears bedimm the eye."

Dwelling as we do in a valley of death and its cottages of clay, we without expect exemption from the common heritage of trials and tears. Till the happy, halcyon era dawn when "this mortal shall put on immortality and the blessful region be reached where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," disease and death must continue their sad havoc in our homes, and many a heart as the consequence "knew its own bitterness." But though to-day familiar faces smile not on us, whose cordial greetings a year ago we enjoyed, and forms of "the loved and the true departed" are not, for God has taken them, with whom then we took sweet counsel, and went to the House of God in company, the grave has not received from the midst of us, more than an ordinary quota of victims, and there hath no affliction happened to us, but such as is common to man.

Some of us, since last Thanksgiving Day, have been stretched on the bed of languishing. We have had experimental acquaintance with the "weariness nights," and the "tossings to and fro." Perhaps we stood at the gates of the grave—within sight of the limitless unknown, within hearing of "the unspeakable words" of the great hereafter.. But, in the midst of merited wrath Jehovah Rophi—the Lord the Healer, hath remembered mercy. "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living" was your feeling. You "have tasted and seen that the Lord is good." And now that "ye stand in the House of the Lord, in the Courts of the House of our God"—you must more than ever feel called on to "praise the Lord for the Lord is good," to praise Him in a new song to the old tune, "Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all his benefits—who healeth all my diseases and redeemeth my life from destruction," and crowneth me with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Nor, in this connexion, let us forget the special anxieties, national in their occasion and world-wide in their reach, which were stirred so soon after our last thanksgiving, when the telegraph wires of the Globe, radiated from a single sick chamber, and the hearts' cords of its civilised region beat in sympathy with the princely sufferer. We were then impressively taught how that sickness and sorrow come to the lofty equally with the lowly in the social scale, and that, amid the varying scenes of changeful life there occur "touches of nature" in which Hut and Hall, Prince and peasant, is kin, find a fellow-feeling"—"touches," which, indeed, "make all the world kin."

While thus reminded how that England's Son was "sick nigh unto death," we are also reminded how that "God had mercy on him and not on him only but on our beloved Sovereign also, least she should have sorrow upon sorrow. As an Empire hung over the royal patient, and a world's prayers besieged the Throne, in his behalf, the gauntlet of the sceptical scientist was in effect taken up, and the anger by which, almost blasphemously he would set Prayer's power and profit, it grandly stood. By a recovery the most marvellous that the medical annals can supply, it was shown to be a good thing to draw nigh to God, and that the effectual fervent prayers of the righteous are of much avail.

Nor in this connexion, is it going out of our way, to remind you of the fact, that, since our last Thanksgiving Day, one of the most infectious, and dreadful of human diseases has assailed our city with more than ordinary virulence. As a congregation, we have great reason to praise the Lord for His goodness that none of us have been numbered among its victims. We shall not, however, have passed through this trying experience to any good practical purpose, if we be not taught the salutary lessons of sanitary reform—lessons rendered all the more necessary by the dread news wafted over the water that the cholera is on the wing, and that in its slow, though sure march of this "Pestilence that walketh in darkness," we may, bye and bye, be reached. We should be setting our houses as well as our hearts in order. Everything that can contribute in ourselves and our neighbours to the maintenance of that cleanliness which is next to godliness should be sedulously cultivated. The removal of the refuse and offal—the bodies of dead animals, and all decaying matter gathering in lanes and alleys, and yards that form the hotbeds of disease should be rigidly insisted on. There are Augean Stables in the midst of us, in which small-pox has been fed and fostered, and where cholera too will find its appropriate nutriment, to the immediate cleansing of which every philanthropist Hercules amongst us should set himself. Our city is doubtful for situation there is nothing in its position, and surroundings to account for the high figure its bills of mortality present, as compared with sister cities.

The bearing of good water and good gas too—on a city's healthfulness must be at once apparent, and if in either there be any short coming sanitarian, let those who have it in their power "set in order the things that are wanting."

In Chicago, (as I can testify from personal knowledge) the introduction of water, abundant in quantity, and of purest quality, effected a very material reduction in the death rate, which the moving of the stagnant waters of the river tended yet further to reduce.

Last year we included amongst our grounds of gratitude, our exemption from such a colossal catastrophe as that which overtook that marvel of the West. And now that a great Eastern city of historic fame has been passing through a similar ordeal of fire, it becomes us to tender our neighbourly sympathy, while we praise the Lord for His goodness in saving the horrors from us. Who maketh us to differ and what have we that we have not received?

