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A Little Talk With Jesus.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road ;
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears
are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest,
That I am daily, homily longing for a home upon His breast ;
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love,
" I am coming soon to take thee to My happy home above "

Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see ;
And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting me.
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise to me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus will wile away the time ;
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could ;
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food,
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time ;
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine ;
Then in my Father's dwelling where " many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He shall talk with me

Art and Religion.

A WRITER in the *Bulwark* has some trenchant remarks on this subject. After an austere criticism he comes to what he calls the test of the fact in relation to this question:— " Has the employment of high art in matters of religion contributed to the spiritual, or even material prosperity of any country or community? The triumphs of the early Christians and of the Reformers were won without its employment; nay, rather, in the very face of the allurements which music, and painting, and sculpture, as used by their enemies, offered. They loved truth more than beauty, and with the sword of truth accomplished victories over art wrongly employed. The cathedrals of Italy and France, with all their entrancing beauty, have not served to keep the people of those countries in subjection to the faith of the church which reared them, or, in a large measure now, to any faith. Fuller's remark that the introduction of *golden* images into the churches coincided with the prevalence of *wooden* priests, illustrates the decline of the true spirit of religion, as art was elevated to an undue position in the church.

In Germany and England, also, the masses of the people, especially in the large cities, are estranged from church-going, notwithstanding the attractive baits that the Ritualists of those countries hold out to them, in the shape of music and scenic performances. Concerts, theatres, and picture galleries, outvie the churches in those respects, and if people want entertainment and art only, they prefer them unadulterated.

A word in this connection may be said also regarding

the views of those who consider the erection of costly churches and cathedrals as an evidence of the piety of those who were instrumental in building them, and that the structures themselves are objects most pleasing to God. We are often reminded that the cathedrals of the continent, and Britain also, were the work of those who were devoted to God and the best interests of religion; and it is not an uncommon event in our own times for some who have amassed large sums of money to build or restore a church, as the most meritorious way of spending a portion of their treasures. But the Christianizing of those who are steeped in vice and sin, the relief of human want and woe, the elevation of the brutish and the down-trodden, are objects a hundred-fold more worthy and acceptable in the sight of God, than lavishing money on the building of richly ornamented churches, and maintaining services in them, to fill the eye and ear of wealthy congregations. Visitors to the Italian cathedrals who step out from the gorgeous art within to the beggary and misery of the inhabitants without, or those who visit Ireland, and see the magnificent churches Romanists have erected in places where bread is more needed than stones, cannot but feel that true religion is not a display of art, and that the fierce scorn of Ruskin's words are not unmerited in such cases. " The Dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn service and twilight revival the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of pictorially with our plea about the devil in our Satanel-las, Roberts, Fausts, chanting hymns through traceried windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the Dio, through variation on variation of mimicked prayer (while we distribute tracts next day for the benefit of uncultivated swearers upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment), this gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity we are triumphant in. You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke and the organ pipes both—leave them and the gothic windows, and the painted glass to the property-man. Give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door step. For there is the true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy and mother church which ever was or ever shall be."

" It is farthest from our purpose to disparage art in its true place, or to regard the work of the artist where employed in its proper sphere, as calculated to do ought but refine and elevate. Nor do we defend want of order, care, and culture subordinate to the chief end of worship in all that concerns the Church of God. But we contend that beauty is not synonymous with truth, and that it is infinitely better to reproduce Christ in heart and life than on glass or marble."