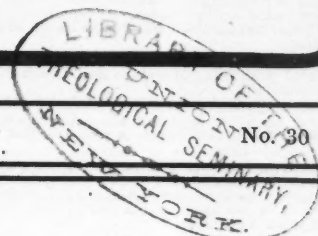


# The Evangelist

VOLUME LXXII

- NEW YORK, JULY 25, 1901



## CONTENTS

PUBLISHER'S PAGE.....	RELIGIOUS PRESS .....	5
New Publications.....	2	
East London. Poem.....	Matthew Arnold	3
THE KINGDOM.....	3	
OF OUR CITY CHURCHES.....	4	
THE TENT EVANGELIST:		
The Week's Work.....	5	
Significance of the Exposition.....	5	
EDITORIALS:		
As He Sees Himself.....	6	
Death of a Venerable Missionary.....	6	
Optimism.....	7	
Editorial Notes.....	7	
A Tribute to Dr. Huntington.....	A. S. H.	8
Ministerial Personals.....	8	
The Crisis in Evangelical Protestantism. I.....	Richard Heath	9
MODERN PROPHETS:		
Frederick Dennison Maurice. I.		
Rev. Samuel Zane Batten	10	
The Cast of the Confession.....	Thomas Towler	11
What is Man? Poem.....	Sir John Davies	11
A wheel in Europe. VI.....	Rev. James A. Miller, Ph.D.	11
Death of a Day. Poem.....	Augusta Moore	13
THE BOOK TABLE:		
The Philosophy of Religion in England and America..	13	
Book Notes.....	14	
Literary Notes.....	14	
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL:		
The International Lesson.....	L. S. H.	16
Abram and Lot.....	Rev. Charles R. Nugent, Ph.D.	17
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.....	H. T. McEwen, D.D.	18
The Farewell Meeting.....	H. T. M.	18
THE PRAYER MEETING.....	Rev. C. L. Carhart	18
WOMEN'S BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS.....	S. H. P.	18
WOMEN'S BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.....	S. R. D.	19
The Centennial of the Church in Skaneateles.		
Harriette Knight Smith	20	
CORRESPONDENCE:		
A Confession of Faith.....	William W. Campbell	21
The Quaker Hill Conference.....	21	
A Reminiscence of Dr. R. S. Storrs..	Elizabeth C. Marsh	21
Paris Through American Eyes .....	21	
THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.....	Rev. C. W. E. Chapin	22
HOME DEPARTMENT:		
Mother's Room. Poem.....	24	
Go to the Ant.....	John Hopkins Dennison	24
A Talk to Fathers.....	24	
Some Marriages I Have Celebrated.....	J. MacA.	25
THE OBSERVATION CAR.....	26	
THE L. D. O. CLUB.....	Maude Louise Ray	26
One of Arthur Manning's Experiments.		
Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., L.L.D.	27	
LETTER FROM OUR FRIENDS.....	28	
MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.....	30	

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THE EVANGELIST

The Evangelist Publishing Company,  
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HENRY HOUGHTON, Business Manager.

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No. 3. Noblest Oblige. Prof. Mary Jordan of Smith College. (From the EVANGELIST of April 26, May 3 and 10, 1900.)

No. 4. The Legal Relations of Churches. Henry A. Stimson D.D. (From the EVANGELIST of June 21, 1900.)

No. 5. The Real Issue. Herrick Johnson D.D. (From THE EVANGELIST of September 13, 1900.)

No. 6. Evangelization Past and to Come. George F. Pentecost D.D. (From THE EVANGELIST of August 30, 1900.)

No. 7. What Shall We Do With The Confession? George F. Pentecost D.D. (From THE EVANGELIST of October 25, 1900.)

No. 8. Divine Healing. Leonard Woolsey Bacon D.D. LL.D. (From the EVANGELIST of March 16, May 18, 1899 July 24, 1900.)

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Chicago Presbytery will hold a stated meeting at the Presbyterian Board rooms, 123 Michigan Ave., Monday, August 5, 10.30 A.M. JAMES FROTHINGHAM, Stated Clerk.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Imported by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: The Anthenic edition of Charles Dickens's Works, illustrated. Hard Times, vol. XV.; American Notes and Pictures from Italy, vol. XVI.; The Uncommercial Traveller, etc., vol. XVII. \$1.50 per vol.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY: All Things New; G. Campbell Morgan. 10 cents; \$1.00 per doz.—Estudios Sobre la Santa Escritura, No. 1; H. B. Platt. 35 cents.

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION, Philadelphia: Presbyterian Foreign Missions; Robert E. Speer. 50 cents, net.—Board of Home Missions: Review and Outlook. Address before the General Assembly, Philadelphia, May, 1901; Charles L. Thompson, D.D.

PAMPHLETS AND REPORTS.

Outline History of the Congregational Association of Western New York Annual Meeting, Warsaw, N. Y., May 1, 1901; Rev. J. Mills Day.

PERIODICALS.

July—Lutheran Quarterly; Sea and Land Monthly; Missionary Review of the World; Institute Tie; Harper's Bazaar; Our Church at Home; Brick Church Life.

August—Sunday School World; Pilgrim Teacher; Everybody's Magazine; Littell's Living Age; Literary Digest; Public Opinion; Biblical World; Sunday School Lesson Illustrator.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

HOW ELEPHANTS ARE CAPTURED.

A curious labyrinth in which elephants are captured alive is to be seen near Ayuthia, formerly the capital of Siam. The labyrinth is formed of a double row of immense tree-trunks set firmly in the ground, the space between them gradually narrowing.

Where it begins, at the edge of the forest, the opening of the labyrinth is more than a mile wide, but as it approaches Ayuthia it becomes so narrow that the elephants cannot turn round.

Snatching no danger, the wild elephant enters the broad opening at the forest end, lured on by a tame elephant. The gradual narrowing of the boundaries is not observed until the elephant finds himself in close quarters.

Having reached the end of the labyrinth, the tame elephant is allowed to pass through a gate, while men lying in wait slip shackles over the feet of the captives. The sport is a dangerous one, for the enraged elephants sometimes crush the hunters under their feet.

The sweet June days are come again,  
The birds are on the wing,  
God's praises, in their loving strain,  
Unconsciously they sing.  
We know who governs all our good:  
And 'neath the arches dim,  
And ancient pillars of the wood,  
We lift our grateful hymn.  
—Samuel Longfellow.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

When does Mary Mapes Dodge? When Thomas W. Knox.

What did Charles Reade? Whatever he saw Mabel Osgood Wright.

When is it that John Burroughs? When he hears Edward Everett Hale.

Why did they Hall Caine? To make Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Who gave Thomas Paine? Hamilton Wright, Mable.

What made Winston Church-ill? Eating what he saw John Esten Cooke.

What will make Walter A. Wyo-koff? I. Zang-will.

Why did Charles Darwin? Because he never turned his back to De-foe.

Where did Captain Frederick Marry-at? At the Ellen Olney Kirk.

What made Colonel Richard H. Savage? Hearing Charles Carlton Coffin.

Why was Wagner Haydn away Bach? Because De Koven had him on his little Liszt.

What kept Charlotte M. Yonge? Helping Elizabeth Phipps Train.

Why do we not laugh at R. D. Blackmore? Because we find John Greenleaf W(h)ittier.

Whence came Sammel Smiles? Because saw a hen reward Beecher.

Why did Miss Mn-loch up the silver? Because she saw Flora Annie Steele.—Life.

Russia follows Great Britain in having the second largest display at the Glasgow Exhibition. In the athletic contest between Scotland and Ireland, June 29, Scotland won by six points to five, after a keen contest.

Lord Kitchener has served in the British Army thirty years. He is nearing his fifty-second year.

Little Beth had never before seen a skimmer. "My!" she exclaimed, "who ever saw such a moth-eaten dipper as that?"—Trained Motherhood.

Work touches the key of endless activity, opens the infinite, and stands awe-struck before the immensity of what there is to do.—Phillips Brooks.

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# THE EVANGELIST

Vol. LXXII.—No. 30

NEW YORK: JULY 25, 1901

WHOLE NO. 3722

## EAST LONDON.

Matthew Arnold.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead  
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,  
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen  
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:  
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"—  
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been  
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, the living bread."

O, human soul! as long as thou can'st so  
Set up a mark of everlasting light,  
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—  
Not with lost toll thou laborest through the night!  
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

## The Kingdom

Can Baptists and Congregationalists Unite? There recently occurred an interesting if inconclusive interview between Dr. Joseph Parker and Dr. W. T. Moore, editor of the Christian Commonwealth, on the prospects of union between the English Baptist and Congregational Churches. Dr. Moore, it must be confessed, is somewhat of a cosmopolite, being at the same time editor of a London Baptist weekly, and dean of the Bible College at Columbia, Mo. The principal obstacle in the minds of all parties interested in the proposed union is baptism, its mode and recipients. In the interview, which is given verbatim in the columns of the Christian Commonwealth, Dr. Parker declared that his solution of the difficulty would be "a distinct, strong conscience clause"—a definite declaration by each party to the proposed union concerning the views of the sacrament of baptism held by them. This once defined, the matter would not be allowed to assume a controversial form in future discussions. "We do not interfere with each other on this point of baptism. . . . I should leave that subject an open question." In Dr. Moore's reply there was evident the belief that such a solution would not be adequate or acceptable to the Baptists, for Dr. Parker strongly adheres to the validity of infant baptism. But Dr. Moore's suggestion intimated that among his denomination some were willing to concede the choice of mode of administration, provided that the subjects were conscientious believers. Said he, "Could not the Congregationalists surrender the point of infant baptism if the Baptists would surrender the question of immersion for all believers who choose some other form; that is to say, let the candidate himself elect what kind of baptism he will have?" In place of the baptism of infants Dr. Moore suggested what we understand is already the practice in some of the Congregational Churches of our land, namely, "that there should be a dedication service substituted for infant baptism, that this service

shall dedicate the child to God, and that it shall answer all the purpose of the family obligation." To this Dr. Parker replied that all that was against baptism was against dedication. The subject takes no part in it nor does he understand it, and it really becomes the substitution of a mere human institution for something for which divine authority is claimed. That Dr. Parker's views are original the following extract from the dialogue will show:

Dr. Moore. "But Congregationalists consider baptism in some form a divine institution."

Dr. Parker. "I think not. I never heard of it. I would repudiate it."

Dr. Moore. "Then why do they have the ordinance, Doctor?"

Dr. Parker. "Simply because they believe that Jesus Christ adopted infants—recognized infants."

Dr. Moore. "But did he not command baptism?"

Dr. Parker. "Never!"

Dr. Moore. "Did he not say, 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost?'"

Dr. Parker. "He did—but without water."

Dr. Moore. "But it does not say so."

Dr. Parker. "Well, it does say so, I think, in the genius of the idea, but not in the letter. First of all, I do not hesitate to say for a moment that any Jesuitical or ecclesiastical mind could put any interpretation on the words he pleased."

A little further along Dr. Parker again manifested his independence of the formal thought of the theologians when he declared: "I would baptize a baby every Sunday or every Monday—the same baby, bless its little soul! It is because it is so little and so divine and so trustful and so wholly beautiful that I would baptize it every morning." While the interview makes quite plain the views of two leaders of thought in the churches it also shows that the divergence is still so antagonistic as to make the task of those who attempt union both difficult, and we greatly fear, disappointing. Dr. Parker and those who think with him say, in effect, "Let us state our views clearly, agree to leave them so, let them rest *in statu quo*, and proceed to unite." Dr. Moore declares, "We Baptists will concede the mode of administration if you Congregationalists will limit it to believers, but we must have an explicit understanding thereon." The interview may become historic. If so it will be because it has opened the way to friendly discussion, and closed the gate forever on acrimonious assertions which have so frequently descended to personalities and even to jibes.

Missionaries and the Chinese War The statement put forth by the China Missionary Alliance from its office at Shanghai is a cogent answer to the accusations that missionaries are responsible

for the late uprising, and that they have manifested an unchristian spirit since, in demanding the punishment of those who massacred missionaries and other foreigners. These accusations have again and again been denied, in religious papers, secular magazines and in the daily press, but it is hard to kill a lie, and it is well that these misrepresentations should be authoritatively because officially answered. It is hardly necessary here to recapitulate the details of this statement. No reader of The Evangelist is so ignorant as not to know that the feeling which caused the war, though anti-foreign, was distinctly not anti-missionary, nor is any reader of this paper so little familiar with the missionary character and spirit as to credit the accusations of an unchristian spirit manifested by them, even in the much vexed matter of "loot." And in the face of our friend the Rev. Gilbert Reid's North American article, in which as The Independent very clearly shows, Mr. Reid calls that "loot" which it is a perversion of language to call by that name, no reader of The Evangelist believes that the missionaries of any board have personally profited by abandoned property. Nevertheless it is important to note that the Alliance thus recites the causes of the Boxer uprising. (a) The shortness of food, almost amounting to famine, which prevailed in those regions; (b) the irritation caused by the industrial and economic changes created by railway construction and other foreign enterprises; (c) the seizures of Kiao-chau, Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei, which were bitterly resented as unwarrantable aggressions; and (d) the projection and forcible surveying of a railway route through the Province of Shantung, which produced intense local exasperation.

As to tactlessness and a revengeful spirit While admitting that there may be isolated instances of disregard of Chinese prejudice and etiquette on the part of missionaries and of failure to appreciate what is good in Chinese life and thought, the statement is emphatic in asserting that as a whole the accusation is without foundation. The Alliance will not apologize for the measure of opposition and resentment sure to be excited when the message of salvation is brought face to face with superstition and idolatry, but it sets over against that inevitable condition the fact that those missionaries in the interior who did reach the coast owe their escape in large measure to the friendliness of officials and people. The statement also denies that missionaries have interfered with the courts except in flagrant cases, but admits that occasionally natives have secured the influence of the foreigner in an unworthy cause.

As to an Unchristian Spirit This accusation, referring of course chiefly to the message sent by the public meeting held in Shanghai in September last, is met by the

Alliance with the statement first that the resolutions were called forth by the proposal of the allies to evacuate Peking prematurely, next that while suggesting "adequate punishment of the guilty," it was left to the Powers to decide what was adequate punishment, and the missionaries expressly urged the Powers to "make every effort to avoid all needless and indiscriminate slaughter of Chinese and destruction of their property." The writers of the statement, however, are willing to admit that "with the loss of scores of friends and colleagues still fresh upon us, and with stories of cruel massacres reaching us day by day, it would not have been surprising had we been betrayed into intemperate expressions," but they entirely repudiate the idea which has been read into their words. Those of us whose memories reach back to the days of our Civil war, can easily recall to mind how pertinent, at times, and how appropriate seemed the reading of the imprecatory Psalms in church. And those of us who do recall the feeling of that dreadful time will be the more ready to condone any feeling of bitterness in our missionaries in proportion as we have come to see how easily the intense emotions of that time gave place to a better spirit.

The Chinese Special Commissioner at Peking, Chowfu, has written to the senior Protestant missionaries there, complaining of the conduct of the Roman Catholic missionaries in Chili, but expressly excepting the Protestant missionaries from any part in the matter. The complaint is that the Roman missionaries encourage their converts in extortion, plundering and "arrogant and contemptuous" conduct. The Commissioner gives warning that "if men be-

have like robbers and ruffians, it is immaterial to the people whether they call themselves Christians or not, and we shall treat them in accordance with the law. . . . I earnestly request your consultation and compliance that I may inform the local officials that the Church has no intention to protect lawless Christians."

### Of Our City Churches

**Memorial to Dr. Storrs** A memorial window will be placed in the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, of which for fifty-three years Dr. Storrs was pastor. The subject will be the Ascension of Christ. It will be placed over the main entrance to the church, and will be one of the largest in the city. The reminiscences of Dr. Storrs, by Mrs. Marsh of Amherst, in another part of this paper will be read with interest in this connection.

**The Memorial Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn** Announces again this summer in union services with the First Reformed, Grace Methodist and Sixth Baptist. The plan adopted by these churches solves the problem of summer pastoral work and successful church services. A resident pastor attends to all pastoral work, while the church services on Sunday are conducted by the best pulpit talent that can be obtained. The result is no parish activities are suspended, and on Sundays there is a congregation, morning and evening, which often taxes the seating capacity, even in the hottest weather. This summer the resident pastor is the Rev. R. G. McKay and the Sunday preachers are as follows:

July 28, the Rev. C. N. Sims D.D. pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church, Syracuse, N. Y.; August 4, the Rev. C. Onthbert Hall D.D. President Union Theological Seminary, Borough of Manhattan, New York; August 11, the Rev. W. W. Weeks D.D. pastor Walmar Road Baptist Church, Toronto, Can.; August 18 and 25, the Rev. A. V. V. Raymond D.D. President Union College, Schenectady, N. Y.; September 1, the Rev. W. R. L. Smith D.D. pastor Second Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

**Visiting Pastors** Last Sunday, President Striker preached as usual in the Brick Church, Dr. J. I. Blackburn of Covington, Ky., in the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian, and Dr. M. N. Jacobs of Hartford Seminary in the Old First.

**The New York Presbyterian** The Rev. C. Otis Thatcher preached last Sunday and will preach next Sunday, after which the church will be closed. The pastor, Dr. D. J. Macmillan, spends his vacation in the Adirondacks.

**Washington Heights Presbyterian Church** Prof. J. B. Esenwein of the Pennsylvania Military College, Chester, Pa., will supply the pulpit of this church during the absence of the pastor, John C. Bliss D.D. who is taking his vacation in Norfolk, Conn. Professor Esenwein will have charge of all the services of the church.

**The Church of the Strangers open all Summer** Although many needed renovations will be made the services will not be interrupted. The Rev. D. Asa Blackburn D.D. will preach every Sunday this summer.

## THE TENT EVANGELIST.

RELIGIOUS WORK AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.  
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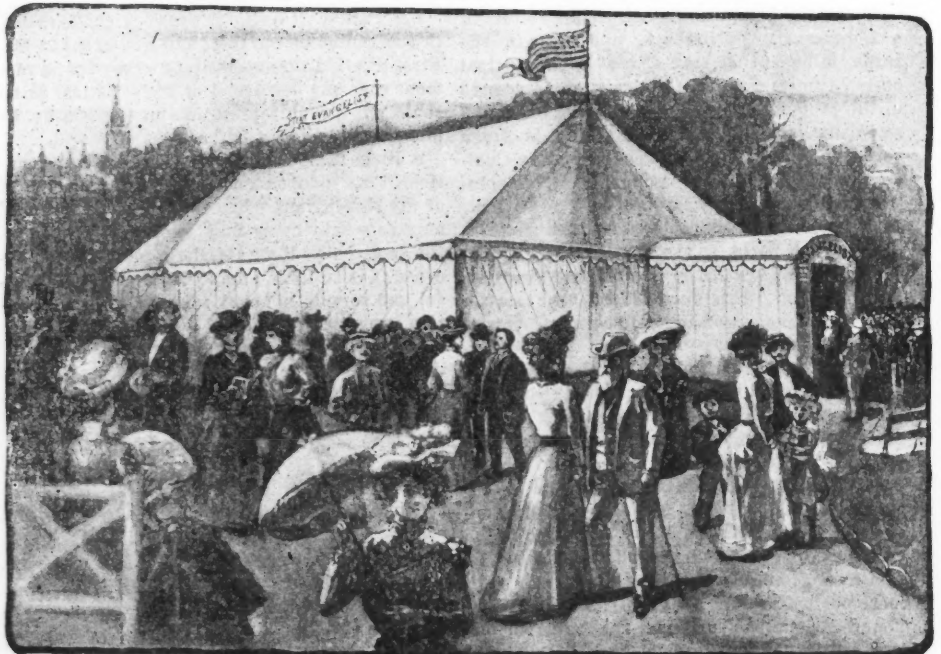
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A CARD FROM MR. WHITFORD,  
Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo is indebted to the management of the Tent Evangelist, for the privilege of making use of the splendid equipment for the purpose of conducting evangelistic meetings for men Sunday afternoons. The meeting has been well attended and productive of definite spiritual results. Last winter, representatives of the churches of Buffalo considered the advisability of effecting a union for aggressive religious work during the Exposition months. For several reasons, nothing definite was ever developed as a result of the Conference held. It is very evident that if the Tent Evangelist had not been opened, there would be no aggressive religious work outside of the work as carried on this summer by the churches.

### REPORT OF THE WEEK.

It is exceedingly gratifying to those who are most interested in the success of Tent Evangelist to know that the volume of praise and commendation is constantly increasing. As one enthusiastic but very intelligent friend said, "If the Pan-American Exposition has done nothing else, it has been worth while because it has brought together these speakers in Tent Evangelist and has led to the establishment of this work." The audiences in attendance at our services have varied largely in size. They have depended upon the weather, other attractions in the city and at the Exposition and also largely upon the known reputation of the speaker. It has become a truism among thoughtful men that the gauge of the results of an address is not always to be found in the number of people who attend. Two hundred



THE TENT EVANGELIST

people gathered from all parts of this broad land, and having the right words spoken in their ears, may carry away with them thoughts and seeds of usefulness which may bring forth marvelous results. But because we say this, it must not be concluded that our audiences are uniformly small. They are not. On a great many occasions the number of people who

have attended the Tent services would have filled and crowded an ordinary city church. The Tent is very spacious, for it was known by the management that on some occasions great crowds would attend. We have had a very marked illustration of this during the past week.

On Saturday evening, July 13, Dr. P. S.

Henson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, gave an enthusiastic and vigorous address to an appreciative audience of half a thousand people. Dr. Henson's topic was Christ's Creed, which he found in the third chapter of John, sixteenth verse: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." This text Dr. Henson divided into five heads and on these five foundations of doctrine Dr. Henson said each of us should be able to build a Creed. These five heads were: A Personal God, A God of Love, A God of Love for All, The Attainment, Belief.

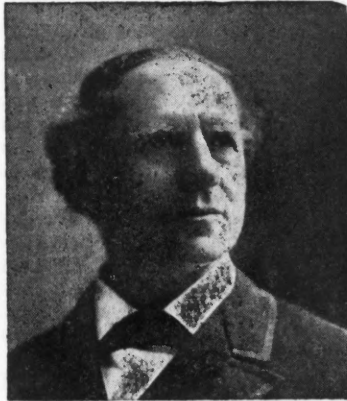
On Sunday, July 15, the afternoon Men's Meeting in charge of the Young Men's Christian Association was addressed by Mr. H. J. McCoy, general Secretary of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association. Very beautiful music was furnished by the Kahemaha Male Quartet of Honolulu, which is attached to the "Volcano of Kilauea," a Midway concession. In spite of the intensely hot weather, the meeting was very well attended and was exceedingly interesting.

On Monday evening, Dr. J. W. Weddell, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, Davenport, Ia., who is here as one of the speakers at the Bible Study Congress, spoke upon the theme, Redeeming the Time. It was a strong and vigorous plea to his hearers to realize the value of the time which God has given them and that it must be used for his service, not so much for our own salvation as for the salvation of others about us.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins S. T. D. rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia, was the speaker. His topic on Tuesday evening was, The Simplicity of the Christian Life, and on Wednesday evening, The Helpfulness of Christianity. Dr. Tomkins won not only the admiration, but the love of all those who came in contact with him or heard him while he was here. We hope he will forgive us for saying in this public way that rarely have we been brought in contact with a man of such simple, sweet and beautiful character, combined with such vigor and strength, both of body and mind, as we found in Dr. Tomkins. His sermons were like the man, simple, beautiful and helpful. It would be hard for anyone listening to him to say why he ought not to begin the Christian life, and hard for him to give any reason why he could not. Christ is peculiarly the centre of Dr. Tomkins's preaching. Learn to know him truly, intimately, and all the problems of conduct and creed will follow in good time and will solve themselves. The first and great thing is to put ourselves in touch with Christ, and nothing we can do in this world will be so full of effective helpfulness as this.

On Thursday evening, an hour and a half before the service began hundreds of people began to gather. They kept coming in throngs, until at the time when the service was announced to begin every seat and extra chair was taken and every table and box that could be found was occupied, the aisles were filled, the rear of the Tent was filled with people standing, the side walls of the Tent were raised upon both sides and the people stood on the grass outside the Tent by hundreds. It is hard to say how many thousands of people were within the reach of the speaker's voice, nor how many hundreds went away, for at the end it was difficult for people to get within reach of his voice. The attractive force on this evening was Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, who preached upon the subject, Encouragement. Rarely have we seen more striking tribute to the power of a speaker than this; owing to some exigency, the display of fireworks at the Exposition was begun at 8.30 in-

stead of the usual hour of 9.15. The fireworks were set off at Park Lake, which is very close by the Tent. As a result, while Dr. Talmage was speaking, the air to the north was filled with a magnificent display of pyrotechnics and with constantly exploding bombs. It was a hard antagonist for a speaker to speak against,



T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

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but Dr. Talmage succeeded in a marvelous degree. Thousands of people in the Tent did not so much as look around to see what the explosive meant. He held their undivided attention from start to finish.

Dr. George B. Stewart, President of Auburn Theological Seminary, gave on Friday evening one of the most appropriate addresses that have been delivered in the Tent. With the subject, What the Church Stands For, Dr. Stewart showed the development of the Christian idea from the time of Christ and how the Christian Church to-day held the highest and purest ideals that the world has ever known; and that it also represented a power which enabled men to live lives according to these high standards, which is surer and more effective than anything else ever known. In thus tracing the growth of the Church from its feeble beginning until now a great Exposition was not thought to be complete until the work of the Church was also exhibited. Dr. Stewart brought to his hearers in a more striking way perhaps than any of our other speakers the idea dominant in the minds of the management of the Tent Evangelist in establishing and shaping its work.



BULLETIN FOR WEEK JULY 29 TO AUG. 3.

Monday, July 29, Tennis S. Hamlin D.D. of Washington, D. C. Subject, What Revival is Needed for the New Century.

Tuesday, July 30, The Same. Subject, God's View and our View of Values.

Wednesday, July 31, Exhibition drill and rally of the Boy's Brigade. Drill by Pittsburg Brigade, Third Pennsylvania Regiment. Addresses by various speakers interested in Boy's Brigade work.

Thursday, August 1, D. J. Sanders D.D., President of Middle University, Charlotte, N. C. Subject, The Negro Problem and Christianity. Part I. The Creation of the Problem.

Friday, August 2, The Same. Part II. The Present Status of the Problem.

Saturday, August 3, The Same. Part III. The Only Solution of the Problem.

Sunday, August 4, at 4 P. M., Men's Meeting in charge of Young Men's Christian Association.

#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE EXPOSITION.

From an article in last week's Sunday-School Times, on the Rainbow City and its Symbolism, by William Elliot Griffin, we extract the following pregnant words which must interest all who are interested in Tent Evangelism:

The Pan-American Exposition is meant to be an expression, however as yet imperfect, of the brotherhood of all the nations on the Western continent from Terre del Fuego to Alaska. As yet a dream, it is not a new idea under the sun. It had taken at least rudimentary form before. Now, when our philosophy, shaped by the words and example of the Christ, enables us to behold in the red man not only a brother, but one who, according to his light, served his Creator as well as his white neighbor, we see that such a dream came even to him. Was it not one of the miracles of history that men still, in the stone age, should create that wonderful political structure, the Iroquois Confederacy? Think, too, of the Aztec and Inca federations of tribes. How magnificent the purpose of Brant, Pontiac, Tecumseh, King Philip, all of whom, when judged from their own point of view, were nobly desirous of unity. Behold God in our own history—in the Union, first of thirteen colonies of diverse origin, circumstance, and creed, guided by that Providence which first put between militant Puritan and Cavalier of North and South the tolerant Quaker and Dutchman, and then, through purifying war-fires, brought forth in an "indissoluble union of indestructible states" a nation in which manifold diverse elements are fused into unity. Then behold the other peoples of the continent, inspired by the great Anglo-Saxon example, making out of many one, as in Mexico, even a federal republic. Grandly the dream expands until it takes in both continents, and hopes for peaceful alliance in mutual helpfulness of all the nations and tribes from the Patagonian to the Eskimo.

In his flights of eloquence, Henry Clay bodied forth this idea. Seward, dreaming the dream, discerned a half-century ago what we already see to-day in Alaska—cities and civilization. So gradually unrolled the vision—God's plan—rather—until in 1889 was held the first congress of the republics of America which made straight the paths of peace and brotherhood. After the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo has become a thing of the past, there is to be, in the City of Mexico, another congress of American nations. With deeper insight into the problems to be solved, and with richer practical experiences, may we not hope for a steadily increasing realization of this dream of the brotherhood of American nations?

So far from the nations of the two Americas uniting for military power to menace or defy the Old World, here on every hand are the evidences that the arts of peace are more cultivated than those of war. For while in the Government Building one does indeed see proofs of the power of Americans to defend themselves, yet we draw a happy omen even from the name of the largest of the mounted cannon. It is called the "disappearing" gun, made to rise when necessary to let loose its terrible potencies of destruction, and then sinking back and out of sight. So while the one art of war reveals the triumphs of American invention in repeating rifles, rapid-fire guns, and high-power ordnance, yet the arts that make for peace and the progress of humanity are as ninety and nine.

