

NOW READY.

Supplemented Scheme of Lessons,

Adapted Specially for use in

Presbyterian Sabbath Schools.

Price per 100 sheets, containing lessons for 1881, 60 cents, mailed free of postage to any address.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Publisher.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Proprietor.
OFFICE—NO. 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1880.

FATHER GAVAZZI.

THE well-known Father Gavazzi has lately arrived in America. He comes to raise money for the Free Church of Italy, which has increased nearly fivefold since 1870, having now about 1,800 communicants. He expects to be on this continent for about six months, and no doubt will visit Canada before leaving. In his first address in New York, he said:

"We are getting bravely on in this work. There is no longer any effort made to crush us out. The masses hear us gladly. It is only a few fanatics, and now and then a priest in some distant province who attempts to interfere with us. We are as much under Government protection as the Church of Rome itself. One may read the Bible in the streets of Rome to-day, or sing or speak, without molestation. The constitution of our Church is half Presbyterian and half Independent. We have our General Assembly, which is composed of deputies from the united churches. At the same time, each church is independent of all others in its local affairs. We have 15 ordained ministers, 15 evangelists, 49 elders, 67 deacons, 11 deaconesses, more than 1,800 communicants, 724 Sabbath school scholars, 1,328 pupils in our day and night schools, 21 teachers in the day schools, and 36 churches, large and small, and 35 out-stations, which are more or less frequently visited. Italy gives every promise of yet being numbered among the Protestant nationalities of the globe."

FUNERAL REFORM.

A GOOD many of our contemporaries are at present calling very earnestly and very properly for reform in our funeral customs. At intervals this cry has been raised for a long time past, and yet apparently with no practical result. If only those who can afford the luxury of an expensive funeral were found indulging in it, little or nothing would need to be said on the subject. It would then be a mere matter of taste with which no one had any right to interfere. As a matter of fact, however, it is very different. Many to whom every dollar is at such a season of special value, feel constrained by the tyrant custom to spend far more than they can afford in, as they fancy, doing honour to the dead by an expensive funeral display. Everything from the coffin to the cabs must be in the best style. The fear of being thought shabby is supreme, and all has to be sacrificed to that bugbear. The evils thence arising are not small, and they will never be removed except by those in good circumstances inaugurating at times of bereavement a system of modest inexpensiveness. The poor and struggling do not wish their necessities to be known, while they would be inexpressibly thankful if their well-to-do neighbours would only lead the way and make it respectable *not* to have finely polished rosewood or other coffins, correspondingly mounted, to be on show for a short time, and then to be put out of sight to rot in the earth. The question, however, always comes up "Who will begin?" and Mrs. Grundy is apparently found always too strong for any abstract notions of what is right and proper and Christian in the circumstances.

But while reform in this matter of funeral display may be scarcely to be expected, it is surely not absurd to hope that the time mentioned for such processions leaving the late place of residence of the deceased should be rigidly adhered to. It is a very serious matter to keep people waiting for an hour or more amid all the inclemency of our Canadian winter. It may

indeed be said that everybody understands that the hour mentioned is not meant, and that therefore they need be in no hurry. This, however, gives the whole thing a character of uncertainty, which is exceedingly undesirable. To expect business men, whose time is precious, and others to whom their own health and comfort are at any rate valuable, to hang round, sometimes for the better part of an afternoon, is simply absurd, and we have no doubt, in many cases, funerals are not attended, simply because the time cannot be spared, or the risk implied is too great to be thoughtlessly incurred. Why not mention when religious services are to be held, and when the procession will start for the grave, and let these times be kept rigidly, whoever may be present, and whoever not? Perhaps it is only justice to add that in this respect a good deal of improvement can of late be noticed, but a great deal more remains to be accomplished before things are as they ought to be.

THE WHITE FIELDS OF FRANCE.

BERNHARDT has come to this continent to flaunt her loose and defiant immorality in the face of all that is decent and decorous, and thereby to gain notoriety to her person, and put money in her purse. But she is not the only one whom France has sent at this time to this western world as in some measure her representative. Reveillaud has also come—quite as typically French as the notorious Sara, if not more so—and has come not to amuse and make money, but to ask the sympathy, prayers and help of the Christians of America on behalf of his countrymen, awaking in such numbers, as they are doing, from the strange sad sleep of unbelief and spiritual death. He won't get as much money as the actress will, though surely as representing France in her regeneration he might expect a heartier and more liberal response than the other, who but represents France in her degradation and shame. We in Canada have heard as yet but little of the story which Reveillaud and his coadjutor, Mr. Dodds, have to tell. What we have heard has interested many of us very greatly, and no doubt this interest will take a practical form. Never was there such a time in the history of France for hundreds of years past. We intimated last week that those who might wish to have a hand in this work could send their contributions to Rev. Mr. Parsons or Rev. Mr. King. We used the names of these gentlemen without their authority, because we knew they were actively engaged in getting subscriptions for Reveillaud's Mission. We are now requested to say that it will be more convenient that all contributions should be sent to Rev. Dr. Reid, office of the Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Dr. Reid has kindly consented to forward all such sums to their proper destination, and we shall be happy to afford space for their being acknowledged in THE PRESBYTERIAN.

AQUATICS RUN MAD.

