

A CIVIC CHURCH.

Editor Stead's Ideal and Suggestions.

In Montreal, Toronto and some other places visited recently by Mr. W. T. Stead, the noted English editor of Review of Reviews, he gave a very thoughtful and practical address on "A Civic Church," in which he gave his ideas of a Christian's duty as a citizen of his country. From the Montreal Star's excellent report of his Sunday evening address in that city, we clip the following extracts, which are very suggestive:

DENOMINATIONAL UNITED WORK.

While you are having your jealousies and rivalries and even more bitter feelings concerning the way in which you define the infinite or as to the precise formula by which you should approach your Maker, do you not think that we could come together for practical purposes to agree upon some common plan of campaign to attain those objects which all churches agree ought to be sought. In other words could we not get a little more of this unity—the unity that prevails between Christ and God—get it into our politics and our religion? There are some of you, perhaps, who think the churches have nothing to do with politics. God help you if that be your conviction, and may he speedily bring you into a view more in accord with ordinary common sense. Politics, we understand in the healthy government of a country, is an attempt to bring the kingdoms of this world into accordance with the will of God and his Christ, and if any Christian man and woman turn their backs upon political questions and say they have nothing to do with them so far as politics are concerned, you are an atheist and no Christian, and you leave one important section of human life as a rallying ground for the forces of evil.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS.

The church should exert itself to bring Christians into everything, into the polling booth, into the Parliament House, into every department of human life, in fact. Every person who takes himself as a Christian man out of any department of human life into which it is possible for a Christian man to enter excludes Christians from that department. Far be it from me to learn that the church should so far degrade itself as to leave Christian men like the Gideonites of old, mere bearers of wood and drawers of water for any political set of persons who want the loaves and fishes of office, and who have obtained them corruptly and dishonestly. There is a far higher and nobler work for the Church in politics than that. Is there one church—Catholic, Protestant, or Free Thinking—in the whole of this Dominion that would not agree upon one single formula, a formula which no good man or woman could take exception to, and that formula is the simple and elementary proposition that if you want this Dominion of Canada, or this city of Montreal, or this Province of Quebec, to be governed in accordance with the will of God, and the love of Christ, you should never under any pretext return to places of honor and of power the scoundrel whom you would not invite to your own house. It is too much to ask the Christian churches of our land to say: "Radicals we know nothing of, or Conservatives, or Tories, or Reform parties, or anything as parties, that if we have to make even the smallest beginning, to get the will of God engraved on the statute book of our land the men who frame that statute book should be honest men and not rogues—for place in a Christian commonwealth, for position as representative of a Christian no scoundrel need apply.

UNWORTHY REPRESENTATIVES.

I dare say that some of you who have had some experience of politics in this country may know that here as elsewhere in the old country, men have been returned, and probably will continue to be returned to make laws for the good government of a Christian people whom you or any decent man would scorn to ask to his own table to meet his wife and daughters. Well, such is the proposal that I make. Could we not get sufficient unity among all good men, to say that rogues and scoundrels shall not hold place or bear authority among us. Do you know what would happen if the churches did but put their heads together and stand firm in this regard? Why, there is no caucus of any party that would not take care to put honest men in the field. There are honest men enough in any country to govern that country. It is because the churches are singing hymns to God Almighty, and praying, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and allowing the saloon-keeper and the wire puller to decide whether God's will shall be done on earth or not. This is a point on which all churches could agree. There is no theological difference, no ecclesiastical trouble—it is a very simple formula that in politics whether local or imperial it is wrong to tell a lie. It is a formula which the church could enforce upon politicians, and upon gentlemen who are the mouthpiece of politicians, but they do not do it.

REFORMING THE NEWSPAPERS.

