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OVER LAND AND SEA.

Hast thou within a care so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take that care
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strength to lay it down.

Naturalists tell us that in some tropical countries, where vegetation is rank and tangled, so large is the proportion of plants that are of the sensitive kind, that the path of travellers may be traced by the wilted foliage. After the traveller is gone the blight of the flowers he has touched remains. It is so with the walk of some men through the world. Their examples, principles, and practices have been so baleful to all with whom they have come in contact that their courses may be traced by the ruin they have wrought. How much better was the custom of Captain Cook, the great navigator. He carried little packages of seeds in his pockets, and scattered them along every coast on which he landed, and this belted the world with the English flowers which sprang up from the seed he sowed wherever his feet had trod. Such might be the character of our influence, blessing and not blighting wherever we go, and leaving behind us seeds from which plants of righteousness would spring up to beautify and benefit the land.

This wise advice often occurs to me while listening to discussions and heated arguments upon utterly unimportant matters. Suppose John says that he left home this morning for his office at 8.30, and Mary knows that the hands of the clock pointed to 8.45 as he closed the front door behind him. Why should she tell him of his mistake? Nobody likes to be told that he is wrong, and few of us will believe it of ourselves when we are told of it. When there is no principle involved, it is wiser, gentler and kinder to let a trifling error pass unnoticed. If a friend has bought the material for a portiere and has had the curtain made by a seamstress under the fond conviction that she has saved money by so doing, why tell her that she could have bought a pair of ready-made portieres for what she has paid for the material and the making of one? It will only lessen her enjoyment in her property, and do neither you nor her any good. When a mistake is made and past changing, let it alone. It is a great undertaking to try to right the world, and those whose temerity permits them to attempt the task should be careful that the so-called righting is not in itself a mistake.

Dr. Hugo Winckler is a German critic, and has just issued a "History of Israel in Monographs" in which he asserts that there was no Exodus from Egypt, for the simple reason that the Israelites were never in Egypt. He disposes thus of all the mistakes of Moses, questions of Mosaic authorship and of Moses himself. It is quite unfortunate for this most destructive critic, that just at the time when he has grown most severely dogmatic in his denials, the archaeologists have come back from their winter's explorations in Egypt with new witnesses in behalf of Moses

and his writings. Mr. Flinders Petrie has just announced that in his explorations in the Ramasseum during the past winter, he discovered the finest granite stele hitherto recovered. It is ten and a quarter feet high, five and a quarter feet wide, and absolutely perfect. On one side is an inscription by Amenhotep III., on the other side one by Menephtap, enumerating his Libyan and Syrian wars, and among such enumerations he mentions "destroying the Israelites." For the first time, we believe, the name "Israelite" has been found on the Egyptian monuments.

Our little four-year old boy went with his aunt to a revival meeting. The preacher was very earnest in his delivery, and the child seemed much interested. "Mother," said he when he went home, "I have heard such a great minister; he stamped and pounded and made *such* a noise, and by-and-bye he got so *mad* he came out of the pulpit and shook his fists at the folks, and there wasn't anybody who dared to get up and fight him."

A lady one day saw a roughly dressed man at work on the trees in a Portland garden, and stopped to ask, "What are you doing to those tree-trunks?" "Girdling them, madam, with printer's ink and cotton," was the reply. "It will keep off canker-worms." "How much does it cost?" inquired she. "About twenty-five cents apiece." "Well, I wish you would come and girdle ours. What is your name?" "Hill," the laborer replied! but to her repeated request that he would undertake her own trees he returned an evasive answer. That night she told the story to her husband, and he burst into a roar of laughter. "What is the matter?" she cried. "Why," said he, "that laborer was the Rev. Dr. Hill, late President of Harvard, one of the leading mathematicians living, and the recently appointed pastor of the First Parish Church."—*Critic*.

If every little insignificant sunbeam took it into its head that it would not shine because it could not shine all by itself, what a dark world this would be! And yet the world is full of small men and women who will have nothing to do with anything if they are to be in the chorus. Everybody wants to be soloist and—be seen.

The news from Uganda (Central Africa) is encouraging. They are soon to have native presbyters, taking charge of their own districts. The mission is appealing for twenty additional men. "The cross is claiming Central Africa; Satan is retreating." One of the "Church Missionary" workers writes:—"In no other place in the world will the investment of life and means bring in such large returns. In no other place in the world is the number per missionary of unevangelized heathen so great—for a large part of Central Africa must be reached from this mission. In no other place is the number per missionary of candidates for baptism so large. In no other place is the number per missionary of candidates for the ministry requiring training so large."