

contain one bunch, and that the fruit should be gathered quite dry, when the sun is on it, and after being cooled in the shade, to be suspended in the jars, the vacua to be filled up with oat chaff, after the dust has been blown from it. The jars must be well baked or burned, and not such as imbibe moisture; the tops of the jars must be well covered over, and pitched, to keep out the air.

I will finish this communication with a paraphrase of some passages from the *Canadian Illustrated News* of the 9th ultimo, because they are not only pertinent to the subject, but so thoroughly express my own ideas thereon.

The Proprietors of the Beaconsfield Vineyard (Messrs. Menzies and Gallagher) are doing a good work, and I sincerely hope that they will be abundantly rewarded. In employing the villagers of Point Claire and in training them to the culture of the Vine, in which branch of husbandry they are likely to become very efficient, the proprietors are opening up a new industry for the French Canadians, who, when properly taught, are apt and reliable craftsmen.

This is the first experiment, in a commercial point of view, in out-door culture of the Vine in the Province of Quebec, and as its successful issue is now fully assured, a reflective mind must anticipate most encouraging results in the future for the well-being of our people.

No policy of tariff, national or otherwise, can effect much good for the agriculturists of this Province while they are content to remain in their present condition. The introduction of a new and profitable industry, vine growing and wine making, by the amelioration of the condition of our rural population must increase the demand for the products of our manufactories, and create a market which no merely political measure can do.

When we consider the immense wealth of France, the solidity and general richness of her resources, the skill of her workmen,—and when we reflect that these things are acquired under conditions not dissimilar to what would obtain here, with the country covered with vines,—we feel assured that careful vine culture, with its kindred industries, may easily become the means of obtaining wealth for our Canadians, who are akin and of the same race as the French people.

Thomas D. King

## CHRIST, THE PHARISEES AND THE PUBLICANS.

A Sermon preached in Zion Church by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, Sept. 21st, 1879.

I ask your attention to-night to a discourse on "Christ's attitude toward the Pharisees and the Publicans of His day." I am not going to discuss the character of Christ so much as the character of the people with whom he came into personal contact. It has always happened, and perhaps always will happen until men's knowledge is complete, that the great man when he comes creates two sets of opinions about himself and his work. Some recognise him—they wave in his words like corn in the harvest wind; they rejoice in his speech and the light of his face; they find that thoughts which long had lain burning in their hearts are translated for them and written out into consciousness; his heart speaks to their heart; they feel that by contact with this great and true spirit new forces are created within them, powers which make for truth and love and noble manhood. Others do not recognise him at all. They say he is fluent, but what he says is revolutionary; he is in no way the answer to our expectation and the image of our ideal; he disturbs the general and respectable notion of order; he does not admire our institutions, which is proof that he is not wise; he does not accept our forms of faith and worship, which is proof that he is not pious.

That is precisely what happened when Jesus Christ came teaching and preaching in the highways and synagogues of Judæa. The well-instructed children of Abraham had come to a distinct conclusion as to what the coming great man would be like, and when they looked upon the young carpenter with his homely speech and common ways of life, said, "This is not he who was for to come—we must still look for another." The strange part of it is that those who turned away from Christ, those who rejected Him, those with whom He was in constant controversy, those against whom He pronounced most terrible woes, those who crucified Him at last, were just the men to whom we should have looked as his admirers and disciples. I mean, of course, the Pharisees. They were the Church; they were the representatives of piety; they were avowedly on the side of God as against all sin and unrighteousness; they conserved the moral law in the name of the great Moses; they were the moralists of the age. Then it follows—or seems to follow as naturally as the ripening of fruit by the summer's sun—that when a man came declaring the God of the Church, preaching holiness and life in His great name, that he will be received without doubtful disputations or reserve; then it follows—or seems to follow as naturally as laughter from a feeling of joy—that they will accept him for the common aim they have, and let the small differences be but as the distinguishing marks of distinct humanities. But the natural did not follow. Inconsequent points of unlikeness were magnified into real impassable barriers, and those who by profession, by calling, and by all other outward marks should have allied themselves to Christ, were hostile to him and his work.