Do you think that your churches could not have any influence upon your newspaper? I was talking the other day to a saloon-keeper down on the levee in Chicago, and I said, "What do you think is the worst influence in the government of this city?" and he looked up at me without a

moment's hesitation, and said, "The newspapers." Perhaps he was an interested party, perhaps the newspapers had been having something to say about the saloon-keeper, I am not very sure, but that many of your newspapers are not a very evil influence, acting directly contrary to the work of the church. It is not good journalism to say in your paper what you would be ashamed to say to the face of the man about whom you are writing. There is also another thing in which I think all the churches will agree, and that is when your country appeals to you to perform the highest act of good citizenship and go to the polling booth and record your vote for the man who, in your opinion, is most fitted to frame laws for this country, that it is necessary that a deep sense of the religious responsibility of the voter should be pressed home upon the minds of all the citizens, constantly, prayerfully and with common sense, and if you would but recognize this as a duty incumbent upon the church when an election comes on, whether for the local or imperial legislature, the church of Christ as a representative of Christ in this place, ought to arouse the conscience and press home to the hearts of all Christian men the responsibility of voting.

COMMON GROUND OF ACTION.

What is there to hinder the Church of Christ agreeing to come together on these three great principles: 1. That for place in a representative assembly no scoundrel need apply. 2. It is wrong to lie even in newspapers and in politics. 3. That before a Christian electorate goes to the polling-booth there should be laid upon its heart and conscience this truth—in voting, we are voting in the sight of God Almighty; in voting, we are helping or hindering Christ Jesus; in voting, we are doing what we can to bring in the Kingdom of God here and now. I appeal to you as men of common sense, if representatives of your churches, Catholic and Protestant, on the eve of an election, were to send their best men to meet together, and, no matter how much they might differ about all other things, to endeavor to force that home upon politicians, could you not get better men to make better laws?

If your churches and your Christian men do not rule the country, it is because you cannot or are too lazy to do it. It is because you do not care to try, and I am spending my strength in an attempt to make them do what they profess to.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

Whenever there is anything wrong, anything unjust, anything foul, anything opposed to the will of God, there the work of the church is not complete. Have you ever thought what answer you would make if the Lord Jesus Christ came and asked you who call yourselves by his name, to render a report to him, and to take him on a tour of inspection around your city, and to show him how far you have gone in the work of regenerating, of transforming this city in which you dwell?

How far have you got in your task? What have you done? how much have you done to drive them out? If you were to set about removing your sewage in the way you take to remove

the city as well as for your own souls and for your neighbors' souls? I remember when Christmas Evans used to go about itinerating in the Welsh hills, and he used to take up a collection as a means of livelihood of the people who gathered together in the Conventicles. One collection amounted to 3 pence, 3 farthings, and they brought it to him with the remark, "Brother, it is small, but the Lord will reward thee on the day of resurrection." "Yes, brother," replied Christmas Evans, "that is a great and blessed truth, but what about my poor donkey? There is no resurrection day for him."

MAP OUT THE WORK.

What is our mission as Christian men and women? It is to win the world for Christ. It is to make this world anew in the image of Christ. Have you surveyed it, have you surveyed even your own city, I think it would be a very good thing if in front of each pulpit there should be set out in plain letters, for the minister to read over at the beginning of the service, a statement up to date of all the evils that exist in that district of the city for which we are responsible. For instance, supposing that we are responsible in this church for the district that is allotted to us and lying immediately around us, and have undertaken with the help of the Almighty to make it a city of the living God, and we find that up to 12 o'clock last night we have failed and come short in doing our work, because in the whole of that district there exist the following institutions which are contrary to the will of God: "Five low drinking dens from which, according to the report of the representative of the church told off to see how things were, at least 25 men in an advanced stage of drunkenness came out on Saturday night; one house of ill-fame in which there are six women, which was visited last week by 30 men and youths; one gaming house in which the attendance last week was so many; one newspaper which publishes indecent advertisements, which is a disgrace to the Dominion, and which has repeatedly, in the course of last week, deliberately lied. In this district also for which we are responsible, there exists no playground for the children, no temperance tavern or clubroom for the workmen, no reading-room or nice room under cover; since last Sunday the number of drunkards has increased by three, one woman has been added to the house of ill-repute, and a melancholy and consumptive little coffee-tavern has been shut up. Now let us pray, pray, and a prayer ought to be prayed which would point and emphasize all this. God Almighty would be particularly pleased. What I want you to do is to get at the facts of human life. When I think of all the good the churches could do if they only set to work in the same practical common sense way as we do to make dollars and cents; if you could get to work to save souls from what you call ever-lasting perdition in the same way as you organize your fire brigade you could.

