

# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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## Editorial.

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### SHOULD PASTORS MEDDLE WITH POLITICS.

HE question, "Should Priests meddle with Politics?" is being debated keenly in the Province of Quebec, and has been settled in <sup>the</sup> usual style of the Church of Rome—the style in which were wont to be given the responses of the ancient oracles. The time is on us Protestants, or fast coming on us, when the question "Should Pastors meddle with Politics?" must be answered after a definite and practical fashion. Step by step, we rejoice to acknowledge, Christianity is working its way up from the Church and breaking through the crust of worldliness and some large measure of wickedness that has for these years constituted the soil of Canadian politics, and causing its influence to be felt at the polls and in the halls of legislation. This we trust is the beginning of a social revolution that will not be allowed to cease till all the needy, and unprincipled adventurers that usually infest our Parliaments are weeded out, and till our rulers as a body can claim to be regarded as an assembly of Christian gentlemen. On our attaining, more or less completely, this result, depends, we are convinced, our stability, peace, and progress.

Have ministers of religion, it is often asked, anything to do in accomplishing this desirable object: or, in other words, Have ministers anything to do with our politics? This is one of these questions to which an affirmative or negative answer may be given according

as the question is understood. "Politics" is a word as difficult of definition or description as "Poetry." Scarcely two individuals in ten attach the same meaning to the words. If by Politics we mean Party, or the standing quarrel that always subsists between the party *in* power and the party *out* of power, then we say that in this sense ministers of the gospel have nothing to do with politics. If further, by Politics is meant questions of commercial or industrial expediency, such as a system of taxation, the construction of public works, management of wild lands, or laws of bankruptcy, then, again we say that with Politics in this sense ministers have nothing to do. Laymen are the best judges of these matters. These things certainly belong to politics; but they do not exhaust the meaning of the word or traverse the whole field legitimately comprehended under the term.

Politics, in its true and highest sense, is the Science and Art of government; it contemplates as its chief end, the material, moral, social well-being of society in so far as this can be promoted by wise laws and useful works and institutions. Regarded in this sense politics is to the commonwealth what the science and art of navigation is to the ship that has to meet storms, and thread its way through rocks and quicksands. If this be the true function of the politician, then it is a question of the utmost importance to each citizen that has a stake in the common weal, what kind of men are invested with political power. With Politics, understood in this sense we emphatically say that ministers have *something*—what *exactly* we say not yet—to do. They ought to have some interest and influence in the art, on the successful conduct of which depend the peace and prosperity of the community, because, first, they themselves are citizens of the State, and must prosper or suffer with the general community; because, secondly, many of them have property at stake and families to leave behind them; because, thirdly, Christianity, whose teachers they are, contemplates as its end, to leaven society, its laws and institutions, with the spirit of Christ, which cannot be, as long as the men that make, interpret, and execute the

laws are Christless and Godless. As well say that ministers of religion on board a tempest-tossed ship to whose vacant command the passengers are about to elect one of the crew, have nothing to do with the character and qualifications of the seaman that is to have charge of their own lives and the lives of their flock on board, as to say that ministers have nothing to do with the character of the men into whose hands are entrusted the guidance of public affairs.

No one, therefore, can justly assert that when questions are at stake that concern deeply the public weal (such as: Is the Sabbath to be sanctified? Is the Bible to be in our Public Schools? Is Rome to rule the Dominion, or is it to be the Licensed Victuallers, or is it to be both combined?)—when such questions are at stake who will venture to say that ministers of the Gospel should stand coldly or timidly by, for fear of giving to unreasonable men offence, and see principles for which other generations shed their blood, vilely trampled under foot. Such was not the estimate of a minister's position in reference to the higher questions of politics that was entertained by the Reformation Fathers and the Puritan Divines. And who that know the history of the struggle between freedom and despotism that terminated in the Reformation of 1517, and in the revolution of 1688 will maintain that it had been better had the ministers of these days—bishops and presbyters—never taken any interest in the questions at stake.

But after all this is granted, the other important question will arise, where, when, how, ought the influence that we grant to ministers in regard to important questions in politics, to be exercised? We maintain decidedly that in our day—with a free and unfettered press—it is unwise to use the pulpit too freely or too frequently for this purpose; that it is unwise for ministers to contend with wicked men from whom they cannot expect the common courtesies of life, on the political platform or hustings; that it is unwise to *dictate* to the people, failing to satisfy their judgment by reasoning, what course to pursue; that it is unwise to subject any member of the Church to public censure for voting according to his conscientious convictions. All these things are granted.

We grant, then, that ministers may legitimately exercise influence in important political questions; but we demand prudence, wisdom in the time, place and manner of its exercise. They should often, and oftenest when no political contest fills the public mind with suspicion, labour to instil into the minds of the people sound principles in regard to public affairs. Side by side with the duty of honesty men owe each other, should be inculcated the duty men owe the State. They should be especially taught that Christianity is not a thing for the closet only, but for the market, the poll, the hustings, the Legislative hall. They should be made to understand that they cannot say to their Christianity "stay here while we go and vote yonder," that they cannot profess to worship Jesus as God on Sabbath and on Monday elect as their rulers those who deny his Divinity and despise His word and institutions. The length, then, of laying down the general principles that ought to govern the conduct of citizens in choosing their representatives, is all the length the Pulpit can wisely, in our day, meddle with politics. Out of the pulpit the minister, like other professional men, has his circle of friends and acquaintances. If no question of importance be at stake he had better be silent even amongst them. But if important principles be involved in the issue of the election, then we say freely that we allow each minister the liberty of openly recording his vote, and of justifying this vote in the ears of all who demand his reason for so doing. Towards the members of his flock his conduct must be regulated by circumstances. Some of these members have taken up a position, as he thinks, opposed to truth and principle. It cannot be wrong in him to point out kindly to them his reasons for believing this; further he has no right to go. Having failed to persuade them, he had better, without doing anything to excite hard feelings, let them peaceably take their own way. Others of these members will ask his advice: it would show indifference to truth should he refuse to give it. Others will work on the same side with him: to these he may give words of warning, or encouragement, or rebuke, according as their conduct comports with, or violates the spirit and precept of the gospel.

We would deprecate exceedingly to see Protestant Pastors follow in the footsteps of the priests of Rome in denouncing members for their vote, or dictating authoritatively for whom the vote should be given. On ordinary political questions it is best for pastors to leave the contest in the hands of laymen; when questions of importance, however, arise, then we grant them the right of laying down the grand principles that ought to guide electors, to record their own votes, to justify their vote, to warn kindly those who may be in error, to give advice to those that ask it, and counsel and admonition to friends that need it. Thus far and no further would we like to see Protestant Pastors meddle with the politics of our Dominion. Thus far their influence can do much good. Our colony is in a critical position. It needs firm hands and Christian hearts to steer us through the rocks and shoals into the harbour, not so near as we at one time imagined, of national unity, religious equality, just laws, and a free constitution.

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### *TO THE RESCUE.*

WE are glad that our oft remarks in regard to the position of the Bible in our Public Schools have drawn attention to a great evil. It is not to be wondered at—for the proverb says that doctors differ—that difference of opinion should exist as to the best plan for removing the evil. Though a knowledge of the disease is half its cure, it is not always the easier half. That half of the cure that concerns itself with discovering and applying the true remedy is often productive of warmer disputes than even the former half.

Some physicians will seek to cure empirically; other physicians of equally good intentions would rather do it scientifically. Some have decided preference for homeopathic treatment; others just as decided a preference for allopathic. Some will try to cure by routine: others at hap-hazard. Some hurry nature: others would go for giving it plenty of time. Some are devoted followers of the

Edinburgh practice : others are as blindly devoted to that of Dublin. Now, we are all it seems pretty much agreed that notwithstanding our Public Schools, Sabbath Schools, Bible Classes, and pastoral visitation, an amazing amount of ignorance in regard to the text of Scripture exists amongst the Protestant young of our Province. We have, fortunately, therefore, travelled together in harmony, the former half of our road. We seem agreed as to the nature, extent and seat of the disease.

As might be expected, however, there will exist among our readers diversity of opinion as to the best remedy for the evil. Some would seek to cure this evil of religious ignorance amongst our young solely through the agency of their parents. To this, others would conjoin the agency of Sabbath Schools. To both these, others, again, others would add the agency of our Public Schools to the extent—which is the length we have gone in our articles on this matter—of causing the children to read the Scriptures daily, without comment from the teacher, and of committing suitable portions to memory. Of those that would allow the Bible this position in our Public Schools, some would be content to leave its introduction or exclusion, as at present, entirely in the hands of trustees ; while, others, again, feeling that this has been tried with no very flattering success, and fearing that from the state of the country no better success can for a long time be expected, desire to place the matter on a permanent basis, by securing that wherever a Public School be found in Ontario there the Bible be found also, and a portion of it be read every day by those children whose parents have no objections that it should be so. We believe that all these varieties of opinions, regarding the true remedy for juvenile religious ignorance, will be found amongst our readers. One would follow one system of therapeutics ; and another would prefer one slightly or vastly different. This is all quite natural ; just what one would expect on a question of such importance. But then there is no reason why we should get angry with one another. The patient truly is very sick. We all feel this : we all agree as to the seat of the disease and its

nature; we are equally anxious for a speedy and thorough cure. Let us bear with each other then in regard to differences on minor points.\*

For our own part, we are free to confess that our impression, from actual observation of the extent and depth of the disease, is such that we are willing to see all agencies united in curing it, as long as none of them are manifestly contrary to morality or Scripture. Parents are certainly the true guardians of their children's religious education. This truth can never be too much insisted upon in press and pulpit. When parents will come to be in piety and knowledge what Christian parents ought to be, then our anxiety about other agencies will largely cease. But until this desirable consummation arrives, we must call to our aid other agencies. We must continue to extend our Sabbath Schools, and we must labour, as we believe all our readers are willing to do, till the Bible be read generally in our Public Schools. As to the *manner* in which the Bible can have best given to it its proper place, let us agree to differ. Some think it can be done by stirring up Trustees to do their duty to the extent of their present power. The Synod of the Diocese of Huron, years ago, standing nobly in the breach in behalf of our Public Schools as against even their own brethren, thought it could be best done by procuring a legislative enactment on the point. Some would limit their application, in regard to an enactment, to a civil court, called "Trustees of the school section;" others, to make the matter more permanent and universal, would go a step higher, and apply to a civil court called the "Provincial Parliament." We do not see much reason why the former class could find much fault with the latter class when both parties are agreed as to the end. The

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\* We have no sympathy whatever with any attempt to make our Public Schools or Colleges *denominational*, as seems to be the drift of the paper by Mr. Wells, read at the Baptist Conference, and his letters to the "Globe." Neither do we (in the face of the fact that London (England) has, after a very practical fashion, solved the bug-bear about these old infidels and materialists,) see much practical difficulty in the way of having the Bible in the Public Schools of Ontario, where there are only a few score of Atheists and Deists, and where the Roman Catholic Church has its own separate schools.—Ed. C.O.M.

courts to which both parties apply are in kind the same, differing only in the extent and sphere of their power.

