

# The Presbyterian Review.

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## In Memoriam.

AND art thou gone, my father—shall thy smile  
No longer greet the children at the door?  
Thou hast but left us for a little while;  
The voices called thee to the brighter shore.

Quick was thy voyaging, though frail thy bark,  
And dear the anch'rage at the further side;  
Thy Jesus at the helm—sure was the mark,  
Rest from the billows of the earthly tide.

In that fair haven where all tremblings cease  
Thou leanest, joyous, on thy Saviour's breast;  
We grudge thee not thy heritage of peace—  
At eventide there cometh time for rest.

Dear to our hearts, the blessed memory  
Of blameless days lived to a blameless close,  
And dearer still, the priceless legacy  
Of faith and love, we find it hard to lose.

Farwell, till daybreak, and the shadows flee,  
With trembling feet we seek to follow on;  
Thou shalt not come, but we shall go to thee,  
We, too, may reach the Light where thou hast gone.

ANNIE S. SWAN.

## Analysis of the Angelus.

AT one of the Chataqua vesper services, Professor Drummond said of Millet's Angelus:

"The picture represents an exceedingly simple country scene. A wide field stretching far in the distance. In the foreground stand two plain figures with bowed heads—simple peasant folks—besides them a sack of potatoes. By a few plain lines the artist has represented the village in the distance, with the spire of the village church rising above it. There is nothing striking or picturesque about the picture, not even a sunset, though it is sunset time. The artist merely suggests, and that is why this little canvas, not larger than a page of your daily newspapers, has become immortal. In that picture the artist has preached a sermon under three heads.

"The first head is work. The painting is a picture of your life and mine. We spend the greater part of life in doing nothing more interesting than our daily duty. Yet there is nothing greater in this world than the common tasks we have to bring ourselves to do every day. The obvious proof of this is that our Lord spent the most part of His life in common work. For thirty years He worked at the carpenter's bench. The ideal life was spent over the plane and the hammer. It is something to remember when we are doing everyday, common things that the Divine life was spent that way.

"We often wonder why God would have us spend the most of our life so. The old belief was that it was because man had fallen and must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. But that belief is fast giving away now to the one that work is our moral education. Only through work can we learn to become what we should become. We do not make machines in the workshop, but character. We come into the world with our souls not made, and must make them ourselves. . . .

"The second head of the artist's sermon is God. One cannot look at the picture without feeling a sense of God. Perhaps this is the most religious picture painted in this century. Those heads bowed at the sound of the Angelus

from the distant church tower infuse a deep religious tone through the entire painting. Here we find what makes all the difference between work as such and work as drudgery. . . .

"The new conception is of an everywhere present God, who prevails in nature and is all around us. Science has abolished the childish conception that God is above. Science has gone above and found no God there. To the childish idea that God made the world 6,000 years ago and then withdrew, science says the world is tens of thousands of years old. In abolishing these old childish views we get a much higher view of God—a view of the God of the Angelus, of the God of the book of Genesis, of the God that moves on the face of the water, of the God of Jesus as He spoke to the women at the well. A God everywhere—here, breathing in these trees, in the play of colour, in the songs of these birds. You had not heard the birds till now. Why? Because your thoughts were somewhere else. Just so you become buried in your own thoughts and never hear God. If you stop and listen as the figures of the Angelus, you will hear God, you will get Him back and know He is here. . . .

"The third and last head of the sermon picture is love. Notice that there are two figures in the picture one a man, the other a woman. I do not care what their relation is to each other, whether brother and sister, or friends or lovers, it makes no difference, but it makes all the difference that there are two of them, one a man, the other a woman. Conceive of either being taken away and the other left alone; the picture would not be complete. The two, man and woman, make it complete. They make it warm and human. Love makes warmth, comfort, and home. The true life is not in work. See how the business man travels every night twenty or thirty miles from his place of business to be with his wife in their little home in the suburbs. Love is life. Unless our lives have these three ingredients—work, God, and love—in them there is a want.

THE following paragraph from the Cumberland Presbyterian has been republished in many of our contemporaries, and is worthy a place in our columns:

Personalities are not arguments. What a man says in this paper is a legitimate object of courteous criticism, but the man himself is never properly under review. If correspondents wish to answer articles which appear in these columns they are at liberty to do so, but the writers of articles must not be personally attacked. Every correspondent and writer for the church paper is presumed to be honest and sincere, one not less so than another. Measures, therefore, and not motives, can be assailed.

He who cannot discuss a subject without attacking the man who opposes him, has no right to space in a paper which goes into the best Christian homes of the land. . . .

No honest man has the right to offend any other honest man. Our conception of a religious editor's duty is, that he should allow the fullest liberty in the discussion of proper subjects, but sincere opponents are not personally proper subjects for discussion.