

Presbyterian Review.

GENERAL NOTICES.

(a) Terms—In advance, \$1.50. No subscription received for less than one year. The Review is published weekly, except on the first of January, and on the first of July. The price of the Review is \$1.50 per annum in advance, and all payments are made, as required by law, in advance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In order to receive prompt attention correspondents will please note: All letters relating to business should be addressed to the Manager.

THE MANAGER, Presbyterian News Co., Toronto. All communications intended for insertion in the Presbyterian Review should be addressed to the Editor.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Per line per year \$3.00; 6 months, \$1.75; 3 months, \$1.00; 1 month, 50 cents. Special rates for contracts on application.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1889

HOME MISSIONS.

THERE is no more urgent and important work before the Church today than the supply of the money necessary to carry on Home Missions. The operations of the Home Mission Committee which ought to be conducted in a circle widening year by year, and only limited by the bonds of our great Dominion, are hampered by an increasing deficit in funds.

In almost every Presbyterian throughout the Church more or less work of a missionary character is carried on among people who are either too poor, too few in numbers, or too cold spiritually to maintain ordinances for themselves; but the great field is the new North-West, in the Presbyteries of Winnipeg, Rock Lake, Brandon, Regina, Calgary and British Columbia.

It might be thought to be a not very difficult task to establish churches among a people of whom so large a percentage is already nominally Presbyterian. Perhaps it would be less difficult if they were, as they are sometimes represented to be in missionary addresses, hungering and thirsting for the Gospel.

But with judicious supervision there is surely much in the Home Mission correspondence that might be safely made public and which would afford valuable material for rendering missionary meetings interesting.

It was pointed out by one of the speakers on a recent occasion that Home Missionaries were buried while the Foreign were exalted; that two young men equally gifted had, a short time since, graduated in the same year, both giving themselves to mission work,

One to set up his kingdom with all its bad influences for the production of criminals and outlaws. The men who go West and throw off their religion are worse than the Indians. Their downward career is very rapid. In respect to missionary effort on behalf of such, the words of Holy Writ have a special force and meaning, "Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

In respect to personal interest the Home Mission Scheme would stand second to none. We believe that incidents and experiences quite as varied and equally thrilling are to be met in the Home as in the Foreign field.

If these things were kept as they should be before our people, we are confident that personal interest in the work would develop in a very marked degree, and with its development money would flow into the treasury.

But we would suggest, that valuable as these reports are, they do not contain all the information which the people crave, and which would stimulate their interest in the work. We would venture to ask if there is a regular correspondence kept up with our Home Missionaries through the Secretary or Convener of the Committee, such as is maintained with the Foreign Missionaries of our Church.

It is to this end that so much correspondence from our Foreign missionaries appears in these columns, not for the glorification of mere men, as has sometimes been jealously hinted—though we would hold all missionaries in honour wherever their lot is cast—but simply that links of interest and affection may be formed between the representatives of the Church and those who furnish the means for their support.

We are not unaware of the difficulties and dangers of a system of free correspondence with any Mission field, and especially a Home field. Indeed, some might prefer to see the present state of things continued rather than take risks of harm being done by indiscreet publication.

There are some passages in the Confession of Faith and in the Larger Catechism, of which it may be doubted whether they are founded on the Word of God, and which are offensive in their expressions. Farther, there is a want of a clear and prominent utterance, such as we have in the Scriptures, of the love of God as shown in the redemption of Christ, which is sufficient for all men, and in the free and honest offer of salvation to all men, none elect as well as elect.

THE experience of our neighbours to the south of us in dealing with language problems, may help us to some solution of our own difficulties. St. Louis, which has a very large German population, has, after twenty years of trial, abolished the study of German in the

Public schools as being "profitless and a waste of time, which can better be devoted to the pursuit of English studies." New York has also been considering the question, and the special committee on "Plans and Studies" has recommended to the Board of Education the abandonment of that branch of instruction, proposing that the time given thereto be hereafter given to gymnastic exercises, and to additional studies in English.

THE Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the Provincial University, rendered vacant by the lamented death of Dr. George Paxton Young, has been filled by the appointment of Prof. James Mark Baldwin, Ph.D., formerly of Princeton University, but at present on the staff of Lake Forest University, Chicago, and Mr. J. G. Hume, B.A., a recent graduate of Toronto University and a highly distinguished pupil of Dr. Young.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DR. TALMAGE appeals to the whole English-speaking world for help to build his proposed new Tabernacle. We cheerfully make mention of this appeal, and trust that it will be entirely successful, and that the new house will soon be built.

As we go to press a letter reaches us on the subject of "College Statistics," from the Editor of the Presbyterian College Journal. The letter will appear in our next issue.

Literary Notices.

RECOGNITION AFTER DEATH. By the Rev. J. Aspinall Hodge, D.D. Robt. Carter & Brothers, N.Y. D. T. McAnish, Presbyterian Book Room, Toronto.

As the title of this little book indicates it is a discussion of the ever-present question—"Shall we know each other in heaven?" After devoting a chapter to the examination of objections to recognition after death, Dr. Hodge proceeds to unfold the teachings of Scripture on the recognition and fellowship of souls.

