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## God is Love.

I say to thee, do thou repose  
To the first man thou mayest meet,  
In lane, highway, or open street;—

That he, and we, and all move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above.

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A weary labyrinth may tread,  
Through dark ways underground be led.

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way,  
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we on divers shores now cast,  
Shall rest, our perilous voyage past,  
All in our Father's house at last.

And, ere thou leave him, say thou this,  
Yet one word more,—they only miss  
The winning of that fine bliss.

Who will not count it true that love,  
Blessing, not cursing, reigns, rules above,  
And that in it we live and move.

And one thing further make him know,  
That we believe these things are so,  
That firm faith never to forego.

Despite of all which seems at strife,  
With blessing—all with curses rife,  
That this is blessing, this is life.

## Geneva.

REV. THOMAS DOGGETT, D.D.

THERE are three cities in Europe which are pre-eminently beautiful for situation—Constantinople, Naples, and Geneva. Each has attractions of beauty and grandeur imparted by the Creator's hand. Each has been the centre of influences co-extensive with our race. Two of these cities look on mountains, and each looks on a sea. But in many respects Geneva excels them all. It has no Vesuvius like Naples, but it has Mount Blanc. It has no Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, but it has the "placid Leman" and the arrowy Rhone. To the north, low in the horizon, lie the "capt heights" of Jura. To the southeast is "Sovran Blanc," whose crowned summit gleams, now with the growing splendor of the dawn and now with the lessening glories of the setting sun. In the lake, by day, the sky repeats itself with the brilliancy of gilded clouds; at night, the silent stars shine back.

Here Cæsar encamped his legions. Here the Burgundians, who had left the Baltic, rebuilt what the vandals had overthrow. Here Charlemagne concentrated his forces in his war with Lombardy. Here the spirit of liberty and self government has firmly held its fixed abode. In the Middle Ages Geneva was never long in subjection to foreign masters, temporal or spiritual. Here the spirit of religious reform was strong years

before the Reformers came, for here Bonnivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," paid the penalty of his bold protesting words by a long imprisonment before Farel had seen Geneva. Here Calvin wrote and preached and reigned. And after Luther's death, as Calvin was the acknowledged head of Protestantism, Geneva was the Rome to which all the Reformed churches looked. Here came the leaders of the Church in France, Holland, England, and Scotland, coming like John Knox to learn. Here, since those days, great theologians and pulpit orators have lived the Turretins, Sauvin, Merle D'Aubigne, Gaussin, and others, whom time would fail to mention, here have wrought for the Church and the world. Here religious philosophers, like Naville and Secretan, have taught admiring multitudes. In the sad religious wars Geneva was the refuge of many thousands. After the edict of Nantes it opened its gates to the fleeing Huguenots and has never closed them to the oppressed.

In Geneva Rousseau was born. Four miles away at Ferney, Voltaire had his home. Across the Lake at Lausanne Gibbon wrote a large portion of "The Decline and Fall." Here St. Francis of Sales was bishop, and here he died. Not far beyond Chamouni the great Anselm "honored the mountains by his birth," as St. Francis said. And here, too, Madam Cuyon found a peaceful retreat and friends.

This is the gateway of travellers through France to Italy. Here the daring Alpine tourists rest before they climb Mount Blanc and cross the Mer de Glace. Here poets have drunk in all that their souls could take. Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, unlike in all things, save the vision and the faculty divine, have here bowed in awe before the mountains and lake and sky.

It is true that to most the great attraction to Geneva will be the majesty of nature, but yet they who feel the grandeur of the "silent mount" and the "living streams," will not forget that spirit is superior to matter and that the image of God is nobler than that which leads them there to worship the invisible. They will not forget that to Geneva, more than to all the other cities of the world, the republics of modern times owe the greatest debt, and all Protestants will hold in mind that next to Luther they owe most to Geneva's most illustrious citizen, John Calvin, whose living monument in all the world is the goodly fellowship of Christians souls who hold the eternal doctrines which he taught—*Evangelist*.

Rev. Dr. James MacGregor, of Edinburgh, speaking recently at a bazar, said there was more union in Protestantism with all its sectarianism than in Roman Catholicism, notwithstanding that the Roman Catholic Church arrogated to itself the name of the one holy Catholic Church, being the most uncatholic in the world.