

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 17.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18th, 1888.

No. 17.

Notes of the Week.

THE liquor bill of the people of the United Kingdom in 1887 was nearly \$625,000,000, an increase over 1886 of upwards of \$10,000,000. The average cost to each family of five persons was about \$85 a year. What an enormous waste! Is it any wonder that so many bread winners are overburdened?

THE Chicago *Interior* rises to remark: THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN offers reception and entertainment for the Pan-Presbyterian Council at its next meeting after that of June, 1888, at Toronto. The Council has met in England, Ireland, Scotland and the United States, and now comes the Dominion for its turn. The hospitality of that large section of England will doubtless be accepted. The Canucks are at once republican and royal—the best 'alf-and-'alf that is made.

M. WILSON, whose connection with the family of M. Grevy and whose unprincipled ambition drove the president of the French Republic into retirement, is of very obscure origin. His father was a Glasgow foundryman, but whether any of the family still live in Scotland is not known. The elder Wilson became very wealthy from his Creuzot iron works and his gas monopoly in Paris. M. Daniel Wilson is now paying the legal penalty for fraud recently decreed by the Paris tribunal at which he was arraigned.

ACCORDING to the annual report of the treasurer of Yale College the total amount of the university funds is \$502,705.66, and of the academical funds, \$1,030,420.43. The income of the academical department is about \$161,000 and its expenses about \$170,000. The largest item under this head is for salaries of instructors, \$93,892. The theological department has invested funds to the amount of \$416,123.60, with an income of about \$32,988.81. The payments were \$33,042.21. The Sheffield Scientific School, one of the most prosperous arms of the university, has investments amounting to \$160,989.24. Its receipts are stated to be \$70,947.63, and its expenses \$64,533.65.

THE Huron *Expositor* has the following: Says the *Globe*, THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN rightly continues to demand better music all along the line. All lovers of good church music will say Amen to this. Presbyterians are, in the country especially, very much behind the times. They are very particular regarding the training of their ministers, and rightly so; but why should not the precentor and congregation be trained to sing? It is said of Mr. Spurgeon that when the singing does not suit him he will stop the singers and say, "That will never do. We must sing better than that." Were he in some country congregations in Canada there would be frequent rests in the music.

THE proprietor of the New York *Mail and Express*, has adopted the somewhat unusual course, for a secular newspaper, of printing at the head of its editorial columns a passage selected from the Bible, on each day. Being questioned by a reporter of the *Tribune* as to the reason for this course, he replied as follows: I print the text because I think it desirable that men who are necessarily absorbed in business should be reminded of the words of their heavenly Father. Some people poke fun at me for it, but I don't mind it. It is God they ridicule, not me. As long as I am associated with the *Mail and Express*, I shall publish a text from the Bible every day, and print it in the same place, so that my readers may know where to look for it.

OUT of 25,000 cases inquired into during the past year by the Charity Organization Society, the *Christian World* says, only 14,000 were found worthy of assistance. When it is borne in mind that from five to seven millions are annually given in alms in the metropolis alone, the value of a society that investigates—sometimes, it may be, a little harshly—cases of destitution, and occasionally relieves them, is seen

to be inestimable. As Lord Derby justly remarks: There are no such robbers of the deserving poor as those habitual mendicants, who by false tales of distress, divert into their own pockets the relief that is intended for real sufferers. It is declared by the Society that, in spite of the demonstrations of the unemployed, the distress in London during this winter has not been exceptional.

THE Hamilton *Times* says: The Rev. D. H. Fletcher, at the close of an earnest discourse in MacNab Street Church Sabbath morning week, said he had heard many pathetic addresses in times past, but the most touching of all was a short speech the other day by an old and cultured man, Dr. Daniel Wilson, to the students at college in Toronto. He spoke to them of the trials and difficulties of life, of the doubts and certainties of science, and besought them to anchor their souls on this truth, viz.: Christ and the resurrection; and then in the struggles and battles of life, with their minds stayed upon this rock and spring of hope, they would never fail in the arduous duties that lay before them. It was grand to see and hear this venerable man, who knew so well how to master doubts, give this advice to the large number of young men before him.

A CONTEMPORARY says: The death of U. S. ex-Attorney General Brewster, one of the noblemen of this generation, has brought into print an incident of his life, which, though told before, will bear to be repeated now. His face was disfigured by several scars which were the marks left by a determined effort in his boyhood to save his baby sister from the flames of an open fire into which she had fallen from the lap of a faithful old nurse overcome by fatigue and sleep. In the hard pressure of some bitter struggle at the bar, Mr. Brewster's antagonist so far forgot himself as to reproach him with the scars upon his face, and held him up as a deformed monster to the jury. Mr. Brewster bore it all with cool patience, and when he rose related in the simplest words he could the history, closing with the remark, "And so, gentlemen of the jury, the little girl was saved, though I myself came out of the fire with my face burned black as the heart of the man who does not scruple to taunt his antagonist at the bar with a personal deformity."