Let us join trembling with our mirth. Recent experience reveal that we stand in jeopardy every hour. Let us hope that the investigating committee, who have this momentous matter in hand may prob it to the bottom, and should there be proven any deficiency in the number, the material, the equipment, the management and moral discipline of this branch of the service in whose efficiency we were wont to pride ourselves. Let us hope that the remedy may be at once applied. And so with reference to the style of architecture. If there be any defects here fitted to promote the spread of conflagrations, let no considerations of material, convenience, economy or picturesque effect prevent their immediate removal. While praising the Lord that He is good in saving us from the ravages of the famine, the pestilence and the fire, let us not forget to praise Him for giving us "peace in all our borders, and filling us with finest of the wheat."

"He hath reserved unto us the appointed weeks of harvest." He has proved true to His covenant promise, "While the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter shall not cease." Our fields might have lain desolate like many in Fatherland where the roots have rotted in the furrows, and the fierce storms and long continued rains have blasted the farmers hopes. Our Father who is the Husbandman has dealt differently with us. He has blessed the genial suns, and fructifying showers. He has given us rain from Heaven, and a fruitful season, filling our mouths with food and gladness." It is He who hears the Heavens as they silently supplicate that the watery element be poured into the bosom of the waiting earth. While the Heavens hear the Earth as in its thirstiness, it sighs and cries for the sound of abundance of rain," —corn and the Earth meets the wishes of the "corn and the wine," and these in turn respond to the labours of the Husbandman. In this connected chain of causation, Jehovah the Divine Agent sits enthroned as the top king forever; while Israel, the human instrument, occupies the lowest seat. Hosea II. 21.

No one can contemplate aright the entire process of vegetation in which Human diligence and Divine dependance, so beautifully blend without feeling.—This is the great power of God." It is a standing visible, constant miracle—a continued creation in which he secreted a "strength and a beauty"—the hiding of a power, which, but for its commonness, and our consequent familiarity with it, we could not full constantly to apprehend and appreciate.

With this plenty is associated Peace. "We sit under our vine and fig tree, none daring to make us afraid."

A year ago we were uncertain how it might be. Our relations with Our Republican neighbours were unsettled. Great swelling words were being used about "conscriptions and outrages" and "injured citizens," which produced a feverish state of feeling. Quiet, peace-loving men looked anxious. Not a few were knitting their brows and clenching their fists, and talking as if the Gordian knot, which seemed to defy the skill of diplomatic manipulation, must be cut by the old dread weapon. Those who hailed joyously the appearance of a new thing under the sun,—the "settlement of national grievances by peaceful arbitration" were beginning to fear that the effort was going to prove a failure, and that recourse would still have to be had to the stern arbitrament of the sword. Our fears have been disarmed. The little cloud which was coming out on the sky and threatening to shroud it, has disappeared.

It is not for us to discuss from this desk the merits or demerits of the Washington Treaty, or the manner in which the proceedings were conducted in the high tribunal whose sessions have recently closed at Geneva; but simply to express our intense gratification at the result. Every citizen of our Dominion, whatever be his political proclivities, must rejoice in the final settlement of these old standing grounds of dispute. The widening of the breach would have been the cutting of a gulf in which the dearest interests of humanity and religion would have been entombed. England and America at war, would have covered the Heavens with sackcloth, and made Earth an Aceldama, would have arrested the wheels of the world's progress, and set the Sun back on the dial of Time; would have made devils exult and angels weep, while the Lord of life and love would have been terribly wounded in house of His friends "Overcoming such "sad calamities to which overrun," it behoves us this day to praise the Lord. The Lord is good, in whose hands are the hearts of princes and presidents, and who can livest them like the rivers of water, for turning into foolishness the counsels of political Ahiphels, and, with perfect ease to these in a divided nation "causing the counsels of peace to be between them both."

Principles of international law have been established which will supply material guar antees for peace between these two great countries. The illustrious example of settling national difficulties by peaceful arbitration will not, let us trust, be lost on the other nations of the world. Following the bewildered, thus bewilder on the highways of history, others may, in the sheer folly and madness of war, and be induced in their prielic as well as private capacity, to "study the things which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another." Especially will nations so closely allied in blood, and interest, and feeling, learn to perpetuate such peaceful relations, if the more as experience has shown how hard it is and how long it takes to effect a reconciliation when such fall out by the way, and our foes become those of our own household.