At the other extreme were the Publicans—the notorious loose-livers and sinners of the day; the men whom no sect would own, whose hot passions

heaved and surged in them and broke out in acts of violent wickedness. They were not moral, they were grossly immoral; many of them had lost the habit of self-control, and in large measure the sense of self-respect. But they gave Him welcome—they followed Him as the tides obey the moon, and when He spoke at Tabor, or Gennesareth, or Capernaum, received the glad inspirations of the joiner's son, which gave them deep experiences of man's right by God's grace to the infinite heaven of truth. It is one of the great marvels which always seemed to gather round the person of our Lord—the disciples He had and the kind of people who heard Him gladly. He is a very miracle of disappointment. That which we might expect we do not find; the unlikely is always happening. The Pharisees were not more hostile to Christ than Christ was hostile to the Pharisees. When He spoke to the common multitudes His voice was toned to infinite tenderness; He was gentle with them; He was patient; He was brotherly in speech and demeanour; He preached God's eternal love out of His own heart into their hearts with power. But with the Pharisees He was not gentle, He was not tender; He pronounced woes unmeasured upon them. Call to mind that chapter which I read just now, (St. Matthew xxiii.) when He confronts them and tells them what they really are. With what magnificent earnestness He tears their masks and embroidered covering off to show the hideous deformities of their moral nature! How scornful He is! How passionate in denunciation! They posed in the eyes of the people as great saints; He exhibited them as the most worthless of men. They had the pretence of piety; He declared that their very life was an insult to heaven and truth. They proclaimed themselves the divinely appointed guides of the people; He declared that they were blind altogether. His mind toward them, His bearing toward them, are indicated by the plainness of His speech.

Now, you and I are sure that there must have been some good and substantial reason for this. We know that Christ was actuated by no motives but what were just and pure, and did only what was divinely right. When now we find a prophet without honour, we misdoubt his call; when we find a man forsaken by those who should be his friends, and doubted by those who should have faith in him, we call his judgment in question; when now the teacher of new things cries in an unheeding wilderness, we lean to the majority in the city;—but here is one whom we believe infallible in judgment as good in purpose; and he, though in the Church, is hated by the Church; though not of the world, gains his converts from the world. I want to ask—and answer if I can: How is that?

Before we indulge in any theorising or dogmatising about it, let us see what Christ himself said; for Christ, as you know, accepted the situation, and seemed to take it as an inevitable thing, in this perverse world of sin, that those who by profession should have been His friends and helpers, were in fact His bitterest enemies. Take two or three illustrations, chosen without regard to their chronological order. The first that comes to my mind is the parable of the prodigal son,—as beautiful a picture of the Great Father's love embracing a penitent child, and in mercy casting his sins into eternal oblivion, as ever gladdened the eyes and heart of sin-sick men. But why is the elder brother brought into the story? Why is he made so conspicuous at the end? Why is there that subtle something running through it which compels you, in spite of all general maxims and all logic to the contrary, to admire the young son and despise the elder? When I have heard preachers draw contrasts between these two to the discredit of the elder; when I have heard words of scorn flung at him, my reason has said: Beware, or you will teach men to glorify sin! Taking the elder brother alone and enquiring into his conduct, I have found it difficult, impossible to condemn him. I have felt, and many better men than I have felt like that elder brother, when they have plodded on in patient hope and often recurring weariness—speaking to dull, indifferent ears, and living before dull, indifferent eyes—and some man has suddenly risen from the very mud of profligacy to take up their words and work and win at once unbounded honour from great crowds; and the petulant cry has leaped from the lips: Why should the constant life and steady toil be deemed so matter-of-fact that not so much as a kid was ever given for a feast; but this reckless spendthrift, who has outraged every sense of right and decency, has no sooner come home, driven by hunger, than there is great rejoicing? And yet—all the time I have loved that returned prodigal—there was a something that drew my heart out; those qualities that led him to his ruin are very loveable—that frank confession of his sin—that grand humility which laid him in the dust, are full of a subtle charm; and although my reason is opposed to him, my sentiments are on his side and against his brother. And for myself, I cannot help believing that the Great Preacher intended to produce that effect upon the minds of his hearers.

Let me give you what seems to me confirmation of this. Jesus Christ surveyed His own work one day, and spoke judgment upon it. The Kingdom of God had come—a new, great creative epoch. And who were the people seen pressing into it? Why, publicans, sinners, harlots—the moral scum and refuse of society; they in great numbers and with great eagerness were pressing into the Kingdom, to the astonishment and scandal of respectable, religious, and self-respecting people. The Kingdom of God was being made a regular cave of Adullam, whither everyone that was in distress, or deep in moral debt, or discontented resorted; the City of God was being taken possession of by