

# The Presbyterian Review.

Vol. XII.—No. 51.

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1896.

\$1.50 per Annum

## OVER LAND AND SEA.

The far off woods spread out in sombre shadow  
Beyond the lane ;

An owl upon a snag beside the meadow,  
Moans as in pain.

Across the brooklet's bar, in wild derision,  
The kildees call,

And all existence seemeth half a vision  
At evenfall.

Among the weeds beside the fence, the elders  
Loom faintly white ;

The fireflies dart among the bawing guelders—  
Wee lamps alight.

The evening's breathings scarcely seem to dally  
The poplars tall,

And calm the night and peaceful as Death's Valley,  
At evenfall.

The years of life are passing surely starward  
Unto the end ;

The borders of the Now and Then move forward,  
And, glimmering, blend.

And when there comes an end to woes and blisses,  
And Death shall call,

May Time's last moment be as calm as this is,  
At evenfall !

Now is the time for men who have been in the ministry for several years to do a Christian service towards those just entering it, by giving them the right hand of fellowship in private life, as well as officially at ordination. Ministers not a few carry heavy burdens for weary years, because older men in the Presbytery did not show them brotherly sympathy, and give them help in the time of their inexperience.

Whatever attacks may be made on the Bible, they do not seem to lessen the volume of its circulation. During the last five years, fifty new versions of it have been published, making the total number of translations three hundred and eighty-one. Of the new versions, forty-two have issued from British presses.

Biblical scholars throughout the world will await with intense interest further particulars concerning the manuscript Gospel which was recently discovered in a village church near Cæsarea, in Asia Minor, and which the Czar of Russia is said to have purchased. All that is known of it now is that it is very old and beautiful, being written upon the finest and thinnest vellum, which has been dyed a deep red purple. The letters are in silver, and are square, upright uncials; the abbreviations of the sacred names are in gold. The pages are thirty-two centimetres by twenty-six, and the writing on each page is in two columns.

Every rag stuck in a window to keep out the cold from the drunkard's home denotes a contribution toward buying new suits for the liquor dealer and his family. The more elegance and ease in his family, the more poverty, degradation and despair in the families of those who patronize him. The corner grogshop, with its large plate glass

windows and marble floors, is paid for by the tenants of other landlords, who live in cheap tenements and often cannot pay their rent.

The company for selling liquor on the Gothenburg system at Bergen had a narrow escape lately. This town with its 60,000 inhabitants, is the second town of Norway; 14,172 voted against the company, 14,590 voted for it, or did not vote. Non voters are reckoned as though they vote "yes." The agitation was very animated. In Christiania, where there is no contest, the company recently distributed £23,000 as its net receipts for the year 1895.

The Red Cross Society has now gotten a good foothold in Turkey, and is doing a grand work. The agents of the Red Cross have sent out three expeditions, one of which has gone to Marash and Zeitoun, one to Ourfa, and a third to Harpoot, each aiding the districts along their way. They have everywhere been welcomed by the missionaries, whose work they are grandly supplementing. Miss Barton writes: "Ten thousand poor, sick, suffering wretches; dying, foodless, naked, and not one doctor and no medicine among them; whole cities scourged and left to their fate, to die without a hand raised, save the three or four resolute missionaries, tired, worn, God-serving, of their posts until they they drop. The civilized world running over with skillful physicians, and not one there, no one to arrange to get them there, to pay expenses, take special charge, and thus make it possible for them to go. In the name of God and humanity, this field must be carried, these people must be rescued, skill, care, medicine, and food for the sick must reach them."

The *Spectator* in commenting on the Russian coronation, speaks of it as evidencing "the waste of a Belshazzar, and the display of an almost insane pride." There is some truth in this. Twenty-five million dollars have been spent on a holiday, and Armenia still lies beggared and bleeding through Russian neglect. The loyalty of Russians may be strengthened by such magnificence, and the obedience to a king so highly exalted, deepened; but the effect upon the Czar himself—"a man of deep, emotional feeling," must be bad. There was not even the attendant present, as in the triumphal car of the Roman general, to whisper, "Remember thou art a man"—unless indeed the place of such a monitor was taken by the frightful secret whisper that ran through court and police circles, to the effect that one of the streets through which the sovereign must pass had been undermined, for the purpose of a dynamite explosion. "Black care," says Horace, "invades every place"—even the triply protected throne of the Czar of all the Russians.