

Pious Gambling.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—The Montreal Witness thus speaks of a bazaar lately held for the benefit of St. Paul's Church in that city.

"The raffle of a very expensive doll worth \$150 was the most exciting incident. Tickets at a dollar each sold rapidly; and a genuine lottery *furor* was created when the drawing took place. The name of the fortunate winner was not learned. No other games of chance were, as far as heard of, played up there."

The above, Mr. Editor, is most scandalous. It would have been quite in place at a bazaar in aid of a theatre. It would have been the same at a bazaar in aid of a Popish Church, for example, for that of the Gesù, for Popery teaches that the end sanctifies the means. But really it is most shameful that Protestants should gamble to help the cause of God. As a Presbyterian, I am the more grieved when I think of Presbyterians doing another thing. Just think of it, Mr. Editor, Presbyterians coming with the dice-box to the help of the Lord against the mighty!!! Why, this is no better than the theatrical performance given not long ago at Prince Arthur's Landing in aid of a Sabbath-school. It is just trying to make the Devil help the Lord. I challenge any one to prove it to be anything else. We disapprove of the prize packages sold on the cars, because they are just lessons in gambling. But they are not so dangerous as the doll referred to, for they have not religion wrapped around them. It is a pity that Protestants should take advantage of the permission given by law to gamble for holy purposes—a permission given specially to please the Papists. If the devil is to be served by pious gambling, let the Papist have it all to themselves.

We should never use any means to advance the cause of Christ, but those which are in accordance with His will. Let us take an illustration. Some of the admirers of a certain member of Parliament resolved to do him honor by giving him a public dinner. He is a thorough total abstainer. Some of those referred to may be opposed to him in this respect. They would, however, look upon it as grossly bad manners, knowing his temperance principles, to have intoxicating drinks at the dinner. We should act on the same principle when we are working for the Lord.

Many are opposed to bazaars. The grand reason why they are is because bazaars are, at least very often, conducted on the principle that 'all is fair in war.' I can see nothing wrong in bazaars when they are properly conducted. We must distinguish between what is *separable* from a thing, and what is *unseparable* from it. If I, for example, paint a picture, sell it, and devote the proceeds to good objects, I do no wrong. If a few do work, sell it in company, and do the same with the proceeds, they do no wrong. Extortionate prices, gambling, deception, galleries of art, and such like things, are not inseparable from bazaars. I think that properly conducted bazaars are fitted to do good in a congregation. When the gifts are engaged in the Lord's work, an interest in it is thereby apt to be increased. When people meet together from time to time to prepare for the bazaar, it is fitted to promote friendliness among them. Such meetings, instead of being occasions for mere gossip, can be conducted in such a way as to make them both pleasing and profitable. If bazaars and sores were always properly conducted, I think that none but very ignorant persons would be opposed to them.

Yours most respectfully,
A PRESBYTERIAN.

Presentation—Evangelistic.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—At the close of the Monday evening meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association here Mr. J. Wilkie was welcomed upon by a number of his friends and presented with a valuable gold chain, and key. Mr. Wilkie has been an earnest and persevering worker in the Association ever since its organization, and it was chiefly in acknowledgment of services rendered therewith that he was made the recipient of this handsome present. The following is the address and reply:

ADDRESS.
Mr. J. Wilkie, R. S. Almonte Y.M.C.A.

RESPECTED SIR,—Knowing that you are about to leave this place, the members of the Almonte Y.M.C.A. cannot allow you to take your departure from amongst them without first tendering you some tangible proof of their appreciation of the services rendered by you in connection with their association. The inauguration of the Association some months ago, we are aware, was greatly owing to your patient and persistent efforts on your part; while its subsequent growth, by God's blessing, has been largely due to your unremitting attentions and unwavering zeal. You are therefore requested to accept this gold watch, chain and key, as a slight evidence of our friendly feelings towards you, and also of our estimation of you as an earnest and devoted worker for Christ. We earnestly trust that the same spirit which has prompted you to work for the good of souls during your brief sojourn with us may characterize your future life and labors in whatever land your lot may be cast.

Up! let all the soul within you
For to truth's sake go abroad,
Strike, let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages—tell for God.

REPLY.