The ship, kind and courteous reader, is on the rocks; it is fast going to pieces, and its precious freight is drifting, one after another, into the angry sea. Standing on the shore, witnesses of this painful sight, we are not in the mood of entering into controversy as to the name of the life-boat that is waiting for its complement of men. Her construction may not have been after the latest discoveries, but, if she is sea-worthy, let us leap into her and pull for the wreck. We are anxious that the rising generation should know something of the Bible; and we are willing to bid God-speed to any honest endeavour which seeks, without running counter to reason and revelation to secure this.

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## Living Preachers.

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### LIGHT STRUGGLING WITH DARKNESS.\*

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CHATSWORTH, ON THE  
4TH NOVEMBER, 1877, BEING THE SABBATH AFTER THE  
RIOT, BY THE REV. JAMES CAMERON.

"The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come."—ISAIAH xxi. 11, 12.

 HE pulpits of Chatsworth are to-day forced into a difficult position. We must keep nothing back, and yet we must say nothing rashly. We must fling to the winds all fear or favour of man, and yet we must weigh calmly every word we utter.

To-day I had expected to preach from a text very different from the

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\* It is one thing to enact a law; it is another thing to enforce it. In the County of Grey the difference between these two things was well understood before the work of enacting was begun; but it was not clearly foreseen in what exact shape would come the difficulty of enforcing the law enacted. The little finger of the giant difficulty of enforcing prohibitory legislation (at least in this county) is thicker than the loins of enacting the measure. To rouse the temperance Reformers of Grey to an understanding of the serious nature of the work now in hand, to caution them against the cry of "Repeal," and to forewarn, and forearm temperance people in other municipalities where the tug of war, the work of enforcing, has not begun, are the reasons why this sermon is allowed to appear in the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY. If the former sermon, "Watchman, what of the night?" was, as many said, needed and welcome and useful, this sermon, also, may be of some service, which may God grant.—ED. C. C. M.



one I have now read. We are, as a congregation, preparing for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and it was my intention to have followed up the discourse of last Sabbath by a similar one to-day, bearing on the duties and qualifications of communicants; but the sad events of last Tuesday evening, of which you have all some knowledge, have suggested another text.

These words of the Hebrew Seer are not new to your ears. From the former half—"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"—I preached to you on the 20th of September, last year, when this community was in a state of intense excitement as to whether measures should be adopted by our County to abolish the traffic in strong drink. To-day I propose to take as my text the latter half, being the answer of the watchman to the anxious enquiry about the night, the words, viz: "The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will enquire, enquire ye: return, come."

The question put to the watchman, you will perceive, is very short, simple and clear,—How do things look as to the future? It is easy to put a clear question. The answer, however, is rather dark and mysterious; so are, generally, all answers given by God about the future. He who knows all the thoughts and purposes of men—who knows the end from the beginning—could tell us in clear, unmistakeable terms what lies behind the curtain of the future; but He very seldom does tell, and we find, therefore, the utterances of the ancient prophets about the future to be very obscure—clear enough to indicate the general drift, and to encourage a watching, depending, waiting spirit; but not clear enough to tell men all they would like to know. There are, however, in these words, (our text, the answer of the watchman) two things that are sufficiently plain amid the general obscurity.

In regard to the future, God (speaking through the watchman) says to Dumah and to us, first—"EXPECT AND PREPARE FOR A NIGHT OF SORROW AND TROUBLE;" and second—"LOOK, WAIT AND WATCH FOR A MORNING OF DELIVERANCE AND GLADNESS."

I. This text tells us, then, in the first place, that in the conflict for truth and righteousness, we are to EXPECT TROUBLE. "The morning cometh, and also the night." That is rather a startling announcement. The usual way, in the ordinary course of nature, is—"The night cometh, and then the morning;" but it is very unnatural and altogether a horrible thing, when, after an hour or two of beautiful and bright dawn, there should creep over the heavens, as it draws near noon, the darkness and

blackness of a starless night. This alternation of darkness after light, of defeat after victory, of sorrow after joy, of tears after smiles, is the usual way in the progress of truth and justice through this world to ultimate victory. Was not the history of our adorable Redeemer first a morning of joy, when the angels sung, and then a night of sorrow even unto death, ending in the starless night that for three hours covered the face of the whole earth? Was there an honest, manly, fearless attempt made to establish the religion of Christ, or to settle civil liberty, without alternations of hope and fear, day and night, high rejoicing and deep anxiety? It is the will of God that it should be so, and to this mysterious ordinance, bitter though the cup was, His own son submitted. We need look for nothing else than that the providence should be ours which was His, that light and shade, sunshine, and darkness, should chequer the path of our conflict, till that blessed morning comes, which may God hasten—when an eternal morning of righteousness and temperance shall break on this world, before which darkness shall forever flee away.

We expected nothing else than this in our conflict with the liquor traffic in this County—a traffic which, if it was black before in the estimation of reasonable men, it is ten degrees blacker since the riot of Tuesday. We looked for a night of trouble after the brief sunshine of our great victory. Do you remember my words on this very point on the 20th September, to which I have already referred? If not, you will bear with me patiently while I read them:

“But some are inclined to ask, Supposing it were even so that liquor was sold *legally* neither by wholesale nor retail, would the drinking of it be entirely stopped thereby? I wish you to mark my answer to this question, as it may save reflections on me in the future. I do not believe that this Act, or any other Act, will stop drinking all at once in this county or any other county where drink has been much used; where dealers have for years made money by selling liquor, and drinkers have made merry by drinking it; such habits, appetites and associations cannot be easily rooted out. When one of your fields is overrun with Canadian thistles, it is not one ploughing or two that will rid it of the noxious weed. You must wait till you get something better to take root, to drive the intruder out. It is not in one day you can subdue a horse that for years had the upper hand of his driver. So with the appetite for drink, and the lust of making money out of it. This horrible traffic will die hard, will die slowly, in this very county, and in this Dominion, as slavery died hard, and the influence of the slave-holder is now dying slowly, in

the United States. It will take many years of watching and working, of praying and fighting, before the battle is won. It is not one stroke of the axe, nor a hundred, that will overturn the Upas tree our fathers planted, and their children watered, for the sake of the bitter and accursed fruit of revenue that grew thereon. Should the temperance by-law pass, as I almost believe it will, such a joyful event will not be to us so much a call to raise the shout of victory, as a call to prepare for a keener, closer, and more costly struggle. You can, dear friends, thus perceive that I am not very sanguine of very astonishing effects, at first, from the legislation we seek."

From these words you can see that there were no foolish ideas among us that the battle was over with the polling—that further fighting was to be done with foils and rose-water; though it will be candidly confessed that no one ever here dreamed that in a county remarkable for its order, where there has never yet been any serious and systematic attempt to over-ride law the conflict should come to this threatening of men's lives and the shedding of men's blood—the doing of deeds that sends the name of our village, covered with unmerited shame, into all the newspapers of the Dominion. The night has come, as we expected; but it is darker than we imagined it would be. Wherein is it dark? you ask. Listen to me patiently as I speak to you words not uttered here harshly, but words calmly weighed, pen in hand, and the intention before me to speak nothing in malice, but in truth and faithfulness; to utter nothing but what I would wish I had uttered when I shall stand before the great white throne of my Master, to give him an account of how I fulfilled my ministry as His ambassador on this solemn occasion, when a great crisis has come on us in the conflict between good and evil in this county.

Wherein lies the darkness? Herein:—1. *There are too many people who sympathize with a traffic that is now illegal in the leading counties of Ontario*—a traffic that was condemned a year ago by a heavy majority of our best votes, which majority would be increased to how many, think you, if all the wives and children, whose question this emphatically is, were allowed to go to the polls? It is right enough to sympathize on some points with the men whose trade is touched by this restrictive legislation. Let us put it to ourselves; let us put ourselves in their place, and let us think how we would feel in their stead. Still, sympathy for them on that score is much weakened by their conduct since last May. Knowing that it is in the face of law, at the peril of heavy penalties, to still continue the old style of deadly mixtures, what attempt have they made

to supply, cheaply and quickly, the public, (as is done at railway stations all the way to Halifax) with either the healthy and refreshing drink of Western Asia, (coffee,) or with the drink of Eastern Asia, "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." Seeing the old style of doing business condemned by the voice of the majority, which voice must stand obeyed in countries like this, or else there is an end to free government—seeing the old style condemned, what have they done to bring in a new order of things, which would undoubtedly pay them in the long run, and be better for their own weal and the common weal. What have they done to adapt themselves to the new era, the shadow of whose coming they may see on us? They have done nothing at all; but like a spoiled child, whom his mother insists on robbing of the knife by which he is hacking the furniture and cutting his own fingers, they throw themselves (figuratively, of course) on the floor, kick about, scream at the top of their voice, and threaten to destroy everything, the very house that shelters them, rather than give up the knife. You don't think that a child ought to have much sympathy in that thing, do you? He ought rather to have a good deal of something else. *Let him give up the knife and then he may get sympathy, and also something better than his dangerous weapon.*

But further, these men have families to provide for; they have also in their lot, as we all have, afflictions and sorrows. In this we ought to enter into sympathy with them. I know you do. It is our duty to sympathize with our neighbours in their troubles; but it is not our duty to sympathize with them in their unreasonableness, their whims, errors and sins. Was it not a heathen who said, "I love Plato much, but I love truth more." Do we become enemies because we tell the truth?

