

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

For the sake of the people, for the Sabbath, for the sake of the Church, let us push for a Saturday half holiday.

For the sake of the people. They need it. Our mechanics and day labourers work longer and harder, under more exacting climatic conditions, than do their fellow workmen in Europe. Their wages are higher, and their creature comforts more, but for men who are not to live by bread alone, these are poor compensation for the privileges which they sacrifice. If the great majority of our workmen use their leisure hours for pleasure rather than profit, if they read for amusement rather than information, if it is difficult to get them to engage in educational, moral, or religious work, the cause will too often be found in over-work, producing physical and mental exhaustion. The drain on their physical resources is very great, and it is full time an effort were made to stay it.

The writer has many pleasant recollections of Saturday half-holidays across the sea; of happy family reunions, of merry picnic parties, of short excursions by rail and boat, of long walks to places beautiful and of historic interest, of quiet evenings with book and magazine, under shady trees or beside cheerful fires, of Workingmen's Institute lectures and concerts, and a host of other agreeable methods of putting the wear and worry of the week behind. He recalls the leisurely marketing done by parents and housekeepers in the early evening, and then the preparations for the Sabbath—the general washing, scrubbing and boot-blackening, which helped to secure the Sunday rest—and the many scenes which realized in this late day Burns' tender picture of the "Cotter's Saturday Night." He has heard the advantages of America as a home for emigrants discussed by mechanics in the shop and by the fireside, and knows whereof he affirms when he says that the Saturday half-holiday has often turned the balance in favour of Great Britain with men of fine feeling and religious character. It is time our workmen, who are blessed above their fellows in many ways, should be made the equal of any in this matter.

For the sake of the Sabbath. How to save the Sabbath is one of the great problems pressing for solution. We have been acting altogether on the defensive; let us make an aggressive movement. To secure Sunday let us seize on half of Saturday. The excuse for most of the Sunday sight-seeing, Sunday pleasure-seeking, Sunday social visiting—is that, for the male population there is no other time. It is true. The man who is required to work from Monday morning to Saturday night, without a stated time for recreation, may beg, borrow or take time, but he very truly has no time, and is not at all likely to take it. Give him this half-day and the excuse for Sabbath-breaking is very much weakened. A large trades-union, with headquarters in New York city, adopted the Saturday half-holiday some three years ago. Previously the annual excursion of that society was held on Sunday, but since then on Saturday. It is not too much to expect that the same results would follow the adoption of this system in many other cases, and the Saturday half-holiday help largely toward the saving of the Christian Sabbath.

For the sake of the Church. Socialist and infidel writers and speakers are gaining a hearing where Christian teachers have practically no influence. To win the working classes we must interest ourselves in the things which interest them. The frequent struggles against the tyranny of great corporations, the endeavour to retain manhood in a system which has so divided and sub-divided labour that it is hard for man to be more than an animated machine, the aspiration to secure better homes and a fairer portion of the fruits of industry—these things call for Christian counsel, Christian sympathy, and Christian co-operation. If the working classes have lost confidence in the churches, the first duty of the churches is by sincere words and works to seek a renewal of that confidence. Let us begin with the Saturday half holiday. Champion it! Secure it for the people, and the reward shall be ours. It will help the people, and no less will it help the Sabbath and the churches. Leave this work to unbelievers, and then, though the people will still be gainers, the Sabbath and the churches will be no whit helped. We commend the subject to Christian teachers, Christian employers and Christian workmen.

### BE THOU FAITHFUL.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

The following lines were suggested on hearing a sermon from the above text by the Rev. James Little, M.A., St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, July 29th, 1883.

Courage, brother, do not weary,  
Though the journey may be long;  
Though the heart be filled with sorrow  
Soon will come the victor's song  
Nerve yourself for every conflict;  
To your Great Head be your faith.  
Let His presence promise cheer thee  
Be thou faithful unto death

Count the talents God has given,  
Lace the reins to you made sure,  
And "be faithful" to the Saviour  
To the end the fight endure;  
For the "crown of life" is given  
To the conqueror then as now,  
And the laurel wreath unfading  
Shall be placed upon thy brow

Art thou weary, faltering, brother?  
Has thy cross been hard to bear?  
Has no sunshine crossed thy pathway?  
Have the shadows brought despair?  
Turn to Jesus with your sorrows—  
Bear up nobly 'mid the strife;  
For to him that overcome  
There remains "a crown of life."

I think of those who fought, not faltered—  
Those brave heroes of renown,  
Who dyed the heather with their blood,  
Who wear the martyr's crown—  
And with strong, unyielding purpose,  
With a calm, implicit faith,  
Bear the crosses, wage the conflicts,  
Be thou faithful unto death.

Southwell, July, 1883. THOS. YELLOWEARS.

