

VOL. LXV.  
No. 49.  
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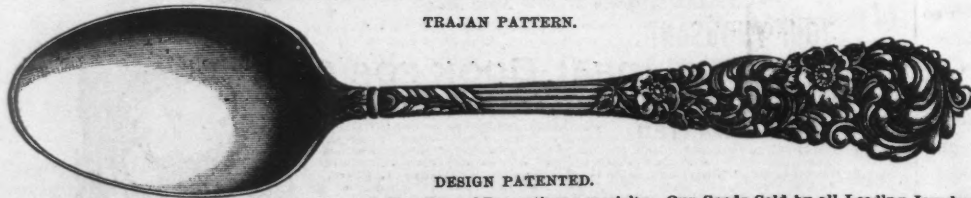
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Vol. LXV.—No. 49.

NEW YORK: DECEMBER 6, 1894.

Whole No. 3376.

## THE EVANGELIST.

A RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER,

ISSUED WEEKLY.

33 Union Square, New York City.

TERMS: \$3.00 A YEAR.

HENRY M. FIELD, Editor.

HENRY B. ELLIOT, Publisher.

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### THE GOOD ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

A few weeks ago The Evangelist put on its front page the picture of "A New England Minister of the Olden Time," which attracted the attention of many of its readers, some of whom took it for a portrait of President Mark Hopkins, as they often saw him in his later years, when he sat in the same posture, with folded arms and drooping head, as if thinking of the land that is far off, or of loved ones that had gone before. But on reading the description, they found that the face was not that of the great College President, but of "a minister" of a previous generation—one, in fact, who had been the pastor of Mark Hopkins in his youth, and had received him into the Church, and given an impress to his character and life which he remembered gratefully, to the very end of his long and eminent career. To be looked up to by such

a man as his spiritual father, was indeed a tribute that may well be recalled with the feeling that such a life was not lived in vain.

Others, looking on the venerable countenance, asked if there was not a companion piece to that gentle and kindly face? In answer to their inquiries we venture to complete the picture of the old home by adding "The Good Angel of the Household." This we do after some hesitation. It is a delicate matter to speak or write of one's mother, nor shall we venture to say one word, but leave it to a distinguished preacher of New England to describe the scene when that mother was laid in her grave. In a book of Sketches, published by the Tract Society, the late Dr. John Todd thus draws the picture of

#### "AN UNCOMMON MOTHER."

"At the gateway of one of our beautiful rural cemeteries, a large funeral was just entering, as our attention was called to a very remarkable sight. The bier was resting on the shoulders of four tall, noble-looking men in the prime of life. One of these bearers was a Judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the nation. A second was one of the most eminent and accomplished lawyers of whom this country or any other can boast. A third was a very distinguished divine, whose pen is a great power. And the fourth was the President of the Senate of this State [Massachusetts. He died a few years after.]. And these remarkable men were all brothers. [Another, who is not here mentioned, the projector of the Atlantic Telegraph, was also present in this sad procession, and assisted in carrying his mother's bier.] They stood strong in life, but were bowed and silent and solemn, as if the bier was too heavy for their strength. Very slowly and carefully they trod, as if the sleeper should not feel the motion.

"And who was on the bier, so carefully and tenderly borne? *It was their own mother.* Never did I see a grief more reverent or respect more profound. It seemed to me that the mother's cold heart must throb in her coffin. A nobler sight or a more beautiful tribute of love I never saw. They were all doubtless going back in memory to their early childhood, and to the loving care of this best of all earthly friends. They well knew that they, the sons of a village pastor, could never have been trained and educated and fitted to occupy their stations without a very extraordinary mother. They well knew that they owed more to her than to all other human agencies. No shoulders but theirs must bear the precious dust to the graveyard; no hands

but theirs must deposit it in its last resting-place.

"That body had been inhabited by one of the sweetest, most cheerful and brilliant minds that ever inhabited an earthly tabernacle. What that lovely woman had done to make her husband's ministry useful and profitable; what she had done to make these distinguished men what they are, who can tell? Or what she had done in training daughters that are ornaments to their sex? [The two daughters died more than thirty years ago: one of them was the mother of Mr. Justice Brewer, now sitting beside his uncle on the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.] What has not a mother accomplished who has given such an influence to the world? I never see one of these sons but my thoughts go back to the home of their childhood; and I can hardly keep my eyes from filling with tears as I think of that mother. How many men start upon the stage of life, and feel that they are great and are filling great spheres of usefulness, who are really dwarfs in comparison with such a character. When that mother went down to the very brink of the grave that she might bring up life, as her children were born; as she toiled unseen and unpraised through all their training; what an influence was she preparing to leave upon the world after she should be numbered with the dead! We may develop ourselves, and think we have done well if we can achieve anything in life, when we owe it to our patient, meek, unnoticed mother.

"Heaven will be just, where we are not; and I can find no words in which to express my appreciation of such a friend. Some who have early lost their mother come out useful men; but they would probably have been more so, had they enjoyed her love and care. They may well mourn the loss all their days.

"O mother! amid all your anxieties and labors, be assured that the time is coming when your name and image will fill the chambers of the memories of your children as no other can. You are garnering up love, respect, and veneration which will gather round your coffin, if not round your dwelling. You will grow in the hearts of your children as long as they live.

"O son of the good mother! remember that she has spared nothing that the human heart could yield for your good. Let your love and gratitude and reverence flow back upon her; and if her hair is becoming silvered with age, remember that your opportunities to minister to her comfort are every day becoming fewer and fewer. God help you to cheer her!"



### All Round the Horizon.

The crisis in the East becomes weekly more intense, and both politically and morally of larger import. All eyes are fixed on the new nation, Japan, suddenly rearing itself against the vast and imperiously passive empire on the other side of the narrow sea that has up to now divided them. Korea, with all its traditional influence on the development of Japan by transmitting Chinese art and philosophy, has ceased to have significance in the battle of the contesting powers. The battle itself is fast drawing to its close. The Japanese troops are in part threatening the Chinese capital, in part pushing their way through Manchuria to attack the farthest outpost of China in the northeast; and now the question is not so much, Will they be victorious in both cases, as, Will peace be negotiated in time to spare the awful destruction of life and property which must otherwise ensue in Moukden and Peking.

The safety of those Americans who have assembled for protection under the flag of our legation in Peking is a question of thrilling interest just now. Minister Denby has asked for additional protection than that afforded by the Monocacy at Tien-Tsin. If the formal ending of hostilities does not come before word reaches the capital that the victorious Japanese are marching upon it, there will be surely an outbreak against foreigners in many parts of China, and in that case Mr. Denby's ability to protect our missionaries and others is more than a matter of doubt. All our readers know that the Baltimore has left Nagasaki to bring aid to our minister, and before these words meet the eyes of many of them, the marines from that warship will have landed at Taku, and if ice in the river does not prevent, will have gone by boat up the river to Tien-Tsin. Should they be obliged to march instead they will themselves be in extreme danger, as that part of the country is infested with Thugs. But safely reaching Tien-Tsin and the Monocacy, they will be immediately transported to Peking, where please God they arrive in time!

While the result of the struggle so far as actual warfare goes is not in doubt, the end of the war touching the civilization of Asia is a complex factor in the great historic problem of the last two centuries. There are indeed evidences of good things soon to come. As a changeless obstructor of any and all progress, the traditional China with its Madarin system, merciless, greedy, and altogether malign, must be broken up, the Peking government must be shredded into fragments. The hour of revolution on the divine calendar has struck. Japan is God's messenger of summons, His minister of justice. Europe is profoundly stirred. England is in serious alarm over vested interests, and Russia waits and watches. It is left to our nation to umpire the battle from neutral grounds. It is a rare privilege to stand by with reverent, generous sympathies and see the processes of providential interposition for the salvation of mankind.

It is right to give our sympathies as God's minister to China. For a like reason and with even greater reasonableness, we look to Russia for redress of the wrongs permitted by the "unspeakable Turk." The Armenian is not perfect. How could he be under such conditions of abuse and servitude! But the possibilities of civilization in the old cradle of the race are neither with the Kurds nor with the Ottoman masters of Asia Minor. If there is to be regeneration and rehabilitation of those regions, the experience of missionaries and diplomats pronounces the Armenian to be the last remaining native element of hope. Jeal-

ousy of Russia bas led to distrust of her interference in behalf of the non-Mussulman peoples of the trans-Caucasian realm. But what she has done already by way of redemption of the lands north and south of the mountains (as powerfully told in the Evening Post of Wednesday last) should teach us to be guarded in our judgments and to lay aside our fears. Protection for the Armenians must come directly from the head, civil and political, of the Greek Church. Christians of all lands and creeds should admit the facts and encourage the natural outcome. He who guided Cyrus for the overthrow of Babylon, calls Nicholas the Second to right the terrible wrongs done up to this late day around the headsprings of the Euphrates.

In congratulating the young Czar on his accession to power and his marriage the citizens of this republic are singularly united in their sympathies and hopes concerning the empire. All the sentiment roused by the liberation of the serfs by Alexander as by the manumission of our slaves, is once more actively presaging and promoting the possible advance of Russia to a stable and liberal government, and a beneficent conquest and development of her rightful share of Central Asia. The "revenges of time" are wonderful. They spell out syllables of divine judgment and adjudication. Russia for centuries was under the heel of the "Golden Khans." To-day she is called to redeem the homesteads of Genghis and of Timour from the desolation of the desert and the ravage of unconquered, countless tribes of robbers. It is a mighty task, a holy and momentous mission. Let us bid her Godspeed. We have often been forced to judge her hardly; now it is becoming, and it is her right, that we hold out a band of helpfulness by our moral support and cheer, while the great nation toils at the stupendous task are common Father has laid upon her. These are high days of progress. For good, no doubt, two great nations are ruled by young men.

It is evident that Germany does not contemplate with satisfaction the cordial understanding that now seems to exist between Russia and England. Not so much because of the possible results in the East, though the German papers are kindly warning England that she will get the worst of it in that quarter if she enters into alliance with Russia; but because the European situation will be very much disturbed by such an alliance. It will certainly not be convenient to Germany to have the European status quo disturbed just now. The Kaiser has quite enough on his hands for the moment in dealing with the Socialists, with whom the Clericals and the anti-Semites seem to be ready to unite in opposition to the anti-Socialistic measures which are soon to be introduced in the Reichstag. Of course the Clericals are not Socialists; but they see their opportunity in almost any coalition which shall force a dissolution of the Reichstag.

The strong anti-Socialist feeling naturally awakened in France and Italy by the assassination of Carnot and other crimes which properly or improperly are very naturally laid at the door of the Socialists, seems likely to result in legislative methods so severe as to endanger a reaction. However natural the existing state of feeling in these countries, for which there is as much reason, though from very different cause, as for the anti-Socialist feeling in Germany, it is earnestly to be hoped that such wisdom may be given to the legislators of all these countries as will avert the disturbances which now seem quite possible.

Few legislative bodies have had a more dis-

couraging task before them than the one which came together last Monday. Duty, however difficult in itself, is easy when it is performed in the presence of those who sympathize; but with public favor so strongly turned against the party now in power, it will be difficult indeed for them to put much heart into their work. And yet it ought not to be impossible. There is opportunity yet for the Fifty-third Congress to do good service to this country; there is opportunity even for the party now in disfavor to show that it contains many loyal and faithful public servants. True, it is hardly possible that many measures of far-reaching significance can be carried through in the last session of this Congress; it will hardly be wise for many such measures to be introduced. But there are some things that must be done, chief among them the taking of measures to meet the existing deficit, and these will furnish a noble opportunity for good and faithful, and even for distinguished work.

Looking back to the time when every one of President Cleveland's public utterances was received with strong approval by wise men of all political parties as the utterances of one who thought soundly and clearly on all public questions and put his thoughts into dignified and cogent English—looking back to that time and reading the message just sent to Congress, the difference is very striking. The Message shows the effect of the recent revulsion, not so much in what it says or leaves unsaid as in its colorlessness and lack of vigor. The greater part of it is such a review of the past year as almost any one might have made from news paper clippings—accurate enough and sufficiently wide in scope, but with no flavor of personality, no impulse as from one at the fountain head of knowledge and authority. Some of the positions taken are excellent—the recommendations in view of the Department reports, especially that of army officers as Indian agents, the condemnation of the differential duties in favor of refined sugar, and the repeal of that extra duty on bounty-paid sugar which has caused some adverse action and much hard feeling in Germany. Excellent also is the recommendation of larger supplies for the navy, and especially good the treatment of the present financial situation. The President's recommendations in this particular are said to meet with warm approval in banking circles, and it is to be hoped that they will be carried out without hindrance. But taken as a whole, the message is so far other—we do not say lower—in tone than any former utterance of President Cleveland, as to show far more forcibly than words could say, how profoundly he feels the criticism which the country has lately passed upon the party of which he has always been one of the most worthy representatives, and upon which he has more than once shed lustre.

It is a matter of high significance that Father Ducey has decided, in spite of the distinct prohibition of his Archbishop, to appear at the Lexow examinations and lend his aid and countenance to the effort to purify our city government. By this act he distinctly takes the ground that the obligation of citizenship takes rank before the obligation of churchmanship. Not, indeed, that political duty or any other duty comes before religious duty, but that political duty is religious duty, that for the performance of the duties of citizenship he is responsible, as for the acts of private morality, directly to God and not to any intermediary. The decision involves more than appears on the surface. Taken in connection with Archbishop Ireland's visit here to lend aid in defeating Tammany at the polls, and the Archbishop's open disapproval of that act, it is big with future portent.



### HELPFUL CHRISTIANS.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler

"Ask Deacon White; he can do it; he is always ready to do any good thing." This was a current formula in the church that I was permitted to serve for thirty years. If any special job of usefulness was required, he was the man on whose broad and benevolent shoulders the load was pretty sure to be laid. He had earned a good reputation for promptness, for unselfishness, and for never complaining of being made a pack-horse. He was the staff of life to the prayer-meeting on a rainy night, for he was always sure to be there. His conscience never consulted either thermometer or barometer. He was a prime favorite with all those who like to see things done and are not themselves very nimble at doing them. He was a perfect pattern of the helpful Christian.

What is the secret of the usefulness of such people? It is not their wealth. Rich people are sometimes too much occupied with their own business to devote time or personal attention to others. It is not their genius. The geniuses are sometimes very dangerous characters in the pulpit, and are often balky and eccentric when harnessed into the lay labors of any church. The helpful Christians are commonly men and women of moderate means, moderate talents, and modest deportment; their only genius is a genius for godliness. Talking is not always their forte; but working is. They have a holy knack at it. Philip, Gaius, Dorcas, Onesiphorus, Lydia, Aquila, and Luke all belonged to this guild. They left others to do the shouting; it was their province to do the sturdy lifting. Probably a large proportion of the best workers in the Apostolic churches are never mentioned at all by name in the New Testament. It is only now and then that a modest Harlan Page or an Eliza Fletcher finds a biographer to tell to the world the story of their useful lives. The vast majority of the best lives and the best deeds that our Lord delights to look upon will never be put into print. But they will read beautifully when the "books are opened" on the last great day.

