

Church Observer

A JOURNAL ADVOCATING THE INTERESTS OF THE UNITED CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

"ONE FAITH,—ONE LORD,—ONE BAPTISM."

Vol. III.—No. 17.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1870.

\$2 per an.—Single copies, 5c.

Poetry.

SPRING.

In the circle of the seasons,
Each in turn comes after other:
Now the Spring-time, then the Summer,
Then again the Fall and Winter,
And the sun, in all its splendour,
Is fast losing streams and rivers
From the cold embrace of winter,
Which with chains of ice had bound them.
And the slope of hills and mountains,
Covered with the shroud of winter,
With its white and dazzling texture,
Soon will put on robes of summer,
Green and lovely in their colour;
Flowers, too, of hues and tint,
Lovely in their combinations,
Will spring forth into the sunlight,
And will shed a charm around them,
Far and wide o'er hill and moorland;
In the forest, dark and lonely,
Where the sun's-rays scarce can find them,
Something like the rich, sweet odour,
Wafted by the breezes blowing,
Spring-time with the cool, fresh air;
And the birds on airy pinions,
Will prove southern climes be coming,
Along that trackless path in mid-air,
Where they leave no trace behind them.
When they come into our forests,
There to build their lofty perches,
We shall hear their songs of gladness
Ring, echoing, through the stillness
Of the woods so dark and lonely.
Now the sun mounts higher, higher,
Up into the skies above us;
And his rays, becoming stronger,
Melts the white snows into water,
Which, in merry little rivers,
Rushing, hopping, sparkling, skipping,
Over rocks and over pebbles,
Dancing with the noise of waters,—
Making channels great and varied,
In all directions tend, and branching,
And these rivulets uniting,
As with one consent combining,
All their waters in one grand stream,
Which with force is ever rushing
Onward, onward to some river,
Where it's lost for ever—
And the river, rolling smoothly,
Moving with majestic mien,
Creeps along into the ocean,
There to die with wilderness,
Now more to flow so smoothly,
Thus do all things,—the river,
Take their source in small beginnings,—
Growing taller, spreading farther,
Slowly, surely, still advancing
Till they seem to grow no larger;
Then, in turn, into the ocean
Of the vast, and gone for ever,
Sink and die, just like the river
Now awakening from that deep sleep,
Which has lasted through the winter,
Vegetation springs up round us,
Offering richly and profusely
That which we so much depend on:
Fruit and all things in the gardens,
For the food of human beings,
Is thus made to grow up round us.
Thus do all things work together,
In all seasons of the year,
For the good of living creatures.

J. E. M. W.

"WATCH, MOTHER!"

Mother, watch the little feet,
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never count the time it cost;
Guide them, mother, while you may,
In the safe and narrow way.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask—
"Why to me the weary task?"
The same little hands may prove
Messengers of Light and Love.

Mother, watch the little tongue,
Prattling eloquent and mild;
What is said and what is sung
By the joyous, happy child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true!
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

O. J.

Family Circle

DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

(Continued from No. 16.)

CHAP. XVI.

GOD BLESS OUR MINISTER.

He was enthusiastic too,
Whether this were false or true,
Of good or bad, must be referred
To the fixed meaning of the word.
To be warm and wisely zealous,
What is meant, then plainly tell us,
Not the state of things require
Ardor of 'his heavenly fire?"

A few days after Mr. Thayer's return from Saratoga, he was transacting some business in one of the city banks, when he heard the word "Grantley" uttered by a stranger standing near, and, stepping round to the cashier's desk, he inquired the gentleman's name.

"That is Mr. James Otis," he replied, "of the firm of Otis, Brown, & Co., Grantley Iron Works. We do business for him, and he is in the city every week or two. One of the heavy men of the county, sir."

"Will you introduce me, Mr. Pierce?"
"With the greatest pleasure. Mr. Otis, the Rev. Mr. Thayer of the Wilmot Street Church."

