

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1881.

No. 2.

JUST OUT: The "Presbyterian Year Book,"

EDITED BY REV. JAMES CAMERON.

This valuable ANNUAL for 1881 is unusually full of excellent and suggestive reading. The paper, by the Editor, on the proceedings of the Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, occupying forty pages, is worth the price of the book; while the general articles are exceedingly complete and interesting.

The N. Y. "Independent," in noticing the volume for 1879, says: "It is one of the best ecclesiastical Annuals published in THE WORLD."

The present issue is better than any previous one; and every office-bearer, at least, should have a copy.

Mailed free on receipt of twenty-five cents.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

PUBLISHER,

5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A LONDON correspondent, speaking of civic expenditure, notes the fact that a Lord Mayor's dinner costs £27,000, of which no less than £17,000 is for wine.

WE are glad to notice that our friend the "Canadian Baptist" reads THE PRESBYTERIAN so carefully that it notes an oversight of the proof-reader in our issue of the 24th ult., by which "bodies" was transformed into "ladies." Thanks!

THE "Independent" is pithy and sharp in the following words: "The creed of pretentious unbelief rhymes and chimes:

Article I. EGO.

Article II. Nego."

"LIFE" hears on good authority that the expelled Jesuits who have gone to England think of establishing a daily paper in London. It would be printed in French, and be intended for circulation in France. Its object would, of course, be uncompromising opposition to the present French Government.

THE contumacious Bishop of Tournai, Belgium, Mgr. Dumont, who has been deposed, has published a voluminous correspondence between himself and other Belgian bishops, canons, etc. This correspondence shews, it is stated, that these dignitaries accuse each other of "treason," "perfidy," and "forgery." The Bishop of Liege, writing of the Archbishop of Mechlin, says: "All this is very sad. Double-dealing, want of frankness and sincerity—where does such conduct lead to? We cannot renounce our rights and lend ourselves to all the caprices, not to say capers, of our dear metropolitan." Bishop Dumont also promises to publish his correspondence with the Pope.

SOUTH AFRICA is a mixture of Portuguese (who were the first settlers); Dutch, the most numerous of the Europeans; the English, found almost exclusively in the eastern part; with some French and Germans. The natives—Hottentots, Bushmen, Kafirs, Bechuanas and Negroes—are in the majority. There are many labourers, along the coast, of Malay origin. The population of the Cape Colony is about 900,000. Its area is 182,000 square miles. The outlying districts—Basutoland, Kaffraria and Transvaal—have kept the British of the Cape in constant war. The Cape itself was settled by the Dutch in 1652, but passed into possession of the English in 1806.

A MARTYR'S memorial church has lately been erected in Erromanga and was opened on Sabbath, 13th Jan. last. The church was filled by a deeply interested congregation. Among the numbers were two sons of the man who murdered John Williams some forty years ago. The elder of these led in prayer. Throughout the service there was the most perfect order. No wonder that the missionary in writing of the occasion says: "As we looked around on the

people, some of whom had been James Gordon's greatest and best helps, and who love to speak of him, and others had learned to read when boys under George A. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon; others had more than once put their own lives in the greatest danger to protect us, and were baptized into the Church by us; others had been given back from the grave almost in answer to our earnest prayers; and others had been born since our settlement, and with their bright faces proved they were the children of Christians and were happy; and then to see those who had been with the murderers of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon—I say, when we beheld all these before us singing praises to God, and turned to look at the martyrs' tablet, and then to the tablet for the church itself, and again looked at the beautiful church and heard Do-son (or Daniel) pray, and to remember that, forty years before that, his father, Koiwiwi, clubbed to death John Williams on the opposite bank of the river, in front of the church—you cannot wonder that we found it difficult to suppress tears of joy and thankfulness."

THE following extract from an article in "Vanity Fair" is an admirable satire upon the oracular assumption of modern scientific writers and philosophers: "Science is now a goddess throned among stars. She must needs sit on a throne and talk oracles. Let me follow her. A man with good faculties spends twelve years studying the muscles of a caterpillar. Another uses up his life in naming a set of mollusca which do not need his labels. Another gentleman grubs his life away in caves and tumuli. We will not be hard on mechanical science, but when it comes to abstract philosophy it is another pair of sleeves. Among 'subjects' and 'predicates,' and 'majors and minors,' the human intelligence, it is said, exerts its noblest capabilities. We will not believe this. Mr. Mill was once thought to be logic incarnate, now it is proved that Mr. Mill had an essentially illogical mind. Comte was believed to be only inferior in intelligence to the Creator; a biologist now informs us that Comte was a blatant character. Mr. Darwin was once the greatest of the human race! A German person (who is now the greatest of the human race) tell us that Darwin proved nothing. Systems come and go. The philosophers are children in a skittle alley. They fiddle about with terms and names. When they are shewn to be fiddling against the rule of the game there follows a great babblement, and amid the noise the essential gets forgotten. These people with their 'tumuli' and their 'predicates' go about expecting us to be taken with wonder and terror when we see them. They tell us to make the best use of our capabilities, and they ask us at the same time to nullify our chiefest capability. On the whole, we think they had better carry their eloquence somewhere else."

