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Toronto, August 1, 1895.

Capture of the "Bastile."

OUR French fellow-citizens of Montreal, have been celebrating, along with the people of France, the fall of the Bastile, by a fete held on the first three days of the week beginning with the 14th July. This great fortress was built by Charles V., King of France, in the latter part of the 14th century. It was first a royal castle but afterward it was used as a State prison, being to the City of Paris, what the "Tower" is to London. It therefore became the hated symbol of despotism, and obnoxious to the people. Men could be apprehended, and confined in the Bastile, at the royal pleasure. They might be guilty of no crime, and yet imprisoned there for months and years, and even put to death without trial. It was razed to the ground by the people on the 14th July, 1789, being the first martial act in the bloody birth-throes of liberty, which began with the French Revolution, and ended finally with the establishment of the French Republic. The fete then commemorated the birth-day of the liberties of the French people. It is our humble trust that, some day early in the twentieth century, our French fellow-countrymen may be celebrating the birth-day of their spiritual liberties, in this favored land. It cannot be denied that they are under a bondage which is far more deplorable, than that of the people of France, in the 18th century. That was political, this is spiritual. The Pharisees imagined they were God's people, because they were the descendants of Abraham, according to the flesh. And the members of the Roman Catholic Church are taught to regard themselves as God's faithful people, merely in virtue of their belonging to that communion. The Pharisees were mistaken, and so are these. Baptism does not regenerate the soul, as they believe, nor the sacraments save them. There is a famine of the Word of God among them, and it is the policy of the Presbyterian Church, to give them that Word, and the pure and only gospel-salvation through Jesus Christ alone, and the exercise of personal faith in Him. We commend the work to the prayerful sympathy of all our readers, and to their practical liberality, feeling assured that the best, and so far as we can see, the only, solution of the racial and religious troubles, which now cloud our country's horizon, lies in giving the French people the Bible and the gospel, the only basis of an enlightened and Christian liberty, and of true national unity.

The Sign Between God and His People.

It is not a matter of indifference, how we observe the Sabbath-day. It is, when properly kept, a mark of faith in God, and it discovers in us a pious reverential spirit. It speaks out in an unquestionable way the regard we have to God's ordinances, for one way or other, the Sabbath is the conservator of them all.

Let the Sabbath go, and everything sacred goes with it. Let the Sabbath be sanctified, and it is a hedge about every appointment of God, for man's good and well-being. As one of our poets has sung of it, it is "the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week." And it is far more than that, it makes the week precious in its possibilities, rich in its enjoyments, and royal in its character. A Sabbath-keeping land is a land of light and liberty and leading. A country wherein the Sabbath is dishonoured is like an Oriental lacking a girdle for his loins and hope for his heart—it is destitute of moral strength and spiritual energy. It is no marvel then that God said to His ancient people, and through them to His people to-day: "I gave them my Sabbaths to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them." The Sabbath is the keystone to the arch of religious life and religious observance. It gives them strength and beauty, it preserves their integrity, it makes them both shine with a dazzling radiance. It's observance is the source of every spiritual blessing. It holds up the Church with its ordinances of preaching the Word, and worshipping God in prayer and praise. And through these it promotes spirituality of thought, and righteousness of life. It keeps us within the realm of Divine consciousness—close to God's heart and open to God's mind. It sanctifies all the week. It envelopes the week with its spirit, and crowns it with its glory. It not alone brings rest for the body, but also refreshment for the mind and ease and comfort for the heart. It is the saints market-day. It is the good man's, the godly man's solace. Without the Sabbath what would man do? George Herbert in his "Temple" says: "The week were dark but for thy light. Thy torch doth show the way." Little do we realize how much is bound up in the simple but sublime act of Sabbath observance. It brings to us all the chief good of our life. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure upon my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable, and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, not speaking thine own words; thou shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." How often does God say, "Hallow ye the Sabbath." There can be no disregard of this injunction without loss of all that is necessary to the highest advantage of the individual, or the community, or the nation.

What care therefore should we take of this Holy Day. What effort should we put forth to preserve it against the inroads of secularizing tendencies? Here as elsewhere, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. In Canada we have a Sabbath of which we may well be proud, that is comparing it with Sabbaths in other lands. Across the line, we find in Chicago, New York, Boston, Buffalo, and other cities, most undesirable things obtaining, such as Sunday newspapers, full of all kinds of news, save such things as are fit for Sunday reading; Sunday delivery of mails; Sunday theatres, Sunday cars, Sunday excursions, and Sunday saloons. The Lord's day, instead of being a day of sacred festival is turned into a day of secular enjoyment, instead of being a day of holy convocation, is turned into a day of recreation. The streets are thronged with people not on the way to the house of God, but on the way to the park or the beer garden, or the boat—men and women in crowds going everywhere but to church. That is a sad sad sight. People