The secret of usefulness with the helpful Christians is that they are so unselfish. In this foremost grace of Bible religion they copy Jesus Christ. He pleased not Himself; He came not to be ministered unto, but to wait on others. He was among His disciples as "one that serveth." Helper is not a name so often given to our compassionate Lord Jesus, but he deserves it as truly as that more frequent and adorable name of "Saviour."

The unselfishness of the modest, helpful people makes them willing to do the hard work and the obscure work, and often the disagreeable work for the solid satisfaction of doing good. If they invite an impenitent friend to a prayer-meeting, or talk with him about the interests of his soul, they are listened to with respect for their sincerity. When they say a few words in a social meeting their words weigh a pound apiece, for behind their lips there stands a noble, consistent life. They are the mainstay of their church in times of revival; they are too solid to volatilize into mere excitement. It is not brain-power that gives them weight; it is heart power. They love Jesus and they love their fellow-men, and this gives them a prodigious momentum. They move others by it. They constitute the most effective force in all our churches. Sadder and more loving tears I have never dropped over a coffin than when I looked into the silent face of that noble and unselfish helper whose right hand is now for the first time motionless.

For the good man whose career has been the text for this practical article, and whom I present as a model for all Christian workers has just departed to his rest and his glorious reward. Gilbert H. White was one of the dearest friends I ever had; he was about the most guileless and unselfish man I ever knew. Thirty-seven years ago he called on me, during my ministry in New York, a perfect stranger, and told me that my sermon had awakened him that day, and he asked for counsel. He decided at once for Christ, and was baptized a few Sabbaths afterwards in Market-street Church. We soon elected him to the office of deacon, and by that title he was called to the end of his life. When I removed to Brooklyn to lay the foundations of Lafayette-avenue Church, he accompanied me, and on the early history of that great church he made his indelible mark. In the Board of Elders he has served faithfully for nearly thirty years. There are thousands of people over in New York who knew Deacon White as the receiver of water rents in the "Croton Department" of Public Works. He has handled millions of dollars of public money, and not a dime of it ever stuck to his honest fingers. On the twenty-third of November, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, this faithful servant of Christ was caught up suddenly—without a pain or a pang—to meet the Master he loved, and was surprised into the glories of heaven.

The number of such helpful Christians might be increased immensely. Thousands hardly ask the questions—What was I made for? How can I help somebody? Where am I needed? We cannot all be rich, or eloquent, or cultured, but we can all be fellow-helpers with our Lord. To prepare for such a life of usefulness as my beloved brother led, the best prayer is that God would help us to kill our selfishness and to consecrate what is left to the blessed purpose of living for others. It will hardly be heaven if we can find no one there whom we helped to get there.

### HENRY MARTYN STORRS, D.D. LL.D.

It is with a singular sense of loss that we write of one who, from early admiration rather than ripened intimacy, has become closely knit to the very best things of life. Traditions of President Charles B. Storrs of Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio, who died young, with a promise of far more than he lived to fulfill, were very fresh in the later forties, and among our older classmen were those who had felt his strong touch and spoke of his manly grace and his spiritual power. Naturally his brilliant son, then in Andover Seminary, was an object of interest to the whole college society, and there was a measure of pride in the Western school with which he was never connected otherwise than through his father, when the Eastern institutions bestowed upon him their well-earned honors.

It was in the early sixties, each of us having a Commencement appointment at Marietta College, that the writer of this tribute first made a personal acquaintance with the man who had been one of his earliest college ideals. Our friendship so begun continued to the end, one of those things assured, complete from the beginning, which was taken for granted on both sides on all occasions, however widely apart, without formality or introductory speech or any intermediate intercourse. Later, when we had both drifted up against the Orange Mountain, only a mile apart, the old relations continued unchanged. To-day, while the last rites are preparing in his home and at his church, it seems as if something rich and rare was going out of life. For, such intimacies, unaffected by time, are indeed rare in this overbusy age, and relations with

such a man as Henry Storrs have a value that are really beyond price.

For the last twelve years Dr. Storrs had been the pastor of one of our large churches, an enlightened and inspiring leader, yet he was just as much a power in the Congregational brotherhood, from which he came to ours. His place there was always assured. So broad were his sympathies, so fair his judgments, so charitable his differences, so uniformly right his decisions, that he was always a safe counsellor and a most valued helper in any crisis demanding prudence, wisdom, zeal, and uprightness. He was at once orthodox and liberal, a man like our lamented Hitchcock: "Not narrow like the lightning, but broad like the light."

These lines of personal tribute, penned in the first hours of bereavement, may serve to show the man as he came near to the inner circles of those around him. They will serve as an expression of a sentiment shared by hundreds as the tidings of his death first breaks the "precious box" of remembrance in our human hearts. Central in all our impressions of his manhood is the idea of illumination. His spirit was sunshine. You found the shadows only because of the light. His speech, seasoned with grace of culture, sparkled with a native wit and a delicate humor. In the pulpit, on the platform, he commanded and was always gladly accorded an intent and interested hearing. In private his conversation was delightful. A few months ago a temporary failure of his voice gave the writer an opportunity to take his pulpit for an evening and to pass a night under his roof. That last long conference we must continue on the other shore. It will be quite in keeping, we think, with the new surroundings. For, as another of our friends, like Storrs in much, the late George Bacon, said as he neared the end: "It will be only the opening of a door into another room." That comforts us. They will meet us in the old way. We shall need no preliminary speech. We shall know as we are known. And there shall be no more death! R. A. S.

### THE REV. E. E. DAVIDSON.

Dear Evangelist: It may be of interest to some of the Church to hear a word of the work of the Rev. E. E. Davidson, evangelist, during the month of October. Four churches united, the Baptist, Presbyterian, and two Methodist, continuing services four weeks. It now appears that about 200 will be added to the several churches as one result. But one of the most valuable results was the general mellowing of the religious soil in all our churches.

Mr. Davidson (as many of our pastors can testify) is utterly free from sensationalism, is conservative in methods, Scriptural, earnest, affectionate, inoffensive to taste, refined in expression, manifestly sincere, and bent upon a thorough work and a spiritual type of piety. He is a much stronger preacher than when here ten years ago, and yet then won the personal love of all. His talk, mostly to mothers and young ladies, on cards and dancing, was most wisely ordered and effected many changes of views and of practice. Such evangelistic work as he does is good, and only good in its influence—a most helpful adjunct to pastoral nurture. Very truly, JAMES H. TAYLOR.

ROME, N. Y., December, 1894.

The Rev. J. Evarts Weed died in Lansing, Mich. Nov. 23d. He was born at Union Mission, Arkansas Territory, in 1831 and was graduated at Marietta College and Lane Theological Seminary. His ministry was in Marysville, Monroeville and Toledo, Ohio, and in Lansing, Michigan.



ALASKA, THE GREAT AMERICAN  
ARCHIPELAGO. VIII.

## PUGET SOUND.

Seattle and Tacoma.—Commerce with Asia.

It would be a sad come-down for pilgrims to the Pacific if they should find an abrupt change on leaving Alaska: if the bold scenery should suddenly become flat and tame: if the mountains should sink down to bills; and at last "die away," as if the soft murmurs of the sea had put to sleep the restless spirit of the volcano, and the low-lying, sandy beach should be as smooth and unbroken as the ocean in a calm. That tameness belongs more to our Eastern coast, along which one may sail for a thousand miles without seeing a mountain, or seeing it only in the distance. On the Atlantic the mountains keep in the background, as if they were afraid to show their heads, or encroach upon the mighty deep, or even to look down upon it with a haughty crest. The land seems to bow down to the water, as if it humbly asked the waves to dash over it, and literally drown it in the depths of the sea.

But on the Pacific all this is reversed. It is given to the land to assert the majesty of nature. Power is enthroned on the mountain tops. Not only is a mountain chain always in sight as one sails along the coast, but they crowd one upon another, pushing forward to the verge of the Continent, presenting a mountain wall like that of the Himalayas, only that the latter runs East and West, cutting off the Peninsula of India from Central Asia; while in the Western Hemisphere it spans the Equator in one continuous chain from Mount Saint Elias to the Andes of South America.

And so we found that coming back from Alaska was not a descent, but only passing from glory to glory. The first cry of "land"—that is, of land in the United States—was at the sight of Mount Baker, with its bead crowned with snow. Touching at Victoria seemed like coming home, for here we got our letters, and were again in communication with the world we had left behind. And even of Victoria itself, the second sight was better than the first, as it renewed and intensified the former impression. Victoria has the double outlook assigned to the old Greek battle plain:

"The mountains look on Marathon,  
And Marathon looks on the sea";

only that here the mountains and the sea are not separated, but are parts of one whole (for the mountains divide the seas and the seas divide the mountains) forming one glorious panorama that stretches all round the horizon.

From Victoria it is but an hour or two's sail across the Straits of Fuca, and as it was just at evening, the sun, that was going down in the Pacific, lighted up the Olympic Range, making a scene such as I had not looked upon since I saw the Bernese Oberland in Switzerland.

In the evening we touched at Port Townsend, and though there was nothing romantic in going ashore for half an hour and being "on the docks," yet it gave us a home feeling to be under the old flag again, a feeling that was increased the next morning when we found ourselves lying alongside the wharf at Seattle.

Seattle? Ah yes! I had heard the name before, and that was the beginning and the end of my intelligence. But when I went on deck to take a first view from the water, I perceived that it was not exactly like the "ports" in Alaska, where the "shipping" is chiefly Indian canoes, but that it was in truth a city, and "no mean city" either, with wharves at which ships and steamers were loading and unloading, with all the signs of a busy, bustling population. Such surprises come rather fre-

quently on this coast, and I find that the best way to get knowledge is to begin by confessing ignorance, and opening our eyes very wide to see and our ears to listen; and I frankly "own up" that I went ashore at Seattle knowing absolutely nothing about it but the name! And I should have come away not much wiser, or at least with but a partial and limited acquaintance, but for the courtesy of a gentleman whom we met on the "Queen," who lives here, and who in an hour after we touched the wharf, appeared with his carriage, drawn by spirited horses, with which he whirled us about the city in a few hours, and gave us a "realizing sense" of what it is now, and what it will be in the future, which I could not have got in weeks, groping about alone.

We did not need to go far to observe the way in which it is built, wherein it is in contrast with most Western cities (at least for the first years of their existence), when the streets are ill paved, if paved at all; with cheap frame houses. But Seattle is a city which "hath foundations." The streets are well paved, and as we drove into the centre of business, we looked about with surprise at the massive public buildings, as well as the banks and stores. This solid architecture it owes to a fire, which five years ago laid its business quarter in ashes. At the moment it seemed as if the city had been swept out of existence, and could never rise again. But, as in the case of Chicago, what appeared to be its greatest calamity proved its greatest blessing. The indomitable spirit of the people rose above disaster, and the city that rose out of the ashes was far more solid and far more beautiful than its predecessor. As we were about to extend our drive, in and out of the town, we had the good fortune to find Dr. Allison, and "laid hold on him," and forced him to come up into the chariot and keep us company. He took us to see his own large and beautiful church, in which he fully expects to receive the General Assembly when next it holds its annual gathering on the Pacific. Seattle is a city of churches, of different denominations, all of which would join heartily to welcome the great Presbyterian Sanhedrim. But when shall these things be? Not next year, nor the year after. But we may hope that it will be before this century has expired. And may we be there to see!

Nor did Dr. Allison fail to point out the site of the coming "University," in which he interested a good many friends at the East a year or two since, to which the late Mr. Elliot F. Shepard and other generous givers contributed. The site is magnificent—a bold headland overlooking Puget Sound—a position as commanding as that of Robert College on the Bosphorus, though the University is not yet in possession. It has started modestly in a town in the interior, where its beginnings are small, but not a bit smaller than were those of Harvard and Yale: and by and bye, when it takes possession of its Hill of Zion, and all its "lamps" of science and philosophy are "trimmed and burning," it will be a Lighthouse of Learning that will cast its rays far and wide along the shores of the Pacific.

But this is not the only commanding site in the surroundings of Seattle. The city is girdled with hills. This "lay of the land" would be the despair of road-makers, who should wish to lay out a city four-square, with the streets all running at right angles, and on a level surface. And yet it is this very irregularity which offers to architects and landscape gardeners the opportunity to produce their most beautiful effects. In this morning's drive we came abruptly on many a high place that would be a fitting site for a stately mansion, with a lookout over land and sea; with many a quiet nook nestled in the recesses of the

hills, where a poet or painter or scholar might shut himself in from the world, and "dream dreams" as if he were in some like nest on the shores of the Bay of Naples.

After a drive of four hours we were not sorry for a noonday rest at the Rainier House, which from the hill-top commands a view of miles up and down Puget Sound, and to the mountains on the West, where the sun goes down.

But the sun is not down yet, and our work is but half done. "When you go to Seattle," said a friend, "do not fail to see Washington Lake." But it is several miles out of town. Yet for all these difficulties a way is provided, for electric cars or cable cars are running everywhere, not only through the streets, but up hill and down dale with a swiftness that almost takes one's breath away, and in half an hour we were looking into the placid face of a sheet of water as beautiful as ever was embosomed in the hills. And when we reluctantly turned our backs upon it, it was only to take another long ride to another lake, with a grove on its border, where parties from the city camp in the shade, or skim the water in their light "shells," forgetting all the hard labor, and all the folly and the sin, of this weary and wicked world.

But all things have an end; the day so rich in sights and experiences left us but an hour to finish our last view, and reach the boat that left for Tacoma.

It is but thirty miles from Seattle to Tacoma, so that they may be spoken of as sister cities; yet even sisters are sometimes jealous of each other, though both should be "passing fair" to the eye of a stranger; and indeed it sometimes happens that the more beautiful they are, the more jealous they are. To this strange law of contraries, these two fair sisters are no exception. Of course, I am not going to take the side of either, especially when I can in all sincerity praise both. It is said that Daniel Webster, when asked which play of Shakspeare he liked the best, answered, "The one I have read last," and such would very likely be the impression upon a stranger here that his preference, if he could have one at all, would be for that which he had seen last, and which therefore remained freshest in his memory. For my part I can say truly

"How happy should I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away."

