

The Presbyterian Review.

Vol. XIII.—No. 8

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1896.

\$1.50 per Annum

Seedtime.

Sow thou thy seed ;
Glad is the light of Spring—the sun is glowing.
Do thou thy deed :
Who knows when flower or deed shall cease its growing ?

Thy seed may be
Bearer of thousands scattered far and near ;
Eternity
May feel the impress of the deed done here.

OVER LAND AND SEA.

A very interesting article "Egypt and Israel" in the *Contemporary Review* by Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, describes his great discovery in Western Thebes during the present season. Up to this year the Egyptian records knew absolutely nothing about the Israelites, but during the Doctor's careful researches the ruins of the Cenotaph or Memorial Temple of Merenptah (the existence of which was entirely unknown and suspected) were brought to light. Within these ruins statutes and other records were discovered, one of these consisted of a large slab of basalt which was lying flat upon the ground, thus preserving alike the inscriptions and the brilliant colours of the illustration. Upon this monument was found for the first time among Egyptian inscriptions the name of the People of Israel. It has been sent to the Museum of Antiquities at Ghizeh, where visitors can inspect and read the record. A German archaeologist, Dr. Spiegelberg, is reported to have found upon the same spot another record of the name, and he is about to give his account to the learned world in Berlin. We shall then have translations of both inscriptions. These will excite the curiosity of the historian and archaeologist more especially; but the fact of the discovery, and the remarkable connection of the names of the People of Israel and Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus, is most deeply interesting to every reader of the Scriptures.

The Bible is now printed in 381 languages, fifty-two versions having been added in the last five years. Forty-two of these versions are credited to English and Scotch societies, and five to American societies. Twenty-three of the languages and dialects belong to the African Bantu family, and four belong to each of the Malayan, Chinese, and Malanesian, three are in Indian languages, two each belong to the negro, Turki, Druidian, and Hamitic groups, and one each to the Thibeto-Burman, Aryan, and Micronesian families.

Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P., in a recent speech before the Total Abstainers' Union, of London, made some good comparisons as to the cost of the liquor business. He said that the drink bill of £140,000,000 for the year was equal to the rent of all the houses of the country. If paid to the railway companies every person could travel free, there would be nothing to pay for the carriage of goods, and a surplus of some £60,000,000 would remain. Or, the money spent on drink would suffice for the taxes, and the rates, with free gas and water thrown in. Equally forcible comparisons could be made for this country.

A dangerous feature of Roman Catholic Christianity consists in this, that its ambition is not to become the world religion, but to obtain world supremacy.

To rule at all times, to rule in all lands, to rule over all men, to rule under all circumstances, to rule in the state, to rule in the family, and again and again to rule—this is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, of the vicegerent of Christ.

All that is noble and exactly and deeply religious in her stands in the service of the boundless ambition to rule that constitutes her very essence and being. Dogma and morals, cultus and ascet'cism, are all honey-combed by this one overweening des're for supremacy. These constitute the lines along which this ambition crystallizes.

The Roman Catholic Church knows neither kings nor princes, neither independent governments nor parliaments; she recognizes only subjects; she claims for herself the right at all times to exercise her prerogatives even over against law. She acknowledges only one ruler, and that is the Pope at Rome, whose "sons" are his subjects, and who claims the princes and kings of the earth as such.

While the sea-borne commerce of the United States is £393,000,000, and that of France and Germany £294,000,000 and £150,000,000 respectively, that of Great Britain reaches the enormous figure of £954,000,000.

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem.

"To tell you the truth," said the Senator yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my Senatorial colleagues gave a dinner and I was one of the guests."

"Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Senator Coggeshall, "I refused to drink anything intoxicating, and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter. Her last words to me when I left home for Albany being:

"Papa, be true to me."

"I gave the poem that title."

It is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass? Well, I'll tell you the reason why:
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever standing by.
And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the jest and the merry glee,
As with baby grace she kissed my face and says: "Papa, be true to me."

Then, what can I do, to my lass be true, better than let it pass by?

I know you'll think my refusal to drink a breach of your courtesy;
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet, and her dear little form I see,

As with loving embrace she kisses my face and says: "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most, whose dear little will I obey:

Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet over life's toilsome way;
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine, from sorrow may she be free:

For with baby grace she hath kissed my face, and says: "Papa, be true to me."
—*New York World*.