

The Family.

SALOME'S PRAYER.

All, mother, full of fondest dreams!
And did thy hopes aspire
To where before the throne there gleams
The crystal sea of fire?
Didst see in vision, left and right,
Thy two sons seated there,
With golden crowns, arrayed in white,
In glory none might share?

Ah, could those eyes have seen indeed
The boon that thou didst ask,
How one dear son for Christ must bleed,
And one work out his task!
It was not Christ's to grant or give
But by the Father's rule;
And willing is for all who live,
The saint's appointed school.

He crowns the victor's brow, but first
Must come the herce hot strife,
The soul must taste earth's last and worst
Before it gains its life;
By circling years or sudden pain,
He ends what he began,
And only thus his servants gain
The stature of the man.

Ye mothers who for children seek
High heritage of fame,
God's gifts, a prophet's words to speak,
Or statesman's might and name,
The wreath that binds the conqueror's brow,
The poet's tongue of fire—
Who thus, Salome like, would now
Speak out your heart's desire—

How would ye shrink in pale dismay
Could ye the future scan,
And trace the lonely age and gray,
The features pale and wan,
Could hear the minstrel's music sad,
And see the statesman foiled,
The one prize never to be had,
For which alone he toiled!

Ye know not that the fire which burns
In words of poet's lips
Upon the man's own spirit turns,
And ends in dim eclipse;
Ye know not, when for those ye love
Ye ask the world's success,
That fame, wealth, pleasure, never prove
Enough the heart to bless.

Far better ask Salome's prayer,
If ye will seek aright,
That those ye love at last may share
The thrones to left and right;
Then leave it to the Father's will
To grant it or deny,
Sure that His love will lead them still,
In wandering far or nigh.

—E. H. Pumphrey in the Quiver for May.

IN PALESTINE.

JERUSALEM, March 21st, 1886.

THE journey from Jaffa was full of interest. I elected to take carriage in preference to riding on horseback. The first day, Monday last, the 15th, we came from Jaffa to Ramleh, across the plain of Sharon. The plain is not a dead flat; but is, on the whole, very level. It is well cultivated, but rather treeless and bare; though here and there there are gardens of olives and other fruit trees. The roadsides and fields adjoining were rich in flowers, of which the scarlet anemone abounded all the way, and much more in the valleys after we got among the hills of Judaea than in the plain. In some parts there were large patches of hill-side literally glowing in scarlet from the countless flowers. I think the anemone must have been the "lily" of which our Lord speaks "as more gorgeously arrayed than Solomon in all his glory." As we crossed the plain, we had the Judean hills—blue when distant, grey as we got near them—constantly in view. The outline of them is by no means so monotonous and wall-like as they appear in photographs; although there are no very conspicuous summits. We got to Ramleh to luncheon. I thought it prudent to rest at the nice little hotel while some of the rest made an excursion to Lydda. We saw Lydda in the distance, which satisfied me.

On Tuesday morning we started at eight o'clock for Jerusalem. The day was again lovely; and, as on Monday, we stopped occasionally to gather flowers. We formed a picturesque cavalcade; two carriages, twelve horsemen, and some six baggage mules. The horsemen sometimes shot ahead and sometimes fell behind, according to the road. After an hour or two we got among the hills, and went on ascending and descending a succession of high ridges, gradually mounting to 2,500 or 3,000 feet, at which the city stands above the Mediterranean. Some of the valleys were very picturesque and beautiful; notably, the one in which the ancient Kirkathearim stands, and one called Colonich, through which flows the brook from which David gathered the stones for his conflict with Goliath. I selected five smooth stones from the brook, though, happily, we did not meet Goliath. The hill-sides were not so bare as I anticipated, being clothed with a dwarf flex, Juniper, and other shrubs I cannot name, where not cultivated. The colours and general appearance of the country reminds one of the Riviera, though it is only in a few places where there is anything like the same cultivation.