Tacoma is more of an Eastern city, as it was started by Eastern enterprise (when it was fixed upon as the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad), built largely by Eastern capital, and settled by Eastern people. Its position is very much like that of Seattle, on a hillside rising in terraces one above another, along which are hundreds of beautiful homes, not very costly, as if built for show, but in excellent taste, each standing in the centre of a plot of ground, where the green lawn, with flowers and shrubbery, make the most beautiful setting for a home; and each commanding an outlook over land and sea as charming to the eye as any on the Hudson, or along the New England Coast. This home-feeling was increased by the sight now and then of a face which brought back the associations of other years. Here walked into the Tacoma House Mr. S. P. Holmes, of the old firm of Bowen, McNamee and Company in New York, who had long been its European correspondent, living for years in Paris. How long ago it was that I knew him, I am afraid to tell; but now he has not only returned to America, but to its Western coast, where he finds the air and the climate softer than in our rugged East. But though he has "changed his skies, he has not changed his heart"; he is as gentle in manners as in the old days, and gave me the same warm grasp of the hand, and took



me about the town and to the environs, to show me how beautiful it all was. And then the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce took me in hand to show me some of the public buildings. The Court House is a structure that would be an ornament to any city, East or West. Not the least pleasant room in it was in an upper story devoted to an Art School, furnished with the ancient statues, such as the Dying Gladiator, and copies of the great masters; where a dozen or twenty young ladies were busy with their pencils, but all hushed and quiet, since no one speaks above a whisper, so absorbed are they in their beautiful art.

But with all these attractions, I found the people of Tacoma a good deal depressed. Its sudden growth gave it a great boom, and it was now experiencing a reaction, and they were very despondent, as if it would not recover from the setback in years; to which I answered: "Nonsense! Every city has its booms and its setbacks: I have seen a dozen in New York in the forty years that I have lived there. Look at Chicago! When it had the great fire, people thought it had gone up in smoke, but it rose out of its ashes, not only more beautiful, but richer and stronger than ever, till now it is the second city on the continent, and may yet be the first!"

After all these excursions were over, as the evening came on, I sat on the broad verandah of the Hotel, which looks out upon Puget Sound, and tried to sum up the impressions of the day, and think whereunto this city might grow. As we came up to the wharf the evening before, I had noticed a large steamship lying alongside, which was bound for China! whereupon I gave a peremptory judgment on the folly of such preparation for a commerce that did not exist! "Commerce with China!" There is no commerce (except in tea, and that could easily be carried in a few ships), nor for that matter with all Eastern Asia. When I crossed the Pacific in 1876, we sailed on and on for sixteen days, and did not see a single sail till just as we were entering the Golden Gate! Since then there has sprung up a little trade with Japan, but chiefly in nicknacks and lacquer ware! "What do you want of ships?" I asked almost indignantly, "when you have nothing to buy and nothing to sell? Is it that you want to throw away your money? Well, the Pacific Ocean is big enough to hold it all, where your wealth will be literally drowned in the depths of the sea!"

After this explosion, I must confess that I felt rather cheap when the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce answered mildly that there had sprung up a great trade on the Pacific, in which there was now an exchange of products, and that, instead of being merely importers, we were now exporters; that instead of these great ships going empty, "they could not carry the freights that were pressed upon them." "And what do you export?" I asked. "WHEAT!" "Ah, indeed? why that is a revelation to me. That is a new diet for John Chinaman. When I was in his country, he did not even know the taste. If you had seen, as I have in the shops of Canton, half a dozen men sitting round one small table, plying their chopsticks in a single bowl that answered for all, you would see that rice, and not bread, is the staff of life. But now at last poor John Chinaman is to have a 'square meal' of American bread!" That does not seem to be saying much, but it is saying a great deal. Good food is the first condition of good health, and good health tends to good morals. Now that this export has begun, it is not likely to be stopped even by war; indeed the demand may be increased; and with this improved physical condition, with better food to eat, there may be a general "betterment" in other ways, brighter and happier homes, so

that at last we may say for poor old China that the kingdom of heaven draweth nigh!

H. M. F.

#### PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Mr. Franklin L. Sheppard presided at the meeting of the Social Union last Monday evening. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. The guests were not all Presbyterians. On one side of the President sat Bishop Whitaker of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and on the other Bishop Foss of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The principal business of the meeting was the report of the Outlook Committee, in answer to a resolution adapted at a former meeting: "As Christians and good citizens what ought we to do to aid in the reformation of the morally dark sections of our city?" The Committee entered with considerable detail into the moral condition of certain sections of the city, and suggested a plan of action as follows:

"First. The organization of what they suggest might be called 'The Christian League,' to be incorporated and composed of at least two persons from every evangelical church in our city, clergy and laity. There should be a central office, with superintendent and clerical help, sufficient to attend to all details of the work required. The work of the League to consist in establishing mission chapels in needy localities, cooperating, it may be, with some already in operation; the chapels to be plainly, but most thoroughly equipped; Gospel services to be held simple and earnest, Jesus Christ to be presented as the holy Saviour of sinful men. In connection with chapels there should be reading-rooms and libraries, gymnasiums, baths, manual training schools, sewing and cooking schools, kindergartens, evening schools, lectures and entertainments for spiritual and temporal improvement.

"Second. The Christian League, through its chapel workers and others, could assist in placing many children in country and other homes, and might erect suitable buildings away from the city where they could be properly trained.

"Third. Would there not be a power to aid in the preservation of the Sabbath as God's holy day, and it may be to prevent improper legislation?

"Fourth. Might not a Christian League, large in numbers and influence, through its having a home in many of the towns and cities of the State, by petition to the Legislature and by other methods, aid in preserving, and it may be enlarging the amount of good done, through proper laws regulating the liquor traffic, suppressing vile and trashy literature, indecent posters and pictures, improving the condition of wretched and overcrowded tenement-houses, aiding in a better feeling between landlords and tenants. The time may come when such a Christian League, through its representatives, could act as arbitrator between capital and labor, for in this direction it looks as though we may have difficulty.

"Fifth. Might it not be of great advantage to cities that a Christian League, learning, through its many agencies and members, the special needs of certain neighborhoods, and then by special committees of conference with the authorities—mayor and heads of departments—should devise for good to the people?

"The Committee recommends that a committee of twenty members of the Presbyterian Social Union be appointed by the President for the purpose of inviting representatives from all evangelical denominations to a conference for the purpose of considering the advisability of forming a corporation to be called 'The Christian League' for organizing Chris-

tian work in needy parts of our city, and to cooperate with such Christian societies as may desire."

The discussion which followed showed that the facts and suggestions had made a deep impression on the members and guests.

A delightful service was held last Wednesday evening at Bethany Church, the occasion being in the nature of an inauguration of the ministers in charge. As already announced, the Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D.D., has become minister in charge of Bethany for one year. With him are associated as assistants the Rev. George Van Deurs and the Rev. James M. Farr. There could be no formal installation, as the brethren are not called as pastors, but there were cordial words spoken by several friends. Mr. Wanamaker presided and said many good things in his introductory remarks. The writer of this letter, as a former Bethany pastor, had a few words of greeting. Brief words were spoken also by the Rev. Dr. M. B. Grier of The Presbyterian, the Rev. Dr. W. C. Cattell of the Board of Ministerial Relief, and the Rev. Dr. H. A. Nelson of The Church at Home and Abroad. Dr. Dickey and the other pastors responded in a few fitting words. The whole service was impressive. Great good is expected in the year of work upon which pastors and people have entered. It is a great field, with splendid opportunities. The motto of Bethany is always "Forward." The Sunday-school building is yet in the hands of workmen who have not completed the enlargements undertaken during the summer. A new basement room has been prepared which will hold one thousand chairs. Besides this, charges are being made in other parts of the building which will add room for several hundreds more in the school. All this suggests the spirit which is in the workers at Bethany. J. R. MILLER.

#### "WESTWARD THE STAR OF EMPIRE" ETC.!

Dr. Arthur J. Brown of Portland, Oregon, recently preached a Home Mission sermon to his congregation, the immediate cash value of which was \$1,000 to the Board. Many members of the congregation, having been previously informed that it was Home Mission day, filled out their pledge cards at home and brought them to church with them. Dr. Brown's sermon, however, so stirred them that many tore up their pledges and wrote out new ones for double or treble the amount.

Enough instances of this kind have become known to warrant us in saying that the discourse added a little over \$1,000 to the offering which would otherwise have been made. The total collection was \$1,600, and in addition to this, one lady member offers to pay, through the Woman's Executive Committee, all the expenses of a young lady missionary to the Mountain Whites, so that the aggregate will be nearly \$2,500!

Secretary Cowan makes a brief but very emphatic appeal for the Freedmen on page 26. A collection for this good cause is in order in all our churches and during this closing month of the year. We trust that a larger number of churches will respond than ever, thus making up for any falling off in amount on the part of our more wealthy congregations, due to their lessened ability and the increase of the needy on every hand. The effort to uplift the Freedmen by sound religious and helpful practical instruction was never more important than at the present time. Our Freedmen's Board has done well in the past and now is the time for the churches to assure its success for the months to come. Its schools ought not to be curtailed in number or efficiency, but increased in both particulars.



## The Evangelist

### A SUGGESTION STRICTLY PRIVATE.

To whomsoever these presents come, Greeting:  
Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, Sister, Brother.

If perchance, when you open this paper, you should feel a little cast down, a little disposed to look on the dark side of things; to grieve over the past, that will not come back; and to be despondent about the future, which looks dark and troubled; turn over to pages 15 and 16, and read the Thanksgiving Sermon of Dr. van Dyke. You may think a sermon hard reading, but this one is not. It begins in a tone, not only of cheerfulness, but almost of pleasantry, as it discourses of such familiar topics as baseball and the weather—subjects that are not indeed the most edifying for the worship of the Sabbath, but that may be touched upon lightly, and yet soberly, on the day set apart for household gatherings and festivities, for family meetings and greetings, when we sit about the evening fires and talk of everything.

Having thus touched the chords of sympathy, and brought us into his own mood of reflection, the preacher leads us on softly, as if we were walking across a velvet lawn, turning hither and thither, and at last pausing, as if sitting down under a tree, to think and talk, not sadly, but soberly, of the changes of life, of which we are so tenderly reminded by the departing year. We have all had our joys, but, alas! we have had our sorrows also, sorrows that we cannot recall without overflowing tears. Nor should we try to keep them back, for perhaps the very lives that are ended have been so rich and so full of blessings to us and to others that a sweet fragrance abides in their very memory; a benediction floats in upon us from those "lips of air."

"Oh, though often sad and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died."

So far, then, from shunning sober reflections on Thanksgiving Day, they are the very ones that we should cherish and cultivate, as the fountains of our deepest joy, and the reasons for our most fervent gratitude.

All this is suggested by a Sermon that was good to hear, and is good to read; and if others will follow our example, and read it more than once, our word for it they will find their hearts growing soft and tender. Tears may start to the eyes, but, after all sad reflections and sad forebodings, will be the supreme assurance that life, which is the gift of God, is an immeasurable blessing. Whatever the griefs and sorrows of the year, we all have abundant reason, as we draw towards its close, for acknowledging the loving-kindness of the Lord in all the way that He has led us, and bowing in humble gratitude to Almighty God with deep, fervent resolves to live better, more earnest and useful, and therefore more happy lives, in the year that is soon to open.

The Columbia Theological Seminary, at Columbia, S. C., suffered much during the war from loss of funds, but despite all reverses it has remained the leading theological school of the Southern Church. Dr. Thornwell, and others only less distinguished have taught theology there, but just now, if we catch the import of sundry paragraphs, their storied seat is likely to become vacant. And this is not all of the situation, nor perhaps the most interesting item of it, but the fact that the name of the Rev. Prof. Watts of the Assembly's College, Belfast, is mentioned as a

possible successor of these our great Southern lights of other days. The Southern Presbyterian of Clinton, N. C., is however, not well affected in view of such possibility. It names three Columbia graduates who have done good service in another seminary and raises the plaint: "But there is no Columbia man good enough to fill a chair in his own institution! With all respect for Dr. Watts, we say candidly, that we would greatly prefer to see a home man in the seminary, even to such an 'Orthodoxus orthodoxorum' as Dr. Watts. Graft a Belfast professor on the old Calvinistic, Thornwellian, Girardeauan stock of that chair, and there will be heresy trials in the air with the beginning of the twentieth century. Send us something fresher from over the sea!"

### TWO COLLEGE PRESIDENTS.

On Sunday last Dr. Raymond, the President of Union College, occupied the pulpit of the Madison Square Church (Dr. Parkhurst being still taking a rest at Lakewood) to the gratification of all who heard him. He spoke without notes, and yet with an ease and fluency that never hesitated for a word, and showed himself to be at the same time one of the most graceful and most effective preachers in our Presbyterian pulpit. One could not hear him without feeling how admirably he is fitted for the post that he now occupies. There is something in his very presence that is so open and manly that it must take the hearts of young men, and we shall be greatly disappointed if he does not prove to be one of the most popular College Presidents in the country.

It is a singular coincidence that two College Presidents should capture two of our New York audiences, for Dr. Stryker, the President of Hamilton College, has taken the West Presbyterian Church by storm. Such is the enthusiasm that he has created, both in the church and the congregation, that, while looking "all round the horizon" for a minister, all agree that they would give him an unanimous call, if he would accept. But Dr. Stryker and Dr. Raymond both have entered into their College work with such enthusiasm that no inducement, pecuniary or otherwise, can draw either of them away.

The Denver Republican of November 27th contains a formal document, praying the authorities to reopen the gambling houses of the city, and setting forth that buildings are tenantless and "a large amount of money is kept from coming into the city of Denver and being put into circulation by reason of such closing," and that trade is lessened. That such a request should have been preferred is quite remarkable, but that its first signers should be the "First National Bank," and the second the "American National Bank," is most remarkable of all. Just what would become of the city of Denver but for its women in this exigency, is not apparent. They have come right to the rescue, addressing the Honorable Fire and Police Department, to which bodies the petition was presented, in the most emphatic terms of protest, confessing their "overwhelming sorrow and shame" that such a stigma upon the fair name of Denver should have been possible as this proposed removal of the condemnation of law against the most wicked and demoralizing of practices.

The Presbytery of Genesee held a Home Missionary conference at the Presbyterian church in Le Roy on Tuesday of the present week. The Rev. Lewis Haas of Rochester, Rev. John C. Long of North Bergen, Rev. Leonard W. A. Luckey, Ph.D., of Castile and Rev. J. E. Lynn of Bergen were the speakers.