# The Evangelist

A Religious and Family Paper

## AS HE SEES HIMSELF.

The Independent having with much sympathy and intelligence commented upon the action of the General Assembly with regard to the Confession of Faith, the venerable Prof. B. B. Warfield of Princeton requested, and of course obtained, the privilege of setting forth to the readers of that paper his view of Presbyterians and their Creed. Dr. Warfield is of the opinion that Bobbie Burns would not so earnestly have coveted the "giftie" of seeing himself as others saw him, if he had had to reckon with The Independent, whose view of Presbyterians appears to him to be as startling if not as mortifying as that which Burns wished to be made to the lady in church. As for himself, Professor Warfield does not like his picture as drawn by The Independent. He declares that he is not afflicted with the disease of dead conservatism nor are his eyes below that he should not see what is going on in the world about him. "It is certainly not a very engaging portrait to have held up to us. May we not cherish some faint hope that The Independent's mirror is a somewhat cracked one?"

We surely may; and so the Princeton Professor proceeds to give us a pen picture of Presbyterians as "we appear to ourselves;" as he appears to himself, shall we not amend?

His picture might be named "The Good Man in Trouble," a spectacle familiar to men and angels, but seldom so vividly set forth. He sees himself as holding an advanced post with "all the hope of progress in Christian thought" lying in his hands. For he has "been elected to march in the advance." But alas! In what peril! This intrepid soldier, with his hands full of all the hope of Christian progress, marching in the advance, is "immersed in strong currents of restless thought beating aimlessly back and forth," "with the burden of the world upon his shoulders!" But his heart is stout for "he knows that he knows the way" "through the tangles," "and he has settled it with himself that he will not sink beneath the waves, but will bear that burden safely through and carry it up the slopes beyond."

Our imagination faints: but even this is not the worst, indeed it is only preliminary, a mere "because." It is just because he is not ill, and because his eyes are not below, and because he is immersed in the currents aforesaid, and because he knows that he knows the way through the tangles, and because he feels the burden of the world on his shoulders, and because he has settled it with himself that he will swim and not sink and will carry his world through to the slopes beyond, that he is "determined to preserve in its integrity the System of Doctrine embodied in the Confession of Faith." Ossa on Pelion! The world on his shoulders and the System of Doctrine on that! Was ever before a soldier holding advanced post with his hands full and swimming in strong currents so burdened since the world began!

Do we not rightly substitute singular for plural pronouns in our quotations? For what Presbyterian save the Princeton professor ever saw this as a true picture of himself? Nor will many Presbyterians approve the argument more than the rhetoric. They are confident that truth does not depend upon the integrity of the system of doctrine but that the doctrine depends upon the truth. It is because they are "not altogether unintelligent" that they are unable to rest content with the tradition of the fathers. To ignore the main question and

to appeal to confessional statements is abhorrent, and impossible.

And because they are "not altogether dishonest" they indicate their dissent. Once and again the majorities of the Assembly and of the Presbyteries have voted for a change. Princeton has thought that it knew that it knew the way, but only this spring the Assembly has again proved that Princeton did not know. Years ago it set itself to defeat Revision. Defeated itself in the Assembly, at a moment's notice it swung around and attempted to control the movement. Again it thought that it knew the way. By the minority Revision was defeated. But the movement went on and gathered force. Again it engages the attention of the Church. Again Princeton knows that it knows the way. It is quite possible that by another combination of Princeton and advanced liberals Revision in all its forms may be defeated. Then we shall still stop progress by resolutions, and our Princeton friends will congratulate themselves upon dragging the Confession safely through to the slopes beyond. But with this as the real result: a Confession maintained "in its integrity" by a minority vote, but repudiated in many of its articles, some of them essential, openly, formally, repeatedly, by Assemblies and Presbyteries. Such a Confession is no longer the true test of admittance to the ministry nor the standard for preaching. It is not a source of strength to the Church but must itself be dragged desperately through opposing currents. Its integrity is maintained at the expense of its usefulness.

Dr. Warfield thinks that he knows the way through the tangle. Years ago he thought that he knew the way to preserve the integrity of the Bible, by teaching that we do not know either its original text or its true meaning. The acceptance of its infallibility thus became consistent with an acknowledgment of its errors, a pious act of worship of the unknowable and the unknown. In like fashion will the Church honor the Confession if the majority is again compelled to yield. Increasingly unknown, it will be piously worshipped on occasion as a relic of the past, and then remain forgotten and ignored in all the ordinary and practical affairs of life.

## DEATH OF A VENERABLE MISSIONARY.

The Rev. Dr. George W. Wood, long a missionary of the American Board, and at one time its District Secretary resident in New York, died at his home in Geneseo, N. Y., on Wednesday, July 17, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Thus, as a shock of corn in its season, has been garnered one whose life has been devoted to the highest offices that can engage the attention of men. And he has rendered a whole-hearted and efficient service. Though not endowed with unusual powers of mind, his unquestioning devotion to the cause, his willingness and ability to labor, to teach and preach, to do good work as a writer and translator, or as an agent among the churches at home, gave him an acquaintance and a standing which would scarcely have been attained had the duties to which he was called been less various.

Dr. Wood proved himself equal to any task thus laid upon him; his work of whatever sort grew under his hand, and this because he ever prosecuted it in faith and the true spirit of service—that of fulfilling the Master's command. Whatever the temporary outward aspect, the cause was never a failing one in his apprehension and presentation of it. His con-

tact with the churches and with pastors was stimulating and welcome. Withdrawn from active labor in the Turkish capital and empire by reason of age and loss of health, Dr. Wood's interest in missions suffered no decline, nor his confidence in their success. He greatly enjoyed the yearly conferences at Clifton Springs, not far from the beautiful home of his retirement. But the crowning favor of God to his aged servant, as our old friend regarded it, was in his ability to be present at very many of the sessions of the great World Missionary Conference held in New York last year. It was during these sessions that he paid, somewhat in memory of former times, a visit to The Evangelist office. We recall that he expressed his keen enjoyment at meeting so many of his missionary brethren, and his great confidence that this wonderful gathering would forward missions throughout the world. Worn with the strain of attention that had been upon him for days, he sent his love to Dr. Field and bade us good-bye, adding with serene face that he was paying his final visit to New York.

George Warner Wood was born in Haverhill, Mass., February 14, 1814, and was educated at Dartmouth College and Princeton Seminary; was ordained by the Presbytery of Elizabeth in 1837; assistant pastor First Church Bloomfield, N. J., 1837-8; missionary of the American Board, Singapore, 1838; transferred to Constantinople, 1842; returned home 1850, corresponding Secretary of American Board, resident in New York 1852-1871; then re-entered upon missionary work in Constantinople, and continued for fifteen years, and until his state of health required his return to America. Dr. Wood is the author of tracts, periodical articles and books in Armenian; the latter including commentaries on many of the New Testament epistles and on the Revelation.

It is a singular incident, that three of the veteran Constantinople missionaries of the American Board, the scholarly Riggs, the versatile and able Cyrus Hamlin, and he whose death we now record, should all have passed away during the early months of the new century! It may be said of each and of all—their work was all done and well done.

## OPTIMISM.

Our chief business is with good. When the issue is joined with evil we fight, but our weapons are royal graces. We overcome evil with good. The saddest condition of man is that which transforms good into another's evil, which makes another's good evil to him. This is the weak and wicked discontent which expects our share of good to be less than that of another, which casts side-long glances at the position of the one nearest, ready to complain that we are defrauded of our share. This is pessimism at once selfish and sad.

A very simple definition of optimism is to call it a divine content. What a discovery was that, when a man could write: "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." We call this the ideal, in opposition to the oriental, just now a fashion, which makes perfect balance a perfect good; the final and fixed equipoise is heaven, the Nirvana of the Buddhist. But what we most need is a poisoning power, to make us content always. Primarily, that is a touch of God on the soul; a love to God which makes us children who share in the good he gives. All good is one, and our share of good is a part of the feast from the table of the King. There is no rich man's table as distinct from the poor man's; the differences are in the way we receive. We may complain that we cannot use all that is set before us, cannot eat all that is provided by our Father. Or we may complain that our use and appreciation are not what they should be or might have been.

This last has been styled a holy discontent. But a divine content makes us sharers in the good of all, thankful, not for our small blessings but for the blessing of the whole world.

Practically it would seem quite easy to treat the human soul as a balance. You can bring a scale to poise by tossing in pebbles. Perhaps you think to restore the balance by laying opposite stresses upon the human spirit. This is not easy. The soul of man is not a delicate scale set under glass. It stands by the wayside. All men and all things toss pebbles into it. The poise of the morning is spoiled by the newspaper or even by the cook. This human spirit is like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. The moan or thunder of its unrest is more menacing than the sleepless ocean surges. It will not be still. How could it rest?

Content that is merely equipoise seems unattainable. There is a picture in the New Testament of a man in a rocking boat on an angry sea, who stands up and stills the waves by a word. The poetry of the picture is a part of its power. Somehow we are sure that in this world is one who comes like a mother to a crying child and says: "Come, I give rest. My peace I give." And we think that the great joy of content is in being composed, quieted, comforted. One arm mightier, yet tenderer, than a mother's enfolds us all. If one feel its touch there is no thought of envy or jealousy; if all are comforted, then all share alike, and are alike glad. This divine content is not a result of experiment in culture, such as produces equipoise which may be weak or cynical. The ideal of many is a diplomatic calm, as if zeal would destroy the balance, as if the two sides of a question should exactly counterpoise, as if decision means very little and discontent covered the smallest possible space in the sentiments. On this theory a man is only strong when he falls, or when like Samson he involves the many in his own disaster.

But content is like the perfect balance of the solar system with mightiest motion and infinite speed. The "sleep" of a child's top or of a soaring eagle is the very perfection of action. We esteem the contented man to be the most active and most perfect force. His content is a serene optimism, which is its own perpetuator and its own prophet. There are better things to come. It is better to have our little good to-day than the better which is to come to-morrow. Man's sublimest force is that good which overcomes evil. You and I should be optimists if we serve men well and promote high ends. Christ smote the most plausible form of pessimism when he pictured the men who murmured against the good man who said, "I will give unto this last even as unto thee." Their discontent took eleven hours' value out of an honest day's wage. A just God strikes the true balance between us; less "wait and worry" if more work. What my neighbor has of good is my gain unless my spirit counts it loss. So up to the Master's measure we grow until, with less than his suffering and struggle, we come to the perfect poise of soul, the perfect charity, the perfect rest; "nevertheless, not my will, but thine!" That is not defeat, it is victory; not despair, it is exaltation; not pessimistic sorrow, but optimistic joy; not sullen discontent silenced, but divine content singing itself into heaven!

#### HOT WEATHER AND EMOTIONALISM.

It may now be possible, after a lapse of three years, to inquire whether a goodly part of the excitement and enthusiasm aroused by the Spanish war was not occasioned by the heat, and not, as we were told, by patriotism. The same crowds that thronged Newspaper Row in 1898, watching the bulletins, now are to be found at the races of bicyclers, horses, automobiles and men, or at the ball games or

athletic sports, and the observant spectator finds it hard to distinguish between the delight over a Spanish fort taken and a favorite winning. Does the weather tend to break down the natural reserve of men? Recently there was a race of motor vehicles from Paris to Berlin, and the excitement was almost ludicrous. It was to be expected that the volatile Frenchmen would betray emotion, but who would have supposed that the phlegmatic Germans would have behaved as they did? Our explanation is that the weather caused it. How else can we account for the demonstration given to the winner—Fonrier, a Frenchman—when he raced into Berlin? When his machine stopped, the crowd rushed forward delirious with delight, and many tried to kiss him, his face all smeared with grease, perspiration and dust, until some mounted him on their shoulders and bore him off in triumph to the committee-rooms. His machine was loaded with flowers and conveyed in a procession of its own to its stable. For a day or so nearly as much French was heard on the streets of Berlin as German, and it seemed as if the long promised righting of the "wrong of '70" had been accomplished and the capital of Germany was at last in the hands of the French. The query again comes up in our minds—How much was genuine, and how much was due to the high temperature?

As a mere addendum it may be noted that during this motor race five children were run over and killed by the machines, and one of the drivers fell from his car and sustained very severe injuries.

#### A SUMMER CONFERENCE NEAR NEW YORK.

Last March a meeting was held at the West Side Young Men's Christian Association, at which twenty-nine local charitable and religious organizations were represented. It was there decided to hold a summer conference on the plan of Mildmay, in England, at which matters of local interest would be considered, and where workers in different kinds of city religious enterprises could meet, compare notes and gain new ideas. The new summer gathering is to be called the New York Christian Conference, and it is to be held in the pavilion at Sea Cliff, L. I. The Conference will open on August 31 and will last until September 5. As Labor Day comes within the period, many attendants will lose the minimum of time from their work.

Ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt will probably preside at the opening session and the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell of Philadelphia will speak. Sunday will be Young People's Day, and the Christian Endeavor Society, Luther League, Epworth League and Baptist Young People's Union are to have the day. The Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark has been invited to be present. Monday will be Sunday-school day, and Tuesday will be Brotherhood and Sisterhood Day. On the latter date the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, Brotherhood of the Kingdom, Brotherhood of St. Paul, Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association are expected to share in the exercises. Wednesday will be City Mission Day. The officials of the various city mission societies have some time felt the need of co-operation in order to avoid overlapping in their work, and this Conference may open the way to something along this line. Thursday will be devoted to world-wide missions and personal consecration.

Among the speakers are to be Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, Robert E. Speer, John Willis Baer, the Rev. Drs. Philip S. Moxom, Jesse E. Hurlburt, Samuel J. Barrows and Madison C. Peters, Commander A. V. Wadhams, James B. Reynolds, S. H. Hadley and Miss S. Sorabje

of India and others. There is an unusually large executive committee, including almost every one who is prominent in religious work in this city.

#### Editorial Notes

The memorial service to Dr. Babcock held in Baltimore on June 2, as described then in our columns, has now been published in full in pamphlet form, and is for sale by The Fleming H. Revell Company. There were addresses by many pastors of the city; Dr. Joseph T. Smith and the Rev. John Timothy Stone, Presbyterian, Dr. Oliver Huckel and the Rev. C. L. Lewes, Baptist, President Goucher, Methodist, the Rev. A. C. Powell, Episcopal, and Rabbi Adolph Gnttmacher, Jewish, and by President Patton of Princeton. These addresses are given in full, with the Scripture, hymns and prayer, and they form a beautiful tribute to the character of one whose ministry, in and out of the pulpit, had made him beloved by thousands.

The Rev. Ezra A. Huntington D.D., LL.D., Professor of Old and New Testament Criticism and Exegesis of Auburn Theological Seminary, died last Sunday at Auburn, N. Y. In 1854 he was called to the professorship. In 1892, at the age of eighty years, Dr. Huntington retired from active duties, becoming professor emeritus. Elsewhere we publish a tribute to Dr. Huntington from the pen of his friend and colleague Prof. A. S. Hoyt, D. D.

The recently issued catalogue from Union Theological Seminary shows an important advance in the standard of scholarship. Henceforth the degree of Bachelor of Divinity will be given only at the conclusion of a four years' course. The diploma of the Seminary will be given at the close of the usual three years' course, and the student will then be competent for ordination so far as education goes, but for the degree a higher proficiency will be required. In this connection the important announcement may be made that the Seminary this year institutes for lay workers courses of instruction in Biblical Literature and Methods of Teaching. These courses will be under the supervision of the new member of the Faculty, the Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge D. D., President Hall and others taking part in the instruction. To a certain degree this new departure follows in the line of the Diocesan Sunday-school courses which have been carried on in this city the past two winters; but with important differences. The instruction will be entirely unsectarian, and examinations will be optional, but a diploma will be given to those who pass the examinations at the close of the complete course. Extension lectures will also be given in churches of Greater New York and Newark as the opening may occur.

There is something unusually pathetic in the death of Mrs. Krueger at Pretoria during her husband's absence in Europe. It is the last drop in a cup that is peculiarly full of bitterness. Whatever opinion may be held as to the South African war and President Krueger's part in it, no one will withhold sympathy from the old man whose sun is going down in darkness. Mrs. Krueger died of pneumonia last Saturday and was buried in Pretoria on Sunday.

To the preliminary announcement of the meeting of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom which opens next Monday evening at Marlborough on Hudson, we would add that among the speakers will also be Dr. W. F. Clark, Prof. W. C. Thayer of Lehigh University, who will read a paper on Cowper in the Modern Prophets Series, now being published in

The Evangelist, and the Rev. Charles L. Carhart, our Prayer-meeting Editor, who will read a paper on Institutions and Life.

An interesting Congress was held in Buffalo last week—that of Indian Educators. These were mainly white men and women, though a number of Indians were among them. The head of the corps is Miss Estelle Reel of Washington, Government Superintendent of Indian schools. Among those present, representing some three thousand teachers in Indian schools, were Col. R. H. Pratt, Superintendent of Carlisle, the largest Indian school in the country; H. B. Peairs, Superintendent of the Haskell Institute, Kansas; Dr. W. H. Winslow, Superintendent of the Genoa Indian school of Nebraska; and Miss Viola Cook, Superintendent of the Wild Rice River Indian school of Minnesota. The delegates had been in session with the National Educational Conference at Detroit, but adjourned to Buffalo for conference on the peculiar problems which face the teacher of Indians. Such subjects were considered as the best means of promoting the growth and effectiveness of Indian workers, especially in helping young Indians to give up tribal life and cope successfully with affairs of civilized communities; the qualifications which should be required of an employe to enter the Indian service; irrigation for arid regions; the value of teaching domestic industries in every school, and discipline in an Indian school, the discussion of this subject being led by Mr. Albert O. Wright.

#### A TRIBUTE TO DR. HUNTINGTON OF AUBURN SEMINARY.

A strong and beautiful life has gone from us in the death of Dr. Ezra A. Huntington, for nearly half a century a Professor in Auburn Seminary.

He came to Auburn in 1854 from an influential pastorate in Albany. It was a period of reconstruction for the Seminary after a time of weakness and discouragement. With Dr. Hopkins, still a young man from the old Faculty, and Dr. Edwin Hall and Dr. Jonathan B. Condit called at the same time with Dr. Huntington, the Seminary entered upon a new career of growth and wide influence. The best traditions of the elder time were repeated. Until 1867, Dr. Huntington gave instruction in both Old and New Testaments. Then with the appointment of Professor Pierce, one of his pupils, to the chair of the Hebrew language and literature, he gave himself solely to the New Testament. In 1884, Dr. Huntington's work was limited to New Testament criticism, Dr. James S. Riggs becoming Professor of Biblical Greek. In 1892, at the age of eighty, Dr. Huntington was made Professor Emeritus. These facts are significant of the growth of theological education and the enlarging conception and influence of his own work. As a pastor, Dr. Huntington received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Columbia College, and the degree of Doctor of Laws many years after from Lafayette.

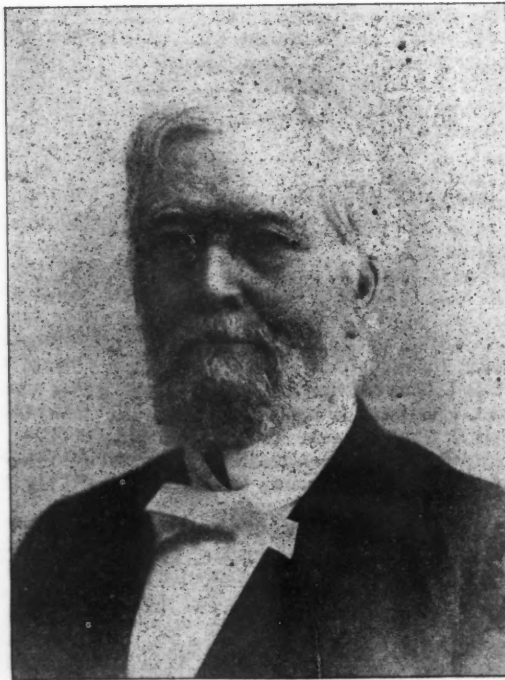
Only the men who knew Dr. Huntington in his prime can appreciate the varied and effective work he did for Auburn Seminary. The Seminary was his life and he gave himself without stint to its welfare. He was influential in the counsels of trustees and Faculty. His foresight and practical energy were in constant service. He administered the scholarship funds of the Seminary, won new

friends for the Seminary, increased its endowment and advanced its instruction. He saved our beautiful campus at a time when the trustees were tempted to sacrifice it to immediate necessities. It was his prescience and faith and energy that saved the Seminary for Auburn when the generous offer of Colonel Morgan looked to its removal to a smaller place. He knew that the interests of theological education centred in the city, yet in a city not too large for the distinct and beneficial, social and spiritual life of the students.

Influential as he was in these general interests of the Seminary, it was to the special work of teaching that he gave himself. Others might write books, he chose to write upon the hearts of his pupils. To this one thing he gave himself. He had the power and the joy of mission. He was a most acceptable preacher and often sought for, but the sermons were never suffered to interfere with his teaching. Name, praise of men—these were not cared for in the privilege of training men for the ministry. He was a patient, careful, kindly teacher, ministering to the dull and the indifferent with more sense of obligation than to the brilliant. His mind was clear and logical rather than imaginative and mystical. He therefore insisted upon clear analysis and upon system in truth, giving the large outlines of a writer and putting emphasis upon doctrine. He was familiar with the minute exegetical scholarship of recent days and used the tools and results for himself, but did not so much put them into the hands of his pupils as give them the results that satisfied his own judgment. He was a fine example of the older method of teaching.

And his pupils were like his children. He had them upon his heart. He welcomed them to his home. He followed them in their work. He was everywhere the same thoughtful, wise, generous friend.

He was an example to believers in his love



EZRA A. HUNTINGTON, D.D., LL.D.

of the Church and his service for the higher interests of the city. He was generous in the use of time and means for every good cause. He did not suffer absorbing studies and pressing demands of his profession to be an excuse for the neglect of the common duties and opportunities of the Church. Every pastor thought of him as his right hand man. He was never more happy than in the weekly prayer-meeting, supplementing the address of

the leader, catching the thought from some word of prayer or remark of an humble disciple and pouring into it the wealth of his Bible knowledge, his deep experience of God's grace, his earnest desire to be of help to men. It was to the young men who listened a liberal education in spiritual life.

The service in every sphere came from his heart. It was simply the outflow of a rich, cultured, harmonious manhood. There was nothing factitious and professional: it was all genuine, from the life. And so harmonious, balanced was the life, such unity in it, that men often failed to perceive its strength. The excellencies were not made striking by as great contrasting defects.

There was dignity with simplicity. The action was always with calmness, a sense of reserve, the giving of himself always with the guarding of the sacred things of personality, yet thought and action were all so clear and fitting and natural that one received the truth without thinking of the manner of it.

There was earnestness with playfulness. He had a Puritan conscience and a most serious view of life, and yet such a sense of God's goodness, and such faith in "the all things for good," that he was full of mirth and humor. He loved little children and his childlike spirit bubbled over with joyousness of living. There was conviction with charity. He held to his own views most tenaciously. He saw no reason for changing the early views he formed of the Scriptures and Christian doctrine. But he never bolstered up his own views by condemning those who differed from him. "Mercy and truth" were met together in his life. There was rock in the character, but like the rock of some mountain glen it sent forth its sweet waters and beautiful things grew along the way.

The very presence of the man was a blessing. The face shone with a "solar light." Dr. Huntington was returning one Monday morning from preaching in a neighboring city, and when near Auburn he was asked by a stranger to leave a valuable gold watch at the store of Hyde and Betty's. "Do you know me?" asked the doctor. "What assurance have you that you will ever see your watch again?" "I will trust a face like yours," was the reply.

We all trusted that face. We saw God's face shining from it. We would all have the vision of his pure heart, the peace of his childlike trust, the blessed influence of his single-minded devotion!

A. S. H.

AUBURN, N. Y. July 19, 1901.

#### Ministerial Personals

The Rev. James O'Conner of Christ Mission sailed for Europe last Saturday in the Manitoba.

Dr. Chapman is decidedly better and hopes to resume work at Winona the last of August.

The Rev. Rollin A. Sawyer D.D. preached last Sunday in St. Cloud, N. Y. He is about to leave Montclair on a well earned vacation. Since President Knox's lamented death he has forgotten his years in devoted service to the German Theological Seminary.

The Rev. Edward Huntington Rudd, late of this city and now pastor of the historic "old First" Congregational Church of Dedham, Mass., has a cottage for July at Bass Rocks, Gloucester, and goes with his family to the Tahawus House, Keene Valley, N. Y., for August.

The Rev. George N. MacDonald, lately of Somerset, N. Y., has accepted an invitation to the church of Tyrone, N. Y., Presbytery of Steuben, where he has already begun work.

Franklin College has conferred the degree of D.D. upon the Rev. Sherman H. Doyle Ph.D., pastor of the Fourth Church, Philadelphia.



## The Crisis in Evangelical Protestantism

I.

Richard Heath.

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom invite me to send some information as to the Brotherhood. I attempted to form at Rugby, in Warwickshire. It never got beyond a few working men, and aroused unexpected difficulties from sources I could not satisfactorily trace. It was extremely small and humble in its numbers and composition, and I fear that the paper we printed at the commencement gave it more importance in your eyes than it deserved.

Your interest and sympathy is, however, of far too great a value for me to lose so important an opportunity of securing it in the work for the Kingdom I have since then felt I had to do, and I hope you will receive the following account of an article on "The Waning of Evangelicalism," published in the Contemporary Review in May, 1898, and what came out of it, as a call to take the subject up, in the United States, and with the thoroughness and energy which distinguish the New World from the Old, you will carry it to a practical result and set England the example she needs.

The Evangelicalism spoken of in the article just referred to may be called "the English Religion," Ritualism itself being, as Mr. Gladstone once pointed out, deeply affected by Evangelical doctrine. I defined it as that movement which commenced with the Methodist revival in the eighteenth century, and which had for its standard a theology the main points of which were the Fall of Man, the Sacrifice of Christ in place of man, Grace, the originating cause of Salvation, Justification by Faith, its instrumental cause, the Need of the New Birth and of the constant and sustaining action of the Holy Spirit.

Can it be said of a movement preaching these great truths, a movement which awoke English religion out of its torpor, which completely changed the preaching and character both of the Established Church and Nonconformity; which extended to every part of the British Empire and all over the United States and affected most of the European Protestant countries, which has produced so many remarkable pulpit orators, causing enormous sums to be spent on suitable buildings for their ministrations; which has originated and maintained so many great societies and institutions, religious and philanthropic; which has resulted in the revival of the missionary spirit of early Christianity; can it be said of such a movement—a movement that has permeated the whole of English religion during the nineteenth century with its ideas and character, that it is now waning and becoming a thing that was?

The facts I give in reply may be thus summed up. Only a very small number of the clergy of the Church of England represent the original Evangelical teaching. It is doubtful if the growth of the Nonconformist Churches keeps up with the growth of the population. Sunday schools do not feed the church. Churches and chapels have been built on a vast scale, but a less proportion of the population attends them than formerly. In some large towns there are many more new places of worship than there were fifteen or twenty years ago, and yet the actual number of attendants is less. And this state of things prevails in Protestant countries on the continent—Germany in particular. Finally the voice of the people has several times been sought, during the last fifty years, and has always loudly condemned the churches. This alienation of the working classes is not mainly due to the general agnosticism, but to a settled

conviction that the churches no longer truly represent Christianity.

Evangelicalism coming into existence in an extremely individualistic and competitive order of things saw nothing in the Gospel but a plan of individual salvation. It had little idea of the common salvation, of the unity of mankind in Christ, and of the mutual responsibility of all men. It has never understood the times. Its leaders, from John Wesley downward, have been often quite anti-democratic and have displayed the most narrow form of patriotism. They have, as a rule, misunderstood and opposed the greatest event of modern times, the French Revolution. They have, in fact, denied God in history, seeing him in the Reformation, but not in the Revolution. And thus Evangelicalism, while making more and more way among the upper and upper middle class, has lost more and more its hold on the masses, until at last the working classes have turned their backs upon it. Evangelicalism has thus come to see things as its wealthy supporters see them, and to separate itself from the growing light of its time, the reappearance of the ancient truth—the oneness and solidarity of humanity. And this blindness to the great social sunrise has produced in it a certain hardness of heart and contempt of God's Word and Commandment, as shown for example, in its treatment of Christ's own teaching; and this has not only lost it the people, but driven into antagonism so many of the more conscientious and finer souls in England and America.