But there are some who sympathize with these men, up and down, all the way through. Why this sympathy? A farmer that showed himself so perverse would not get sympathy, nor would a merchant. Why then, so much sympathy with a traffic so bad and men so stubborn?

Some sympathize because they have not learned yet to separate between tavern-keeping and liquor selling, which need no more go together, if we only were trained that way, than baking and liquor selling; butchering and liquor selling; keeping boarders and liquor selling. To make war against the bar is not making war on the whole house, any more than making war on slave-labor was to make war on all the interests of the south. When will men understand this simple point? But do some people wish to understand it?

Some sympathize with the liquor traffic because they have friends

in the business, or because they own houses where the traffic is carried on, or because they have mortgages on these houses, or because the liquor men are good customers in the store and workshop. The traffic has, like an old cancer, its roots spread deep into the heart of our system, and unless we stop it now and here, it will soon seize hold of our vitals, so that our pulpits will be muzzled as some of our newspapers are to-day.

This sympathy may seem a small matter in people's eyes, but what does the word of God say as to the law of sympathy?—"He that biddeth a sinner God-speed in his sin, is a partaker in his evil deeds;" and again, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." That is one discouraging feature in the position of temperance,—this cloud of misplaced interest and maudlin sympathy that surrounds the law-breakers.

2. Another element in the darkness and discouragement of our position is the *unwillingness of temperance people to put the law in force against its violators*. We fought a hard battle to get a law put on our statute book, and having it put there we seem to be content. This picture once given of a celebrated statesman suits us. We have, like a cautious, some would say cowardly boy, chalked up on the wall, "No traffic in strong drink," and then we ran away. We have forged and sharpened our sword, and then let it rust in the scabbard, while the enemy is laughing at us, and threatening to ride rough-shod over us. There is a public prosecutor appointed to see the law enforced, and all we have to do is to let him know of cases where the law is infringed. But people do not like to do this, and you see how this false and unmanly squeamishness has emboldened the liquor traffic, and what it has brought us to.

We hear people on every side say, "It is a mean thing to be an informer." I admit there are cases when it is mean? but there are cases when it is noble, patriotic, brave. Last Sabbath we read about an informer, and I do not think you found in your hearts much fault with him. Who was the informer? Paul's nephew. He informed his uncle that a plot was laid against his life, and his uncle who never did a mean thing, told him to inform the military authorities. The Pharisees, no doubt, would call him a "sneak," and if they knew it they would no doubt kill him. But you say life was in danger, and it is right to inform when life is threatened, or character, or property. Let us look at this distinction. It is bad to kill, to rob, to set fire to people's houses; but what say you to tempting men to drink—drink till property is gone, till character is gone, till wife is starved or murdered, till soul is lost, and heaven lost, every-

thing lost. What say you to that? Are there any cases of that kind going on at present hereabouts? Would it entitle a man to be called a "sneak" to inform on work which is sending these men and their families to ruin? Come now, friends, let us call things by their right names. Would that informer, whose information may save a family, a soul, from ruin, be a sneak? I leave you to answer that question. "In malice be children, in judgment be men." But what about "paid informers?" Candidly, as to them, I do not like them; but, like many other things we say nothing about, they may be a necessary evil. It would be far better if we could secure convictions on the evidence of respectable men high in office, members of churches, reeves and magistrates, who drink in defiance of law. Plenty such witnesses might be secured, and then there would be no need of paid informers. But the law recognizes paid informers, who are called detectives; the very bill you passed last year against the liquor traffic recognizes them. There are cases when no man in this community would complain against a paid informer. You suffer loss from bad money. Would you complain of the paid informer who, by buying the bad money, detected the counterfeiter? You are in danger of murderers, who go about stabbing men in the dark. Would you complain of a paid informer who, by giving these murderers a chance to stab, not you, but himself, saved his own life, but brought these men to justice? Would you say he was a sneak? And if drink was ruining some one we love, or if we had hearts large enough to feel for the woes of poor heart-broken wives and starving children, we would see the evil of the liquor traffic in such a light that the wickedness and meanness of the paid informer, (supposing it was great,) is nothing to the wickedness of the crime against which he informs. It is like the kettle sneering at the pots for being black, or Satan rebuking sin to hear men who are breaking the laws of heaven and the laws of earth, who are breaking men's heads and women's hearts, for the sake of the money they make in an unholy trade,—I say it is like a black vessel or a black spirit rebuking its fellows for being black, to hear such men sneering at the wickedness of a paid informer, and holding up hands, on which is the blood shed in our recent riot, in horror at the wickedness of the informer's business. We hear much of the cant of Christians: but it cannot hold a candle to this cant of the Licensed Victuallers. Truly it is true,—"They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

But these informers are personally men, some will be heard saying, of very bad character. Of the men I know nothing whatever; but if they

are really men whose evidence cannot be received, and this is the true legal point, let this be proved before the magistrates, and their testimony falls to the ground. To kill their evidence is a far better plan than to kill themselves; and we begin to fear that the *evidence* cannot be killed, when there are such bold attempts made to kill the *witnesses*. On this occasion no better advice could be tendered the "Licensed Victuallers" than a good advice given on a similar occasion to men madly and foolishly fighting for a waning and doomed business: "If Demetrius and the craftsmen which are with him have matters against any man, the law is open, and there are deputies (judges)—let them implead one another.

3. But there is yet a darker element in the night. It is this—That *we have among us men* (I do not say definitely where they are, for that is the business of the civil courts), we have somewhere, principally, it is believed, in the County Town, and of some standing there, men *who*, for the sake of perpetuating this traffic, *can do the deeds* (for they do what their agents did) *that were done on our streets last week*.

As no proper account of this has appeared in our local papers, it is necessary that I should narrate very briefly what happened, and that on the testimony of eye-witnesses and sufferers in the shameless attack on order and justice.

As soon as the Dunkin Bill came into force here last May, there came over our village a sudden and salutary change. There was no more public treating in the bar-rooms; notorious drunkards were sober in spite of themselves; the people who came to the monthly cattle Fair dispersed quietly soon after noon; the Fair evenings, as a merchant remarked to me, were more like Sabbath evenings than the Bacchanalian evenings of yore. With the exception of the interested few, we all rejoiced at the happy riddance and the new order. But our morning was only a flash of sunshine, when the sky again became overcast. The evil influence of our County Town, which is the natural home and centre of the traffic, where there also are men occupying high social standing, who are interested in seeing drink triumphant—the evil influence emanating thence, at last prevailed as we feared it would, and the end of last September saw us back to the old order of nightly scenes after the Fair, on which I willingly draw a curtain of silence. All this time, under the superintendence of the License Inspector, there was a detective at work, and at last, on Tuesday, the 30th of October, a day of reckoning seemed near for the offenders. It was about the beginning of a series of prosecutions throughout the whole county, that threatened the extinction, for

a time, of the liquor business in Grey, and the whole fraternity of liquor men made, we suppose, common cause. I say this to keep more than their share of the blame from falling on the liquor men of Chatsworth, who, I scarcely imagine, would originate a movement of which I hope they are now heartily ashamed. The moving power lay hidden in Owen Sound; it was at least thence the crowd of "roughs," of the roughest type, came down on our unsuspecting village, drawn from its dens and its bars, and from the crew of a Montreal vessel anchored in its harbor. There was peace during the day, though children who looked in on the hall, covered at the sight of "the wildest men they ever saw," and women shuddered as they saw "the sailor-like men" that sauntered about waiting for night. But the liquor interest kept its counsel, and the friends of order were thrown off their guard, and night came; the court adjourned; the diabolical work began. The word I have used is not too strong, as you will see.

As the audience dispersed, they found the door surrounded by the roughs. The first man that came out was about to receive a stroke when the murderer drew back; he was not among the marked men. Many blows were received and given; but the principal attacks were specially directed against two men—the License Inspector and the detective. One of these, wounded, fled to the house of one of the magistrates, followed by the lawless mob, some shouting, "have him out," some crying, "break the doors and windows," others, "set fire to the house." But they could not, in the darkness, find the gate, and something elsewhere arrested them, and the house, as you saw to-day, with the sickly mother and the helpless children, stands untouched. The other man whose life was sought was not so fortunate; he was surrounded by a mad crowd, whom he kept at bay with his revolver, a shot from which struck and wounded one of his assailants. This shot cowed and scattered the mob. Struck by a fearful blow at the beginning of the fray, and losing blood, he then, after his assailants left, fell, and lay by the post office fence, near the hall, and lost consciousness; but the darkness saved him. He rose after several minutes and entered the hall; it was silent; a calm, after the short and fierce storm, now reigned. Feeling faint, he went into the open air and crept towards a light, approaching the house from behind. Again he had to lie down, and got strength at last, wounded and covered with blood, to enter Mr. McGill's house, where he was cared for and his wounds dressed. As I tell you this sad and shameful tale, you begin to wonder where you are. In what year did



this happen? In what country? Among what people? Who could be so cruel as to let loose on a quiet country village, without police, such men, frenzied with drink, after dark, on a meeting where there were old men and young boys dreaming of no harm? Who brought these men here? It is the province of law, not mine, to answer this. Whoever they be they have a great crime to answer for—if not before man's tribunal, before the great white throne. We may thank God that he restrained their hands, so that their crime is not to-day greater, and our hearts sadder. The morning cometh, and also the *night*. We had our morning of joy; this is a night of discouragement, but not, dear Christian friends, of despair.

This is not all the text says to us. It tells us of a night, all the darker because of its coming after the morning, but

II. It bids us *look, wait, watch, and work for another morning*. Hope of returning dawn, sometime, somehow seems to be the meaning of the words, "If ye will enquire, enquire ye; return, come." There is a ray of hope even for Dumah; how much more for Israel. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." In the conflict which lies, truth is immortal. Truth may be wounded, pressed to the earth, but it always rises with new vigor. During this darkness that succeeded the morning the sharp eye can detect in the far-away east, streaks of the returning dawn. Where are the signs of day, you ask, for the temperance cause just now in this country? Where? you ask in impatience and distrust. There! do you not see them?

