

THE UNEQUAL CONTEST.

"Crush him!" "Freere him out!" "Starve him out!" "Kill him." These are the actual phrases much in use in this most Christian age; and while possibly, they are not spoken out by all the directors that vote in the board-meeting of the great monopoly yet they are behind all the votes as hand after hand goes up.

Who is the victim? What is the question before these directors, many of whom are members of Christian churches? Why, the question is, What will the Great Concern do with some thrifty Small Concern that is growing apace and competing for a part of the profits? The victim is the young and pushing owner of Small Concern. Now, Small Concern has had several years of the kindly shelter of insignificance. Like a bean-sprout beneath a cabbage-leaf, Small Concern has been growing up under the shade of contempt kind contempt, for which thank heaven!

"Now, then, gentlemen of the Board, what shall we do with Small Concern? He will soon be like us."

The answers given above are the first conclusions. The process begins, and is faithfully pursued, and in more ways than can here be described. It is very relentless. The suffering is all on one side, and it is severe, advancing to terrible. Small Concern soon must sleep on his arms; and, before long, is twenty-four hours in saddle every day. His nerves quiver with the tension. He fights millions and does it with a few thousands; but he is not conquered. He started to keep up his strength by feeding on hope; but he is soon high-fed on indignation, on anger, on the rage of desperation, and contempt of the cool, sleek gentlemen who are grinding him slowly to powder.

Then Small Concern enlists the help of public sympathy. He tells his story and appeals to the community to help themselves by helping him; he assures us that he is our defender against the encroachments of extortion. He usually excites us to the point of patronage; we buy of him, if the cost is the same, and refuse to buy of Monopoly. We hurray for Small Concern invariably, for that never costs us anything. The public becomes so inflamed at length that here, and there, a benevolent lover of "liberty and a free country" offers a loan to Small Concern, thus helping him to fight a little longer, our champion!

At this stage Monopoly, having another board-meeting, and the matter coming up incidentally, asks several fresh questions. "We haven't crushed, nor frozen, nor starved, nor killed this plucky little fellow yet?"

"No, sirs. And we had better buy him."

"True, he gives evidence of ability. Get his price. There is, of course, no doubt that he has one. Make a bid and knock him down among us."

"This being the process by which nearly all the directors have themselves, in times past, been 'knocked down,' and then straightened up on their feet again subsequently by the big-brained fellow who owns them all, it is thought to be an honour, and the motion is carried unanimously. Only men of the first grade are bought. All others are killed and thrown to the dunghill, wife, children, hopes and fears. Most of these first grade purchases are pretty badly shaken before they are bid in; generally wind-broken, spavined, and with a tendency to staggers, so nearly used up that they will make no trouble for the big-brained fellow who really owns them. Then they are grunted up.

The proposition is made to Small Concern. It means instantaneous ease. "Sell out," and yet he is in, instead of out. To sell is not to sell the business, but himself. To sell is to see Small Concern become an integral part of the one vast concern. You part with no property; no, not a dime's worth; you own all you owned before, and in addition are owned yourself. Big-brain says, "All yours is yours, and you are mine. See?" Small Concern deliberates and is tired; wants to go to Europe as the physician directs; wants to live a little longer.

Skip all attempts at explanation. You will be in Paris, you know. You will slip out of notice and go quietly out of business. Who would not decline to be killed, if he could, so politely? Who would not gratify his wife, so long pleading that he "give this struggle over, before he go crazy?"

Well, the Scotch Covenanters and Netherland Protestants would not, though they had many an overture from kings and prelates. The Puritans would not; our Continental fathers would not. Indeed, there have been a few in this business and ever since the world began, who would not sell out even to get in, if they could. But, then, that was the old fashion. It has been said that he who would save others himself cannot save. But that, too, was a long time before Herbert Spencer taught us of "egoism versus altruism."

One of these days we shall have our commercial hero in this commercial age. Be of good hope, reader. Ages of war have had their soldier heroes; ages of discovery, their venturesome sailors; ages of religious strife, their apostles of the new old gospel; ages of social adjustment, their publicists and reformers. The age will have its men of principle, who will fight long after peace is offered them by the rug; fight long after they need to for their own defence; fight for the

sake of routing and helping to break forever the new feudalism which leagued monopoly is to-day fastening upon us.

But for the present, alas, that great city whose merchandise is silver, and gold, and precious stones, and oil, and fine flour, and horses, and chariots, and slaves and souls of men.—Rev. Emory J. Haynes.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

BY MARGARET MOSCUP, ST. MARY'S.

Behold the Star of Bethlehem,
That shines in eastern sky,
For thousands gaze upon it there,
While millions sleeping lie.

Near nineteen centuries have past,
Since wise men from afar,
Worshipped the babe in manger laid,
Led there by Bethlehem's star.

They worshipped, and they offered gifts,
Gold, incense, spices rare;
And then returned another way,
To avoid King Herod's snare.

The crafty monarch feigned that he
Would go and worship, too;
But when he saw they mocked him,
Then Bethlehem's babes he slew.

A fearful cry from mothers' hearts,
Was heard upon that day,
When Herod sent his messenger,
Those innocents to slay.

He thought to slay the Prince of Peace,
The Virgin's holy Son,
The gift of God, sent down to earth,
Before His work began.

While angels sang of peace and joy,
Good will to men is shown;
The very depths of hell were stirred,
To have it overthrown.

For Satan stood Prime Minister
At Herod's royal court,
And schemed to carry out the plan,
Of all that hellish sport.

But none could slay the Prince of Life,
Who came on earth to die;
'Twas mercy to our fallen race
That brought Him from the sky.

