

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

A MODERN DIVES.

BY G. INGLIS, B.A.

Ha, ha, ha! Well, that's a good one! 'Pon my honour,—ho, ho, ho!

Really, my good sir! Excuse me, you're Quixotic, don't you know.

How am I my brother's keeper? What is Lazarus to me?

What although my many millions mock his bitter poverty?

Can I help it? Who begat him? Did I make him? Need I care?

Though my "riotous abundance" aggravate his deep despair?

I'm successful. He's a failure. That's the way the world goes.

Might have been the other way with Lazarus and me. Who knows?

He in robes and I in tatters; half-starved I, and he full fed.

All his children plump and rosy; mine in tears for want of bread.

Homeless I, and hopeless, helpless; living, dying in despair;

All the world to him an Eden, ever changing, ever fair.

Had the luck been so against me, fate so pitiless and grim;

He'd have let me grin and bear it best I could—so I let him.

There's the poor-house, let him enter. No, I would not see him die.

Beggars dying on the sidewalk would destroy life's harmony.

Shall I not wear gorgeous clothing, eat the food my soul adores,

Just because luck's so against him that the dogs can lick his sores?

Though his starving children shiver, pinched and blue with bitter cold,

Why not mine in furs close-mantled, costing all their weight in gold?

Though they herd in filthy hovels, pestilentially vile,

May not my palatial dwelling o'er their squalor proudly smile?

Don't I pay the beggar wages when I've work for him to do?

Screw him down to bottom figures! Why, of course, that's business too;

Ain't it his affair, not mine? His, at least, much more than mine?

Cheap as can be I will get him, though he fast the while I dine.

"Each man for himself," the world is. Climb and push your neighbour down;

Anvil you must be or hammer. So the world will smile or frown.

"Live and let live," once a motto, does not do these modern days;

Now it's "Choke your rivals off, and on their ruins fortunes raise."

Competition! Competition! That's the law that governs trade!

Cheaper you can buy your labour, more's the money to be made!

That's the only thing worth doing; money 'tis that makes the man;

Gospel good enough for me that; give me better one who can.

Money! Money! Nothing like it! I'll have all that I can get.

Get it anyhow I can, and hunger for more money yet.

No! Not anyhow I can, not exactly—there's the law!

Stupid jackal, whc, when hunting, with the trapper leaves a paw.

Bah, you philanthropic fadists! How you stir my very gall!

'Tis the law of nature forces him and such like to the wall.

In the struggle for existence, "might makes right's" the proper view,

That's the law of evolution—I'm Darwinian through and through.

THE MUSIC OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION.

The music of the Protestant Reformation was the dawn of a new music to the world, as completely as the great religious movement itself was the dawn of a higher faith and creed. The music that we enjoy to day—the music of Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Handel, all that is noble, popular and appealing, in the secular part of the art no less than in the sacred—was set in motion when that little rill of reformation began to run, which was soon to overspread Europe with its waters. Up till the time of the Reformation there was but one kind of music in the world, that known as the Gregorian. The services of the Romish Church were a ragged to tunes of this peculiar system, and when once words and music had been put together, there was no change ever allowed. Whenever and wherever the mass was chanted or the Psalms sung, the same musical settings accompanied them. Not a single quaver was different. To change a note was accounted a heinous sin. There was thus a fearful uniformity spread throughout public worship, which was as dull and uninteresting to the congregation as it was painful to the singers. Singing and praying had become alike mechanical; both craved for some potent stimulus to arouse them into life again. All the theorists and teachers of the art were ecclesiastics, who were in duty bound to frown at all divergencies from and innovations on the Gregorian system. Luther's first care, as soon as he could find a breathing space amid his labours of controversy and church reform, was the publication of his opinions on the subject of music. Genuine congregational singing owed its origin to his fertile brain every whit as much as did the hearty worship that accompanied it. In the height of the movement Luther enforced his teachings practically by the publication of a song book. In this book he admitted numerous popular ditties of the day as chants and hymns, including two or three pieces of Romish Church music, which had the unusual merit of extreme simplicity, and had become familiar to the people, as well as hymns of the Moravian Brothers, which had been based on the popular songs of the day, though at an earlier date than the movement which he headed. Such, then, was the effect of the Reformation on the art of music—to renovate and recreate it. Music has been well called the handmaid of religion. And when music was purified by a return to the simplicity of early Christianity, most natural was it that music should receive a similar purification by a similar means. "To praise God and give Him thanks," said Luther, "let us have a voice that will enter not only into the vaults of our churches, but into the cottages of our labouring men." Such a voice was the Protestant music—a music that all could understand, a music for the poor no less than for the rich, and which, springing up hand in hand with the great Reformation itself, seems destined to as eternal a vitality.—*J. F. Rowbotham, in the Quiver for January.*

