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## Notes of the Week.

THE Quebec *Chronicle* warmly compliments the Y. M. C. A. upon the re-election as their president of Mr. J. C. Thompson, who has devoted more time, means and labour to the association work than any other man in the city. The compliment is well deserved.

THE undutiful son of Rev. P. Leys, whose prosecution of his father occasioned so much adverse comment, has applied to the court to recover from his father the expenses of process, and also all expenses incurred in the unsuccessful search for the children. The former were granted, but he was told that his right to recover the latter must be judged by the court. The warrant for the recovery of the children is still in force.

IN a readable letter from England by Peter O'Leary, which appears in the Montreal *Witness*, there is a vivid contrast between the extremes of wealth and poverty that are to be found there. After graphically describing the wretchedness and misery visible in certain London districts, he adds: I have no hesitation in saying, however, that public houses and their influence is one of the chief causes of a deal of our poverty. There are 28,000 public houses in London, and if only \$10 per day was spent in each, it would amount to \$280,000 per day, and that in an article which produces disease, crime and misery. These figures, however, are not one-fifth of the amount spent, but I have used them merely as a minimum to show the unanimous waste of money in the purchase of an article which is neither good for body nor mind. The principles of temperance are, however, growing stronger every day.

THE music teachers of the Province have felt that music as well as the interests of their profession could be advanced by association. The organization was formed a year ago, and last week the second convention was held in this city. Several subjects of interest came up for discussion, such as the use of the tonic sol-fa method. It was ably advocated and ably opposed, the ease with which young learners can acquire an elementary knowledge of music by its means being generally recognized. Church music was also ably discussed. The music of the Moody and Sankey hymns came in for sharp criticism, one speaker describing it as "jingling melodies and puerile harmonies which do not reach the heart, but only the ears and feet," and another gave the alliterative opinion that it was "trite, trivial and trashy." Many will be deeply offended no doubt, but educated

musicians generally will readily assent to the judgment expressed.

REV. DAVID SCOTT, of Saltcoats, recently conducted services on three Sabbaths, in the Scotch Church, Rotterdam, and dispensed the communion. This historic congregation, which was founded by Covenanting refugees from Scotland in 1642, has had twenty-five pastors, some of whom were men of celebrity, such as Petrie the historian; M'Ward, the Scottish worthy; and Fleming, the author of "The Fulfilling of the Scriptures." It is interesting also to know that at Rotterdam, the famous Richard Cameron, martyr, was ordained to the ministry, on which occasion, when the other ministers had removed their hands from his head, Mr. Ward continued his, and exclaimed, "Behold, all ye beholders, here is the head of a faithful minister and servant of Jesus Christ, who shall lose the same for his Master's interest, and it shall be set up before sun and moon, in the view of the world." That same head was exposed on the Netherbow, Edinburgh, in 1683.

IT is time that some serious protest was raised against the foolishness of some of the proposals for commemorating the jubilee year, is the sensible remark of the *British Weekly*. It goes on to say: We do not speak of the Imperial Institute, of which the idea at any rate is excellent, nor of the Church House, of which we may not be considered unprejudiced judges. But why should we be eager to multiply bad statues? Why build jubilee towers, which are sure to be as ugly and useless as they threaten to be colossal? If we use so ill a golden opportunity, we shall only convince our children how blind were their fathers to the misery and ignorance and social danger in which they lived. There is a better way. We may, for instance, make it a year of educational work. Free libraries are not yet universal. In many places mechanics' institutes, founded under different social conditions, have ceased to satisfy the needs of the increasing numbers of earnest working men, and require to be reconstructed. In every direction there is good work to be done, and money, where that is needed, will flow freely in a jubilee year. Let us not spend it in toys.