(1) Is not the very *thickness of the darkness a sign of dawn*? When properly understood, that disgraceful riot is a hopeful sign. You have read history in vain unless you have noted that men are always beaten and their cause hopeless, when they abandon *logic* and take hold of *cudgels*; when they abandon *law* and betake themselves to *force*. There is, it is commonly reported, in the possession of a man in this village, who saw the blow struck, a piece of stick, some three or four feet long, and of heavy size, which was broken in two pieces, at the second blow, on the shoulder of one of these men who were pursued and pelted, as you have just heard, as if they were wolves from one of these swamps. That "cudgel" broken in two, as such arguments at last are always, is the last argument of the "Licensed Victuallers." Last fall that Association hired men to argue against us on the public platforms. They reasoned then with hard words and soft arguments; their friends now argue with

hard words and hard sticks. These stones and sticks are *their arguments*, but to us they are *prophecies* of coming victory. The first gun fired at Fort Sumpter settled the doom of slavery in the United States; the first blow struck with a deadly weapon, in favour of the repeal of the Dunkin Act in this county, settles the fate of the repeal agitation.

2. Is it not another sign of the coming dawn, the way county after county declares for local prohibition of the liquor traffic? Another county has just been added to the honorable list, that of Peterborough; and yet another has made a beginning, and so on till Ontario is free—till this Province can sing, as to one Pharaoh, at least—

“Sound the loud timbrel o’er Egypt’s dark sea,  
Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free.”

But some will say, What is the use of enacting what cannot be enforced? But it can be enforced. Every county town (and it is in these the brunt of the battle lies) is not like our county town. Read what the Mayor of Napanee writes this week to a gentleman in Guelph, where they are preparing for the battle:—

“The Dunkin Bill is a success in this town and county, and the Antis cannot get strength to repeal it, which we consider one of the best evidences of the utility of the law. We have no prisoners in our gaol, except one, a lunatic. We have no fights, no quarrels, no arrests, no paupers; all is peace and harmony and good will.

“The trade of the town has not suffered in the least.

“The collector of market tolls says he has collected more this year than last.

“Merchants are all doing well and prospering. Our temperance hotel is doing well and is the best house in town, and is well patronized.

“We have no municipal by-law better kept than this. I advise the good people of Guelph who love order and prosperity to vote yea, and thus assist to put down an evil which has ruined thousands of our best citizens.”

What is done in one place may, with God’s help, be done in another.

3. There are also hopeful signs in the promises made by our Premier and other leading statesmen, that in Ottawa this winter the trouble arising by the clashing of local and federal jurisdiction, will be removed and fresh power put in the hands of temperance people. The two jurisdictions work together at present like a machine which had one section of its wheels made in one shop and another section in another shop, but all this can be righted by turning all the wheels out of one shop. Patience, good brethren. Rome was not built in one day. This is not a battle, but a war.

4. But the best sign of all that daylight will yet come to us after this darkness, we find in the promises of God. When this conflict began

many were in difficulty as to which side was right. So much, they maintained, could be said on both sides. The question now is not a question of this kind. The question at issue now, to be decided in this village next Tuesday, is not the question of local prohibition or unlimited license of the liquor trade; not the question of whether our monthly fairs are to be quiet and orderly, as becometh a Christian people, or wild with drink and passion and fighting; not the question whether the young and the weak are to be left a helpless prey in the hands of men who care for nothing in this wide world, as we see now, if they can only make money out of us and our disgrace and sorrow. That is not the question. If it were, even then one would have little difficulty in deciding on which side of these two is to be found a God of purity, goodness, and truth. But the question now is between liberty and tyranny: the liberty of law or the tyranny of the mob. It is the question whether we are to be governed in this county by Queen Victoria or by the "Licensed Victuallers." That is the question now. There is no evading the real point at issue. It is a question baptized with the blood of our forefathers, and consecrated to us by their tears, their prayers, and their imprisonment, during the long struggle for British liberty. That being the real point of conflict, on which side is God? He is on the side of law and order, and peace, and temperance. Hear him, therefore, speaking to us: "Be strong and of a good courage: be not afraid, neither be dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower—the righteous fleeth into it, and are safe." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

And now let me conclude by a few practical remarks. This subject is not, as has been remarked, the subject of my choice. The subject and the text have been furnished and forced on our notice by events which cannot be justified, excused or ignored. It is not a subject one would naturally choose as preparatory for a communion Sabbath; but God knows best. It is perhaps, a very suitable subject for our congregation. God does not seem to think much of a religion of mere sentimentalities. It is not His will that His people should wrap themselves round with a robe of doctrine and promises and hopes, and lie down and take their ease, while wickedness holds the field and runs its wild riot. No. His people are not *of* the world, but they are *in* it, and if a colloquial phrase will be pardoned, they are not only in it, but "in for it." God's people

are not monks, but soldiers; and various are the exhortations God gives them in their militant attitude. "Fight the good fight of faith." "Quit you like men: be strong." "Be in nothing terrified by your adversaries."

As Christians about to enter again this winter on a conflict in behalf of order and temperance, let me therefore, dear brethren, exhort you to these duties, pressed emphatically on our attention by the events of last week and subject of this day's discussion.

1. Let us all be stirred up to increased earnestness in *preaching Christ*. Faith in Him can alone save society and make a temperate, peaceable, orderly people of us. Let us not place too much dependence on Acts of Parliament: they can never alone reform a people. It is Christ and Him crucified that can alone crucify people to the world, (and this craving too strong in our county for drink) and the world to them. Let us hold up Christ in our pulpits, Sabbath schools and families as the only foundation of temperance and social reformation. The battle of temperance must be fought there.

2. Let us show a *patient* spirit in the face of the ill-will we are sure to get for daring to speak the truth. "Consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." You remember, perhaps, the lines with which we were wont in school-days to comfort our hearts when our school-mates called us names:

"Sticks and stones will break our bones,  
But names will never hurt us."

There is not much poetry, but there is good philosophy in the couplet.

3. Let us honestly, at home and abroad, *practise temperance principles*. You have often been told from this pulpit that it is the duty of Christians, in the state of matters around us, to have no connection in any way whatever with the drinking usages of society. Some might regard these views as extreme; but you see how these things are drifting—you see how God is drawing the lines. Will you not hear the logic of facts? Will you not hear His loud call? "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and I will receive you." Listen, therefore, to the voice of His providence, if you won't listen to the voice of His ministers.

4. Let us *persevere* in our conflict, on the platform of civil law, with strong drink. Some have been getting discouraged, and no wonder, with the spectacle that was meeting your eyes week after week in the county town. The enemies of the temperance cause have been all along working so as to bring the law into disrepute, and thus prepare for

raising the cry of repeal. Do not be caught in their snares. When they tell you that the Dunkin Bill does not work well, tell them that no one denies it. When they say that it has grave faults, tell them that it needs no ghost to make that revelation. When they say the Bill must be amended, tell them that will be done when the Dominion Parliament meets. But when they say Prohibitory Legislation is a failure in this county, tell them (though the words are more pointed than polished) that "Fools and children should not see half-finished work." Judged by the rule many apply to the matter just now on trial, Christianity would have been voted a failure after its first six months; for it did not get on very fast, and the "big folk" were against it, and sticks and stones nearly drove it off the field. But "nearly was never killed," and Christianity is still in the field, a "bush burning but not consumed." Let our short motto this winter be—"ONE FULL, FAIR YEAR of trial, and then we will see about repeal." "Be not weary in well doing, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not." What a joyful reaping when strong drink, with its strife and misery, will cease from this county.

5. Let us be much in prayer to God. He is the Lord of hosts—"the God of battles." With Him lies the issue of our conflict. Let us pray to Him in behalf of those in the liquor traffic; in behalf of those who are enslaved by strong drink, that He may make them free; in behalf of our local press, that it may spurn the muzzle with which their enemies and ours seek to destroy this glory of our land. Let us pray for magistrates, that they may have wisdom and courage and unselfishness, to dispense justice without regard to side, or people, or place or party. Let us pray for ministers of the gospel, that on this question they may be plain and faithful, remembering the motto of a great preacher—"With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment: yea, I judge not mine own self. \* \* He that judgeth me is the Lord." Let us pray for our Sovereign the Queen, that the Lord may deliver us from mob-law and "Licensed Victuallers" law, and

"Send her victorious,  
Long to reign over us."

And let us pray for the coming of the Lord, for the speedy dawn of that blessed morning of the millennial reign, before which clouds and darkness will forever flee away. May God add His blessing. *Amen.*

## Poetry.

### FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the better soul that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight.

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantoms grim and tall;  
Shadows from the fitful fire-light  
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed,  
Enter by the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife;  
By the wayside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore;  
Folded their pale hands so meekly,  
Spake with us on earth no more.

And with them the Being beauteous,  
Who unto my youth was given;  
More than all things else to love rue,  
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep,  
Comes that messenger divine;  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,  
With those deep and earnest eyes;  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,  
Is the Spirit's noiseless prayer;  
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside;  
If I but remember only,  
Such as those have lived and died!

—*Lonafellow.*

## ON CHARITY.

*Think* gently of the erring!  
 Ye know not of the power  
 With which the dark temptation came  
 In some unguarded hour.  
 Ye may not know how earnestly  
 They struggled, or how well,  
 Until the hour of weakness came,  
 And then, alas! they fell.

*Think* gently of the erring!  
 Oh! do not thou forget,  
 However darkly stained by sin  
 He is thy brother yet.  
 Heir of the self-same heritage,  
 Child of the self-same God,  
 He has but *stumbled* on the path  
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

*Speak* gently of the erring!  
 For is it not enough  
 That innocence and peace have gone,  
 Without thy censure rough?  
 It sure must be a weary lot,  
 That sin-stained heart to bear;  
 And they who share a happier fate,  
 Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring!  
 Thou yet may'st lead him back,  
 With holy words, and tones of love,  
 From memory's thorny track.  
 Forget not *thou* hast often sinned,  
 And sinful yet must be,  
 Deal gently with the erring one,  
 As God has dealt with thee!

