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"Knock and it shall be Opened."

I thought myself indeed secure,  
So fast the door, so firm the lock;  
But, lo! the toddling comes to lure  
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone, could it withstand  
The sweetness of my baby's plea—  
That timorous baby knocking, and  
"Please let me in—it's only me."

I throw aside the unfinished book,  
Regardless of its tempting charms,  
And, opening wide the door, I took  
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity,  
I, like a truant child, shall wait  
The glories of a life to be  
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?

And will that Heavenly Father heed  
The truant's supplicating cry,  
As at the outer door I plead,  
"Tis I, O Father, only I?"

## OVER LAND AND SEA.

On July 21st the Federal Council of the Presbyterian Churches in South Africa met in King William's Town, and constituted itself into the First General Assembly of "The Presbyterian Church of South Africa." The two Presbyteries of the Scotch U. P. Church in Kaffraria have unanimously agreed to accept the constitution of the united Church, and to form a part of it. The three Presbyteries of the Free Church of Scotland, the separate Presbyteries of Natal, Capetown, and Transvaal, and the congregation of Port Elizabeth, have also agreed to enter the united Church, which will then number some 13,000 communicants, of whom three-fourths are natives. Outside the English and native Presbyterian Churches forming this union there are two other Presbyterian Churches in South Africa—the Dutch Reformed, numbering about 160,000 communicants, and the Basuto Church, numbering upwards of 9,000 communicants.

The *Bristol Mercury* recently had the following curious piece of information:

A correspondent, upon whom we can depend, sends us a copy of a notice which he has seen affixed to the Church door at Whitchurch. Of many devices for arresting the attention of people who will not listen to sermons, this is one of the most curious. The following are the terms of the notice:

*Missing* last Sunday, some families from church.

*Stolen*, several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages dressed in their Sunday clothes.

*Strayed*, half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday School."

*Mislaid*, a quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement at the time.

*Wanted*, several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath Breakers Lane, which leads to the city of No Good.

*Lost*, a lad carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time very promising. Supposed to have gone with

one or two older companions to the Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in recovery of the above shall in no wise lose his reward.

The *Southern Churchman* puts this inquiry, in view of the departure of three useful and successful rectors of Episcopal churches from Richmond, Va., "Can you help us out? Can you possibly conjure up the reason, still less the excuse, for a minister who is active, effective, loving and being loved by his flock, with ample income, going to another charge?" Then the *Churchman* adds, "All of them give the same reason for going—one so trite, stale and tiresome that it is hoped the thing will become obsolete—viz.: "A sense of duty calls me." The same reason for pastoral change prevails to a somewhat alarming extent in other denominations.

A curious instance of the poor law regulations in England is given in *The Christian World*. In a certain place the Board of Guardians have for some time allowed Nonconformists to deliver religious addresses in the dining room of the workhouse. Recently the chaplain announced that under the regulations adults in a workhouse may attend a Nonconformist service if they wish to, but children are never to attend. The question was then raised whether the adult paupers might bring their own children with them, but it was found that the legal prohibition was clear, even in that case. The Board accordingly felt themselves obliged to give only a limited sanction and say that any one of adult age may attend.

A large part of the aggressive missionary work of the Roman Catholic Church is under the lead of the English Catholic Missionary Society, which sends priests to the Maoris, of New Zealand; the Dyaks and Head Hunters, of Borneo; to India and Cashmere, and more recently to Eastern Africa. These priests are, for the most part, educated at St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary College, Mill Hill, England, where there are now sixty students, most of whom have served a preparatory course in Liverpool, Holland, or the Tyrol.

This lunatic asylum story comes from Glasgow. Two councillors of that city were taken over a large asylum the other day by one of the patients, a safe man. He had led them to a room to display a view from a window, when some one shut the door, with its self-acting lock, and the three men were prisoners. The patient alone preserved his composure. While the councillors clamored to be released, he remarked:

"If I were you, I would be quiet."

No help coming, the councillors grew desperate beads of perspiration stood on their brows, and they fairly yelled.

"If I were you," repeated the patient, soothingly, "I would keep quiet."

"But we're no daft," pleaded one of the visitors.

"Hoots, mon! that's w'at I said masel' when I was brocht in."