

Our Contributors.

A ROUNDERS SABBATH DIARY FOR THIS WINTER.

BY KNOXONIAN.

About the beginning of next April, if you happen to live near a good healthy Rounder, you may perhaps pick up the following diary, showing how the Rounder spent his Sabbaths during the winter.

SABBATH, DECEMBER 1.

Went to two churches to-day, fully expecting to hear something on Capital Punishment. Was sorely disappointed. Both preachers delivered plain Gospel sermons, and said not a word about a recent event which fills the minds of the people. When will ministers learn that their first duty is to preach on current events? What is the use in continually harping on those old subjects that are found in the Bible? What the people want is something new. These Bible subjects may have been well enough for our grandfathers, but in this modern age something fresh is needed. This Sabbath has been completely lost.

DECEMBER 8.

This has been a most delightful Sabbath. Heard a sermon in the forenoon by a "distinguished visitor," on the whale that swallowed Jonah, and in the evening a brilliant effort on Balaam's ass. Most refreshing time. Crowd large and interest good. Wish we could have sermons like these every Sabbath. Got a front seat and was seen by everybody. Delightful time. Don't see how I can ever listen to ordinary preaching again. There should be some law passed to prevent preachers from taking ordinary texts. This business of preaching old-fashioned doctrines and enforcing duties is not suited to our advanced times. Never did like sermons on duty. Glad to have heard one preacher who said nothing about duty. Hope I may soon have another Sabbath like this one.

DECEMBER 15.

Went to two churches to-day, fully expecting to hear something on the municipal elections, but there was not a word said by either preacher on the subject. Don't understand what the pulpit is coming to. Here are men running for municipal offices in all the wards, and one preacher discusses Repentance and the other Faith. What do these stale subjects amount to compared with the election of aldermen? Every minister in this city should have announced in the press that he would preach on the elections, and then we would have had crowded churches and services of some interest to the citizens. Never had a high opinion of ministers, and they seem to be getting worse.

DECEMBER 22.

Went to hear a funeral sermon in a.m. Got a good seat in a prominent place where I could be seen. Rather enjoyable meeting. Good crowd. Didn't know anything about the deceased, but was glad to have the opportunity of being present at his funeral sermon. Like these special occasions. Anything to break the monotony of ordinary Sabbath services.

In the evening went to another church to hear a distinguished stranger preach a missionary sermon on the Chinese. Was seized with a severe pain in the pit of the stomach when the collection plate was coming round, and had to leave. Don't care anything about these Chinese, and never did like the practice of taking up collections, but was glad to have another chance to escape ordinary worship. Always did like something special.

DECEMBER 29.

Last Sabbath of the year. Went to three churches. Services fair, but not quite sensational enough for me. Preachers reviewed past year in a somewhat severe way. Urged hearers to repent of sins committed during the year, confess and ask pardon. Never did like that kind of preaching. No use for it. Did not commit any sins worth speaking of during the year. Anyway, don't go to church to be reminded of past sins. Go because I want to be entertained and amused. What is the Church coming to if it cannot entertain and amuse? The church that gives most announcements can always count on my support.

(The fellow never puts more than a nickel cent on the plate even at a special collection, and six times out of every seven, though he always asks for a good seat, does not deposit even a nickel.)

JANUARY 5, 1890.

Went to revival services this forenoon expecting something good to begin the year with, but was terribly disappointed. Nobody conducting the services but ordinary ministers. One of them had the presumption to speak to me on the question of personal religion. What is it his business whether I am saved or not? Did not go to the meeting to answer such impertinent questions. Went to have some healthful excitement. Went to escape the ordinary service, see the crowd, get worked up and have a good time generally. Expected to be asked to take part in the meeting. Never did care for revivals conducted by ordinary ministers since I heard Sam Jones and other distinguished evangelists. Sam is the man for me. I don't see why the ministers don't combine and get Sam over every winter. If they can't get Sam, why don't they send to British Columbia and get the Cow Boy Evangelist? Local men are no use. Elders and class-leaders and all such people are a nuisance. What the people want is a distin-

guished stranger, who will explode fireworks in the pulpit and slide down the banister backwards to illustrate back-sliding. Strange that ministers cannot understand what the people want.

JANUARY 12.

