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OVER LAND AND SEA.

A human life wholly without leisure will soon be broken, and in a little while be altogether spent, says the *Central Presbyterian*. Body, mind and spirit are all so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and so marvelously wrought into one, that rest is a natural necessity. God's ordinance of the day enforces on the most unwilling the leisure of evening and the rest of night. Wisely and compassionately it is fitted to the absolute and universal need. The one day in seven is a divine ordinance, not arbitrary, but natural, with its urgent reason, for "the life that now is, and for that which is to come."

Out of the noisy street and the care burdened office or home, some annual leasure seems a great need. A vacation which vacates the hands of toil and the mind of anxious thought, and brings more of healthy sleep, a new and fresher air of health, new things of nature's vast gallery to divert the eye, and new subjects for reflection, belong to God's law as well. The weary, half-sick man finds an unconscious tonic in everything he sees as the train sweeps him away to some mountain hiding-place.

In the early morning the click of the mower in the meadow below, the hum of the bees, the whistle of the quail, the tinkle of the distant sheep-bell greet his ear. And when he pushes open the blind there is the valley covered over with corn, the little meadow newly shorn and the hay stack in its midst, the shocks of wheat in the yellow field beyond, the cattle herd drifting across the sloping pastures, the green forest in its many shades far up the mountain sides, and the battlement of rocks against the clear, blue sky. He is in a new world, old things have passed away, weariness gives place to rest, content steals into his mind and peace into his heart, and restoration has begun its happy work.

It is not well to be too anxious for the uses of leisure. It will be perhaps most full of use when one yields to indolence and the day is idle, and we are willing to receive and not careful to give, taking impressions as they come and permitting thought to move slowly at its own sweet will. A genial companion ship tempts to leisurely exercises, the remembrance of home turns the steps to the post-office, the coming of a friend stirs into new animation, and the dinner bell is welcome as with surprise. It is valuable use indeed if leisure heal the wounds of past toil and strain, and knit up the ravelled sleeve of care. This it must do first.

Leisure has to us the sanction of our Lord Himself. The time was when the disciples were so pressed about by the needs of the people, hungry, ignorant, sinful, hopeless, "they had not leisure so much as to eat," much less for thought, for fellowship, for prayer. And even from such divine and blessed work He called them away. "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile!" It was his own bidding. It

is His own prescription now. "The desert place," gives the healing of nature's balm. And with Him, who said not "Go," but "Come," our leisure days are authorized and sweetened, and made pledges of the long day of rest that has no evening!

In his "Camp Fire Musings" in the *Interior* of Aug. 1st, Dr. Gray discusses literature, ethics, science and nearly everything else, in a very interesting way. He closes his article with an exquisite little poem, introduced by a touching reference to his own home life. For the benefit of our readers we quote it in full:—

"Looking up from my paper, and out of the open door, I see that the air is sparkling. The opposite shore of the lake appears to have come half way to meet me. The leaves are fluttering in the crisp breeze and I am reminded that wife and I are to go to Bass Lake, fishing—and some way it appears to me that we will drift on its secluded and shaded waters for the last time. Many the day that we have together gazed down at the tangled forests of water ferns in its clear depths, watched the rise of the loons, listened to the birds on its shores and admired the wild deer which come down to drink. But once more

We will drift, as we have drifted, down the winding River Time,
From the spring lake of the morning till the ocean rolls sublime
Just beyond yon darkling forest. Hear its thunder in the breeze!
See its breakers through the vistas 'mid the branches of the trees!
Nay have cared we what should wait us, hidden by the river's bend,

Rocky rapids, or calm waters, or the winding journey's end;
For we know we two together would be happy while afloat,
And be merry at a portage while we lifted at our boat.

And we shall be, dearest, ever, when we pass you moaning sea,
We will find another river somewhere waiting you and me.
Where the valleys are enchanting and the mountains rise sublime
We will find a better river than the winding River Time."

In London there is a working men's Lord's Day rest association which is struggling to resist the constant increase of imposition of Sunday work on day laborers. A memorial asking for the prohibition of Sunday entertainments has been extensively signed by musical and theatrical performers. When Sunday ceases to be guarded as a day for religious worship it will cease to be a day of rest. Working men are coming to be alive to this fact and to see that what lessens the sacredness of Sunday increases the burdens that will fall on them on that day.

There is a story of a workingman of Faraday's. One day he knocked into a jar of acid a little silver cup. It disappeared, was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. One said he could find it; another said there was no possibility of finding it. The great chemist came in and put some chemicals into the jar, and at once every particle of the silver was precipitated. He lifted it out a shapeless mass, sent it to the silversmith, and the cup was restored. If Faraday could precipitate that silver and recover that cup, how easy it ought to be for us to believe that God can restore our sleeping dust.