DEAR BROTHERS,—I find it impossible to reply as I wish to the very kind sentiments expressed in your address, and by the handsome chain you have just presented me with. I feel very grateful to you for your present, which was altogether unlooked for, but which will often bring back to my mind, when I may be far away, the many acts of kindness and the forbearance you have shown towards me. Although my sojourn with you has been very short, still, I can assure you it has been very pleasant, and I can assure you it has been no little boon to my connection with you. But I know I will go away from Almonte

better able to engage in the battle of life and to further Christ's cause from my experience in the Y.M.C.A. here; and I will often miss your meetings, which have been such a help to me spiritually. I hope I may be more diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. I wish your Association every success, and I am sure it will have a successful career for what I know of its members, many of whom realize the truth of 'I am with you always.' I now bid you adieu, hoping that if I never meet you on earth again, I shall at last meet you all in Heaven. Your sincere friend, J. WILKIE.

EVANGELICAL.

Almonte is the scene of unusual activity in religious circles this season. The Y. M. C. Association, organized some ten months ago, and now in a very prosperous condition, has been, we have reason to believe, an instrument in God's hand of accomplishing great good. In addition to the regular meetings, special meetings for prayer are being held, and are largely patronized by earnest and attentive audiences, made up of people from every Protestant denomination in the town. There is no doubt that much good shall result from these gatherings.

The Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of the Canada Presbyterian Church, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. McGill, of the Methodist Church, are conducting a series of revival meetings in the two above named churches alternately—one week in the one; the next week in the other—and although they have but recently commenced them, and there are numerous other attractions here in the evenings, these meetings are well attended and are already awakening in the minds of several a desire to know Christ, whom to know is life everlasting. It is intended to continue these meetings through the winter should the promoters of them meet with the proper encouragement, and there is every reason to believe they will.

What a pleasing and refreshing thing it is, in a time of so much theological discussion and petty controversy, to see men burying every little religious technicality, and working together under the same banner, and for the one great object—the salvation of souls. And what a pity it is that we have not more of this spirit amongst us at the present time—more labors for Christ; fewer seekers after their own aggrandizement.

Evening meetings for prayer have been held during the past few weeks in the Baptist church also, and have been fairly attended. We trust that they too, shall prove the means of much real and permanent good. Yours very truly,

READER,

Almonte, Dec. 26th 1874.

Congregational Singing.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir, The Rev. J. Smith of Bowmanville, has been lecturing in several places not only to congregations of our own church, but also amongst the Methodists, on the above important subject. He has lately addressed good audiences at Clifford, Lindsay and Hampton. The local press speaks of the lecture in the highest terms.

The following passage in the lecture we think deserves the attention of all our congregations.

"But some one will say, is not the worship of God spiritual? Outward forms are nothing. 'God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Then why be so particular about the singing? It matters not what we sing or how we sing if the heart is right. Let us see for a moment how this principle will apply to the worship of God. Suppose that you lived under the Old Testament dispensation, and were in the habit of going regularly to the Temple with your sacrifice. One evening you go to your flock to select a lamb for a burnt offering. You have plenty of sheep and lambs, but then you think it does not matter what kind of a lamb you take so long as your heart is right; you accordingly select one of a very inferior grade. You hasten with your lamb to the Temple and there present it to the priest. What! says the priest, after he has examined it, what kind of a creature is this that you present unto the Lord? It is imperfect in every part. It is blind, lame and maimed, it is hump backed and bow-legged, and one leg is shorter than the rest. Do you come to this sacred place to mock the Lord by presenting such an inferior, imperfect and contemptible creature as that on the holy altar of sacrifice. It shall never desecrate that altar. Get you to your home at once and take your worthless creature out of my sight; and never appear on this sacred spot again with any other than a perfect creature for the Lord's sacrifice. But you say, my father, hear me for a little. Is not this worship a spiritual worship, and it cannot matter whether my lamb has two eyes or one eye, four legs or no legs at all, if only my heart is right. But the priest says, 'to obey is better than to sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams,' and the Lord tells you to present a perfect creature, and if your heart was right you would obey. The outward act is a true index of the heart. Now as it was with the old Hebrew worshipper so it is yet. God will not accept a one-eyed, halt, or maimed sacrifice now, when another may be given. God asks for the best prayer, and the best preaching, and the best part of our time to do him honor and service. He asks for the best tunes and the best hymns, the best instruments of music and the best human voices to sound his praise. In concerts got up to please human ears and human fancy the best singers and the best instruments are employed; and how much more when we unite in singing the praises of the Great God?"

X. Y. T.

LEARN that urgency in prayer does not so much consist in vehement pleading as in vehement believing!

There appears very short, eternity near; and a great name, either in or out of life, together with all earthly pleasures and profits, are but an empty bubble, a deluding dream.

—Brainard.

At a collection recently made at a charity fair, a lady passed the plate to a very wealthy man who was well known for his munificence. "I have nothing," was his curt reply. "Then take something, sir," she answered, "you know I am begging for the poor."

Pastor and People.