When the gentlemen had shaken hands and exchanged a few commonplace civilities, the minister said:—

"Mr. Otis, I have solicited the pleasure of your acquaintance that I might make some inquiries concerning a friend of mine, now a resident of your village. I refer to the Rev. Mr. Richmond."

"God bless him!" said Mr. Otis, warmly.

The answer was unexpected, and Mr. Thayer was surprised.

"I owe a very great change in my feelings, under God, to Mr. Richmond. I united with the church last Sabbath, Mr. Thayer."

"Indeed, I am most happy to hear it. Is there much religious interest in your congregation?"

"Oh, sir, the whole town is moved. There was never such a work of grace in any place before."

He spoke with the enthusiasm of a young convert in the warmth of his first love.

"Sit down and tell me about it," said the minister. "You are welcome as one that bringeth good tidings from a far country."

They went back to a retired part of the room, where they could converse with more freedom.

"I saw my friend," said Mr. Thayer, "in last December. He was then in difficulty; his church shaken to its foundation, in consequence of strong ground he took on the temperance question. I have felt curious to know how the struggle would end. I thought I should see him in the city, or that I would run out on the train some day, or write to him. But multiplied duties and a tedious confinement by sickness have prevented me. How did the church come out of the conflict?"

"You know Mr. Richmond gave us a very practical temperance lecture?"

"Yes."
"Well, it opened the eyes of some of us to the true state of things in our midst. I, for one had been careless and indifferent on the subject. I knew we had a good many dram-shops and drinking saloons in Grantley village; that our hands in the foundry were a hard set. I used to be annoyed at their drunken quarrels, and 'laying off' so frequently for a spree; but it never occurred to me that any of the responsibility of the thing rested with me."

"I was opposed to the prohibitory law. It seemed to me it was nonsense to attempt to make liquor-selling a crime, and punishable accordingly, when spirits are a commodity, recognized as such by the laws of every nation; and, besides being used for drinking purposes, valuable as a medicine and for many scientific and mechanical

purposes. You see I took the ground that so long as liquor is used, it must be sold, and what the law had to do was to take cognizance of its abuse, like many good temperance men, I advocated a stringent license law, instead of a prohibitory statute. And, I must confess, I felt a little wicked triumph after the ultra-temperance men carried the day, and their Maine law had been on the statute-book a year or so, to find that there was more drunkenness and unrestrained liquor-selling in our place under the new law than the old. For it was just a dead letter. Nobody was afraid of it. Nobody enforced it."

"Well, as I said, Mr. Richmond set us thinking; the week after, something occurred in my own family that made me terribly in earnest. There was a church festival held in our town hall, and under that hall was a drinking saloon. Mr. Thayer, the man's son who kept the place, enticed my two boys,—mere children,—Sunday-school scholars, the oldest not more than fifteen years old,—into that vile place, and made them both drunk. "I went to the minister the next morning. "Mr. Richmond, said I, 'if there's any efficient way of putting down this evil in our midst, I'll do it, and was president of the largest Maine liquor-law meeting held in the county. I am ready for one to enforce it, and I must be broken up somehow. I do. I'll stand by you, Mr. Richmond, with my money and my influence, if you go ahead!"

"You should have seen him," said Mr. Thayer, "I thought he would shake his head off."

"I know, as in strength of will, I worked like Trojans. We looked up every temperance man in the community, and organized for action, and we were so still about it, that the blow fell on the rum-sellers like a bolt from heaven. We cleaned them out handsomely, sir. We shut up nine grog-shops, and drove some of their proprietors out of town."

"And what has this to do with the revival?"

"I am coming to it," he replied. "The two are so connected, that I could not well tell the last part of the story without the first. Well, you know how much personal feeling against Mr. Richmond that lecture excited. Some of his strongest church-members fell away; in fact, those that stood by him were of the poorer class. He hadn't a single man of wealth and influence on his side. I must say, before I espoused his cause I respected him for his independence and boldness of speech. They were bound to get rid of him. Deacons, rum-sellers, and, worse than all the rest, a pack of chattering women, who talked themselves hoarse with pious cant, about sowing dissension among brethren, etc. They sent two or three committees to wait on him, and he heard all they had to say, and bowed them politely out, and paid not the slightest attention to their request."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Mr. Thayer, "that his people requested him to resign his charge, and he refused?"