If we may not be entirely hopeful as we look over the world, is it wiser to despair? There is a moan about "wars and rumors of wars," as if these and the "earthquakes in divers places" were but presages of greater woes and darker sorrows. The pessimist in human affairs is always a burden for brave men to bear; but the pessimist in the Church of God is a serious offender and merits reproof which should be outspoken and decisive. The man who "despairs of the world" into which Christ has come, over which the Spirit bovers, is an unbeliever. He who for any theory or pet conception of his calls the Church of God a failure, is a calumniator of wiser men and hinderer of humane methods and endeavor. It is one thing to lie on one's face and cry to heaven, but it is another and a better thing to stand on one's feet and face the seas and ford the river as the way divinely opens. Evangelization is not a matter of dollars and cents. Proclamation and prayer are good, but patiently, wisely, hopefully, daily working toward the new kingdom is the Christian's supreme duty to-day as it has been since the days of John and Paul. There is no mistake in the providence of God. The kingdom cometh truly. But the world is better, holier, happier every day up to that final day when earth receives her King.

### LETTER FROM BISHOP POTTER.

We have received many kind words on crossing the line of forty years of service in editorial work, but none which has touched us more than the following from the head of the Episcopal Church in New York. In explanation of the first sentence, it should be said that the Scribners have just issued a second edition of THE BARBARY COAST, with a dedication that did not appear in the first edition, as the Bishop was then abroad. With this opening allusion, the writer goes on to say a few things that may gratify the readers of The Evangelist as truly as the one to whom the letter was addressed:

DIOCESAN HOUSE, 29 Lafayette Place,  
New York, November 27, 1894.

My dear Dr. Field: Your note and your book, with its inscription and dedication, came while I was away, and I wish you could know how deeply they have touched me. To have won affection and approval such as yours is the best earthly reward for any service that a man can have.

May I, while I am writing, add my congratulations to those of your hosts of friends on the completion of your fortieth year of service in connection with The Evangelist? To have stood fast, in these changeable days, for so long a time at a post so difficult and so exacting in its manifold demands, is itself an achievement of no small magnitude. But it is the smallest part of yours. You have lifted ecclesiastical journalism to a new plane. You have taught men to hate and abhor—not one another, however differing in opinion, but the *odium theologium*; you have united breadth of vision with loyalty to the essential truth; you have kept that open and candid mind which is the rarest charm of a Christian scholar; and, best of all, you have taught us all a sweet reasonableness of faith and charity, which are the best graces of a disciple of Christ. God bless you for so noble a ministry of the pen and of the life!

Ever your attached friend and brother,

HENRY C. POTTER.

The Rev. H. M. Field, D.D.



## THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.

By Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D.

The Indian summer left us on Thanksgiving Day. The sky was bright with a genial sunshine, but the wind was chilling in the shade, and we shrank from it, as a child shrinks from the touch of the hand or the cheek of one that is dead. Still the whole effect was to stimulate good cheer in the sunny rooms and around the glowing firesides. No day of earth is perfect without these gentle and compensative ministries of contrasted conditions. When we went out from the warm and bright interior scene, the night was also wonderfully instructive. The stars glowed above and the jewelled lights of the city and its suburbs gleamed below. The heavens seemed to have waked an echoing chorus of illuminations; the world was sending upward an answering thanksgiving brightness. The change came while men slept. When the morning broke it disclosed the stealthy snowflakes stealing one by one through the dimness of a darkening dawn. Growing bolder with the increasing light, they came in numbers that swiftly grew to clouds, and yet with a stillness that made you speak in whispers. One of the wonders of the snow, something that makes its first fall so singularly impressive, is its noiseless swoop down upon the world. Seen from a height or through distance, the white snowfall is darker and denser than any rainfall, yet there is no patter on the windows, no roar on the roof, only silence that seems relentless itself. When Napoleon had taken Moscow, he seemed to be master of the empire. But looking from the palace window he saw the first snow of a Russian winter trickling through the frosty air, and it is said that he shivered. Coming in that moment, one of his faithful marshals pointed to a snowflake on his uniform and said, "Sire, I fear this more than all the Russians." And he was right. The silent snow takes quiet possession of the world and becomes its master. It is water crystallized into a yet greater power. So when the Lord would humble all human pretensions to supremacy or to independent mastery of life, He simply lifts a corner of His robe, disclosing the tremendous reserves of His power in the simplest things that we daily meet. There is no question that fronts us with such unassailable might as that one put by one man to another when they argued the supremacy of might on the one hand and right on the other: "Hast thou entered into the treasuries of the snow?" We can fight the frosts for a time, but they are stronger than the whole race or wit of man. There is something we touch at every hour which is more than ourselves in its sphere. Who made it? If the things that are seen are so great, what must that Unseen be, of whom these things speak, and whom some men pretend or seem to ignore. If it is a fearful thing to perish in the snow, what must it be to fall into the vivid grasp of the living God, as an apotheosis of guilty dread!

But to come back to our first gently falling snow, it seems pathetic to see how the grass tries awhile to hide it and still look green and bright, as if it were only a shower, while the patient road submits at once and becomes a band of wintry white bordering our lawns and fields. The highway is instant in its submission, for it hopes for nothing. The grass has reserves of expectation; it will even grow under the snow. The souls of men are too often highways only. They are terribly practical, and when the snows come, they make the most of them. A slight sorrow an inch or so of disappointment affects them like a deluge. There is no God, they cry, or if there he, He has forgotten the world! But the humble grass blades, these quiet believers beside the

others, are not so cast down, because faith is life, and life is hope and joy and love. The snow of to day will melt; the cold of winter has summer's warmth behind it; hardship, defeat, trial, death itself, are "ministers of His" sent forth to educate our faith, to evoke our loving trust.

Two things brighten up the dark morning on which the first snow falls. They are the chirruping birds in the evergreens and the gleeful children who outbid the birds for the joys and sports of winter days. There was a log hut once in the midst of the "ten mile woods" which we passed in the long ago on a day when the first snow fell. There was a group at the door one often sees, yet this one we always see through the first snow of every winter that has come between. The man looked brave and determined. He meant no retreat. The woman was bowed down in quiet submission to her lot, loyal and loving, but her tears fell along with snow, while the child, their boy of five, was dipping his bare toes in the fleece like pile on the door sill and shouting with royal glee. Oh, brother, life is the same for us all; the differences are in our point of view. Sometimes it seems plain to us, that mystery which Jesus spoke, saying: Except ye become as little children ye cannot see the kingdom. Here they come already with the first snow to take their winter world, these shouting kings of the sled and skate! There is no delay, no doubt, no apprehensive abatement. Why not? Why should you weep and wait while they go right on with the times so full of rejoicing. Perhaps it is because you are no longer a child. You sing that song of Taylor, "Oh, a wonderful land is the 'Long Ago,'" and call it a lost Atlantis, an island buried in the River of Time. But that is man's immensist folly. The kingdom is still within. And the time to possess it is forever TO-DAY!

## AN EYE TO ECONOMY.

To-day's mail brought me The Presbyterian Journal of a quite recent week. Glancing through it, I was attracted to the leading editorial, entitled "Our Course," and signed "P." The opening sentences are unambiguous, and contain the theme of the article. All that follows is simply elaboration and confirmation. They are as follows: "The Presbyterian Journal can claim, without fear of contradiction, to have been, in the positions it has maintained editorially, the most reliable exponent of the Presbyterian Church. On all great questions its views have in the end proved to be the authoritative expressions of the General Assembly and the Presbyteries. Let some of the recent great questions be cited in proof of this." The same mail brought me a pamphlet entitled "Representation." It is a plea for a diminished and differently selected representation in the General Assembly. As the pamphlet is anonymous, I cannot directly address the author. Will The Evangelist permit me to use it as a medium for suggesting to the author that he might safely make his change more radical? Why have a General Assembly at all when we have a denominational organ which speaks *ex cathedra* for the Presbyterian Church? Why not constitute the retiring editor-in-chief of that paper our Presbyterian Pope—promise him implicit obedience, and be done with it? I submit that this would be a more economical scheme than the one he proposes. AN ECONOMICAL PRESBYTERIAN.

The Week of Prayer falls sufficiently late in January this year to quite escape the holiday season—the outside dates being January 6th and 13th. We shall give the programme of the Evangelical Alliance a little later on.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

There are trials peculiar to the ministry without doubt, but so there are precious compensations. One of the trials is to bear the ill will of bad men; one of the compensations is to know the sweetness and self-sacrifice that lie beneath many a life appearing to mere acquaintances bare and commonplace. Every minister who is the least bit of a poet, poet enough to comprehend principles and emotions that are noble, could furnish the romancist with scenes and characters as touching and as majestic as those which make up the greatest works of Thackeray or Victor Hugo. We happened upon such a story in real life the other day, one which has made the eye grow moist whenever we think of it; but the nearest neighbors of these brave disciples of Christ see no halo about the heads of those who have in the flower of youth given up their dearest ambitions and fondest hopes for the sake of others. But God knows, and it is one of the sweetest experiences of a pastor's life, that he is admitted to some of these confidences between God and the children of faith and love.

Mordecai sat at the gate of the palace of Ahasuerus, but in the lately published volume of travels by the Shah of Persia in nothing does the Oriental take more pleasure than in his visits to the mansion of the Rothschilds. For generations the mere mention of the East has called up to the mind visions of "barbaric gems and gold," but the magnificence of these Occidental Hebrew bankers seems to have made a profound impression upon the king of kings. Was it Dean Stanley or Dean Milman who said that the Jew is the miracle of history? When predictive prophecy declared this nation to be "chosen," selected for a marked and peculiar role, as it did some thousands of years ago, it said what seemed least likely to be true, but what has been most strangely fulfilled. The widest extent of the territory of the Hebrew monarchy was insignificant, but the race is indestructible. It has been crushed by every great nation in its turn, but has survived them all. To-day Mordecai is the host and Ahasuerus is the guest, and the Jew makes the Persian to feel his inferiority. It is a strange turn to the wheel of fortune, but we shall doubtless see stranger things than these before all the prophecies are fulfilled.

We hear a great deal about "abandoned farms," but why so little about abandoned factories? During a late ride of some hundreds of miles through several States, we were impressed by the fact that farming is not the only industry that "don't pay." We saw silent mills, smokeless furnaces, forges closed down, and manufactories of every description waiting for better times. Our friends in the country do not realize this, and the campaign orator does not dwell upon it, since the capitalist who is most concerned in it does not constitute his crowd. But if misery loves company, it may be well for the farmer contemplating his lessened harvests or diminished prices, to remember that there are thousands of stockholders in all forms of commercial industries that would be glad to exchange properties with him to-day. The "depression of agricultural interests" is a sorrowful fact, but not an isolated one. Can it be possible that the meaning of them all is that the "competitive" system of business is a mistake, and that the Christian way really has the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come?



### AMERICAN LITERATURE AND ITS EFFECTS UPON AMERICAN LIFE.

By the Rev. H. D. Jenkins, D.D.

The recent death of one who has occupied so conspicuous a place in our national literature as Dr. Holmes has done, turns our thoughts to the effect which American letters have had upon the development of our national character. We have been from the first a reading people. John Fiske says truly that no colonization of a country was ever carried out by such a picked body of men as the colonization of New England. Those who know only the Puritan from his hat and his collar do not know that when America was first settled the proportion of university graduates in America was greater than it was in the mother country. The Puritan was the founder of schools because he was the product of schools. And from the first America has been a nation of writers and of readers.

The first literature of our country drew its inspiration from the spirit of its founders, and took form from its environment. It was inevitable that it should be profound in its convictions, lofty in its aims, broad in its expression. At first, it is true, it was cast in the matrix of the old world, but it did not take long for those guiding its destiny to break that mould and throw the die away. Our later poets have not sung of Scotland's daisy or England's lark, but of our own rhodora that blossoms by the Concord and of our mocking bird that sings beside the James.

American literature has been from its birth a literature of faith and freedom. There have been brilliant minds inclined to doubt or irreligion, but it cannot be said that such men as Jefferson, or Payne, or Robert Ingersoll have ever founded a school of American letters. We have had a Longfellow to breathe hope, but no Heine to preach in verse the gospel of despair. We have had no Byron to clothe sensuality with grace, but instead, a Whittier to make the simplest life of the common people beautiful with purity and hope. Even men who like Dr. Holmes felt themselves called upon to revolt from the position of their fathers, reached their highest fame and touched their most responsive chord when singing of that "love divine" with which Jesus Christ "stooped to share" the sorrows and pains of a human experience.

Our historians, such as Bancroft, Motley, Prescott, and Parkman, to whom we ought surely now to add Douglas Campbell, have all been moved to write by love of the home land and its traditions. The story of the decline of Rome's power has not interested them as the rise of American freedom. They have felt that of all decisive battles in the history of the world, none compares with that which has been fought between various nationalities, races, and creeds for the possession of this continent. Their works are now in every American library, and their great thoughts in every American mind.

It has not been otherwise with our writers of romance. Cooper did not feel it necessary to go to the Rhine with its ruined castles in order to know the thrill of inspiration. The forests and the fields about him were teeming with suggestion; and in an Old Manse or House of Seven Gables Nathaniel Hawthorne found something more quickening than in the towers and bastions of a baronial hall. The greatest and most powerful novel of the century took for its scene a slave's cabin, and for its *motif* the wrongs of the humblest of God's poor. The young compositor bending over his case in the office of a country newspaper is dreaming of heroism even among

The Outcasts of Poker Flat; and whether the pen were held by homilist or writer of fiction, it has in America contributed to love of country and faith in God.

It is hardly too much to say that American literature alone exhibits a distinct class of nature lovers. In England we have an Isaac Walton and a White of Selborne; in France we have a Michelet who writes of bird and mountain; but Henry D. Thoreau was the prophet of the tree and brook and meadow, and he has not failed of successors, nor is he likely to lack disciples to the end of time. American humor, clean, wholesome, perennial, has become a proverb at the world's banquets, and it remained for the most serious of all peoples to create a distinctive school, whose sole purpose it is to amuse without causing a blush to rise to the cheek or a frown to fall upon the brow of virtue.

Thus American literature and American life have been mutually retroactive, each being in turn the fount and product of the other. From childhood our sons and daughters have been familiar with the inspiring sentiments of our national writers. They have quoted them in their albums, recited them on the stage of the school, and later incorporated them in their maturer productions. Despite all the ambitions of soldiers or the compromises of statesmen, the authors of our American literature have made us, under God, a united, free, and Christian nation.

But the time has come in which the elements of our national life are no longer as homogeneous as of old. The vaudeville theatre and the French novel are making young men and young women of to-day familiar with views and motives which are foreign to representative American writers, and the question is to be decided whether the formative forces, dominant in American literature hitherto, are to retain their supremacy. Each reader is doing his or her part to determine that. Where Vogt replaces Dana, and Zola replaces Howells, and Swinburne replaces Whittier, a new life will be found to replace the old; and instead of a child of faith and freedom we shall find a changeling in our cradle, the son of infidelity or the daughter of lust, whose presence and growth portend a life and purpose not known to us or to our fathers.