TRANSFORM THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE of your cities. It is because you will not do it that there exists so much evil. There are some who think that the churches cannot come together. That is a great mistake. Upon abstract questions the churches differ and will always differ, but upon the practical questions of every-day life, upon the importance of making it easier for a man to live an upright, holy, temperate, moral life, there is no difference.

Let us suppose that you have heard that one quarter in the city of Montreal is being burned down, and you are the only one who knows about it—you have heard the shrieks of the women who came to the windows and have thrown their little ones into the street to save them from the flames. You go around to one place and another place, and notify the citizens of it and exhort them to go at once to the rescue of human lives, and after you have seen them all you return to the scene of the fire to find only one or two stragglers. Supposing you then go back to the first parties you notified, and you find them discussing whether you parted your hair in the middle; you find another throng discussing whether they would extinguish the fire with pails of water or a fire engine, and a third gathering announcing that a poem has been composed in your honor, "Would you like to hear it read?" You would be very likely to exclaim: "D— it, sir, you are not the man I took you to be." That is what is going on in the churches all along. You know there are many evils that are dooming your sons and daughters to loss and disgrace in this world, let alone in the next. And why? Why, you say: "Oh, I cannot bear these Catholics," or "I cannot cooperate with these heretics," and all the time who is it that is suffering? The living Christ, and all the time you think you are doing him honor.

A CHRISTMAS VISION. Mr. Stead concluded by telling the message which came to him eight years ago when he was living in Holloway Jail in London—a message which had been blessed to many souls who had thought that they had lost faith in religion. It was a Christmas Day and he was writing a letter to a poor girl who had been taken from a life of shame and placed in a Christian family, when the bell rang out for the chapel service. It was his first Christmas Day in prison and he felt a feeling of sadness when he thought of the dear ones at home. They had got partly through the service when he heard a voice in his heart, and this was the message: "Did you not tell the girl to be a Christian? Never tell anyone that, but say—be a Christ." That afternoon he wrote to his friends from Cardinal Manning down to Unitarians and Quakers, and Salvation Army and agnostics, and to his surprise, without a word of exception, they all said, "Be a Christ." That is what is laid upon every believer's soul, not to be a second person in the Trinity, but to be God's entirely, interpreting the love of God. How? By repeating formulae, singing hymns, reading the Bible, taking Communion? No; these things may be all very well and very useful and very necessary as long as they are only means to the end, but the end is to make you and me more like Christ. If we are each realizing and living up to the Christian ideal of being God's Messiah, and of setting our hands to the work of making this world the kingdom of God and his Christ, how long should we have to wait for the union of all who live in the service of God, of all who suffer for him? This is the very central essence of the Civic Church. May God bless you. Amen."

A Drunkard's Soliloquy.

Whereami?
Whatami?
Whoami?
Ish me. I me a-holdin' up this lamp-post, souse can shine for all. I'm a modest drinker. I never drink more'n I can get. See? I me the father of six children, and the boss of their mammy. Purty boss I hain't I? Say, ol' fellow, if you had a wife like my gal you'd be richer'n John Jacob Astor. You would. But I ain't er bit proud; nothin' set up 'bout me. I don't care for fine close, nur keridges, nur houses; 'n my family hain't stuck up, neither.

