

Our Contributors.

EVICCTIONS ON THE ESTATES OF LORD ALCOHOL.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Lord Alcohol has many tenants. In Canada, or the United States or Great Britain, his tenants outnumber the Irish peasants and Scotch crofters ten to one. They may be counted by tens of thousands in almost any highly civilized country. You find them in all parts of Canada—in the cities, in the rural districts, in the new settlements, anywhere, everywhere you go you are sure to find some tenants of this most ignoble Lord.

Lord Alcohol is most cruel and tyrannical in his dealings with his tenantry. He has turned more families out on the road than all the landlords in Ireland and Scotland put together. He thinks nothing of turning a delicate, poorly clad, poorly fed wife out in the cold, or of driving barefooted children into the snow. He has done this very thing ten thousand times. He is doing it every day.

The most mysterious thing about Lord Alcohol is that notwithstanding his double cruelties he is popular with many of his tenants. Even the tenants that he has evicted like him. He drives them out of their homes, kicks them through debt, disgrace, disease and delirium into a dishonoured grave, and yet many of them stand by him to the last. It is said that when the poor Irish peasants are driven from their cabins they often unite in heaping curses upon those who have driven them out. Small wonder if they do. Lord Alcohol's tenants rarely curse at him. Some of them curse the Scott Act inspectors vigorously enough, but they are seldom, if ever, heard cursing at the ignoble Lord who evicts them. One point of difference between some evicted Irish peasants and some of Lord Alcohol's evicted tenants is this. The evicted Irish tenants swear at the landlord; the evicted tenant of Lord Alcohol sometimes swears for him—in the police court.

Let us sketch two or three specimen cases of the evictions that are taking place on Lord Alcohol's estates every day.

Mr. Pusher got a good commercial education in the Old Country. Fired with a praiseworthy ambition to rise in the world, he came out to Canada, got a good situation, and by honesty, industry and good business ability soon won the confidence of his employer. Having saved a little money he went into business for himself. He was successful from the start. As the business grew, young Pusher began to think that it is not good for man to be alone.

Now let us introduce ourselves to Mrs. Pusher as she sits in her drawing room going through that peculiar process known in modern civilization as "receiving calls." She is rather handsome. She talks fairly well, but on light subjects. A very brief conversation starts the fear in your mind that she is hardly the material out of which a solid, useful, influential woman—God's noblest work—can be made. But as you have seen several rather flighty girls round off into splendid women, you hope for the best, finish your call, and go home thinking that Mr. and Mrs. Pusher are a rather promising couple.

Pusher never was a total abstainer. He "took something" occasionally during his clerkship. When he kept bachelor's hall, after starting in business, he took a little more just to help on the business. Some of the customers liked a drink, and Pusher took a drink with them even in business hours. The commercial travellers often treated him, and soon found out that after two or three drinks he gave a larger order.

The question, "Shall we keep liquor in the house, put it on our table, and give it to our friends?" soon came up for solution in the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Pusher. Pusher voted "yea," and Mrs. Pusher, having very little character, was quite willing to do anything that would set her up in what she called "society." "Society" in Pushertown consisted of a few families that were noted chiefly for insolence and impecuniosity. They never paid anybody until sued, and never paid a tailor even then. It was easy enough to beat them in court, but a man who could beat them on an execution had to rise pretty early in the morning. After a place in this "set" Mrs. Pusher banked considerably. One way, the one way that never fails, to get a place in a "set" of this kind is to

give them plenty to eat and drink—especially drink. Mrs. Pusher was not highly endowed in an intellectual way. Nature had not dealt very generously with her when brains were being distributed, but, with woman's unerring intuition, she soon discovered that the way to Pushertown society lay through a champagne basket, and she had little trouble in coaxing her husband to get the champagne. About the same time, they suddenly discovered that they needed a larger house, more fashionable furniture, and a great many other things that cost money. They entertained freely. The champagne flowed. Mrs. Pusher danced with the dukes, and as Pusher could not dance in modern style, he played cards and drank. They were asked out quite frequently, and on the morning after a "swell" party was given by one of the noble army of the impecunious, said impecunious was always certain to call at the store, and borrow some money from Pusher—which he was equally certain never to pay.