We can all remember the dying words of some dear friend whose mind fixed itself upon some detail of caution which astonished those that waited and watched. In the tender farewell some warning of danger was given of which we should have supposed the departing friend least conscious. There is in the last words of our Lord an illustration of this when He exhorts them to pray that their "flight be not in the winter," at the very time He was consciously drawing near the cross. But His thoughts not only went out toward their future sufferings; they embraced all the minutiae of these terrible days, and He saw the despairing mothers holding emaciated babes to their dry breasts, and it moved Him to deep compassion. He thought how the sleet and cold of winter would add unspeakable distress to the war-smitten land. War is always terrible, but in winter indescribable. It is no forced turn given to such sclemn words which makes them the basis for an exhortation to seek peace with God before old age comes with its chill and numbness to still further fetter and burden the captive soul. Sickness is the worst of all times in which to review our relations toward God and seek the things which make for everlasting peace. In these times when shortening days and darkening skies "portend the aged year is near his end," the admonition of Jesus has a peculiar force, "Pray that your flight be not in the winter."

### CAN PRESBYTERIANS LEARN FROM THE BAPTISTS.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Baptist Congress for the Discussion of Current Questions was held in Detroit, November 13th-15th. Among the questions discussed was this: "The Interpretation of the Old Testament as Affected by Modern Scholarship." Papers were read on this subject by Prof. Charles R. Brown of the Theological Seminary, Newton, Mass.; President W. R. Harper of the Chicago University, representing what is known as the Higher Criticism, and Prof. J. R. Sampey of the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and Prof. Howard Osgood of the Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., representing the Conservative school as opposed to the Higher Criticism. These were followed by others upon both sides of the question. But all the discussion was frank, courteous, and gave full recognition of the sincerity and loyal allegiance to the divine authority of the Bible, on the part of those whose views the speaker did not accept.

The whole spirit of the discussion, so frank, brotherly, and Christian, called vividly to mind, with a sense of shame, some of the recent discussions in our General Assembly. Evidently these Baptist brethren carried away from this conference a firmer conviction than before that those who differed on points of criticism, held to the same essential truth and insisted upon the supreme authority of the Word of God.

That no heat or bitterness was aroused was due to three rules of the Congress:

1. No paper shall be more than twenty-five minutes in length.
2. This was rigidly enforced.
3. No person shall speak twice on the same subject.
4. No resolution or motion shall be entertained.

The result was a brotherly, Christian discussion and a full recognition of the loyalty of all to the Word of God. There was no ecclesiastical log-rolling, no abominable twisting of statements in order to secure votes, no pettifogging in order to sway the jury, but a desire to understand each other's position and discover each other's loyalty to the truth.

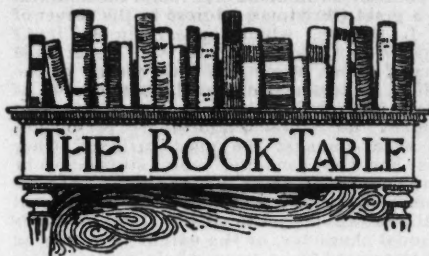
Some of us Presbyterians could not avoid contrasting this with scenes in the history of our Church during the past few years. The contrast awakened no pride in our way of doing. Had there been in existence in the Presbyterian Church such a Congress during the past few years, in which no votes could be taken, some sharp ecclesiastical practices, of which I think the whole Presbyterian Church is somewhat ashamed, would have been avoided, and a better understanding of each other's position been secured, and then, when it was necessary to vote in the General Assembly, it could have been in a manner and in an atmosphere that would have preserved the dignity of that body and commanded respect.

Is it too late even now to form such a congress, in which, by free discussion, as brethren in the Lord and lovers of His revealed truth, we should learn to understand each other and so remove from the General Assembly the bitterness produced largely by misunderstandings and the ambitions of ecclesiastics to secure votes and carry their point by pettifogging methods? R. J. SERVICE.

DETROIT, MICH.

The next annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in Detroit, Mich., October 22nd-24th, 1895.





**LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.** By Adolph Erman: Translated by Helen M. Tirard. New York: Macmillan. 1894. \$6.

English interest in Egyptian topics has been on the increase of late years, and its growth has been largely due to the popular enthusiasm aroused by the work and explorations conducted under the auspices of the Egypt Exploration Fund. A dozen quarto memoirs of the Fund, the interesting personality and the inspiring writings of the late Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the books of Maspero, Budge, Sayce and many other authors, have served to whet without satisfying the appetite of English and American readers. Bible students and students of archaeology have learned much from the special labors of those already mentioned and from the French Archæological Mission in Cairo under Maspero and DeMorgan, as well as from the excavations and finds of the indefatigable Petrie and Naville, of Griffith and Newbury.

But work of the sort appreciated by intelligent readers is not done alone or mainly on Egyptian soil. The student at home, whose knowledge of the writing and antiquities discloses to him in detail the path of history and of change, is even better qualified for the task of framing the finished structure than is the man whose time is spent in superintending native diggers armed with spade and basket. It is the old figure of the woodsman and joiner over again. To have examined the ground with watchful eye and informed mind is as advantageous as to have spent years in detail work.

The volume before us is one that originally appeared in two parts, the later one having been published in 1887. The work of translation has been going on for at least three years, and in its finished form it bears every mark of deliberation and care. It expresses the sense of the original with a remarkable degree of exactness, except in some points of minor detail where slips, while annoying to the person thoroughly acquainted with the subject, are of comparatively small moment to the ordinary reader and unlikely to be appreciated as such. As a translator Mrs. Tirard has proved herself successful.

The work deals with a great variety of topics, as the name warrants one in expecting. The title of the original volumes, *Ägypten und Aegyptisches Leben im Altertum* is somewhat better than that of the translation, which trenches too much upon the designation chosen for Maspero's work in its English dress, "Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria." The two works in fact, embrace somewhat similar topics, but the plan of Erman's work gives him opportunities for historical treatment from which Maspero deliberately shut himself out. The latter depicts the supposed experiences of an Egyptian of the time of the great Ramses, the Sesostris of the Greeks, and thus confines itself to a section of the archæological field which Erman treats in its entirety. The range of Erman's subjects includes an account of the land of the Nile and its inhabitants, the king and his court, the priests and their religion and the treatment of the dead, the judges and the dispensation of equity and law, the soldiers and their modes of warfare, the scribes and their writ-

ing, their learning and science, artisans and their productions, merchants and their trade, workmen and their labor, the people and their modes of life, their various customs, their amusements, and a great variety of matters of every day interest. The whole presents a living picture such as has not been given before in English. The book, indeed, fills a place and supplies what authors fondly call a "long-felt want." It is in one sense a supplement to the monumental and classical work of Wilkinson, but in another it supplants it, because the sources from which is drawn were for the most part a sealed book to that writer on account of his lack of knowledge of the language of the hieroglyphic writing, a lack only partially supplied by those who have prepared the later editions of the original. To Erman these native writings are as an open book and he has exploited them for the benefit of his readers. The successor of the renowned Lepsius as professor in Berlin, and as custodian of the oriental treasures of the German capital is too well qualified for his task to need special commendation from any source. English readers may be congratulated upon having a book like the present made available in such excellent and delightful dress.

**EVIL MAY-DAY.** A Story of 1517. By E. Everett-Green. New York: T. Nelson and Sons. 1894. \$1.25.

From this story one may suppose that the author is not an admirer of the present school of fiction. It is something of a relief to come across a book in which the heroine is sweet and dainty in the good old-fashioned way, with no "questions" in her little head. The story is laid among the stirring deeds of a London riot in the reign of Henry the Eighth. It is well written, with a healthy tone throughout. The heroine's father, Gabriel Mottas, is one of a group of foreigners who have established themselves in London, and by their greater skill in handicraft have excited the jealous hatred of their neighbors. Naturally the latter feel a special antipathy to Gabriel, who deals most successfully in leather, supposing him to use unholy arts in his work. The heroine is of course Gabriel's daughter, Gabrielle. There is a pretty picture of her on the Easter holiday witnessing the various sports of the villagers, "in the Moor Fields and the spital beyond," and especially of her lover, Dirk Blackstone, who excels in all athletic arts. The king, passing by during the entertainment, becomes much interested in Gabrielle's beauty and presents her with "a small gold chain of peculiar workmanship, with a strange stone suspended from it." "They say it is a talisman, sweet heart—a talisman that shall preserve the owner thereof from trouble. May it prove so to thee. . . . And if thou art in any trouble or peril, he think thee of thy talisman, and it may save thee from both." And the king's words proved true, as the reader will discover. The characters are well drawn; the story is one that young people may safely read, profiting by Gabrielle's example of reverence and respect to parents.

**A HANDBOOK OF INVALID COOKING** for the Use of Nurses in Training Schools, Nurses in Private Practice, and Others who care for the Sick. By Mary A. Boland. New York: The Century Company.

This book, written for professional and other nurses, is eminently practical. Very little originality is claimed, but much good judgment is shown both in the choice of material and the arrangement of it. Part I. gives the chemistry of the kitchen, the properties of foods, and necessary information on Air, Water, Milk, Digestion and Nutrition. Part II. gives recipes and various menus for in-

valds, also chapters on Infant Feeding and on Serving. This last chapter is enough to give the book value, for no one knows better than an invalid that a meal nicely cooked and of excellent material, is invariably spoiled if badly served. Dainty service is as important to a convalescent as nutritious food, and yet this point is generally overlooked in textbooks and lectures to nurses. The work being drawn from its author's experience as Instructor in Cooking in Johns-Hopkins Training School, should be used by trained nurses and more especially by those untrained. In fact there is no home where the book would not be of value.

**PICCINO AND OTHER CHILD STORIES.** By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Reginald B. Birch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

This delightful book is about children but not precisely for them. That is, there are children enough who will read it and think it beautiful, but one must be grown up, must have loved children, must have had them all one's own, to know quite what these stories mean. The style is exquisite; the feeling is beautiful. Let all the grown-ups read these four stories, all, without exception; but let us not be deemed wanting in appreciation when we say do not give them to the children. They are too pathetic; but that is not all: it is impossible for children to appreciate the beauty of tales like these; it would not be well if they could. There never was a more delightfully sympathetic study of a baby peasant's heart than Piccino; and the other stories, especially that one, pathetic in its tenderness, How Fauntleroy Occurred, are just as beautiful in their own way.

**PROTESTANT MISSIONS.** Their Rise and Early Progress. Lectures by A. C. Thompson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. \$1.75.

These lectures, delivered at Hartford Theological Seminary, are meant to form an introduction to the history of more modern missions, and the name therefore needs to be read with the restriction of the second title. The study begins with the period of the Reformation, or rather, with the period immediately following the death of Luther, when the French Admiral Villegagnon, writing to Coligni for reinforcements for the colony the latter had planted in Brazil, wrote also to Calvin asking for divines from Geneva to plant Christianity in that part of South America. The early Dutch, English, Danish, and Moravian missions are described, and the efforts of our own colonists to give the Gospel to the Indians. A whole chapter is given to Eliot and another to David Brainerd. The book is well written and well printed, with marginal running titles, a number of notes, and a full index.

#### BOOK NOTES.

*Twenty-five Years of Scientific Progress* is the subject of the first of four papers collected in a volume bearing this title. It was first published in the Bibliotheca Sacra in 1893, after having been spoken as the Presidential address before the American Society of Naturalists by Dr. William N. Rice, Professor of Geology in Wesleyan University. The second paper is entitled Evolution, and was first published as an encyclopedia article. The third concerns The Degrees of Probability of Scientific Beliefs, and after being delivered as a lecture before the Philosophical Club of Yale University, was published in the New Englander in 1891. The final paper, on Genesis and Geology, was delivered in 1892 before the Middletown Scientific Association. All of the papers are interesting and instructive, but attention may be particularly called to the last as one of particular interest to the generality of readers. It deals with the various theories



which have been advanced to account for the divergencies between the Biblical and the scientific accounts of creation, and characterizes them all as products of a theory of infallibility and inspiration of the Biblical records which is gratuitous and unhistorical. The older harmonistic attempts are set aside with the unequivocal statement that the inconsistencies are insuperable, and the conflict is robbed of significance by the statement that the Bible was not intended to teach scientific truth. Whatever one's personal views may be in the matter, it is worthy of note that this is the view of a competent Christian man who looks at things from a scientific standpoint. (New York: Crowell and Company. 75 cents.)

*A Cumberer of the Ground*, a novel by Constance Smith, does not deal with any social problem or bear a mission. It is simply a fiction of the old fashioned English sort with a wholesome moral. The quotation on the title page conveys the theme "There are some whose destiny is to finish nothing; to leave the feast on the table and all the edges of life ragged." The hero, Anthony Lyons, is not one of the brilliant, flashy heroes of the modern novel, but a strong, reserved, taciturn man, disappointed in early ambitions. Though apparently a cynic, he is capable of heroic devotion and noble renunciation. The story centres in his hopeless love for a thoroughly good, honest English girl, whose faithfulness to an early promise causes the disaster of her life; namely, her marriage to a volatile, self-willed fellow, incapable of appreciating her, yet dependent upon her. In the background stands his brother, who sacrificed a brilliant career at Oxford to a mistaken ideal. These characters work out their devotion to duty with great discomfort and little reward, showing that the fruits of self-sacrifice are not gathered in this world, and that a petty, inefficient existence may be in reality a grand one. The plot is more concerned with development of character than of incident, consequently the movement is slow. The characters are natural and consistent; the diction sometimes labored and the conversation not spontaneous enough. (Harper and Brothers. 1894.)

*American Song* is a collection of representative American poems, with analytical and critical studies of the writers by Prof. Arthur B. Simonds of Columbia College. The author's aim is to make a compilation which shall be typical, and by it to furnish means for an inductive study of American poetry. The promise or prophecy that at the close of such a study the student will be prepared to arrive at a just estimate of American poetry in its intimate relations, is a pretty large one, but the collection is good and the critical work, though of the text book order, is satisfactory. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1894. \$1.50.)

*Wild Beasts*, by J. Hampden Porter, is a study of the character and habits of the elephant, lion, leopard, panther, jaguar, tiger, puma, wolf, and grizzly bear by one who apparently knows them well and is also familiar with the literature of the subject. Mr. Porter by no means feels himself obliged to agree with all the people who have written about these creatures. Buffon, for example, based many of his opinions upon imperfect knowledge, and Drummond, Anderssen, and others are shown as not always accurate. The book is not meant for children, though it is illustrated, but there is much in it to interest an intelligent child. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.)