Whoami? I'm a liar, I am. Who says I'm a liar? I do, sir! A bigger liar'n Ananias and Saffiry. Didn't Jim Jones stand up before the preacher and tell Mandy Boyce that he'd cherish her? You bet, he did. An' nurris' her? An' love her? An' hain't he made her work day an' night to keep the children from starvin' an' freezin'? And hain't he sold her home and her ring, and her shoes for drink? An' don't he care more for a drink than he does for her life? Hain't he turned her happiness into bitterness, her hope into ashes, and her home into a hell? Thatshe-kind of a liar I am.

An' I'm a thief, I am! I a thief! I ondoed my wife with all my worldly goods, an' I stole every one from her an' sold 'em for drink! I robbed her of her happiness. I robbed her of her health; I robbed her children of schooling. I robbed them of a father's love, and I robbed them of respectability and honor! And I me a thief! A liar and a thief! Say! purty 'spectable character, ain't I? Liar'n a thief!

An' I me a murderer! Who says so? Set it down, I tell yer! I said so! When the baby died, 'cause there was no food, nor fire, nor medicine in the house, say, who killed the baby? I'm a murderer, I am!

Say, stranger! what you think of a man that'd sell his children's school books, an' his wife's weddin' ring, an' his mother's clothes for drink? Thats hekind of a hairpin I am! I'm a scoundrel, from away back! An' I me a liar! an' a thief! an' a murderer!

An' what er you goin' to do about it? I me a free born American citizen, an' I've got a vote! Ha! I've got a vote! I kin vote as long er ticket as the President of the United States! An' I can lie to the preacher, and rob my wife, an' disgrace my mother, an' rob my children, an' make myself er brute, if I want ter! But, whatsh the diffrerence? Some mornin' there'll be one less soaker at the bar, and one more drunkard in hell, an' who cares!

Er you've got ennythin' ter say, ef yer want to tell ennybody he's a fool; ef yer loves his beer better'n he loves his mother an' his Maker; tell it to the man who says he can drink er let it alone, but don't let it alone! Tell him! But's too late for me! An' no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven! Thats my place! Outside. Thats my place, outside, 'mong the dogs an' liars, an' whoremongers, an' s'loonkeepers!

Say! save my boys! save my boys! put out the saloons an' you will put out fires of hell! I was once worthy of a woman's love! Oh! that I could tear the demon from my breast! But give me drink! give me drink! Take my wife! Take my children! take my honor! take my life! but give me drink! I can sleep in the gutter, I can be proud of my rags, I can do without home, I can do without friends, I can do without honor, without respect, without love, without heaven! But give me drink!

Say, hash the devil got you recruited under his modrit drinkin' banner to take Jim Jones' place when Jim drops out? Ef he has, luk on this pictyer an' see yer own fotergraff, by-an'-bye.

JIM JONES.

—Love is the first comforter, and where love and truth speak, the love will be felt where the truth is never perceived. Love is indeed the highest in all truth; and the pressure of a hand, a kiss, the caress of a child, will do more to save sometimes than the wisest argument even rightly understood. Love alone is wisdom, love is power; and where love seems to fail, it is where self has stepped between and dulled the potency of its rays.—[Geo. Macdonald.

Young People.

Riding Camel-Back.

The camel has its virtues, so much at least must be admitted, but they do not lie on the surface. My Buffon tells me, for instance, that he carries a water cistern in his stomach, which is meritorious. But the cistern ameliorates neither his gait nor his temper, which are abominable. Irreproachable as a beast of burden, he is open to many objections as a steed. It is not pleasant to ride a beast which not only objects to being ridden, but which cherishes a strong personal antipathy to the rider.

You know he hates you from the moment you walk around him, hesitating where and how to begin the ascent of his hump. He does not hesitate to tell you so in the roundest terms. He swears freely while you are taking your seat, snarls if you but move in the saddle, and stares angrily around at you if you attempt to move him at any direction save that in which he himself intended to go. If you persist he tries to bite your feet. If biting you doesn't answer he lies down.