As we drew nearer Jerusalem the hills got more bare and rugged. The road zigzagged up and down steep hills, in parts rough beyond all my experience, but in other stretches beautifully made like a "turnpike" road at home. We halted at a little "Khan" by the way for luncheon, which our dragoman brought from Ramleh. When we came to the last—or what we supposed to be the last— ascent, the horsemen pushed on ahead, each eager to get the first view of the Holy City. We watched them as they climbed the zigzag road far above us, and passed over the ridge out of sight. But when we ourselves surmounted the ridge, we found a panorama of bare uplands, rolling away on all sides like a sea, with the grand blue wall of the mountains of Moab away in front. We drove on for half-an-hour or more, and found ourselves suddenly close to large buildings, a Russian convent and church, etc., with a part, only a small part, of the city visible, though it was close at hand. After a quick drive through a pretty and thriving-like suburb (the growth of the last fifteen or twenty years), the carriage stopped at the Jaffa gate. We alighted, walked in, and in a minute or two, by a well-paved street, we reached the hotel. I shall not attempt to describe my sensations

when I actually stood within the gates of Jerusalem. By this time the sun was going down, and we thought it wisest, as we felt it would be most pleasant, to rest. You may be sure we praised the Lord for all His mercy to us since we left the shores of England.

On Wednesday morning I was on the top of the house soon after day-break. It was a delicious morning, but cloudy, or hazy rather, so that I did not see the sun rise, as I hoped, over Olivet. But I enjoyed the hour I spent on the housetop alone amazingly. I read many passages from the Old and New Testament, and found from experience how secluded a place of meditation and prayer the housetop supplies. Countless sparrows came chirping around, turtle-doves were cooing to one another, and great flights of swallows were whirling on every side. Facing east I looked down upon the Church of the Sepulchre, at hand the grey housetops of the city, sloping down to the vast Temple area on the right, with the beautiful mosque of Omar in the middle. Beyond it, with no indication from this point of the deep valley of the Kedron between, rose the Mount of Olives, with the three pathways to its summit clearly marked. Looking south-east to the right of Olivet, and along the depression in the hills which marks the valley of the Kedron, rose the blue mountains of Moab, with the Dead Sea not visible at their base, looking quite near at hand. Facing south, the houses sloped upwards to Zion, the city of David. I shall reserve details till I return. It is time to go to church. The good Lord be with you and us to-day.

Just returned from church. The minister, Mr. Kelk, is, they say, inclined to be high, but his service is strictly low church. The sermon was on the conversion of the Jews, and was in some parts of it interesting, though certainly not striking. But I enjoyed worshipping with a Christian congregation, a good many of whom were Hebrew Christians, and singing hymns in praise of our Lord Jesus near the spot where He was crucified. It is a day of surpassing loveliness, as all our days in Jerusalem have been. Sun very hot, but tempered by a cool breeze. Rain is much wanted, but we can scarcely join in the desire for it. Our first walk in Jerusalem was round parts of the walls; a rather giddy undertaking, as some of the party found. We then visited the Tower of Antonia, where Pilate's judgment hall stood, and walked thence along the Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which covers, as you know, the traditional (certainly not the real) scene of the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus. Dr. Davidson, Dr. Gibson, and I took a walk outside the walls down the valley of Gihon and Hinnom to its junction with the Kedron valley, south of the city. Standing at the bottom of this deep gorge, with the city sitting queen-like on the lofty hills to the north as they rise abruptly from Hinnom on one side and Kedron on the other. I could understand the burst of admiration in Psalm xlviii: "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north (we had been, as it were, looking at it from the south), the city of the great King." And both at that spot and on the Mount of Olives, and the Temple area, observing the circle of hills drawn like the arms of God around the city, I felt how beautiful and appropriate are the words of another Psalm: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth and even forever." Scripture seems to me so much more vivid, read in connection with the scenery and associations of the Holy Land. I preached for the Episcopal minister at Jaffa last Sunday afternoon. There were three Episcopal ministers present besides our own clerical contingent, so that it was quite a meeting of the clergy. Mr. Newman Hall read prayers in the pulpit, but I preached without vestments except my ordinary dress.