Death of Knox.

In the midst of these chicaneries, an event had taken place by the side of which they were doubly contemptible. The apostle of the Reformation had passed away—passed away, noble in death as in life, the one supremely great man that Scotland possessed, the one man without whom Scotland, as the modern world has known it, would have had no existence.

Shortly after Knox's last sermon, a paralytic stroke prostrated his remaining strength; he became unable to read, and for a day or two his mind was wandering. He recovered his senses, but only to know that the end was not far off; and still thinking of his country, and of his country's present trials, he sent for the elders of the Kirk, to charge them for the last time to be constant. His next anxiety was for Grange, Grange, who, as a boy, had shared in that forlorn enterprise at St. Andrews when Buten went to the account, was a person whom Knox had long loved and prized. In the last years, by some fatality, he had been led by Maitland into the ways of foolishness; beyond and beside the spiritual aspects of the matter, none knew better than Knox in which way the long obduracy of the defenders of the Castle would end at last, and he made a final effort to save his old friend from destroying himself. "Go," he said to David Lindsay, a minister who came to his bedside, "Go to your man of the Castle. Tell him I warn him, in the name of God, to leave that evil cause, and give over the Castle. If not, he shall be brought down over the walls with shame, and hung against the sun."

Lindsay went as he was bidden, and saw Grange, and "somewhat moved him." But he talked to Maitland, and Maitland turned the warning into ridicule. "Go, tell Mr. Knox," he said at last in answer, "that he is but a dying prophet." Well, well," said Knox, when the words were brought back to him, "I have been earnest with my God about these two men. For the one, I am sorry that he should befall him; yet God assures me there is mercy for his soul. For the other, I have no warrant that ever he shall be well."

On the 17th of November, the elders of the congregation came to his bed to receive his last instructions. He went over the chief incidents of the last year with them. "He had done his best to instruct them," he said, "and if at any time he had spoken harshly, it was not from passion or ill-will, but only to overcome their faults. Now that he was going away, he could but charge them to remain true—to make no compromise with evil—especially to yield in nothing to the Castle—rather to fly with David to the mountains than remain at home in the company of the wicked."

Two days later, the 19th, Morton came, and Ruthven and Glencarn; and to them he spoke at length, though what passed none ever knew. Afterwards some fine lady came to "praise him," to flatter him in a flimsy way for the great things which he had done. "Hush, hush!" he said; "flesh is over proud, and needs no means to esteem the self."

He was rapidly going. On the 23d, he told the people who were about him that he had been meditating through the night on the troubles of the Kirk. He had been earnest in prayer with God for it. He had wrestled with Satan, and had prevailed. He repeated the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, pausing after the first petition to say, "Who can pronounce so holy words!" It was the day on which a fast had been appointed by the Convention for special meditation upon the massacre. After sermon, many eager persons came to his bedside, and, though his breath was coming thick and slow, he continued to speak in broken sentences.

The next morning the end was evidently close. He was restless, rose, half-dressed himself, and then, finding himself too weak to stand, sank back upon his bed. He was a bed if he was in pain. He said, "It was no painful pain, but such as would end the battle." Mrs. Knox read to him St. Paul's words on death. "Unto Thy hand, O Lord," he cried, "for the last time, I commend my soul, spirit, and body." At his own request she then read to him the 17th chapter of St. John's Gospel, where he told them his first anchor.

As night fell he seemed to sleep. The family as usual in his room for their ordinary evening prayers, and "were the longer because they thought he was resting." He moved as they ended. "Sir, heard ye the prayers?" said one. "I would to God," he answered, "that ye and all men heard them as I have heard them, and I praise God of the heavenly reward. Then, with a sigh, he said, 'No, I am come.' The soul was creeping over him, and death was at hand. Bannatyne, his secretary, sprang to his aid.

"Now, sir," he said, "the time ye have long asked for—to wit, an end of your battle—is come; and seeing all natural power fails, remember the promise which oftentimes ye have shown me of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that we may understand ye hear us make his some sign."

The dying man gently raised his head, and "momentarily thereof rendered up his spirit."