Now, the lying down and getting up of a camel are performances designed expressly to inflict grievous bodily harm upon the rider. Thrown twice forward and twice backward, punched in his "wind" and damaged in his spine, the luckless novice receives four distinct shocks, each more sudden and unexpected than the last. For this execrable hunchback is fearfully and wonderfully made. He has a superfluous joint somewhere in his legs, and uses it to revenge himself upon mankind.

His paces, however, are more complicated than his joints and more trying than his temper. He has four—a shot walk, like the rolling of a small boat in a chopping sea; a long walk, which dislocates every bone in your body, a trot that reduces you to imbecility, a gallop that threatens sudden death to the daring experimenter.—[Amelia B. Edwards.

A Century of Girlish Dialect.

The letters of the excellent Miss Helena Wells, written in 1794, on "Subjects of Importance to the Happiness of Young Females," have long passed into the dusty regions of ancient libraries; but when she added, from her long experience as governess, "a few practical lessons on the improprieties of language and errors of pronunciation, which frequently occur in common conversation," she touched upon a subject of perennial interest, still green after two centuries.

In looking over her lists of vulgar errors it is curious to find that the very peculiarities we now associate with Mr. Samuel Weller are among those from which it was necessary to wean young ladies of good family in London a century ago. Their teacher warns them not to say "weal" and "winegar," "vill" and "vindor" and "vitch." She begs them on no account to be heard saying "ill-convenient," "however," "hissel," "affaird," or "attacked." She warns them against "nothink" and "handkercher" and "Lunnon." Other inelegancies, still heard freely in high circles in England, and sometimes also in America, were the object of solicitude to this good lady in 1794. The omission of the final g and the preliminary h, the use of "wile" and "weat" and "beold" for "while" and "wheat" and "behold"—on these Anglicisms the governesses of a century have, it would seem, labored in vain. Other peculiarities, then visible or audible, seem now to have disappeared. Does any one now say "nymph" and "triumph," of which she also complains? In some cases she simply records a swing of the pendulum which has since vibrated the other way. She bids them, for instance, say "obleege" for "oblige." Now this was the genteel pronunciation of the time, as we know, for instance, by Goldsmith's famous couplet:

Dreading 'en tools; by flatterers besieged;
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged.
Webster and Choate said "obleegeed," but we do not now hear it. Miss Wells also affords an instance of the final exit of a very obvious pronunciation based on etymology, but now quite lost. She tells her pupils that they must not say "pinafore," but "pinbefore." The reason is plain: "afore" was a vulgarism. But in this, as many other cases, the vulgarism has got the upper hand, and euphony is stronger than etymology. Fancy an opera of Pinbefore!—[Harper's Bazar.

The Courtship of Animal Life.

The wooing of birds is most refined and graceful. Love tunes their respective pipes and they seek to captivate their mates by their sweetest notes and most varied warblings. The wood pigeon charms his lady-love by a series of aerial evolutions and a curious flapping of his strong wing feathers, puffing his breast and tenderly cooing. At mating time the plumage of male birds is more handsome than at any other period—indeed, some birds assume different colors in the spring.

Yellow-hammers charm their mates by displaying their tail feathers in the form of a fan; starlings utter their sunshiny to show the metallic beauty of their breast feathers, and swallows circle and double in graceful flight before their lady-loves.

Bright shells, flowers, feathers and grasses are laid by the bower-bird at the entrance of his partner's retreat; and the tiny humming birds woo most

assiduously, showing off their lovely hues and engaging in fierce combat with a possible rival, even bringing nectar from the choicest flowers for the delectation of their fair brides. Hen birds exhibit all the vagaries of their sex, and pretend to be indifferent to the exertions of their admirers.