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 Christian Thought.
 

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## THE PERMANENCE OF THE BIBLE

BY THE REV. D. WINTERS, PHILADELPHIA.



HERE lies at the foundation of our nature, a restless something which is constantly pushing men forward in search of some new thing, which they think will prove more agreeable to their tastes, and more satisfying to their desires, than are those things which have become old and familiar. And this has often been the

occasion of revolutions in the world of opinions, which have overthrown whole systems which had long been looked upon as sacred and well-nigh infallible. This, it must be admitted, has sometimes led to deplorable evils; but I think it must be conceded that the evils have been far more than compensated for by the good which has resulted from it. Society is a progressive thing; and, as a natural consequence, many of the customs and notions which at one time prevail, shall at another become obsolete, and their places be supplied by others better adapted to the tastes and circumstances peculiar to the age. Indeed any attempt to confine an intelligent community within the limits of the customs and ideas of their forefathers, would be found by those who should try it, to be not less fruitless than it would be foolish. I do not say that sound principles—principles whose bone and sinew are truth—shall ever pass away, or even change. These, like their Divine Author, are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and must remain immovable through all the changes and desolations of time. But the history of nations furnishes ample proof that not only customs and opinions, but even whole systems of various kinds, which in their day exerted mighty influence, have been found, like the human body, to become frail through the lapse of years, and having accomplished as an hireling their day, they have been dissolved and laid in the tomb of oblivion, except in so far as their names serve to swell the record of the things which *have been*. Where are all the inventions and institutions of ancient Egypt, Greece, or Rome, or any of the great nations of the olden times? They have long ago perished, and their hoary monuments which speak to us of their grandeur and power, are unconscious prophecies of the appalling change and ruin, which will, sooner or later, come upon every institution, which is not animated by the immortal principles of divine truth and wisdom.

There are at the present time not a few sceptics who would fain persuade us that the truth which I have just stated, must be applied to the Bible—that it, too, has had its day and is now behind the times—that society has gotten ahead of the Bible. If it were indeed true “that society has gotten ahead of the Bible,” then all we could say would be, that society has been guilty of a piece of flagrantly bad manners—that it has done what it had no right to do, and, certainly deserves no praise for its conduct in this matter.

These persons tell us, forsooth, that they have no particular fault to find with the Bible. They confess that it is a very good book; that its influence upon the human family, along the ages, has been, on the whole,



beneficial; but it is now behind the times—it is antiquated—the world has outgrown it—and it should be set aside, like many other things which have had their day, and are now laid away in the lumber room of time. If you urge upon those persons the claims of the Bible, they, in many instances sneer at your credulity in believing it, and laugh at the book on account of its age. This is the argument which we find such men frequently employing to refute the claims of the Sacred Scriptures, upon human belief and acceptance—a kind of argument which on any other subject, we feel safe in saying, would not satisfy any intelligent man, although on this subject, with many, it carries almost as much weight as if it were a mathematical demonstration.

In reply to such men we might say, Go and stand upon the shore of that old ocean, which has been for thousands of years dashing its proud waves against the girdle of sand with which God surrounded it long before the first line of the Bible was written, and despise it for its age. Go and stand at the foot of that lofty mountain, whose head, decked with a wreath and crown of perpetual snow, seems to form the very battlement of the sky, and laugh at it for its age. Look upon that silvery moon and those bright stars, which adorn with their beauty the heavens by night, and tell them they are very old now, they have long ago served the purpose for which God placed them in the canopy of the firmament, and the world needs them no longer. Gaze up at that old sun, which, with his dazzling brightness, has lightened our world since before the period of man's introduction into it, and without whose light and warmth this beautiful planet would be a dreary, desolate waste, and mock him on account of his age; and then, but not till then, you may come and laugh at our old Bible, and tell us the world has outgrown it and needs it no longer. The truth is, although it may sound like a very strange paradox, the Bible is the oldest of all books, and yet it never grows old and decrepit with years.

But we may be asked, How is it that while all other systems have either been superseded altogether, or greatly modified, the Bible, as a system of doctrines and duties, should remain unchanged? We answer, All other systems are merely human; the Bible is divine in its origin. All other systems are imperfect; the Bible is perfect. The Bible, from the first word of Genesis to the last deep, lingering love-note of Revelation is *truth*, and truth cannot change. It is the same for all men and for all time. To say that society has got ahead of the Bible is but another mode of absurdly asserting that society has gotten ahead of truth.

There have been, and we are sorry to say there still are, persons in the world who employ their God-given talents in efforts to undermine and overthrow the faith of their fellow-men in the Bible, and to brand it as a worthless legend. But it is gratifying to Christians to know that nearly through the long interval of nineteen centuries—amid the collisions of parties, the opposition of enemies, the rise and decline of great states and empires, and the desolations of time, it remains the same as when holy men read it in the primitive times, preserved by omnipotence amidst the fires which have sought to consume it. As the rock which is seen above the surface of the ocean when the weather is calm, but when the storm rages, the crested billows chase each other in gigantic fury over its aged head; but when the storm has subsided there it stands as firmly as ever, so the waves of human wrath and scepticism have been for ages dashing and surging with Satanic fury against the word of God; but still it stands unmoved and unshaken—earth's best symbol of the permanent and immovable. "In spite, and perhaps, indeed, in consequence of these attacks, the book is more and more widely diffused, every year multiplies its copies, and every year it speaks some new language."

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## *Christian Life.*

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### *THE ROMANTIC STORY OF SILAS TOLD.*



SILAS TOLD, was born in Bristol in 1711; his parents were respectable and creditable people, but of somewhat faded families. Silas was educated in the noble foundation school of Edward Colston in Bristol. At the age of about fourteen he was bound apprentice to Captain Moses Lilly, and started for his first voyage from Bristol to Jamaica. "Here," he says, "I may date my first sufferings." He says the first of his afflictions "was sea-sickness, which held me till my arrival in Jamaica;" and considering that it was a voyage of fourteen weeks, it was a fair spell of entertainment from that pleasant companion. They were short of water, they were put on short allowance of food, and when having obtained their freight, while lying in Kingston harbour, their vessel, and seventy-six sail of ships, many of them very large, but all riding with three anchors ahead, were all scattered by an astonishing

hurricane, and all the vessels in Port Royal shared the same fate. He tells how the corpses of the drowned sailors strewed the shores, and how, immediately after the subsidence of the hurricane, a pestilential sickness swept away thousands of the natives. "Every morning," he says, "I have observed between thirty and forty corpses carried past my window; being very near death myself, I expected every day to approach with the messenger of my dissolution."

During this time he appears to have been lying in a warehouse, with no person to take care of him except a negro, who brought him every day Jesuit's bark where he was laid in his hammock.

"At length," he says, "my master gave me up, and I wandered up and down the town, almost parched with the insufferable blaze of the sun, till I resolved to lay me down and die, as I had neither money nor friend; accordingly, I fixed upon a dunghill in the east end of the town of Kingston, and being in such a weak condition, I pondered much upon Job's case, and considered mine similar to that of his; however, I was fully resigned to death, nor had I the slightest expectation of relief from any quarter; yet the kind providence of God was over me, and raised me up a friend in an entire stranger. A London captain coming by was struck with the sordid object, came up to me, and, in a very compassionate manner, asked me if I was sensible of any friend upon the island from whom I could obtain relief; he likewise asked me to whom I belonged. I answered, to Captain Moses Lilly, and had been cast away in the late hurricane. This captain appeared to have some knowledge of my master, and, cursing him for a barbarous villain, told me he would compel him to take proper care of me. About a quarter of an hour after this, my master arrived, whom I had not seen before for six weeks, and took me to a public-house kept by a Mrs. Hutchinson, and there ordered me to be taken proper care of. However, he soon quitted the island, and directed his course for England, leaving me at his sick quarters, and, if it should please God to permit my recovery, I was commanded to take my passage for England in the 'Montserrat,' Captain David Jones, a very fatherly, tender-hearted man: this was the first alleviation of my misery. Now the captain sent his son on shore, in order to receive me on board. When I came alongside, Captain Jones, standing on the ship's gunwale, addressed me after a very humane and compassionate manner, with expressions to the following effect: 'Come, poor child, into the cabin, and you shall want nothing that the ship affords; go, and my son shall prepare for you, in the first place, a basin of good egg-flip, and any-

thing else that may be conducive to your relief.' But I, being very bad with my fever and ague, could neither eat nor drink."

It is not wonderful that the great sufferings and toils of Silas should, even at a very early period of life, prostrate his health and subject him to repeated and vehement attacks of illness. He was but twenty-three when he married; still, however, a sailor, and destined yet for some wild experiences on the seas. Not long however. A married life disposed him for a home life, and he accepted, while still a very young man, the position of a schoolmaster, beneath the patronage of a Lady Luther, in the county of Essex. He was not in this position very long. Silas, although an unconverted man, must have had strong religious feelings; and the clergyman of the parish, fond of smoking and drinking with him—and it may well be conceived what an entertaining companion Silas must have been in those days, with his budget of adventures—ridiculed him for his faith in the scriptures and his belief in Bible theology. This so shocked Silas, that, making no special profession of religion, he yet separated himself from the clergyman's company, and shortly after he left that neighborhood and again sought his fortune, but without any very cheerful prospects, in London. It was in 1740 that a young blacksmith introduced him to the people whom he had hitherto hated and despised—the Methodists. He heard John Wesley preach at the Foundry in the Moor Fields—the cradle of Methodism in London—from the text, "I write unto you, little children, for your sins are forgiven you." This set his soul on fire; he himself became a Methodist, notwithstanding the very vehement opposition of his wife, to whom he appears to have been very tenderly attached, and who herself was a very motherly and virtuous woman, but altogether indisposed to the new notions, as many people considered them. He looked up in circumstances, and became an important managing clerk on a wharf in Wapping. While there, Mr. Wesley repeatedly and earnestly pressed him to take charge of the charity school he had founded at the Foundry, and after long hesitation he did so; and it was here that, while attending a service at five o'clock in the morning, he heard Mr. Wesley preach from the text, "I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." By a most remarkable application of this charge to himself, Silas testifies that his mind was stirred with a strange compunction, as he thought he had never cared for or attempted to ameliorate the condition or to minister to the souls of the crowds of those unhappy malefactors who then, almost weekly, expiated their offences, very often of the most trivial description, on the gallows. It seems that the hearing that sermon proved

to be a most remarkable turning point in the life of Silas. Through it he became most eminently useful through a very remarkable and painful career, and his after-life is surrounded by such a succession of romantic incidents that they at once equal, if they do not transcend, and strangely contrast with his wild adventures on the seas.

