

LICENSED TO MAKE YOUR BOY DRUNK.

Stephen Merritt, the well-known New York preacher and business man, speaking at a temperance meeting, gave one reason for his undying hatred of the drink traffic.

One New Year's Day, years ago, he came to New York from Nyack, where at that time he resided. On returning home he found *his only son drunk on his bed*—made drunk by the saloon keeper near at hand. By his son's bed he saw enmity to rum more bitter than ever before. With his son he went to the saloon and asked its keeper why he had done such a foul wrong. With loud curses he pointed to his license; and then, before him there "I told him I would rather he had killed us both; and again I resolved always to work for prohibition and against the rum trade to which we are in slavery."

There are persons who are amused by the grotesque antics and absurd acts of drunken men, but the drunkards they laugh at *are not members of their own families*. It is no joke to have a man or a child come home drunk; and what wonder is it that a man, finding his son in a drunken stupor, should gird on the armor to fight a traffic which can work such horrible results. And it is well to remember one thing: if it is not your boy who is drunk it is *some body's boy*, for rum-mills cannot be run without using up boys, any more than saw-mills can run without using up logs.

There are laws forbidding the sale of strong drink to minors; but a man who has sold himself to the devil and gone into the rum business cares little for law.—his business is to sell all he can, and make all he can out of it. And it is the business of men and women to teach their children, and guard their home, and hound the rum traffic out of the land, and into the pit of darkness where it belongs.

THE STUNDISTS.

THE name Stundist is a little repellent. It is as senseless as the words Quaker, Methodist, and other terms that have come to popularly designate varying forms of Christian worship. Stunde is the German word for a period of instruction, and of itself hints at the origin of this Puritan community. Over a large part of southern Russia are to be found isolated colonies of Lutheran Germans, whose fathers were attracted into the country during the last century by the promise not merely of land, but of local liberty as well. They rapidly made an oasis of culture in the desert of Russian serfdom, and to-day the traveller who suddenly stumbles upon a German village in Russia recognizes it immediately by the cleanliness of the streets, the substantial character of the houses, and, above all, by the intelligent character of the people.

It is a crime in Russia for a Protestant to read the Bible to an Orthodox; it is a crime for a Russian to give up being Orthodox; it is even a crime for a Protestant congregation to allow an Orthodox Russian to be present. When I left Russia, in the fall of 1891, eighty Protestant clergymen were under sentence of Siberia, having been declared parties to the crime of preaching the Gospel.

The Russian peasantry in general are disposed to hate Germans, as all shiftless people dislike those that are thrifty and successful. But amongst these were many upon whom German example made a deep impression. Some of them began to enquire into the secret of German success, and, as we may readily believe, received all possible encouragement from their Lutheran

fellows-subjects. They began to feel ashamed of habitual drunkenness; they began to think that children should learn to read and write. They noted the fact that Germans worked hard six days in the week, kept away from the brandy bottle, and sent their children to school.

When the Russian peasant got thus far, he could not stop there. He noticed that the German clergyman did not get drunk, did not go about in dirty clothes repeating incoherent words; but that he read to his people from the Bible, and encouraged them to read that book at home.

At this point the peasant ceased to be Orthodox. As soon as he commenced to read the Bible in secret, to unite in prayer with others, and to ignore church festivals, he became an object of active persecution on the part of the clergy.

Twenty years ago there were known to be about 1,000 Stundists in all Russia. To-day there are probably 250,000, although it is impossible to be certain on such a point. The bulk of them are scattered between the Black Sea and Poland, though their Puritan doctrine finds an echo in every province of the empire.

They are a vital Christian force, and are doing vastly more to revolutionize Russia than the Nihilists. They are spreading popular education amongst the class that needs it most and are starting inquiry in the minds of people whose fathers never questioned the divinity of the Czar.

The Russian Government could afford to ignore these people for many years, especially as the police reported them as uniformly industrious, honest, sober, and prompt in the payment of taxes. The Church, however, had to protect itself, for Stundists held one doctrine that could never be forgiven—denial of Orthodoxy. Non-conforming peasants were dragged from their homes, charged with heresy, looked in jail, flogged, tortured, sent to die loathsome deaths in pestilential mines—all to no purpose. The Russian suffers cheerfully for his religion, and in the record of the clerical courts it is rare to learn of a victim betraying a friend.

The same loyalty that makes the Russian soldier march for days on bad food, that makes him reckless of danger, and that keeps him on his sentry beat until he freezes to death—this loyalty comes out with equal force when he meets judicial torture at the hands of the Orthodox clergy.

The Russian Government is fighting Stundists and Skoptzi with the same well-worn weapons of old-fashioned persecutions, and no one who knows Russia need be surprised that Protestantism is making enormous strides in consequence. —Poultney Bigelow, in *Harper's Mag.* for July.

A Lady who had a large experience in missionary matters wrote as follows: "Don't be too anxious to have a special field or object of support. Give your money by an act of the most spiritual worship, directly to the Lord, and drop it quietly, laden with prayer, into the treasury, having confidence (you must have that) in those who disburse it for you, and let them send it wherever needed most. Dedicate it wholly, not only to the glorious King, but of the Man of sorrows; and if the Master wants twine strings, wrapper paper, and pine boxes, so practical and unromantic, let your funds go for those to carry the Bible in."—*Friends' Missionary Advocate*.

Yield not to temptation for yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you some other to win.
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.