*Famous Leaders Among Men*, By Sarah Knowles Bolton, is an interesting collection of biographies written for young people or for old people whose opportunities for reading are

limited. The place of honor is occupied by a detailed account of Napoleon, followed by sketches of Horatio Nelson, John Bunyan, Thomas Arnold, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Kingsley, General Sherman, Charles Haddon Spurgeon and Phillips Brooks. The author is in sympathy with all her subjects, and has made an attractive book. Each sketch is accompanied by a portrait. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.)

The school-boy who struggles with the names and attributes of the deities of classical mythology and the reader who is perplexed by references to these beings as well as the stories attaching to them, will find a fund of help and instruction in E. M. Berens's *Handbook of Mythology*, in which he treats of the myths and legends of Ancient Greece and Rome. The book is well proportioned and clear, the type excellent and the illustrations good. The author has expurgated the stories and made a compilation which can be placed in any hands. While full enough for practical purposes it is not bulky or inconvenient. The edition before us contains twenty-one half-tone reproductions of some of the best known of ancient sculptures. (Maynard, Merrill and Company. \$1.)

*Found and Lost* contains two short stories by Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi, republished in one of the little volumes of the Autonym Library. Written some years ago they are quite worth preserving. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.)

#### LITERARY NOTES.

*Littell's Living Age for 1895*. This sterling periodical has always stood at the head of its class, both in the quality and quantity of the reading furnished; it affords so valuable a compendium of what is of immediate interest or permanent value in the literary world as to render it a valuable economizer of time, labor and money. In the multitude of periodicals of the present time—quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies—such a publication has become almost a necessity. For 1895 an extraordinary offer is made to all new subscribers; as is shown in another column. (Littell and Company, Boston.)

Among the last, if not actually the last, literary work done by Mr. Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, was his article on the new French painter, Emile Friant, whose portrait and picture appear in the December *Scribner*. Americans generally, and those interested in American wood engraving particularly, will be glad to know that Mr. Hamerton had completed his monograph on the subject which will accompany the specimens of engraving issued in a folio volume by Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Hamerton had also signed, just before his death, every copy of this work, of which only one hundred copies are printed.

The scene of Rudyard Kipling's first American story, which appears in the December number of *The Century*, is laid in Vermont, and all of the dramatic persons are horses. The "walking delegate" from whom the story takes its name is a raw-boned horse from Kansas, who tries to stir his companions to rise in their might against the Oppressor Man.

The *American McAll Record* for October (American McAll Association, Philadelphia) shows the condition of the McAll Mission to be peculiarly hopeful. *France is ready* seems to be the watchword. The work in the halls, the boat work, the open air work meet an ever deepening response. The description of how the mission was carried into the well known cheese town, Brie comte Robert, is a very capital illustration, not of the work only, but of the wisdom of the workers.

Those who are interested in missions and desire to make their interest more intelligent—all our readers we hope are of this number—may receive aid in planning a course of missionary reading by sending to the Rev. Z. M. Williams, Gallatin, Mo., for the Crosshearers' Missionary Reading Circle Handbook. The price is six cents in stamps.

When his present American visit is concluded Conan Doyle will write on American women for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, telling "How Your Women Impressed Me."

Professor Drummond has found the material for a great Christmas Address in the career of D. L. Moody, which appears in *McClure's Magazine* for December. It is a remarkable story of a man whom, in the course of the article, Professor Drummond characterizes as follows: "Probably America possesses at this moment no more extraordinary personage; not even amongst the most brilliant of her sons has any rendered more stupendous or more enduring service to his country or to his time. . . . Whether estimated by the moral qualities which go to the making up of his personal character, or the extent to which he has impressed these upon whole communities of men, on both sides of the Atlantic, there is perhaps no more truly great man living than D. L. Moody."

The Methodist Year Book for 1895 will contain the latest statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church, full information regarding all their great benevolences, a notice of their many organizations and institutions, statistics of the world's Methodism, and other matters of value. The editor, Dr. A. B. Sanford, has aimed to make it more complete, if possible, than its predecessors as a compendium of information regarding the work of the Methodist Church throughout the world.

D. C. Heath and Company, Boston, will soon issue a somewhat abridged edition of Jules Verne's popular tale, *Le tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*, with notes, by Professor Edgren of the University of Nebraska. The bright and witty narrative, as easy as it is full of change and entertaining interest, will prove a very acceptable text for early reading in modern French fiction.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Charles Scribner's Sons: History of the United States. Two volumes; E. Benjamin Andrews.—Protestant Missions; A. C. Thompson.—John March, Southerner; George W. Cable.—Things Will Take a Turn; Beatrice Harraden.

— Imported by. The Critical Review. Vol. IV.—The Humor of Spain; Susette M. Taylor.—Hebrew Syntax; A. B. Davidson.—Introduction to Comparative Psychology; C. Lloyd Morgan.—Studies in the Christian Evidences; Alexander Mair.—Studies in the History of Christian Apologetics; James Macgregor.—The Last of the Prophets; J. Feather.

Harper and Brothers: Washington Square; Henry James.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company: The Oliver Wendell Holmes Year Book.—Little Mr. Thimblefinger; Joel Chandler Harris.—Pushing to the Front; Orison Sweet Marden.

Macmillan and Company: Jack the Giant-Killer and Beauty and the Beast Illustrated; R. Anning Bell.—The Sleeping Beauty and Dick Whittington and His Cat Illustrated; the same.—Tales of the Punjab; Flora Annie Steel.

The Century Company: The Century for 1894; St. Nicholas for 1894. Two volumes.

E. P. Dutton and Company: Herald Sermons; George H. Hepworth.—Children of the Year Calendar for 1895.—After School; Robert Overton.

Hunt and Eaton: The Nine Blessings; Mary Harriett Norris.—Oowikapun; Egerton Ryerson Young.

Thomas Nelson and Sons: Simon Peter; Charles S. Robinson.

American Tract Society: Woman in Missions; E. M. Wherry.

Luheran Publication Society: Practical Helps in the Augsburg Sunday School Lessons for 1895. Various authors.

Silver, Burdett and Company: American Writers of Today; Henry C. Vedder.

American News Company: The Mayor of Kane meta. Jennie Oliver Smith.

Press of J. J. Little and Company: The Story of Blackie. J. O. S.

#### PERIODICALS.

For December: Homiletical Review, Atlantic, Book Buyer, Frank Leslie's, Romance, North American.

By an oversight last week in a review of Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush, that well-known work of Mr. Barrie, A Window in Thrums, was attributed to Mr. Crockett.



**"NEVERTHELESS!"**

A Sermon by Henry van Dyke, Pastor of the Brick Church, Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 29, 1894.

[Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be yours, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.—Hebrews xii. : 11.]

A friend of mine, and yet quite a discriminating observer, has often expressed his opinion that no family should be without a pessimist. "For," says he, "it is a great advantage to have within easy reach a person who makes a business of looking on the dark side of things. He acts as a sort of moral tonic to the social system. The natural effort to answer him and put down the haughty pride of his superior melancholy creates a healthy reaction. It is like a cold bath in the morning, pleasant because it throws us into a glow. And then, a professionally or habitually gloomy view of life is always exaggerated, and so it serves to bring out the happy facts by way of contrast. There are mitigations in all miseries and compensations in all losses. And when the pessimist clothes the whole world in darkness, that only makes the good things shine the brighter, like diamonds on a black dress."

Thus my friend reasons. And upon the whole, I think he is right. Of course there are certain conditions and limitations upon such a favorable judgment of the value of the pessimist. In order to be truly useful, he must be kept in his proper place. The critic, the fault-finder, is a valuable and indispensable personage, but not as a leader and commander for the people. The weak brother is welcome and profitable to the church, but he should not be encouraged to take a high seat in the synagogue and give his experience on all occasions. When the twelve Hebrew scouts came back from the land of Canaan, the ten melancholy men, who saw the prospects small and the giants large, were rejected, and Joshua and Caleb were chosen as captains, because they saw the giants small and the prospects large. A dash of bitter in the grape fruit is good and not unpleasant; but a diet of wormwood and aloes would be neither agreeable nor wholesome. The peace and comfort of the household are not necessarily destroyed by the presence of one member who always finds the lumps in the porridge of life.—unless that member is allowed to dominate the household, and regulate the diet of the whole family on a penitential plan, because of a single case of moral or physical dyspepsia. Live and let live. A growl now and then is not at all a bad thing; but if all the music is to be set in a growling key, we might as well live in a bear-garden.

And there is another limitation to be put upon our favorable opinion of the pessimist. It should never be so favorable as to make us ambitious, or even contented, to take his part upon ourselves. Let us say as much good of him as possible, and yet let us recognize that his lot is not a happy one. Let us acknowledge that it is salubrious for society to have something sharp and stinging administered to it every now and then, and yet let us remember that the acid which is a useful ingredient in some medicines, often corrodes the vessel that contains it. It is comparatively easy to win notoriety as a sayer of bitter things; human nature being normally hopeful, the simplest way to be distinguished is to take the contrary position; there is one person who is pretty sure never to be forgotten in any plan or the inception of any enterprise, and that is the person who can always be counted upon to say, "That is all wrong and I won't play." But then the question is whether it is worth while to be notorious and

distinguished and remembered in just that way. It is a pretty game, but is it worth quite as much as the candle? There is considerable danger in assuming a critical attitude and cultivating a dark view of things. It is a habit that grows upon one unconsciously. It easily overruns and chokes down all the powers of admiration and gratitude by which alone the soul is made beautiful and fruitful. Therefore, neither let us become pessimists ourselves, nor let us allow those who play this part in the economy of the universe to overdo their beneficent function. Let us be grateful for them, and grateful that we are not of them. Let us endeavor to maintain a sane and cheerful view of life, and to be thoroughly consistent, let us find a place within that view for those who insist that it is all wrong. And the way to do this is to recognize that every overstatement of the trials and tribulations and miseries and misfortunes of life throws us back at last for support, cheer, and encouragement upon the ancient, sure, and profitable doctrine of *Nevertheless*.

This doctrine has been expressed in many forms and under a variety of figures of speech. It is clad in celestial language in the old proverb of the dark cloud and the silver lining. It is adorned with flowers in the familiar saying, "No rose without a thorn." It is translated into the best poetry:

Sweet are the uses of adversity  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

And it finds utterance in the old-fashioned hymn:

The bud may have a bitter taste  
But sweet will be the flower.

Now it is not my purpose this morning to delay you with any profound philosophical or theological disquisition on this doctrine. This is not, in my opinion, an appropriate day for long sermons, whatever may be said of other days. It is a day rather for humble and cheerful worship at the household altar and in the sanctuary of God; a day for psalms and hymns and spiritual songs; a day for wholesome and happy exercise and friendly intercourse with those whom we love; a day for temperate feasting, receiving the gifts of God with gratitude and a good appetite, and distributing willingly of the same creature comforts to our poorer brethren, giving some one else a good reason to give thanks to God. It is upon the quality of these simple and familiar acts of worship, rather than upon the quantity of the sermon, that the success of your Thanksgiving Day depends. And all that the preacher is concerned to do this morning is to welcome you as you come together in the house of the Lord, according to the custom of your ancestors, and give you a comfortable and helpful thought to carry away with you, barely suggesting some of the ways in which it may apply to the subjects about which you are most likely to think and talk to-day.

I suppose there are four topics on which it is probable that you will have some conversation—politics, college athletics, the weather, and the changes of our life. On all of these it is likely that some dark thoughts may occur and some gloomy views be expressed. But in regard to all of them the doctrine of *Nevertheless* holds true, and a due application of it will bring out real causes of thanksgiving to God.

I. We should be thankful that we have had a bad government in this city. I do not mean a mere play upon words, as if the cause for gratitude were to be found in the past tense. Nor do I mean, of course, that anything so evil and base and pernicious as municipal corruption is in itself a reason for thanksgiving. But this is what I mean: With human nature constituted as it is, nothing could be more beneficent than the law of divine providence,

which makes it certain that moral lassitude, indifference, and selfishness among the people always result in bad government with all its emphatic and intolerable consequences. In suffering evil men to be exalted and to rule, God is simply holding up the mirror to human nature that the people may see how ugly they are. "Know thyself" is a maxim that takes precedence of "Heal thyself." I do not suppose that anything else could have revealed to this great city the anaemic and scrofulous condition of its civic life so well as the breaking out of that hideous blotch around the City Hall. I am certain that there was no hope of a cure until people were forced to realize that the present condition was a moral disgrace. And I believe that we ought to thank God for such a clear lesson that a general decay in ethical standards, a general immersion in the selfish business of money getting and pleasure seeking, a general lowering of the tone of life by the increase of luxury and sensuality, and the growth of knavish methods and gambling proclivities in trade, inevitably lead to just such misgovernment as we have been suffering under. The memoir of this lesson is our only safeguard for the future. And the sharpness with which it has been taught, the strength of the popular recoil towards civic virtue, the enthusiasm with which many of our most highly educated and favored young men have recognized their political duties and responsibilities and girded themselves manfully for their performance, are indeed matters for thanksgiving in this November, 1894.

II. We should be thankful that we have no football game on this Thanksgiving Day. It is true that many of us miss this accustomed recreation and opportunity for meeting our friends and getting up a little wholesome enthusiasm, and giving some hearty cheers for something, even though the object might not be quite clear to our intelligence. Nevertheless, in spite of this deprivation, it does appear to be a good thing, upon the whole, that a day set apart by civil and ecclesiastical authority for the worship of Almighty God, should not come to be exclusively and perpetually identified with a gladiatorial show. It seems like a matter for congratulation that some two dozen of the most valuable and hopeful youth of the country should not be exposed on this particular day, dedicated to peace and gladness, to perils more deadly than those of war and pestilence, and that the surgeons and ambulance men should enjoy the benefits of an armistice. And it may occur to many thoughtful persons that it will prove advantageous, in the long run, to our large institutions of learning, to correct or at least to modify, the popular impression that they exist chiefly to provide out-of-door entertainments, at high prices, for the general public. But if at this point the useful pessimist rises to pour out the vials of his contempt upon our modern colleges and to paint in darkest blue the results of athletics, we have to thank him again for throwing us back, by his exaggeration, upon the big, solid, healthy *Nevertheless* of the case. In spite of all the evils of betting and professionalism and bad feeling which have arisen in connection with the so-called game of football, our American colleges never had a higher or better standard of life than they have to-day. Indeed, I am sure that it is distinctly higher than it was fifty years ago. There is less secret debauchery, brutal hazing, and general disorder. And one reason for this general improvement is the general prevalence of athletic sports, which are as natural and necessary to the young, as climbing rocks to the chamois, or leaping waterfalls to the salmon. There are plenty of other games besides football. And if that has absorbed too much attention in recent years, if it is, as some believe, a



game which is essentially unfit for academic use, or if, as its best friends now say, it has so degenerated that it ought either to be abolished or to be so changed that it cannot be recognized from the latest description, there still remain a great many sports that gentlemen have used for years without fear and without reproach. Baseball, cricket, tennis, lacrosse, fencing, rowing, cycling, skating, curling, and golf—all good for a small class of professionals to get an honest living out of, and for a large class of young gentlemen to get amusement and health out of. "I keep my body under," wrote St Paul, "and bring it into subjection." But the only way to do that is to keep it in good order, and for the young that must be accomplished by exercise. It is perfectly true that our grandfathers and great grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers did not have much to do with athletic sports when they were boys. But then they used to saw wood and shovel snow and guide the plow and hoe the corn and swing the axe. If, by some good turn of fortune, we can bring our boys back to such ancestral and aristocratic exercise, well and good; but if not, let us teach them to love hearty, vigorous, out-of-door sports and pastimes, that they may grow up strong and clean and sane, with health to endure the strain of a student's life and a balanced manhood that shall neither waste itself in the excesses of vice nor shrivel into the hypochondria of indolence, and abundance of vital vigor to consecrate to the service of good in the world.

