

WORK.

A HOMILY AND A HYMN.

"Work while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man shall work."—JESUS OF NAZARETH.

In the 'Pall Mall Budget' of Nov. 9th, 1883, there is a brief memoir of Mr. Moody, the Revivalist, and a description of the new temporary tabernacle in which he and his partner, Mr. Sankey, were performing for the edification of North London. It is perhaps quite unnecessary for me to state that I have very little sympathy with these American traders in Christian emotionalism. Their existence is however a fact, and the influence which they have upon the middle and lower strata of Society is another fact well worthy of serious consideration. According to the memoir referred to, Mr. Moody began his career as a teacher in Chicago, in which city he was doing a good business in the boot and shoe trade. His sympathies for the young outcasts of society were awakened, and he opened a sort of ragged school for the Street Arabs of Chicago, and there can be no doubt that his labours in that direction were productive of a large amount of good. It is asserted that Napoleon the first declared that he was "by nature a Republican, but circumstances made him an Emperor." The force of circumstances upon the character and conduct of men is a phenomenon with which most of us are familiar, and I am inclined to believe that Mr. Moody was, or is, by nature a philanthropist, but circumstances have made him a Revivalist Preacher. The report from which I have quoted says:—"Mr. Moody is as unlike an ideal apostle as it is possible for any man to be. He is stout and thick set, with a broad chest, a hairy face, the beard grizzling slightly. His manner is brusque, his voice harsh, his delivery irregular and singularly unimpressive." The writer states that the building accommodated the vast number of five thousand persons—I put it in words so as to avoid the possibility of mistake—and after expressing his astonishment that so large a number should come "through fog and rain into a bleak and misty hall to listen to such a discourse," he says:—"From every point of view except the supreme one of effect upon the audience, Mr. Moody's remarks were most disappointing. Alike in style, manner, matter, there was nothing in them superior to what might be heard in any meeting house." The reporter interviewed Mr. Sankey, and sought to discover the secret of this wonderful "effect upon the audience," and plainly expressed his opinion on the poorness of the sermon. Mr. Sankey replied:—"We have no secret. I cannot explain it; nor can you. Behind all instrumentalities, feeble or mighty, there lies an inscrutable something which influences the soul of man. We call it the spirit of God. Beyond that we cannot go." With that dubious explanation the reporter had to be content.

As it is still a moot question, may we not hazard an hypothesis? Mr. Moody's perseverance, his unflagging persistency, has proved that he is in earnest. Whatever may be the inner and perhaps half unconscious motive, whether it be the saving of souls, the accumulation of the "almighty dollar," or a desire for fame, or all three mysteriously combined for singleness of motive is extremely rare—there can be no doubt that he is in earnest. That in my opinion is the primary cause of success, while the longing of the human heart for some higher, though undefined, ideal than is presented by the cares and toils of every day life, does the rest. Great as have been the strides of intellectual culture during the last twenty or thirty years, the minds of the adult population of Great Britain at the present time have been but slightly purified from the dross of superstition inherited from their seniors who are just passing away. The women, the mothers of the generation just budding into maturity, are most firmly clasped in the arms of Christian mystery and priestly influences. The progress of Freethought, and true secular advancement, cannot be stopped, but there are impediments that delay our march, and to overcome which we must *work*, not faintly but earnestly.

ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR FREEDOM.

Tune: No. 30. Moody & Sankey's Collection of Songs and Solos.

One more day's work for freedom
On this bright Earth for me,
Where science is revealing
What priestcraft is concealing—
Man's true nobility,
Reason's bright ray
Shall be our guide to day:
One more day's work for freedom
On this bright Earth for me.

One more day's work for freedom,
That precious, sparkling gem;
To win it is our duty,
We love it for its beauty,
Which no tyranny can dim.
We'll guard it as a treasure,
Priceless beyond all measure:
One more day's work for freedom
On this bright Earth for me.

We seek a glorious freedom
From error's painful thralls;
We seek the light of reason,
To slout it would be treason
To humanity's loud calls
For sympathy in sorrow,
Hoping for the morrow,
To work again for freedom:
One more day's work for freedom,
And this Earth our Heaven shall be.

Another day's work for freedom,
Till she smiles on all our race,
Till ignorance shall perish,
And truth alone shall flourish,
And beam from every face,
As o'er the earth shall move
Man's own evangel Love:
One more day's work for freedom
Till Earth a Heaven shall be.

CHARLES J. RAE.

Gems.

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation; a politician looks for the success of his party, a statesman for that of his country. The statesman wishes to steer, while the politician is satisfied to drift.

"Justice and equity were foreign to the Roman creed. Why should man try to be better than his God? A God to whom they were taught to ascribe a monstrous system of favoritism: arbitrary grace for a few children of luck, and millions foredoomed to eternal damnation."—FEUERBACH.

A female missionary who has been labouring in China says she was often bothered by the Chinese women, who wanted to know her age, and whether she was married or not. In one case a woman, turning to a about her, said in a tone of surprise,—“Forty years, and not married yet?” and she kept repeating this as though she was much shocked at the intelligence.

"It is far better to love your wife than to love God. You cannot help him, but you can help her. You can fill her life with the perfume of perpetual joy. It is better to love your child than to love Jesus Christ. If he is God you cannot assist him, but you can plant a flower in every footstep of a babe. The most sacred temple is a home, the holiest altar the fireside."—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"It is said that the King of Morocco, Muley Ismael, has five hundred children. What would you say if a dervish of Mount Atlas related to you that the wise and good Muley Ismael, dining with his family, at the close of the repast, spoke thus:—‘I am Muley Ismael, who have begotten you for my glory; for I am very glorious. I love you very tenderly. I shelter you as a hen covers her chickens. I have decreed that one of my youngest children shall have the kingdom of Taflet, and that another shall possess Morocco; and for my other dear children, to the number of four hundred and ninety-eight, I order that one half shall be tortured and the other burned, for I am the Lord Muley Ismael.’”—VOLTAIRE.