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Rest.

Rest is not quitting,
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear, without strife,
Fleeting to ocean,
After this life.

'Tis loving and serving
The higher and best
'Tis onward, unweaving,
And this is true rest.

Goethe.

OVER LAND AND SEA.

Men pray for holiness as if it were something apart from their every-day life, something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in their domestic, social, and business relations. They sing, "Nearer, my God, to thee," with glowing fervor, but never think that the prayer can be answered only by the uplifting of their own lives to the plane of God's requirements. Holiness is not a mere sentiment, not a vague vision of glory overhanging us like a heavenly cloud, not a rapture or an ecstasy, not something that God sends down to wrap us like a garment in its radiant folds. If being holy means anything at all, it means being true, honest, upright, pure, gentle, patient, kind, and unselfish. We really have no more religion than we get into our every-day practice. Wherein our devotion is higher than our living, it counts for nothing.

An English paper considers that a want of the sense of sin is "the mother of most of our heresies," and quotes approvingly a remark made once and again by Dr. Maclaren in his latest volume of sermons to the effect that there are "few things which the so-called Christianity of the day needs more than an intense realization of the fact, and of the gravity of the fact, of personal sinfulness." Dr. Maclaren believes the want of this realization to be the cause of the shallowness of so much that calls itself Christianity in the world today, and the source of almost all the evils under which the Church is groaning. There is too much of truth in this assertion. Complaisant Christianity is far too prevalent as a type. Man is not apt to become thoroughly satisfying to God, or satisfied with God, until he is dissatisfied with himself as a guilty sinner.

... It is proposed to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Philip Melancthon, which occurs February 16th, 1897, by establishing a Melancthon Museum in his native town of Bretten, Baden. Although the house in which the reformer was born is no longer in existence, its exact site is known, and the building that now occupies it has already been bought by the committee in charge. The collection will include letters and other manuscripts of and about Melancthon, paintings, engravings, woodcuts and a complete set of Melancthon works.

Here is a striking contrast, showing the superiority of Christianity over all other religions: "Mohammedanism has a history of thirteen centuries. It has won 200,000,000 followers, and its degraded and wretched myriads are confined to Southern Asia and Northern Africa. Christianity,

after nineteen centuries of life, has won 400,000,000 followers, and with the exception of China and Turkey, its happy and enlightened people rule the world."

It is wonderful how much good a very little personal effort in organisation will often suffice to effect. During last winter a young American surgeon from Cincinnati has been studying in Germany, at the University of Halle. He and his wife were earnest-minded Presbyterians, and as they could find no congenial religious worship in the churches of Halle, it occurred to them that it might be possible to establish in their own drawing-room an undenominational Anglo-American service. By searching the University register, the names of nearly a score of American and English students were readily found, and to each man a note of invitation was sent. Very cordial and unanimous responses came back; and since, as some of these showed, several of the students had wives or sisters accompanying them, the congregation proved larger than its founders had dared to hope. Thus the doctor's drawing-room became the scene of a series of Sunday services, punctually conducted by the various male members of this little church in their weekly turns. And the series was maintained with unflinching energy and harmony until the close of the University session unfortunately put an end to the founders' residence at Halle.

The Interior remarks that the hearty words of praise many a minister receives when he quits a field which his parishioners have made too uncomfortable for him, reminds one of the epitaph a French husband inscribed on his wife's tombstone: "Tears can not recall her, therefore we weep."

Methodist Union was consummated at the recent New Zealand Wesleyan Conference with great heartiness and unanimity. "The delegates from the other uniting Churches" says one of the accounts, "took their places as to the manner born, and it is evident that in a very short time no distinction whatever will be discoverable. The newcomers were not only received with honor, but there was what is better than honor—a disposition to forget that there ever had been any difference. An easy frankness was observed on both sides, which speaks well for the future." After being welcomed, the Free Methodist and Bible Christian delegates took part in the business of the Conference at once. Nearly all the recommendations of the Federal Council as to appointments were adopted.

In New Zealand, as in California, the Chinaman abounds, and there, too, he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. In Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority, a contract for mending a road was to be let, and the most acceptable bid was signed 'McPherson.' Notice was sent to the said McPherson to complete the contract and lo—he appeared in all the glory of yellow hue and pigtail. 'But,' gasped the president of the board, 'your name can't be McPherson.' 'All right,' cheerfully answered John Chinaman, 'nobody catches contact in Otago unless he named Mac.' The contract was signed, and the Mongolian McPherson did his work as well as if he had hailed from Glasgow.