III. We should be thankful that winter is coming. I know it is a rough, unfriendly season in this quarter of the globe, a variegated and uncertain season, for some of us a season of peril and deprivation. We reflect upon the probable absence of some of our dear friends. We consider the hardships and sufferings of the poor. Winter is harsh, stern, forbidding. *Nevertheless* it is a blessing for which we should devoutly and humbly thank God. The races and nations who are like the poet's bird and have

"No sorrow in their song, no winter in their year," are not the noblest and the best. A climate which is always mild, alluring, caressing, a perpetual summer brooding over a soil of inexhaustible fruitfulness, seems to relax the moral and intellectual, as well as the physical sinews. Horace Bushnell speaks of "the tropical conscience" as something soft and enervated. It is difficult to train it to take firm hold of principles. How many of the best qualities of our forefathers were strengthened by their annual struggle with winter. Let me recommend for your light reading today, instead of "Trilby" or "The Heavenly Twins," Emerson's noble, bracing poem on "The Titmouse," and the clear, uplifting verse of Whittier's "Snow-Bound." It is good for a man to be reminded that the object of the Creator in making this world was not to make the easiest place to live in, but the best place to develop manhood. For this, struggle, resistance, effort, prudence, forethought, self-denial, courage are necessary, and of these qualities winter is a good teacher. It brings us lessons of charity, also, and increases our sympathies with the poor. I doubt very much whether there is, upon the whole, any more suffering, perhaps rather less, in the Temperate than in the Torrid Zone; but the touch of winter brings it out and makes it appeal to us more visibly and emphatically; and the streams of benevolence are enlarged. How great, also, is the benefit that winter has conferred upon the northern races by the necessity of cultivating the domestic life and the intimacies of the household, the graces and the loves which make the music of the march of life. And even for those of us to whom the severities of the approaching season are some-

what fearful and perilous, on the score of health, it is not altogether evil, nay, if we will take it rightly, it is a salutary and heroic experience, to have to face the dangers of life in this vague and undefined form, and be brave enough to try to do our work and keep alive and well, please God, until the frosts and storms are over, and the time for the singing of birds is come.

IV. But there are surely some of you who will pass on beyond these common topics of conversation, to-day, to something deeper. You will talk, or at least you will think, of the changes of life, the passing of the fugacious years, and the transition of much that has entered into the happiness of past holidays. There is no time at which these mutabilities seem to come home to us so closely as at a festival season. Then the alterations in our outward circumstances are felt most keenly. Then the sight of the shining young heads clustered around the table reminds us of the flight of our own youth and we see the silver threads among the gold. Then, among the dancing children, we discover that our joints are no longer as supple as they once were, and realize that we must be content henceforth to move to slower music. Then our eyes rest upon the vacant chair, and we say nothing, but in our hearts there is a sigh

For the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.

*Nevertheless*, beloved, for these things also we ought to thank God. Surely we are richer than if they had never been ours. There is something far sadder than to mourn for pleasures flown and to long for friends departed, and that is never to have known them. We cannot have the joys of memory unless we are willing to take its sorrows, too. And surely our life would be poor, indeed, without them. Let us be grateful for every bright and beautiful picture that hangs upon the walls of the heart, and let the music of the present seem sweeter to us because it is mingled with soft echoes from the past. And let us try, also, to find the *nevertheless* in this very mutability of life, the blessing in the secret of God's ordinance of change which carries so many things away from us. "God has set us afloat on an ocean of mutability," says a wise and cheerful teacher, "in order that we might seek an immutable shore." Yes, that is true, and if our hearts are earnest and believing we cannot help feeling it and rejoicing in it with a deep, quiet joy.

Youth vanishes, that we may seek immortality. Riches fly away, that we may lay up our treasures in heaven. Friends are taken from us, that we may set our affections on things above and earnestly strive so to live that we may come at last to their fellowship in the celestial city. Earthly hopes that have entranced us lift their bright wings and disappear in the distance, in order that the hope of glory through Jesus Christ may become more precious to our souls. Oh, my friend, if you have not that, what have you to be thankful for to-day? Nothing that will last, nothing that you must not lose and lose forever. But if you have that hope, you have the great *nevertheless* in your heart. Your brother is dead, nevertheless he shall rise again. You die daily, nevertheless you live, yet not you, but Christ liveth in you. Lift up your hearts, lift them up unto the Lord! We are marching through a world of change, but not of chance. Nevertheless we look for a new heaven and a new earth. We are losing many things from year to year. Nevertheless we shall find them all again. We are not exempt from sorrow. Nevertheless the Lord will command His loving kindness in the day time, and in the night His song shall be with me and my prayer unto the God of my life.

#### ANOTHER LOOK AT FLORIDA.

GLENWOOD, FLA., November, 1894.

One scarcely expects to find great changes in a little place after an absence of only seven months. The same bright skies look down on us on our return to this place, the same whisper of the tall pines to the passing breeze greets the ear, the same glinting of golden fruit from behind its covert of green leaves is seen, and the same generous hearted welcome from expectant friends is met as at our former coming. Nor do we even miss the soaring buzzards as they circle round in untrusting search for the carrion they crave. Such changes as have been noted are not in nature, and are mainly in the direction of needed improvements, giving good promise of others yet to come. Here a house has been newly painted, there one has been lifted to the dignity of two full stories, yonder a bare yard has become a verdant lawn. The modest little Presbyterian chapel which confronts me across the way has received some needed additions and improvements. There are rumors, too, of the speedy building of an electric railway, to pass through this region of orange groves and help the growers to get their large crops shipped for the different markets.

An unusually large number of visitors from the regions where stern winter holds his icy reign, is expected in this haven of refuge. These clear skies, these mild breezes, these beautiful and fragrant groves, issue forth an invitation that is not easily resisted. There were 90,000 Northern guests in Florida last winter. Probably this winter there may be 100,000. Of those who come, the most contented and happy will be the ones who try to make themselves useful, not those who pass the time in idleness and self-gratification at the popular resorts. We have small and struggling churches here which Northern visitors can help to become self-sustaining. How it will sweeten the return to his home of a Southern tourist to feel that he leaves behind him grateful ones who will always thank God that he ever came among them. This is no soft paradise in which useless persons may expect to find happiness. Nor is the spot to be found on earth that will give it to them.

The yield of oranges in this State last season is said to have been 5,700,000 boxes. Some fruit this season has been lost through early drought, some through the ravages of the great October storm that paid its respects to this peninsula in taking its final farewell of our land. The total decrease this season from these causes is estimated at a million boxes. Yet it may be much less. For new groves are reaching each season the bearing age, and it is a common thing for men to overestimate their losses and underestimate their benefits.

Green fruit this season, as last, has been hurried into market, the temptation being a higher price than can be obtained for the ripened fruit in its time. The reputation of the Florida orange suffers from the placing of this sour fruit on the markets. Wait a little, kind friends, and we will give you fruit that will not pucker your mouth or spoil your temper, fruit which earth and air and sun and shower and heat and frost and the skillful industry of man have combined to render luscious. If we do not get into a panic about a severe winter and a killing frost later on, we shall keep giving it to you all winter long, so that you can have it for a breakfast relish, or for any meal you prefer. And it will keep getting better and better until March, the month which marks the time for the trees to bloom and for new fruit to set. Nothing is ever gained by snatching at God's blessings before He is ready to give them to us, or by trying to hurry up the good time which He



has planned to let us have in the future. We are a hurrying people, but it were better for us, in the long run, if we were more patient and more content to bide our time.

By this I do not mean we should wait in inaction the coming of any good time which hard work will hasten. Reforms will never come if we do not labor for them. My thoughts are turning now to the recent routing, horse, foot, and dragoons, of notorious, ill-odored Tammany. Every Christian, every true-hearted patriot, is rejoicing at this through the length and breadth of the land. This glorious triumph has come not a moment too soon, and it has come, not by being *waited* for, but by being *worked* for, and worked hard for. It will continue to be a triumph only as the plans of corrupt and conscienceless men continue to be exposed and thwarted by dint of watchfulness and hard labor, by the prompt and proper performance by the honest citizens of New York of their political duties. Let the watchword now all over our country be, Freedom from the tyranny of political rings. Let the Republican party in the flush of triumph take warning and deal honestly in all cases with the people.

In a certain Bible class recently, where the lesson was the one about the strife of the Apostles as to who should be greatest, the leader asked suddenly, Who is the greatest man in New York? Several voices answered, Dr. Parkhurst. I am sure he would not say so himself. If he did, that would only be proof he was mistaken. But if to be servant of all and to labor for the good of all, is to be greatest, then the answer of these Bible students was not far astray. For the good of New York and for the defence of the right Dr. Parkhurst undertook a hard and thankless task, which no one else was disposed to perform. But for him we should probably have had a less bright Thanksgiving day this year than we shall. Honor then to whom honor is due.

W. H. B.

#### THE NON-PARTISAN WOMAN'S UNION.

The Non-partisan National W. C. T. U. held its fifth annual convention in Washington, Pa., Nov. 13-16. The reports presented indicate a substantial growth in numbers and in strength. The membership is about 10,000, in 450 local unions. One new state organization has been formed during the year—that of Missouri, organized Nov. 1, at Kansas City. Financially the Union is in excellent condition. The National paper, the Temperance Tribune, has a good balance in its treasury, and is considered a most valuable helper in this work.

Organization work was emphasized as the work of the coming year, and several plans were adopted for the securing of funds to push forward this work. The resolutions adopted reaffirmed the non-partisan principle felt to be fundamental; urged special activity in educational work, along the lines of scientific temperance teaching, of industrial training, and of every sort of healthful development of body, mind and soul; expressed confidence in the cure of alcoholism and recommended work to extend the benefits of cures proven to be successful, upon cooperation with other organizations for the suppression of the saloon, and declared unfaltering faith in the speedy triumph of total abstinence and prohibition.

Mrs. C. Cornelia Alford of Massachusetts was elected president; Mrs. T. B. Walker of Minneapolis, Vice-President; Mrs. Ellen J. Phinney of Cleveland, Ohio, General Secretary; Mrs. Florence C. Porter of Caribou, Maine, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Howard M. Ingham, East Cleveland, Ohio, Treasurer. Two depart-

ment secretaries were elected, representing a wide range of legitimate temperance work. The workers feel great confidence that the next year will be one of rapid growth. An invitation to meet next year in Kansas City was accepted. The Union will celebrate its fifth anniversary birthday, Jan. 22, 1895.

#### THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR ON MISSIONS.

The following letter to the Board of Foreign Missions from the Rev. J. W. Doughty of Hiroshima, Japan, dated October 10, 1894, will be eagerly read by all who would keep advised of the effect of the war upon missions in that country. Mr. Doughty writes:

I thought perhaps you would like to hear something of the situation at Japanese Army and Navy Headquarters. I presume you know that Hiroshima is now occupied for that purpose. The Emperor has come here together with most of the members of the Cabinet, the Privy Council, and the various important departments of State. On the 15th of this month the Diet will meet here in extraordinary session for one week, and most likely the regular session in December will also be held here. They are now at work finishing the temporary building erected for that purpose at an expense of about \$25,000. All the soldiers who leave Japan first come here to Hiroshima and are sent from here by ship to the seat of the actual conflict. Two army corps have already gone to Korea, and a third is now in town and is quartered largely on the people. The Government pays well for everything, however, and the people are suffering only the inconvenience connected with the matter. It is difficult to tell just how many soldiers they have sent from here, but an army corps is supposed to contain about 25,000 men. In the city proper there are now probably 15,000 men, and the others are in the suburbs. This does not include the regular garrison which is also here at the barracks. The harbor now contains fifteen transport steamers, and I was told to-day that fifteen more are expected within three days, and all will be required to take away this body of troops now here. The city is a sight to behold these days with its multitude of flags, its busy people hurrying to and fro, and the crowds of soldiers one meets at every turn. They are polite and good-natured, however. I have been around them a good deal, and have yet to have one show any rudeness. They are evidently under a strict discipline. Their evolutions are beautifully done, and they look and act the thorough soldier. All the soldiers almost that have left here have marched past our house, as we are on the main road to Ujina, the Port. I have been much impressed with their well trained appearance. Then their arms and equipment are all first class. I doubt if they can be surpassed in training and equipment by any soldiers anywhere.

As to ourselves, please feel no anxiety, as I think we are as safe here as anywhere. This place has been placed under military law by proclamation of the Emperor, being considered within the field of operations, but that has in no way interfered with us as yet, and we move about as freely as ever, though we find guards posted on all sides. One of these stopped Mrs. Bryan the other day, but as soon as she told him that she was Bryan San from Kokutajimura he had no more to say, so I judge the guards have been ordered not to interfere with us. Any foreigner so far can move about, if he has a passport, the only difference being that they are very much more careful to know who he is. We have lost two helpers who have been required to join the army, they being members of the Reserves.

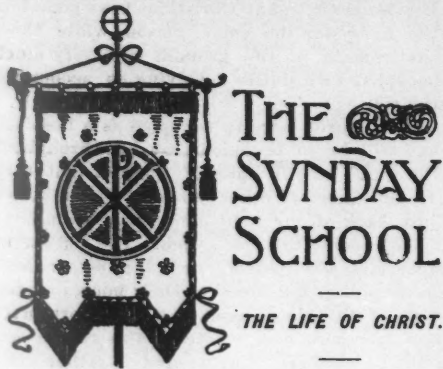
Besides these, many Christians have gone into the Army for the same reason, while those that remain on the grounds are very much occupied with duties devolving on account of the war.

