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ROOM FOR A LITTLE FELLOW.

The death of the baby violinist at Boston, the other day, was full of a pathetic significance. Not long ago he formed part of the evening's attraction at one of the New York spectacular theatres. He was six years old. At the time when he should have been tucked away in his bed he was standing before large audiences playing music which excited him, thrilled through and through by noise and plaudits that excited him tenfold more. His little store of vital energy and nervous power, which should have been subjected to no more exacting drafts than the plays of the nursery or the caress of his parents, was wasted in this reckless extravagance. He went to Boston, and there played day and night. The manager noticed, after a matinee, his look of exhaustion and told him to stay at home that night. His father made him obey the injunction, sorely against his will. He missed the crowd, the lights, the roaring applause, the fatal delight of the life which was killing him. Father and son went to bed, and the former was soon awakened by the murmurings of the child. He heard him say, "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow," and with this strange and touching prayer for a peace and rest denied him in his short life, the gifted and ill-treated infant left this rough world.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

A short time ago, Wendell Phillips lectured on the subject of "Street Life in Europe," in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, for the benefit of "St. Peter's Hospital," under charge of the "Sisters of the Poor." Mr. Phillips, on making his appearance, was greeted by the most cordial applause. He spoke for upwards of an hour and a half, explaining to the delighted audience the peculiar customs of the Continent of Europe. The eloquent gentleman said—"I wish to say something about the worship and decorum of the Catholic Church. You know very well that the doors of the Catholic Church are never shut. Yes, there are doors there that have not turned on their hinges for hundreds of years; for, as the crowd comes

into the city to work, or goes home again at twilight, hardly a peasant passes one day of his whole existence without going to a Catholic Church, somewhere on his route, to say a prayer. Then, again, the Church is one broad marble floor; there is no hateful aristocracy of pews. Wealth cannot purchase a cosy place in which to worship God alone. I have seen the blood royal of Naples kneeling at God's Altar; and its velvet was swept by the rags of the beggar, who had just asked for alms at the door. The slave girl of Havana will bring the cushion of her mistress, place it where directed, and then kneel herself at one end and her mistress at the other—equals before God (Applause.) The poet Kenyon says:

'I love the free and open door
That directs to the house of God;
I love the wide-spread marble floor
By every foot in freedom trod.'

(Renewed applause.) Then, again, there is a certain profound decorum (I will not go any lower, to say whether it is feeling or behaviour,) but, at any rate, as you walk through the church there is a decorum of the place which you remark. A Tennessee chaplain went to Kansas to look in the face of John Brown; and he came home again, and tried to teach his people, who went in, Presbyterian decorum. Perhaps you have gone into a Presbyterian or a Congregational church, in the middle of a long prayer, and you found that one half the congregation turned round to look at you (Laughter). Well, the Tennessee chaplain told his people that, if they did not turn around, he would tell them who was coming in. So he said,—'Now it is Mr. A., the great planter; he lives far off, and naturally comes late. Now it is Madame B.; she lives near by, and ought to be here earlier. And now it is a little old man with white hair; I