Shortly after hearing that last sermon to which we have alluded a messenger came to Silas Told at the school to tell him that there were ten malefactors lying under sentence of death in Newgate, some of them in a state of considerable terror and alarm, and imploring him to find some one to visit them. Here was the call to the work. The coincidences were remarkable: John Wesley's sermon, his own aroused and tender state of mind produced by the sermon, and the occasion for the active and practical exercise of his feelings. So opportunities would meet us of turning suggestions into usefulness if we watched for them.

The English laws were barbarous in those days; truly it has been said that a fearfully heavy weight of blood rests upon the conscience of England for the state of the law in those times. Few of those who have given such honour to the noble labours of John Howard and the loving ministrations of Elizabeth Fry ever heard of Silas Told. In a smaller sphere than the first of these, and in a much more intensely painful manner than the last, he anticipated the labours of both. He instantly responded to this first call to Newgate. Two of the ten malefactors were relieved; he attended the remaining eight to the gallows. He had influenced the hearts of all of them so in their cell that their obduracy was broken down and softened—so great had been his power over them, that locked up together in one cell the night before their execution, they had spent it in prayer and solemn conversation. "At length they were ordered into the cart, and I was prevailed upon to go with them. When we were in the cart I addressed myself to each of them separately. The first was Mr. Atkins, the son of a glazier in the city, a youth of nineteen years of age. I said to him, 'My dear, are you afraid to die?' He said 'No sir; really I am not.' I asked him wherefore he was not afraid to die? and he said, 'I have laid my soul at the feet of Jesus, therefore I am not afraid to die.' I then spake to Mr. Gardner, a journeyman carpenter; he made a very comfortable report of the true peace of God which he found reigning in his heart. The last person to whom I spoke was one Thompson, a very illiterate young man; but he assured me he was perfectly happy in his Saviour, and continued so until his last moments. This was the first time of my visiting the malefactors in Newgate, and

then it was not without much shame and fear, because I clearly perceived the greater part of the populace, considered me as one of the sufferers."

The most remarkable of this cluster was one John Lancaster; for what offence he was sentenced to death does not appear; but the entire account Silas gives of him, both in the prison and at the place of execution, exhibits a fine, tender, and really holy character. The attendant sheriff himself burst into tears before the beautiful demeanour of this young man. However, so it was, that he was without any friend in London to procure for his body a proper interment, and the story of Silas admits us into a pretty spectacle of the times. After the poor bodies were cut down, Lancaster's was seized by a surgeon's mob, who intended to carry it over to Paddington. It was Silas' first experience, as we have seen; and he describes the whole scene as rather like a great fair than an awful execution. In this confusion the body of Lancaster had been seized, the crowd dispersed—all save some old woman, who sold gin, and Silas himself—very likely smitten into extraordinary meditation by a spectacle so new to him—when a company of eight sailors appeared on the scene, with truncheons in their hands, who said they had come to see the execution, and gazed with very menacing faces on the vacated gallows from whence the bodies had been cut down. "Gentlemen," said the old woman, "I suppose you want the man that the surgeons have got?" "Ay," said the sailors, "where is he?" The old woman gave them to understand that the body had been carried away to Paddington, and she pointed them to the direct road. Away the sailors hastened—it may be presumed that Lancaster was a sailor, and some old comrade of these men. They demanded his body from the surgeon's mob, and obtained it. What they intended to do with it, scarcely transpires; it is most likely that they had intended a rescue at the foot of the gallows and arrived too late. However, hoisting it on their shoulders, away they marched with it off to Islington, and thence round to Shoreditch; thence to a place called Coventry's Fields. By this time they were getting fairly wearied out with their burden, and by unanimous consent they agreed to lay it on the step of the first door they came to: this done, they started off. It created some stir in the street, which brought down an old woman who lived in the house to the step of the door, and who exclaimed as she saw the body, in a loud, agitated voice, "Lord! this is my son, John Lancaster!" It is possible that the old woman was a Methodist, for to Silas Told and the Methodists she was indebted for a decent and respectable burial in a good strong coffin, and decent shroud, for her son. Silas

and his wife went to see him whilst he was lying so, previous to his burial. There was no alteration of his visage, no marks of violence, and, says Told, "A pleasant smile appeared on his countenance, and he lay as in a sweet sleep." A singularly romantic story, for it seems the sailors did not know at all to whom he belonged; and what an insight into the social condition of London at that time!

He went on for twenty years in the way we have described, and the interest of his autobiography compels the wish that it were much longer; for, of course, the largest amount of his precious life of labour was not set down, and cannot be recalled; and readers who are fond of romance will find his name in connection with some of the most remarkable executions of his time.

A singular circumstance was this: Four gentlemen—Mr. Brett, the son of an eminent divine in Dublin; Whalley, a gentleman of considerable fortune possessed of three country-seats of his own; Dupree, "in every particular," says Silas, "a complete gentleman;" and Morgan, an officer on board one of His Majesty's ships of war,—after dinner, upon the occasion of their being at an election for the members for Chelmsford, proposed to start forth, and, by way of recreation, rob somebody on the high-way. Away they went, and chanced upon a farmer, whom they eased of a considerable sum of money. The farmer followed them into Chelmsford; they were all secured, and next day removed to London; they took their trials, and were sentenced, and left for execution. Told visited them all in prison. Morgan was engaged to be married to Lady Elizabeth Hamilton, the sister of the Duke of Hamilton. She repeatedly visited her affianced husband in his cell, and Told was with them at most of their interviews. It was supposed that the rank of the prisoners, and the offence being such as it was, there would be no difficulty in obtaining a respite and reprieve; but the king was quite inexorable: he said, "his subjects were not to be in bodily fear in order that men might gratify their drunken whims." Lady Betsy Hamilton, however, thrust herself several times before the king; wept, threw herself on her knees, and behaved altogether in such a manner that the king said, "Lady Betsy, there is no standing your importunity any further; I will spare his life, but on one condition—that he is not acquainted therewith until he arrives at the place of execution;" and it was so. The other three unfortunates were executed, and Lady Betsy, in her coach, received her lover into it as he stepped from the cart. It is a sad story, but it must have been a sweet satisfaction to the lady.

Far more dreadful were some cases which engaged the tender heart of Silas. A young man, named Coleman, was tried for an aggravated assault on a young woman. This young woman herself declared that Coleman was not the man, but he had enemies who pressed apparent circumstances against him, and urged them on the young woman to induce her to change her mind. She never wavered, yet, singular to say, he was convicted and executed. A short time after the real criminal was discovered, by his own confession, and he also was tried, condemned, and executed, and the perjured witnesses against poor Coleman sentenced to stand in the pillory. But one of the most pitiful and dreadful cases in Silas Told's experience was that of Mary Edmondson, a sweet young girl, tried upon mere circumstantial evidence, and executed on Kennington Common, for the supposed murder of her aunt at Rotherhithe. She appears to have been most brutally treated; the mob believed her to be guilty, and received her with shocking execrations. Whether Silas had a prejudice against her or not, we cannot say; it is not likely that he had a prejudice against any suffering soul; but it so happened, he says, as he had not visited her in her imprisonment, he entertained no idea of seeing her suffer. But, passing through the Borough, a pious cheesemonger, named Skinner, called him into his shop, tenderly expressed deep interest in her present and future state, and besought him to see her; so his interview with her was only just as she was going forth to her sad end.

Silas shall tell the story himself: "When she was brought into the room, she stood with her back against the wainscot, but appeared perfectly resigned to the will of God. I then addressed myself to her, saying, 'My dear, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, for the sake of your own precious soul, do not die with a lie in your mouth; you are, in a few moments, to appear in the presence of the Holy God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Oh, consider what an eternity of misery must be the position of all who die in their sins!' She heard me with much meekness and simplicity, but answered that she had already advanced the truth, and must persevere in the same spirit to her last moments." Efforts were made to prevent Told from accompanying her any farther, and the rioters were so exasperated against her that Told seems only to have been safe by keeping near to the sheriff along the whole way. The sheriff also told him that he would be giving a great satisfaction to the whole nation, could he only bring her to a confession. "Now, as we were proceeding on the road, the sheriff's horse being close



to the cart, I looked up at her from under the horse's bridle, and I said, 'My dear, look to Jesus.' This quickened her spirit, insomuch that although she had not looked about her before, she turned herself round to me and said, 'Sir, I bless God I can look to Jesus—to my comfort.' "

Arrived at the place of execution, he spoke to her again solemnly, "Did you not commit the fact? Had you no concern therein? Were you not interested in the murder?" She said, "I am as clear of the whole affair as I was the day my mother brought me into the world." She was very young, she had all the aspects of innocence about her. The sheriff burst into tears, and turned his head away, exclaiming, "Good God! it is a second Coleman's case!"

At this moment her cousin stepped up into the cart, and sought to kiss her. She turned her face away, and pushed him off. She had before charged him with being the murderer—and he was. When subsequently taken up for another crime, he confessed the committal of this. Her aunt had left to Mary, in the event of her death, more money than to this wretch. The executioner drew the cart away, and Mary's body—leaning the poor head, in her last moments, on Silas's shoulder—dear old Silas, her only comfort in that terrible hour—fell into the arms of death. But he tells how she was cold and still before the cart was drawn away.

