

Church Observer

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"ONE FAITH,—ONE LORD,—ONE BAPTISM."

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Poetry.

"And He shall set the Sheep on His right hand, but the Goats on the left."—ST. MATT. XXV. 33.

I.
A little while in peril and pain,
Praying out in the pitiless rain,
Under the shadow of bitter ban,
Out of the glitter of human light,
Scoffed at and scorned by merciless man,
He wore life's harness and waged its fight
Till the Dawning came and angels read
His name with the names of righteous dead!

II.
A little while in pleasure and pride,
And worldly longing and lust beside,
With parlance holy and saintly face,
And crafty guise and cunning deceit,
Caressed and courted in public place,
He bore life's honours golden and sweet,
But the tearful angels never read
His name with the names of righteous dead.

J. FREDERIC CARR.

Family Circle

DR. WILLOUGHBY AND HIS WINE.

(Continued from No. 15.)

CHAP. XV.

THE BIBLE WINE QUESTION.

"I was the song of the drunkard."
"Wal, neow, if it aint the curusist thing," said Dan Taylor, looking up from his Bible one Sabbath evening; "I've read that story of Jacob an' Esau more'n twenty times, an' there's one thing I never noticed about it afore to-night. It beats all tew, for I allers paid peticular attention to what Jacob done, beins as he's a great favorite of mine. Seems though he was easier to pattern arter than some of the rest of 'em in the Bible, for, as I used to tell Mother, if there was ever a feller that looked out for number one 'twas father Jacob. I allers thought he was cute, an' I think he was cuter'n ever."

"Why, what discovery have you made about him, Dan?" said Grace, who, passing through the kitchen, stopped to hear this speech.

Dan was seated at the kitchen table, arrayed in his Sunday suit, his hair as smooth as bear's oil and brushing could make it. He looked up with a queer smile on his Yankee face.

"Wal yer see, Miss Grace, it was allers a puzzle to me heow Jacob come it so easy over the old gentleman when he passed himself off for Esau; for it seems as though a man must be a born natural if he couldn't tell the woolly side of a sheep from a man's skin, if he was ever so hairy. But this ere passage lets in daylight, for, yer see, Miss Grace, he fetched the old man wine 'long of his soup, an' then he pulled the wool over his eyes easy! Neow that stands tew reason, don't it? I'm oncommon moderate myself in the use of sperits, but time an' time ag'n, arter takin' a horn or two, my fingers has all been thumbs, with no more feelin' in the eend on 'em than so much cotton wool. I say for't, 'twas too plaguy hard on Esau, warn't it, Miss Grace? Wal, the Bible's a wonderful book. Seems as though folks could prove most anything they was a mind to eout on't. Why, I've jest been arunnin' over in my mind the names of them that dranked more'n was good for 'em—what yer pawould call 'abusin' the good gift! If there aint a lot on 'em. Noah, an' Lot, an' Elah, an' Benhadad, an' Nadab, an' Abihu, an' Uriah, an' Nabal, an' Nebuchadnezzar, an' Belchazzar, an' Herod—an' I don't know heow many more; an' that aint countin' the moderate drinkers like David, an' Solomon, an' Nehemiah, an' sich like. I tell yer, Miss Grace, the Bible's a wonderful book."

"Have you just found it out, Dan?"

"I never seemed to have such a realizin' sense on't afore," he said. "In fact, I've been considerable tossed up an' down in my mind 'bout it by spells, there was so many cur'us things I couldn't see inter; but I overheard a conversation t'other day between yer pa an' Deacon Riley's son, that had a very settlin' effect on my mind. Yer

pa has a way of puttin' things, Miss Grace, that there can't nobody get round, an' he's made me love this ere Bible more'n I ever expected tew,—that's so."

"I am very glad to hear it, Dan."

"Yer see, Miss Grace, comin' hum from Rocktown t'other day, yer pa an' I got ketch'd in a shower, an' I turned up a'gin the south meetin' us, to wait in the horse-stalls till 'twas over. And pretty soon Deacon Riley's son and another chap drivin', an' they went ter talkin' Bible temperance 'long with yer pa. I didn't take much notice long at first, but arter a spell I tuk ter listenin'. Sez yer pa, sez he, 'There's no sich thing as teetotalism as a rule of dooty in the Bible, sez he.' 'Wine is spoken of as a blessin' an' a symbol of merr'y, an' they used it for sacrifice, an' gin it to the guests at the passover, and the Lord's supper, an' the weddin' feast.'"