MR. JAMES HOGG, who died lately in his eighty-second year, was the founder and for many years the active and enterprising head of the publishing firm, dissolved twenty years ago, of James Hogg & Sons. Born in the South of Scotland, he was apprenticed to a printer in Edinburgh, and his first step in promotion was to be proof-reader on a newspaper. The first book he published was a "Narrative of some Passages in the History of Eenopoolik," the first Esquimaux that visited Great Britain. In 1845 he started *Hogg's Instructor*, to which De Quincey and Gilfillan were contributors, and to which Dr. Peter Bayne, then dreadingly toiling as an assistant teacher in an academy, sent the first paper he ever offered to a magazine. This excellent magazine achieved success, but its publisher wrecked it by the ambition to make it a high-class monthly, in which he failed. Mr. Hogg published the works of De Quincey in fourteen volumes. He was a man of fine literary taste, of a noble and gentle character, and was regarded with deep affection by his friends. His son James founded *London Society*.

DR. SOMERVILLE'S first public appearance in Glasgow, since his return from Hungary, was at the meeting held on the 22nd ult., to welcome Rev. Thomas Adamson, as pastor of Free Anderston Church, Glasgow. On mounting the platform the venerable evangelist was greeted with a hearty cheer, which he acknowledged by good humouredly waving his copy of the evening's programme. He excused himself from making a long speech by remarking that he felt "jostled and collapsed" after the severe strain he had undergone, but in expressing his hearty good wishes for Mr. Adamson's future he made a telling illustra-

tion out of the river Danube, which he had seen frequently in the course of his travels. Just as that river owed its power to the innumerable tributaries it received so the new pastor's ministry would only be strong and effective in proportion as he received the assistance of all the members of the Church. The previous pastor, Rev. J. M. Sloan, now Dr. Horatius Bonar's colleague in Edinburgh, said that while coming to the meeting he had endeavoured to analyze his mingled feelings and thought that if he had been an Irishman he should have said he felt like a man going to see his widow married. On second thoughts, however, he thought it would be truer to say he felt like a father about to witness the marriage of his daughter.

KATE FOOTE, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Independent*, says: At an afternoon reception in a private house the other day, some one spoke of Mr. Kennan's articles in the *Century*, and the conversation drifted to Russia; and by one consent they all turned to a lady who had been there, the wife of one of our ex-ministers to Russia. "How did you feel when you were there? Did it occur to you ever that you were living under an autocratic government?" "It bore upon me like a weight always," said the lady, in earnest tones. "I think I could not have stayed another year. One afternoon I was walking on a quiet street, just off from the noise and bustle of the Nevskoi Prospekt, the great street of the city. I saw a file of soldiers coming down the street, first a soldier, then a prisoner, then another soldier, and I stopped involuntarily. They had on the long, gray loose coat, linen trousers, no stockings, and the gray cap of the convict, and I saw the diamond of yellow cloth set into the back as the first one went by, which meant that he was a political convict, and that they were taking him to Siberia. The second looked at me as he passed me, and I saw that he knew I was an American, and that he was taking a last look at something that was free. His face was fine and regular, with dark eyes and had a fixed look of unutterable sadness that brought tears to my eyes as I returned his gaze. I could do nothing—I might have got into trouble, or got him into trouble if I had made even a sign of farewell, and I turned away sick at heart."

THIS is the New York *Independent's* epitaph on the briber of the New York aldermen: Jacob Sharp—the "cook on a timber raft, day labourer, contractor, projector, millionaire and convict"—is dead. This event removes him beyond the reach of human justice, at once suspends all its processes against him, and has already placed him before a tribunal that needs no testimony and can make no mistakes. The public opinion that he had been guilty of a high crime, for which he deserved to be punished under the laws of this State, will not be changed by the fact of his death. No reasonable man can, if knowing what was proved on his trial, for a moment doubt whether he was the head and front of that system of bribery by which so many of the aldermen of this city were corrupted in 1884. It is true that the Court of Appeals of this State reversed the judgment against him, and granted him a new trial, purely on technical grounds that did not affect the general aspects of the case. Death has saved him from a second trial and probably a second conviction on earth; yet his sun goes down in dishonour and disgrace. Shrewd, persistent and successful as a money-maker, he lived long enough to achieve his own ruin, and illustrate the truth that "the way of the transgressor is hard." The moral lesson of his life is that it is far better to do right than to be rich. All men find this out at last if not in this world, in the next. The last year of Mr. Sharp's life must have been one of extreme mortification and bitterness. The ordeal through which he was to pass was to him an awful one; and yet it was but the natural and just consequence of the course which he had pursued. Let others take warning and never forget what Solomon says: "As righteousness tendeth to life, so he that pursueth evil pursueth it to his own death." A moral order prevails over the affairs of men, which no one can safely disregard.