A LETTER from Van to a Constantinople paper describes the condition of the Christian population of Van and vicinity as most deplorable. Those scourges, the Kurds, who have been raiding also in Persia, are continually plundering and murdering Armenian Christians. He says: "During the last three months, I venture to say, not a single day has passed without new oppressions, murders, and outrages being practised by Kurds and Turks on Armenians; but not one of the criminals has been punished." The local government is both weak and indifferent, and affords no protection. The Kurds are armed with the best Martini rifles, and it is hardly possible to go about the country without falling into their merciless hands. They not only kill and plunder, but attack most brutally the wives and daughters of the Christians. Some of the Armenians have attempted to defend themselves, notably in Norduz, where, after a severe contest, lasting several hours, the Kurds were defeated. The scheme of reform adopted in answer to the "identical note" of the European Powers, is the appointment in some districts of two Armenians to about ten Kurdish Mudirs, who are to be held responsible for the preservation of the peace. The Mudirs have not a single policeman to enforce their authority. The

protection of the Armenians, it is to be feared, will have to be undertaken by themselves, as at Norduz. The missionaries in Persia are so fortunate as to enjoy the friendship of the Kurdish leader, Sheikh Abdullah, who has caused, in several instances, property plundered from the Christians by his men to be restored, and has brutally punished the offenders. But the thievish invaders are making awful havoc in the country, killing, burning and plundering.

MR. JAMES F. HOGAN of Geelong, speaks in the "Victorian Review" of the "coming Australian" in no very complimentary terms. He finds that the three main characteristics of the native Australian (not the Australian native) are an inordinate love of field sports, a very decided disinclination to recognize the authority of parents and superiors, and a grievous dislike to mental effort. "It is no exaggeration to say that out of every ten native Australians nine spend all their leisure in the practice of either cricket or football." "In the colonies, and more especially in Victoria, the percentage of juvenile crime is abnormally large." "Young culprits constitute the great majority of the prisoners." This unhappy spirit of youthful lawlessness is encouraged by "the senseless policy of misplaced gentleness that obtains in our public schools." It seems that it is "enacted that corporal punishment in schools must cease; for, when the conditions under which it may be administered are examined, this is what the Victorian Ministerial regulation virtually means." Mr. Hogan draws a humbling contrast between the popular enthusiasm for the accomplishments of "Trickett, the rower, and Murdoch, the cricketer, who achieve nothing more than what an ignorant South Sea Islander could do if he wished," and the neglectful treatment or even contempt shewn to Farjeon, Chevalier, and Sumner, who could find recognition only when they left us and went to London. Thus "we deify muscle and degrade mind," and what will our children grow to? In short, Mr. Hogan thinks the coming Australian will be only a well-fed, well-developed, happy animal, untroubled with noble ambitions, unvisited by religious aspirations—an ass, like Issachar, crouching down between two burdens, finding rest sweet, commonplace sublime, and want of all nobleness wisdom. "The New Zealand Presbyterian" so far acquiesces in this estimate, but at the same time puts in the following caveat against its sweeping character as if "young Australia" as a whole were thus truthfully sketched: "We believe that Mr. Hogan's picture is as true and as false as the majority of photographs, and that it might be extended to New Zealand. It is a true picture of a large portion of our population and of our youth, but would not have been less effectively drawn by admission of a few streaks of light, nor made less telling by heartier allowance that there is an elect remnant among us of the wise and pure and good and noble leavening the whole lump. All our young men are not mad admirers of a semi-savage athlete; and the recollection of Athens raises a doubt in the mind as to the precise ethical or intellectual value to attach to an outburst of admiration for physical strength and prowess. Perhaps, too, Mr. Hogan scarcely allows enough for the fact that in these southern lands we witness Anglo-Saxon blood bounding with a new joy in conscious immunity from the oppression of an ungenial and gloomy climate, and exulting irrepressibly in the new-found joy of sunshine and life out of doors. He has, however, done well in his faithful utterance. His hand points us in the direction of the very serious danger of becoming lawless, pleasure-loving, and secular—a danger likely enough to be averted by heaven sending us dark days and national sorrow to make our hearts earnest." Those who may fancy from the recent exhibitions of Hanlan worship in Canada that we are going in the same direction of "muscle deification" and "mind degradation," may take our New Zealand cotemporary's words and with the necessary modifications apply them to the Dominion. Canadians do not all worship Hanlan any more than, we are glad to understand, do all the Australians worship Trickett.