And yet there can be no doubt that the Evangelical doctrines are only to be understood in the light of Solidarity. The fall and the redemption, unjust from the individual point of view, are just and acceptable to the conscience if mankind is an organism and men are answerable for one another. However, prophetic teachers have not been wanting in the past century. And their cry, from Lamennais to Tolstol, has been similar to that which woke the early Methodists—Law's "Serious Call." As was his cry, so theirs has been:—"Be really what you profess to be." If the churches take no heed, "the axe will be laid to the root of the tree."

In the June, 1900, number of the Contemporary this article received a reply from Dr. Guinness Rogers, a leader of the Congregational denomination and of English Nonconformity generally, also editor of the Independent and a prominent member of the liberal party.

As a reply, this article did not seem to me at all sufficient, but rather to obscure the question. However, without a full resume of Dr. Rogers' argument it would not be fair in me here to criticise it adversely, and besides I do not wish thus to waste this opportunity. Apart from this article, the English religious press ignored the question raised by my article. It was otherwise on the continent.

That I became aware that there was so much interest excited in Germany, France, Holland and Switzerland was due to Mrs. Rauschenbusch-Clough, who very kindly sent me a pamphlet written by Dr. Stocker, the most famous pastor to-day in the German Protestant churches, no name, indeed, is better known in Germany. As court chaplain, as director of the Inner Mission, in Berlin, as the founder of Christian Socialism and of Antisemitism, as the defender of Christian ideas against the Social democrats and the liberals generally, and of the liberty of the church against the royal power, Dr. Stocker has had to tread a thorny path, but

It has given him an immense experience with reference to the real condition of Protestantism in Germany. He had taken this article in the Contemporary Review on "The Waning of Evangelicalism" as his text, entitling his pamphlet, "Die Leitung der Kirche." From it I learned that a fortnightly Protestant review in France, "La Foi et la Vie," had made my article the occasion of starting an "Enquiry into the State of Evangelicalism Protestantism in Europe," and had addressed a series of questions to the most generally acknowledged representatives of its different tendencies in various parts of Europe. The questions were as follows:—

I. Is Evangelical Protestantism in your country in decline or not, either in pulpit power or ardour in Christian work? What part of the population is especially attached to the Church?

II. In the case of those alienated, what is the cause? And is the Church to blame, and in what way? Is the charge true that the Church has, unconsciously, accepted the narrow individualism of established interests, and while holding fast in the religious sphere to salvation by individual faith, has ignored the social premises of the Gospel—the Sermon on the Mount, and has broken with the great popular movement of Emancipation, and also with that toward human Solidarity, characteristic of the nineteenth century?

These charges be they true or false, what appears to you the most urgent reforms required, either in the preaching or in the spirit and action of Evangelical Protestantism?

Answers came from Dr. Stocker, Professor Karl Muller, and from Pastors Lepsius, Forster, Waechter and Herr Christophe Blumhardt, with reference to Germany; from Dr. Kuyper and Professor Gunning, with reference to Holland; from Pastors Gaston Frommel, L. Ferrière and I. Probst, with reference to Switzerland; from Pastors Hollard, C. E. Babut, E. Gounelle and P. Dieterlin, with reference to France.

These papers so far corroborate my article that, taken altogether, they show that Evangelical Christendom is in a most serious condition, and must certainly go on sinking or pass through great changes in the near future. The great fact manifests itself everywhere that the people as a whole have left the churches. They are alienated from them, and in some parts, particularly in Germany, the estrangement arrives occasionally at hatred. Inquirers, all pastors in the German Protestant Churches, as for example, Paul Gohre, in his "Three Months in a German Workshop," and Martin Rade, in his "Religio-moral Thoughtworld of Our Industrial Workmen," give many proofs of the intense bitterness of the German working classes against the Church and its clergy. Their attitude, however, is mostly one of indifference. The same is true of our English workmen, as a whole.

I have dwelt so much on this bitterness or indifference to the Evangelical Churches, Free or Established, that I will simply here state where I have embodied them. As regards Great Britain, not only in the article already so frequently referred to, "The Waning of Evangelicalism," but also in another, "Nonconformity in Relation to Labor," published in February, 1897, in the Progressive Review. The facts of the relations to the German churches of the German working classes I have given in two papers in the Contemporary Review:—"The Church and Social Democracy in Germany," and "The Prussian Rural Laborer and the Evangelical Church."

In this paper I shall refer mainly to such facts as the articles in La Foi et la Vie bring forward in explanation of this appalling phenomenon—the alienation of the European working classes from that religion which was originally founded for them.

I attribute it chiefly to the fact that Mammon has enslaved the Church. Just as capitalism has got possession of trade and commerce, and controls the press, parliaments and governments, so it now has got possession of the churches and controls them. The parable of the poor man's ewe lamb has been illustrated afresh by the seizure of the Church, established or free, by the wealthy classes. With advancing civilization they have come to see that evangelical religion is a really ennobling thing, adding a glory and a strength to life, and just as they wish for all the advantages of education, all the conveniences that science can afford, all the pleasures that art can give, so they desire to be crowned with the aureole of a Christian life, to have the satisfaction of being associated with good works, and to possess the consolations of faith. And seeing that the reformers and the Methodist revivalists omitted to keep the highest standard of morality—the Sermon on the Mount—before their followers, the cultivated wealthy classes have found no serious difficulty in attaining their desire.

But the result has been fatal to nineteenth century Christianity. For it has exposed its extreme weakness on the ethical side and made it appear the contradiction of what the New Testament and the early ages of the Church show that Christianity really is. For the more the rich and respectable became the shining lights of the Church, the more the poor and the humble fell away. Was it envy, jealousy, meanness? No, only a feeling that the soul of religion, ideal justice, ideal love, was gone. If the rich could have the best of both worlds, then there was no law of justice; if the rich could please God, and at the same time have all the advantages of wealth, then there could be no law of love. And if Christianity did not teach and maintain justice and love, but really consecrated injustice and oppression, the less a poor man had to do with it the happier he felt. This, poor men have always felt throughout the ages, but it was not very clear to them that their feeling against the wealthy did not mean some secret unregeneracy of heart, natural envy and pride not being sufficiently abated, and, besides, how would the cause be supported if it were not for the rich? But the new social economics have now opened the eyes of the working classes, at least in Germany and in many other parts of the Continent, to the fact that no one can become enormously wealthy without having defrauded others of what was justly their due, or having inherited wealth, without, in effect, becoming a receiver of stolen goods. Many criticisms may no doubt be made on the new economics, and possibly it may be shown that some of its statements are fallacious, and others unworkable; but this is clear:—The present commercial system absolutely ignores justice and love, its sole guide being the law of supply and demand. If three masters want a man's labor, he goes to the one who will pay him the most; if three men want the same situation, the employer selects the man whose labor will pay him best. In each case it is decided, and must be, except a man separates from the world and accepts the Gospel of the kingdom of heaven, by considerations of personal interest. "It will pay me best to do so," is "the law and the prophets" in the commercial world and largely governs ordinary morality. The result is that wealth, great or small, is most surely gathered by strictly keeping in view this rule. I do not say wealth gatherers have no morality. They frequently have a great deal outside business, and their scrupulous observance of a certain commercial code of honor in business may at times be exercised to their own disadvantage, but such is the non-moral character of the law that governs wealth making, that commercial reputation itself results in placing a man in a

better position to take still fuller advantage of the law of nature—"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away that which he hath."

This non-moral character of the organization of society under a commercial regime is clearly seen by vast masses of laboring people to-day, especially in Germany, where all classes have long enjoyed elementary education and where for the last thirty years an active and wide socialist propaganda has been carried on. Once convinced, as all socialists must be, that any kind of abnormal wealth means fraud and robbery, and that in fact all those who force the community to pay them more than they give in exchange are thus guilty, one sees how impossible it is for workingmen any longer to believe in churches which close their eyes to what has become an obvious fact, and allow the rich not only to exploit the world but the kingdom of Heaven also.

Unfortunately many excellent people do not see this. They fall back on Christian stewardship, and think of the money they or their ancestors have obtained by the more or less remorseless use of the inexorable law of supply and demand, as a talent God has given them, which they can use to His glory. But are they not exactly in the same position as the kings who claimed to reign by divine right, although they knew very well their ancestors had obtained the throne by fraud and force?

We may find it difficult to believe that the world will ever go on by any other law, but in the Kingdom of Heaven it is different. There the purest ideal we know must reign, and from the lips of Jesus Christ Himself we know that ideal does reign, for it was the work of His life to proclaim the good news of the Kingdom of Heaven and to explain the laws and constitution of that kingdom.

TREVEREUX HILL, LIMPSFIELD, ENGLAND.

## MODERN PROPHETS.

### FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

#### I.

Rev. Samuel Zane Batten.

The prophet is the seer and the sayer. He is the forthteller rather than the foreteller. The prophet is the man who sees into the heart of things and tells forth what he sees. He sees new meanings in old truths, and makes new applications of accepted principles. He stands forth as the representative of the Living God, and thus he is the interpreter of God's will to the children of men. He is the representative of what we may call the eternal reality of religion. He is the interpreter of the signs of the times, the upholder of fallen causes, and the advocate of popular truths. He speaks to his age, it is true, but because he deals with the great realities, he speaks words that are true in all ages. In this sense Frederick Denison Maurice was a true prophet of God.

Among the men who are moulding the social and theological thought of our time none stands higher than Maurice. He represents the transition in human thought, from the individualistic, divisive, sectarian tendencies of the past to the social, unitive, co-operative tendencies in our day. In the closing days of his life he declared that "the desire" for unity and the search after unity, both in the nations and the Church, has haunted me all my days." "No man will ever be of much use to his generation," Maurice said of Coleridge, "who does not apply himself mainly to the questions which are agitating those who belong to it." To consider the life, the character, the message of such a man must prove of lasting service to those who are laboring in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

Every man's life is the meeting point of many streams of influence, and in the factor of parentage Maurice was peculiarly fortunate. His

father was a Unitarian minister of the older type; a man of beautiful life, of conservative tendencies, yet of pronounced convictions and varied culture, with strong humanitarian and philanthropic impulses. His mother was, in some respects, a stronger character than his father, and had a strongly marked religious individuality, a trait which appeared in her son. Frederick was born in 1805, and some time after this event his mother abandoned her Unitarian creed and withdrew from her husband's ministry. The daughters of the family, we find, each took a position peculiar to herself. The eldest finally joined the Church of England; the second became a Baptist, under the ministry of John Foster, the essayist; the third did not fully agree with any of the others and maintained her own independence. Such things, painful as they are to consider, had a pronounced and determining influence upon the young life. These conflicts of opinion would have disrupted many a home; but in this case, beneath all the surface differences of opinion, there was a deep attachment and an unfaltering love. A warm and tender affection bound all the members of the family circle together, in spite of the varieties of theological opinion. At the age of twenty-six Frederick was rebaptized and joined the Church of England. As it was the problem of his youth to find some principle which should unite the earnest faiths of the family circle, so it became the lifelong mission of the man to find some foundations on which the various parties and classes of mankind could unite.

Other influences also beat upon his life and had much to do with the cast of his thought. In his earlier years his education was gained in his father's school room, and this close fellowship, with a cultured and earnest mind, did much to broaden his outlook, so that when he entered Cambridge at the age of eighteen he was in advance of most men of his age. While at Cambridge he became instrumental in the organization of a literary society known as the Apostles' Club, and this club became one of the dominant factors in the making of his life. He himself declared that he was more indebted to this than to almost any other influence. In this club he met in earnest debate and close fellowship some men who afterward attained high rank and did good service in the world. Later, when he went up to London, he became a member of a debating society, which numbered among its members such men as John Stuart Mill and John Stirling, Roebuck and Thirlwall, Romilly and Brougham. Maurice had been an earnest and appreciative student of Coleridge, and he declares that it was Coleridge who saved him from utter infidelity. In this debating society Maurice and Stirling—according to Mill's splendid account of it—defended Coleridge's metaphysics against the Utilitarians. Maurice confessed all his life through his deep and solemn obligation to "The Aids of Reflection," and to the end he remained a consistent and devoted Coleridgean.

There is another factor which should be noted, as it had a great influence in determining the after thought and activity of Maurice. The world was becoming interested in progress and reform, and many schemes of social and political reconstruction were boldly advocated. The theories of Owen and other socialists were coming into vogue, and a number of workingmen's co-operative associations were set up in England. Many of the most brilliant and best informed members of the debating society were Owenites, and questions of social reform were considered again and again. These discussions showed Maurice the crying need of reform, though he was led to seek for deeper and stronger foundations than the Owenites. The problems of society and the need of reform were beginning to press heavily upon the hearts and consciences of men. But within the Church it-

self there was a numbing unbelief which weakened the whole body and made reform impossible. Without the Church there was a general contempt for religion, and the workingmen, with their leaders, turned away from the Church in disgust and despair.

It is not easy for us of to-day to think ourselves back into the thought and atmosphere of the first decades of the nineteenth century. The world indeed seemed to have lost its hold upon the Living God; and the Church and the world were drifting into open or concealed unbelief. John Stuart Mill and his school maintained that the existence of God was at the best an open question, while many of the bravest spirits of the time suffered a shipwreck of faith. On the other hand, what professed to be evangelical Christianity was represented by such men as Dr. Cumming, whom George Eliot so justly and so mercilessly scourged; and by such slanderous champions of orthodoxy as the Record newspaper.

In this time of confusion and agitation Maurice was rebaptized into the fellowship of the Church of England, and at once began to prepare himself for the ministry. He has lately become acquainted with Erskine, of Linlathen, and with this acquaintance there dawns a new era in Maurice's life. Long afterward he writes concerning Erskine's book, "The Brazen Serpent":—"I was led to ask myself what a Gospel to mankind must be." He now comes out into the full light and sees that the Gospel of the Son of Man has a deeper ground than the fall of Adam or the sinful condition of man. He comes to see that men are created in Christ Jesus; that they are made for glory and honor and immortality; he finds also that since Jesus Christ is the root of every man's life in Christ Jesus there is a bond of unity and fellowship. As we have seen, Maurice came into contact with various and conflicting forms of religious and social thought. These elements which have all entered into his very life blood have fitted him for his life work. The stream of his thought finally runs itself clear and Maurice has a life message and a life work.

The outward details of his life need not detain us long. In 1834 he was ordained to the ministry, and soon was appointed to the chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital. All his life he was a great writer, and at different times he was called to do editorial work. But the pulpit was his throne, and from this throne he ruled the thought and compelled the admiration of an ever widening circle. His native shyness and innate timidity made general pastoral work a hardship to him, but here in the hospital he found congenial and attractive work, reading to the patients and explaining the Scriptures to them, seeking to bring comfort and confidence to the sick and despondent. Before long it was noted that men of strong thought in ever increasing numbers found their way to the hospital chapel. They had discovered that here was a man who had seen the King in His beauty, and had beheld the kingdom that is coming. Here was a man living a secluded life, to be sure, who yet was perfectly familiar with the questions and needs of the human heart, and who knew also how to speak to the heart and to satisfy the conscience. In 1840 he was made professor of history and literature in King's College, but continued his work at Guy's till 1846. In this year he became professor of theology in the college and chaplain of Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

All this time he is the subject of incessant and bitter attack by the Record and papers of its ilk; and from many sides he is denounced as a dangerous man. All this time, also, as we shall see, he was deeply interested in social questions, and was accustomed to meet workingmen, Socialists, Chartists and Communists, for the pur-

pose of learning their needs and thoughts and offering them help and guidance. This, as one can readily see, was an offence to many of the orthodox and conventional people of the day, and more than once an effort was made to force him out of the college and the ministry. Finally, in 1853, the occasion so long sought came. He had just published the Theological Essays, in which he sought to meet the Unitarian and the doubter on their own ground and to lead them up into the fuller truth as he saw it. Some words on eternal life and eternal death were misconstrued and misunderstood, and the demand was made that he be expelled. The ostensible ground of objection on the part of the principal and the council of the college was theological and doctrinal; but any one who reads between the lines can easily perceive that the real and deep objections were social and political. Nearly all the members of the council were members of the nobility, and with hardly an exception they were conventional and timid timeservers, well satisfied with existing social conditions, as those conditions were so congenial and pleasant for themselves. At any rate Maurice was expelled from the professorship, but was allowed to continue in Lincoln's Inn. Just then Dr. Robert Candlish, the most eminent divine of the Free Church, Scotland, came to London, and in Exeter Hall, to crowded audiences of three thousand or more, he endeavored to expose and confute the theology of Maurice.

#### WHAT IS MAN?

Sir John Davies.

Oh! What is man, great maker of mankind!  
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear—  
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,  
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Oh! what a lively life, what heavenly power,  
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!  
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower  
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of thine,  
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ;  
There cannot be a creature more divine,  
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high  
God hath raised man, since God a man became;  
The angels do admire this mystery,  
And are astonished when they view the same.

#### THE CAST OF THE CONFESSION.

Thomas Towler.

The material of the Westminster Confession is largely Scriptural. This was some time since quite fully set forth in *The Evangelist*. If this were all, general satisfaction with it would seem to be a plain matter and conflict without cause. But the cast of this material is another thing. Here is the ground for objection and for the differing reservations and interpretations with which the Confession is accepted. The Confession is not simply Scriptural. It is Scripture cast in the mould of the times when it was drawn—in the specific thinking of its authors. The thinking of men to-day is vastly enlarged. The presentation of truth has changed from what it was two and a half centuries ago. The Confession and present thinking are at variance.

The cast of the Confession is out of date, as much as an old lumbering vehicle of a century since. Here lies the difficulty of anything like a satisfactory revision. Because of this cast, the Confession is now a hindrance to the understanding and acceptance of the truth of God. For the church to travel on in this old clumsy conveyance is to embarrass her movement and hinder her progress in the fields of human service and good in all lands, and specially among Foreign Missions. These missions do not need to hear of Calvin, or the controversies of Western theology and the Church. They should start from Jesus Christ with a clean page and develop freshly and in liberty.

The Confession makes Scripture hard featured and repulsive. Its interpretation of God is absolutist. It plants itself on the apex of the divine eternal decree to survey the whole work of God in time. It follows the deductive and not the inductive method. The latter is the only method possible to us, both in natural and spiritual things.

The flat philosophy underlies it. The Confession gives no idea of the system of God, as that of universal and benevolent law, both in physical nature and mind. God is represented as a transcendent sovereign, not as an immanent and developing Presence. Jesus taught of God as the Father continuously in and through all things, not a distant and cold sovereign. This is akin to deism. Here the Confession lamentably fails, as the explanatory statement of Scotland testifies. Its interpretation of man is extreme and borders on the pessimistic. The Confession is not confined to Scripture, but adds to it in order to construct its system, or to make a complete cast out of the material selected.

Here lies the necessity for such a plain and Scriptural statement of the things now present in the Christian consciousness of faith and feeling and in the better light of our times, which shall make the truth not a "darkened counsel" and the Church to be clad in "the garment of praise" and not in "the spirit of heaviness."

#### AWHEEL IN EUROPE.

VI.

Rev. James A. Miller, Ph D.

We saw our last of France in Boulogne. The sun was doing his level best, as if to prove that here in Europe he could come out as bright and hot at times as in America. We visited the fishing smacks and docks. We climbed about the steep streets of the fishermen section on the heights, through crowds of dirty children and white-capped women, with a heavy fishy smell in the air. We wandered about the bathing sands and walked about the old wall. We spent a delightful hour going through the finely filled museum. We visited the venerable cathedral with its banner-hung arches, and philosophized on the three words set in the pavement—near the door in great letters "Credo," half way up the nave aisle "Spero," and near the altar "Amo." And then, after a refreshing sail across the Straits of Dover, we came to Folkstone, the town sacred to Harvey of blood-circulation fame. And what a change! The deep green foliage, the roads like lanes circling through the finest of hedges, past cottages almost buried in trees and overgrown with bright flowers, made famous and hilly county Kent seem a paradise, when compared to the withered foliage and burning sands about Boulogne.

It would need a book instead of an article to describe fully that wheeling trip through South England from Folkstone to Liverpool. We had seen Yorkshire and Lincoln before going to Holland, and now we cycled leisurely through eleven counties more. I should like to tell about the fruit orchards and finely kept hop fields of Kent. I should like to picture the heather meadows of Shropshire—purple masses of blossoms on both sides of the road for a mile. The highways so hard that a traction engine can draw easily a road train of four cars, each loaded with ten tons of stone; the iron industries of Staffordshire from Birmingham this way; the walls and buildings in and about Canterbury, finished with flinty little cobblestone cracked in two, and set edge to edge in the mortar; the lavatories finely-finished and supplied with hot and cold water under street crossings in London and other large cities; the Shakespearian memories of county Warwick, and the College associations of Oxford and

Berks; the ale houses every mile or two, with distinctive names and pictures, like "The Red Horse" or "The Green Crown," with half-drunken carters in the tap-room, and children, whose heads hardly reached the level of the bar, bearing in pails and pitchers to be filled by the woman back of the bar; the delightful breakfasts of tea and eggs, and the memories of superb cutlets and steaks—how much lies there in the background that cannot even be suggested. Everywhere were strutting "pimps" of British soldiers, with red jackets instead of red trousers as in France, with dangling sword, and tilted cigarette, and bit of cap perched on a corner of the head above the right ear—we could imagine the short work a grim old Boer would make of these glittering dandies. But I must give the rest of my space to the greater impressions.

There is that fruitful Sunday in historic Canterbury. As in Chancer's day, pilgrims still go thither. Back in our minds, coloring all, lay Bede's story of what Gregory in Rome said, when he saw certain youths from this section exposed for sale. "What a pity that men with such glorious looks should be pagans!" And then, when told they were "Angles" (Angli), "Indeed they have angels' faces, and must be made partakers with the angels in heaven!" And again, when told they were from the province of "Deiri," "Indeed," he cried, "from wrath (de ira) saved, and to Christ's mercy called!" And further, when told their king was called "Aella," he exclaimed, "Then shall Allelujah yet be sung among them!" We walked about the nave of the cathedral, empty but for memorials of great men; we followed the intoned prayers and



CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD

psalms in the service in the choir; we watched the processions of the choir and clergy and listened to the magnificent singing, but there was coming up all the time what had happened since Augustine and his monks, at the bidding of this Gregory over thirteen hundred years ago, laid in Canterbury the foundation of what is now English Christianity. In this sacred edifice Becket was murdered, and here came Henry II. to do penance for the crime. In the cathedral crypt Elizabeth invited some flying Huguenots to organize a congregation, and the descendants of these held a service there that afternoon. But we wandered out past the alms houses to little St. Martin's church in the field, to attend a service in the oldest edifice of English Episcopalianism.

For six miles, according to the cyclometer, we wheeled through that great south section of London before we came to Waterloo Bridge. There on the bridge we had to the right our first glimpse of St. Paul's dome, while to the left across the bend of the Thames we could outline the towers of the Houses of Parliament and of Westminster Abbey. Getting settled near the British Museum, our first great pleasure was a leisurely stroll that afternoon and evening to become familiar with the heart of

this greatest city of earth. Through Holborn Viaduct we found our way past the Old Bailey to St. Paul's, and then through Fleet street and the busy Strand to Trafalgar Square, and then on to Westminster to locate the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and then back in the darkness of a rainy evening to our room. We were picking our way easily alone. After several days came the inevitable ride on top of a 'bus, where sitting close to a grizzled driver of forty-four years' experience, we looked down upon the distracting maze of moving street life and had many a new glimpse of famous buildings. Going east, we passed the Bank and the Tower and had new glimpses of the Cathedral and the Monument, while learning in the Whitechapel section the story of the Lion Sermon and of Jack-the-Ripper. Going west we threaded the Strand anew, and on through Oxford street to cross Hyde Park and return by the Picadilly.

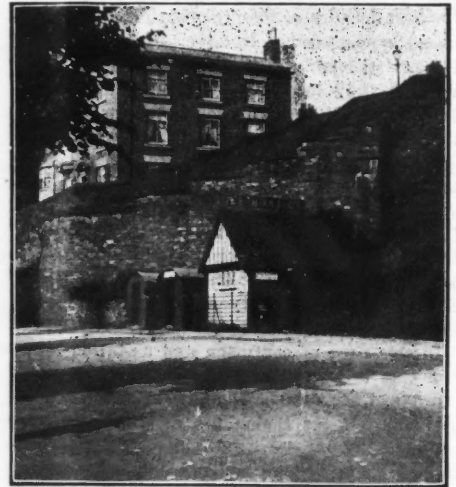
Then one day we entered St. Paul's to see the interior. Sitting under the great dome, 225 feet to the dome ceiling and 404 to the cross on the roof, there came back the story of the workman who, at the rebuilding of the Cathedral, after the great fire of 1666, placed here at the crossing of the transepts and nave to mark the centre of the dome a bit of gravestone on which by chance was the word "Resurgam." Truly St Paul's did rise again, to become one of the greatest of the world's churches, and give pregnant meaning to words over an entrance in memory of Wren, the architect, "Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice." We were most of all interested in the fine memorials to General Gordon, to the Duke of Wellington and Admiral Nelson, to Howard and to Heber. Away back in 1387 Wiclif was cited here for heresy and in 1537 Tyndall's New Testament was here given to the flames.

How shall I in a sentence or two get through with Westminster Abbey? We could not but think of the coronations and celebrations of victories, the marriages and funerals that have made this edifice for centuries the centre of English sentiment and patriotism. What a "marble jungle" of monuments! What a need for the feather-duster here as in St. Paul's to banish some of the dust accumulations of the centuries! How we were pleased to see that one of the finest and largest slabs in the whole Abbey, in one of the choicest locations, is to the memory of missionary David Livingstone! Gladstone has a miniature slab in an obscure section hidden under benches, but this Christian missionary who died on his knees has a mammoth slab in the centre of a central aisle.

Of course we wandered through the British Museum, looked upon the Alexandrian manuscript of the New Testament, saw with pleasure Sennacherib's clay cylinders in which he crows over receiving tribute from poor Hezekiah and shutting him up as a bird in a cage, and looked upon the pillars that once stood in Diana's Temple at Ephesus. Of course we visited the Tower, saw the memorials of bloody times, and reveled in suits of armor and displays of crown jewels.

There is that day we wandered about Oxford. We saw Magdalen College and took pictures of Christ Church College, from which went forth the Methodism of the world. We looked upon the Martyr's monument and thought of Ridley and Latimer on the way to the stake looking up at the window of Cranmer so soon to follow—thought of them waiting at the stake while a sermon was preached denouncing them—thought of Latimer's cry, "We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust never shall be put out." We liked Henley, looked on Shakespeare's grave in the Stratford Church, and were delighted

with Warwick Castle, the finest of the old medieval residences still used, hanging on its rock above the Avon. We wheeled through the Gladstone grounds at Hawarden and talked with the workmen. We saw the "bole"—the tide—move in ever-advancing wave up the Dee. We spent a memorable Sunday in Chester and



CHESTER CITY WALLS

worshipped in its cathedral. And then on to Birkenhead, and Liverpool, and the Atlantic for home.

One beautiful Sunday evening on the Oceanic in mid-ocean, a large group of Welshmen out on the main deck sang beautifully in Welsh and in English—sang the great old church hymns. Many hundreds of the twenty-three hundred souls on board crowded about to listen. Then came "Pat," the clown of the boat, with mimicry and dancing, on the opposite side of the deck, and as so universally happens, the nonsense of Pat drew a crowd greater than the beautiful singing of the Welshmen. But Pat very soon subsided and the multitudes clustered about the Welshmen again, as they sang, as few can sing, familiar hymns in a strange tongue. It was now dark when the familiar tune told us they were singing "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." After singing it in Welsh they repeated it in English. Just as they finished the line,

"Safe into the heaven guide."

the captain on the bridge tapped three bells (half past nine). The watchman on the first lookout repeated the three taps loudly on his larger bell, and then sent out over the decks and out over the waves the cry, thrilling when first heard, "All's well!" Far up in the crow's nest, nearly one hundred feet from the deck, the watchman in the second lookout caught it up and sent it out farther yet into the ocean darkness "All's well!" One sitting by me, thinking of eternal safety, said in a moment, "Wouldn't it be fine if every soul on this great liner could from the heart and for himself echo it yet again, and fling it up to the angels above, 'All's well!'"

ELMIRA, N. Y.

#### DEATH OF A DAY.

Augusta Moore.

The sea was rocking its waves to rest,  
As the silver moon arose;  
She saw in the rainbow halls of the west,  
The life of a fair day close.

She saw the beautiful evening stars  
Hang over it tenderly,  
And softly follow, behind the bars  
Of sunset, the day away.

## The Book Table

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.\*

The author of the volume named below has achieved a work which no one has attempted before and which by the terms of its definition commit him to an amount of laborious reading which few men would have the courage to undertake.

It is not a history of the philosophy of religion in England and America in the ordinary sense, nor is it a critical survey of that history leading up to a summary series of general conclusions as to its character, direction, stages, general direction and the final situation which has resulted.