Well, to resume. On Thursday I walked to Bethany, a longer walk than I anticipated, the fifteen furlongs—a mile and seven-eighths—are measured from the Golden Gate in the eastern wall, three-quarters of a mile from this, and up the face of the hill. But we went by a much longer and easier ascent, over the shoulder of Olivet. Bethany is a poor Arab village, in a most lovely and picturesque spot. It is perched like a nest, high up on a kind of shelf, over a deep valley which sweeps away down to the Dead Sea, whose blue waters, with the mountains of Moab beyond, are distinctly seen from it. Olives, almonds (in full blossom), pomegranates, and other fruit trees grow luxuriantly around; and away to the right are the rolling grey hills with their lovely valleys, which formed the scene of the temptation of our Lord. From Bethany, after looking at the house and tomb of Lazarus (both merely traditional), we climbed to the top of Olivet, and saw the alleged foot-print in the rock from which our Lord is said to have ascended; enjoyed the wonderful view from the top of a mosque tower on the summit; walked back by the way—very probably—by which Jesus oftentimes went on His walks to and from Bethany; saw the spot where He may have stood when He beheld the city and wept over it; passed by the Garden of Gethsemane; climbed the steep slope of Kedron to the city walls; entered through St. Stephen's Gate, and threaded our way through the narrow, unsightly, and crowded little streets to the hotel on the west or Zion side of the city. On Friday some of us got donkeys, and (after visiting the Church of the Sepulchre, which simply sickened me) started for a ride round the city. We visited and examined the Fountain and the Pool of Siloam (which two must not be confounded), also the Calvary, recently identified, a green hill of exactly the shape of a skull, some eighty feet high, standing some seventy yards from the walls of the city and commanding a most extensive view. Yesterday, I visited the sepulchre in the garden near by. I cannot doubt that the true scene of the Crucifixion has at last been found. Thoughts too deep for words or even tears rose within me as I stood on the highest part of Golgotha and repeated His words—"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Though by no means so sure of the grave as of the spot where He was crucified, it is at least highly probable that I looked into the very tomb where He lay and whence He rose. Literally I stooped down and looked in, and afterwards went in. "He is not here; he is risen;" and yet how truly here. Oh! how real the whole story of the Cross reads here; and how near and dear and precious does one feel that Blessed One to be who died and rose again here.

It is time for afternoon service. Mr. Hall is to preach for one of the Episcopal ministers, and then we are to have a short service on the green hill where "Jesus our Lord was crucified." We go to Hebron to-morrow.—Rev. Robert Taylor, in London Messenger.

SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

To those acquainted with Sunday in Toronto, it will be very easy to explain how it is spent in Edinburgh, for in this respect the two cities are very similar. Both may be called essentially church-going cities. Business of all kinds is entirely suspended, and instead of the hurried, impatient, feverish activity of other days of the week, there is that quietness of manner and reverence of demeanor so becoming the day of rest. Always beautiful, this charming city seems most enchanting when in the sweet and solemn stillness of the morning of "the day God made," its grand natural features seem to speak not so much of events which have invested them with deep, historic interest, as of Him who "of old laid the foundation of the earth," and who, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem," is about His people. Nowhere should worship be easier or more natural than here, for in no other place perhaps does His handiwork, so diversified and beautiful, speak more impressively to the devout and reverent heart. Between ten and eleven on Sunday morning the streets are thronged with people resorting to their various places of worship. Edinburgh has, in all, about two hundred churches, nearly three-fourths of which are Presbyterian. Among the remaining fifty all the other denominations and societies are represented, from the Roman Catholics to the Plymouth Brethren. Of the many able and earnest preachers of Edinburgh, we cannot do more than mention a few of the more prominent. Dr. Walter Smith, of the "Free College church," is familiarly spoken of as "Edinburgh's most eloquent preacher." Those Presbyterians that favour a modified liturgical service can gratify their tastes, *mirabile dictu*, at St. Giles Cathedral, and, in addition, enjoy the charm of Dr. Lees' cultured style. The best known of all Edinburgh's preachers, perhaps, is Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose grandeur is his simplicity, and whose charm is his evangelicism. At St. Cuthbert's, Dr. McGregor, "Wee McGregor of the Tron," discourses with undiminished acceptance to a large congregation of Edinburgh's best society. Dr. Candlish's old pulpit in Free St. George's (the miniature of St. Paul's) is filled by Dr. Whyte, a most impressive and helpful preacher. Among the more recent additions to the pulpit talent of Edinburgh is the Rev. J. Smith, formerly of Berwick, who, as assistant to the veteran Dr. Andrew Thompson, is making for himself an enviable reputation. Mr. Smith declined a call to St. James' Square church, Toronto, two years ago.