When rival nations, great in arms,
Great in power, in glory great,
Rush in ranks at War's alarms,
And deal a temporary fate;
The hostile storms but rage awhile,
And the tired combatants,
But oh! how hard to reconcile
The foes that once were friends.

Geneva, the meeting-place of these eminent plenipotentiaries, has associations in history more illustrious still. It was the cradle of the Reformation. It was the rendezvous of the leading Reformers, men who made their lives sublime, and sent forth from this quiet retreat influences which shook the world. Into this line of thought I am led by the consideration that this is the tercentenary of the death of Knox, who found in Geneva a "covert from the the tempest" of Papal persecution, "when the blast of the terrible ones was like a storm against the wall." Three very months, and within a few days, 300 years will have passed since the great Scottish Reformer breathed out his heroic soul, at the age of 67. At Geneva he received much of his inspiration which was the soul of his ministry and the source of his might. In translating the edition of the Bible—called sometimes the Geneva, and sometimes after himself—and in intercourse with his eminent associates, he became the more formally indoctrinated in those principles which he imbibed from the fountain head, Calvinism, or Calvinistic, then call them, but they are now properly Paulinism, or Biblism, for it was the province of that marvellous Frenchman, deemed by his cotemporaries, at the age of 32, the most learned man in Europe, and of whose writings it is said, a thousand editions were circulated during his lifetime, systematically to arrange, and logically and luminously to expound, those cardinal doctrines which form the staple of the Pauline theology. These doctrines have had graven on them, at sundry times and in divers manners, the seal of Divine approval. They have received the sanction of the goodly fellowship of the Apostles, and the noble army of martyrs. In their favour the hidden one of God have witnessed a good confession. The Reformers before the Reformation testified of these, and as for the "plants of these days" they were "not preached no other Gospel." They were the sonorous blasts from the silver trumpet on which the rust of the Dark Ages had gathered, the trumpet which gives no uncertain sound, but which had been so long chained to monastic walls, with which they woke up the world from the sleep of centuries.

Calvin but removed the rubbish that had gathered round the true foundation; he but brought out in illuminated sharp-stare those portions of the precious parchments which superstition had distorted and dimmed. In this respect his pen was mightier than the sceptre of Charlemagne or the sword of Napoleon. Even the enemies themselves being judges, the illustrious Genevan wielded a power which reached the extremities of Christendom. His life has done out to all the earth, his words to the ends of the world. A writer in the *Westminster Review*, the great literary organ of the Rationalists, which no one will ever suspect of Calvinistic proclivities or sympathies, acknowledges that Calvin "saved the Reformation," "sowed the seeds of liberty in Europe," and evoked a moral energy Christianity had not felt since the era of the persecution." Though wrestling "in implacable antipathy to" and "personal hate" of Calvin, he nevertheless says:—"The peculiar ethical temper of Calvinism is precisely that of Primitive Christianity, of the extremities and the desert, and was created under the same stimulants." Knox, if he did not graduate in the school of Geneva, for "the Gospel he received not of man, neither was he taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ," nevertheless contended earnestly for the faith which was promulgated there, and was in full accord with the great Master in Israel, who was its presiding genius.

The facts in the history and the features of the character of John Knox, we will consider again, but we could not refrain in passing from throwing a flower on a grave by whose decoration many hands during these memorable November days will be wearing chaplets—a grave which, on the 24th and 25th, will be a "Mecca of the Mind" to multitudes, around which, in spirit clasping fraternal hands will gather the representatives of Presbyterianism, numbering throughout the world a membership of 36,785,896, being many times over the largest branch of the great Protestant Family. In seeking to "garnish the sepulchre" of this "righteous man" and to stir up our friends by way of remembrance, of what he was and of what he did in view of the boon thus conferred, and those nameless and numberless blessings which were the fruit of his life and labours, no sentiment can be more suitable than "Praise the Lord, for the Lord is good."