Something like this is what we should expect the author of a treatise on the philosophy of religion in the two countries to do for us. But Professor Caldecott has done much more. The work he has undertaken is far more difficult and it takes his readers back nearer to the original writers and holds them in closer connection with these writers than would have been at all possible had he undertaken a general survey of the movement without special notice of the individual contributions of individual thinkers. The characteristic feature of Professor Caldecott's method is that he searches out and preserves the contribution each student has made to the general movement, and assigns each his place and value in the general process of religious philosophy.

His method is as original as it is simple. He begins by identifying in the theistic thought of these two countries sixteen different types of English and American theism, which he proceeds to define and describe and prefix to his work as a preliminary chart of the whole movement he is to trace.

His main problem is attacked in the following Part II. It consists in the grouping of the theologians and religious thinkers of these two countries, each in his own group and place in the typical series and order of development as laid down in the general charting of the field in Part I.

It might be objected to this scheme that the "philosophy of religion" includes much more than can be brought into the compass of any theistic scheme or included in any conception of God, and that for this reason these sixteen groups or types of American and English "theism" cannot by any fair interpretation be made to cover the whole field of religious philosophy; some important thinkers and what they have contributed in one way or another must certainly be omitted.

The reply to this is obvious. Religion has its root and centre so absolutely in the doctrine of God that its whole development depends on the first step, as to the being or nature of God. The first assumption thrills in every remote consequence of the system. What we believe as to God or no God, as to theism or deism, becomes decisive in all that follows. Professor Caldecott is perfectly right in identifying the philosophy of religion with the development of theistic opinion and discussion in these two countries.

Some of his sixteen types might possibly be combined, as for example No. 1, "Intuitive Theism," with No. X., "Intuitivism, or Mysticism." Doubtless this combination might be made, but it would spoil one of the chief merits of the book, its innumerable accuracy of definition, description and distinction. Lines

\*The Philosophy of Religion in England and America. By Alfred Caldecott, D. D. Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in King's College, London. Formerly Fellow and Dean of St. John's College, Cambridge. (The Macmillan Company, \$2.00.)

of thinking would have been confused which now stand apart, as they do in logical reality, and the reader of the book would be deprived of one good service which is now rendered him.

In fact we have marked these sections on the intuitive and the mystical types of theistic thought as among the best and most useful in the book, especially in the final impression they make of the relation of mysticism to intuition and their comparative outcome for thought.

Beginning with the special type of "Intuitive Theism," Professor Caldecott gives us a critical summary of each writer in the class. Some of them suffer more or less from the obscurity of brief treatment. His method, however, we observe gives him room enough to bite with a chill and nipping frost when he is disposed to do so, as for example, when he remarks of the late Theodore Parker that his theism was the most confident intuitivism since Lord Herbert, so confident indeed that it led him to reject revelation as unnecessary, though he sees in him rather the confidence of the orator than of the thinker, and observes, rather tartly, that this "accounts at once for the extent of his influence in his lifetime, and its cessation when his personality was removed."

Dr. Samnel T. Harris of Yale is treated with more consideration, though the summary suffers from brevity and we must believe not only that the distinguished author's strong, massive and original discussion of theism is inadequately represented, but that the work loses something in its completeness by this failure.

The special Types follow on the line marked out in the introductory chart, each illustrated with its examples and each expounded in a brief critical way, some with more expansion, and some in brief characterizing phrases of summary import. Among them we note a critique of the late Dr. McCosh and Dr. Hedge among the types of "Demonstrative Theism," while Professor Royce of Harvard is grouped very fairly with the types of "Transcendental Theism." A very neat and effective summary is presented of President Schurman's position, and Professor Le Conte's. We are glad also to note that the importance of the work done by one of the last to join the majority, John Fiske, is recognized.

As has been intimated above, no part of the book is developed with more power or appreciative criticism than those on the Types of Intuitivism and Mysticism, beginning with the Cambridge Platonists. All this, especially what refers to Coleridge, is splendidly enough done to make us regret at times the rigors of a plan which imposed such brevity on the author.

Nevertheless he has done his work well and rendered a service which has not been attempted on such a scale before. No one before has brought the whole succession of writers on the philosophy of religion into such comparative relations with each other or defined their relations in the series with such critical ability.

AMERICAN HISTORY TOLD BY CONTEMPORARIES. In Four Volumes. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of History in Harvard. The Macmillan Company. \$2 per volume, or \$7 for the four volumes.

The first three volumes of this unique and useful attempt to present the History of America in the words of its makers are already completed. The fourth and concluding volume is in press and may be expected in a few weeks. The series opened, as we explained in our notice of the first volume in 1897, with a superb volume illustrating the Era of Colonization. It is introduced with two innumerable chapters on what is meant by the Sources of American History, what they are, how and

where to find them, how to use them and their educative value. The classified selections begin with documents illustrating the early discoveries, Norse and Spanish, followed by illustrations of the English, French and Dutch discoveries. With Part Three the illustrations of the Colonial period begin. They are very full and tell the story for Virginia and the South, New England and the Middle Colonies in the vital and vivid way which characterizes all contemporaneous testimony.

The Second volume on The Building of the Republic, published in 1898, takes up the separate colonies in a similar series of documents to illustrate the development in theory and practice of the English system of colonial government, the growth of colonial life and inter-colonial relations, and their gradual shading into the discontent which broke out at last into the Revolution. The illustrations of this critical event in all its stages and of the peace which ended it conclude the selections of this Second volume, and prepare the way for the Third on the era of "National Expansion" from 1783 to 1845, published in 1900. The original writers of the first eminence in this period are numerous and the problem of satisfactory selection among them is so nearly impossible of solution, that a larger amount of instructive and interesting material had to be thrown out than from either of the preceding volumes. It is here, however, that Professor Hart proves equal to the double task of selecting what carries the history in it and of weaving these selections into the vital history of the period. Heavy constitutional documents and discussions have been used very sparingly in all three of these volumes. Diaries, travels, letters and speeches have been preferred as having in them more of the human interest which lays hold on the reader's mind. Still the one fullest episode in the volume very properly illustrates the building of the Constitution. The volume contains a splendid series illustrating the successive economic, social and political conditions of the country, the frontier and territorial question, the rise and fall of the Federalists and the Jeffersonian democracy, the war of 1812, the development of the West, the Jacksonian democracy and its close and necessary consequent, the rise and development of the great Slavery and Abolition controversy.

The forthcoming volume IV. will illustrate on the same method which is employed in these three, the "Welding of the Nation" in the period from 1845 to 1900. Of that we propose to speak of when it is published.

THE WORD AND ITS INSPIRATION. By the Rev. E. D. Rendell. Published by the Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa. Three Volumes. Price \$1 each.

On the title-page of this work it is further described as "A narrative from the flood to the call of Abram, as set forth in the early portions of the book of Genesis," critically examined as to its literal sense and explained as to its spiritual teaching by the Science of Correspondences, as revealed by Emanuel Swedenborg in his great work, The Arcana Celestia.

This elaborate and extensive treatise was first published in England in the year 1855. The fact that it is now reproduced in substantial and attractive style in America shows how highly its instructions are esteemed by the followers of Swedenborg. It is an exhaustive study of the book of Genesis, considered not as a literal history, but as designed to convey the deepest spiritual truths. Incidentally it also throws much light on the Science of Correspondences which is the keystone, or rather the foundation, of Swedenborg's spiritual philosophy. The belief in a correspondential re-

lation between the natural and spiritual worlds is now very widely, if not universally accepted. Dr. Newman Smythe voices this general belief in the sentence, "Earth is a parable of heaven." Those who wish to study this philosophy in its application to the sacred Scriptures will find these volumes a valuable help.

### Book Notes

*The Potter and the Clay*, by Maud Howard Peterson. This is an exceptional book in its freshness, strength and vivid pictures. There is an original position taken by one of the characters, that of a man who admits that he is a coward. The story begins in England; there the heroine remains, but the two heroes go to India. The story of the army life is well told, the contrast between Trevelyan and Stewart growing ever more marked until Trevelyan commits the inexcusable act which results in crippling John Stewart for life. This finally wakes up Trevelyan to a realization of what he is and makes a man of him. He goes back a hero to the army in India, although he knows that in so doing he gives up all hope of winning "Oary," and that he goes to a camp infested with cholera. There he loses his life. The story of a man is made strong by trial and sorrow. The descriptions of the cholera-stricken camp are wonderfully vivid and have one with their realistic pictures. (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50)

*Gala Day Luncheons*, by Caroline Benedict Burrell. This is a capital little book, and while the title, *Gala Day Luncheons*, may alarm the woman of slender means, ordinary servants, and no great abundance of table "properties," a little examination will reassure her. The author is not one who goes on the theory that mushrooms, cream and sweetbreads can be pumped out of the kitchen pump, but having suggested the rarer viands, says: "If you can't get these, here is something else just as good that you can get," and goes smiling on with the plainer food. It will be a person difficult to snit who will not find many delightful suggestions in this book, as well as excellent recipes not only for the many feast days mentioned; but also for "Human nature's daily food." (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20.)

*The Son of Amram*, by G. Monroe Royce. This story of Moses, son of Amram, will add much interest to the Biblical account of Israel's great leader—and the beginnings of that people. The picture of the Great Ramesses is vivid, his person, his character and his achievements, together with the presentation of the condition of the Egyptians and their subject peoples is well done and show the results of much study.

Mr. Royce has made a figure which will stand among the great men of the Bible so fittingly called the "Mountain Men." (Whittaker. \$1.50.)

*Etidorpha*, by John Uri Lloyd. The reader of this book begins his travels from a Kentucky cave, with an eyeless guide who conducts him to Etidorpha—a topsy-turvy world, where everything is as it isn't. This under-world of course furnishes the writer with a sphere where wonderful adventures, undreamt-of discoveries and mysterious beings seem possible. These descriptions may be interesting to those who are fond of incredible tales, but we doubt if the author of "Stringtown on the Pike" has added much to his laurels in the production of this book. (Dodd, Mead. \$1.50)

*The Eternal Quest*, by J. A. Steuart. Although this is a story of army life, the *Eternal Quest* is not only for military glory, but a search for "That not impossible she, that shall command my heart and me." The characters are English, an English General, his "fighting chaplain," the chaplain's daughter and the General's son.

The young people are commanded not to engage themselves, as neither has anything to live on, and two nothings do not make one something. The young man goes off, wins his spurs and gets married of course—an event which happens the two but does not illuminate the story very perceptibly. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50)

*Home Thoughts*, by C. Habitual readers of the New York Evening Post have long ago learned to look in a modest corner of the Saturday edition for home and household papers bearing the simple signature of "C." which served to identify the paper rather than to veil the open secret of their authorship. The desire has often been expressed to the dignified and gracious lady from whose pen they have come that she publish a select number of them in a permanent form. This is the history of the volume named above, whose homely title hardly does justice to the rich variety and scope, the philosophic and reflective depth and exquisite charm of these delightful papers. Through them all runs a thread of fine imaginative fancy touched with gentle humor and never varying from the refined delicacy and dignity of the high bred woman. The subjects treated are often such it is far easier to be wise about than brilliant, such for example, as "My Son's Wife and My Daughter's Husband," "The Homelessness of Certain Married Women" is a chapter to be read and pondered by all who know the power and care for the sacredness of home, while "After the Wedding" is another charming chapter which expresses the tender womanly feeling in which the whole subject is approached. A glance over the titles of the chapters as they run in the table of contents will show how high the book ranges above the dull level of ordinary counsel. The touch of art feeling and of an art nature lies in the whole book. We feel it in such titles as "The Lamentable Publicity of Modern Life," "The Era of too Plain Speech," "The Moral Responsibility of Entertaining," "The Unconquerable Ego," or the "Etiquette of Family Life." The book is bound in a simple style which corresponds with its character. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

*Power for Witnessing*, by Albrin F. Ballinger, is to be commended for hearty zeal and its great store of plain, honest evangelistic experiences. Like all books of the class, it runs to the special hobbies of its class, such as the second gift of higher sanctification, conscious assurance of personal forgiveness and the prayer of faith, healing the sick and the laying on of hands. We observe, too, in it a new definition of faith as "believing God when a miracle is necessary to sustain his promise" (p. 123). (Revell. \$1.)—*Making a Life*, by the Rev. Cortland Myers D.D. Dr. Myers deserves to be remembered as the author of one of the straightest literary shots that have been delivered into the eye of the mark: "Why men do not go to church." A similar frank honesty and good sense marks the present volume, though it is crowded with too much illustration and reads like a common place book of anecdotes grouped to illustrate a series of topics. Now and then he slips in his facts. "A peerage or a grave in Westminster Abbey" was Nelson's cry before Trafalgar and not before the battle of the Nile (p. 58). (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.25.)

*The Tribulations of a Princess*, With Portraits from Photographs. This book presents the same attractions and deals with much the same problems, romances and mysteries which proved so irresistible in the previous volume by the same unknown author., *The Martyrdom of an Empress*. The unknown authorship of the first volume is all the more remarkable as the "Empress," whose sad life is traced in it

stood in the full glare of publicity as Elizabeth of Austria. Thus far no one has identified the "Princess" of the present volume except far enough to assure us that her book is her own autobiography, veiled most cunningly and thus far impenetrably. The book begins with a most singular romance which is so distinctly the key to what follows that we shall not venture to deprive our readers of the pleasure of discovering it for themselves. The story shows us a "princess" who was fully a match for the "Empress" in her freedom, love of adventure and hatred of the trammels and conventions of court life. It is the story of how a true, pure woman, with plenty of heart and great simplicity of character, and with power, wealth and princely station behind her, broke from her cage into freedom and what it cost her to do it. The book closes with an intimation that in another autobiographic volume she will go on with the tale and let us know how, having got rid of her corrupt Prince, she fared in freedom with her true and devoted English Commoner. (Harper. \$2.25)

### Literary Notes

The current number of the *Living Age* contains an article by Andrew Carnegie on British Pessimism, reprinted from the Nineteenth Century, also papers on the Royal House of France by Stephen Gwynn, and by Justin McCarthy on the Revival of the Irish Language and Literature.

Mrs. Richard Henry Stoddard gives some bright bits of her literary autobiography in the *Literary Era* for July. Her publishers note that though she married a poet, wrote *The Morgesens*, *Temple House* and *Two Men*, and drew from Lowell the rare praise that she was the only woman writer in America who had revealed the "profoundest depths of genius," she is also a happy exception to the popular theory that more than one married genius in a house is too much.

The August number of *Scribner's* will be its thirteenth annual Fiction number. It will contain a complete novelette, *The Derelict*, by Richard Harding Davis, the tale of a stranded reporter, a sort of rural sporting view of New York City by Jesse Lynch Williams, in which occurs the stunning remark: "There is pretty good snipe-shooting within the city limits." It will also exhibit at their best some of the artists who have illustrated the Magazine, among them Walter Appleton Clark, Howard Chandler Christy, F. C. Yohn, Maxfield Parrish, Everett Shinn, W. Glackens and Henry McCarter. There will also be a colored cover by Albert Herter.

Ellis Meredith's *Master-Knot of Human Fate* promises to be one of the literary sensations of the year. (Little, Brown and Company.)

Helen Campbell's new story, *Ballantyne*, is an American novel, whose keynote is the common lofty American spirit of those who fought for their highest ideals in the late Civil War.

It is encouraging to note that Mary W. Tileston's *Daily Strength for Daily Needs*, made up of Scripture passages and selections, ancient and modern to illustrate and re-enforce them, has reached a sale of over 200,000 copies. (Little, Brown and Company Boston.)

The publication of A. R. Conder's *Seal of Silence* calls attention to the fact that it is the three hundredth number in the "Appleton's Town and Country Library," and that no other American library of fiction has lived as long or been as successful.

One of the last works which engaged the late Sir Walter Besant was the completion of a popular story of King Alfred. This book will be published the present month or in August by the Appleton Company, as an interesting recognition of the approaching millennial anniversary of the great King's death in 901.

Visitors to the Pan-American Exposition should not fail to examine the Funk and Wagnalls Exhibit, leading off as it does with the Stanford Dictionary of the English Language, the opening volume of the great Jewish Encyclopedia, and with three copies of the record breaking republication of George Oroly's *Sala-thiel*, or *Tarry Thou Till I Come*.

## The Religious Press

The Michigan Presbyterian, the editor of which is the long time friend and erstwhile correspondent of *The Evangelist*, has a thoughtful word to say on a danger just now facing us:

The Sunday-school teacher who is teaching the lessons of the present quarter needs especially to bear in mind what Phillips Brooks calls "the terrible danger of false tests." His meaning is explained by his further statement, that he had been told a hundred times that the Bible and slavery must stand or fall together. He quotes also John Wesley's words, that witchcraft and the Bible are so related that the destruction of one is the destruction of the other. We see very clearly to-day the foolishness of such statements, and the danger of subjecting the Bible to such false tests. But there are still those who insist upon their theories in regard to the Bible, as the true test of its infallibility and authority. "Prove to me," said Mrs. Ballington Booth, "that the world was not made in six days of twenty-four hours each, and I have done with the Bible." The wise teacher will make no such rash statements, but will carefully refrain from imposing any theories upon the scholar, concerning matters on which Christian men differ, and which have not yet been finally settled. The history of the past should be our guide in the matter. The Copernican system of astronomy was vehemently opposed on the ground that it contradicted Scripture. But the alleged fact did not prevent its acceptance, nor did it destroy the Bible. . . . When the geologists told us of the great age of the earth, when Darwin advanced his views as to the origin of man, we were told by alarmed divines that if these theories were accepted, the Bible was destroyed. But nobody to-day believes that the world was made in 144 hours, and yet the Bible has not been discredited or destroyed. . . . The Sunday-school teacher should therefore be careful that the scholar's faith is not made to rest in certain theories regarding the book which may or may not prove true, but which in either case do not affect its inspiration or authority. It is a very dangerous thing to say to a scholar, "unless my theory on this subject is true, the Bible is false." For when he gets out into the world he may become convinced that our theory is wrong—and he will then probably accept the conclusion we have taught him. We should exactly reverse the argument. The right course is to teach that the Bible is true, but that human theories regarding its composition and authorship are constantly changing, and liable to be mistaken. He is not therefore, to identify the Bible with any particular theory regarding it—whether old or new—but to learn to hold its moral and spiritual lessons as not dependent upon any man's view of its history or composition. This is the only safe and wise plan. Any other course is fraught with danger to the faith of the pupil, and the authority of the Book. "Let us," says Prof. W. J. Beecher, "steadily avoid, as criminally foolish, the habit of staking the inerrancy of the Bible on our understanding of it."

The Outlook briefly surveys the career of the regretted Prof. John Fiske, rendering him justice for his "inestimable service in furnishing from the evolutionary point of view a modern interpretation and defense of Theism and of faith in personal immortality," but deems that his most enduring service is in his historical work:

In his history, however, as in his philosophy, John Fiske is rather an interpreter than an original thinker or investigator; the value of his work lies in his interpretation of the course and causes of events rather than in a microscopic inquiry into minute details; in other words he writes history dramatically and philosophically. But to interpret the thoughts and the researches of others, in such a way as to give to the general public their true significance, is perhaps as valuable a service as that contributed by the original investigators.

If genius is as it has been defined, "capacity for hard work," John Fiske was unquestionably a genius, for he was an indefatigable and assiduous worker. This alone, however, would not have given him his place in the

world of letters. He also had great clearness of perception, the courage of his convictions, and an unusual perspicacity of style, especially in exposition. It is difficult to anticipate the verdict of posterity, but our impression is that certain of his books will be more in demand in the future even than now, and that his histories will take their place in the American libraries of the future by the side of Motley and of Prescott.

The American Hebrew, moved by the holiday (to-day, July 25) which devout Jews commemorate, the destruction of the Temple, finds a certain danger in the formal observance of such anniversaries, and seeks to bring home the deep inner meaning of this festival:

Tishi b'Ab is regarded variously by our brethren; many look askance at it indeed. The poetry of it attracts, but the reality of it is disturbing; shall it be met with dirges or with vocal pyrotechnics? Many ask, is the day vital, is it necessary, what is our duty—to ignore or to observe? Neither our liberal thinkers nor our conservative friends have satisfactorily answered these queries. So much, too, is involved in its solution; there is the Zionist question; there is incidentally the authority of tradition.

We would ask of the individual: Does the remembrance of the destruction of the Temple create in you a glow of emotion; does it bring to mind the grief of ancient Judea, the desperate struggle, the consequent degradation, the utter national and religious confusion? Or does it tell you of the new mission created by the event for the Jews—the dispersion, the leaving of the World, the sufferings for the Truth; its influence on Jewish character; the world experience substituted for the provincialism of a quarrelsome Palestine? In either case, you are bound to inquire, how does Tishi b'Ab touch my life?—for this heritage of the past consciously must be either thrown off or readjusted by you. If not to weep, to rejoice; if not to rejoice, then to tell dispassionately of the grievous sufferings that were endured since that far off Tishi b'Ab when Titus applied the torch to the great Temple, the Beth Hamikdash of the Jews.

The Afro-American Presbyterian of Charlotte, N. C., whose denominational fealty cannot be questioned, makes these suggestions:

It is suggested that the Moderator of the Assembly should be freed from other service during the year so as to give him time and opportunity to visit extensively through the denomination and stimulate by his addresses and presence the general work of the Church. This is a good suggestion. As in the case of the last Moderator doubtless suitable arrangements could be made for carrying on his regular work for the time being.

But why not apply the same suggestion to the Presbyteries and the Synods? Unquestionably these Moderators could do great good to the cause within their respective bounds in a year's time. Such a form of oversight and helpfulness, yet carrying with it no ecclesiastical authority, would be in keeping with the Presbyterian system. In the smaller Synods and Presbyteries all the year would not be required in which to get round. There are great possibilities for good bound up in these suggestions.

The Presbyterian Standard takes issue with the proposition maintained by various Southern journals "that a State University, manned by Christian teachers, is hurtful to Christian churches," and argues that no harm need result from such institutions. In any case they are "here to stay" and it is wise not only to make the best of them, but to bring denominational institutions up to their standard:

There is room for both kinds of institutions and there is need for both. We Presbyterians are exceedingly well satisfied with Davidson, and we are really embarrassed with riches when we consider the distinctive excellencies of the Charlotte and Raleigh and Statesville and Red Springs and Kenansville and Asheville Colleges for women. And we know that the state institutions will have to put their best foot foremost in order to equal them. At the same time we recognize that as long as the state institutions maintain their high standard of excellence, and especially as long as they are manned by Christian teachers and avoid

any tendency to infidelity and unbelief, the Church schools will fall if they make their appeal merely to denominational loyalty and have not high merits of their own. And between the two the people will fare pretty well.

We believe in Presbyterian schools because we believe in Presbyterian propagandism, and the Church school is one of the most successful propagators of religion. We are going to raise \$300,000 in North Carolina and \$1,000,000 in the Southern Church in the next four years to propagate Presbyterianism in this way. But we are not going to build ourselves up by trying to pull others down, or make a question of political expediency a question of Church doctrine, or promise to deliver the votes of our people in return for a crippling of honorable competitors, or talk about education by the state as necessarily an unchristian education as long as its institutions seem earnest in procuring Christian instructors. . . .

There is no conflict between Church education and state education when both are at their best. There is no conflict between Church and state in the administration of charity; there is work for both. There is no conflict between Christianity and patriotism.

The Presbyterian Journal discussing the value of fear as a motive of obedience finds a great change in this particular between the old and the new theology, but would emphasize the point that in attempting to discard punishment we only confirm its reality, instancing the history of Universalism as a case in point. "Fifty years ago Universalism made punishment the dream of a fevered theology. To-day that same church teaches a hell from which there is no possible escape. Every law is armed with scorpion whips that scourge the transgressor beyond the grave":

But fear as a preaching force has largely fallen into disuse. Love has become the theme upon which we dwell the most. Whether wisely or not, this is true. To preach fear requires a genius and grace that few possess. There must be a tenderness and a pathos about it of which few are capable. Nothing can be more destructive to a minister's efficiency than to preach fear as if he enjoyed it. It is easier to paint God with a snubbeam than with a flake of darkness. And yet may it not be that we have erred on this very extreme? In our revolt from the awful pictures of other days may we not have given a profile rather than a likeness of truth? It is argued that fear is not a transforming force. One may be kept from doing evil through fear, and still retain his old disposition to sin. This is true, but morality from any motive is better than actual sin. God's threatenings perform this very office. They may not change the heart, but they do affect the outward life. Heaven is vastly more than a negative hell. The results of sin are a legitimate argument in favor of righteousness. Salvation is not only being saved from the effects of sin, but also from actual sin itself. Jesus preached morality, "mere morality," as the theologians sometimes term it. Not as a substitute for the new birth, but as an earthly Gospel, by which we escape those horrid hells that lie this side the judgment.

Unity agrees with Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn in recognizing the Sunday question as one of the great problems of the pulpit to-day:

We sympathize with his desire to secure a Saturday half holiday to workers. This is an economic necessity as well as an ethical one, but we doubt if this would solve the Sunday question. The men who have many half holidays during the week are as prone to ignore the Sabbath rest day as those who work the six-day tread mill. The passion for fun, the indolent conscience, the indifference to spiritual things are not the products of over-work, but with over-work they rest on a practical materialism, a lust of things that is as far reaching as it is ominous.

So live to-day that when to-morrow comes,  
Thou shalt not cloud the sun with vain regret;  
But let thy hand and heart commit those deeds  
That love for man and faith in God beget.

In the huge mass of evil, as it rolls along and swells, there is ever some good working imprisoned; working towards deliverance and triumph.—Carlyle.

## The Sunday School

THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.  
SUNDAY AUGUST 4, 1901.

### ABRAM AND LOT.

THE RELATIONS OF ABRAM WITH THE PEOPLES  
OF THE WEST.

We may properly introduce our present lesson with an inquiry as to Abram's attitude toward the peoples with whom he was brought in contact. We are so accustomed to think of Abraham as separated by God from other men, of the children of Abraham as a "peculiar people;" we are so well aware that the watchword of Judaism has always been "separation," that we are apt to pass over without much thought those chapters in Abram's history which tell of his relations other than those with God or his own family. And yet a very considerable portion of his history is concerned with other relations.

None of the recorded events of Abram's life can be without importance to the Bible student of to-day. The very fact that he was set apart by God for a most important purpose, elected to be the depository of religious truth and of the revelation of God, makes it very certain that we who, as we believe, are also elected for the purpose of manifesting the life of God in his Church, have a deep concern with the prophetic meaning of Abram's life in all its relations; to those outside of the covenant, as well as to those within it.

What was the condition of Canaan when Abram entered it, a powerful sheik, such as may be met in Arabia to-day, with a vast number of retainers (xiv. 14) many of them *the slaves they had bought in Haran* (xii. 5), and numerous flocks and herds (xiii. 6)? Recent discoveries in the East, in Tell-el-Amarna, Egypt, in Tell-el-Hesi (Lachish), Palestine, and in Nippur, Babylonia, show that before Abram's arrival Palestine had been repeatedly overrun by Semitic tribes from the East, and that before Abram's arrival it had passed under Babylonian rule. The diplomatic language of the time, from the Nile to the Euphrates, was Babylonian, and there is abundant indication in Palestinian names that the religion of Babylonia prevailed widely in Canaan.

In consequence of these invasions and the Elamitic strength of which we find tokens in xiv. 4, the Amorites and kindred native tribes were very weak. It would have been comparatively easy for so powerful a chieftain as Abram to wrest from these tribes some portion of their territory for himself; but he did not do so. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for him to become involved in warfare with these tribes, and yet we find Abram not only in Shechem (xii. 6), but afterward in Mamre (Hebron, xiii. 18) and elsewhere, on the most friendly terms with the chieftains of the land (xiv. 13). Yet this friendliness did not in the least cause him to swerve from his allegiance to the one God, as would also have been natural. It is very hard for men to rise above their environment, and here in Canaan Abram, we see, was not so much isolated from his fellows as we are wont to suppose. Not only the grosser idolatries of Canaan, but the familiar Babylonian worship in which he had been brought up, was all around him, and the latter would come home to him with a peculiar appeal when met again so far from his native land.

This, then, is the situation: a powerful sheik in the midst of a number of weakened petty tribes, not seeking to wrest any land from them, although their whole land has been promised to him for a possession; a man of beautiful integrity and unworldliness in all his

dealings, though he had no authoritatively-given moral law; and a worshipper of one invisible God, not drawn from his allegiance, though surrounded with idolaters and worshippers of the host of heaven, possessing no record of revelation, and only in soul in communication with his God. Surely in this situation there is marvelous teaching for the Church in the world to-day.

Next we have Abram in Egypt, and from the Bible record we learn little, perhaps, except that the patriarch was by no means on the high moral plane to which later and fuller revelations brought his descendants in after years.