My life is mine, I lay it down,
Thus spake the Holy One;
'Tis mine, to take it up again,
When I my work have done.

'Tis finished, was His latest cry,
Then bowed His head and died;
God's justice then was fully met,
The law was satisfied.

Believe upon the Son of God,
And thou shalt be forgiven;
Faith is the key, and Christ the door,
By which we enter heaven.

Let love and mercy fill our hearts,
In proof of our belief;
To others let us kindness show,
And love to give relief.

FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS.

Christianity emphasizes little things. It never confounds bigness with greatness, nor identifies the smallness with the meanness of an act. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it disregards the distinctions of great and little and lays down distinctions of a deeper and truer sort. We too often judge by the seeing of the eye or the hearing of the ear. Jesus judged by the insight of the mind. We too often decide by the magnitude of an act, Jesus by the spirit of it. And thus he gives us classifications of conduct which at the first blush are somewhat startling, but which when examined are found to be very deep and true. "He that looks upon a woman to lust after her is an adulterer," He says; and "he that says to his brother, Thou fool, is in danger of the fires of Gehenna." If hard, these are nevertheless true utterances, for adultery begins in the lustful look, and murder is but the intensification of the passion which at first found vent in angry words. On the other hand, He assures us, that they who at the bidding of a pure and loving heart give a cup of cold water to a needy one secure the divine "Well done." Of the woman who washed His feet and wiped them with the hair of her head, He said her act should be borne in everlasting remembrance, and upon the other woman who cast her mite into the treasury, He pronounced a blessing which the greater but more ostentatious donations of others failed to win. This, too, is sound and true teaching. A little girl who simply gives a cup of cold water to a wayside-beggar, or a slice of bread to a hungry invalid, may be actuated by exactly the same divine feeling as that which sent Howard to

the prisons and hospitals of Europe, or which poured itself in comfort and healing from the lips and hands of Florence Nightingale upon the starved and wounded soldiers at Scutari. And if so, however different in outward seeming, in the range of their influence, in the duration of their issues, in the magnitude of their working—these actions are the same in essence, and in the eye of God the first must be as fair and beautiful as any others. A man who does his best, all that his abilities and circumstances will allow—though that is small—in the regards of the moral law is as worthy as some abler or more fortunately circumstanced neighbour, who may do much more. He who firmly and manfully resents the oppression of some local tyrant is brother to him who delivers a nation from despotism, and the woman who fills a small circle with love and harmony is sister to her whose genius and position may radiate these blessings over a circle of far immenser sweep. The mental elements involved in these respective actions may be extremely different, but the moral elements are the same; just as it is the same attraction which brings a stone to the earth or holds a planet to the sun, and fidelity in the use of two talents or of one is the same thing as fidelity in the use of five or ten, just as pleasing to all good men, just as acceptable to God.—Presbyterian Banner.

MANLINESS.

In a lecture delivered recently, Rev. Reuben Thomas, of Brookline, said:—His subject was "Manliness." He defined it as containing six essential elements—truthfulness, integrity, goodness, strength, thoroughness, and self-control. Truth, he said, is the correct apprehension of things. We may not always be correct in our apprehensions, but we can always take good heed to be rigidly faithful in putting things exactly as we see them. Integrity in the ordinary use of the word is trustworthiness. The man of integrity does what he undertakes to do in the best and purest way he knows how. The man who can be bribed to do what he knows is wrong toward the trust committed to him is not upright. There is no integrity in him. There is much in the world which passes for goodness, but the manly quality is not in it. Lacking this, it becomes what we call "goody-goodyness." Christ's piety was not pietism; not at all like that jealous, distrustful, fault-finding, whimpering, whining thing, which is only as the crab to the good, sweet, luscious Baldwin apple. And piety, which is tart, acid, setting your teeth on edge, is not manly, nor is it womanly, and so spurious. Piety without good-heartedness, great-heartedness, is to say the least, grievously defective. Goodness has ever in it the elements of sensitiveness and high-mindedness—without which there is no true manliness. The patting restraint upon self, this is one of the most practically valuable elements in a manly character. The man who has no control over his speech and temper is simply a bully. In the days of youth, when habits are forming, if only we could be persuaded of the importance of self-control, the whole life would be brighter, sunnier, happier, for the effort we made to bring the lower nature under the power of the higher. Manliness affects utterance. If we will only attend to it, there are wonderful revelations of character in the tones of the human voice. It pronounces exaggeration to be falsehood, and compels intellect and emotion to step together. If I were to present this subject in its fullest expression, I should have to speak of the Man of men. Put what emphasis you are capable of on the words *the man* Christ Jesus, you cannot make them too emphatic.

THE INNER WITNESS.

Much is said and written at the present day on the external proofs of Christianity, and comparatively little is heard of its experimental evidence. And yet, in the great majority of cases, the latter carries a force of conviction which the former never can have. Joseph Cook has this to say on the subject: "The Apostolic Church has much of the inner witness, we have made too little of it. Turn a telescope on a star. At the instant when the telescope has reached the right position the light flashes through the tube and produces an image of the star in the dark chambers of the telescope. Just so when the human will yields to God, there flashes through the human spirit the light from the orb of heaven, and there is found within us the star of a sense of forgiveness, a star which the Bible itself calls the day star, and unto which, as it avers, we do well to give heed. The inner sense of forgiveness has been made too emphatic in certain systems of theology. But in other systems it has by no means been made emphatic enough. I am not opposed to the mystic side of Christianity because I so rarely emphasize it. My business is with relations of religion and science. Put together the scientific and mystic sides of religion, and this full representation of Christian truth will overpower all opposition."

LET us take care how we speak to those who have "fallen on life's field." Help them up, do not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We did not know the scars.