"There lies one," said Morton, as, two days later, he stood to watch the coffin lowered into the grave—"there lies one who never feared the face of mortal man." Morton spoke only of what he knew; the true measure of Knox's greatness neither he nor any man could then estimate. It is as we look back over that stormy time, and weigh the actors in it one against the other, that he stands out in his full proportions. No grander figure can be found, in the entire history of the Reformation in this island, than that of Knox. Cromwell and Burgoyne rank beside him for the work when they effaced, but as politicians and statesmen, they had to labor with instruments which they soiled their hands in touching. In purity, in uprightness, in courage, truth, and stainless honor, the Regent Murray and our English Luther were perhaps his equals; but Murray was intellectually far below him, and the sphere of Luther's influence was on a smaller

scale. The time has come when English history may do justice to one but for whom the Reformation would have been overthrown among ourselves; for the spirit which Knox created saved Scotland; and if Scotland had been Catholic again, neither the wisdom of Elizabeth's ministers, nor the teaching of her bishops; nor her own chicaneries, would have preserved England from revolution. His was the voice which taught the peasant of the Lothians that he was a free man—the equal, in the sight of God, with the proudest peer or prelate that had triumphed on his forefathers. He was the one antagonist whom Mary Stuart could not soften, nor Maitland deceive; he it was that raised the poor Commons of his country into a stern and rugged people, who might be hard, narrow, superstitious, and fanatical, but who, nevertheless, were men whom neither king, noble, nor priest could force again to submit to tyranny. And his reward has been the ingratitude of those who should have done the honor to his memory.

The change of times have brought with it the toleration which Knox denounced, and has established the compromises which Knox most feared and abhorred, and he has been described as a raving demagogue, an enemy of authority, a destroyer of holy things, a wild and furious bigot. But the Papists whom Knox grappled with and overthrew—the Papists of Philip II., of Mary Tudor, and Pius V.—were not the mild, forbearing innocents into which the success of the Reformation has transformed the modern Catholics. When their power to kill was taken from them, when they learnt to disclaim the Inquisition—to apologize, to evade—to fling the responsibility of their past atrocities on the temper of other times—on the intrigues of kings and statesmen, or on the errors of their own leaders—then, indeed, their creed could be allowed to subside into a place among the religious *hoi polloi* of the world. But the men who took from Popery its power to oppress, alone made its presence again enduring; and only a sentimental ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation of the history of the sixteenth century can sustain the pretence that there was no true need of a harder and firmer hand.

The reaction when the work was done, a romantic

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Who wrote sweet Hour of Prayer? It is generally supposed to have been written by Emily Crosby, and has been credited to her, both in books and by newspaper statements. Although this gifted blind poet has written many beautiful hymns, she did not write this; nor does she claim to be its author, although some of her friends have advanced the claim for her. She did not begin to write hymns and Sunday-School poems until engaged to do so by the late Mr. Bradbury in 1868 or 1869.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer" is, in an English hymn book of 1849, credited to Rev. Mr. Walford, who was a blind preacher, and who is supposed to have written it about 1846. In addition to the three verses which commonly make it up, Mr. Walford wrote another verse, which appears in the hymn as originally printed as the second of four. It is as good as the other three, and reads thus:

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joy I feel the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return.
With such I hasten to thy place
Where God, my Savior, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer."
Exchange.

Thoughts from the Talmud.

The older the wise man gets the wiser he grows; the fool, when he ages, becomes but an old fool. He who studies for a good purpose, to him who does not, it grows into a poison. A bad wife is like a hard storm. Do not dwell too long on your friend's praises; you will end in saying things against him. Do much or little, so that you do it for a good purpose. Refined music is liked by refined people; weavers do not much care for it. Threecry out, but get no pity, viz: He who lends out his money without witness, the henpecked husband, and he who cannot get into one place and does not try another. Even the common talk of the wise should be pondered over. One goose generally follows another. Bad servants first ask only when they have committed a blunder. The load is laid upon the camel according to its strength. If a word is worth a pound, silence is worth two. A pig is the richest animal, everything is a piece of goods to him. Whoever does too much does too little. The greater a man, the greater his passions. He who preaches the hour, the hour will press him. May our future reward be like that of him who remains silent under a false imputation. One pepper corn is better than a hundred gourds. A learned man whose deeds are evil is like a man who has a door and no house. He who prays for his neighbor will be heard first for himself. He who marries his daughter to an uneducated man throws out suspicions should at once be suspected himself. Three keep good fellowship—strangers, slaves, and ravens. A fool always rushes to the fore. Do not cry out before the calamity has really happened. If a man says something strange, beware to mock at it wantonly. Passion is at first like a man reed; by and by it becomes like a cable. —Jewish Messenger.

* Narrative of Richard Bannatyne, sympathizing with the Stuarts, and the shallow liberalism which calls itself historical philosophy, has painted over the true Knox with the figure of a maniac. Even his bones have been flung out of their resting place, or none can tell where they are laid, and yet but for him Mary Stuart would have bent Scotland to her purpose, and which France and Spain would have worked on England. But for Knox and Burghley—those two, but not one without the other—Elizabeth would have been flung from off her throne, or have gone back into the Egypt to which she was too often casting wistful eyes. —J. A. Froude.

