

now / when we can appreciate, understand, and rightly value all the sweetness, usefulness, nobility and elevation of his teachings."

THE Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of Toronto, has certainly the courage of his convictions and does not hesitate to speak what he thinks. That what he thinks and speaks is sometimes rash and unwise, is well known to the religious world in the city where he preaches; and he has not perhaps, at any time in his ministry, preached a more rash and unwise sermon than his late one on temperance, the gist of which was a contention for freedom to—drink! A more dangerous utterance to give to a congregation such as his, it is almost impossible to conceive. Church people don't want telling to-day that they may drink, but they do want telling that there is a higher and nobler duty, nay, privilege, to set an example of self-denial for the sake of others. The preacher who uses the authority of his sacred calling to tell men that their influence upon others is to be subordinated to their own taste and gratification, assumes a tremendous responsibility. Well for him if he is never called to stand by a drunkard's grave and learn that it was his teaching that turned the current of that life to its miserable end. As may be supposed, several ministers—Methodist and Presbyterian—have replied to Mr. Macdonnell, as also Mr. Burton, of the Northern Congregational; his utterance was the most convincing perhaps of all. It was logical, calm and free from clap-trap.

A word for the County of Halton; which is to be the advanced battle-field of Temperance for the third time. The Rev. P. G. Robertson, late the pastor of the Baptist Church in Aurora, tells this story:—Some three years ago, when the great Liquor-Deputation went down to Ottawa, headed by William Kyle, the Wholesale Liquor-dealer in Toronto—and were now returning, Mr. Robertson happened to be in a car where were several of the "Delegates." Three of them were opposite to him, on seats facing each other. They talked very loudly—they "were going to kick the *Scott Act* higher than the moon!" they were going to do a great many things: "The Government were going to repeal the *Scott Act*!" and so forth.

An old man sat behind them; and frequently put his hand up to his ear, to catch their

words. After a while he came forward, and addressed them. "Gentlemen," said he, "I heard you speaking of the County of Halton. Gentlemen, I live in the County of Halton; and when the vote was taken for the *Scott Act*, I went up to the poll and *voted against* it; and my three sons followed me, and they all voted against it! Gentlemen, when the vote on the *Repeal* was taken, a few months ago, I went up to the poll, and *voted against the Repeal*! And two of my sons followed me; and *they* voted against the *Repeal*. Gentlemen, you'll wonder why my *other* son didn't vote? Gentlemen, he *couldn't*! He was dead! *He was in a drunkard's grave!*"

"Gentlemen!" concluded the old man, with the tears now coursing fast down his cheeks, "When one of you *has a son in a drunkard's grave*, you'll think and speak of the *Scott Act* with more respect!" And then he went quietly back to his seat. The "Delegates" said nothing then, and not much afterward.

We met Mr. Robertson in the cars, near Toronto, a few months ago (he is now settled in Michigan), and asked him the old man's name. Said he, "I don't know; and I have regretted ever since, that I did not find it out. He seemed to be a farmer."

Having committed themselves to the side of liquor, the family would be drawn further than they at first, perhaps, intended; and we can imagine the eldest son going down with headlong pace! When too late, the old man would say, "Now, boys! let us have done with this liquor!" But it was too late to save the one already sacrificed on that foul altar!

## THE GREAT CHANGE.

What is it? Evidently, when a man gives himself up to God, and, renouncing self, begins to follow Christ. The change is so great that Christ describes it as being "*born again*." And can a man know it? Why not? No change of sentiment, or opinion, much less of principle, on any other subject, but is distinctly and instantly recognized by us. How then can this most important of all changes occur unnoticed?

There is no better single test of a man's spiritual condition, than to ask him if he is *born again*? and note his answer. If he is displeased, and tells you, "It is none of your business" or, "That is a question between him