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The Holiday Season.

NOW is the season when to all men not wholly poverty-stricken comes the siren voice of sea and fresh woods. In the dull confines of office or warehouse tired with the tiredness of daily strife in cities of men, they hear in fancy in these days of summer the plash, plash of the rising and falling wave, see the beauty and scent the fragrance of Nature's offertory, and long for rest and change.

More and more as the years go is the holiday break in the incessant toil becoming the treasured portion of all: the workman with his regulation week or ten days, the clerk with his fortnight, the professional man with his month regard that yearly interval as sacred to recreation and pleasure. And as summer follows summer the facilities for enjoyment of bountiful Nature increase in number and popularity. Railway company competes with railway company, steamboat company with steamboat company, continent with the home places, and a din of internecine warfare is annually waged among our popular coast and country resorts. Little wonder if the prospective holiday-maker becomes oppressed by the very extent of the menu submitted to him.

But amid all the novelty of attraction it may without disparagement to the claimants be said that the old favorites still hold a prominent place and increase rather than diminish in drawing power. The continent is, doubtless a great field for the traveller, and tourist agencies are providing, an "open sesame" to its wonders; but our own land has surely rightly first claim. To have seen gay Paris, London or Edinburgh; to have looked on the cathedrals of the continent and grey abbeys and monasteries of old England, to have revelled in the soft deliciousness of Italian grottoes, under an Italian sky, and bathe in the balmy atmosphere of the Isle of Wight or to have been exhilarated by the strong, life-giving air of the Scottish Highlands, to have peered into the impenetrable depths of the lovely Luceyne and felt the quieting, soothing influence of the Lake country or wandered by the "bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond." And yet not to have seen the beauties of Canada, its Lakes, Rivers, Mountains and Prairies, is we regret to say not an uncommon

experience in this Dominion. The useful and varied beauties of the Muskoka region, the exquisite varieties of the north shore of our Upper Lakes, the indescribable grandeur and vastness of the Rockies, the majesty of the St. Lawrence and countless chains of the Thousand Islands, Saguinay, River St. John, and a hundred others, should offer to the rest-seeker variety, suited alike to both taste and finance.

If friends would only combine to visit different sections and in the winter evenings describe, compare and discuss their various experiences it would be alike pleasant and profitable.

Sabbath at the Antipodes.

The problem of Sabbath Observance is wide-world. In Canada the battle is being fought, and the Church in Australia is vigorously engaged in defending the day from secularizing influences. The report on Religion and Morals presented to the General Assembly there contains this paragraph: "The condition of affairs in and around Sydney is greatly to be deplored. Tobacconists and fruit shops are in full swing. Not one in twenty publicans observe the Sunday-closing law (*vide* Inspectors Report). Sunday concerts are openly carried on, and certain sea-side resorts advertise special attractions for that day. It is deeply to be regretted that so many trade societies fix on the Day of Rest for what is known as a Hospital Demonstration. Your Committee have every sympathy with the object, but they feel sure that a Saturday would yield as good, if not better returns, and give less offence."

On this the *Presbyterian* remarks: "We shall do well to consider the foregoing statements. Without doubt, Sabbath Observance is on the decline. All classes in the community are bartering away their birthright of a Day of Rest for a mess of pottage. It is passing strange that men do not gather wisdom from what has taken place on the Continent. There, notably in Germany, they are struggling to get back their Sabbath. Here we act as if we meant to do without it. By making the Sabbath a day of pleasure, we are taking the shortest way to make it a day of work for all who toil to live. Further, we are acting in a way that will undermine religion, and then where will we be as a people? Moreover, we are squandering what ought to be jealously preserved by us for the generations to come. Our duty could not be plainer—we must hold fast that which we have, and use every effort to preserve the weekly Day of Rest."

Summering.

The worst enemies of clean sports are those who degrade sports until their names become hateful, says the *Interior*. The worst enemies of out-door sports are those who associate them with their personal vices. The nervous exhaustion of modern business life is not to be relieved by visiting the "casino" at some summer resort every night and finding the savings of six months dropped at the card table in one sitting. Whiskey has no redeeming features in the wood which it lacks in the "dive." Under the plea of "getting near to nature" many a young fellow is getting nearer to the swine. It