

and an attachment to not a few of its inhabitants, although I may never see them again."

The above extracts were not intended for publication by Mr. W., but I have ventured to send them for your readers, who will, doubtless, be interested, not only in Mr. W., but the truly mission work to which he has devoted himself.

J. SHIPPERLEY.

Maitland, N. S.

### SUNDAY CARS.

Now that the street car contest is a thing of the past, it may seem to some to be superfluous to say anything about it. To me it does not seem so. I cannot forget the restful feeling, the satisfaction we were all filled with on the morning of the 5th of January, when it was a *certainty* that the vote was on the right side. Tears were dried, prayers gave place to thanksgiving. An important crisis in our city's history was past, and we were not covered with shame. It is still a pretty orderly healthy town (after all that has been said by some), though, of course, we share like the rest of the world, in the visits of epidemics. It is lively, decidedly musical, and rather intellectual, and still wears its crown of beauty. *Its people have chosen that it shall be a Sabbath-keeping city!* Out of this great central point come all the others, more or less.

Many good men and women were fearful of the result of putting the question to the vote. They heard people discussing the subject in a way at once new and strange, viz.: That the keeping of a Sabbath a holy day—in obedience to a command of God, for the purpose of worship—of rest from worldly business, is out of date, was only for the Hebrew race. Some, for the sake of consistency, probably talking of the whole Decalogue as if it were obsolete.

But on platforms, and by letters to be read at certain public meetings, some prominent men, *learned professors*, and *even clergymen*, so-called, gave utterance to very extraordinary sentiments. One, said to be a man of cultivated intellect and extensive knowledge, spoke very emphatically in favor of one of the candidates for the mayoralty, and then, in alluding to the Sunday cars, declared "That question to be only a side issue, in regard

to which he would prefer to be on the top of the fence, but the workingman had fully as good a right to ride on Sunday on a street car as a rich man had in his carriage."

One of the *clergymen* sent a note to a meeting, in which he said he should vote for the Sunday cars. Another declared that "the settlement of the car question, one way or the other, involves no violation of the Divine law"; a most extraordinary utterance truly. I have always understood that in every affair which affected the well-being of society, we must be either on the right side or the wrong; and that indifference was a sin. Hence, those who aim at being leaders of men, ought to remember the essential difference between the physical and the moral. An engineer may be applauded if he make a tunnel to avoid a mountainous ascent or descent, while in social changes it will not do to tamper with foundations existing in the nature of things, or the law of God. Sitting on the top of the fence is not safe—there must be a right side and a wrong; and for a man to get down somehow on the wrong side, would be fatal; at least so it seems to me.

In looking forward to the contest, some of us feared the opposition of certain powerful organizations known to be opposed to the preservation of the Sabbath; forgetting that if we are on God's side, "they that be with us are more than *they that be with them.*" As we have other moral battles before us, doubtless, let us not fear. Things visible and invisible will yet unite, and the great victory of right over wrong be gained. Let us then join and keep up our adhesion to the greatest secret society in the world, which is spreading and gaining ground continually. Its rules are few and simple. They are in the great Guide Book in many places, such as Ps. xxv: 14; John xv: 7, 15, 16.

SISTER MONICA.

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### WHAT A HYMN DID.

A good workman was Mr. B—, but, like many, gradually got too fond of evil company and the intoxicating cup, his family suffering in consequence; so much so that finally Mrs. B— went out nursing; the home necessities often being supplied solely from her earnings.