Pusher had been brought up a Presbyterian. Mrs. Pusher had been brought up in the go-as-you-please style. For some time after their marriage, they attended the Presbyterian Church, but latterly had not been going regularly. About this time Mrs. Pusher was seized with a strong liking for the Episcopalian form of service. She said she did "dearly love" that form, though she could not have found the place in the prayer book if Pusher had been made a millionaire the moment she found it. Pusher at first refused to become an Episcopalian, but constant nagging on the part of his wife brought him round, and he consented for the sake of peace.

Meantime Pusher drank heavily. His business was neglected, his best customers left, and his creditors became suspicious. It was whispered among the wholesale men that Pusher, of Pushertown, was drinking hard and giving extravagant parties.

One morning, after Pusher and his wife had been entertained by one of the impecunious, their host of the previous evening came into the store, and slapping Pusher familiarly on the back, said, "Say, old fellow, I want your autograph." Pusher demurred, for he had never been in the habit of endorsing. "What's the matter with you this morning?" said the impecunious. "Come out, and have something." They adjourned to a neighbouring bar, and Pusher endorsed a note for several thousand dollars.

Soon afterward, Pusher's store was closed. A few months later on, the family were turned out of their fine new house.

Pusher is a confirmed sot.

The eldest daughter is trying to make a living by giving music lessons.

The eldest boy is in the reformatory.

Mr. Pusher is living on her relations.

Lord Alcohol evicted that family—didn't he?

In a future issue, we may describe the evictions of a slightly different kind that often take place on his estates.

THE PRESBYTERIAN PULPIT.

REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D.

Among recent additions to the Presbyterian pulpit of Toronto the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., holds a distinguished place. The congregation of St. James Square Church, built up and consolidated by the faithful and unremitting labours of Principal King, of Manitoba College, has been exceedingly fortunate in securing as pastor one endowed with so many ministerial gifts and graces as Dr. Kellogg. He fully realizes the great responsibilities pertaining to his sacred office. The great and fundamental truths of evangelical Christianity have in him a profound and sincere believer, and an earnest, able and intelligent exponent. His defence and advocacy of the truth is not the result of customary and unreasoning tradition, but the outcome of patient investigation, searching and scholarly analysis, and devout and prayerful study. In the work of pulpit preparation his every sermon bears abundant evidence of conscientious and painstaking effort. Rich variety and freshness characterize his discourses, because equal concentration is bestowed on each theme selected as the object of discourse.

On a recent Sabbath, in St. James Square Church, Dr. Kellogg preached on "The First Sin," taking for his text Genesis iii. 1-6, of which the following is an abbreviation:

Speaking in a general way, there are two beliefs current in the world as to the course of human history, the one

ancient, the other comparatively modern. The former is that which is set forth in this record in this ancient book of Genesis. It is to the effect that man began his life on earth as a moral agent, in a state of sinless perfection and conscious communion with God, but fell from that high estate by wilful disobedience, since which all his natural tendencies have been not toward God; but ever away from Him. The other view is the exact reverse. Many tell us in these days that man began very low; was, in fact, at first, scarce above a brute, in either intellect or moral character, knew no God and had no religion; that the history of man from that day on to this has been, on the whole, a record of progress from better to better, and will be to the end. It is easy to see that the two views are in direct contradiction. If one is true, the other is false. The Bible says, "Man began high, and has come down;" this modern philosophy says, "Man began low, and has ever been coming up." The Bible teaches that man's free will has cast him down from his original high estate and ruined him, this philosophy asserts that man's own power has raised him up from an original low estate, and that he is rising still. The Bible tells us that man began by being God-like, and has ended by becoming beast-like—"earthly, animal, devilish." The modern philosophy declares that he began by being beast-like, and has raised himself to something God-like. And this latter is now the fashionable view. Even among those who cannot yet quite receive it, there are many who feel that it is almost impossible to believe any longer in the record in Genesis, and that all presumption, at least, is against its truth. It cannot therefore be amiss at the threshold of our exposition to pause a moment to glance at the evidence of the story of the fall.

