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Little Things that Count.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel flog
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through your heart, I find,
For love is tender, love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

OVER LAND AND SEA.

"My son, remember that, though it is a good thing to be a great man, it is a great thing to be a good man," was the parting counsel of a good mother to an ambitious boy on his leaving home to commence his career in the business world.

Dr. Field of the *New York Evangelist* has taken to the bicycle at seventy four, and writes enthusiastically of his experiences. But then Dr. Field will never be really old anyway if he lives to be a hundred.

The *New York Observer* puts the matters well when it remarks that a certain measure of creed and rigidity of attitude is necessary to success in the Christian life and practice, just as the human body cannot be wholly constituted of soft flesh, but must be structurally supported by a firm vertebral column. Too much elasticity in any line will not do. We are aware that india rubber, while on account of its "give" very serviceable for certain purposes, is one of the least trustworthy and enduring of substance, easily deteriorating under adverse, or even ordinary, conditions of weather and wear. An elastic band may be convenient for temporary use upon a desk, but it is the cord that proves to be the reliable bond of documents or valuables. When there is too much give to a theology it eventually gives way.

The present situation of the English Church Missionary Society's mission in Uganda, Africa, is thus summarized. "One hundred thousand souls brought into close contact with the gospel, 200 buildings for worship raised by native Christians, 200 evangelists and teachers entirely supported by the native church, 10,000 copies of the New Testament in circulation, 6,000 souls eagerly seeking daily instruction, and the power of God shown in changed lives, all this in the centre of the thickest spiritual darkness in the world."

One can have no idea of what is preached in certain Roman Catholic pulpits. In the chapel of St. Quay, in the department of the Cotes du Nord, on Sunday 18th August, 1895, the preacher thus endeavored to impress on

his hearers the importance of well employing the time at our disposal: "Suppose, my brethren, that a lost soul, plunged for eternity in the flames of hell, should obtain from God the unexpected favor of once more spending fifteen minutes upon earth. That unique, that supreme quarter of an hour, what use will the miserable man make of it? Be sure he will make haste to perform those deeds of charity by which we are justified and sanctified. And, further, he will also inflict upon himself some of those tortures, inexpressibly cruel, by which sins are expiated."

The Catholic Synod, recently held in St. Louis, passed a decree against any of their members consenting to be employed in the choir service of Protestant churches, or, as the Synod contemptuously designates our sanctuaries, "Protestant meeting houses." The decree reads: "They sing grievously, who for the sake of gain only, either sing or play on musical instruments in Protestant meeting-houses." One of their papers explains the sweet reasonableness of this order on the ground that "there must be no participation in sacred things with heretics." It also claims that is only a reproduction of a recent decision of the Pope. It calls on all Catholics of musical talents not to "weakly yield to the solicitations of self and Satan and the evil counsels of those who are aliens to the Household of God, and sell for filthy lucre their immortal souls and their personal honor." A large number of the musicians affected by this order openly express their intention to disregard it.

Dr. Roads of Philadelphia writing in the *Christian Statesman* urges that the churches should provide for hot weather Sabbaths. "Why not" he asks, have machine fans in the lecture rooms and use them? Or why should we hesitate to have them in the large audience rooms? Is it not plain that our churches might actually be made to be the most comfortable place in any neighborhood so that men, women and children seeking a cool place would be attracted to them? With high ceilings, large rooms, a number of noiseless great fans run by electricity or by hand power or water power would transform our summer church work. No saloon with its low ceilings, stench and crowds could compare with an enterprising summer church. Here is a field for Christian Endeavor push."

The *Mid-Continent* of St. Louis in a recent number has a most appreciative article on Canadian poetry referring especially to Lampman, Roberts and Bliss Carman. The opening sentences are worth quoting. "To-day," it says, "the decadent holds the field of literature. With banner waving on high, he loudly proclaims that the whole world is gray, lighted by lurid, smoky gleams where the sun shines through cloud, and that the birds have forgotten how to sing. We listen and wait for a champion. And while we wait, he is at hand—the Canadian poet, whose work comes like a wind from the north for clearness and strength and tells us that the sea is still blue and flecked with white sails and whiter surge; that in the forest-silence the pines talk softly, that the blue sky still bends over and that brotherly kindness is still strong in the hearts of men