Random Readings.

LET no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

We gain by our enemies. We cling closer to Christ. Every wave of trouble, for Christ's sake, lifts the soul higher upon the rock. Every arrow of bitterness shot after the believer makes it hide more in the cloths of Jesus.

TELL me, dear G., would you work less pleasantly through the day—would you walk the streets with a more doleful step—would you eat your meat with less gladness of heart—would you sleep less tranquilly at night, if you had the forgiveness of sins?

God used consecrated lips. Consecration is the secret of power with God. This is not for the few. All the Lord's people may be prophets. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. God sets high estimate on the speaking of His truth. It has pleased Him that men shall be saved by the foolishness of preaching. Power waits to be claimed.

"ALL THINGS ARE YOURS."—Rich indeed must be the portion that includes death in its treasures—not as a bar to keep us out, but as a bridge by which we may pass over, and possess our inheritance. Thus the certainty of death secures the certainty of heaven. Both ways are provided for.

MEN are apt to censure sharply in others what they practice themselves without scruple. Plutarch tells of a wolf who, peeping into a hut where a company of shepherds were regaling themselves with a joint of mutton, exclaimed: "What a clamor would they have raised if they had caught me at such a banquet!"—Anon.

CHRIST cannot but be most precious to a believer, because all his precious comforts come from Christ. The Lord Jesus is fairer than the fairest, sweeter than the sweetest, nearer than the nearest, and dearer than the dearest, and richer than the richest, and better than the best. The elect precious is of all the most precious. —Dyer.

DIAMONDS are found in great abundance among the tropics, where the sun shines the most. There seems to be the best place for the carbon to crystallize into the gem. So Christians grow into precious worth into Christ's kingdom, when longest in the enjoyment of Him as the Sun of Righteousness.

THERE are many who are melted under the Word, who are never moulded by it. They have deep convictions, and perhaps joyous emotions; but the old form remains. They are delivered, or cast into another mould. R. m. vi. The soul is still encrusted with sin and worldliness. In the present day is special need to beware of religion of mere feeling. —Old Truths.

It is given to Christians to keep up and illustrate the world's purity. They are to be holy. They are washed, cleansed, purified, undergoing a process which is to fit them for a world where there is nothing to tarnish or defile. Society depends on the church of God to provide the purity which shall save it from corruption and sin.

SOME people are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is, either to yourself or to them, they are just as tardy. If one of this class is to take passage by steamer or railway, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, or the train the station. His dinner has been waiting for him so long, that the cook is out of patience. This course, the character we have described always pursues. He is never in time for church, at his place of business, at his meals or in his bed. Persons of such habits, we cannot but despise. Always start in time, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course, until the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, to meet an appointment for business, or anything else, are poor sloths, and are ill calculated to succeed in business, or get a living in this world.

There's Nae Place Like Hame.

SOME thirty years ago, an English tourist was wandering on the Castle Rock with a lank, keen-visaged Scotsman as a guide. "Now, my good friend," said the Southerner, "you have talked enough of your native town. Pray forget Paisley for a moment, and let us look at Edinburgh." It's no that easy to forget Paisley when ye look at Edinburgh," replied the offended cicerone. "Dae ye see von," and he pointed to the University Buildings; "that's the college where they come frae England an' a' parts o' the world to learn to be doctors, an' chancellors, an' members o' parliament, an' it has the cleverest men in the kingdom for its professor; but for the cleverest yon o' them a's John Wilson, an' he's a Paisley man. An' dae ye see yon?" pointing to a distant spire; "yon's the steeple o' North Leith. It's the best spire in Scotland, an' at present it's all wad to hae the best preacher in Scotland for its minister. You may hae heard o' the R. v. Jas. Buchanan, but ye may've hae ken he's a Paisley man. An' dae ye see yon kirk wi' the dome on't? That's St. George's, where a' the centry attend for the sake o' the singing; an' I'm warrant ye'll no hear the like o' the preacher in Edinburgh. They call him R. A. Smith, an' he's a Paisley man. An' dae ye see yon big buildin' yonder whaur a' the coaches are standing? Waitin' to start? That's the register office. Ye may say it's the key-stone o' the kingdom, for hards an' lands an' hang by't. But though it's the place whaur duk's an' earls keep their titles, an' the king himself keeps his papers, every day when the clock's gang hame, an' the door is stokit, the whole place is left in charge o' yon wild wife, an' she's a Paisley woman. You say forget Paisley when ye look at Edinburgh, but, sir, ye'll see noo it's no possible."