This, far from staggering should confirm our faith in this account as true prophetic history. The knowledge that we now have of the state of religion in Egypt in Abram's time throws great light upon this part of the record. For we now know that Egypt was very far in advance of Babylonia in religious thought and in moral standards, as well as in social refinements, and we see that Abram had much to learn, and doubtless did learn much, during his sojourn there. Certainly he must have gained a new idea of the importance of truth—a virtue which stood before all others in the Egyptian code. And in Egypt, far in advance of all other peoples in its doctrine of retribution for the deeds done in the body, Abram doubtless gained that clear notion of justice as an attribute of God, which we find in his later story. Yet it is a remarkable and suggestive fact that Abram, gaining much from his Egyptian experience, renounced nothing that his former experience had won for him. He remained a worshipper of the one God, unswayed from his allegiance by the influence of Egypt, while gaining from its religion so much that was of the highest importance in the development of his own religious life. In view of this teaching, the fact that such a horde as that of which Abram was the head could go peaceably into Egypt and peaceably return with increased possessions (xiii. 2, compare xii. 16, 20) is of minor importance.

In fact the whole story shows that though not separated from his neighbors in the sense in which we usually assume him to have been, Abram was indeed spiritually isolated from them. As Dr. Dods says, with Abram God began his new method of saving the world—"fencing round one people till they should learn to know God and exemplify his government." God had revealed himself to Abram as the one almighty God, and that spiritual consciousness as effectually "separated" him from others as if he had been isolated from them by walls and bars.

#### THE LESSON.

Gen. xiii. 7-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. vii. 12.

Returning from Egypt to the Negeb (the Southern district of Canaan), we see Abram with his continually augmented possessions finally called to face a difficult problem. His nephew Lot, the son of Haran, had joined his fortunes to Abram's (xii. 4, 5), and with the increasing wealth of both patriarchs a very practical difficulty arose. The uplands of the Negeb, in which there were few water-courses, furnished insufficient pasturage for the enormous flocks and herds. A large part of Abram's wealth was sheep (xii. 16) which are extremely destructive to grazing lands. Naturally the herdsmen of the two proprietors quarreled over the pasture lands (xiii. 7). In this connection it is mentioned that *the Canaanite*

*and the Perizzite dwelled there in the land*, whether to emphasize the pre-eminence of Abram, who needed not to take them into account in the apportionment of territory between himself and his nephew (we have already seen that the native races were particularly weak at the time of Abram's migration), or whether to lend moral force to Abram's deprecation of strife between brethren, it is not easy to say, though the former would seem to be the more natural assumption. The story brings out both the nobility and the sweetness of Abram's character. He leaves it to his nephew to choose the district which shall be his future abode.

When we realize the importance of water in the arid Negeb we shall not wonder at Lot's choice. Long before private ownership of land was thought of, the rights of individuals with regard to water courses were very carefully defined. It was with reference to these rights that Abram and Abimelech later had some controversy (xii. 25, 30, 31), and it was in this very Negeb (*land of the South*, Judges i. 15) that Caleb's perspicacious daughter made good her right to *the bubblings of water* which she knew to be essential to prosperity.

Therefore if worldly prosperity were all, Lot chose wisely in choosing *all the Plain of Jordan* for his portion, for it was *well watered everywhere, like the garden of Jehovah—Paradise* with its four rivers. That worldly prosperity is not all is clearly suggested by the parenthetical statement of verse 13 of our lesson, although it was evidently not until some time after the separation, that having moved about with his flocks and herds in the rich pasturages of the well watered plain, Lot *moved his tent as far as Sodom*.

But it is with Abram that we have here to do, and with the blessed assurance that came to his soul in a word from Jehovah, after the parting from his nephew Lot. How hard that parting was, there is much between the lines of the story to show. It may well have been that up to this time Abram had looked upon his brother's son as his own, and the heir of the rich promises that God had made to him (xii. 2-4). Between all the lines we can read the tender affection of the patriarch for his young kinsman—his indulgence in permitting Lot the choice of pasturage, his brave promptitude in organizing a rescue when Lot was taken prisoner by the victorious Elamite (xiv. 14), his importunate supplication for the salvation of the wicked city which had become Lot's abode (xviii. 23, 24ff). We see it even in the sadness—the almost bitterness of Abram's question (xv. 2), *O Lord Jehovah what wilt thou give me seeing I go childless . . . and lo, one born in my house is mine heir?*—Not, as he had once fondly believed, one who was blood of his blood, but a slave, Eliezer of Damascus, must be *possessor of his house*. It was while his heart was sore with the fresh smarting of the wrench from this beloved nephew that the word of Jehovah came to him with a definite promise of literal ownership of the land on which he stood *northward and southward and eastward and westward*, to himself and to his seed after him. Not that land could make up for the departure of one beloved; the land was only an incident to the seed which should be Abram's, *numberless as the dust of the earth*.

How wonderful are the ways of God with men! The God of All might (xvii. 1) here shows himself a God of very tenderness, knowing the very heart of his frail and feeble human offspring and meting out to it precisely what it craves. Verily it was as one whom his mother comforteth, that Jehovah comforted Abram in his first loneliness. Not with the inspiring call which summoned him to leave country and kindred and father's house (xii. 2, 3)—*I will bless thee—and in thee shall all the*



families of the earth be blessed; no such high trumpet call to be a blessing was this utterance of Jehovah to the lonely patriarch, forsaken by his only kinsman, but the sympathetic, comforting assurance of many children and an abiding home. No wonder that Abram felt moved to build an altar to his comforting God. No wonder, too, that being just a man like the rest of us, the place where he had lived with Lot was for the time intolerable in its loneliness, and that even before building the altar he must first *move his tent*.

Can we ask if the volume in which we read this wondrous story is inspired? What matters the authorship, or the "historicity" of Genesis? What matters it whether the story of Abraham had been a folk tale on the lips of the people for six hundred or a thousand years, or whether the author of the book found the story in a writing by Abraham's hand? Not Abraham himself, short of inspiration, could have told the story as we have it here. Whether by the hand of Moses or of a prophetic writer in David's time, or of an editor in the late period of Jewish history, it was the Spirit of God that made the Genesis story what it is.

#### ABRAM AND LOT.

Rev. Charles R. Nugent, Ph.D.

It is pleasant to imagine what Abraham's life was like in that far oriental country. I like to think of him in his black tent, pitched in the shelter of some friendly trees, or close by some cliff of craggy rocks to furnish shade in summer, and perhaps a cool spring flashing like a fountain from some stony cleft. We may be sure that Sarah loved bright colors, and the glitter of gold and silver ornaments, and that Abraham sometimes with courtly and inimitable grace would wrap himself, as he stood, almost completely from head to foot in a large shawl or mantle.

Sarah's housekeeping was so simple that she would be the envy of many a housewife on Manhattan Island to-day, and for the little she had to do she had plenty of servants and other "help." On the sand or earth floor of the tent costly carpets or rugs were spread, and all the furniture, including even the kitchen outfit, could be taken down and packed on camels' backs in a few hours. Abraham himself may have had plenty to do. He gradually grew very rich in droves of cattle and flocks of sheep and herds of camels, and he always lived in the open country and may never have been in a house but a few times in his life, at least after he went West.

And so he came to have a good many servants, and of course the flocks required constant oversight.

There was some danger, too. In the secluded valleys and in the thickets and gorges of the lower mountains or foot-hills, there lurked wild beasts of various sorts. David long after tells how he had a fight with a lion and a bear.

And some time after Lot separated from Abraham (of which we are going to hear presently), Lot was taken prisoner by a lot of marauders. Abraham armed his servants, 318 of them, so you see he had a large establishment, and pursued after the foe.

Abraham risked probably everything he had in the world on that single battle, for had he been defeated he would have lost not only his liberty, but probably also life and possessions as well.

However, he caught up with the robbers by night and attacked them so bravely and skillfully that he scattered the miscreants and effected a complete rescue.

You may be sure there was one thing that Abraham never neglected, and that was morning and evening prayer. Abraham was the beginner in some senses of a new life for the world. He had not a single book of our Bible.

All our rich treasure of psalms and devotional books and liturgies was yet to come. Quite possibly a large part of such education as Abraham had came from listening to stories told around the campfire under the Eastern sky; a sky more vast and blue and with stars larger and brighter than many of us have ever seen. Prostrate on his face at sunrise and sunset Abraham prayed to the one good God.

So Abraham began the life of faith with scarcely any of the helps we have to-day. But because he was so brave and true, the life of faith began to be exemplified before men; and it is easier for men to live the life of faith to-day, because of Abraham's life. God looks at the heart and not at the clothes or language of his worshippers.

Abraham as we said was getting rich, as they reckoned riches in those days. It is a beautiful thing when God gives riches to those who honor him. Lot, who was one of a very few who had come West with Abraham, was getting well off, too. Presently trouble arose. As cattlemen say, "The range was overstocked." Sheep are worst of all for "overstocking." They eat the grass off ruthlessly close down to the ground and even cut the grass-roots to pieces with their sharp narrow hoofs.

Abraham made a noble, unselfish proposal to his nephew Lot, "We are brethren. There must be no hard feeling nor strife," for already their respective herdsmen were quarreling over the pasture. "Take your choice of the country, and we will separate. After you have made your choice, I will take mine."

Lot looked down from the central hills into the deep valley of the Jordan. It was a beautiful country then, the district irrigated and tilled until it was like a great garden. So he went down into the Sodom valley, the worst choice he ever made.

The people of that country were about the most wicked folks ever heard of, but Lot didn't care much, for he went down there to make money. Lot did not go down to that place as a missionary or to form a "social settlement," but for his own benefit. Lot did not mean to be wicked; in fact he was a great deal better than his new neighbors.

Lot would really have done a good deal for God, but after all God and God's service were not first in his thoughts.

We must never choose evil associates, or do things that are doubtful just because there is worldly profit in them. Even from that standpoint they did not profit Lot, though he got along finely for a while.

About Lot's last days the less said the better. It was just because Lot was only willing to give up "almost everything" for God that he failed of being the man Abraham was. "Almost is but to fail," and to fail dismally sometimes, too.

When I was a boy I heard a story that made a deep impression on me.

A man was dying who had long been supposed by his neighbors to be so good that he was sure of getting to heaven. Well, he went off into a kind of trance just before he died and people thought that if he waked out of that he would have been able, by the strange spiritual vision which sometimes comes to the dying, to discover his future destiny. He regained consciousness, and as his friends and neighbors bent over him, it was not triumphant assurance that they heard, but the sorrowful words, "I have missed it by just a little."

Are you joyful? Does your life in Christ beam in smiles, showing to everyone who sees you that your Christ is a Joy-Giver? God forbid that we should, with gloomy aspect and sad demeanor, so misrepresent him that others, misled, will seek joys elsewhere! In him is fulness of joy.—C. Armand Miller.

## Christian Endeavor

### Gains in Loss.

- July 29. A truth of nature. John 12: 21-26.  
30. John's testimony. John 8: 25-31.  
31. Helping ourselves best. Luke 16: 19-26.  
Aug. 1. Spending for gain. Mark 14: 3-9.  
2. Christ's teaching about service. John 13: 4-15.  
3. Following Christ's example. John 15: 17-27.  
4. Topic—Gaining by losing. Mark 10: 23-30.

Immediate loss for the sake of remote and richer gain is one of the constant and controlling laws of God's kingdom. Every teeming harvest proclaims it. The husbandmen lose the seed sown, that they may gain the thirty fold, sixty fold, one hundred fold which is to enrich the world. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." In daily life it is the law of sacrifice, without which there cannot be distinguished service. "For whosoever would save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall save it." If Christ is to be the world's Saviour and Exemplar, he must, for a while at least, forego heaven's joys. At the very moment when the heavenly vision was revealing that arch persecutor should become renowned preacher, the element of suffering was not left out of sight. Sanhedrin must be abandoned if Saviour is to be followed. Hear him as he computes the cost. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." What he then saw and knew was not that his conversion would become, next to the birth, ministry, crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension of Christ, the world's greatest event, but that he was despised by the Jews, and distrusted by the disciples. "This one thing" he did. "Forgetting the things which were behind, and reaching forth to those which were before, he pressed toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The reward of true heroes is not what they secure, but what they confer. The phrase in the eleventh of Hebrews is finely descriptive. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar." Measured by any material good or comfort, the Pilgrim Fathers lost far more than they ever gained. They toiled and suffered, not for what was coming to them, but for that which was to come to their descendants and successors. The heroes who fought the battles of the Revolution were forced to fight the fiercer battles of the construction of a nation. Their rewards like their years were few. Except in the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, their losses by far outnumbered their gains. In the wider perspective which the generations have brought to us, we are able to see the disproportion between their toil and our boon.

Of immediate loss and remote and richer gain, not to and for himself, but for others, Benjamin Franklin furnishes a fine illustration. In the earlier years he toiled fiercely, economized strenuously, and invested judiciously, that his splendid maturity might be given to scientific pursuits, in which he had already achieved considerable distinction. At this juncture, when hope seemed about to have its glad fruition, struggling colonists called upon him to sacrifice science for their service. This practically meant the abandonment of country and of home, for when he had finished his work in Great Britain and in France, but little of life and strength remained for him. [What were his losses in the line of pref-

erence, when compared with his gains in the line of duty? However illustrious he might have become as a scientist, no one would venture to predict that his fame in that line would have been equal to that he achieved as a statesman. Of the Revolutionary Fathers, his is the only name which is signed to all four of the immortal documents of that period, Declaration of Independence, Alliance with France, Treaty with Great Britain, and Constitution of the United States. If Washington was indispensable in the field of battle, Franklin was not less so in the realm of finance. He was the only man who could retain France as an ally, and without France, humanly speaking, the case of the colonies was hopeless. He was neither orator nor general but as diplomat at that time he was supreme. To gain this enduring place next to the Father of his country he had to lose the distinction he craved as a scientist. Had he been saved as scientist he would have been lost as statesman.

#### THE FAREWELL MEETING.

The farewell meetings of International Conventions of Christian Endeavor never lose their impressiveness and interest. The vast auditoriums are crowded with people stirred by deep devotional feeling. Nowhere else is such congregational singing heard. The thousands of young voices pour forth an unmatched volume of melody. As nations, states, territories, countries, give their greetings, one finds himself saying, "And they shall come from the East, and from the West, and from the North and the South, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God." The Master's farewell message was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and these have come as the first fruits of that mighty ingathering which is yet to be. Think of Calcutta asking why she may not entertain the International Convention of 1905!

Unforeseen incidents now and then thrill the vast assemblage. Canada very properly responded by singing a part of "God Save our King." No sooner had they finished, than the audience sang, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and with one voice. From this to "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" was but a natural and fitting change, and when they closed with "Blest be the Tie that Binds," they reached a fitting but undesigned climax, which was deeply impressive. For the final and closing words what speakers more eminently fitted than the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and the Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins? To lead all into deeper love for God and to render them more absolutely obedient and loyal to him is the supreme purpose of their lives. Now the hosts are standing. The instruments have struck the chords of "God be with you till we Meet Again", and they are singing with tender hearts and moistened eyes, for that meeting place must be at God's throne. The benediction is pronounced and the multitudes pour forth to carry the fires of enthusiasm and the seeds of new and larger life into every part of the world. In less than an hour from the closing of the Convention special trains are speeding the delegates to their homes and other scenes and fields of labors.

Buffalo's Local Union deserves great honor for its keen and accurate interpretation of the situation. They had secured the Tent Evangelist for Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and had arranged to have many Convention speakers in Buffalo's pulpits on Sunday. A fine audience greeted Dr. Clark, when he rose in the Tent Thursday evening to tell of the Cincinnati Convention. The other speakers of the evening were the Rev. Dr. Hal-lenbeck of Albany, and the Rev. Dr. McEwen of Amsterdam. Mr. Jacobs, so well known in Conventions and evangelistic meetings, led

the singing. After the meeting in the Tent Friday evening, the Buffalo Union tendered a delightful banquet in the First Baptist Church. Dr. Clark is not only a wise leader of vast multitudes, but in the closer, more personal relations, such as were possible on this occasion, he mightily increased his hold upon the young people. Canon Richardson of Canada delighted all with his genial and contagious enthusiasm. Looking about the tables, one saw such familiar and kindly faces as Dr. Hill of Salem, Mass., one of the earliest and most loyal of the Trustees, and Mr. Jacobs, whose speech for the night was a song. Successful as this meeting was, it is but one of scores of other echo meetings which will multiply Cincinnati many times in the days to come. H. T. M.

A small town in Louisiana—Mermeton—that never had a Protestant Church, became the fortunate possessor of a Christian Endeavor society of eleven members. It went to work, organized a Junior society of twelve, supplied a table in a restaurant with good, fresh literature, edited a temperance column in the local paper, circulated an anti-canteen petition, filled a pocket in the railway station with free reading-matter, bore the expenses of a monthly temperance lecturer, held a Sunday evening prayer service, cottage prayer-meetings, and made itself useful generally.

There is a Christian Endeavor Society of over one hundred in the New Hebrides, composed of men who were until recently naked cannibals with no written language. Their chief, who ruled four thousand men, was converted, and went with the Rev. Frank Paton, son of Dr. J. G. Paton, to establish a mission in a neighboring village. He was met with loaded rifles, and shot in protecting Mr. Paton, but his beautiful Christian death, in which he urged that no revenge be attempted, opened the way, and now this Endeavor band of his loving followers goes two days of each week to preach Christ in the villages.

#### The Prayer Meeting

Rev. C. L. Carhart.

Week beginning July 28.

The Testimony of Obedience 1 John 2:1-7.

The God whom no man hath seen at any time was declared to men of old in his Son, Jesus Christ, who dwelt among them, full of grace and truth. The Saviour whom not having seen we love is incarnate again in those who keep his commandment word and walk even as he walked. We cannot see life, but we can see and rejoice in the beauty of leaf and flower and fruit. Spiritual things are a mystery that may be doubted, but character is a fact that must be accounted for. Preaching may be weak in matter and manner, but a Christlike life is eloquent. The Word written and the word spoken may fail where the word lived convinces. The blind man's open eyes were worth many volumes of Christian apologetic. It was not by words that our Lord reassured the doubting Baptist and his disciples (Mat. xi. 2-5). At a meeting with the aged Baron von Kostwitz, the philosopher Fichte expressed his disbelief in prayer. "I have six hundred poor people who depend on me," said the Baron, "when my resources fail I turn to God in prayer." "Ah, dear Baron," said the philosopher, "that is beyond the reach of my philosophy."

To the Christian the testimony of obedience means assurance. We know that we are in him if we keep his commandments. By living we know that we are alive. Growth that we can see is proof of the health we cannot see. We know cause by effect, and not because we

understand the relation between the two. The circulation of the blood was just as universal and just as useful before Harvey as since. A healthy man doesn't know he has a liver. Not all Christians are mystics, and there are practical souls that do not understand much about the spiritual life or its experiences. The "in Christ" of St. John and St. Paul and of many true saints since is an enigma to them to which their conscious experience furnishes no key. They fear that if they are Christians at all they are yet on a low plane, the lowest plane. They read the fifteenth of St. John with a troubled sense that they have not yet learned to speak the language of the spiritual Canaan. "Hereby know we that we are in him; he that saith he abideth in him ought himself also to walk even as he walked."

Obedience is the testimony to the soul as well as to the world of the saving knowledge of the Master, and Christlikeness bears witness to renewing communion with him. This fellowship is no mere doctrine or imagination or feeling. It is the power that works in us, the perfecting of the transforming love of God. Forgiveness and fellowship in Christ are proved to the soul and to the world by the obedience and the Christlikeness that they make possible. The renewed life is the proof of sincerity the source of assurance.

#### Woman's Board of Home Missions

##### PORTO RICO MISSIONARY NEWS.

Miss Godward from Mayaguez, Porto Rico, and Miss Aitken from Aguadilla, are home-coming missionaries, for summer recuperation from semi-tropical life. They report enthusiastically of the missionary opportunities at each of the Presbyterian stations and beg for more workers and for church buildings. A recent letter from Mrs. Caldwell at Mayaguez sets forth particularly the latter need. She says, "I am glad to report great encouragement all along the line. We have two very large congregations in this city, and our own chapel-rooms—the best we can secure—are crowded to overflowing, many standing during the entire service, and many others going away. One lady told me this week that she came last Sabbath evening, with three gentlemen, but they found such a crowd outside that they could not get near the door and so went away. At our usual Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, last week, every chair was taken, and many stood. We feel that if we had a churob, many more people could be reached, and we trust there is enough consecrated money at home that will be given for this object, that soon we may have a church large enough to receive all who want to come. Our up town Sabbath-school is large and growing in numbers and interest. Mr. Caldwell has a large Bible class of men, and I of women, and there are two other large classes in Spanish and two very large ones in English. Last Sabbath week I had seven new women and last Sabbath five. At the close of the lesson one woman said, 'Can't you give us another lesson to-morrow?' 'No,' I replied, 'I must write to my absent children to-morrow and get off other mail and attend to other duties. I cannot teach you again until next Sabbath.' 'That is a long time,' she said. They are very much interested and some of them are receiving special instruction, hoping to come to our next communion. Owing to the great ignorance of these people in spiritual things it has been deemed wise to have the applicants for church membership study and prove their faithfulness for some time before receiving them into membership. There are quite a number now on the list for our next communion—the first Sabbath

in July—and many are inquiring the Way of Life. We feel that the Spirit is at work in many hearts and we are greatly encouraged in the work.

"The Island seems ripe for the Gospel. Everywhere the missionary goes crowds of people are listening to his Gospel message. Parents are ready to send their children to our schools. Let us plant preaching stations in every centre, good, godly schools where the Bible may be daily taught; Sabbath-schools where the children may be gathered from the streets on the Sabbath day."

Another writes of "Our newly adopted Puerto Riqueños." May the introduction and growth of a pure Christianity among this people be like the history of the introduction of coffee into the West Indies.

"The Dutch had long controlled its cultivation," says Hugh P. McCormick, "and had taken every care lest it should be carried to islands not in their possession. But in 1714 an Amsterdam magistrate presented Louis XIV. of France with a single plant for his botanical collection. It was tenderly nursed by the shrewd Frenchman, and in time slips from this plant tree were sent to Martinique. On the way the ship's supply of water got very low, but the botanist in charge deprived himself of half his daily allowance and shared it with his precious plants. They were soon growing and producing richly in their new home, and from thence were carried to Cuba and Porto Rico.

"The coffee that clothes in beautiful green the slopes of mountain and hillside in these slans to-day, came from that one delicate plant. Now Porto Rico alone exports about \$9,000,000 worth of the fragrant bean annually."

The parable needs no comment. "This is the day of small things, of beginnings, in Puerto Rico. Schools must be opened, churches must be established. As the coffee spread from Martinique to the neighboring islands, the time is near when Porto Rican influences for good will go out for the blessing of sister nations of Spanish-speaking America. The door is open—let us enter in. The plow is in the furrow—let us hasten the sowing. The 'parched ground' of to-day will become the 'pool' of tomorrow, with outflowing streams of blessing."

### Women's Board of Foreign Missions

It is hard to realize from the newspaper articles about our New Possessions, or even from the brief missionary reports, the rapid and encouraging spiritual work that is going on in Manila. Mrs. Rodgers, our own missionary there, although in Japan for a short visit, writes vividly of it. She says: "We are making history fast in Manila, as somebody said, 'One is afraid to go to sleep, for fear something wonderful will happen!' It is really so, I feel I have missed much in a month and a half. We had such grand meetings during Holy Week and Easter Sunday; meetings every night in the Tondo Theatre with from nine hundred to fifteen hundred in attendance. This series closed Easter Sunday afternoon with a beautiful communion service, to which only the Christians were invited and twenty-five new members baptized and received. For several months we have been having Sunday morning services in the theatre with from six hundred to nine hundred in attendance, and over two hundred names were on the roll of those wishing special instruction, preparatory to joining the church. You can imagine how much such a movement means in the way of instruction classes, house-to-house visiting, personal interviews, cottage meetings, etc.

"Also having people come in so rapidly, with no strong, well-established church members to set the pace, as it were, to form the precedents of behavior and custom, brings about a curious set of problems which would never come to a pastor at home—how to instruct the new Christians in their duties and privileges, how to draw them out in various lines of Christian activities, how to develop a working church out of a body of people who have never seen a working church, whose one idea of church duty is to attend in their course the various church festivals all over the city, and who have never belonged to a single church or congregation."

Speaking of the rest she was forced to take, Mrs. Rodgers says: "We have endured the Manila climate better than most Americans, partly because we know better how to adapt ourselves to the conditions, partly because we were acclimated before we went there. But if we or any one is to do good work there for many years, there must be a change and rest once in a while, for the heat is very trying. A traveler would perhaps say it was the perfection of climate, but the long-continued strain tells after a while. The army ladies think it wonderful if they remain there two years."

From the trying climate of the Philippines, we might turn to another country where climate conditions are certainly not conducive to vigorous missionary work, that is in Columbia.

Mrs. Lee writes from Baranquilla: "We have been submerged here, figuratively and literally; firstly with work and secondly with water—nasty muddy water, which comes in and covers our floors several inches, and then soaks into the bricks leaving a layer of a quarter of an inch of slimy mud."

She tells of the first flood that came just after her house was swept and garnished, a perfect river, sweeping through the doors. Mr. Lee had to take off his shoes and build dykes, and everybody in the house came to carry out the furniture into the one room not flooded. But all this was mild compared with the discouragement that came from a second flooding, followed by Mr. Lee's illness, when, as Mrs. Lee says, her "missionary spirit oozed out."

It looks as if a new house or some improvement was needed if we are going to keep these good workers at their post. The school is growing, there are seventy-two pupils, and new ones being added every week. Mrs. Lee is well and able to be in the school-room four and a half hours daily, and she says: "Our hearts are in the work and we do want the school to succeed." A little Sunday-school is started too, very small yet, but promising.

During the hot weather which we are able to endure in such comfortable surroundings, we can remember with sympathy our friends working in worse heat, without comforts, in bodily weakness, but with hearts strong in faith, hope and love.

S. R. D.

### CHINESE LEARNING.

Minister Wu's remarks about the new Chinese chair in Columbia University lately endowed recalls to mind the opinion of Sir Robert Hart in *The Fortnightly Review*, and some of the reminiscences of the late collector of Chinese customs may interest the readers of *The Evangelist*:

What Chinese education aims at is the formation of character rather than what we call the acquisition of knowledge; and that that end has been a success is seen in the untiring industry, invariable cheerfulness, intelligent procedure, general good conduct, and law-abiding nature of the people of every province. At the same time, it should not be supposed that Chinese learning has nothing in it, or that

the country is without a literature. On the contrary, the amount of literary work done and the quantity of reading matter published are enormous; and the educated Chinaman is a mine of intellectual wealth. History, biography, philosophy, poetry, romance, travels, criticism, essays, commentaries, etc., have flooded the land with publications; voluminous encyclopedias exist; and exhaustive dictionaries were published and re-published ages before Johnson appeared, or Webster labored, or the French Academy was heard of.

Foreigners who study the language become enamored of it, and wish for several times man's three-score-and-ten years to revel in the millions of books, and read what they have to say about every conceivable subject. In '58, the governor of Kwangtung, Pih-Kwei, told to incredulous me how some old book of two thousand years ago relates how, a thousand years before, the prince of one of the Chinese states of those days used to send messages to a brother-prince in a curiously-shaped box made of special wood; how he spoke his message into it, closed and sealed it, and sent it by a trusty messenger; and how the recipient, on opening it, heard with his own ears the actual words and voice of the sender. In '98, the first phonograph that came to Peking brought me a message from Lo-Feng-Luh, now Chinese Minister in London; and as the cone revolved, and I heard his words and recognized his voice, I heard, also, Pih-Kwei telling me once more—but no longer incredulous—about the prince's wonderful message box! In my talks with Wen-Hsiang, in the '60s, the marvels of electricity interested but did not astonish him; for what Chinaman is ever astonished? And, one day he said: "It is fascinating; but you have not got to the bottom of it yet. There is more to be done; and once circumstances allow us Chinese to take it up, we'll add what you foreigners have not discovered!"

### A SUMMER RESOLUTION.

The Congregationalist publishes on its cover these noble words of Henry D. Thoreau:

I wish to begin this summer well, to do something in it worthy of it and of me, to transcend my daily routine and that of my townsmen, to have my immortal life now in the quality of my daily life. I pray that the life of this summer may ever be fair in my memory. May I dare as I have never done. May I persevere as I have never done. May I purify myself anew as with fire and water, soul and body. May my melody not be wanting to the season. May I gird myself to be a hunter of the beautiful, that naught escape me. May I attain to a youth never attained. I am eager to report the glory of the universe. May I be worthy to do it to have gotten; through with regarding human values so as not to be distracted from regarding divine values. It is reasonable that a man should be something worthier at the end of the season than he was at the beginning.—Henry David Thoreau.

### LINE AND PRECEPT.

Life would be intolerable without its absurdities.

Against the superiority of another there is no remedy but love.—Goethe.