We trust our readers will not be displeased to receive these items from the biography of a very remarkable, a singularly romantic and chequered, as well as singularly useful career. References to Silas Told will be found in most of the biographies of Wesley. Southey passes him by with a very slight allusion. Tyerman dwells on his memory with a little more tenderness; but, with the exception of Stevens, none has touched with real interest upon this extraordinary though obscure man, and his romantic life and labours in a very strange path of Christian benevolence and usefulness. He was known, far and near, as the prisoners' chaplain, although an unpaid one. He closed his life in 1778, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. As we have seen, John Wesley appropriately presided over his funeral, and pronounced an affectionate encomium over the remains of his honoured old friend and fellow-labourer.—*Sunday at Home.*

## Practical Papers.

### THE TRUE POSITION OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY MR. JOHN CAMERON, B.A., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

**I**T is the experience, not only of instructors of youth, but also of nearly all who have had subordinates in positions of responsibility and trust, that the best examples of obedience, of truthfulness, of natures sensitive to the higher impulses that quicken the human heart, of all the elements of a high type of man and Christian, have been found, other things equal, where the home training has been such as it is the true aim of the Sabbath School to foster.

In a country like ours, where the "arabs" are but few, the Sabbath School should be regarded only as the auxiliary of that domestic nurture and admonition of the Lord, which surrounds every Christian home as with a halo of brightness, and exerts its elevating and soul-softening influence on every member from the doting grandparent to the prattling babe.

In performing this auxiliary work Sabbath School teachers and superintendents should as readily discern any dereliction in the home work as the day-school master does in the preparation of the home lessons. Too often, it is to be feared, that instead of the irresistible earnestness of souls, glowing with the fervor of life interest in the work, parents manifest a chilling half-heartedness and discharge their duties in a manner merely formal and perfunctory. There is too great a disposition and too growing a tendency to leave to the Sabbath School teacher, to lay the cornerstone, erect the pillars, and place the coping of the spiritual education of the young.

The infrequency of the parents' visits to the Sabbath School may be taken as evidence of this; as may also, the habit of observing the sacred day of holy rest, the day of sweet repose and withdrawal from the cares of the world for closer communion with the Author of our being, and fellowship with his Son, simply as a holiday and a release from the routine of weekly toil; and so far as the children are concerned, as one on which they are to be washed, whipt, and fed as on other days, with the

addition of being dressed in their better frocks, coats or hats, and packed off to the Sunday School.

Now, until our parents have a higher ideal of the Sabbath, we need not be surprised if our Sabbath Schools do not bring forth fruit an hundred fold. I lay special stress on the holy observance of the Sabbath, not in the Puritanic or Sabbatarian sense as these terms are applied, but in a much more rigid sense than the reactionists of the present day would educate us down to. We have heard much of the rigidity of the Scotch Sabbath. Many of the wrong impressions in regard to it, current in the form of good stories, are excrescences rather than the thing itself. To judge it by these would be as fair as to put the barky excrescences of some of the finest trees of the forest, for the clear white timber beneath. At any rate, it seems to me, that if parents did themselves, and taught their children, to regard the Sabbath as a day to be spent in putting forth all the energies of the will to withdraw from worldly associations, a day of earnest seeking for close communion with the Creator, shutting out from the avenues of the senses all perturbing influences, and above all consecrating these efforts by heart-felt solicitations for Divine aid, it would be a better preparation for the good seed of the Sabbath School, a more efficient means of regulating the conduct during the ensuing week, and permanently influencing the character, than the sort of general holiday observance it has become almost fashionable to advocate.

Then, too, though many of our Sabbath School teachers are so full of zeal and wisdom that is not of earth that they will, no doubt, count many souls for their hire, yet, too often, the children at an age the most susceptible of heart-reaching impressions, are under the care of some well-meaning but inexperienced girl, scarce safe past the middle of her teens: or some nice young man, with intentions equally good, but equally untrained and hardly less juvenile. To expect signal success from these while those who should be fathers and mothers in Israel, remain in indolence at home, would be as reasonable as to be sanguine of the result when raw recruits who never underwent their baptism of fire, bear the brunt of battle, while the experienced warriors and veterans of many a tented field, retire in easy indifference to their quarters.

This state of things will hardly change for the better so long as the Sabbath School is made the alpha and the omega of early spiritual training. Instead, it can hardly be more than a meeting for parade and review; to exhibit the progress made by the home drill during the week. It should be a meeting in the parlour of the week's edifice. But as no

one would think of building a house all parlour and no domestic adjuncts; and as no officer would bring his men to the annual or other review without repeated drill in squads, companies and battalions, so the place of the Sabbath School is mistaken, unless the parents by a holy observance of the Sabbath as a day of sacred rest, put the minds of the children in a state of spiritual receptivity; unless the parents themselves amid the round of weekly duties wear their spiritual armour only to be furnished anew on that day and not merely put on for the occasion—unless by training made a habit, the child has developed the spiritual in his nature, so that it needs only to be quickened and sealed in the Sabbath School.

But if parents would make the Sabbath School meet the highest range of its functions, they cannot begin their part too early. From the time the child can distinguish light from darkness, it is receiving impressions which go farther towards moulding its character than is generally suspected. Indeed, there are many now-a-day who argue with great plausibility that training should not only begin in early infancy, but be even pre-natal. Be that as it may, everyone knows that a successful pianist must combine with natural talent careful practice from the earliest years; that a good plainsman must be cradled in the saddle, and almost from infancy swing the lasso and hunt the buffalo, and every instructor has daily experience that a clumsy method once acquired is harder to unlearn than to master an elegant process from the beginning. In the same way a wrong bent given to the inclination in early years is harder to rectify than it would have been to make the habits we wish to establish a part of the child's nature, before the tares, which must otherwise occupy the soil, are sown.

In this way the chief duties of parents to the Sabbath School would seem to be:—The earnest and prayerful supervision of the child's work during the whole course of its pupilage; the most careful preparation of the child's mind and heart for religious impressions during the years preceding pupilage; the development of a higher practical charity by having the children make frequent sacrifices of their little properties for clearly apprehended Christian purposes—not, as is too often the case, making an only apparent sacrifice for mere ostentation or other debasing and improper motives; but especially the observance of the Sabbath, so that throughout that day both parent and child will regard it, not as a period of prison-like constraint, nor one for general, though it may be innocent, pastime, but with the loving reverence and serene admiration

of the Holy of Holies, and the God-fearing obeisance due the nearer presence of the King of Kings.

These duties, if faithfully performed, seem the best means of preparing the child for the most sacred benefits of the Sabbath School; and under the influence of such a training, parent and child will regard the Sabbath as the day of the Lord, a delight, holy and honourable, and they are improving both for the life that now is and that which is to come.

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## Christian Miscellany.

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### PREACHING UP THE TIMES.

**I**N the life of Archbishop Leighton, we read that he was called to account by his Synod at one time for not "preaching up the times." "Who?" he asked, "does preach up the times?" It was answered that all the brethren did it. "Then" he rejoined, "if all of you 'preach up the times' you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and eternity."

As a general rule Leighton's position is the safest: but it ought not to be applied with too strict rigidity. There are certain conjunctures of perplexity and public peril, when the pulpit should in close connection always with Christ and his spirit, "preach up the times." The service that was thus rendered by "preaching up the times," to the cause of civil liberty by the Puritan preachers, such as John Owen, is simply beyond praise. A similar service was rendered to Scotland by John Knox, than whom there never was in Britain, a preacher that more faithfully (as his general habit) "preached up Christ Jesus and eternity."

"To him" as Froude says, "the government of the world by Almighty God was a living reality: he considered that good men were placed in it to wage war—not with *shadowy doctrines*, but with the *incarnation of the evil spirit in wicked men and wicked deeds*. He spoke of Mary Stuart—he spoke of the Hamilton's, till he made the St. Andrew's Students, "grue and tremble." He knew that there would be no end to Scotland's miseries, till the last remnant of Mary Stuart's faction was utterly extinguished.

He was not too squeamish nor too timid, to handle, even in the Pulpit on the Lord's day, the subject of Queen Mary's marriage with a Papist, as part of the "Evangel" he was commissioned to proclaim.

"In Parliament (we again quote Froude) when the Lords, thinking only of the Austrian Carlos, had been congratulating one another on the great match intended for their Queen, Knox rose in the pulpit at St. Giles and told them all, 'that whenever they, professing the Lord Jesus, consented that a Papist should be head of their Sovereign they did, as far as in them lay to banish Christ from the realm: they would bring God's vengeance on their country, a plague on themselves, and perchance small comfort to their Sovereign.'"

Mary sent for Knox. He obeyed the summons. The two representatives of the two forces contending for the mastery in Scotland, are face to face in an apartment in Holyrood. Her voice shaking with passion, she accused him of handling her as never prince had been handled; she had borne his bitterness, she admitted him to her presence, she had endured to be reprimanded, and yet she could not be quit of him; she vowed to God she would be avenged.

"Quiet, collected,—seeing through and through him," says the same historical authority, "yet with a sound northern courtesy, the Reformer answered, that when it pleased God to open her eyes she would see that he had done nothing to offend her: in private he had been silent: *'in the preaching place'* he must obey God Almighty."

"But what" she asked "have you to do with my marriage?" He said his duty was to preach the Evangel: the nobility were so much addicted to her affections that they had forgotten their duty, and he was therefore bound to remind them of it. After further words the Queen burst into tears and sobbed violently. Knox stood silent till she had composed herself. He then, said, "Madam in God's presence I speak: I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures: yea, I can scarcely abide the tears of my own boys whom my own hand corrects: but seeing I have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain your Majesty's tears rather than hurt my conscience."

"Such was Knox," (says Froude, who as an Englishman and a Free-thinker, cannot be suspected of undue partiality to a Presbyterian preacher) "such was Knox" (describing him towards the end of his life) "the greatest of living Scotchmen, in the last year of his life, still lifting the voice which long before had stirred his countrymen, like ten thousand trumpets, still strong in his infirmity, till he had finished his task upon the earth."