Let us mark first of all, to prevent misconception, that the question is not as to man's material and intellectual progress. As to that there is and can be no debate. No one denies that since the beginning there has been great material advancement. There is no doubt that we know many things of which Adam was ignorant. But material and intellectual progress is not the only progress, nor is it the highest type of progress. To know God is a greater thing than to know nature; to know the Creator a vastly higher thing than to know the creature. A man may know much of nature, and, alas, know nothing of the God of nature. He may make great advance in knowing the world, and, be, as it were, an idiot in the things of God. So, while we are far from denying that man has made great progress in knowing nature, it by no means follows that he has made progress in the knowledge of God. Material development is one thing, spiritual development is quite another thing, and we are not now concerned with the former, but with the latter only. As regards this latter, I affirm that the Word of God and the new philosophy stand in irreconcilable contradiction. There can be no possible compromise between them. If man began without a conscience, and a moral law, and knowledge of God; if the little that he has was slowly evolved merely through the natural development of his faculties, then Moses is wrong, for he taught the opposite; and, what is more, Jesus Christ was wrong, in that He endorsed the word of Moses as the Word of God. It is a weighty matter. For if the new doctrine is the truth, then we must give up belief in Moses and renounce our faith in Christ, and as frankly as sadly, admit that sinners have after all no Saviour!

What, then, are the facts? I affirm, without any fear of successful contradiction, that the doctrine of modern unbelief on this subject is absolutely without evidence. More than that, not only is it contradicted by the Bible record,—which goes for very little with most men in these days,—but by all the ascertained facts of science, and by the unanimous traditions of the human race touching their origin and early history. As for the former, it is the fact that up to the present time not so much as a bone of any ancient race has been found which gives the slightest reason for believing that in the earliest ages men were any less intelligent moral agents than at present. No scrap of any ancient tongue has yet been found which has not had its words for "God" and "moral law" as now. As for the positive traditions of the race, many of them indeed are dim, and often quaintly distorted, yet as regards the central fact of man's high and blessed spiritual beginning, his sin and consequent degradation and ruin, they tell one story. They all bear witness to the essential truth of this narrative in Genesis, and not a solitary voice has come down in any nation to tell us that fair tale of modern philosophy, that man began in beastliness, and has, by his own native powers—to his exceeding credit—come up to be like God! Nations the most widely scattered, the most diverse in intellectual culture, and as remote as possible in race, differing in a thousand other traditions, agree in this: that man began in a likeness of God and communion with Him, which he has not now; that he fell by apostasy from God, and hence has come the misery and the sin and the death.

Illustrations are numerous. When Pizarro went to old Peru, he found that the story of the fall was there before him; for the Incas knew it, and the still more ancient Amates, whom the Incas had in their day subdued, also had the same old story, which they told in this quaint fashion: "Because God was all alone, He longed for some one to love Him, and so He made Kuru, the first man. And Kuru had a son, and the son died. And God said unto Kuru, 'Thy son shall rise again from the dead: eat not therefore of the fruit which groweth from his grave.' But Kuru disobeyed God; he ate of the fruit which God had forbidden him. And God said unto him, 'Because thou hast not obeyed Me, thou shalt have toil, and thou shalt die, thou, and all men with thee.'"

"There was a fall," again say the wild cannibals of West Africa. And they tell the story in this fashion: "When God created the world he rested the seventh day, and gave man a commandment. And in those days God was very near to men; and when they needed anything they would ask Him and He would give it, and would rain for them bread and fishes from heaven. But once a woman treated Him ill, and He withdrew into heaven, and since that time men have seen Him and heard His voice no more."

"There was a fall," said the old sages of India. For