Got tired of these revival services. Too slow. Too quiet. No excitement. Didn't ask me to take part. Went to church this a.m., and heard nothing but a plain sermon on John iii. 16. Behind the age. Oh for Sam Jones, or Sam Small, or a Scott Act election, or a new Jesuit Bill. The precious Sabbaths are being lost. Nothing but plain worship.

In the evening went to see an immersion. Immersions are not what they used to be. Crowd not up to the mark. Sermons too long. Too much about bapto and baptizo, "into" and "out of" the water. Baptist preachers should bring on the dipping act at once, and not weary people with long sermons. They might know by this time that it is not sermons the crowd want. A Baptist minister who does not bring on the dipping act in time to please the crowd, does not know his business.

Here the entries must stop for the present.

THE ASS THAT THE LORD HATH NEED OF— AN APPEAL FOR POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.

The Sabbath school lesson some time ago was on the Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The part played by the ass caught the writer's eye with a deep significance.

Christ must enter Jerusalem as king that day, and he must ride into it. But the man Christ Jesus had no ass of His own, and His immediate disciples had none either. But He must ride. Necessity was upon Him. He must ride. In this strait the owner of "the cattle upon a thousand hills" calmly shows Himself. He does not buy an ass, nor beg one, but, by the hand of two commissioned messengers, He lays His own hand of power and lawful right upon "an ass tied where two ways met." When these messengers, without asking leave of anyone, begin loosing the colt, they are checked by a very natural question from him who, up to this time, had supposed himself to be the sole owner of the beast. "What do ye loosing the colt?" The answer put beforehand into their mouth by Him who sent them was this one sentence, "The Lord hath need of him." No doubt the effectual power of Jehovah accompanied the word, for "straightway" the owner withdrew all objections, and sent the colt to the master who so pleaded, not his right, but his need.

The Lord is in need again. Reverently we speak of it, but it is too plain to need proof. The God "in whose hand our breath is and whose are all our ways" has need of an ass. The Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, "who though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," who bore our load, who died our death, and who now has made us joint-heirs with Himself in His own eternal inheritance, this same Jesus Christ has need of an ass upon which to ride as king with His Gospel of peace and hope, into the city gates that God has made to open for Him. But He needs an ass to ride upon. What is the ass, the want of which is delaying the Lord's entry into the sad, dark places of the earth? Is it not just the silver and gold? Is not this the ass upon which the Lord is to ride, and without which He cannot go? Reverently again, but truly, without which He cannot go. Which of us has an ass tied? With serious authority I lay my hand upon it as the Master's messenger: "The Lord hath need of him."

Jesus did not send His two disciples to lay their hand upon an ass at work in the plough, nor to loose the beast out of a peasant's cart. The ass the Lord had need of was one that, though owned, was not in use. He was "tied," neither forgotten nor unprized, but not in harness. So now it may be that the Lord does not in the meantime lay claim to the hundreds hitched to the farmer's plough, nor the thousands turning the tradesman's mills, nor the millions actually engaged in running the traffic of the world. But he does ask for some of the thousands owned by His own blood-bought followers—owned but not in use. Thousands "tied," tied in the bank, tied in many a comfortable investment, tied, but so little a part of either life or work, that, if they were suddenly swept away, their loss would not check their owner's plough, nor stop his cart, nor, indeed, take one comfort out of his daily life. Dear fellow Christian, have you such an ass tied? Listen then to the Master's message. "The Lord hath need of him." There is authority in it but there is tender pleading in it. Sinner saved from eternal death by Christ's death, raised to eternal life by Christ's life, "the Lord hath need" of your ass "straightway" will you send him to the Lord? I am not asking for ten cents this time, nor for ten dollars, but for thousands, "tied where two ways meet." What way will you send them? "The Lord hath need of them," and remember He shed His blood for you.

There is one thing for which the Lord hath need of close upon \$5,000. The French Protestant school at Pointe-aux-Trembles has for years been too small to accommodate the hundreds of Roman Catholic children seeking admission. During the past year the boys' part has been enlarged, but the girls' part is still where it was before. Last autumn sixty girls had to be sent back from its closed doors with this sad, this terrible sentence, "There is no room for you here." That undoubtedly means to many of them, perhaps to most of them, papal darkness for time and for eternity instead of Bible light. It seems strange that we can speak of it and write of it so calmly. Surely it will be said one day to Christians who knew this need and did not minister to it,

