

the conclusion that there is something wrong somewhere. Outwardly, one must grant that it looks very well. There are churches numerous and fine, popular preachers enough and to spare, and pews with well-dressed listeners. But, follow those listeners to their homes; read the semi-sentimental religious books they read; listen to the worldly and business gossip they talk; hear the glad anticipations of the youth clustering round the evening service, at which he hopes to meet the maiden whom he at present worships more devoutly than anything else; commune with the maiden aforesaid, and catch the strange medley of love, bonnets, pull-backs, choir music and "that love of a preacher," which falls from her lips,—and then state your solemn convictions about the real meaning and object of Sunday observance among the influential class of "worldly-holy" people who frequent our churches. Are they much distinguished from that other despised division called "wholly-worldly"? Abuse me not, dear reader, for these highly descriptive titles. I am not guilty. I merely quote an eminent writer of this present age.

Now, granting that regular church attendance, total absorption in so-called religious reading and conversation, and a Puritanical, Calvinistic depression of spirits over the ever-present thought of our sins and iniquities, constitute strict Sabbatarianism from an orthodox point of view, is not the above true description of things as they are a dismal picture?

But to the *non-orthodox* it is full of meaning. There is one noble, consistent idea running through all its lines, not very distinctly brought out as yet, but full of promise for the future. It is this,—that *a man's religion is his life*, and that neither man nor woman *can* have any other. To whatever outward forms or ceremonies, denominated Religious, he or she may conform, they are mere excrescences. It is the life they lead—not the church they attend—which is their religion. Thoroughly awake to this fact, they cast off the shams of religious demeanour the moment they leave the "religious edifice" in which they are supposed to worship,—church we cannot call it, for that is more than a building; their church, like their religion, is their life. So universal is the sympathy with this line of conduct that people are no longer ashamed to live their ordinary life even on Sundays, amid their chosen friends or associates, though hardly yet prepared to cast off their allegiance to the ostensible code of the outside religious world of which they form a part.

The time is coming when this too will be done. Then men will show more plainly what they really are. Respect for Sabbatarianism as an outward and visible institution, respectable from its very antiquity, once gone, men will appear in their true colours. What will then become of Sabbath observance? If it be no part of the real life of the man, the place that once knew it will shortly know it no more. But let it not be understood by this that any abrogation of the Sabbath as one day in seven for rest and relaxation is to be feared. That is a necessity of our physical nature, and mankind know this too well readily to forego it. Yet men differ in their ideas of rest. To one man, physically and mentally over-wrought throughout the week, rest is sleep, or absolute physical quiescence. To another, whose occupation is sedentary and monotonous, a day's ramble in the country, fishing, boating, &c. &c., is refreshment and joy. Another, whose sphere of labour lies chiefly far away from wife and little ones—a traveller, for instance—finds his rest among his children at his own fireside, or rambling on the green-sward of the parks in utter idleness, loving to see them play around him, conscious of his presence and rejoicing in it. The need of rest is fully met by these and various other means. It is not, therefore, safe to base the existing strict Sabbatarianism on the theory of the necessity of one day in seven for physical rest.

Something more is needed. A higher, holier thought must be inherent in the term Sabbath, or it is well nigh meaningless. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. It is not a *day*—one special limited time—but a state or condition to which men may, by God's help, attain and live in constantly every day from Sunday to Saturday, both inclusive. If it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, it is equally lawful to do good every day. If it is lawful to do evil on week days, it is no less lawful to do evil on Sundays. We have no special record of any difference in the outward life or conduct of our Lord God and Saviour on the Jewish Sabbath. He went about doing good every day, because He was, and is, Goodness itself, the Infinite Good—God Himself, the one Jehovah—infinite Love and infinite Wisdom. That is our example. Not a religion for Sundays, but a Life for every day,—a life drawn from Him into our being, and permitted free course into our every act. True, He did not do away with the fourth commandment. He came not to destroy the Law and the Prophets, but to fulfil,—to fill full with His Divine Life every jot and tittle of the Law. He came and showed in Life the inner meaning of the true state of Sabbath,—a state of true rest, in which every faculty, every power within us rests on Him, willing and ready to do His will in every, or any path of life. Such Life is Love—not love of self, but love towards others. By that means only can we exercise all our powers of Will, Intellect, and Act, fully and usefully, so that not one faculty within us shall be a strain or torture to the other, but each work harmoniously in restful activity, filled to the full measure of the man with a Divine influx of Life, for which our gratitude to God can never in this world find full expression. That is the Sabbath,—our true and holy rest.

Such is the highest state to which man can attain. Alas! it is slow in coming; but only because we do not will that it should come. With but feeble love and longing do we repeat the words: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"; but the power is there if we will but permit entrance. There is no path in life which it cannot fill—no work of ours in the world which it cannot penetrate, if we are working for others—not for self. There is the test. If any man will serve God, let him *deny himself*, thus take up His cross daily, and follow God in that path which He trod as the Divine-Humanity.