In many of the churches an afternoon service is still held. A few years ago this was the rule, but gradually the custom has fallen into disuse, and, as with ourselves, an evening service is held. Sunday School work is receiving a much more important place in Scotland than it had a few years ago, but even yet there might be much learned in this department by the people of that country from the American side of the Atlantic.—N. McKay in Knox College Monthly.

THE STORY OF A TEAR.

FOR twenty years I was the chaplain of a state penitentiary. Many hard cases came before my eyes; none harder than that of "Billy," as he was called. Years passed away. One day I was waiting in a railway station, when a spry and cheerful-looking man came in, satchel in hand, moving with that alert and resolute gait that bespoke a man of comfortable and well-to-do position in life. When he saw me he came forward inquiringly looking into my face, and said:

"Dr. B.—I believe?"
"Yes; but I don't recall you."
"Why, don't you remember Billy, up there?"
This was a euphemism by which the convict hid the past. An expressive gesture gave emphasis to his words. His face and story came fresh to my mind, and I asked what had wrought the change. He said that he had married, was in successful business, and, better than all, a happy Christian. When questioned further, he said:
"You remember the deputy? How I used to trouble him? Well, I acted so bad one time that he said he must lock me up in solitary confinement. He marched me off to the dark cell. As we walked along he said:
"Billy, I hate to lock you up there."
"It seemed but a casual remark, and had little effect on me. As he locked the cell he repeated it still more earnestly:
"I hate to lock you in here, for I believe there is yet a man in you!"
"As I turned to look at him a tear coursed down the deputy's cheek that told the depth of his feeling. It touched my soul. All night long I paced the floor of that narrow cell—saw, as it were, shapes of darkness about me, and heard still ringing in my ear, 'I believe there is yet a man in you.' When the morning broke it found me on my knees praying: 'Oh God, if there be a man in me, help me to bring it out!' God heard that prayer, and set me free from sin."—Christian Union.

WHAT CAN THE LITTLE ONES DO?

"The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in his harvest?"

THERE are some things they cannot do. They cannot go to foreign lands as missionaries. They cannot give large sums of money for the support of the mission cause. They cannot build churches in India or China or Africa, or out in our own far western country. God intends that such things as these shall be done by their parents and their older brothers and sisters. And yet there are many things that even the little ones can do. Here is one thing which we find in the *Lutheran Missionary Journal* for this month. Read it carefully, for it may contain a seed-thought: "In an industrial school in New York city, a little girl was presented with a pretty flowering plant as a reward for regular attendance and faithfulness in her duties. In this school, one Saturday each month is observed as a missionary day, and each child is expected to bring a cent. This little girl longed to do more. So she took her plant home, washed the window of their tenement-house room that her plant might get more sunshine, watered it, and kept the leaves free from dust. As slips appeared, she rooted them in tiny pots, sold them, and took the money to the school on missionary day. At the end of another school year she had gained in this way \$6.50. When urged to keep part for her own needs, she said: 'Oh, no; my plant is a missionary plant.'"—The Christian at Work.

"NEITHER race nor place makes a man, but grace."

NOTES BY "PHILO."

LONG SPEECHES.