### LYTE'S HYMN, "ABIDE WITH ME."

About forty years ago, Wilson, in his "Noctes Ambrosianae," says: "Have you seen a little volume entitled 'Tales in Verse,' by Rev. H. F. Lyte, which seems to have reached a second edition? Now, that is the right kind of religious poetry." The Christian world has unanimously agreed that Wilson was right.

Lyte was born at Kelso, Scotland, in June, 1793, but owing to narrow means was compelled to struggle hard for his education. He graduated from his studies with honour, however, but settled down into a "dreary Irish curacy," where he toiled until compelled by ill-health to resign. He finally settled at Brixham, where he toiled for twenty years under many a cloud of pastoral difficulty and discouragement.

The hymn,

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,"

was written here as the shadows of the dark valley were closing his labours on earth. Though he was, as he says, scarcely "able to crawl," he made one more attempt to preach and to administer the holy communion. "O brethren!" said he, "I can speak feelingly, experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, and a dependence on the death of Christ."

Many tearful eyes witnessed the distribution of the sacred elements, as given by one who was already standing with one foot in the grave. Having thus given, with his dying breath, a last adieu to his surrounding flock, he retired to his chamber, fully aware of his near approach to the end of time. As the evening of the sad day gathered its darkness, he handed to a near and dear relative this immortal hymn, with music accompanying, which he had prepared:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay on all around I see;  
O, Thou, who changest not, abide with me."

The Master did abide with him the few mere days he spent on earth. His end is described as that of "the happy Christian poet, singing while strength lasted;" and while entering the dark valley, pointing upwards with a smiling countenance, he whispered, "peace, joy!"—*Epis. Register.*

BLESSED is the man whom eternal truth teacheth, not by obscure figures and transient sounds, but by direct and full communications.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

### THE DIFFERENCE.

You may hold in your hand two little eggs. They may look so much alike that you can hardly tell them apart. You can see no reason for preferring one to the other. But let them be hatched and one becomes a beautiful bird singing joyously in the air of heaven, the other a venomous snake, crawling in hateful malignity over the earth. We are all of us now in the egg state. What we really are and what is to be our immortality does not depend on our present outward appearance—on how we look in the eyes of our fellow-men. It depends on what ruling principle of life God sees within us, on what He sees we are adapted to become when fully matured. The man whose name is written in heaven may seem not very different from others about him. He may even seem in some respects less beautiful in his surface character and life than many whose names are not written there. But God sees that he is a bird's egg and not a snake's egg. God sees that he has within him such a germ of spiritual life that when this material egg shell that we call the body is broken and thrown off, and that innermost germ of character is fully developed he will be found in harmony with God, and fitted to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb in heaven.

That is what makes the great difference in men here now as God sees them. The Christian has been born of God. He has received into his heart the germ of a new creature. He has within a principle of spiritual life different from that which any man has who is not a Christian, and when the infirmities of the flesh and the evil tendencies that have been inherited from sinful ancestors shall have been sloughed off and the entire nature shall have been brought into harmony with this dominant principle of life—this spirit of loyalty to God—then that men will be found prepared for companionship with the angels in heaven. He will himself be like them, filled and guided by the same spirit which governs them.—*Advance.*

### MOHAMMEDAN CIVILIZATION.

Civil government in Palestine, says Dr. Mendenhall in his recent volume, "Echoes from Palestine," is in an anarchic condition, the result of Turkish rule, and its insipidity is as manifest in lawlessness, irregularity, despotic tendency, and indifference to the interests of subjects at Jaffa as elsewhere in the country. Civilization is adrift throughout the Mohammedan empire. The central government at Constantinople, no less than the pashalics in the remotest dependencies, is destitute of a knowledge of the first principles of social order, and exercises its authority from the motives of plunder oppression and a false religion. Stagnation in business, decay of morals, extinction of public spirit, evaporation of patriotism, are among the inevitable results. Turkish authority is fatal to every public interest, and destructive of every private virtue. Constantinople, the residence of the Sultan, is an un-governed city, without mayoralty, city council, police, or any local laws, all authority exercised being purely voluntary. If this is the civil condition of the capital of the empire, what must be the condition of the provinces? The Turkish empire is a mass of provinces, held together by force, paying tribute to the Sultan, and receiving in return little protection and no benevolent consideration whatever. Apparently unified, no national idea pervades the empire; no patriotism throbs in the breast of the Arab; no modern spirit actuates the Turk. The advocates of the doctrine of the union of Church and State are referred to its most lamentable illustration in Mohammedan countries. This, perhaps, is the stumbling-block to progress; and the only hope of civilization in these lands is dis-establishment. A false religion, enthroned in the government, and enforced throughout the empire, has resulted in a series of false products—a false government, false society, false purposes, false wars, a false past, a false present; and a false future is in store for it.

WHOEVER is sensible of his own faults carps not at another's failings.—*Persian.*

WHAT we can do is a small thing, but we can will and aspire to great things.—*John Tauler.*

THE things which we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

FLIES spy out the wounds, bees the flowers; good men the merits, common men the faults.—*Hindu.*