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"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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TO RUSSIA.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"Where was thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?"—Bible.

Who tamed thy lawless Tartar blood?

What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You strode your black, unbridled steed,
A skin-clad savage of the steeps?
Why one who now sits low and weeps,
Why one who now walls out to you,
The Jew; the homeless, hated Jew.

Who girt the thews of your young prime?

Why, who but Moses shaped your course
And bound your fierce, divided force
United down the grooves of Time?
Your mighty millions, all to-day
The hated, homeless Jews obey.
Who taught all histories to you?
The Jew, the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales

Of honey-lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy, peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest-vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave you Christian creed? Yea, yes,
Who gave your very God to you?
The Jew! The Jew! The hated Jew!
NEW YORK CITY.

UP TO THE HILLS.

BY THEODORE L. CUTLER, D.D.

THE one hundred and twenty-first psalm is one of the most soul-inspiring in the whole psalter. It is named "a song of degrees"—i. e., a song of ascents, leading from the lower up to the higher. Whether this was originally intended as a musical expression or as a description of the ascent to the sacred mount in Jerusalem, it happily describes the spiritual idea of the psalm. The key-note is in the first verse. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills [or mountains] from whence cometh my help. My help is from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." The grand idea is that we must look higher if we would live higher. We must have help from Heaven if we would reach Heaven.

In things material and in things spiritual not one of us is created to entire independence. From infancy, when we depend on a mother's milk for nourishment, and childhood, when we depend on our teachers for instruction, clear through the activities of manhood, which require the aid of customers and clients in order to prosper, we cannot ever live a year in and by ourselves. Still more true is it that our moral life is one of weakness and of want. The important question is: *Where* shall we find the supplies for the soul's wants and the help for the soul's weakness? And the fatal mistake so often made is that the soul does not look high enough to secure substantial help and to insure a complete victory. For example, we are exposed to perpetual temptations, which draw us toward sin and thus tend to drag us downward. How are we to meet them?

We may employ arguments that are wholly of the earth earthy. They have no motives that are not essentially selfish; they do not recognize anything higher than self-

interest or appeal to any supernatural power for aid. Here is a young man of ardent temperament, who is strongly tempted to sensual indulgence. He may say to himself: "This will not pay for the risks. I will injure my health; I will stain the reputation of another; I may be discovered and disgraced." Assuredly, the young Hebrew who was put to the strain of a tremendous temptation in the house of Potiphar laid hold of vastly higher motives than these. He lifted his eyes to the hills and made his appeal to God. "How can I do this great wickedness," he cries out, "and sin against God?" That appeal lashed him, as it were, to the everlasting throne and divine grace made him temptation-proof.

Here is the only safeguard under the pressure of assaults against conscience or of powerful enticements to some sinful self-gratification. The young man who is too fond of the champagne-glass needs something more than the conviction that the bottle is endangering his health and his pocket, in order to keep him abstinent. He must recognize sin, as well as sorrow, in the sting which the "viper in the glass" inflicts and seek his help from the Highest. That is no trust-worthy honesty which spurs the enticement to fraud simply because detection may bring disgrace, because the man may persuade himself that in his circumstances detection is impossible. He is only safe when he looks up from these paltry motives—up high enough to see God. In these days, when the press teems with obituaries of lost characters, it ought to be known that the only principle which can hold a merchant, or a cashier, or an accountant is a Bible-conscience which draws its strength from the everlasting hills of Right.

There are some of us who have known what it is to drink bitter draughts of affliction and to have the four corners of our house smitten by a terrible sorrow. At such times, how hollow and worthless were many of the stereotype prescriptions for comfort. "Time must do its work" was one of them. As if time could bring back the dead or cruelly eradicate the beloved image from the memory. "Travel" is another of these quack recommendations for a wounded spirit. Just as if God had ever made an Atlantic wide enough to carry us out of the reach of heart-breaking misery. Wretched comforters are they all. The suffering heart heeds not the voice of such charmers, charm they ever so wisely. Never, never have I been able to gain one ray of genuine consolation until I lifted my eyes unto the hills from whence cometh the Almighty help. As soon as I have begun to taste of God's exceeding great and precious promises my strength began to revive. As soon as his everlasting arm got hold around me the burden grew lighter. Yea, it carried me and the load likewise. God opened to me paths of usefulness which were in the line of his service, and also of blessings to my fellowmen; and so help flowed down to me from the hills like the streams that make music from the precipices to one who climbs the Wenzern Alp.

This sublime passage from psalm cxxi throws its suggestive side-light on the question why many of my readers have never obtained a solid and satisfactory religious hope. You will admit in your honest hours that you are not what you ought to be, nor what you yet intend to be. You admit that you are sinners. You have no expectation of being lost to all eternity. Certain steps you have taken in past times,

but they all left you as low down as you started. Both your motives and your methods were pitched too low. All attempts at self-salvation were as futile as would be the attempt to lift yourself by grasping hold of your own shoes. Even religious services failed to bring you any substantial change of heart and character, because you did not get your eye or thought above them. The best sermon ever preached is only a cup, after all. It may bring the water, but the cup itself cannot quench thirst.