DR. TAYLOR IN THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

The Tabernacle is a large, airy, Gothic edifice, seating about seventeen hundred people, and it is filled on Sunday mornings, but in the evenings only half full. I could not but be struck with the fact that two-thirds of those present were men. Dr. Taylor is perhaps a little proud of the fact that he has so large a proportion of the male sex in his congregation. They come and listen to his masculine utterances with evident delight. He reads closely his discourse, and perhaps there is in his manner a slightly don't-care style. His accent is slightly Scotch. He is, when the velvet-edged robe is off, a typical "John Bull" in appearance, and there is somewhat of that bluntness in the pulpit. His voice is clear and strong, and his action moderate. His face beamed with intellectual fire, and was well lit up by a peculiar gas arrangement that, while suspended over his head, did not interfere with his movements or with the comfort of the auditors in gazing at him. That arrangement, he told me, was his own device. At first I wondered as to what the ornamental box over his head was intended for. It reminded me of what I had seen in Roman Catholic Churches. It was like the receptacle for the Wafer, or "Host" on the altar. The mystery was explained, however, and Dr. Taylor is very proud of his invention, which, allowing the quartette choir to sit behind the pulpit, does not prevent the constantly-moving faces and tall, nodding bonnets from detracting from the power of the discourse. One's attention was, alas! drawn off ever and anon by the noiseless movement.

As a listener, I was struck with the great disadvantage every minister must labour under who has a choir and perhaps an organ behind him. Whoever invented the wretched system? I am coming to think that it is a Satanic device to check the power of the preaching.

It is not the object of this paper to criticize the style of Dr. Taylor; suffice it to say that there is a solidity about his style that compels attention and demands thought. No great appeal is made to the emotional or the imaginative in the hearers. Deep earnestness pervades the whole discourse.

Speaking once of his manner and object he said at another time, "If I have been in any degree successful in comforting the sorrowful, or directing the perplexed, or strengthening the tempted, or encouraging the desponding, it is because I have tried to take as my motto the words of the greatest of all preachers. 'I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way.' I have tried to inspire men with a new courage for the daily battle; I have sought to make them stronger for the wear and tear of character that modern business necessitates. I have endeavoured to make this life on earth sublime by bringing to bear upon it the motives and sanctions of eternity.—*The Quiver for January.*

THE REVIVAL OF ARCHITECTURE.

Among cultivated people at present there is a good deal of interest felt or affected in the "ornamental arts" and their prospects. Since all these arts are dependent on the master art of architecture almost for their existence, and cannot be in a healthy condition if it is sick, it may be worth while to consider what is the condition of architecture in this country; whether or no we have a living style which can lay claim to a dignity or beauty of its own, or whether our real style is merely a habit of giving certain forms not worth noticing to an all-pervading ugliness and meanness. In the first place, then, it must be admitted on all sides that there has been in this century something like a revival of architecture, the question follows whether that revival indicates a genuine growth of real vitality which is developing into something else, or whether it merely points to a passing wave of fashion which, when passed, will leave nothing enduring behind it. I can think of no better way of attempting a solution of this question than the giving a brief sketch of the history of this revival as far as I have noted it. The revival of the art of architecture in Great Britain may be said to have been a natural consequence of the romantic school in literature, although it lagged some way behind it, and naturally so, since the art of building has to deal with the prosaic incidents of every-day life, and is limited by the material exigencies of its existence. Up to a period long after the death of Shelley and Keats and Scott architecture could do nothing but produce on the one hand pedantic imitations of classical architecture of the most revolting ugliness and ridiculous travesties of Gothic buildings, not quite so ugly, but meaner and sillier; and, on the other hand, the utilitarian brick box with a slate lid which the Anglo-Saxon generally in modern times considers as a good sensible house with no nonsense about it. The first symptoms of change in this respect were brought about by the Anglo-Catholic movement, which must itself be considered as part of the romantic movement in literature, and was supported by many who had no special theological tendencies, as a protest against the historical position and stupid isolation of Protestantism. Under this influence there arose a genuine study of mediæval architecture, and it was slowly discovered that it was not, as was thought in the days of Scott, a mere accidental jumble of pictures, ugliness consecrated by ruin and the lapse of time, but a logical and organic style evolved as a matter of necessity from the ancient styles of classical peoples, and advancing step by step with the changes in the social life of barbarism and feudalism and civilization.—*William Morris, in the Fortnightly Review.*

In a minatory letter to the *Scotsman* a "Free Church Lawyer" declares that if Dr. Rainy attempts a Union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches he may rest assured he will be met as before, on the property question, and be defeated.

JOHN PETER WATSON, a boy of thirteen, the son of people in good circumstances in Pittenweem, was tried lately for sending letters to Mr. Edie, farmer, Corncees, and Rev. Andrew Douglas, Arbroath, threatening to murder them. He was sentenced to a fine of \$25. It is suspected that the boy was a tool in the hands of an older person.

THE music loving public of Toronto were highly gratified last week by the entertainment provided for them by the Royal Grenadiers. The remarkable pianist, Moritz Rosenthal, and the no less gifted young violinist, Fritz Kreisler, gave selections from the works of the great masters with marvellous brilliancy and beauty. Mrs. Agnes Thomson, just returned from New York, where she scored so great a success, sang with all her old time sweetness and power, and with still higher finish.

British and Foreign.