But the death of the Scottish Reformer is linked with another event, marking out yet more bright years as memorable and which it would seem hard to utter our text, an event which three months before, to a day, gave to Knox his death blow, and which branded the brow of Rome deeper than ever before with the lowering stigma, "Drunk with the blood of the Saints and of the Martyrs of Jesus." It was on the 24th November, 1572 John Knox died. It was on the 24th August 1572, St. Bartholomew's day was ushered—"the bloodiest chapter in the book of time," when Rome held high Carnival, when the streets of Paris were gorged with piled up bodies, and swam with precious blood, when the sky was black with the smoke of pistol and arquebuse, and the air was laden with the uproarious shouts of the fiends in human form who bounded their innocent victims to the slaughter, and when Tartarus Tartarus were sung and medals struck off under the patronage of the Vatican in honor of the Huguenot slaughter. No exaggeration is the vivid picture. "Men forgot their manhood, and women their tenderness. In worse than Circean transformation the human was twined into the brutal and there prowled through the streets a pack of ghouls and vampires, consumed with an appetite for blood. The roads were almost impassable from the corpses of men, women and children, a new and appalling barricade. Paris became one vast red sea, whose blood waves had no refluent tide. The sun of that blessed Sabbath shone with fiendish, kind light upon thousands of dishonored and violate homes, and the air which should have been hushed from sound until the Psalm of devotion woke it carried upon its startled billows the yell of fierce blasphemers flushed and drunk with murder, and the shrieks of parting spirits like a host of unburied witnesses, crying from beneath the altar unto God—"How long O Lord, how long!"

Over scenes like these which this tercentenary year calls up, "Praise the Lord for the Lord is good" would seem a strange note to utter, yet we cannot but feel it meet and awanting. God made the wrath of man to praise Him, while He restrained the remainder thereof. The massacre of St. Bartholomew set the Papacy on the pillory, and held it up to universal execration. Irroused from their fatal stupor many who had been lulled by its dangerous—deceitously administered opiating and "drunk with the wine of her fornication. It should make us also cling the more tenaciously to fundamental truths which these chivalric souls of whom the world was not worthy, enshrined in their testimony and sealed with their blood. We shall not have gathered from these two great events this year memorables the fruits they were fitted to yield, if we do not like the noble Argyll said on the scaffold he died) "with a hearty hatred of Popery," and with a warmer attachment to that pure Protestant Faith, which forms the best bulwark of the altar and the throne, and the fairest Palladium of our civil and religious liberties.

It is an easy transition from these Historic Memorabilia of the year, to notice the singularly Jesuitic proclamation of Bismarck, expelling from the German empire, the modern representatives of the many who urged on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and likely broke the heart of our great Scotch Reformer.

Would that other governments, alive to the mischief which these stinging fomenters of intrigue have invariably occasioned whenever such foothold has been obtained, and it has been deemed prudent to drop the mask, were to go and do likewise.

The frank avowals of an accomplished member of that order, at the Bishop's Jubilee, in the great Cathedral of our city, should make us thankful. This bold assumption of the prerogatives of a Hildibrand and revival of the claims of the Church of unlimited authority, which policy has kept in the back ground, is rather for humbug and gullibility. Some of the brethren may deem his utterance a blunder which our worldly wise men deem worse than a crime, nevertheless, we confess a liking for Father Braun. His plain, honest, open way of speaking, is infinitly preferable to the plan pursued by those who, by "good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple." Better far be this above board, outspoken priest, with visage not masked and voice unmuzzled than the wolf in sheep's clothing.

We have had quite enough of the sanctimonious face, and fawning form, of the velvet lip and the oily tongue. The voice has been that of Jacob. We may find bye and bye, to our cost that the hands are Esau's.

Well would it be for religious young Canada, to heed the Poet's appeal addressed to old England.

"Do ill that good may come, as Satan spoke?"
Was to the land defeated by the fiends?
Was to the visions, for whose sake
The curse of God may now be hovering nigh?
Up, England, and avert it! be daily break
The spoils of sorcerers Rome, and cast into the
Gorgons capacious? say, is it wise
Or right, or safe, for some chance gains to day,
To dare the vengeance from to-morrow's skies?
Be wise then, dear land, my native home,
Do always good, do good that good may come.
The truth of duty claim half as then lies,
Break, break, the chain of the enchantress, Rome.

And now, beloved brethren, in view of all our mercies—personal, family, congregational, municipal, national—our increase as regards the life that now is: health, and strength, and comfort, our pleasant homes, our peaceful borders, our happy, united circles, and specially, in view of our higher blessings, and the best—the greatest gift of everlasting love—let us unitedly "praise the Lord, for the Lord is good."