"Yes, sir, sez young Riley, 'but the Bible condemns it tew, don't it? an' calls it a symbol of wrath, an' sez kings nor priests mustn't drink it. Neow, what does that mean?' sez he. 'Is the Bible a contradictin' itself? Is the same thing good an' bad, a symbol of wrath an' a symbol of merr'y?'—'Not at all,' sez yer pa. 'Them good vittles you ate for yer dinner,' sez he, 'would make a man awful sick, if he ate too much on 'em; an' I've heern tell of folks killin' themselves drinkin' tew much cold water. It's use an' not abuse, Mr. Riley,' sez yer pa, 'that's the Bible doctrine. Neow look over your Bible,' sez he, 'an' see how many times the word rich is used tew praise, and heow many times tew blame. Some of the best men in the Bible was rich men,' sez he, 'an' yet the Bible sez, 'Woe to them that are rich.' There's just so much sense,' sez the doctor, sez he, 'in takin' a veow of poverty, as there is in bein' a teetotaler, caus' if I don't abstain, I shan't abuse 'em, that's sartin' (I don't begin to give all his big words, Miss Grace, only jest the sense on 'em.)"

"Young Riley kinder flared up at that. 'Doctor,' sez he, 'does the Bible anywheres say, I mustn't look at gold when it glitters, an' that I mustn't so much as tell a feller ter put by his 'annin's? It daes tell me not tew look on the wine when it's red, an' sez I mustn't teach my neighbour to drink.'"

"Wall, I didn't see heow yer pa was a go-in ter git eout o' that, but he done it slick, I tell her. Ae had a sight ter say 'bout look bein' an' intense varb, an' that ter look on the wine meant we wasn't ter look on it to gloat on it, an' ter long for it, an' said he'd seen a pictur' somewheres, of two old toppers, with bottles an' glasses, one holdin' up his glass tew the light, an' looking at it mighty lovin', an' the other screwin' up his mouth for another dram, an' he said that was all that are text o' scriptur' meant. Wal' you'd better believe I was glad ter hear that! 'If tuk a weight right off my mind, for, yer see, I allers felt skittish over that text, it's writ eout so plain, an' kinder stud in the way of my habits, an' I couldn't get round it noheow. I never shall forget heow once when I was a leetle shaver, mother she feound that are passage o' scriptur' on the back side of a tract, with a pictur' underneath of a pizen sarpint spuirring round at the bottom of the glass. An' she pinned it right over the shelf where father kep' his rum-bottle. Father was awful mad. He tore it down, an' hove it inter the fire, but somehow I couldn't git that pictur' out o' my head, an' it's pestered me by spells ever sence. But yer pa's driv it all away with his learnin', Miss Grace; it don't trouble me no more. It was a grand a sight ter see that old gentleman sit there an' explain away the scriptur'."

"What did Riley say?" Grace inquired.

"Oh, he talked farce enuff on his side. Yer pa's reasonin' didn't seem ter hev no effect on him at all. He hung onter his own way o' thinkin', jest as Mose Pike hung onter the bull's tail."

"How was that?" said Grace.

"Miss Grace, didn't I neow tell yer that story? Wal, yer see, Mose Pike's son Mose was an' easy, good-natur'd kind of a body, but dreadful weak 'bout the upper story; saft, yer know. Wal, he was down in the medder-lot one day when the old man, when a young critter the doctor owned poked a gap in the fence, an' made tracks for the next 'pastur'. 'Stop him,' says the square. What does Mose dew but run an' ketch that critter by the tail! Away went the bull, an' Mose hangin' on behind. He rid round the 'pastur' a spell, the bull a-go-in' it like the doctor, then he flung out behind, fetched Mose an awful kick in the stomach, an' laid him sprawlin' in the ditch. 'Yeon great fool yeon,' sez the square, 'why didn't yer let 'em go, father! sez Mose, sez he, blubberin' away to kill,—let go! 'Twas all I cud dew to hold on.' An' that was jest exactly the case with young Riley. He didn't stand no more chance of gettin' the best o' your pa on the Bible wine question, than Mose Pike did of stoppin' that crittur by hangin' onter the eend of his tail."

"Why he tried ter prove to yer pa that the wine the Bible praises an' the wine that makes folks drunk, and the doctor come down on him with so much Greek an' Hebrew, it made my har stan' right up on end. He talked about 'Tirosh,' an' 'Yain,' an' somebody's death principle. I can't remember half on't but 'twas so larned it was terrible, an' he showed heow if grape-juice warn't fermented, there couldn't be no wine 'bout it, an' it would gin folks that dranked it the colic awful an' heow if they'd had it at that weddin' in Cana the bridegroom an' all the rest on 'em would have been in a sufferin' situation. 'Ag,' sez young Riley, sez he, 'Doctor Willoughby, dew yer think the guests at that weddin' was intertained?' 'I say,' sez yer pa, 'that nobody can use their common sense ken read that second chapter o' St. John, without believin' that the wine the Lord Jesus Christ made was intoxicatin' wine, not 'must,' sez he, 'nor sickish grape-juice, biled down in a jel.'—'An' yer think they were well drunk?' sez Riley. 'From what one o' the company said,' sez yer pa, 'the implication is that all present had dranked freely of wine that would intoxicate; that Greek word,' says yer pa, 'that the governor of the feast uses, means 'drunk,' an' yer can't make nothing else eout on't.'—'An' did the Lord Jesus Christ make eighty or ninety gallons more, for men in that situation?' sez young Riley, sez he. 'So it reads in my Bible,' sez yer pa."

