

refreshments are placed in small boats of straw, provided with sails of paper or cloth, and carried to the water-side, where they are launched by way of dismissing the souls of the dead who are supposed now to return to their graves.

How thankful we should be for the "life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel!" and how earnestly we should labour to send the true light to the millions who now sit in the region and shadow of darkness! Let us rejoice that even in Japan the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada is represented, and if the light be only sufficient to make the surrounding darkness more visible, we may rest assured that its hall shine still more and more unto the perfect day, when the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His wings, shall disperse every cloud, and irradiate the world with the light and glory of the Lord.

#### Now is the Accepted Time.

(A Salvation Army Song.)

BY NELLIE RYERSON.

LIFE to me is but to linger,  
And my Saviour to obey,  
And to tell you how He loves you,  
But He hates your evil way.  
And though life looks bright before you,  
And there's plenty time you say,  
You've no promise of to-morrow,  
Though you're in your health to-day.

#### CHORUS.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,  
True repentance is the way,  
Don't you hear the Saviour calling,  
Harden not your heart to-day.

And, as you are idly thinking,  
Precious moments quickly pass,  
Soon you'll have to meet your Maker,  
Death is coming—coming fast.  
Though your sins may be as scarlet,  
Though transgressor's way you go,  
If you cry unto the Saviour,  
He will wash you white as snow.

Are you weary, heavy-laden,  
Yearning for a joy that lasts,  
At the Cross, there's where you'll find it,  
Ask forgiveness for the past.  
Tell Him that you want to serve Him,  
In His humble way to go,  
Sweet abiding peace He'll give you,  
You'll have Heaven here below.

#### Salvation Army Literature.

At the Salvation Army meeting, of which we wrote in our last number, a young girl was selling "The War-Cry," the official gazette of the army in America. We found it a somewhat sensational sheet, with a good deal of what may be called "pious slang," very offensive to good taste. But there was also a good deal of Gospel, and some capital hymns. The war news is given in bulletin style, thus:

Chatham—Hallelujah! What a victory! Sunday grand—hall full—four souls—praise God—great open-air meeting—grand fight for the colours at night; captain down twice with a howling mob around him—came off victorious—hall pecked—souls for our hire.

Hamilton—glorious victories—the whole place moved. Toronto—grand meetings—barracks crowded—prisoners captured—hallelujah!

The New York corps has been witnessing some very keen fighting. Of late the enemy has been showing awful resistance, but this only goes to prove to us that something is being done. If there was nothing taking place the enemy would not mind, but

when his strongholds are being taken, then he shows fight. The struggles for victory in some of the engagements have been something awful.

The following are specimens of army notes:—

A comrade who, now God has saved him, is a respectable member of society in Ripley, says, that one day when in the devil's service, he went into a cornfield and changed coats with a scare-crow.

Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads.

Satan still hinders.

Does he hinder you?

From serving God, I mean.

Jesus gives the victory.

Grand news all along the line.

Where will you go if you die?

Are you saved?

Soldiers, get suits at once.

Advertise salvation.

It would do you good.

The following are specimens of their stirring war songs:—

We're gath'ring our Army from near and from far,  
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war!  
We'll never prove cowards, but fight till we die,  
Then onward! my comrades, the vict'ry is nigh!

#### CHORUS.

Vict'ry is nigh! vict'ry is nigh!  
Then onward! my comrades, the vict'ry is nigh!  
We'll never prove cowards, but fight till we die,  
Then onward! my comrades, the vict'ry is nigh!

We're fighting for Jesus, and this is our song—  
We're soldiers enlisted to fight against wrong!  
We'll stand by our colours and never give o'er,  
Till safely we're landed on Canaan's bright shore.

The conflict is raging, yet feeling no fear,  
We press on to conquer, and vict'ry is near!  
For Jesus has promised—if faithful we are,  
A mansion in Heaven, and a bright crown to wear!

We'll fight for our King till the warfare is o'er,  
Awaiting the summons to yon happy shore,  
And then with the thousands we'll sing o'er again,  
All glory to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain!

#### FIGHT FOR THE LORD.

TUNE—"Soldiers fighting round the Cross."

Salvation, soldiers do not tire,  
Fight for the Lord!  
Load your guns at once and fire,  
Fight for the Lord!

#### CHORUS.

Through Christ you're saved,  
Tell the world you're saved,  
And you have joined our little Army Band,  
I am glad you're saved,  
And I am glad I'm saved,  
Let us fight until we die.

Christ will give you words to say,  
Fight for the Lord!  
He loves to hear you speak and pray,  
Fight for the Lord!

Soldiers' hearts can do much good,  
Fight for the Lord!  
When their hearts are washed in Jesus' blood,  
Fight for the Lord!

Your time for work is coming fast,  
Fight for the Lord!  
The longest life will soon be past,  
Fight for the Lord!

If every day you faithful prove,  
Fight for the Lord!  
Your hearts will feel the Saviour's love,  
Fight for the Lord!

At last you'll hear the grand "well done,"  
Fight for the Lord!  
And sing around the great white throne,  
Fight for the Lord!