"The Lord is good to all, and has tender mercies are over all his works," but he has been specially good to us. He has been mindful of us and blessed us, therefore, let us praise Him with our lips and lives, let us glorify Him in our bodies and our spirits, which are His. Let us give thanks at the remembrance of that goodness which endureth continually, and of which, during this year, we have been so largely the recipients. Let the remembrance of that goodness inspire *reverence*. It is written, "They shall fear the Lord and *His goodness* in this latter day." Let us in Latter latter days, and on these Western shores, verify these ancient words. Let our remembrance to-day that the Lord is good exist on us in perfect vigour. The goodness of the Lord should lead us to *repentance*, and not to hardness of heart. God maketh the heart soft. Let us lay ourselves open to the softening influences of this season and to the subduing power of His Spirit. Is the Lord thus good, and has He been thus kind to us? Then let us be imitators of God as dear children. Seek that that goodness may be transferred to your characters, and transfused into your lives. Be ye also merciful, even as your Father which is in Heaven is merciful. Be ready to distribute, be willing to communicate. Copy the unstinting generosity of Him of whose "great liberality" we are the remembrancer to-day. Give with no niggard hand or grudging heart, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven.

Not mere the crowning motive. Fail not to feel this day the full force of that goodness which reached its climax on the Cross. Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus, In beholding the Witness rather still, you will not forget the "cloud of witnesses who overcame by the blood of the Lamb and the Word of His testimony." Not such corruptible things as silver and gold, merely or mainly, did they surrender—they counted not their lives dear unto themselves. Many of them, of the poor of this world, could say to Him for whom they were faithful unto death: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." We have fallen on happier times. We are not called to make such sacrifices "Ye have resisted unto blood." This blood-bought heritage which they, at such cost, have secured and transmitted, let us faithfully conserve. Those precious principles, hallowed by martyr memories, which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from our children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and His strength, and His wonderful works that He hath done, that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born who should arise and declare them to their children."

BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

ADDITION.

Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness love. (2 Peter 1: 5—8.)

SUBTRACTION.

He that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. (2 Peter 1: 9.)

MULTIPLICATION.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord. (2 Peter 1: 2.)

He that ministereth seed to the sower both ministereth bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness. (2 Cor. 9: 10.)

DIVISION.

Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father to you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. (2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.)

Ireland.

There is still no prospect of a close of the seamen's strike in Belfast.

A series of meetings is to be held in the North of Ireland in favor of the state purchase of Irish railways.

Mr. Isaac Butt argues that an Irish Reform Bill ought not to involve any transfer of seats from borough to county constituencies.

It is reported in Dublin, that Cardinal Cullen will not return to Ireland, as the Pope desires he should not leave him, but fill a place equal to that of Cardinal Antonelli.

A son of Major De Burgh, of Warrenk Terrace, who was to have been married on the 24th inst., attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor in the morning.

Prosecutions are about to be proceeded with against some Cork fishermen for having removed oysters of less dimensions than 2½ inches in diameter from the fishing grounds in Cork Harbour.

Applications have been granted by Baron Deasy in Dublin, for liberty to plead defences in several actions against the Marquis of Hartington and the Under-Secretary of State for Ireland for assault and battery, arising out of the Phœnix Park riots in August, 1871.

The *Long Times* says the costs of the petitioner (Captain Trench) in the Galway election petition will amount to about £12,600. Of this sum between £4000 and £5000 will have been swallowed in counsel's fees. The costs of Captain Nolan's side will probably be represented by about £9000.

Ireland has more than her fair share of representation. Taking even population alone, she is more largely represented than Scotland; and according to property and all other sources of income, she forms only one sixteenth part of the United Kingdom, whilst she has nearly one-sixth of the representation; and with less than £26,000,000 income, she has 105 members; while Scotland, with only £60,000,000 of income, has only 60 members.—*Scotsman.*

The Rev. Dr. Rochel, vicar of Mullingar, who is well known as one of the most accomplished scholars and ablest preachers in the Irish Church, has been appointed to one of the canonries in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Since the disestablishment of the Church, this cathedral has become the cathedral of the whole Anglo-Irish Church, its reconstruction with the one diocese of Dublin having terminated. In the cathedral so constituted, the canonries are to be filled up by the twelve bishops and by twelve clergymen, one chosen by the vote of each diocese in its Diocesan Synod.