PROFESSOR STORY was invited by the Duke of Argyll to spend the New Year's holidays with his Grace at Inveraray.

TURRIFF Presbytery has accepted the resignation of Rev. John Falconer, of Newbyth, after a ministry of forty-two years.

THE Education Board of Auckland has arranged that a temperance lesson of thirty minutes is to be given in all their schools every week.

THE Rev. John Maxwell, Kirkhill, Dalton, Dumfries, has been ordained by Lochmaben Presbytery. He is about to proceed to take charge at Kingstown, Jamaica.

THE Supreme Court of Appeal has ruled that licensing magistrates have discretionary power to refuse a publican's license even when the house may not have been improperly conducted.

THE Rev. T. W. Pearce reports that in some parts of South China the clan system presents obstacles to the progress of Christianity as great as those produced by the caste system in India.

DR. PAGAN of Bothwell, and Mr. Hetherwick from East Africa, by arrangement with Biggar Presbytery, have been conducting mission services in Biggar and neighbourhood, and getting large audiences.

CAPTAIN GEORGE RLID, of the Salvation Army, was married lately at the registry office, Berwick, to Hon. Emma F. M. Sugden, who is also connected with the Army, and is a granddaughter of the late Lord St. Leonards.

THE Rev. John Smith, of Broughton Place, Edinburgh, according to the unanimous resolution of the Session and managers of Claremont Church, Glasgow, will be recommended to the congregation for the vacant pastorate.

THE Dowager Lady Kinnaird, who died in Kent, has been buried in the little churchyard at Rossie. Rev. Robert Taylor, Presbyterian minister at Norwood, conducted a service in the chapel of Rossie Priory, and at the grave.

LORD ROSEBURY and his daughter, Lady Sybil Primrose, were present in Queensferry Church on a recent Sunday on the fourth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. David Miller, B.D., LL.D. Rev. R. Duncan, of Montrose, conducted the services.

THE address on "The Deacon and the Deacons' Court" by Mr. George B. Young, writer, Glasgow, delivered at the first meeting of the Deacons' Association in that city, has been published in pamphlet form, with notes of the discussion that followed its reading.

THE Rev. James M. Scott, of Leith, in a temperance discourse, denounced the drinking customs at funerals and marriages, and expressed the hope that the time would soon come when all marriages would take place in church, that the ordinance might be recognized as a solemn one.

THE Rev. John McKeown, of Birmingham, is desirous that the Church should be brought into closer and more friendly relations with the Established Church of Scotland, but his motion in the Presbytery that mutual eligibility should be discussed at the next Synod was not carried.

A FEMALE teacher has appealed to Annan Presbytery against the action of the parish minister of Dornock in dismissing her from the Sunday school; and as the Presbytery decided that there were not grounds sufficient to justify them taking action, the case is to be carried to the Synod.

THE Rev. Hugh Callan, M.A., assistant in St. Andrew's, Glasgow, has returned from Egypt after a four months' tour on a bicycle through the continent, Asia Minor and Palestine, the total distance travelled being 2,700 miles. He was hailed in Jerusalem as the first cyclist who had entered it.

THE Moham medans have started a monthly magazine in Calcutta with the avowed purpose of "demolishing Christianity and setting up a national religion in its stead." Its editor, a well known literary man, laments as a serious calamity "the rapid spread of the mischievous teachings of the Bible."

DR. GRAY, of Liberton, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, at a bazaar in aid of North Leith parish church hall, said they were beginning to see that Christianity had a social side and that its principal object was not merely to make us safe for another world, but also to make us good here.

THE Rev. J. S. McNab, of Crombrae, died somewhat suddenly of heart disease. He was a son of the well-known Glasgow journalist celebrated in Alexander Rodger's song of "Blythe Jamie McNab." At one time assistant in St. David's, Glasgow, he was presented to Crombrae parish in 1866 by the Earl of Glasgow.

ABERLOUR Presbytery have disapproved by a majority of the overtures at present under discussion ancient efficiency of the ministry, and Rev. James Smith, of Dufftown, gave notice of an overture to the Assembly to take into consideration some method by which, after a stated period, ministers might be moved from one charge to another.

Two fine etchings of Blackader's and Lauder's crypts, in Glasgow cathedral, have been executed. The crypt of Bishop Blackader was never finished, but, as now cleared out, shows exquisite design, and is in a wonderful state of preservation, considering that it was used as the sepulchre of the city clergy, while a warden of the churchyard had a market-garden on the roof.

GENERAL BOOTH has memorialized the Home Secretary or a Government grant of \$75,000 or a loan of that sum free of interest for fitting up ten rescue homes in London for fallen women, and ten night shelters for houseless men and women. The memorial has been promised consideration. Does not this look something like State Endowment of the Salvation Army?

BOLTON congregation, of which Rev. T. B. Johnstone is minister, has unanimously decided to abolish seat rents, and rely entirely on voluntary offerings. A circular sent to the members has had the good result of securing promises of support to the amount of \$500 more than was received last year from the three chief sources of income—seat rents, Sunday collections and contributions to the Sustentation Fund. The weekly envelope system is to be employed.