"Ah, Christ, that it were possible For one short hour to see The souls we loved, that they might tell us What and where they be."

THE SERMON BIBLE. Vol. 3, Psalm Ixvii to Song of Solomon. A. G. Watson, Toronto Willard Tract Depository, Toronto. \$1.50.

We have already, in noticing vols. 1 and 2 of The Sermon Bible, given an outline of its purpose. Doubtless many of our readers have made themselves possessors of the book. Such will be glad to hear that the third volume is to hand. It finishes the Psalms and includes the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon.

SEVEN writers—clergymen, college professors and public men, some of them specialists of acknowledged standing—have associated themselves to discuss special questions of social interest and import, and to prepare papers to be afterwards given to the public from time to time in the pages of The Century.

THE publishers of St. Nicholas announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1889, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted.

Contributed.

THE ORIENTALISTS IN STOCKHOLM.

BY REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D., TORONTO. MONDAY, Sept. 2nd, in Stockholm, "the Venice of the North," was as bright and beautiful a day, as any one could have wished for the brilliant opening of the Orientalist Congress.

Soon after 11 a.m., all the members of Congress, proceeded, according to order, all in full dress and decorations—professors in their bright hoods and official robes, military men in their uniforms, all wearing as a badge a rosette of the national colours of Sweden and Norway, to the Riddarhus, or House of the Swedish Nobility.

THE evening His Majesty had invited us all to a reception and banquet at his summer palace at Drottningholm, a beautiful island on Lake Malar, about seven miles from Stockholm. To convey us to the palace he sent the Royal yacht for the Diplomatic Corps and delegates from Foreign Governments, and for other members of Congress, three other steamers.

the Parsees; the pure white of his dress contrasting finely with the scarlet and green and gold of the other Orientals around him.

Soon the band outside struck up the Swedish national anthem; the cannon boomed their salute, and all fell into instant silence, and rose to their feet, as presently, through the broad central aisle, came H. M. the King, a soldierly-looking man, over six feet in height, with a very kindly and thoughtful face, in brilliant admiral's uniform, decorated with the blue sash of the Order of Seraphim, followed by the Crown Prince, and high officials of the Swedish court.

Blowing with a cordial smile to either side, he passed along to the platform, shaking hands with the various foreign ambassadors and a few of the most distinguished professors on the platform, took his seat in the chair; before him, tables, spread with many of the works on Oriental subjects, written by members of the Congress, which, in accordance with His Majesty's intimation, we were permitted to present for his gracious acceptance.

After these addresses followed another, in German, by Dillmann, as also by Schrader, both in German; by Max Müller, in English, and many others in French, German and Italian. So passed about two hours, when His Majesty rose, and again bowing pleasantly to the right and left, the band playing and the cannon thundering, he passed out, and the first session of the Eighth International Oriental Congress was closed, to be ever remembered by all of us who had the honour to be members, as, in an intellectual way, perhaps, the most imposing spectacle of our lives.

For the evening His Majesty had invited us all to a reception and banquet at his summer palace at Drottningholm, a beautiful island on Lake Malar, about seven miles from Stockholm. To convey us to the palace he sent the Royal yacht for the Diplomatic Corps and delegates from Foreign Governments, and for other members of Congress, three other steamers. As the time for embarkation drew near, it seemed as if all Stockholm had turned out in honour of the occasion. To have walked through the square and street leading to the wharf where the steamers lay, would have been about impossible, except for the soldiers who kept a path open through the crowd for the members of Congress to pass unimpeded. All being on board, at six p.m. the Royal band on His Majesty's yacht struck up, and, with all flags flying, our four steamers moved out into the lake, the Royal yacht leading with the Foreign Ambassadors, and the others following in close procession. Lake Malar is full of thickly wooded islands, over 1,200 in number, so that a shore on both sides is always near; while, as one passes one and another island, long shadowy reaches of water stretch off between the dark pine firs, no one can see whither. All the way, on the shores of every island, wherever there was a hut, a villa or a village, all the people were on the shore or in their windows, waving handkerchiefs and flags, firing cannon, and shouting their welcome to Sweden—men, women, and little children! In the course of an hour, in the light of a beautiful sunset, we reached Drottningholm Palace, a noble building on a wooded island, a few hundred feet up from the edge of the lake. The palace was a blaze of light, and looked most beautiful in the evening dusk. And now, through long lines of motionless sentinels, and then of plumed grenadiers, we all, plain western folk, along with Arabs and Turks, the Hindoo and the Parsee, gorgeously dressed Egyptians and Persians, ascended the grand marble staircase which leads up to the salons on the first floor, the royal orchestra making the lofty dome over us to reverberate with music as the guests entered; then through one magnificent room after another, hung with rare tapestries and choicest paintings, between the long lines of His Majesty's Body Guard, drawn up in rich parade uniform on either side of each room, till at last we came out into the Grand Salle des Contemporeins, so called from the life-size paintings of contemporaneous monarchs which cover the walls, a truly regal apartment which I will not attempt further to describe. Although there were full seven hundred of us, yet in this grand salon there was no crowding, and one could scarcely realize that we were so many. When all