THE recently-formed Protestant Ministerial Association of Montreal has gone vigorously to work in endeavouring to secure the better observance of the Sabbath. Inquiries set on foot by them have elicited the fact that post office Sabbath labour has been lengthened. The old story. Only get in the thin edge of the wedge, and the opening will soon be made larger. The association has resolved to make a representation on the subject to the Postmaster-General. It would appear that skating rinks in Montreal are open on the Sabbath. For this state of things the plea of necessity or mercy cannot be urged, and therefore strenuous efforts ought to be made to close up such places on the sacred day. The running of street cars, hacks, etc., on that day was properly condemned, and attention was also drawn to the fact that many saloons and shops were kept open in violation of the law. These efforts of the Ministerial Association of Montreal ought to be productive of good. Something is achieved when an appeal has been made to the Christian conscience of the citizens where such flagrant violations of the divine law are suffered to prevail.

AT a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Glasgow, many years ago, Dr. Krummacher, of Berlin, said he had looked in vain for a monument to John Knox in Scotland, and added Scotland herself was his monument, energy personified. A movement is now on foot, however, as the *Christian Leader* states, for the erection of a bust in memory of the great reformer at Abbey Craig. At the inauguration of the bust of Robert Burns in the Wallace monument in September last, it was suggested by Dean of Guild Mercer, in a spirited speech, that a bust of Knox should follow those of Burns and King Robert the

Bruce. There has been a speedy response, for several personal friends of Provost Yellowlees, of Stirling, have requested him, at their expense, to commission a colossal bust of the great reformer for the statuary room. The provost has, we understand, entrusted the work to Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A., who has therefore now in hand for the monument three separate works of sculpture. The statuary hall is suited to accommodate about sixteen busts; and as we understand, a niche is intended for James Watt, it is to be hoped some of our patriotic friends in the west of Scotland will authorize the Provost of Stirling to get Watt's bust executed on their behalf. There is some movement, we learn, among Scotsmen in America, in order to the due completion of the monument.

IF we may accept as true, says the *Christian Leader*, the statements that were made at a Sunday evening conference of railway employes in Glasgow, it would appear that on the North British railway the drivers and firemen on passenger trains are working from twelve to fourteen, sixteen and even seventeen hours a day; passenger guards from twelve to fifteen; and goods drivers, firemen and guards from twelve to eighteen! From our own personal observation we are strongly inclined to believe that there is no exaggeration in these figures. It is our proud boast that slavery no longer exists within the dominions of Queen Victoria; but if the unfortunate men who are obliged to work these hours are not slaves, the term is one that has lost its meaning. Corporate bodies have a tendency to establish tyrannies for which no individual would care to assume the responsibility; and it is therefore the duty of the press, the pulpit and the public, to keep a watchful eye on companies, and to bring to bear upon them the moral compulsion by which alone they can be kept in order. We are all much too slack in this matter; and it seems to us very shameful that such a scandalous state of things should not provoke an expression of public reprobation which no company, however strong in money and weak in morality, could afford to trifle with. Besides the wrong that is inflicted on the guards and engine-drivers, there is the peril to be considered in which the lives of the travelling public are necessarily placed by the heartless system.

THE genial Reuben Roseneath, a regular and valued contributor to the *Christian Leader*, in his latest communication, says: It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Spurgeon is recruiting his health amid the soft scenes and balmy breezes of the sunny South, but our sympathy goes forth toward the people of the tabernacle in these very dull November days in London as we think of them as sheep without a shepherd. But in the enforced absence of their own they exercise the privilege of borrowing one for a day from neighbouring flocks, and such is the kindly feeling to the grand bishop of nonconformity in South London that all the needed help is graciously supplied, and there is nothing lacking in the bereaved fold. Last Sunday morning, as the gas was turned up amid the vast area and galleries of the capacious building, one was able to see that the attendance was as large as usual, but then the preacher for the day was Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D. English Presbyterians do not go in for tabernacles, or Dr. Gibson would have had one of his own ere this. When his church building gets too strait for the congregation he and his session, borrowing from the bees, arrange for a "hiving off," and this very week St. George's, Brondesbury, has been opened to relieve the pressure from that district upon the Marlborough Place accommodation. As we wait for the opening of the service we cannot help wondering if the doctor will look at home upon the spacious platform where no pulpit is, and feel at home without that cloak and the "bands" in which Presbyterians love to see their ministers arrayed. And what if he ventures to bring with him a "paper crutch"? and how will he manage to manoeuvre it upon a low table before the gaze of the waiting multitude? But, hush, there he is, hymn book in his hand.