#### THEN AND NOW.

AIR—"Not for Joe."

I once was in the devil's cause,  
My heart was full of sin,  
I went to Jesus as I was,  
And Jesus took me in;  
He cleansed my heart, from crime and guilt,  
My captive soul set free,  
On Calvary's mount His blood was spilt  
To give us liberty.

#### CHORUS.

Bless His name, precious name,  
Hallelujah! He's my Saviour,  
I love Him, He loves me,  
Hallelujah! I am free!

I once did hate the gospel light,  
I loved the darkness more,  
Against my conscience I did fight,  
And Jesus' love ignore;  
I dared to sin, yet dare not die,  
My heart rebelled within,  
Until the Saviour caught my eye,  
And drew me unto Him.

And now I'm saved, yes, fully saved,  
From inbred sin I'm clear,  
To fight for Jesus I'll be brave,  
His foes I do not fear.  
He lives in me, and I in Him,  
I've joy and peace, I'm whole,  
A radiance from the heavenly realm  
Illuminates my soul.

There is good Gospel in these hymns, and what though they be set to song tunes. Did not Charles Wesley say that the devil had no right to the best music, and therefore wrote a hymn to the air of the popular song, "Nancy Dawson?" Certainly the army has won great moral victories in the vilest of places over the vilest of men and women. There is room enough and work enough for all the brigades of God's great army.

#### Prohibition not Unconstitutional.

We are met, at every attempt to suppress the traffic, by an outcry against the *unconstitutionality* of legal prohibition. We are told that it is an invasion of the liberty of the subject—of his sacred rights as a free born Briton. But no man has the right to injure his neighbour, either with or without his consent; and is guilty of an offence against society, and especially of a grievous wrong against the victims of that traffic. The fact that no one has the natural right to sell this death-dealing poison is implied in the Government license system, which arbitrarily confers the legal privilege—the moral right it cannot give—on a certain limited number for a certain sum of money, and may as justly, nay, much more justly, withhold that privilege from all than grant it to any.

The law will not allow any one to sell tainted or unwholesome food, and the wilful adulteration of food renders the perpetrators of the offence amenable to severe legal penalties. In many places, too, no druggist may sell poisons without the authority of a medical certificate, and no one thinks these wholesome restrictions unconstitutional. Why, then, should the prohibition of the sale of those pernicious beverages, which poison more men and women in a week than all the adulterated food and noxious drugs in the country in an entire year, be considered unconstitutional?

No man may carry his theory of personal liberty to such an extent as to injure the health or property, or to destroy the comforts, of his neighbour. He may not carry on an offensive or deleterious trade near the habitation of man, nor pollute the air or water, which are common to all. In this

class of public nuisances Blackstock includes "all disorderly inns or ale houses, gaming houses," and places of still viler resort. "Yet," says the Rev. Albert Barnes, "there is no property which so certainly and so uniformly works evil in a community as that employed in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks."

"If penal legislation," writes Pierpont, "be justified in any case, why not in this? If it be penal to kill your neighbour with a bullet, why should it not be penal to kill him with the bowl? If it be penal to take away life by poison which does its work in six hours, why not penal to do so by one which takes six years for its deadly operation? Arsenic takes away animal life merely, while alcohol gives not only ten times the amount of animal agony, but also destroys the soul, sapping all moral feeling, quenching all intellectual light. Therefore," he says, "I ask a more severe punishment for that crime which works the moral and immortal ruin, than for that whose touch overturns a mere tenement of clay." Yet, with a glaring inconsistency, the Government, whose function is surely not less the prevention of crime, where that is possible, than its punishment, will authorize the manufacture and sale of that, the legitimate and inseparable consequences of which it relentlessly punishes.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

#### Asking, Not Taking.

A SICK soldier, whose sufferings were so great that he often wished he were dead, being asked, "How are you to escape everlasting pain?" replied,

"I am praying to God, and striving to do my duty as well as I can."

"What are you praying for?" I asked.

"For the pardon of my sins."

"But now, if your wife were offering you a cup of tea which she had prepared for you, what would be your duty?"

"To take it from her, surely."

"Do you think that God is offering you anything?"

"Oh! yes, sir; I think he is offering pardon to all, through Jesus Christ."

"What is your duty, then?"

"Ah! sir," he said with much feeling, "I ought to accept it."

"And yet you keep asking Him for what He offers, instead of taking it at once! But now tell me what you really require to be this moment a pardoned man?"

"I only want faith in Jesus," was his answer.

"Come, then, at once to Jesus. Receive Him as your Saviour; and in Him you will find all that you need for time and for eternity."

#### Hold On.

A WORTHY brother wants to know what he is to do to develop interest in the Sunday-school work in his neighbourhood. He says there are plenty of children who need Sunday-school instruction, but the parents are indifferent, and the children are not sent. We advise that two things be done: 1. Let the pulpit speak plainly and earnestly on the subject. 2. Meet and conduct Sunday-school exercises *every Sunday*, if only two meet with you. Try this for a year; if it don't succeed, try it another. Christian faith and works will overcome all things. Hold on, brother.