Work and see how cheerful you will be. Work and see how independent you will be.—Judge Halliburton.

He that takes truth for his guide and duty for his end may safely trust to God's providence to lead him aright.—Pascal.

No true and permanent fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.—Charles Sumner.

### THE CENTENNIAL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

SKANEATELES, N. Y.

Harriette Knight Smith.

From whatever date the history of the state of New York is reviewed, it must always be found to be interestingly associated with the life of a race very unlike the Europeans who found them upon this continent.

Savage indeed in many respects, yet their greeting, "Welcome Englishmen; welcome Englishmen," are words found often in the earliest American history; and it has been said with significance that perhaps the golden cord of friendship might have remained for-



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SKANEATELES

ever unbroken, had the red man been the first to try his strength upon it.

Perhaps nowhere in New York state are there more fascinatingly interesting side-tracks in Indian history than here in Onondaga County, with its reservation of Onondaga Indians.

One seems to find it natural to stand with bated breath near the two Onondaga hunters as they are listlessly gazing over the blue waters of the Lake of Thousand Isles, and behold them gradually espy a single white speck moving toward them—and as they watch, comprehend their astonishment in beholding a white canoe, in which is seated a venerable man, deep in thought and majestic in stature.

Suddenly one sees him turn his fragile bark into the double river, make it fast to the western shore, then deliberately ascend to the summit of the loftiest hill, and after silently gazing about, hears him exclaim in accents of wildest enthusiasm: "Osh-Wak-Kee; Osh-Wak-Kee—or, I see everything and see nothing!"

Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, or the Spirit-man, as he was soon known, announced to these Onondaga hunters that he had been spiritually sent to place all things in order; teach them to make the soil yield them food; and distribute liberally among all good men the fruits of the earth; and remove all obstructions from navigable streams.

Whether spirit or man, Ta-oun-wat-ha's influence upon these men of the forest was most beautiful and beneficent and culminated in his work of statescraft in the founding of the Five Nations, and his immediate triumphant death or translation—as majestically seated in his white canoe, he was seen by the assembled Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca Indians, to rise higher and higher above them, as there burst upon them the sound of myriads of singing voices, whose notes grew lower and more plaintive and ceased as the noble Ta-oun-ya-wat was lost to view, and returned to the Great and Good Spirit.

Small wonder is it that this legend is as dear to the remaining Five Nations as to their ancestors, and that the first white dwellers among

them found these children of the forest deeply religious in nature, welcoming and even inviting mission work in their behalf.

Father Iogues, a Jesuit missionary, in 1642 visited the Onondagas, and from that time various sects—the Moravians, Queen Anne and the Episcopalians, the Massachusetts Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, John Elliot, Samuel Kirkland whose best monument is Hamilton College, and at last the Methodists and the New York Legislature, have all labored to Christianize the Onondagas.

John Elliot's Indian Bible, published in 1663, was the first version of the Scriptures printed in America; it is now a literary curiosity in the Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., while there is no scholar now living who can translate a single chapter of it, after but two hundred years.

The French and English wars long delayed white settlement in this part of New York; but after the Military Tract was established in 1794, pioneers from the eastern part of the state and from New England were soon seen on foot, or on horseback, prospecting for homes. Their families they removed during the winter, when travel was far easier for them.

Skaneateles, originally included in the township of Marcellus, lies at the foot of an ideally beautiful lake of the same name; it is twenty miles west of Syracuse, and seven east of Auburn. This village was organized in 1830, at which time there was on the lake shore a large Indian village of the Onondaga nation.

The first white settler within the limits of this township was John Thompson Esq., a Scotchman by birth, who in 1794 bought his tract of land from Abraham Hardenburgh, a relation of Mrs. Herrick Johnson's, whose grandfather, Col. John Hardenburgh, settled on the Owasco outlet and called his estate Hardenburgh's Corners—which has grown into the lovely city of Auburn, with its almost venerable but ever honored Theological Seminary. Syracuse in this year of 1830 was a dense, damp cedar swamp, "too desolate for even the wolves to inhabit." Now it has a population of near 180,000.

Representative New Englanders were these early settlers, who came to their new homes eager to win the land for Christ, and their labors were most zealously watched by the Missionary Societies of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Most of the men were titled officers, and it has been cleverly said that in these first New York churches "there were captains enough to command an army, and titled deacons sufficient to supply twice the number of churches,"—ideally good material for the founding of both Church and state.

By 1801 the population of this settlement had materially increased, and on July 20 they were formally organized by the Rev. Aaron Bascom, sent out by the Hampshire Missionary Society, into the First Congregational Church of Marcellus, with a membership of fifteen.

For seven years they used the schoolhouse in winter and a barn in summer for their religious services; but in 1808 without the leadership of a pastor they raised \$6,500 and planned and constructed their first house of worship. The heaviest of timber was employed and the raising of the frame was a great undertaking. The town was divided into six parts and each portion came upon its own day, so that the sixth night found the work completed.

This was the first substantial church building in this part of the state, Auburn having none until 1816; Rochester none for ten years

after this, and Syracuse none for twenty years later.

In 1821 a brick building was erected, and this first church sold to the Baptist denomination. It is in a good state of preservation and still regularly used.

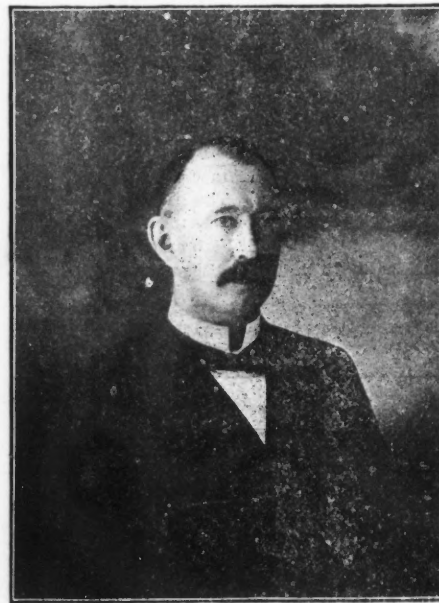
In 1810, by some unknown person, and from a motive unexplained, the records of the church were entirely destroyed—a serious loss to the entire community, and but for the painstaking labors of the Rev. M. N. Preston, now of Hinsdale, Ill., who from 1862-1885 was pastor of the church in Skaneateles, there would now be few available records of this Society's work.

Mr. Preston's thoughtfulness is well worth imitation by many another pastor.

During 1818 this organization voted to associate itself with the Presbyterian denomination, and was speedily identified with the Cayuga Presbytery, but after was transferred to the Presbytery of Syracuse.

In its hundred years, 964 have made public confession of faith, while 558 have been received into membership, making in all 1,522. The present number is 346. There have been twelve pastors, Mr. Preston's pastorate of twenty-three years being the longest. There have been thirty-one elders and sixteen deacons during the century.

In February of 1887, the present pastor, the Rev. Orson Lincoln White, was called from his first charge, after his graduation four years previous from the Auburn Seminary, to the pastorate of the Skaneateles church. Fourteen years of effective service Mr. White has rendered this community, during which time the church membership has been largely increased, and the attractive new church edifice built and entirely paid for at a cost of \$30,000.



REV. O. L. WHITE

Mr. White is genial of nature, generous of soul and of large intellectuality, a preacher whose forcefulness would make for him a distinguished place in any community. "It's not going to church in the country when one hears such music and listens to such preaching as Mr. White's," I heard a city lady say to her son recently—an estimate in which I, absent from my Boston home, cordially concurred.

The centennial celebration to which this account is preliminary occurred on Saturday and Sunday, July 20 and 21. It was impossible for Mrs. Knight to write an account of the interesting occasion in time for insertion in this part of the paper, and we therefore refer our readers to page 29, where they will find the interesting story.—EDITOR.

## Correspondence

## A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

DEAR EDITOR: In these days of Creed amendment, re-statement and all that, will you permit me gently and respectfully to submit briefly some things which ought to be "most surely believed among us," but are not much preached, although clearly revealed in the Scriptures, and certainly, so far as I know, are not much practiced in the organized churches.

That you may not be taken off your guard I will premise that for the views I submit under two or three heads, herewith, I have been criticized and have even suffered some reproach. But believing that I am in accord with the letter and spirit of the Gospel, I have "suffered wrongfully," I think, and can say truly, that I even "esteem the reproach."

First, then; I believe that the time has come fully, when the riches of the Gentiles, vast as they are known to be, ought to be laid at the feet of our Lord for his glory and for the immediate, practical benefit of his believing, obedient people—not for his official agents alone, but for all, even the humblest of his disciples. By this I mean, in order to be clearly understood, that not only office bearers in the church by whatever name they may be known, but all the sheep and lambs of Christ's fold, to the extent of their need, should be permitted and enabled to share in all the refreshment and invigoration of those Pactolian streams which are intended to make gladness in the city of God. Such participation would make missionaries abundant and their supplies sure. Every covert would become a missionary and the floods of rejoicing people in one land and section would touch the floods of the living in every other section and land, and "righteousness and praise would spring forth before all the nations" (Isa. lxi.). Then we should hear fewer paroxysmal appeals for the means to "send" a comparative handful of "missionaries to the perishing heathen in foreign lands." The heathen would not be so perishing. The "foreign lands" would touch. Men would see eye to eye and with the voice together sing. Prophecy and poetry would have glad fulfillment. Is this Utopian? Is this exaggerated and impracticable? Read Isaiah and the prophets, and supplement them with Philipians iv. 19. For more modern confirmation read George Fox's vehement exclamation, "Oh! the vast sums of money that are gotten by selling of the Scriptures and by preaching, from the highest Bishop to the lowest priest! What one trade else in the world is comparable to it?" See *The Evangelist* of June 27, p. 10. Read also Henry C. Lea's account in his *History of Ecclesiasticism in the Middle Ages*. Then read accessible statistical records as they appear on all sides to-day.

Secondly: I believe that for the administration of this department of the work of the Church only Godly men, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, should be selected and set apart. Let us have Christ-like men and women, heirs of the Kingdom, to be the agents for our Lord among men and handle the sacred treasures of the sanctuary. Let such only, whether men or women, be trustees in the house of the Lord.

Thirdly: I believe that no church (as no individual) is warranted by Scripture or rational honesty in promising a definite sum of money to a pastor, or to any one, when the ability to meet the obligation does not exist at the date of the promise; nor then if other necessities of the flock are imperilled. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not" (2 Cor. viii. 12). The Church of Christ would not languish for lack of genuine, Christ-

like shepherding if the whole system of salaried pastorates were remodelled. I am not, herein, quoting Henry II. or his ministers or successors, or any of the maxims of the much disordered "business world," so-called. I am speaking of the things "pertaining to the Kingdom."

Fourthly: I believe that an immediate adoption by the Church of the practical, efficient methods of doing the Lord's work, that the Lord has given in his Word, would bring an instant halt to the unscriptural custom, so prevalent, of making "assessments" and "apportionments" for churches and Presbyteries and individuals, to pay "debts" that never should exist, to raise salaries based on problematical futures, or to relieve the pressure of some ill-judged speculation. Nor am I here taking counsel from book one, or book one thousand of "the wisdom of this world."

Fifthly: I believe that it is time for the Lord's people to understand aright the vastness of those means, the sufficiency and proximity of those resources which our Lord has made accessible to them for the doing of his work. Time and means can be and are wasted in unsatisfactory disputes over matters which have been sufficiently well adjusted for the understanding to justify "leaving" them "behind," as matters of contention, and "reaching forth to the things which are before."

In this epoch we are face to face with gigantic wonders and duties such as have confronted no antecedent age. Shall we, through any vain glorious spirit or mistaken zeal to wear some other crown, miss the prize of our own high calling? Will not acceptance of at least some of the items of the foregoing Creed give us appropriate work for our own day and hasten the establishment of "the Kingdom of God's dear Son"? WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL,

ARLINGTON, DEL.

## THE QUAKER HILL CONFERENCE.

The Quaker Hill Conference Association has issued a preliminary program of the Conference for 1901. The sessions begin with Tuesday evening, September 3, and close Sunday evening, the 8th.

The Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur again makes the opening address. His theme this year is to be *Theological Trends at the Dawn of the New Century*. The section for Bible Study is under the direction of Dr. Frank K. Sanders of the Yale Divinity School. Five lectures are planned by Dr. Sanders, on the Apocryphal literature of the Bible. The Rev. Newton M. Hall of Springfield, Mass. presents a paper on *Biblical Criticism*, and Prof. J. F. Genung of Amherst College treats of *Wisdom Literature*.

A session devoted to Sunday-school instruction is to be addressed by the Rev. Pascal Harrower, chairman of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday-school Commission, Mr. Charles G. Trumbull of the Sunday-School Times, Philadelphia, and Prof. Irving F. Wood of Smith College.

A session for ministers is to be addressed by the Rev. Joseph R. Duryee of New York on the attitude of the ministry toward the Sabbath, with other speakers to be announced later. The Rev. Thomas Straus of Peekskill, N. Y., leads a Conference on Religion. Three evenings are to be devoted to the discussion of vital problems of the day. Wednesday evening, September 4, the subject will be *Industrial Combination and Concentrated Wealth*, led by Mr. James G. Cannon, Vice-President of the Fourth National Bank of New York. On Thursday evening, September 5, Mr. James B. Reynolds of the University Settlement leads a discussion on *Christianity and the Labor Question*, and on Friday evening, September 6, *Farming at the Beginning of the Twentieth*

Century, with problems confronting the farmer, is to be discussed by Mr. Charles H. Royce, Superintendent of Ex-Governor Morton's farm at Rhinecliff, N. Y., and others.

The Conference Association plans to devote Saturday forenoon to local interests, and gathers the residents of the Hill for a dinner, when the history and traditions of this most interesting region will be discussed. The Rev. Dr. Charles P. Fagnani of Union Seminary preaches the Conference sermon, Sunday morning, the 8th, and in the evening, the Rev. Herbert B. Turner, accompanied by a quartette of colored singers, describes the work being done at Hampton.

Miss Margaret B. Monahan again serves as hostess and throws open the hospitable doors of Hill Hope for the entertainment of the speakers and their wives. Guests attending the Conference will be entertained at Mizzen Top Hotel or at private houses. A new feature, planned for this year, is a tent pitched on the manse lawn with tables for the accommodation of parties coming in their own conveyances. Hot tea and coffee, too, will be provided.

Visitors will be met at Pawling, the station for Quaker Hill, on the Harlem division of the New York Central road, if they will notify the Secretary of their arrival.

A complete program for this Conference, which is growing in interest each year, is to be issued in August, and will be sent to any one desiring it. The Secretary is the Rev. Edward L. Chichester of Quaker Hill, N. Y.

## A REMINISCENCE OF DR. R. S. STORRS.

Elizabeth C. Marsh.

Only once in my life did I speak to Dr. Storrs face to face, and that one meeting has left a memory still fresh and delightful after many years.

In the early seventies, Dr. C. M. Tyler was installed pastor over a church in Ithaca, N. Y. Dr. Storrs preached the sermon, taking as his text the words of John the Baptist in the Gospel of John, third chapter and thirtieth verse: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

The theme was one quite after the great preacher's own heart: *The Ultimate Triumph of Christianity*. In his grand way he traced the progress of the religion of Christ, its struggles with Rome and the other old nations—how in spite of sword and fire it won its way, and later in the Middle Ages and in the time of the Reformation how the truth spread and prevailed.

On the other hand, the preacher made to pass before us in vivid panorama the opposing powers and leaders, the corrupt and cruel Roman Emperors, Islam and Mahomet, Rome and the Inquisition, Philip Second and the Duke of Alva, the men of war, Alexander, Attila, Charlemagne, Charles Fifth and Napoleon.

Through all, and over all, the Cross has been borne and has conquered. Dynasties have risen and fallen; emperors and their generals and their legions have vanished; the fires of persecution have been put out and the Inquisition has disappeared; Rome has crumbled to pieces and the Moslem power is weakening to its fall; doors have opened everywhere to the Gospel messenger, from the ancient empires to the islands of the sea—"the stone cut out of the mountain without hands" shall fill the whole earth.

The eloquent preacher was at his best. Step by step he built up his argument—climax followed climax until the magnificent peroration. With the abounding treasures of his historical learning and the splendor of his language, he adorned his noble subject, and with his stately presence and the charm of his oratory, his

words made an impression which was deepened and spiritualized by his earnestness and Christian consecration.

It was a day long to be remembered, and such was the intense interest of the large audience, that the hour and half of speaking seemed no longer than the usual sermon limit.

The following day in the New York bound train, occurred the meeting referred to. I almost feared that the noted preacher would be cold and unapproachable, like an Alpine summit, to the commonplace people so far below him—but nothing of the kind. He was cordial and altogether genial. I was at my ease in five minutes, having a delightful talk and asking him about many things.

I remember inquiring as to his favorite characters in history. He spoke of William the Silent, St. Louis, King of France, Bernard of Clairvaux, Charlemagne and Constantine.

To my surprise, he seemed to dwell with special emphasis upon St. Louis of France as combining many admirable characteristics.

Dr. Storrs recited at this time a poem, but strangely enough I cannot recollect what the poem was. My impression is that it was from Milton or Wordsworth, at any rate something admirably suited to his fine tones and dignity of manner.

This was a magical hour and although it passed nearly thirty years ago, is cherished as a most precious experience.

AMHERST, MASS.

#### PARIS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

Mr. Edmund Bliss, the son of the Bishop of the Washington Heights Church, Dr. John C. Bliss, is just now sojourning in France for study of the people and the country. From his intelligent and sympathetic letters to his home circle we are privileged to make the following extracts:

I am seated on a bench close to the stone parapet, 'worn smooth by the elbows of the loungers,' which Daudet describes in that graphic little story of the Bookkeeper which I read to you. On the top of the stone balustrade are great wooden chests with iron lids, and these are fastened into the wall with strong clamps. A neat little man has just arrived, and I am interested in watching his operations to begin the business of the day. He fastens an old umbrella carefully to the back of the bench, opens it, then places his little table under its protection. Two rusty old padlocks on his chests finally make up their minds to be unlocked, and when he has raised the lids, I catch a glimpse of musty little second-hand volumes, old reviews, and ornate prints which seem as old as the Flood. When this merchant of the quai has arranged his books, he sits down before his little table, and reads snatches of news from his paper to the gray-haired old street cleaner who has just flushed out the gutters. This does not take long and very soon he has on his table a lot of loose sheets of some old magazine which he skillfully sews together, and then glues. Friends pass by and stop to chat with him, and he is always as polite and refined in manner as any gentleman of the land. I suppose this is his life all the year round; pleasant enough in the warm sunlight of spring and summer, but no romance when the cold fogs from the Seine engulf everything.

These days are almost ideal. I wish you could be with me on this wooden bench beneath blue skies and warm sunlight, and see the water of the Seine glancing swiftly by, and the gray old Louvre stretching along the opposite quai. It is pleasant to become, for a little while, one of the 'table-menu,' a lonnger on the quais. Just at this moment there is an old man passing whose appearance almost startles me. He has a fine face, hair and

monstache white as snow, is dressed in a long, sober military cloak, and wears quite an array of decorations. I think he must be the father of 'little Stenne!' You remember old Stenne who took down his musket from the wall, picked up the money which his boy had received from the Prussians, and said, as he went down to join the 'Mobiles': 'I shall return it to them' It is good to have read a little of Daudet before coming to Paris. One gets his 'money's worth' of interest and amusement here, certainly. The next number on the program is a forceful meeting between a bicycle rider and an ancient cabman. The two go down together in a cloud of dust and smothered articulation, and the surprise of the wheelman is only surpassed by the astonishment of the cabby. In our fair land there would perhaps be a fight. Here, quite a calm discussion by the principals, and finally the incident is 'closed' by a small 'pour-boire' being offered to the victim on foot. All Frenchmen are not excitable.

The last two days I have devoted to calling. Day before yesterday I mounted a 'bus, and had a most enjoyable ride beyond the gates to the suburb of Neuilly. I opened the gate of a pretty garden on the Boulevard Bineau, and found myself in the presence of a shaggy-haired, massive looking man who was absorbed in his plants and flowers. It was Professor Bertrand, and he came up to me immediately, and when I told him who I was he took my hand and held it all the way to the house. . . . The Professor has been quite ill and has aged a good deal. He is still stout, however, and has hardly a wrinkle in the strong, scholarly face. When he introduced his daughter, a quiet, refined looking lady, he told her, in his enthusiastic way, that he remembered perfectly how interested I was in everything French. I was surprised that he recollected the circumstance so well. We had afternoon tea, with bread and butter, and seldom have I enjoyed such a happy, profitable hour. His garden is a picture of neatness and beauty, and it was like nectar to inhale the fragrance of the opening buds. As I first saw him, his head shaded by his big straw hat, bending over his flowers, I instantly thought of old Dr. Strong in 'David Copperfield,' walking up and down in his garden, absorbed in his Dictionary. Professor Bertrand has prepared many men for the Military schools, and follows with interest their rise. What a splendid thing to have the personality of a man like this to go with one through the changes of life! . . .

Yesterday afternoon I took a 'bus to the Bastille, and had a wonderful view of the city from the top of the great column in the Place. The immediate neighborhood is the Faubourg St. Antoine, the old hot-bed of the Revolution. The people, always the people! The vast crowds here are almost oppressive. I have never fully understood before what the power of the people was or might be. On the fifth floor of a cozy little apartment on the quiet Rue Cerisaie, I found the Rev. Theodore Monod. A man of sixty-five (I think he told me), with scarcely a gray hair on his head; thin lips, a pale, aristocratic face all intellect and soul, an indescribable charm of manner and expression, and you have a slight glimpse of father's old comrade at the Seminary. What a welcome he gave me, and how lovingly he talked of father! I must stay to dinner, of course and while M. Monod was busy the hour before the meal, he suggested my strolling out to see the sun set behind the towers of Notre Dame. Several avenues and boulevards converge toward the Pont Anserlitz, and the crowds there are like a human maelstrom. Daudet was with me again, and I saw the sun like a great blood red orange sink into a bank of smoke and cloud beyond the towers of the old Cathedral.

'The quais, always the quais, and then a bridge.' I could almost see the bookkeeper of the Morgne on his way to his bureau. At dinner I was introduced to two pretty American girls, a charming French mademoiselle and a lady deacon, and a young Frenchman. M. Monod presided like a happy father and the conversation was in both English and French.'

## The College Department

Rev. C. W. E. Chapin.

#### HURON COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement exercises began with the baccalaureate sermon delivered in the opera house Sunday evening, June 9, by the Rev. Henry T. McEwen D.D. of Amsterdam, N. Y. He and his wife reached Huron on Saturday evening, and were tendered a reception in the College chapel. The attendance was large and the occasion was greatly enjoyed by all. Music was furnished by the Crescent Mandolin Club, and light refreshments were served by the Ladies' College Association.

Sunday evening all the churches in the city dismissed their usual evening services, and an audience of a thousand people gathered in the opera house to listen to Dr. McEwen's sermon. It was a strong presentation of the divine origin of man and the triumph of the things that are divine in human life over the adverse influences of heredity and environment. Dr. McEwen is a speaker of great earnestness and power, and a deep impression was produced by the sermon.

At the annual meeting of the trustees, Mr. C. H. Corbett of Wooster University, Ohio, was elected to the chair of Natural Science, and Miss Hattie E. Van Arsdale of Carrollton, Ill., was elected Matron for the coming year. During the past year, the Ladies' College Association has raised nearly one thousand dollars, which has been expended for needed repairs and equipment for the building. Mrs. McEwen attended their meeting and spoke briefly to the ladies.

Commencement exercises were held in the opera house on Thursday evening. Though the weather was unfavorable, a large audience was present to listen again to Dr. McEwen who delivered the address of the evening. It was a thoughtful and forceful presentation of the theme, Christian Citizenship, and was listened to with much interest.

During the past three years, the Rev. Robert A. Rayson has been pursuing a course of post graduate study outlined by the College Faculty. Having completed this course, the trustees awarded him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He was present to receive his diploma. The following named persons were graduated from the departments of the College: Musical, Miss Blanche Faber; commercial, John Pasek, Arthur White, William Hills; academy, Edward Van Rnschen; normal, Minnie Brandstedt, Blanche Hatch, Charles Miller, Mabel Finch and Florence D. Keiser.

WABASH COLLEGE—The sixty-ninth year (at Crawfordsville, Ind.) closed June 19. The principal public events were the baccalaureate by President W. P. Kane D.D.; the annual Commencement sermon by the Rev. W. H. Penhalegan D.D. of Decatur, Ill.; the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by Mr. Meredith Nicholson, one of the rising young Indiana authors; the annual Alumni address by Mr. Parke Daniels, class of '87, of Starkeville, Miss.; the senior contest for the Baldwin Prize in oratory, which was won by Mark D. Nave; a very fine concert by the College Glee Club; Commencement day exercises, the address being given by the Rev. W. R. Notman

D. D. of Chicago; the President's reception in the new and handsome President's house, the gift to the College of Mrs. Harriet A. Jones of Chicago and Mrs. Electa Thornton of Cincinnati. The graduating class consisted of sixteen young men. Honorary degrees conferred were LL. D. on Senator Thomas Patterson of Colorado; D. D. on the Rev. E. P. Thomson of Springfield, O., the Rev. W. S. Young of Los Angeles, Cal., and the Rev. A. J. Alexander of Cleveland, O. A shadow of sadness was cast over the closing of the year by the recent death of Ex-President Joseph F. Tuttle D. D., LL. D. who died June 8, at the age of eighty-three. Dr. Tuttle was President of Wabash from 1862 to 1892, and did more than any other man to bring the College from embarrassing poverty to its present vastly improved condition in respect to equipment and endorsement. His name is inseparably linked with that of the College, and his long administration must always constitute a most important portion of its history. A beautiful tribute was paid to Dr. Tuttle at the Alumni reunion by the Rev. D. P. Putnam D. D. of Princeton, Ind., whose name is a familiar one to readers of The Evangelist.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD.

The seventy-fifth Commencement of this institution, so rich in service both to Church and state, of whose 1,282 Alumni, 426 have become clergymen and among whose 250 surviving clerical Alumni are 6 out of the 89 bishops of the American Church, was one of the most delightful in its history. The Rev. George Williamson Smith D. D., LL. D. under whose Presidency of eighteen years have graduated 417 of the 1,288 Alumni, submitted to the Board of Fellows reports showing that the Hon. Joseph Buffington LL. D., United States District Judge for Western Pennsylvania, had been elected by the Alumni to the Board of Trustees. Of that body Charles J. Hoadly LL. D. and John Sabine Smith Esq. had died. Charles Lincoln Edwards Ph. D. had been elected Professor of Natural History. There had been five graduate students, one in Classical Philology, one in Biology and four in Physics.

Lectures had been delivered before the College by M. Gaston Deschamps, the Rev. Prof. E. C. Bolles D. D., Prof. E. S. Morse and Charles F. Scott Esq., Chief Electrical Engineer of the Westinghouse Company. Nine select preachers had addressed the College, viz.: the Bishop of Connecticut, the Rev. J. P. Peters D. D., the Very Rev. George Hodges D. D., the Rev. Charles Morris Addison, the Rev. Prof. J. F. Kinsman the Rev. George R. Van de Water D. D., the Bishop of New Hampshire, the Rev. W. M. Grosvenor D. D. and the Bishop of Vermont.

Among the preachers heard in the College chapel was also the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church in Hartford.

To the Library had been added 1,902 volumes and 755 pamphlets, making its total strength 4,648 volumes and 7,090 pamphlets; \$1,700 had already been contributed to the "Samuel Hart Library Fund," raised in honor of the services of that scholar to both College and Library. The Senior Alumnus, Dr. Gurdon W. Russell, had given to the Library the most valuable copy in the United States of "Audubon's Birds," in addition to a gift of \$10,000 towards the erection of the completed Hall of Natural History. A special alcove for the writings of the Alumni had been provided in the Library. A large and beautiful Reference Reading-room, lighted by electricity and open day and evening, had been added.

Mention was made of a movement inaugurated by William Jarvis Boardman Esq. of Washington, of the class of 1854, to raise a Professional Endowment Fund, the object of

which should be to pay to the present professors salaries more commensurate with their services, and above all in future to put the College in a position to offer the strongest pecuniary inducements to men of the first order, the peers of any in the country or the world.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached in the historic Christ Church on the evening of Sunday, June 23, by Bishop Potter. The church was thronged by an audience consisting, aside from the special friends of the College, of many eminent citizens including professors of the Congregational Hartford Theological Seminary, come to hear a great representative of the Church speak on an exceptional academic occasion. Bishop Potter spoke of the claim upon effort of the modern city. While declaring his sympathy with the profoundest critical study of the Holy Scriptures, he emphasized the importance of a reverent Christian spirit as the condition of unlocking their spiritual mysteries. He made a plea for the sympathetic study of the non-Christian religions as an aid to the better solution of our Asiatic problems.