Courting among insects is often a very elaborate affair. A male spider will approach a female and amuse her for some time with his antics. It is said that he twirls around and around, crosses his legs, erects his body and executes a sort of mazy dance to excite her admiration. She is a very vicious lady and not always pleased with his love-making; sometimes he finds himself obliged to ward her off, for she has a painful mode of showing her displeasure, and if she entirely disapproves of his attentions will fall upon him and rend him to pieces. One species of spider is said to have a novel way of making love, the sexes communicating by means of strands of web stretching from one retreat to the other—a sort of telegraphing, so to speak.

Glowworms, according to some naturalists, use their luminaries as love signals. The females of one species seat themselves among the grass, while males, attracted by the light dance attendance upon them.

Concerning fishes—the sticklebacks occasionally resort to harsh treatment, attacking the females with open mouth and erected spines. As husbands their behavior is certainly eccentric, for after the female has deposited her eggs within the nest that he has prepared for her, her lord and master drives her away and proceeds to hatch them himself.—[The Boston Globe.

At a Turkish Postoffice Window.

They do not rush things in Constantinople as they do in American cities. The Turks love ceremony and have peculiar notions as to what constitutes politeness. We walk to the stamp window and ask for a stamp of the denomination we require. The clerk shoves it out, we put down the money and depart. The entire transaction has not occupied a minute, and hardly a dozen words spoken.

But in Istanbul a different scene would be enacted. Let us stand in the postoffice corridor a few minutes and watch the proceedings.

An elderly Turk, with gorgeous turban, approaches the window. After a series of very low and obsequious salaams, he lays his right hand upon his heart and begins:

"May this gracious morn prove a most happy one for thee, sir. The official returns the salutation, and adds, "What commandest thou?"

"Wouldst thou vouchsafe thy servant several stamps with which to send letters to America? As thou mayest know, my son, Abdullah Effendi, the glass merchant of Ak Serai, is abiding at this moment in Chicago, where he is visiting the Grand Bazar, and his family are desirous of communicating with him. Though I myself know not how to write, yet is the son of my brother, the pipebowl manufacturer, skilled in that art, and he hath promised to oblige us in this matter."

"Very well, O worthy sir; but how many stamps dost thou desire?"

"Ah, my precious jewel, how many thinkest thou I should take? One will hardly suffice, as he does not intend to return until the bazar is closed. Therefore I pray thee, give me two."

"Excellent, excellent! Here they are. May I request the sum of four piasters in payment?"

Three piasters I always paid—never more. This was but a year ago, when Abdullah was at Paris; even at—

"You are quite right, Effendi, but the prices have changed. They cost more to-day."

"In very sooth, O apple of mine eye? Then the charge hath been increased?" With this the Turk produces an intricately knotted purse and draws forth a bundle of paper money.

"Nay, nay, my adorable gem," protests the official: "we accept no paper, thou must pay in silver."

"What, thou refuseth paper! And wherefore? Is it not good money? Dost not the Sultan guarantee its payment? Well, since thou declinest it I will pay thee in copper."

"Nay, Effendi; we take no copper either; thou must give me silver."

"Silver? By my beard I have it not! I pray thee take this copper and thou shalt have some additional."

"I cannot do it, Effendi. By Allah I cannot. It is forbidden."

"Well, then, thou shalt have silver. Here it is, the latest mintage."

"Accept my overflowing thanks, my exquisite turtle dove."

"Allah be with thee and increase thy shadow mightily! Farewell!"

"Farewell, Effendi; may thy beard grow to an exceeding great length."—[The Youth's Journal.

—A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.—[Jeremy Taylor.

—The world owes much to the men who have made the best of every minute. Such men have been its leaders of thought, its great discoverers, its poets, its essayists, its doers of good. They have known how to utilize those odd half hours and spare quarters which ordinary persons treat with little consideration. They have never suffered a minute to pass without leaving an oil upon it.