

## THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

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## The Canada Presbyterian

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1893.

Britons the world over are quite satisfied that Lord Rosebery will protect the interests and honour of the Empire in the Siam difficulty. It is a great thing to be a capable, trusted and honorable leader of men.

The General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church thinks Prof. Briggs has departed from the doctrines of the standards. Briggs contends that the Assembly has departed much farther than he has. Surely the Assembly has as good a right to say what it thinks about Briggs as Briggs has to say what he thinks about the Assembly. The Assembly suspended him once, but he suspends the Assembly at least once a week. Men of the Briggs type are queer Christians. They arraign the Church in the most unsparring manner and the moment the Church arraigns them they begin to howl about martyrdom.

Two professors in the American Mission College in Angora came very near being hanged not long ago. They were accused of taking part in a seditious movement and condemned to death. Under strong pressure from Great Britain and the United States, the professors were pardoned for an offence they never committed and banished from the Turkish dominions. Our neighbours should give that new fleet of theirs a cruise in Turkish waters. There is nothing that brings the Sultan to his senses like the sudden appearance of a fleet. That is the way John Bull keeps those Eastern despots from mischief.

Mr Justice Patterson who was taken to his rest last week, was a prominent man in Cooke's church twenty-five or thirty years ago. He and George Brown and Principal Willis were among the strong men who attended the earlier years of Dr. Gregg's ministry in Toronto. The late Judge was then a rising and influential member of the bar, and possessed to a high degree the confidence of the profession. He was not the kind of counsel that speaks to the galleries, but he had great influence with the bar and enjoyed the respect of the bench. By his death the country loses an upright, able, painstaking judge.

The religious press of the United States, aided by a number of influential dailies is making a determined and powerful assault upon the race tracks. If one half that is said is correct, and very likely the whole is, horse-racing in the United States is one of the most villainous forms of gambling. Our neighbours seldom do things by halves, and we should not be surprised if the honest people who live around some of the worst tracks, should rise in their might some day and lynch two or three dozen of the racing men. At this distance, it seems inexplicable that a State of New Jersey cannot rid itself of such a moral pest. Nobody expects the law to do anything for New York, but surely gamblers and blacklegs do not control all the States.

There was grim humour in the cable despatch which told us last week that Balfour, Chamberlain, Churchill and a number of other British parliamentarians are so exhausted by their parliamentary labours that they must soon take a

holiday. For weeks their labours have consisted in keeping up the partizan obstruction that very appropriately culminated in a free fight a few evenings ago. The typical Irish Home Rule member is not exactly a model British statesman, but the proceedings of the last few weeks have shown that there is not much to choose between him and a large number of the members who are turning the House of Commons into a bear garden by their partizan and rowdy obstruction to a bill that has already passed the crucial test of a second reading.

A writer in one of the journals calls attention to the humiliating fact that, notwithstanding all the efforts have been made in many Churches to draw the "masses" by means of music, lectures, entertainments and other doubtful means, the masses are steadily drawing away from the Church: that modern systems of attracting by extraordinary and doubtful means, are a dismal, conspicuous failure. In fact, it is a fraud. The only way careless men can be brought to church, is to go to them and speak to them kindly about their souls, and then if they come, preach the Gospel to them in such a way as to do their souls good. If that plan does not work, it is useless to try any other. There is no real permanent attraction, but the cross.

The fact that the directors of the World's Fair were compelled to close their gates on Sabbath, shows beyond all manner of doubt, that public opinion among our neighbours is sound on vital questions. They have some scandalously bad newspapers, several of their cities are under the control of the very scum of Europe, bad is no name for some of their politicians; but the European scum and the local politicians are not the American people, nor does the reptile press represent American public opinion. It may be true that infidelity is more pronounced and offensive in the States than in Canada, but it is also true that religious men are also more pronounced. The fence is so high over there, a man cannot sit on it. The good are very good, and the bad, very bad. Perhaps that is just as good a state of things as having a lot of men trying to serve two masters.

There are men every day in every walk in life, doing on a small scale what Vice-Admiral Tryon did on a large and terrible scale the last hour he stood on the deck of the ill-fated Victoria. The plain English of the whole terrible business is, that Tryon sadly blundered, and was too stubborn to rectify the blunder at the suggestion of his subordinates. The only redeeming feature of the horrible business was that he confessed his fault at the last moment, and went down with his vessel rather than face his fellow-men. That was brave, no doubt; it is cold comfort for the relatives of the three hundred brave fellows who went down with him. Let no one be too hard on the Vice-Admiral. There are dozens of men making serious mistakes every day that they are too proud to acknowledge, and too stubborn to rectify at the suggestion of any subordinate. The only difference between them and Tryon is, they are less conspicuous than he was.

## PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN AND THEIR BETTER PROTECTION.

For many years, workers on behalf of neglected children have laboured under great disadvantages, owing to the fact that there were no adequate laws for the rescue of little ones from evil surroundings, and the placing of them in a position where they would be given a reasonable opportunity of growing up to respectability and usefulness. All the civilized countries in the world have been dealing with this question within recent years, and the children's charter, recently adopted by the Ontario Legislature, places this Province in the foreground in this

respect. It is a good step forward, when the State officially recognizes its responsibility for the care and well-being of dependent and destitute children, and seeks to throw around them such safeguards as will fit them for useful citizenship. The children of to-day are the men and women of the future, and a helping hand extended to them in youth may have more important results than we dream of now. Under the new law power is conferred upon the courts to sever the parental relationship where circumstances indicate such a course to be necessary in the interests of the child, and these little ones are to be provided with foster homes, where they will receive Christian care and training. The practice of crowding dependent children into institutions, is avoided, as it is believed the little ones will receive a more satisfactory training for life's career where brought up in a family home and enjoying all the privileges of childhood. The work of finding suitable homes is to be entrusted to Children's Visiting Committees throughout the Province, acting under the advice and direction of Mr. J. J. Kelso, Provincial Superintendent of the work, and in all cities over 10,000, probation homes or receiving depots for neglected children are to be provided by the municipality and managed by a local Children's Aid Society. The idea of the Government in opening a provincial office was to provide a central point from which the whole field of voluntary effort might be surveyed and directed, and information supplied to all who felt disposed to aid in this good work.