A WRITER in one of the daily papers has recently been calling attention to the long speeches that are made in the General Assembly. It appears to not a few, that the tendency in our Assemblies is not so much to long discussions, as to no discussion at all, not so much to long speaking, as to very brief and inadequate speaking, even on very important questions, so that before a subject has been at all adequately ventilated, cries of "vote, vote," arise from some impatient brethren, and a hasty ill-vised conclusion is come to that a calm discussion would have rendered impossible. Or, perhaps, when an important subject is under consideration, some brother who thinks it not so important as another subject in which he is interested, rises and protests against the time of the Assembly being longer taken up with a question of this kind. This view of the matter is echoed by some of those who are always ready to be tired with argument, and are apt to be carried away by any loudly uttered opinion from one who seems to speak with an oracular air. The discussion thus judiciously interrupted, soon reaches the destined end. Rather let us have time to consider fully the difficult questions the Assembly has to deal with, and in the end business will be more satisfactorily done. Would it not be better also if all lengthened reports were held as read, having been placed in the hands of members, and conveners satisfied to allude merely to the salient features of their reports, and then the subject under review left to the court, to discuss or not, as seems necessary. At all events, there is very little danger of being troubled with speeches of too great a length, or of having too full a debate upon any important subject under present auspices. Our Presbyterian system is perhaps the best possible arrangement for doing the work of the Church of Christ, but its excellency may be marred by the manner in which it is administered. It is possible even for Presbyterians to grow too much attached to mere accidental forms of procedure, and so obstruct the work they are sincerely desirous of furthering.

SUBSERVICENCY OF THE PRESS.

We boast of the freedom and power of the press, and we have reason to be thankful for it. But when the press is practically sold to the support of a particular political party, its usefulness from a religious point of view is very much weakened. This is illustrated in the attitude of our leading newspapers towards the Roman Catholic question. How can the press boast of its freedom, when at the same time it dare not, and will not, speak out on behalf of the country, against the injustices and the encroachments on its liberties perpetrated under the influence of that system? We are favoured every day with blazing articles on the injustice of an Established Church in Britain, but not a whisper is uttered against the same thing in the Province of Quebec.

The people of Ireland are fought for with eloquent bitterness of denunciation against their oppressors, as they are deemed, but not a word is spoken for the deliverance of that Province from the burden of ecclesiastical oppression under which it is held. Roman Catholic dignitaries and nobles are heralded and reported with *acclamations* of collaboration, while Protestant dignitaries, giving the other side of the case, are dismissed with a brief paragraph. And this in a press that is never tired of parading its freedom, and which never misses an opportunity of assailing ministers because they will not echo its sentiments. No one can question the power of the press, but when its power is only put forth at the bidding of policy, there are many questions necessarily left unaltered by it. Christian men are called on now-a-days to endow colleges. Their money would in many cases do equal good, if they would set up and sustain a daily newspaper conducted in entire independence of political parties. Had we one or two such paper in which the same business and literary ability were exhibited as are found in the political sheets, it would be an immense boon to the country. Such papers would dare to discuss questions that now are never presented to the people. Such papers would be free in a sense in which the present daily press is not free. Newspapers conducted on this principle, it is said, would never pay; hence they would need to be endowed. Colleges such as we have, are not expected to pay; and therefore require to be endowed. Why not endow a newspaper, that could claim justly to be free to defend the liberties of the people, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic?

ROMAN CATHOLIC WISDOM

is seen in the very skillful way in which the interests of the Church of Rome are everywhere and at all times promoted and kept in the front. This is possible among them, because among them there are two things which we have not. These are Church authority, and unquestioning subordination of inferior interests. Nor will Protestantism cope successfully with this great power, until it applies itself more wisely to the work. Our scattered forces and disjointed energies must fall to accomplish all that we would desire. We must learn from Rome herself how to conquer in this conflict.

REVIVAL OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

After all, our power must be found in that divine life and divine spirit which should dwell in the Church, and animate her in every labour. And it is encouraging to note how the Churches of Christ in every land are realizing this, and devoting their energies with increasing zeal to the work of preaching a pure gospel. This is the cheering aspect of the case. And our own Church is behind none in this land in this work. And to maintain this work should ever be our aim and our glory.

It is to be most earnestly hoped that our Church will continue to place her reliance on a faithfully preached gospel, as the means of extending her influence for Christ. There are not wanting instances of Churches that are being drawn aside from this course, in a vain endeavour to attract the multitude. It is sad to read of the exhibitions they make. They are preaching everything but the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. How can a people grow strong and intelligent spiritually, unless they are fed on the truths of Scripture? Can the ingenious fancies and eloquent sensationalisms that are offered to the curious and ignorant crowd, train up a Bible-loving, God-fearing generation? Only a robust Bible-fed religion can present a solid front against the superstitious religions and worldliness of the present time.

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