"Miss Grace, when I heard that, I come near jumpin' right eout of the waggin. Seems as though I couldn't hold in noheow, but must throw up my cap an' shout halleluyah! 'Caus', yer see, it made the path o' dooty so plain afore me. 'Why,' sez I to myself, talk about the Bible goin' ag'in drinkin', sez I, 'in the face of this, ere fact, the doctor jest brought eout. Why, look at it! Here was a lot o' folks more'n half-drunken, with their tongues so thick from what they'd dranked, they'd didn't knaw good wine from bad, an' the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, comes an' makes 'em a lot more, eighty or ninety gallons ter steam on.' 'Wal,' sez I, 'they had a gay old time at that weddin', you bet! I'd like ter been there myself.' An' sence I heard that tale, Miss Grace, I aint had no more trouble 'bout the 'Bible wine question.'"

A few evenings after this conversation, as Dr. Willoughby was returning from his weekly lecture, he found Dan making his length upon the ground near the front gate. His feet were braced against the hitchingpost, and his head reclined easily in a mudpuddle. His stone bottle lay at his side. The minister helped him rise, and guided his stumbling steps to the house.

"Th-thank yer, doctor," said Dan, at the kitchen Door, 'I-I'll do the same for yeon s-some night.'"

He received the severe reprimand the

doctor gave him next morning the very humbly, expressed the deepest penitence, and, begging not to be sent away, promised earnestly to do better; but when Dr. Willoughby made it one condition of his remaining, that he should keep away from Brigg's saloon, Dan remonstrated.

"Why, doctor?" said he, "I've been down there time ag'in, to hold religious conversation with Briggs. I've reely been a-laborin' for his soul. Seems as though I wanted ter see him brought in. I know I'd oughter get religion myself, doctor. I know I'm sinnin' ag'in great light an' privilege; but I dew feel a consarn for the welfare o' Zion. And it's my opinion that Briggs would be a bright an' a shinin' light, ef he cud be made ter see his dooty plain fore him. He's oncommon exercised in his mind; but yer see there's been this ere stumblin' block in his path. He was afeared if he got religion an' jined the Church, 'twould interfere wit his bizness. 'It won't do no sich thing, Briggs, sez I. 'It'll help it. Rumsellin's gittin' to be right respectable,' sez I; 'an' ministers an' church-members are upholdin' it.'—'Is that so?' sez Briggs. 'Wal, it is,' sez I; an' then I told him what I heard you say, doctor, t'other day, 'how we hadn't no right to condemn liquor sellers, good and respectable men, a'doin' their dooty in the station it pleased Providence to call 'em, an' a-worshipping' God an' performin' the dooties of a Christian, as sartingly as yeou dew when yeour a-preachin' the Gospel.'—'Did Dr. Willoughby say that?' sez Briggs. 'Them's his very words,' sez I. 'Then I'll go an' hear him preach next Sunday,' sez Briggs, 'for he's the right kind of a parson for me. Why,' sez Briggs, sez he, 'I don't see notin' to hinder a minister with sich principles, from takin' his grog with the rest on us.' 'That's so,' sez I, 'an' Briggs, yeou talk 'bout it, that an' with yer bizness ter git religion; let me tell yeou somethin' that happened over here in Rocktown a spell ago. The chap that plays the organ in the South Church keeps a drinkin' saloon for the factory hands,—jest like youn, Briggs. Some o' the church-members got riled up 'bout it,—one in peticular, 'caus' the rumseller told him, 'he'd sell his son as much liquor as he'd pay for, in spite o' him or any other man.' Wal, they called a meetin', and drewed up a set o' resolutions ter turn him eout o' his place; but the church voted 'em down by a thunderin' big majority; an' this ere's the present state o' things in Rocktown,—the minister preaches at one eend o' the church, an' the rumsellers praises at t'other."

(To be continued.)

For the Young.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

"See the amount of work I have performed," cried the pen exultingly.

"You!" said the Ink, which had been running from the end of the Pen as fast as possible for the last hour. "You must mean me."

"Indeed, I mean what I say," responded the Pen. "The work is not yours. Look at all those pages which I have written. Much you would have accomplished without my assistance!"

"Ay, look at all those pages," repeated the Ink. "See them covered with my marks, and then say, if you like, that the writing is your own."

"I do say so still," persisted the Pen. "Pretty work you would have made of it, if I had not undertaken to run about and leave you in the right places on the paper."

"And much good you're running about, as you call it, would have done, if you had not had me to leave in your tracks," said the Ink.

Hitherto the disputants had kept pretty closely to the truth, but they began now to wax warm, and to lose their temper—which is always a pity between old friends, and almost sure to lead to ill consequences.

"The fact is, you quite deceive your-