"I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat." Probably another sixty will be sent away this fall, just because there is no room to receive them. Hath not the Lord need of this money required for this building, that life and light and hope may dawn on these dark young hearts, and, through them, upon the hearts of our French brothers? Where is the ass that will do this work? Christian brother, Christian sister, have you got it? Well, "the Lord hath need of him." Will you look at your hundreds or thousands "tied" in the bank, where one stroke of your pen will loose it, and another stroke will send it, and hear unmoved this message, "the Lord hath need." Are you afraid that giving \$1,000 to Him will make you poor? Surely those who once think such a thing do not know Jesus Christ. Dear fellow-Christians, do not be afraid to trust your money with Him to whom you have already trusted your soul. Be like the owner of the ass when he heard the Lord had need of him, "straightway" loose it and send it. When you have done it, and done it heartily, you will sing one song to-day. But when eternity shall have showed the relative importance of things, there will be many songs sung on account of it, when you and those to whose rescue the Lord shall have ridden by its means, shall all rejoice together before the presence of His glory. May He whose omnipotence dealt with the heart of the owner of the ass deal with your heart too, O wealthy Christian, till you send to Himself with all your heart a worthy portion, and in ministering to the Lord's need, remember Pointe-aux-Trembles.

ANNA ROSS.

Brucefield, Aug, 1890.

In sending for Pointe-aux-Trembles, please address Rev. Dr. Warden, 198 St. James Street, Montreal.

EDUCATIONAL DEMANDS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

MR. EDITOR,—A movement of more than ordinary significance has recently taken place in our city. Over six thousand men and lads above sixteen years old have suddenly made the demand to receive instruction in the elementary branches of education, in night-schools. It is believed that many more share in the same desire, and, that were women to be counted, the number would probably reach twelve or thirteen thousand. These are hard working people during ten hours per day, but so keen is their desire for knowledge, that they are willing to devote two additional hours each night to the acquisition of it. The wish of many is to learn to read and write, and of others to gain some acquaintance with the English or French language. I have mingled with them in arranging their classes, and can therefore testify to their apparent respectability and earnestness. And if even two-thirds of them should eventually withdraw, owing to difficulties which beginners at the age of from twenty to forty must experience, their conduct has already evinced a wide-spread desire for education.

The forces that have given rise to this movement are not of yesterday—they have been silently working for years. Truth disseminated among the people has not been lost. The present turgid state of the political and ecclesiastical atmosphere, and the methods followed by some in money-making have an intimate connection with this stir among the masses. Merchants, manufacturers and capitalists have for years been putting their heads and their resources together to advance their own interests; and working-men are now following their example. They have organized as Knights of Labour, etc. They conclude that if "combines" are good and lawful for one class, they should be for another. In their meetings they discuss all sorts of questions touching Church and State, and they appear to have discovered their worst enemy—the one which makes them an easy prey to unscrupulous demagogues and unjust masters—is ignorance, and they have resolved to attack and remove the evil. We bid them God speed in this effort. We regard it as the beginning of what may lead to much greater things. This thirst for knowledge is a most hopeful social and national omen. The spirit of freedom and progress is abroad, and cannot be arrested and imprisoned. It grows stronger daily, and will assert itself all the more in the face of attempts to keep people under conditions of mediæval civilization rather than those which belong to the nineteenth century. The feeling which expresses itself so forcibly in this city pervades many portions of the province. There is a demand for better schools, and these open to all classes. It is certain that were funds available to pay them, hundreds of teachers might be employed in elementary free schools with the utmost profit to the best interests of the country. Parents who suffer grievous disadvantages through lack of education seem determined that their children shall not do so. They wish them to climb up, as the father of seven children expressed it to me not long ago, to the position occupied by their more highly favoured fellow-citizens. The children themselves are equally alive to the importance of this matter, and are eagerly pressing for admission into efficiently conducted schools, regardless of race and creed distinctions. This is impressively observable in connection with the present phenomenal uprising in our city, and also with regard to mission schools, in which the truths of the Gospel and the moral lessons of Christ and His apostles hold a prominent place.

Two weeks ago, I visited the old and well-known mission institutes at Pointe-aux-Trembles, so ably managed by the Rev. J. Bourgoin and his staff. I have watched the progress of these schools for the last twenty-eight years, and never have I seen them in such a thoroughly prosperous condition. They are full to repletion, and many, especially girls, have been refused admission for want of room. The building occupied by