

# The Presbyterian Review.

Vol. XII.—No. 30.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1896.

\$1.50 per Annum

## OVER LAND AND SEA.

Philadelphia has a Provident Loan Society Pawnshop started something over a year ago by the churches of the city, its object being to advance small sums of money to persons in urgent need, at reasonable rates of interest, and thereby assisting the worthy poor and preventing their falling into the hands of the Shylock pawn-shops. During the year over \$500,000 has been loaned, and \$200,000 has been repaid with interest, and the business of the society is in a satisfactory condition. This is holding out a helping hand in a practical business way thoroughly characteristic of the honest, friendly, but business characteristics of the City of Brotherly Love.

The *Chicago Tribune's* record of gifts to benevolent institutions in the United States in sums of \$10,000, or over, for the year 1895, shows a total of \$28,943,549, an increase of over nine millions over the gifts for 1894. The gifts of less than \$10,000 were correspondingly larger, and may be estimated at fifteen millions more. It is safe to place the voluntary benevolences, not counting the support of local churches, at a total of over forty million dollars for the year.

It is stated upon good authority that the working men of Great Britain and Ireland earn six hundred million pounds a year, 60 per cent, of which goes for drink. If this is indeed true, Archdeacon Farrar speaks to the point when he says, "Every nation has its own national devil, and the devil of England is intemperance."

The newspapers never reported a more pitiful story than the following: "A wretched mother dropped dead about four weeks ago at the feet of the son who had been a burden and a sorrow to her. This son, who was thirty years old, instead of helping his mother, spent his wages for whiskey. At last the mother concluded that committing him as an habitual drunkard might lead to his reformation. She was called to the witness stand to swear to the complaint, but the strain was too great for her, and she fell dead with the words on her lips: 'It's breaking my heart.'" No orator, living or dead, ever delivered a temperance lecture equal to this in pathos and eloquence.

The failure of missions! At the first Easter there were 120 Christians. Now there are 120,000,000 Protestants, who rule most of the area of the world. There were 500 brethren who saw the risen Lord at first. Now there are 500,000,000 in three great communions of Christendom who bear his name. Praise God for such failures.

Dean Farrar has publicly stated says the *Free Church Monthly* that seven thousand of the English clergy are avowed supporters of the Romeward movement. How that movement proceeds is being illustrated, for instance, at St. Pancras, where the confessional is being openly used; at Stratford-on-Avon, where a communicant was refused the cup because declining to receive the bread in the form of a wafer; and at the opening of a mission chapel in

Landport, under the shadow of Winchester College. The ceremonial in connection with the opening of this chapel was a very elaborate one. A procession was formed, of which the following is a description:—

First came a thurifer swinging the censer, from which was omitted the fragrant odor of incense. Besides him was an acolyte carrying the crucible. Both were attired in red cassocks, with shoes, stockings, and skullcaps to match; and above the cassocks was worn a white surplice or robe. Other acolytes, similarly dressed, came next. Some bore aloft long white candles, and another the cross. Following came the choir, the clergy, and other acolytes with an upraised crucifix, and a censer with incense. Immediately behind the choir came the bishop, and on each side of him walked two clergymen. Most of the clergymen wore birettas. The company of clergymen was brought up by 'Father' Dolling in gorgeous cope and alb; and then a large number of worshippers, walking four abreast, completed the pageant."

There is a passage in the works of the new Laureate, says the *Globe*, which has a peculiar appropriateness just now:

Across the trenches of the deep  
Unflinching faces shine,  
And Britain's stalwart sailors keep  
The bastions of the brine.  
Britain herself from strand to strand  
Our citadel shall be,  
And though the world together band,  
Not all the legions of the land  
Shall ever wrest from England's hand  
The sceptre of the sea.

The King's Daughters began with ten women in New York less than ten years ago, and now have a membership of over four hundred thousand. They aim to work quietly, to take up new work quickly, and incite others to royal deeds of love for the King. It is a good name for every young Christian woman.

A foreign item announces that two Jews of Bagdad have purchased Babylon, and now own all that remains of the palaces and hanging gardens of the city where Daniel was thrown into the den of lions, and Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego into the fiery furnace.

Some interesting excavations are being made at the foot of the volcano Agua in Central America, where a buried city similar to Pompeii has been discovered. At a depth of fourteen to eighteen feet human skeletons over six feet long have been unearthed, together with flint instruments, pottery, glassware and jewels.

It is stated that the pioneer Ashantee force are almost rigid teetotalers. Of the force of non-commissioned officers under Captain King nine were total abstainers. All the officers drink water with but a handful of exceptions. The manager of the National Temperance League's Publication Depot has received instructions from the secretary of the Army Temperance Association to forward copies of Temperance literature and some diagrams, suitable for Temperance work amongst the troops at Cape Coast Castle.