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, Vice-President Frederick Everest Haight of Brooklyn, N. Y., presiding, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Hart presented the necrology of the year, including the names of twelve Alumni and five honoraries. Chairman Haight reported the "Samuel Hart Testimonial Fund" as having reached nearly \$2,500. The uncollected residue was voted by the Association.

After speeches by Judge Buffinton and Chairman Haight on the rapid advance of the College towards her rightful position, President Smith asked for a recess in order that all might be present at the unveiling of a tablet in the Hall of Natural History. With President Smith and Dr. Pynchon leading, the procession walked over to the building. The service was opened by the statement from President Smith that action had been taken by the Trustees in regard to the erection of a suitable memorial to Judge Boardman, a Trustee of the College for thirty years, whose widow, Mrs. Lucy H. Boardman of New Haven, had given \$50,000 towards the erection of the Hall of Natural History. The tablet was unveiled by Professor Edwards. It is a handsome marble slab surmounted by a brass plate. After a few remarks by President Smith, Bishop Brewster offered prayer. President Smith then declared the future name of the Hall to be the Boardman Hall of Natural History and Bishop Brewster pronounced the benediction.

The Trustees at their meeting elected as Associate Professor of Philosophy, the Rev. Charles Harris Hayes Ph. D. Halle, a graduate of Columbia. To the charge of the department of Latin in place of Stanley Simonds Ph. D. who goes to the University of California, was elected from the same University, Herbert Miller Hopkins Ph. D., Harvard. To the Board of Trustees were elected Ambrose Spencer Murray of New York, of the class of 1871, and Isaac Hiester of Reading, Pa., of the class of 1877. F. E. Haight and W. S. Schutz were elected Senior, and the Rev. F. W. Harriman and Prof. G. E. Beers Junior Fellows.

Honorary degrees were conferred as follows: M. A. upon Joseph Horace Goodspeed, sometime of the class of 1886, as having done honor to the College; M. A. upon John Hall Sage of Portland, Conn., as an ornithologist; D. D. upon the Rev. Spencer Sommerfield Roche, rector of St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn; the Revs. Ernest Milmore Stires, rector of Grace Church, Chicago, now rector-elect of St. Thomas Church, New York, and the Rev. John James McCook M. A. of the class of 1863, Professor of Modern Languages in Trinity College, who has carried into the service of Church and College the fiery ardor of generations of

Scottish Presbyterian ancestors and the militant energy of "the fighting McCooks;" LL. D. upon William Henry Howell Ph. D., M. D. Dean of the Medical Faculty of the Johns Hopkins University, and upon Henry Fairchild Osborn D. Sc., Columbia University, and Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and D. D. upon the Rev. Gustav Floden, rector of Lindberg, Sweden.

MARYVILLE COLLEGE.—*Resignation of President Boardman.*—The eighty-second annual Commencement was held on May 29, 1901. Thirteen were graduated, ten young men and three young ladies. The attendance in all departments during the past year was 889. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon the Rev. W. H. Franklin (colored), President of Swift Memorial Institute, Rogersville, Tenn., an alumnus of Maryville, and upon the Rev. David Herron of Glendale, O., an alumnus.

In accordance with recent action by the Legislature of Tennessee, forbidding the co-education of the races, the Board of Directors made a partition of the funds which had been given to the College on the condition of co-education, assigning the income hereafter of \$2,650 to the use of colored students in Swift Memorial Institute; and limiting the privileges of Maryville College hereafter to white students.

President Boardman, after an administration of twelve years, and of professional work for forty-six years, retires from services too arduous and numerous for advancing years and somewhat impaired health. Expressions of kindly appreciation of his work were adopted by the Board of Directors, the Faculty and the students. During President Boardman's administration, the endowment of the College has been doubled, six new buildings erected, the number of teachers and students largely increased, the Bible made a regular text-book, water supply and heating arrangements provided, the campus plotted and greatly improved. Most of this has been made possible by the Fayerweather legacy.

Prof. Samuel T. Wilson D. D. an alumnus and formerly a missionary to Mexico, who has served the College since 1884 was elected President. Ex-Pres. Boardman was made Emeritus Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

CARROLL COLLEGE.—The closing exercises occupying the week June 16 to 21 were largely attended and awakened more than the ordinary interest. The program included the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday by the Rev. W. A. McKillop of Waukesha; field day on Tuesday afternoon, the gold medal being won by T. Harvey Jones, who carried thirty points out of a possible forty; the Alumni banquet, served by the Presbyterian ladies on Tuesday evening, toastmaster, the Rev. Daniel J. Williams of the class of '95; Senior class day [on Wednesday; Bible review, annual meeting of Board of Trustees, and graduating exercises on Thursday; excursion to Lake Beulah on Friday.

Diplomas were awarded by President Walter L. Rankin to ten young men and ten young ladies, also to two young men of the post-graduate class. The salutatory, valedictory and honor oration were productions of a high order. A stirring Commencement address was given by the Rev. C. H. Williamson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The Rev. A. A. Kiehle D. D. of Milwaukee was elected President of the Board of Trustees.

Arrangements were made to complete the building during the summer vacation, and to enlarge the Faculty. The institution will have an endowed library through the recent gift by Mr. Ralph Voorhees of New Jersey, of twenty thousand dollars for a library fund. The future seems to be full of promise for this earnest, thorough going Christian school.

## Home Department

### MOTHER'S ROOM.

'Tis the cheeriest room in the household,  
With the window-seat battered and bruised;  
Where the carpets, the chair, and the table  
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows,  
Or bubble with laughter and noise;  
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,  
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's an unceasing patter of small feet,  
An opening and shutting of doors;  
And the room that was swept and garnished  
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning  
There's a scampering down the stairs,  
And everyone knows they are coming;  
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lesson is over  
They come with their chatter and song,  
To the sunniest room, where dear mother  
And all that is lovely belong.

If the threads of their lives get tangled,  
She quietly straightens them out,  
And gathers them, sweetly united,  
Her little low rocker about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,  
O honored and beautiful queen,  
You gather your loving subjects  
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then who, to keep spotless and tidy  
The carpets, the windows, and doors,  
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood,  
And love from such beautiful stores?

—Vick's Magazine.

### GO TO THE ANT.

John Hopkins Dennison.

Tell a man you are short on your rent, and there are a great many places, good, bad and indifferent, where he might tell you to go to, but he will probably not tell you to go to the ant. When Solomon found a man who was not making a success of life and was short of money, food and everything but complaints and his wife's advice, he did not advise him to go to the Church nor to the Charity Organization Society nor to his next door neighbor, nor yet to his wealthy and well known uncle, but to the ant.

And he told his friends they could learn more from the ant than from him. Let us go to the ant and consider his ways, and it may be that they will make us wise, or at least wiser.

Way No. 1. An ant has more pull than an alderman, and he gets it all out of his own hind legs. This does not at first appear, but if you watch an ant doing long shore work over the grass, you will see that in proportion to his size he has more pulling power than any other living thing. If a man were to take a grand piano between his front teeth and run up one side of a six story tenement, jump across the street to the opposite roof, climb over three or four church steeples and race the Empire State Express up to Albany and deposit his grand piano on the top of the State House, he might begin to be showing, in proportion to his size, a little of the energy that dwells in the ant. The ant's Way No. 1 is to get all he can out of his own arms and legs.

Way No. 2. The ant is always prepared for the worst—and for the best too. You will find him on deck whether you serve him to a lump of sugar or an earthquake. In two seconds he will have about two thousand friends flying around and doing something to the point. If you poke a hole in their castle, some rush to save the treasures, some to rebuild the walls—each one knows his work and does it instantly. No one ever yet saw an ant in time of calamity sit down and take his head in his hands and

say: "O dear me! what shall I do?" Way No. 2 is, then, to be ready for every opportunity and for any calamity.

Way No. 3. Ants always pull together. They are better organized than any trades-union. Scabs and shirks have their heads bitten off. The advance guard of an army of ants have been known, on coming to a stream of water, to make a bridge of their bodies by clinging one to the other, that the whole army might march over them. They are willing to be trampled on for the good of the cause. The community that has that spirit succeeds. When they have a heavy burden to carry, all join in and intelligently follow out the leader's directions. Everything is democratic. There is the greatest good-fellowship. They share everything, even their babies, for these belong to the whole community. Each one works for the good of the whole and not to make himself prominent. They have the most perfect democratic government ever organized. They are not working for offices, nor do they have to be flattered and coaxed. Each one knows his place and does his duty with all his might. When a church begins to fail in its work all it needs is to go to the ant—never mind the minister.

Way No. 4. They do not eat up (or drink up) all they have. They store up for the future. An ant has got more sense in his little pin-head than is to be found in any big man-skull in the Fourth Ward. He uses all the brains he has got, and that is more than some men do. A man with a head a thousand times the size of that ant's will throw all his money away in a saloon and wonder why he gets dispossessed at the end of the month. Such men have cabbages for heads. An ant only has enough brains to put on the point of a pin, but he makes them go a great way. Go to the ant, then, consider his fourth way, use all the sixteen ounces of brains you have got, and you may get through the winter without being dispossessed, and also without going to that well-known uncle. Plan for the future. That is what the insides of your skull are for.

Way No. 5. Persevere. An ant will tug his burden over a thousand seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and though shaken off and foiled again and again, will take a new grip, and holding on like grim death, will bring his prize safe home at last. He makes no excuses, he knows no weariness. He admits no discouragement. If you are a dawdler, if you are one of the wan, weeping and weary gang, if you are continually discouraged because the plums do not drop into your month, don't go to your dearest friend and weep on his neck. You will only take the starch out of his back bone and gain nothing. Go to the ant, and you may yet have a chance of amounting to something.

Way No. 6. The ant has a very big jaw, but he knows enough to keep it shut. When the family arrangements do not suit, and all the Irish in you begins to rise—then go to the ant. It is much better than to have your wife go to the police. Some one has said: "The best sermon was preached by the ant, and he never said a word." Yes, even the minister can go to the ant.

Solomon knew what he was talking about. Take his advice. Go to the ant, then unfortunate, weary, discouraged creature (of old called a sluggard), consider her Ways (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6), and be wise.

The heart that trusts forever sings,  
And feels as light as if it had wings;  
A well of peace within it springs,  
Come good or ill,  
Whatever to-day, to-morrow, brings,  
It is His will.

### MUSINGS.

I am lying in a hammock on this glorious morning and my soul thrills with a breath of heaven!

The birds and I have been singing together and thanking God for all his loving-kindness to us.

Nature though silent speaks to my heart with a voice more powerful than words; for every bud and leaf seems to say, "I am an evidence of my great Creator!"

God—who has made the world and all that is therein—has, I think, shown his mightiest power in the fashioning of the little things; and even the tiniest flower and leaf has his image stamped upon it!

When I am tired physically and mentally and come out to be with Nature, it soothes and comforts me, and a feeling of calmness comes over my soul.

It is like a quieting little message sent right from God, because he appeals often to the heart through the medium of Nature. I am happy and thankful I am alive, and it is one of my dearest wishes to make the lives of others happy.

Ah! that my life may be like nature. God grant it!

Quiet, powerful and with Christ's image stamped on my face, like the flowers—I want to be a power for good and with him; for the main-spring back of my life, how can I fail?

G. C. P.

SUMMIT, N. J.

### A TALK TO FATHERS.

A gentleman met a friend near his own home and they joined company on their way to business. Before they had gone far they met a trim nurse-maid wheeling a baby-carriage, in which was a fine six-months'-old baby.

"That's a jolly-looking little chap," said the gentleman.

He hastily glanced at his watch, and finding that he had a moment to spare, stopped the carriage and chirruped to the baby, who smiled genially in response.

"I have a little one at home about this one's age," observed the gentleman to his friend. "By the way," he continued to the maid, "whose baby is this?"

"Yours, sir," responded the nurse in much astonishment.

Of course, the story was too good to keep, and the faithless friend put it at once into circulation. The hero of this little anecdote is not, however, the only father in the world who is unacquainted with his own children. In the hurry and drive of life, many a father feels that his duty is well done if he earns the food to put into the children's mouths and the garments wherewith to clothe them. He has no knowledge of the needs or characteristics of his own children; he is absorbed in other things.

How often are men heard to say: "I leave the training of my children entirely to my wife;" or, "I never interfere with the discipline; my wife attends to all that." Another type of father, still, assumes in his family the role of lord high executioner.

"If you don't stop that," says the fond, foolish mother, "I will tell your father on you."

In some families there is no threat so dreadful, and I have known a father to tell laughingly, as if it were a good joke, of the poor scared little faces which were lifted to his when he appeared suddenly among them with a rattan in hand, inquiring whether there were "any whippings to be dealt out that afternoon."

Alas, how far away these poor earthly fathers are from the fatherly ideal which is set forth in the Bible! And how can they illustrate to a child anything of the fatherhood of God?



A father ought to be friendly with his children; he ought to be interested in every interest of theirs, right down to their dollies and their bats and their balls. Nothing which concerns them should be too trivial for his notice. A father ought not only to love his children, but he should show that he loves them. He ought to prove this so convincingly that, whatever happens, they can never doubt their father's affection for them.

I was waiting at a railway station for a friend one Christmas eve, when I noticed a tall, fine-looking man of perhaps fifty years, who was pacing up and down the platform, evidently waiting for the same train that I was. As the train glided into the station, his eyes scanned the cars till they alighted upon a handsome lad of about eighteen, who also was gazing eagerly at the crowd.

"Here I am, Tom," cried the gentleman joyously.

The boy's face glowed and he sprang from the platform almost before the cars had stopped moving.

"Father!" said he; and in an instant he had the gray-bearded man by the shoulders and kissed him. Then he pushed him away a little and looked him lovingly in the eyes. "I'm awfully glad to see you," said he; "how's mother?"

I looked at them wistfully as they walked away together. Oh, I thought to myself, if there were more fathers like that, there would be fewer young lives wrecked upon the treacherous rock of sin, for a father's love will hold a boy when the sternest commands and the most rigid training would be of no avail.

Said a middle-aged woman to me: "I have known what the text, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,' meant ever since I was ten years old. At that time I had a kitten, a pretty little creature, which I loved as a little girl with all my heart. But, alas, one spring morning Sprite stole a young chicken belonging to a neighbor and ate it before the man could rescue it. He came to our house at once, very angry, and demanded that the cat should be killed; but I begged for Sprite's life so pathetically that he promised to spare him, if he sinned no more. In a few days, however, the cat was seen lurking near the coop, and soon made off with another chicken. The neighbor gave chase, of course, but the cat hid. So he came over and demanded the cat's life as soon as it should appear. My mother felt that it was just and promised that I should bring Sprite over as soon as he came home. In a short time he came purring up to me and I had to take the dear little fellow up in my arms and carry him to his doom. The neighbor drowned him forthwith. I did not complain before anyone, but my little pillow was wet with tears every night for my lost comrade. My father was from home at the time and I carried my trouble alone until his return. After he had kissed us all around and heard various items of interest, he turned to me and said, 'How is Sprite?' and I told him what had happened. I shall never forget how he caught me in his arms and placed me on his knee, as he said, 'Poor child! That was too bad! If I had been here, it never should have happened;' and I sobbed out my grief on his breast and was comforted. It was a little thing, a mere trifle compared to the sorrows of my life, but perhaps some of the things which we grieve over now seem quite as trivial to the eyes of Omnipotence, yet none the less, our heavenly father is quick to comfort us."

A father cannot shirk the responsibility of his children. God will hold him equally accountable with the mother for them and if they go astray through any lack of fatherly care or affection, he will one day find himself terribly to blame.—The Presbyterian.

## NEVER AGAIN.

I walked through the woodland meadows,  
Where sweet the thrushes sing,  
And found on a bed of mosses  
A bird with a broken wing.  
I healed its wound, and each morning  
It sang its old sweet strain;  
But the bird with the broken pinion  
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken  
By sin's seductive art,  
And touched with a Christian pity,  
I took him to my heart;  
He lived with a noble purpose,  
And struggled not in vain;  
But the life that sin had stricken  
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion  
Kept another from the snare,  
And the life that sin had stricken  
Raised another from despair.  
Each loss has its compensation,  
There is healing for every pain;  
But the bird with the broken pinion  
Never soars as high again.

—Selected.

## SOME MARRIAGES I HAVE CELEBRATED.

My first was while pastor of my first church—a country field—therefore they were country young people, and are to day among the very best families in the same neighborhood.

They were to have come to the parsonage to have the knot tied, but it proved a rainy night, so a buggy was sent after me to come to the home of the groom's father where the couple were waiting to be made happy.

I presume I was at least as nervous in going through with the ceremony as they were.

After it was over, a "little brother" remarked, "They ain't married at all. They just stood up on the floor and the preacher talked to them."

But the knot has stayed firm, though "the preacher" was inexperienced (everybody must go through official duties for the first time, you know). This couple are always glad to meet me, and are rather proud that they were my first.

My smallest fee—there was one marriage for which I took no fee at all, the young man not having anything to fee with, and when the girl's father offered to pay me I declined to accept anything, as he had ordered the young man out of the house immediately after the ceremony, so I did not think the work very valuable to him.

But this marriage was all straight. They came to our house late, that is about 9 o'clock at night. My wife's brother was staying with us at the time. He had retired for the night, but we called him down for a witness. He did not know "what was up," so came down in a hurry and in less than full dress (I remember his feet were bare), but they were an unconventional couple, so he stayed through it all just as he came. After the marriage, the young man handed me a dollar, asking if that would do. I said, "I guess so." Then when the necessary papers were signed, he said to the bride, "You must give the preacher's wife something for signing as a witness." She had nothing to give, so he had to search again in his pockets, and handed out what he supposed was twenty-five cents, but it was only a dime, a three-cent piece and a nickel. My wife handed her brother the dime as he also had signed the papers. This left us one dollar and eight cents for our fee.

My biggest fee—they were Chicago people who were boarding in a town where I had preached for about seven years and so had become acquainted with them. I had gone twenty-five miles or so further East. They wrote me, asking me to come and officiate if I could at a given date. A later letter requested me to bring with me "some musicians—a pianist and a quartette," all of which I did. The musical party were sent to

dine at the hotel and had a carriage furnished them for the afternoon—and each of them received a fee. There was but a small company of friends at the marriage—eight persons, I believe—although at an evening reception there were about one hundred and fifty.

I met the bride's mother, who was an invalid, up-stairs before the marriage. As she feared the nervous strain she had the family doctor in attendance. I also prayed with her as requested before the marriage.

But all went "merry as a marriage bell." The young people were gay—no discount on them. The bride was in white satin and carried in one hand a New Testament bound in silver. They were married with two rings (I had never seen any such a ceremony, but stand ready to do all such work to order in the most approved manner). At a point in the ceremony, as arranged by the bride's mother, I read a portion of a letter from an aged uncle who was deeply interested in the bride's happiness. Then came a sumptuous dinner and my fee, after which I bowed myself out.

J. MAC. A.

Let every gift by God bestowed,  
Each kind refreshment on thy road;  
Let every sorrow, hope and fear  
Incite thy soul to persevere.

## THE CHINAMAN AND HIS ELEPHANTS.

A Poser in Arithmetic in Evangelist of July 11 has interested me and I send you my solution.

It is an axiom that the whole (of an estate), is equal to the sum of its parts. "The catch" in the problem presented is that the will violates this self-evident truth. The parts give the three sons do not make a unit, for  $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{9}$  or, (to reduce to a common denominator),  $\frac{9}{18} + \frac{6}{18} + \frac{2}{18} = \frac{17}{18}$ .

There were really seventeen eighteenths to divide up. The legatee had determined that 18 should be the basis of division, and when the wise neighbor, Snen-punk, put his own elephant to the seventeen and made eighteen as the number to be divided, he simply gave in object lesson what was the meaning of the will.

We answer, therefore, that the property was divided according to the terms of the will. As proof of the correctness of this solution, notice that, if the elephants could have been chopped up without impairing their value, we would have, as the three portions,  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $5\frac{2}{3}$ ,  $1\frac{1}{9}$  or  $16\frac{1}{18}$  elephants, and what would become of the  $\frac{17}{18}$  of an elephant left over?

N. J. M. BOGERT.

## THE TRYST.

She stood at the gate in the twilight,  
The lover's favorite hour,  
And calmly awaited his coming—  
His coming to her bower.

Brown were her eyes and most patient,  
Patient and gentle were they;  
And her dark red hair seemed darker still  
In the fast receding day.

About her all nature lay quiet,  
No sound broke the solemn hour:  
And flowing o'er all were the crimson rays  
Of the sun, the king of power.

Kiss'd by the rays of the dying sun  
As the zephyrs kiss the bud,  
She sees approach a man with a pall  
While she calmly chews her cud.

—Cornell Widow.

## SHORT STORIES.

"If it please the court," the Green Bag's Irish attorney said, "if I am wrong in this, I have another point that is equally conclusive."

Employer—"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?" Boy—"No, sir. He was out and the office locked." Employer—"Well,

"why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?"  
Boy—"There was a notice on the door saying,  
'Return at Once,' so of course I then came  
straight back."

In the small village of Howgate there lives  
a young worthy famous for his witty remarks.  
On meeting the minister the other day he was  
asked, "Why he wasn't at church on Sunday?"

He replied—"Well, sir, I just went to the  
top of the hill and took my field glasses with  
me, and they brought the kirk that near I  
thought I heard them singing."—Scottish  
American.

### The Observation Car

#### JULY DAYS.

John Kendrick Bangs.  
Softly drone the honey bees;  
Blossom-scented is the breeze;  
Golden is the grain.  
Over all the faintest haze  
Rests, and song-birds pipe their lays  
In a sweeter strain.

From the meadows comes the scent  
Of the new hay, clover blent;  
In the topaz sky  
Fleecy clouds, like ships at sea  
Floating onward lazily,  
Or at anchor lie.

—Buffalo Commercial.

#### THE CROWS AND THEIR CRIPPLED BROTHER

While a gardener was out shooting he wounded  
a crow and made a prisoner of the bird. After  
the wound was healed the wings were clipped  
and Mr. Crow was left to wander as he pleased  
in the garden. He thrived on worms and bugs,  
and became as docile as a chicken. When the  
warm weather set in, other crows began to  
gather about the garden at early dawn, and for  
hours at a time kept up a continual cawing.  
The crippled crow in the garden answered  
each caw, and morning after morning the size  
of the visiting party increased, until fully two  
dozen perched themselves on the fence, eight  
feet high.

One morning a great commotion was heard  
from the garden, and running out to see what  
it all was about, the family found four or five  
crows hovering over the crippled one. Pres-  
ently they saw three of the visitors place their  
beaks under the cripple, lift it up, and attempt  
to fly away. They managed to get the cripple  
over the high fence; then it was dropped. The  
liberated bird hopped two hundred or three  
hundred yards, when all but two of the other  
crows flew away. The remaining two swooped  
down on the crippled bird and seemed to be  
caressing it, when a boy captured the cripple  
and returned it to the garden, where it was  
living in comfort when last heard from.

M. SHERRILL.

### General Debility

Is loss of physical and mental strength  
and endurance, commonly attended by loss  
of appetite, that tired feeling and general  
lassitude.

It is positively dangerous to neglect it,  
since it involves and imperils the whole  
system.

It is a condition that gives the advantage  
to every disease that threatens or attacks.

"I was run down in health, could not sleep, and  
did not feel like working. I took three bottles of  
Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt a change for the  
better before I had finished the first bottle. It is  
the best tonic I have ever tried. Whenever I have  
that tired feeling again I shall resort to Hood's  
Sarsaparilla." MRS. MARY EVERHART, Shan-  
sville, Ohio.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures general debility and all low or run-  
down conditions of the system.

## A Great Opportunity

for every young man, by moderate outlay,  
to place himself on the road to wealth, is  
offered by The Prudential. The Endowment  
Policy is especially adapted to this purpose.

### The Prudential Insurance Company of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, HOME OFFICE,  
PRESIDENT, NEWARK, N. J.

Fill out this slip and send to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I  
shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and  
rates of Endowment Policies.

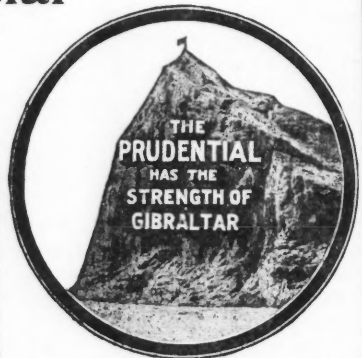
For \$..... Age.....

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation.....

DEPT. 55



### The L. D. O. Club

Maude Louise Ray.

President, Henry Lester Jones.  
Vice-President, Varick Dey Martin.  
Secretary, Starr Hanford Lloyd.  
Treasurer, Richard Sheldon Ould.



Even although it is not Sunday, I feel like  
giving you boys a little bit of a "preach."  
It's about being on time! I expected to day at  
least six or seven book lists from which to  
choose the best, and there are only three!  
Now I know more will come to-morrow or the  
next day or the day after that, unless you are  
a great deal lazier than I have any reason to  
think. But—those papers are due to-day, you  
see! This time I am going to wait a week, be-  
cause perhaps the importance of punctuality  
wasn't made great enough! But I am very  
much obliged to the three boys who got their  
papers here on time—and that those three are  
officers speaks pretty well for our Club! Next  
time if there is only one paper and it gets here  
promptly, it shall have its reward!

Let's have one or two of the letters that  
came with the lists:

DEAR MISS RAY: . . . We have had much  
rain since "the glorious Fourth."

I wrote my fellow-committeemen about the  
motto, and hope to receive a reply soon, so I  
can report by the specified time.

Next Sunday, July 14, will be my fourteenth  
birthday. Hastily, STARR HANFORD LLOYD.

I wonder if any of you felt on "the glorious  
Fourth" like the boy in this little poem of  
James Whitcomb Riley's:

#### THE YOUTHFUL PATRIOT.

Oh what did the little boy do  
'At nobody wanted him to?  
Didn't do nothin' but romp an' run,  
An' whoop an' holler an' bang his gun,  
An' bust fire-crackers, an' ist have fun—  
An' at's all the little boy done!

MY DEAR MISS RAY: How soon shall we get

our pins or buttons. Have you arrived home  
yet? I see by the paper that Leavenworth has  
been the hottest place in the United States  
Thermometer 108 degrees. I am

Yours sincerely, H. L. JONES.

No, I have not arrived home yet, I am away  
up in the northern part of Michigan. Just to  
explain to the other boys in the Club, the press  
of L. D. O. business is so great at times that I  
have to correspond privately with the boys,  
and that is how they know my whereabouts.

DEAR EDITOR: . . . D. C. McMurtrie has  
sent me his membership fee and annual dues.

My cousin, Sheldon Yates, whose home is in  
Cleveland, told me that he desired to become  
a member of the Club.

I have sent his name and address to Starr,  
as those of a person desiring to become a mem-  
ber of the Club.

Yours truly,  
RICHARD SHELDON OULD.

Will Henry, Varick and Starr please send  
their approval of Sheldon Yates's name to me  
as soon as possible. I should also like his full  
address. I hope this Sheldon No. 2 will prove  
as loyal an L. D. O. member as Sheldon No. 1.

You have plenty on your hands to do, I am  
sure, so I am not going to suggest any more  
hot weather tasks to-day! Where is our Sun-  
shine Committee? Swimming or playing ball  
or doing odd jobs for spending money—at any  
rate, too busy to send us a report? It certainly  
has been sunshiny enough to suit them.

Good-bye until next week, boys, when the  
L. D. O. talk will be a longer one, I hope.

Through this week may we bear witness,  
Every day and hour,  
To the Saviour's loving kindness,  
And His wondrous power.

#### LINE AND PRECEPT.

All things that love the sun are out of doors.  
—Wordsworth.

Learning without thought is labor lost;  
thought without labor is perilous.—Confucius.

A man's good breeding is the best security  
against another man's bad manners.—Lord  
Chesterfield.

A writer's first business is to tell the truth.  
—Andrew Lang.

We know what we are; we know not what  
we may be.—Sir Walter Scott.

### ONE OF ARTHUR MANNING'S EXPERIMENTS.

Bishop John H. Vincent, D.D., LL.D.

Our friend Arthur Manning was both preacher and pastor. His idea of the Christian ministry demanded this double service. He took care, from the beginning of his work, not to be all "preacher," nor all "pastor." He believed that to be an effective preacher a man must be a faithful pastor; and he was sure that it is impossible for a pastor to be at his best who does not have the respect of his flock as a student and a preacher. It is when the people look up from the pew to the pulpit on the Lord's day, having respect for the man and for the sermon that he preaches, that they are most anxious to have him as a guest in their homes. The right ring in his pulpit on Sundays makes his a welcome ring of the door-bell on week days. And there is always some question started by his public discussions about which the people want to talk to him in private. A "sociable fellow" who can laugh and chat and be "friendly" when he pays "pastoral visits," but who never stirs and inspires his hearers from the pulpit on Sunday, is not worth much as a pastor.

