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Into the darkness comes the day,  
But not with a sudden burst of splendor;  
The shadows are slowly driven away  
By touches of light that are faint and tender  
At first, just a flush on the eastern sky;  
The perfect day cometh by and by.

So to soul-darkness comes the day;  
The shadows of doubt and uncertainty linger,  
But slowly, surely they pass away  
Under the touch of Faith's gentle finger.  
Walk in the little light thou hast;  
To "the perfect day" thou shalt come at last!

## OVER LAND AND SEA.

The gift of a million dollars by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for the erection of a new building for the Lying-in Hospital of the City of New York is a splendid bit of practical philanthropy, as judicious as it is generous. While our rich men make their wealth righteously and bestow large portions of it for the welfare of their fellow mortals, anarchism and all its ugly crew will have little to feed upon.

The "tenth legion" was famous in history, but now it is the name of those Endeavorers who propose to give one-tenth of their income for Christ and the church. It is a happy title. It has associations of great value. It will lead young people to keep accounts and to set apart a certain portion of their means for beneficence. We do not believe that a tenth is the only or the best rule of giving. But it is vastly better than impulsive and intermittent generosity. One union in New York has a thousand members. The only thing required is to be "willing to avow yourself one whose rule is to give God the tithe."

Great Britain's drink-bill last year was \$712,074,000 which would make an annual cost of \$91 for every family in the United Kingdom, counting five persons to a family. Is "Christian America" any better comparatively? Their bill is annually about \$1,200,000,000, not including the cost of inebriate asylums, hospitals, criminal courts and other results.

When the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon keepers asked for compensation, she replied: "Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the balance."

Two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five students have matriculated in the University of Edinburgh this session—748 (including 176 women) in the Faculty of Arts, 148 (including 3 women) in the Faculty of Science, 62 in the Faculty of Divinity, 439 (including 6 women) in the Faculty of Medicine, and 7 (including 3 women) in the Faculty of music. The students in Glasgow University number 1,602, of whom 62 are in Divinity and 621 in Medicine. In both Universities the attendance has, during the last decade, tended to decrease—the decline being most marked in Edinburgh. Since 1889, for example, there has been a fall there of a thousand, the diminution, curious to say, being most notable in the department of Divinity. In 1889 there were 124 theological students. This year there are only 62, or exactly one half of what they were at the former date.

In England, according to official reports, tobacco is adulterated with sugar, alum, lime, flour or meal, rhubarb leaves, saltpeter, fuller's earth, starch, malt comings, chromate of lead, peat moss, molasses, burdock leaves, common salt, endive leaves, lampblack, gum, red dye, scraps of newspapers, cinnamon stick, cabbage leaves, and straw brown paper. And, after this exhibit, it is safe to say that it will continue to be used.

Read what Professor Laffin says about the cigarettes. In 1879 there were 900,000 cigarettes manufactured, and last year there were 1,200,000,000 or 1,333 times as many. "Tobacco in any form is bad, but in a cigarette there are five poisons. There are the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpetre to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavoring. The trouble with the cigarette is the inhaling of the smoke. If you blow a mouthful of smoke through a handkerchief, it will leave a brown stain. Inhale the smoke and blow it through the nostril, and no stain will appear. The oil and poison remain in the head or body. Cigarettes create a thirst for strong drink; and there should be anti-cigarette societies, as there are temperance societies."

Plymouth church, Brooklyn, has organized a movement for the curing of drunkards. Rev. Horace Porter, the assistant pastor, in charge of the Mayflower Mission, is in charge of the scheme. The church workers intend to establish a fund for the treatment of inebriates, out of which the expense entailed in the cures will be paid. On their recovery, the patients are to pay back on the installment plan the money advanced, and the money so returned will be used in its turn for the cure of others. Mr. Porter states that the plan is the outgrowth of the battle which the branches of Plymouth church have been waging against the liquor evil. The movement was started with a meeting in Plymouth church on Jan. 10, attended by several hundred people, at which an address was made by John H. Pierce, who has himself taken the cure.

The art of not hearing should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls all manner of names, at the first words we should shut our ears and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ears as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of a man by heedless and ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion stuck full of sharp remarks. If we would be happy when among good men we should open our ears; when among bad men, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what our neighbors say about our children, what our rivals say about our business, our dress or our affairs.