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Harvest Praise.

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet; of which to make our bread!
Praise God for yellow corn, with which His waiting world is fed!
Praise God for fish, and flesh and fowl, He gave to man for food!
Praise God for every creature which He made, and call'd it good!
Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise God for summer's heat!
Praise God for fruit trees bearing seed—"to you it is for meat!"
Praise God for all the bounty by which the world is fed!
Praise God His children all to whom He gives their daily bread!

OVER LAND AND SEA.

"I felt most ill-used . . . because a slight accident had disabled my right hand. . . . Taking a walk through crowded streets, I met one man with a leg deficient, another without the usual number of arms, a blind woman, a girl with her face terribly disfigured, two deaf and dumb men, an old man with a 'churchyard cough,' two funerals, and a van of prisoners. Having passed these, and come to a lunatic asylum and workhouse, it occurred to me that instead of grumbling, I should be very thankful that I was not as badly off as thousands of more deserving people."

It is a day not for moping, but for being glad. We may well say as Nehemiah said to the Jews on a memorable occasion: "The day is holy to the Lord your God: mourn not, nor weep. . . . neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength." The last clause of this quotation is a specially significant one. Joy and strength are closely connected. Cheerfulness is becoming to Christians at all times; and especially at those seasons which are essentially festal in their character.

Strangely enough, the people of whom one would expect the most outward and visible expressions of thankfulness to God for His goodness are not yet the readiest in this direction. Your neighbor who has lost a dear child, your friend who is racked with pain, your acquaintance whose ships never come in, will seize upon an occasion for thanksgiving much more eagerly as a rule, than the other on whom fortune has smiled, whose home has known no break, whose health is unimpaired. Of course this is not invariably the case. There are happy exceptions. But, generally speaking, it is true of each of us that

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

"As these fugitives, who hail for the most part from Ardshesch, near Van, relate no Armenian peasants are left in that neighborhood. The Kurds, who openly declare they have carried out the will of the Sultan and done their duty as Moslems, have burnt, plundered, and butchered the Giaours. The men were mercilessly slaughtered and the prettiest of the women and girls were carried off, but the children were thrown alive into pits meant for storing corn, and were covered with earth. The cruelty of the Mohammedans went even so far that in order to save ammunition they arranged their victims in rows, and killed two or three

at a shot. Among the fugitives are little children without either father or mother, women who have lost their husbands, husbands who have lost their wives, and parents who weep for daughters who have suffered brutal martyrdom."

Lord Dufferin, formerly Governor General of Canada who has just retired from the diplomatic service and taken up his residence on his estates at Clondeboyne in Ireland, as one of his first acts laid recently the memorial stone of a new Presbyterian Church in the neighborhood. He took occasion in his own kindly and graceful way to express his "sympathy and reverence for the Presbyterian Church of Ireland." The Committee have allocated to the Dufferin family a pew in the new church and hope to see him occasionally worshipping with them.

The Russian papers publish the dreadful story which is now being told by the few starved refugees which make their way across the Russian frontier from Van. They have braved everything to reach shelter. "These sick, homeless people," says a Russian paper, "wan and haggard with hunger and wandering, must fill one with pity, especially when it is remembered that they have suffered merely because they had the misfortune to be born into Christian families. For a whole week they lived on roots and herbs, till by chance they came upon some fellow-sufferers. They then clubbed together and took a guide, and in this manner they reached the Russian frontier.

Crescent, the little "Record of Islam," an organ which has been established with the aim of assisting to convert England to Mohammedanism, tells sometimes funny stories. Here is one: A Baptist clergyman in Liverpool, who is about to pay a visit to the Holy Land, was making a great brag about his intended journey to a member of the Liverpool Muslim Institute. "When I get there," the parson said in his best pulpit tone, "I will stand where Moses stood, and read the Ten Commandments from the top of Mount Sinai." "You had better stay at home and keep them," was the Muslim's laconic reply.

A minister in Glasgow was annoyed by people who were talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers and said: "Some time since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you made a great mistake; that young man was an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should make a mistake and reprove another idiot."

The small principality of Waldeck, a German state, is taking practical steps to prevent homes where drunkenness brings poverty, suffering, disease and crime. It refuses a marriage license to any one who has the habit of getting drunk; and if one who has been a drunkard apply for such license he must produce proof of reformation to warrant his getting it. A good common sense-plan this.