Arthur Manning made a great many experiments. He had ingenuity. But he had good sense as well. He cast aside more plans than he tested. And when he found a plan impracticable, he dropped it. There were so many kinds of people to be reached and helped, so many perils to which they were exposed, so many indifferent official members who never thought of the people or their needs, that the young pastor was justified in devising a variety of expedients for attracting their attention, winning their confidence, and bringing them into the atmosphere and under the control of the church. One of his plans the writer may record.

The church of which Arthur Manning was pastor had a pleasant auditorium, a lecture-room, and three or four class rooms. It stood in the centre of the town and on a valuable lot, free from taxation simply because, as a church, it was supposed to be an agency of public benefit. The first five weeks of Arthur's term of service, the church was open on Sunday for public service, on Saturday evening for choir practice, the lecture-room on Wednesday evenings for prayer-meeting, and one or two of the rooms were lighted on one other evening during the week. The great space enclosed by these sacred walls was silent for six days. The lecture-room was used on Wednesday night. All the rest of the time it was unused. "A waste of valuable property," said Arthur. "A waste of opportunity," said his wife.

One evening at the tea-table, in the parsonage, sat three of the members of the official board who, with Arthur and his wife, discussed the possibility of "an open church seven days a week." The young pastor knew that the strongest opposition to his scheme would come from two of these men, chiefly on the ground of "expense." It "would increase the gas bill," and we should be compelled "to pay the sexton a larger salary." He therefore began his reform by winning the men whose opposition would be based on the "financial condition of the church." Alas, that the best work to be done in Zion must be hindered because of "dollars and cents," and because of the narrow conceptions of men who ought to be as enterprising in church life as in the management of their own business! But Arthur said not a word about "money," "gas bills," or "sexton's salary." He began by asking about the boys and young men belonging to the families of the church. Who are they? Where are they? Do they belong to the

church? Do they attend its services? Are they interested in Sunday-school or Epworth League? Where do they spend their evenings? Have they peculiar temptations? Are any of them in any danger? He kept a list of the names of the young people thus canvassed.

The company present was surprised to find what a large percentage of the youth of the church—some of them sons of the official and other leading members of the church—neglected both church and Sunday-school. How few belonged to the church! How few of them spent their evenings at home! Two sons of the brethren at the parsonage table that evening were reported as once "converted" but now outside of the church, attending service sometimes on Sunday evening, but rarely on Sunday morning.

"I am afraid," said Brother Morgan, "that my boy John is altogether indifferent to religion."

"May it not be the case," asked the pastor, "that we are doing too little in the church to attract our youth? Would it not be well to have the church lighted, and warmed, and filled with welcome? Can it be right to keep the church closed up all the week?"

The conversation then drifted to the subject of "clubs," "outside societies," "benefit associations," etc., in which so many of our men are interested, to which they give so much time and money.

Mrs. Manning asked about the "women's clubs" of so many sorts, discussing the questions of vital importance to society and to the church. How many of our women belong to these clubs, contribute to their support, read their literature, listen to lectures in parlors and halls, and expend so much enthusiasm in their maintenance that no energy is left for the church?

The conversation was frank and thorough. The lay-brethren saw the "situation" from a new point of view, and when the pastor asked, "What would be the additional cost for the year, if we were to have the church lighted three evenings of the week, and the lecture-room three evenings?" an estimate was made, and all were surprised to find how slight the added expense would be. They found that fifty people, by a trifling contribution every month, could pay the bill for extra gas, coal, and the services of the sexton.

This question settled, it was not difficult to show that the musical element of the town would be glad to unite for the giving of at least ten free concerts during the year; that organ, piano, violin, cornet, and vocal solos, a gradually developed chorus, a boy-choir, lectures and readings about the great musicians, with illustrations from their sacred compositions, interpreted by some one who had taste and ability, would shortly develop a taste for better music in the church, the Sunday-school and the home, give opportunity to the preacher to impress certain great lessons, entertain young people in an entirely legitimate way, and give an impetus to the cause of intelligent congregational singing, which is such an important factor in church life and in the development of the devotional spirit.

The little circle of five reformers lingered at the table for a long time that evening. A list of "musical people" likely to be interested in the movement was made out—men and women, old and young, American and German, in the church and out of it. A committee to talk about the matter privately to various people was appointed. The pastor was requested to write a "call" to "all who are interested in the promotion of musical training," fixing a time for a conference on the subject.

"It will, at least, call the attention of non-churchgoers to our church," said Mr. Morgan. "And in the long run greatly increase our

With a  
hot cup  
or a  
cold glass  
Uneeda Jinjer  
Wayfer  
Goes equally well  
Take some with you  
on your vacation.  
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

public collections," added Brother Stewart, who was the steward and kept the accounts of the church. "It would soon improve our singing at the Sunday service," said Mrs. Manning, "and we should not be compelled always to use hymns and tunes because they are 'familiar.'"

"My family would like that change," said Brother Watson, "for they do love good music, and complain about our choir, and about the weak songs so popular in Sunday-school and at evangelistic meetings."

Arthur Manning said nothing. What he had done that evening, in stirring up three men of his church, was work enough for one day. And yet before the brothers left he asked two questions.

These were Arthur's questions: "Are not all the clubs and societies—the literary, benevolent and reform association of every kind—movements of society looking to the betterment of the individuals who make up society? And ought not the church that seeks to bring the world to know and to love God, and to serve him—ought not the church to understand these various voluntary movements and help them, or modify them, and make them Christian, or put into operation in the church agencies aiming at the same good ends?"

These questions brought on a discussion, and then a list was made out of the outside "orders," "clubs," "societies" etc. in the town. And what a long list it was! We have not room in these columns for it. The five reformers did not wonder that there was so little interest in the church when such numbers of church members were so enthusiastic in from one to five organizations to which they belonged and to which they gave time, and zeal, and money.

The five resolved to meet a week later at Mrs. Morgan's tea-table to hear from Pastor Arthur Manning his scheme for bringing help to the church from the clubs and societies which are now, in a sense, rivals of the church.

Here, in substance, is Arthur's plan, which, after two hours of discussion a week later, was approved by the "Committee of Reform":

1. An invitation to be extended by the pastor to all the various associations and clubs of the town to send a representative (one or more societies each week) to the Croyden Church, to make a statement to the congregation there gathered as to the aims, origin, principles, and plans of such club, society, order or association.

2. The Croyden Church to constitute itself a "Committee on Progress and Reform" to hear these representations.

3. A short time, every evening of such representation, to be spent in a question drawer under the direction of the pastor.

4. The opening and closing devotional services to be conducted at all such meetings by the pastor.

5. The meetings to be public.

It may seem a dangerous matter to bring such a conglomeration of ideas and schemes before a congregation; but, after all, the ideas are afloat everywhere, in papers, pamphlets, and conversation. Why is it not a good thing to have them carefully considered, after representation in a formal way, by those best qualified to present them, and in the presence of the religious leader under whose ministry the people are blessed?

—Homiletic Review.

### Letters from Our Friends

#### WHY IS THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT WITHHELD?

[By an unfortunate mischance the following letter was mislaid, and has only lately reappeared. Though it was called forth by an article published more than a year ago, the subject is of perennial importance and deserves thoughtful discussion. We invite Dr. Cuyler and other friends to reply Mr. Robinson's question.]

EDITOR EVANGELIST.]

DEAR EVANGELIST: I read the article in your issue of March 23, entitled, The Signals of the Spirit, by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. There are a few questions suggested to my mind by this article which I submit to you for light. His aim partly seems to be to teach our dependence upon the holy Spirit; he says, "Faith must always watch Providential leadings, and when God moves is our time to stir ourselves; if we move with him success is quite sure to come; we move without him then the failure is our own fault." This no doubt is true in the experience of ministers who are called of God, but the thought that pressed itself upon my mind was this: If our Lord holds in his hands the Spirit, without whom we can do nothing, why is he not poured out upon the people the world over as in the days of Pentecost, seeing that it is his desire that all men should become to a knowledge of the truth and be saved?

Again: Is it not possible that much of the Church machinery and work is of mere human origin and effort, running without being sent, the "power from on high" left out, the result mortification and failure? Is the Church able to say this is from the Lord and will succeed, or that is mere human effort, and will therefore fail?

I have known the work of three churches—which no doubt represent many others—for the past thirty years without any "sound of the rustling in the tree tops"—no revival spirit—withstanding the fact that ministers and people have frequently done what lay in human power to bring it to pass, at the same time acknowledging entire dependence upon the

Holy Spirit. Dr. Cuyler, looking back over a ministry of many years, refers to but a few isolated cases where the Spirit seemed to say "bestir thyself." If as he says, "Whenever a minister and a church recognize the peculiar presence of the Holy Spirit, and promptly co-operate with the Spirit, they are sure of a blessing," then it must be that it is very rarely the case that the "peculiar presence" of the Holy Spirit is manifested, or if it is, the Church so favored fails to co-operate promptly. I believe as a general thing the Church is willing to co-operate, indeed many churches get all their machinery in operation, and in the prayers offered a full acknowledgement is made of their dependence upon the Holy Spirit, but nothing comes of it but disappointment. It puzzles my mind to know why this should be so provided it be true that the Lord is always on the giving hand, and desires the conversion of the world or even a part of it. In the prayers offered and efforts made one's mind is impressed with the difficulty of obtaining the Holy Spirit, when the Master has said that he is "more willing to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children." I cannot understand, if this promise is true, why the Church is not more favored with his outpouring, especially when such blessed and desirable results would follow. Is the Lord unable or unwilling to bestow the gift he has told us he would freely give, or is the Church to blame for such rare visits of his "peculiar presence?" I find that this doubt in my mind has rather a paralyzing effect, and I believe many people have their spiritual sensibilities deadened by a feeling that there is an inconsistency somewhere, why they cannot understand or explain. Having prayed so often for Pentecostal showers, and not even a cloud appears as large as a man's hand, faith is benumbed, and prayer settles down into a formal thing, unworthy of the name, whereas if our prayers were answered as Elijah's when he prayed for rain, faith would be stimulated, deeds of mighty valor done, as those recorded in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews.

A day came in Israel's history when it became necessary to demonstrate by deed, whether God or Baal was the true God. Elijah said, "The God that answereth by fire, let him be God." Notice: and all the people answered and said, *It is well spoken.*" This is what the people want to-day,

not numbers crying, "O Baal, hear us," with "no voice, nor any that answered," but a demonstration that God is the true God by what he actually does for his people, overcoming all hindrances, such as the twelve barrels of water poured on the wood by Elijah's orders; overcoming their lack of faith and all other obstacles usually set up by the Church as a sufficient reason why their prayers are not answered, and so exonerating God. If God cannot and will not override all our human weakness and imperfections then the people cannot be expected to exercise faith in him, or at least they will not.

"And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word." "Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench"—all obstacles overcome. The result of this demonstration: "And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces and they said, 'The Lord, he is the God. The Lord he is the God.'" If the Lord was willing in Elijah's day and at Pentecost to demonstrate by visible effects his power to save, why may not these effects be granted now? Surely he expected the effects of preaching the Gospel to aid the people in believing, as recorded in Mark xvi. 17.

Had Elijah failed to call down fire from heaven that day, the people would not have believed in Elijah's God, their unbelief would rather have been confirmed, and it is so to-day. The failure of the Church to bring down the fire of the Holy Spirit is the cause of much of the prevailing unbelief in his willingness or power to help, whether it be the fault of the Church or not.

I well remember the great revival of 1858. It needed no preacher to inform the people that the Holy Spirit was working mightily upon the hearts of the multitude. The outward effects—conviction of sin, change of life from sin to holiness—convinced all thinking people that God was in our midst. I have longed to see such another day of grace. Can you tell me why it does not come? Very truly yours,

WILLIAM B. ROBINSON.

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DEAR EVANGELIST: I have attended the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa., and been a member for half a century. It is a down-town church and for a time I thought it would have to succumb and move up-town, but under the ministry of the Rev. S. Edward Young, who has been with us only about four years, the church has wonderfully prospered until now we have nearly twelve hundred of a membership. The church is filled every Sabbath; in the evenings many have been turned away; the Wednesday night prayer-meetings are a marvel for the interest and full attendance. The meetings are now being held at Shenley Park. We have a tent, which will protect all who come from unpleasant weather. Last summer it was a success and although several miles from our church, as many as ten thousand attended the services. Perfect harmony with pastor and people. No help has been called in from outside, but our dear minister is a busy man, beloved by everybody.

G. W.

DEAR EDITOR: A little relative of mine only four years of age, who lives in California, and whose father is a clergyman, was coming home from church a few Sabbaths ago and saw one of the neighbors putting up a tent. She stopped and said to him, "It is wicked to work on Sunday, my minister says it is wicked, and if you do it Satan will get you." The man was much amused and repeated it to some one who told the clergyman's family.

Yours very truly, I. F.

DEAR EVANGELIST: The most wholesome and bracing thing that I have read for a long time is the article by Samuel T. Carter on the System of Doctrine, in The Evangelist of June 27. I am glad you are doing what you are on the Old Testament Sunday-school lessons.

Very truly yours, F. P. P.

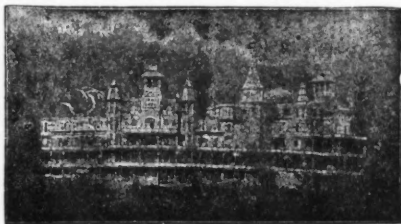
DEAR EDITOR: I wish to thank you for the editorial of June 27—"Joseph Farrand Tuttle LL.D." Dr. Tuttle was my grandfather; and words of kindly appreciation of his life and services touch me at a tender point. "He builded a great College; but greater than that, he builded many a human character. Judged

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by his motive, which is the correct measure of a life, Dr. Tuttle was a great man. Judged by the results of his life he was a man peculiarly blessed. And through him the world was also blessed." Permit me to thank you for your cordial recognition of the singular beauty of his personality and of the permanent worth of his service as an educator and as President during thirty years of Wabash College.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,  
HERBERT THOMSON.

**THE CENTENNIAL OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SKANEATELES\***

(Continued from page 20.)

The first of the centennial services were held on Saturday afternoon, July 20, in the finely appointed new church and included a prayer of thanksgiving by the Rev. George B. Stewart D.D. President of Auburn Seminary—the founding of which was nineteen years later than the organization of this church. The pastor, the Rev. O. L. White, then delivered the historical address, an admirably constructed and wisely discriminating paper; as interesting in its omissions as in its elaboration, stating only matters of vital import and reviving no unpleasant memories of the overdone discipline of the early New York churches.

Mr. White's address was followed by one from the Rev. George B. Spaulding D.D. pastor of the First Church of Syracuse, on the Debt of the Nation to Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, a paper which should be read in every Congregational and Presbyterian Church in America, emphasizing as it does, our national indebtedness to the faith, heroism and statescraft of the religious pioneers of this New World. The afternoon program was completed by a benedictory prayer by the Rev. Willis J. Beecher D.D. of Auburn Seminary.

Ample provision had been made by the congregation to receive the entire congregation at the collation which directly followed this afternoon service, and near five hundred guests were delightfully entertained.

The services of Sunday morning included addresses of reminiscence and thanksgiving from the Rev. W. B. Dada of Otisco, N. Y., a former pastor, and the Rev. M. N. Preston of Hinsdale, Ill.; followed by a service in the Sabbath-school. Here it was interestingly stated that this school, now eighty years old, was organized to teach small children the alphabet, and gradually extended its mission to include Bible study.

The evening session was given into the hands of the local clergymen, and each pastor seemed as reverently proud of the century's work of this church, as if he were Presbyterian, rather than Baptist, Methodist or Friend, while the Rev. Edwin Taylor of Binghamton, N. Y., past eighty years of age, was the personification of the enthusiasm of this centennial observance.

Of the music of this church mention must also be made, since it has been so conspicuous a feature of the success of this jubilee. It is under the care of F. E. Stone Esq., a prominent lawyer of the village, whose fine voice is a continual delight to the congregation. He has for years directed a quartette which is far

above the average of the city choir, and of whose service the church is justly proud.

No cloud has overshadowed this jubilee celebration and the church bravely and rejoicingly steps on into a new century of service, rich in heritage and resolute of will, to maintain the high estate into which it has pleased God to call her.

**THE MAN FOR THE HOUR.**

In religion the man for the hour is he who keeps his doubts to himself. There is a tendency to change the sign of Christendom from a cross to an interrogation point. It has been thought a notable feat to assail the foundations of faith. Doubt has come to be regarded as a mark of mental agility and belief as a symptom of intellectual decrepitude. Certainly it is no virtue to affirm belief in what you doubt. Christianity does not paralyze the head in order to vitalize the heart. A man may dare to be as honest with God as he is with himself. God wants no whitened lie; no forced adoration from a stifled conscience. Let churchmen be as honest in religious belief as they should be in business dealings. Some doubt is inevitable to him who thinks, but the task for the churchman just now is not destruction but construction. Enough has been torn down. The man the church needs thinks more of his faith than of his doubts. He cultivates his faith and neglects his doubts. There is an old line which says, "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." The preacher the day demands is he who flames with the old-time au-

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\* Too late to correct it in the page, comes the word that the first church in Syracuse dated from 1828.

thority, and who gives to his people not negations but positions.

Such is at least a profile of the man the hour needs. Have I been drawing the face of a Dutchman? Yes, and may be of a Scotchman and an Englishman, too. Perhaps also of an enterprising Yankee, a chivalrous Son of Dixie, an intrepid, self-reliant Westerner, a resonant Easterner. For after all he is just a large-hearted, broad-shouldered, big brained, dauntless, patriotic American, who, with his country's flag overhead, grasping commerce in one hand and Christianity in the other, storms the heights of twentieth century opportunity with a valor that shall achieve the world which is to be.—James J. Vance in the Brotherhood Star.

#### FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

We copy from The Pilgrim Teacher a "capital hint" from Mrs. Pierson's clever little book, Among the Pond People, with comments thereon: "You can do almost anything with a young minnow if you love him a great deal and make fun of him a little." Just put "boy" instead of "minnow," and see how well the rule works. This kind of "making fun" never hurts, and it is often an effective weapon in managing a certain style of boy. The boy who "didn't have time," the one whose quarterly "got lost," the one who "forgot" and half a dozen other kinds of boys that any teacher could mention are all fair game for this sort of gentle ridicule. It works better than scolding. Only—be sure of the proportions! It would never do to reverse the order so as to love him a little, and make fun of him a great deal.

"I heard you got a hundred in 'deportment' last week, Robbie," said a teacher pleasantly, as she came into her class one Sunday morning. The other boys looked astonished. "Robbie" had never been known to do it before, and sat red with pride and pleasure. "How'd you know?" he asked shyly, after a minute, and she had to explain that she had had the teacher to snapper the night before, and so heard about it. "You going to keep track of our school records?" came in a chorus from the class. "I intend to," she answered promptly, taking her one from the alert faces before her. "I like to know all about you, of course." That was three months ago. The grammar-school teacher lately reports a distinct rise in the daily "average" of the scholars who compose the class, both in lessons and conduct. A Sunday-school teacher's influence may invade every part of the lives of her pupils, but only as she takes a living interest in every part. No child is insensible to the flattery of a personal interest and attention.

God loveth thee, though dark the night,  
His smile shall make thy pathway bright,  
When weary ways before thee lie,  
The Lord thy Helper draweth nigh.

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#### GOD INVITING MAN'S HELP.

God left the grape small and son, on stunted vine. Those that "dwelt among plants and hedges" trained and pruned that vine, and so re-created it that in due time it came to yield the Muscatel, the Concord, or the Isabella. It needs the pruning-hook to put the final touches on this world. It is the thumb upon the creative hand, and it is only when the completed hand works that civilization comes. Without this thumb-to-finger creation, the universe halts, and nature remains raw. Nature made a rose with a single whorl of fragrant petals that bloomed once a year. The dwellers "among plants and hedges" took their spades and pruning-hooks and turned in to help. They covered the hip with petals, and caused it to blossom every month in the year. Nature made a thicket; man, with his spade and pruning-hook makes a hedge. Nature made a forest; man, with his spade and pruning-hook makes a park. Nature gave to earth the crab apple; those who "dwelt among plants and hedges" have enlarged the crab into a pippin, and sweetened it into a Baldwin. The earlier craftsmen laid their bloody sacrifices on the altar of a tribal and revengeful deity, but those that "dwelt among plants and hedges" laid their bloodless gifts upon the shrine of universal religion. We may not understand the mumblings of those, but with the sacraments of these we must have sympathy, and in them we will find fellowship. In this touch of nature all men are made kin. Primitive tools were crude. The potter's wheel, one of the earliest of tools, gave forth distorted shapes; but those ancient garden makers, with their palm trees, their aromatic spice bushes, their roses and lily-rimmed hedges, charmed and refined them as now.

They that "dwelt among plants and hedges" belong to the most permanent guild. It matters not whether it be the twentieth century before Christ or the twentieth century after; be they found in Judean village or German hamlet, on Babylonian plain or American prairie, their products are much akin. Whether they digged in the valley of the Euphrates, the Jordan, the Nile, the Rhine, the Tweed, the Missouri, the Platte, or the Jim rivers, they all proved up their claim to a homestead in the same way. The "tree claim" is no recent Dakota invention, but one of the most ancient regulations. The planting of a

tree always carried with it certain natural rights to the land wherein it was planted.

Rev. JENKYN LLOYD JONES in A Search for an Infidel.

## Ministers and Churches

### PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Evangelistic Work.—No event in recent years has so thoroughly aroused church circles in Philadelphia to the importance of the tent movement as the coming of John McNeill, the highly gifted Scotch preacher, who began a series of meetings under the auspices of the Presbyterian Committee last Sunday morning, July 21. When Dr. McNeill reached New York on the Lucania on Saturday morning last, he was met by a committee of Philadelphia clergymen, comprising the Rev. James B. Ely, General Secretary of the Evangelistic Committee, the Rev. J. B. Laird, the Rev. W. Porter Lee and Evangelist Ferdinand Schievera and escorted to this city where his arrival had been impatiently awaited for more than a week. His first service was held at the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, where he preached to one of the largest congregations that had ever been seen in the edifice on the wondrous powers, infinite mercy and limitless love of God, taking as his subject the parable of Christ stilling the storm (Mark iv. 35 to 41 inclusive). In the afternoon he preached to hundreds in the Kensington District and in the evening appeared at the tent in Germantown and addressed one of the largest gatherings ever known in that section of the city. The tent, which holds about five hundred persons, was crowded to its utmost capacity. People stood in rows five and six deep around the outside, while scores had to go away disappointed because they were unable to get within sound of his voice. It was a remarkable outburst of a deep religious spirit and argues well for the success of his efforts while in this field. The season's campaign is now well under way. During the past week an additional tent, to be known as tent No. 7, has been opened and reports from workers at other tents throughout the city show that the movement is steadily increasing in usefulness and importance. The meetings are being attended by thousands, many of whom have never crossed

the threshold of a church, while the number of those who have asked for prayers and who have professed a desire to become Christians, is already mounting into the hundreds. Never before has the need been more apparent for just the kind of work that is being done by the Presbyterian Evangelistic Committee and with each passing season the appreciation of the practical value of its tent movement is coming to be more clearly recognized and the support given it more ready, more earnest and more general. This season the field appears more fruitful than ever before and the results are likely to far exceed those of former years.

**PITTSBURG.**—*Second Presbyterian Church.*—On Sunday, July 14, fifty-six persons united with the church, forty-six by profession and ten by letter. Almost nine hundred persons have united with the Second Church under the pastorate of the Rev. S. Edward Young, and the active membership of the church now numbers about thirteen hundred, with several hundred more on the drop-list. The Rev. Mr. Young and Benjamin Franklin Butts, musical director of the Second Church, left last Monday for the Bible Conference at Lake Orion, Mich., where Mr. Young makes several addresses and Mr. Butts conducts the music of the Conference, after which Mr. Young expects to start on a trip to Russia for the purpose of studying, returning

September 1. The closing services of the very successful series of religious meetings at Schenley Park, conducted by Mr. Young, was held last Sunday evening and was attended by an interested and attentive audience, estimated at ten thousand persons. Great numbers of people held up their hands for prayers and the after-meeting in the tent was overcrowded.

EDWIN S. GRAY.

**MICHIGAN.**

**THREE RIVERS.**—The Rev. Arthur L. Toner was installed pastor, July 11, the Rev. Frank C. Colvin presiding. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert S. Inglis of Jackson. The Rev. F. Z. Rossiter gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. J. G. Lowrie D.D. to the people.

W. B.

The Rev. William MacFarland of Carmichael Church, Philadelphia, is spending his vacation in Europe. He will return in August.

The Rev. F. W. Frazer of Crookstown, Minn., has declined the call to the chair of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Macalester College, St. Paul, and will remain with his people.

Gale College has conferred the degree of Ph.D. upon the Rev. Charles J. Cameron M.A., who has been supplying the pulpit of the Wylie-Chambers Memorial Church, Philadelphia.

**THOUGHTS.**

Learning makes a good man better and an ill man worse.—John Garth.

Strongest minds are often those of whom the noisy world hears least.—Wordsworth.

Thou hast frightened the word out of his sense, so forcible is thy wit.—Shakespeare.

Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful and believe to be beautiful.—William Morris.

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.—Pythagoras.

When bad men combine the good must associate, else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Edmund Burke.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark. No more can reason, however refined or cultivated, shine efficaciously but as it reflects the light of divine truth shed from heaven.—J. Foster.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

To follow the Saviour means to take him as your model, and to copy him in your life.

To give people something to think about that is worth thinking about is something to live for.

I do not ask for earthly store beyond a day's supply. I only covet more and more the clear and single eye, To see my duty face to face, And trust the Lord for daily grace.

I am convinced that it is by his personal conduct that any man of ordinary power will do the greatest amount of good that is in him to do.—John Ruskin.

Prayer is good. I counsel it to you again and again, in joy, in sickness of heart. The infidel will not pray; the creed slave prays to the image in his box.—George Meredith.

There are three modes of bearing the ills of life: by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual.

Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they cannot be discerned from the top of a mountain; so are many things learned in adversity which the prosperous man dreams not of. We need affliction as the trees need winter, that we may collect sap and nourishment for future blossoms and fruit. Sorrow

is as necessary for the soul as medicine is to the body:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone, Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

We all, in turn, must face our forlorn hours of bereavement. For us, sooner or later, our house must be left unto us desolate. But . . . these natural sorrows are, and are meant to be, full of blessedness; the light of God shining upon them transmutes them into heavenly gold. The fire which kindles the grains of frankincense upon his altar, at the same time brings out their fragrantcy. All that he sends, if borne submissively, becomes rich in mercy. Upon the troubled souls which seek him his consolations increase "with the gentleness of a sea which caresses the shore it covers."—Canon Farrar.

Princess Louise has never cared for her Argyllshire home, and the Duke is offering the Island of Tiree for sale, and Inveraray Castle, the principal seat of the family, is to be leased. It is considered one of the most historically fascinating homes in Scotland. Tiree is about fourteen miles long from north to south and varies in breadth from one to five miles. This island is mainly of marble, the rocks along the coast even being of this stone. Unfortunately it is very hard and no one has been able to quarry it. Black cattle are raised, as well as poultry and eggs, and from the exporting of this the revenue of the island is raised. On an islet, now converted into a peninsula, anciently stood a square-turreted castle, accessible only by a drawbridge, and on its ruins was erected a house for the Duke's factor.

**The Value of Charcoal.**

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Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in Tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients, suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them, they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

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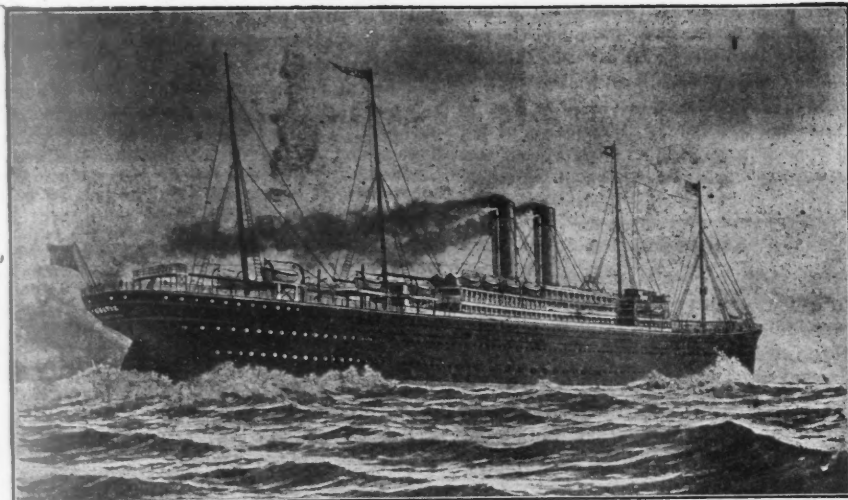
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