A GOOD deal of discussion has been going off lately over exemptions from taxation. We have gladly taken our part in that discussion, and have protested, as we best might, against such exemptions as in every way bad and indefensible, whether as a matter of equity or policy. In Toronto the war against such exemptions has been specially fierce, the denunciations against their continuance specially vehement. How then must all outsiders stand aghast when they learn that our city fathers, and some of those who have been specially vehement against any one going tax free, have added another to the mighty roll of the "exempt," and solemnly granted our champion sculler and tavern-keeper freedom from all municipal burdens for all time to come? This is turning the whole thing into a painful and ridiculous jest. If we *are* to have privileged exempted classes, we should certainly prefer to see our clergymen and judges, to say nothing of our doctors, painters, sculptors, and even cabinet-makers, on this honour roll rather than those who are good at handling a pair of oars, and at deftly serving out a glass of good lager beer at a tavern bar. We suppose the whole proceeding arises from a grotesque desire to appear classical and to imitate the ancient Greeks in their treatment of the victors at their well-known games. But this is too absurd, and casts over the whole matter an air of such inexpressible whimsicalness as would make it in the last degree ridiculous, were the disastrous moral results not too formidable and too widespread

to allow it to be treated and dismissed in any such fashion. We know of nothing of which the people of Canada in general, and those of Toronto in particular, have more reason to be ashamed than the manner in which they have gone actually crazy over those so-called "glorious sculling victories." It may be all very well for people, in a spirit of banter and contemptuous mock heroic, to speak now and then of "Canada's magnificent triumphs," of "our boy," "our hero," and all that. But when it comes to be in earnest, and when persons who have hitherto passed as tolerably respectable and intelligent, and have been regarded by neighbours and friends as passably sane, give themselves over to pæan singing over a boat race, and wish us all to believe that a fisher-lad who rows well is the greatest man that this generation has ever seen or Canada has ever produced, the farce gets too broad, and the absolute insanity, or mercenariness, of the affair too transparent. The thoughtful, well-weighed words of the "Bystander" for the current month on the subject are so appropriate and so well timed that we gladly transfer a large portion of them to our columns:

"Hanlan has kept himself clear of the tricks and rogueries of his trade, and for having done so he personally deserves applause, though to applaud him for common honesty is to pass the severest censure on his trade. Nor have we forgotten his generous and graceful act in subscribing a hundred dollars to the amateur boat races. But his career has had the disastrous effect of awakening among us the accursed passion for gambling, at once on the largest scale and in the most dangerous form. Only the disreputable will sit down to the dice; but respectable men will bet and even encourage their children in betting. If, on such an occasion as this race, a patriotic feeling is mingled with the love of gambling, so much the worse, the vice by being dignified is made more seductive. Once inoculated, society will be long in working off the disease. It is understood that a sum not short of a hundred thousand dollars was transmitted from Toronto to London to be staked upon this race. Much of this money was risked by young men who could ill have afforded to lose it, and some of whom had they lost it might have been tempted to recover it by dishonesty. We hear of poor people staking all their earnings. Those who bet on Hanlan have won, but those who bet against him have lost; the winners of to-day will spend lightly, and to-morrow they will be the losers. A frank expression of opinion on this subject will not be resented by anyone who has seen how utterly gambling drags down and shatters a young man. Napoleon who, though wicked himself, wanted to be served by trustworthy men, and was a very shrewd judge of character, always avoided those whom he believed to be addicted to gambling, saying that no confidence could ever be placed in them. Managers and employers will find that Napoleon was in the right."

"A secondary evil is the setting up of an utterly false standard of merit. We use the term merit in the most liberal sense, as including every exhibition of qualities that are or may be of any real use to the community. No such qualities are exhibited by shell-rowing which, though a healthy amusement for amateurs, is otherwise of no more use, directly or indirectly, than any other sport or game. The calling of the wherryman, with which these rowing matches were once connected, is as obsolete as that of the running footman or the Thatcher. The steamboat is now 'first oars.' Besides, wherry men rowed in boats capable of carrying passengers, not in shells which would be sunk by a ripple. . . . A professional sporting man begins by deserting useful and honest trades on which his career is a practical slur; and an industrial community which pays him public homage does its utmost to degrade and discourage the pursuits and qualities by which it lives. Intelligence can hardly be displayed in any large degree by the mere repetition of a uniform and almost mechanical motion. We have even known successful scullers who were far from being remarkably fine or healthy specimens of humanity. Yet a man who had performed the most splendid feat of seamanship on our lakes, who as an explorer had opened to us by his enterprise and fortitude some new and valuable territory, who had saved a fellow-citizen's life at the risk of his own, would not receive a thousandth part of the homage which is lavished on a professional sculler. We may hope that the chief seat of the frenzy is Toronto, and that of the money sent to the English betting ring not much belonged to farmers."

We cannot apologize to our readers for the length of this extract, for we are sure that it embodies the sober serious thoughts and final conclusions of every sensible and sane man in the Dominion—the whole crowd of M.P.'s, merchants, lawyers, aldermen, link-bearers, "sports" and "patriots," to the contrary notwithstanding. We suppose that had Toronto walls, a breach would have to be made, in the fashion so well known to every school boy, as no gate would be sufficiently honourable to admit the "conquering hero" to his home—always of course on the understanding that he did not lose a race in the meantime, however honestly doing his best, and thereby forfeit the confidence, by damaging the pockets, of his friends and backers, when, no doubt, fetich-fashion, he would be metaphorically if not literally torn in pieces. Surely, however, it is about time that all this had run its course, and though it may be quite true, as the "Bystander" adds somewhat inconsequentially after its excellent homily, "that there is no use in preaching