What you need is to lift your eyes above your sinful, needy self, above your church-goings and other religious observances, above every one and everything, to the only mountain whence cometh your help. That mountain is Calvary. The crucified and now living Son of God is the object on which you must fix your eye. As a living man, you need a living Christ. You want not a system of doctrine, but a personal Saviour. You need some one not only to lay your hand upon, but one who can return the grasp of that hand. The lift must come from him. The new life must come from him. "His blood cleanseth from all sin" is a mere abstract truth until you come up to that stoning blood for yourself. Submit to its cleansing, as Naaman submitted to be washed in Jordan. "A living trust in Jesus has power unto salvation only because it is the means by which the saving power of God may come into your heart." Faith is not a mere intellectual opinion. It is a heart transaction, by which you lay hold on Jesus and Jesus saves. His sacrifice for sin avails for you; his strength becomes yours; his example teaches you how to live your own daily life; his spirit comes to dwell within you; his armor protects you; and his service becomes the inspiration of your whole being. When you ascend into Christ, you reach a loftier, purer atmosphere. Security is gained up there as in a stronghold on a cliff. Six times over in this psalm the inspired penman tells us how the Lord is thy keeper and how he shall preserve thy soul to all eternity. My friend, lift your eyes upward. Let your voice go up in fervent prayer to the everlasting hills. Put your feet firmly on the path that leads straight toward God. When you reach Him in this world, you have reached Heaven in the next world.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT INTEMPERANCE.

BY BISHOP F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.

ONE can imagine an intelligent person from without the circle of American civilization coming into acquaintance now for the first time with the condition of what is called the Temperance Reform. Would he not be likely to be struck, first of all, with the remarkable disproportion between the effort expended and the result so far? He would see forty or fifty years of incessant and well-nigh universal agitation; a copious and vital literature created; a great host of capable and popular speakers listened to in every nook and corner of the country; an amount of oratory quite incalculable; societies innumerable, organized and kept up everywhere with singular interest and much machinery; "armies," leagues, lodges, clubs, processions, banners, badges, festivals, songs, legislative enactments and penalties; solicitations and inducements of every variety, addressed to individuals of all classes; the general co-operation of the public press; argument, appeal, pathos, sarcasm, vituper-

ation, menace, and statistics unimpeachable—all this with very little show of opposition and scarcely a sound from the other side. The case as against drunkenness, habitual drinking, and the free sale of intoxicating liquors has been made out by evidence and logic, and the practical conclusion driven home with thousand-fold repetition from one end of the land to the other. What "cause" has enlisted in our day more labor, time, money, eloquence, enthusiasm, prayer, ingenuity, more diversified activity, more moral determination?

Turning, however, to look for palpable fruits of all this immense outlay, the observer is undeniably amazed. That a vast deal of good has been accomplished in the rescue of individual souls from temptation and the mitigation of misery is, of course, to be acknowledged with thanksgiving; but, on the other hand, the most sanguine cannot deny that the abatement of the complicated curse, in all its ramifications of wretchedness and violence, pauperism and crime, disease and death, is hardly perceptible that the unprincipled traffic is practically without bounds and that the prospect is anything but cheering. This persistent contrast between outlay and return furnishes a phenomenon extraordinary, if not anomalous.

Certainly, in the face of a failure so stupendous, a modest mind must be slow to propose any new scheme. In the whole range of mortal susceptibility to impression or conviction, every motive seems to have been appealed to and nearly every conceivable experiment at a substantial reduction of the evil has been tried. Is it anything short of conceit to venture on another suggestion?

What is here proposed is not a scheme entirely new. It has, at the least, this negative advantage that it cannot interfere with any other plan of reformation, any moral suasion, any system of pledges to total or limited abstinence. Leaving all addresses to the conscience, or common sense, or religious faith, or even the self-interest of men to do their best, it only offers a help supplementary to them, approaching the matter from a different point or, rather, from two different points at once.

These two points may be called the beginning and the end of the vicious habit. We want to stop and hold back as many of our brother-men as possible from getting entangled and besotted by indulgence, and we want to deal with those who are overmastered and enfeebled by it, so as at once to provide the greatest possible assistance to their recovery and at the same time to remove them from being, as they now are, burdens, tempters, and malactors to their families and to society. Let these two specific objects be kept distinctly in view. They are first to make it as hard as possible for those to become intemperate who are inclined to it; and, secondly, to secure the welfare and harmlessness of as many as possible of those who are already inebriated. Is there any single project that promises to bring about these two ends at once, without injustice or injury to any class?

Such a project, we hold, would be the establishment of institutions for the restraint and guardianship of inebriates, supported by a sufficiently heavy taxation on the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. This would assail the gigantic iniquity and work steadily and healthily against it, from before and behind. The success of the measure, however, would de-