Many are doing this, and their influence is spreading, because it is practical influence—not words, but deeds. The views of humanity are changing. There will shortly be much greater changes. Sabbatarianism, however strict, must give way to the good of humanity. Charity, kindness, love to one's fellow-man, must take its place. The day is not far distant when such a phenomenon as this will be seen, good men, honest, pure, and Christian, will be found willing to minister to the physical needs of their fellows, even on the first day of the

week, by running trains, steamers, and other means of conveyance on that day to enable the toiling denizens of cities to breathe the purer air of the country, visit their relatives or friends, and enjoy the intercourse and refreshment which social communion with those near and dear to us is intended to give, but which is too often denied them by circumstances beyond their control throughout the week.

The *useful* work of the world need not cease because of the Sabbath, yet none need be denied a seventh day of rest. It is simply a matter of those dollars and cents which men love much more ardently than they love their fellow-men. An extra staff of hands on railways, steamers, &c., is all that is required to make it possible to give *all* one day's rest in seven. To put it practically, the one-seventh of extra outlay for wages would be, more than probably, repaid by the one-seventh of extra receipts. And surely if the men pine for the "services of the sanctuary," there ought to be devout clergymen enough found willing to devote a day, or an evening, in the week to preach to those who thus sacrifice the conventional Sabbath to do good to others on that day.

Verily this is an insane idea! saith the reader. Is it? It certainly seems so in this selfish and grasping age, which believes but little in the truth or beauty of self-sacrifice. But none can deny that it is practicable if we will to make it so.

Question, rather, Is it right? Is it a truth worthy of a life devoted to it? If so, *do it*—in your place and station as far as you can. If the *day* is everything, the outward semblance of religious rest all important, such action is clearly wrong. If, however, "all religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," it must be right to observe the spirit of the Sabbath and conform the letter to it. The letter killeth—the spirit giveth life—life that cares for others' life, for others' happiness, their physical as well as spiritual well-being, and sees that neither can be benefited separately. The Sabbath is a state that was made for man. It is his true condition. To that he must rise if he would fulfil the order of his being. Man was not made for the Sabbath as an outward thing, but as an inward state, which, when attained, will evolve an outward and constant daily

"SABBATH."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—The writer would have taken no notice of a communication which appeared in your last edition, signed "Elector," had you not—to some extent at least—endorsed his views, and consequently accepted as correct the reasons he advances for holding such views, and I now write for information, which doubtless "Elector" or his adviser will be willing to give. I would like answers to the following simple questions:—

1. How is Montreal suffering from the *reckless* financial policy of the present Government?
2. How has this policy destroyed the tea and sugar trade; and what evidence is there that it has paralysed manufactures?
3. What importers are leaving Montreal and going West?
4. Does not the same policy obtain in the West as in the East?

I oppose Mr. Devlin's candidature (having previously warmly supported him), because he now wishes to separate his Irish Roman Catholic friends from the rest of the community with different interests and duties, and therefore requiring a different policy, &c. But I do not see in that gentleman's past history any warrant for the averment made by "Elector,"—also endorsed by you,—that "he (Mr. D.) will be subservient to the Mackenzie Government." Mr. Devlin is somewhat tenacious of his opinions, be they good or bad, wise or unwise, and what he says he generally does.

The remark imputed by "Elector" to Sir John A. Macdonald, that Mr. Devlin was "too slippery a fish for his net," proves that Sir John—splendid fisher of men as he is known to be, baiting his hooks with any or everything—tried to catch Mr. Devlin, and failed. Sir John may console himself, he has not caught Mr. Devlin; but he has landed an "Elector," and has him safely basketed,—there let him remain cool and moist in the mud and moss of Protection, and joy be with him and unto him. But from the endorser, better things were, and still are (by another elector),

"HOPED FOR AND EFFECTED."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I see a great deal in the newspapers just now about protecting our manufacturers, and I hear a great deal of talk about it too, till I am quite tired. For my brother is a member of the Conservative Association here, and he attends meetings every evening, and after the meetings he comes home with a lot of men—some of them are nasty fellows that I hate, but he says we must show them some attention to try and carry the election. And they sit and drink beer and smoke on the verandah, and talk very loud and fast, and sometimes they even say bad words about the Government. Though I am sure they can't say anything that is *too* bad about them, for I think Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright must be very wicked men to spoil our trade, and starve our workmen and their poor wives and children. I may tell you, my brother started a factory some years ago, and was doing very well till some mean Americans—they are generally a low set of people, the Americans—came over and *robbed* him of all his profits. And I know my papa has been robbed in the same way, for he has not allowed me to buy a silk dress for more than fifteen months. And it's a shame and disgrace that respectable people are obliged to economise and live as meanly as the poorest beggars. I'm sure I am glad that the elections are coming on, and that we will get a new Government who will protect us from the people who steal our money from us and take it to foreign countries.

But, Mr. Editor, there are some persons that want protection as badly as any, and I think it is time that somebody should speak for them. I was not sure what paper I should write to, for none of them ever seem to think of protecting us, but I knew that you allow all sorts of people to write in your paper, though I can't say I approve of your allowing anybody to write in