## THE FACTS ABOUT THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

Last week, in referring to the business relations of the publishers of this journal to the Presbyterian Review and its late and present publishers, we reproduced a paragraph under the heading of "A Presbyterian Paper Dicker" from the Toronto News of July 6th, containing several statements which are now alleged to be false and capable of being construed so as to reflect injuriously upon the late editor of the Review, Mr. Geo. H. Robinson. In view of this we take pleasure in reproducing here so much of the correction made by the News in its issue of July 7th, as is necessary to place the matter before our readers in its true light:

"Some errors crept into The News' report yesterday with regard to the sale of the Presbyterian Review, by the Presbyterian News Co. The News is informed by those in a position to know, that the loss upon the Review instead of being \$36,000 as mentioned, is not more than half that amount. In fact, the paper having now reached a paying basis with a prospect in the near future of yielding a handsome income, there might be said to be no loss at all, but simply capital invested.

The reason for the sale was owing chiefly to the losses in connection with the book room of the company. The book room having been disposed of on no very advantageous terms, it was feared the Review could not carry the remaining liabilities, and in order to ensure its continuance, it was thought best to dispose of it also, though there was a strong feeling on the part of the shareholders to retain the paper in the hands of the company.

It is understood that the present purchasers of the Review were desirous of retaining the services of Geo. H. Robinson, the late editor, but that gentleman had decided on making other arrangements."

To the above we need scarcely add that nothing could be further from our intention than to make any injurious reflection upon the late editor of the Presbyterian Review. Indeed, the failure of the Presbyterian News Company, and the consequent sale of the paper to the Messrs. Clougher Bros., would have passed unnoticed by us, had it not been for the misconception caused in the public mind by the change—many people thinking that the founder of the Canada Presbyterian had ceased his connection with the Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company, as

well as with the Canada Presbyterian. To set this mistake right, was our only reason for referring to the subject at all. The "Presbyterian Review" and the "Canada Presbyterian" are separate and distinct publications. The Canada Presbyterian has been in existence for about twenty-two years, and for nearly half of that time has been the property of the Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company, of which Mr. C. Blackett Robinson is President and General Manager. Neither this company, nor Mr. C. Blackett Robinson has ever had, nor have they now, any interest whatever in the Presbyterian Review.

## NOTABLE MEN AND A NOTABLE OCCASION.

The first thing which arrests the eye in the second part of the pictorial jubilee number of the Free Church of Scotland Monthly is a bit of writing in the left hand corner, about five inches by four. It is exceedingly interesting both in its appearance and in its matter. It is a fac-simile copy of the "Interdict" served on Dr. Guthrie in Strathbogie. The remainder of the first page is taken up with landscapes; but such landscapes! how suggestive! A whole historical epoch may be read in them. First comes Canobie, one of the most beautiful vales of Scotland we have heard. On an elevation, under a spreading tree, stands the minister with uplifted arm and earnest manner; before him, under other trees, seated or standing on the green sward, in a place the very picture of quiet loveliness, is his congregation. Driven out of the church, this for the time is their house of God, and it is in truth a very gate of Heaven. Below is Wanlock Head, a deep, rugged, lonely-looking defile among the hills. Men, staff in hand, and women are seen winding their way up a rough ascent against a stiff wind to some mountain nook, to worship the God of their fathers, according to the dictates of their conscience. Under the writing on the left side is Strontian. The minister is preaching under the field, as the Scotch would call it, of a tent; while the congregation, seated before him, on a steep rising ground, suggests the people seated on the mount before our Lord, when He opened His mouth and taught them. On the opposite side is Duthil. Here is what one might call the "forest primeval," and within an open space in it is gathered the congregation, and the minister is preaching from a sentinel-box-like erection. Between the last two is Ballater. Under Duthil is Cawdor. In the lower left hand corner is a picture of the "Administration of the Sacrament in a Gravel Pit, near Achnacroish, Mull." Hills on which are here and there some trees, battered with the wind, stand round about and hem in the pit. Within has been erected a tent and close by is the table on which the sacred emblems are to be placed. These cuts, simple though they be, hold the sympathetic onlooker with a strange fascination. You cannot take your eyes from them, and the longer you look the more you see and the more you are held. What an interesting assemblage do these congregations make! Here are aged men leaning upon their staff, mothers in Israel, arrayed in their familiar, sober looking, dark-coloured shawls, on their heads their poke bonnet and mutch; here are children with their parents, and young men and maidens; shepherds with their ample plaids, Scotch bonnets and faithful dogs. In one you may see a lady alighting from the nag on which she has ridden across burn and moor, and by winding path to the place of meeting; in another the horse bating in the cart which has brought the family to the "preaching." Not far off is a farmstead, and some kine looking on the strange scene in quiet wonderment. A mother with her child is seated here on a deal stretched upon two barrels; there is one on a stone dyke with his plaid for cushion; and there a weary one sits at the