"Certainly. They told him so many had withdrawn their subscriptions that they could not give him a support. 'Give me what you please,' said he. 'I can live on as little as any man in Grantley. I have a work to do here. When it is done I will go; not before.'—'We'll call a council,' said they, 'and make you go.'—'Try it,' said Mr. Richmond. 'See if you can get a council of ministers in this county to dismiss a man for preaching temperance.' For you see they could not bring a single charge against him. He preached splendid sermons. He was the most faithful pastor they ever had. His band of Hope made his Sabbath school so attractive, that the lecture-room was too small to hold it. And the trouble in the church made so much talk, that people not in the habit of going

to meeting, came to hear, 'teetotal parson,' as they called him, out of curiosity, and some

"Who came to scoff, remained to pray."

"The rum-sellers formed a league against him, and threatened to take his life. 'I have but one life to give,' said our minister, 'and I could not give it in a better cause.' He was perfectly good-natured, never lost his temper; but was as immovable as the granite hills. He always had a keen answer to give them. One day, when he went to the polls to deposit his vote, one of his church-members said to him, 'I am very sorry to see you here, Mr. Richmond.'—'Why?' he inquired. 'Because,' said the other, with a long face, 'Christ said his kingdom was not of this world.'—'Ah,' said our minister, 'have only those a right to vote, then, who belong to the kingdom of Satan?'"

"Well, all this time he was working among the operatives in the foundry,—the 'iron men,' as we call them. I told you what a hard set they were,—drinking and godless. I don't know how he got hold of them. They hated him at first. They used to curse and swear when they saw him coming. But one and another of them he picked out of the gutter,—literally, Mr. Thayer,—and made men of them. He's gained a marvellous power over them. They twit each other about it, and declare it's no use to fight against the parson. If he singles a man out, he may just as well give in first as last, for he'll get no peace of his life till he signs the pledge. With these reformed drunkards, he formed the nucleus of a total abstinence society, and called it the 'Iron Club.' I wish I had time to tell you the good that 'Iron Club' has accomplished and is accomplishing, but I must stop here."

"Much of what you have told me happened before we struck the blow that broke up so many of our dram-shops. For months before this the preaching on the Sabbath had been listened to with marked attention, and the evening meetings were largely attended and very solemn. Richmond was encouraged to hope for a revival, but there were no conversions, and the work did not progress till the Sabbath evening after we struck that blow, and then the blessing came down upon us like a flood. It seemed as if the Spirit of God was waiting till those evil spirits were cast out, and the house 'swept and garnished.' There have been over a hundred hopeful conversions, sir, in Grantley village,—three of our leading business men are among the converts, heads of families, gray-headed men and women, and my two boys, Mr. Thayer." Grateful tears filled the father's eyes as he spoke.

"Tell me about yourself, Mr. Otis."

"Well, sir, up to this time I had no personal interest in religious matters. I hired a seat and attended church generally half a day; but that was all. I kept away from the meetings at first. I was shy of Mr. Richmond too; but we had so much temperance business on hand that I could not avoid him altogether. But he said not a word to me on the subject of religion, till one morning he came into my office, his face all aglow, and shook my hand till it ached. 'What is it?' said I, for I knew he had good news to tell. 'Has Bart Tyler signed the pledge? or Deacon Risley promised to give up his cider?' He shook his head. 'Your two boys, Mr. Otis.'—'What of them?' said I, quick enough. 'They were at the inquiry meeting last night,' said he. 'They are both indulging hope. Mr. Otis, will you let them begin a Christian life alone?' He touched me just where I live, sir. If I desire anything in this world, it is to see those boys grow up good Christian men. I had Christian parents; I had lived under the sound of the gospel all my life, but I neglected to seek the Saviour when I was young; was gospel-hardened, you may say; but those boys,—well, you can imagine what he said to me. He persuaded me to seek religion for my children's sake. I prayed in my family