In our day we have it is true, the daily and weekly newspapers to handle questions that were, of necessity, handled in those days in the pulpits, as there was no periodical press. This certainly relieves the pulpit of many extraneous questions, and leaves it to deal with the marrow of all morality and politics—Jesus Christ and Him crucified. But round this centre, there circle political and social questions, and in our own Dominion, where such important questions as temperance, education, popery, have to be handled by Parliament, it is a question whether the political and party press of the country, can at all times be sufficiently trusted on these delicate points, or, to put it in a less offensive way, whether the patriotic press can, in the critical times that are on us, dispense with the service and aid of the pulpit, in pointedly and plainly as occasion offers, "preaching up the times." One thing is sure, that if the Pulpits of the Dominion had been silent on the questions of temperance and prohibition, the public mind and the public press would not be as far advanced as they now are on these important questions. It is not unlikely that in our Dominion, with important questions pressing between now and the end of this century, the position given by Cowper to the pulpit may be realized in its widest application:—

The pulpit, (when the satirist has at last  
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school  
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)  
I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)  
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,  
The most important and effectual guard,  
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.

### *THE LAW OF CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.*

Some of our readers have no doubt stood on the sea-shore to watch the motions of the advancing tide. A big wave comes rushing on, breaks on the beach, and bathes with its curling foam portions of the rocks and pebbly shore that lay previously high and dry. The spectator must beat a hasty retreat before the quiet onward march of the ocean. Next moment, however, the water as if unable to maintain the conquest it made, retires, leaving on the beach a dark stripe to mark the territory it made its own. A simple child would then conclude that the sea had now permanently retired and that he, for his childish play, might take possession of the abandoned territory. He is soon undeceived. Another

wave, as if bent on recovering what was given up, and also adding thereto, comes rushing on, covers the forsaken ground, and rushes up the beach further than ever to mark the boundary of the fresh acquisition. Again the wave retires and again it advances, and thus the majestic ocean rises till it recovers from the dry land every inch the Creator assigned it.

Such of our readers as have been privileged to see what we have here endeavoured imperfectly to describe, have as is often the case, seen a picture of the way God works in the moral world. As the calm silent ocean thus rises, sending its waters into every remote bay and creek, and estuary, and frith, so will the Gospel of Christ rise till it covers the face of the moral world as the waters cover the face of the great deep. Thus in holy vision did the Jewish seer see it rise. "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house, and behold waters issued out from under the threshold; he measured a thousand cubits, and he brought me through the waters: the waters were to the ankles. Again he measured a thousand, and brought me through; the waters were up to my loins. Afterward he measured a thousand; and it was a river I could not pass over; for the waters were risen, waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over." In the gradual rise of the fertilizing river, in the quiet advance of the ocean, we see how we may expect Christianity to cover the face of the earth.

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"OURS."

Years ago, when servants used to be servants, there was a certain lord who was greatly amused with the way in which his old body-servant always used to talk. They were down in the country, and a waggon stood at the door of the country seat, and his lordship said, "John, whose waggon is that?" "Oh," said he, "that is ours, my lord; it has brought some of our goods down from town." In a minute or two his lordship enquired, "John, what coach is that coming up the drive?" "Oh, my lord," said he, "that's our carriage." "But," added the master, "I see some children in it; are they *our* children, John?" "Oh, yes, my lord," he replied, "bless their hearts, they are our children, and I am going down stairs to bring them in!" and he went down stairs accordingly. Now, whenever we look upon poor lost sinners, and upon the Gospel which alone can save them, let us say, "Oh, blessed Lord, these are ours, these are ours; we seek them because they belong



to Thee." It looks rather daring to call what is Christ's ours, but his lordship was not vexed with his servant for entering into such a unity of interests with him, and our Lord above will not be aggrieved with us if we call the Bible *our Bible*, the Gospel *our Gospel*, the Church *our Church*, the people of God *our people*, the brotherhood of sinners *our brothers*, and the Saviour Himself *our Saviour*. Let us make the Bible Society *our Society*, and labour to spread the Word of Life amongst our poor citizens all around us, in whom we have an interest, because Christ has an interest in them.—*Spurgeon*.

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## Book Reviews.

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THE LIVES AND LABOURS OF MOODY AND SANKEY; By Rev. Robert Boyd, D.D. with an Introduction by the Rev. John Potts. Toronto: A. H. Hovey, 48 King Street East. 1877.

It seems almost out of date to call attention to a book on Moody and Sankey. These men have been written about in every way, in newspapers, Magazines, and books, till men begin to think they have heard all that can be heard, about the men and their work. However much one may be inclined to feel as above in taking up this book, he will not be of that mind in laying it down. Dr. Boyd, the biographer of Moody, had, he tells us, fifteen years of intimate acquaintance with him, so that this Book will always take a high place as an accurate description of these remarkable men and their remarkable work. No library therefore is complete in the religious literature of this century, without this book on one of its shelves.

This new edition has the further merit of including a number of Sankey's Hymns, of giving an account of the work in Boston last winter, with some of the sermons preached there, and especially the sermon preached on the occasion of the sudden death of Philip P. Bliss. Such books as these should be found in Sabbath School and Congregational Libraries, and Christian parents should make it a point to put such books (very readable for all readers) in the way of their young people, to wean them from the trash which is far too common in Christian households.

THE "HIGHER LIFE" DOCTRINE OF SANCTIFICATION TRIED BY THE WORD OF GOD:  
By Henry A. Boardman, D.D. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board  
of Publication. London: Andrew Kennedy. Toronto: James Bain  
and Son.

That there is in the Church too often a "lower Christian life," is a sad fact, since the day Paul wrote to the Corinthians, that they were *car-nal*, "*babes in Christ*," who had "need of milk" rather than strong meat. That a "higher life" is attainable and desirable, is also a fact which no Christian will dispute. The difference of opinion of late has been, 1st, as to what constitutes this Higher Life, and 2nd, How is it to be attained.

The Rev. William E. Boardman, some twenty years ago, published a book on the "Higher Christian Life," which has been republished lately, and circulated, and very extensively read. There is in that book very much that is to be commended, but its teachings both as to what constitutes the "Higher Life," and "How to attain to it," are not considered sound and scriptural by a great many people. This new book by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, is written to point out these defects. This work is accomplished in a spirit of Christian kindness, but after a decided, emphatic fashion. Many of our readers have read the Rev. Wm. E. Boardman's treatise, let them now peruse the treatise of the Rev. H. A. Boardman, and they will thus possess the two sides of a practical question, and will probably come to the conclusion, that nothing by un-inspired men can be said on this question, better than this following:— "Sanctification is a work of God's spirit, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled *more and more*, to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness." The measure, therefore of the Higher Life, is "the image of God," the way of attaining to it, "Dying by degrees to sin and living by degrees to righteousness."

The time is drawing near when "little folks" at home, will be looking for Christmas gifts and New Year's presents from their friends. So long as child nature is what it is, toys must be made, and bought, and enjoyed, and then smashed up; but a better investment, for all concerned, is, especially for children above four or five years, a child's book of pictures, of which article there is now, by the Tract Societies and private Publishers, a splendid assortment always to be had. A picture book, is "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever," to the little one. After the novelty wears

off: let the book be lost for three months, in a corner of Mother's drawer, and when it comes forth from its hiding place, it will be welcomed even with more joy than at first, for now it "was lost is found again, was dead and is alive."

The very book for the season, and for the good boy or good girl, is now on our table from Philadelphia, and can be had in Canada, from Mr. Andrew Kennedy, London, and Mr. James Bain, Toronto. It is named well, "The Sunbeam Book," for its entrance among a group of youngsters, will, for a while, chase away showers and sighs. It contains 395 pages of pictures, stories, hymns, lessons—quite a fairy-land. Fathers, send for the book, and it will make sunshine on Christmas week however dark it may be outside. It is worth a whole troop of tin horses, and a whole navy of Noah's arks.

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### Concluding Words.

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As we pen our closing words for this volume, the year 1877 is drawing near its close with many joyful signs of the approaching triumph of righteousness.

In our own Dominion we see plain indications that four very important measures are ripening in the public mind. 1. There is seen rising, like a little cloud, the first beginnings of a united national feeling. Societies for encouraging this consummation, sermons on the subject, editorials, and, best of all, a *National Thanksgiving Day*, all point towards a coming *unity*, which, however, is not very near. 2. In Ontario the Protestant people are fast becoming conversant with the idea that the Bible (as in the London School Boards) should be a text-book in the public schools, and a book, not of sectarianism, but of history, biography, and morality, for our children and children's children. 3. In Quebec there are not wanting indications that light is gradually finding its way into the French mind. That province is now, by confederation, between the Protestantism of the eastern and western provinces, with a busy railway thundering through its heart, and with each station a centre of activity calling out, "Behold! the curse of ignorance." 4. Temperance, as a moral change founded on faith in Christ, is making rapid strides in

Canada, as is also temperance as a coercive thing, prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is now the rule in some fifteen counties in Ontario. All these things fill our hearts with hope for our beloved Canada as the year draws near its close.

As we cast our eyes abroad, hopeful signs meet us on every side. In the United States the work of purifying the fountains of public life is progressing slowly, and the South is being reconciled to its elder brother the North. In Britain political leaders are beginning to say that the question of the disestablishment of the English and Scotch Churches must be faced and settled before the century is much older. France is slowly uncoiling from its throat the folds of the ultramontane constrictor, and asserting its capacity for a republic. The eastern war is progressing fast enough to frighten Turkey into an abandonment of the Koran as the foundation of the political fabric, and slow enough to humble Russia and moderate its aspirations. India is passing through a fearful discipline which God will no doubt order for its advancement as one of his great nations. Africa, by the discoveries of Cameron and Stanley, has now a door open from the west to its great and strong heart as well as from the north, south and east.

In every direction there are openings for the Gospel, and on the ear of Christendom is falling, from various quarters, the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." In these circumstances we close the year 1877.

The year 1878 will be a year of important events, as far as men can judge. It will be the aim of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY (with some improvements in arrangement and material) to fulfil, as far as space permits, and ability, the function of recording and reviewing the *Christian Thought*, *Christian Life*, and *Christian Work* of the incoming year, seeking in things essential, unity; in things indifferent, liberty; and in all things charity.

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