Our church here is occupied as a hospital, and will be so occupied probably throughout the war. This in spite of the fact that they are building two other immense hospitals, one just back of our compound, large enough to accommodate 1,000 men each. The Christians generally, the pastor, and the helper here have soldiers quartered at their houses a good part of the time. And as a large portion of our members everywhere in this region are officials, soldiers, etc., we find it rather difficult to move ahead on the usual lines just at present. It is pretty difficult to try and do much among a large body of soldiers who are constantly on the move and who will be here but a few days, but we have been trying to do something. There are a number of Christian soldiers, and through them others are persuaded to come to services held over the Sunday-school room at the church, this room being left to the church, and also to go to the house of the helper and pastor to talk on Christianity. We may be sure that the Christians do not neglect their opportunities in this regard so far as the soldiers staying with them are concerned, either. Then we have been trying the plan of distributing tracts as widely as possible among the soldiers. They will have much time to read and think, I should judge, and a tract in the knapsack may do a good work. This, too, is being planned through the help of the Christian soldiers. We are giving them the kind of tracts which ought to appeal to them the most in their present frame of mind. We can only pray that the Spirit will make clear the truth to their minds. Perhaps we shall be able to do some work in the hospitals later on, though that will depend, of course, on the authorities.

War is a terrible thing—both sides will fully realize that before they are through with this one—but I have no doubts that the Lord will overrule it all for good in the end. If the result is to turn China upside down and open the way to the Gospel, we may well rejoice. But it is a sad sight to see the sick and wounded at the hospitals, and to know that these are but the first only. One of the Christians had a narrow escape in the late sea fight, a large ball just missing his head as he was stooping, and killing a whole row of men, of whom he had been one. He is one of our members at Kure. The husband of another member, the man had not yet joined the Church, was killed in the same fight. The slaughter on three of the vessels was something terrible. I visited the Saykio Maru (formerly of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, perhaps you rode on her when out here), which has been turned into a despatch boat and mounted with three small and one good-sized, quick-firing guns. She lay at Ujina here for several days, her narrow escape at the late battle, and the fact that she bore the Vice-Admiral's pennant, making her an object of special interest. She had been struck thirteen times. As she ran away as soon as possible, not being intended as a fighter, we could judge how hot it must have been in the heart of the battle.

It has been found profitable in churches where there are not children enough to organize a Junior Endeavor Society by itself, to organize it in connection with the Senior Society, and to hold the meetings together. The Juniors will be found, if anything, more faithful in attendance and more ready to take part, and will be an example and a provocation to their elders. And the Senior Society can ask for nothing better than the privilege of aiding in the training of Juniors.





# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BIBLE STUDY UNION LESSON.

Third Period of the Galilean Ministry.

XXIV.—AN AUTUMN VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

John vii. viii.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—Jesus therefore answered them and said, My teaching is not Mine but His that sent Me. If any man willet to do His will he shall know of the teaching whether it be of God or whether I speak from Myself.—John vii. 16. 17.

The Feast of Tabernacles was of the three great feasts the one most abounding in joy and merriment. It was not only the feast of ingatherings (Ex. xxiii. 16), the joyous harvest home after the season of toil, it also commemorated the wanderings of Israel in the wilderness and their triumphant entrance into Canaan. For seven days (Deut. xvi. 13; Num. xxix. 12) all Israel, those at home as well as those who went up to Jerusalem, dwelt in booths, and the whole nation gave itself up to mirth. The temple services were especially dedicated to joy; the rabbis had a saying that he who had not been present at these ceremonies did not know what rejoicing meant.

Everything was commemorative. In the court of the women the two great candelabra, forty feet high, were lighted as a symbol of the pillar of fiery cloud which guided Israel during their wanderings. As the second day of the feast began, at sunset, the priests, carrying torches which they had lighted from these candelabra, executed in this court, in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, the stately torch dance, commemorative of the divinely lighted pilgrimage. The daily sacrifices were offered amid the blowing of trumpets and the waving of palms, and every morning a long procession, headed by a priest bearing a golden pitcher, set out from the temple, and to the sound of triumphant music passed down by the terraced steps into the deep Tyropœon Valley to draw water from the Pool of Siloam, in memory of the rock riven in the wilderness (Num. xx. 11). Coming back through the Watergate of the Temple, they were met, just as the sacrifices were laid on the altar, by another priest, bearing the wine for the drink offering, and amid the waving of palms and the blare of trumpets and the singing of the Great Hallel (Psa. cxliii-cxlviii.) by a hundred thousand voices, the wine and water were poured upon the altar through two silver funnels, thus typifying the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the nation (compare Isa. xli. 3).

As, owing to the enmity of the Sanhedrin (John vii. 1), Jesus had gone up neither to the Passover nor to Pentecost, and as pious Jews considered it almost essential to attend at least one of the three great feasts every year, it was not unnatural that His brethren should urge Him to go to this feast (vs. 3). Jesus, however, who realized not only the danger which awaited Him in Jerusalem, but

that His disciples were still unprepared to be left alone to carry on His work, would not go up with the great caravan to this feast. It may be that He was awaiting an intimation from God as to the time of His going (vs. 8), but we may be certain that He recognized the unwisdom of going up in the midst of a festive company, who might easily have been moved to try once more, as at the Passover season (Lesson XX.), to force Him into political prominence. It appears certain that His brothers would not have been slow to fan to a flame any smouldering embers of such a purpose (vss. 3, 4). Jesus therefore remained in Capernaum until after the caravan had set forth, and then went up quietly by Himself.

Even after His arrival He did not at once make His appearance in the temple, and it is very probably here that we may place the visit at Bethany recorded in Luke x. 38-42. When at last He did make His appearance, He taught with such convincing authority that the members of the Sanhedrin (John vii. 15, compare 13) marvelled at His learning since they knew that He had belonged to none of the great Rabbinical schools. Jesus, answering, showed the authority of His teaching (16-18) and maintained the correctness of His doctrine as against the erroneous interpretations put upon the Law by the Rabbis (19, 21-24). His teachings deeply impressed many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who knew of the machinations of the hierarchy (25). They felt convinced that this was the Messiah, and suspected that the hierarchy shared this opinion (26). However, as He was certainly not such a Messiah as they desired, they took refuge in a puerile objection as to His origin (27, compare 41, 42), an objection which John, writing for those who knew all the circumstances, does not so much as care to refute. In fact its puerility appeared on the surface, since, had they cared to accept Him, this matter still troubling them, they might easily have investigated it. However, for a true acceptance of Him they knew quite enough both of Him and His origin, as Jesus plainly told them (28, 29). The Pharisees were exasperated by this, even to forming a purpose to arrest Him; but His hour—God's time—had not yet come.

In fact it was only fear of the Sanhedrin (vs. 13) that prevented the muttered approbation of the people from becoming an open acknowledgment of Him. As it was, the rumor reached the ears of the Pharisees (vs. 32). The Pharisees were the true representatives of the unbelieving nation, and it is noticeable that John never mentions either the Sadducees or the Herodians by name. But a large majority of the Sanhedrin, including nearly all the priestly party, was composed of Sadducees, who were thorough materialists (Acts xxiii. 8). Naturally there was a decided antagonism between these free-thinkers and the straight-laced Pharisees (compare Matt. xxii. 34), sticklers for every jot and tittle of the law. Here, however, they were entirely at one; the chief priests and Pharisees sent officers to seize Him. This was the first of that series of judicial measures which ended in His death.

He knew of the purpose to arrest Him. His appeal grew more earnest as He felt that this was the beginning of the end of His work among them, yet a little while I am with you. He would have them make the most of that little while, but He himself is not disturbed by the prospect before Him. There is majestic calm in the words, I go to Him that sent Me. In the midst of danger He feels Himself supremely safe, for He was where He was because He had been sent. Whatever they might do to Him He would soon go where they could not follow Him, not being willing

to learn from Him the way (xiv. 6). The Jews' misapprehension of these words is not quite so perverse as is sometimes supposed. Jesus in verse 38 had given "the first gleam of the Christian doctrine of heaven," the first glimpse of the fact that heaven is to be with God. This was so far from being the Jewish notion of the place of departed spirits, that it is not surprising that they who were decidedly out of sympathy with Him did not apprehend His meaning. They may have very honestly wondered whether, since, it seemed, the authorities had determined to reject Him, it was His purpose to go unto the Dispersion (the non-Palestinian Jews; compare Acts ii. 8-10), and through them reach even the Greeks. They cannot quite entertain such a thought; there is a touch of contempt in their what sort of a saying is this? (vs. 36) and yet in it is a vague fear; they cannot tell what He does mean.

The eighth day, that which commemorated the entrance into Canaan, was the great day of the Feast (Num. xxix. 35), although as dwelling in booths was discontinued to the seventh, many pilgrms returned home on that day, and doubtless in this case Jesus' most enthusiastic Galilean followers were among these. On this day the ceremony of drawing water was omitted (perhaps because on that day the Israelites had drunk of the springs of Canaan; Josh. v. 12; 1 Cor. x. 4). It was probably in the solemn hush of the sacrifice hour, so strongly contrasted with the loud rejoicings of the preceding days, that a voice was heard uprising from the outer court: *If any man thirst let Him come unto Me and drink!* The meaning of the words, the allusion to the miraculous quenching of thirst in the wilderness, could hardly be misunderstood. That the commemorative water of the seven feast days was poured out and not drunk would not puzzle them, for it was to the rock in the wilderness, not the commemorative rite, that He compared Himself (1 Cor. x. 4).

They had thought in Galilee (John vi. 14) that Jesus was the Prophet promised by Moses; now they of Jerusalem are impressed with the same conviction. The sayings of Jesus, not only at the present moment, but all through the feast days, had convinced them of His likeness to the prophetic ideal (Isa. xi. 2; lxi. 1, etc.), but it was not such a Messiah as this that they desired. They clung with determination to their visions of a kingly Messiah (Isa. ix. 6, 7; Zech. ix. 9), and so while some said, *This is the Christ*, others took refuge in a quibble, and asked, *Shall the Christ come out of Galilee?* These remarks are only a summary of the comments made; the Greek gives a vivid impression of the quick interchange of many diverse opinions (compare John i. 21). One thing was evident to them all, that the kingdom He desired was a spiritual one. Even His professed friends were repelled, some more, some less strongly. A few of them were even ready to help the officers in arresting Him, so strong was the revulsion of feeling in the disappointment of their carnal hopes. But in general, the impression made by His words was very profound. Even the officers sent by the Sanhedrin to arrest Him felt it (vs. 46)—only the rulers remained unmoved. One of the number, Nicodemus, did raise his voice in protest against the summary action they desired to take, but his words produced no effect.

In the next chapter (viii.) we reach the very acme of the self-revelation of Christ to the world. Setting aside the first eleven verses, which, though most valuable and bearing in themselves the unmistakable stamp of truth, very certainly do not belong in this place, the chapter begins with the word of Jesus, *I am* (verse 12), and closes with His word, *I AM*



(verse 58). Between these two words His true character and nature are wondrously set forth. It was probably on one of the days immediately following the feast, when only the people of Jerusalem were left, the hostile Pharisees, the bewildered citizens, half ready to believe, yet dazzled by the very purity of the light which He poured upon them, that He spoke these words. They reveal the truth of His nature (16, 18, 25); as One who lives always in the presence of God, who delights in Him, who is conscious of His delight in Himself, and who therefore must be the Light of the world (12). Therefore He needed no witness (13, 14); to have given a sign to the Pharisees at this present period of His self revelation would have been as much out of the order of history as to give one at the present day; He was His own witness, and in His life the witness of the Father was evident (18). Such teachings were gall and wormwood to the rulers who saw in them the ruin of their worldly hopes. They dare not lay hands on Him, for there were too many of the common people (vii. 49) who were inclined to believe in Him, to make such an attempt safe in the much frequented place (viii. 20) where He was teaching. But He knew their hearts, and from His own heart of infinite pity came the words of most sorrowful prophecy, which fell, as it were, drop by drop, "His tear words over lost Israel": *I go My way. But ye shall seek Me. And shall die in your sins. Whither I go ye cannot come.*

In the dense darkness of their self-blinding the Sanhedrin never suspected that He knew of their murderous plans (22). And after some little time, perhaps almost immediately, perhaps not till the next day, for the intense feeling of those last words of His seems to demand a period of solitude and self-recollection, He spoke again, once more making clear the essential difference between Himself and them, not a difference of nature, nor of substance, but of character; the difference between them who live from beneath (23), and one whose moving springs are from above, one who is never left alone, but living always here on earth in immediate communion with the Father, *does always those things that please Him* (29) For a moment they caught a glimpse of the wondrous meaning of His words, and compelled by His very truth, as He spoke these words many believed on Him (30).

To those believers (31) Jesus began a new discourse which was for testing, and which showed that they had not the courage to follow His teachings. Their answering boast of freedom was not a falsehood (vs. 33), as many think in view of the indisputable fact of their frequent and their actual subjection to earthly rulers. They were not speaking of earthly bondage any more than Jesus was speaking of political freedom. It was of spiritual privileges they were speaking when they asked how they, Abraham's seed, could be given a larger freedom than they enjoyed, and in answer Jesus showed them a larger spiritual truth than they had ever dreamed of; *whosoever committeth sin is a slave* (the words of sin seem to be a gloss, and obscure the meaning). By that picture of the theocracy under the image of a household which they were fond of He showed them the difference between the son who gladly does always the things that please the father, and those who obey in slavish spirit. And then followed a clearer teaching of what He had been teaching all along, the essential antagonism of sin and God, the utter incompatibility of darkness and light, truth and falsehood, sin and holiness. Instead of the spiritual children of God, they were of a father who is the devil, they refused to enter His fellowship, and the evil desires of that father they *willed to do.*

This furnished that test for all character, His own as well as theirs which all through these lessons we have seen applied—our Golden Text. There is something very solemn in the silence which followed the question, *Which of you convicteth Me of sin?* And then again the pause that fell after, *And if I say truth, why do ye not believe me?*

They could not answer; and the awful conclusion of Jesus finally broke upon the silence, summing up all that had been said, *He that is of God heareth God's words; for this cause ye hear them not; because ye are not of God.* Those who had half believed were speechless—not so the members of the Sanhedrin (vs. 48), who broke in with a charge of heresy and want of patriotism (the word *Samaritan* includes both).

Jesus would not admit their right to judge, but referred the question to God; those who accepted His teachings, having entered into eternal life, cannot possibly lose it by death. They willfully misrepresent His words (52, compare 50), and contemptuously asked Him if He was greater than Abraham, who died. The next teaching (vs. 56) was not of the preexistence of Christ, but of the present interest of Abraham in the earthly life of Christ—a most important teaching. But on their persistent refusal to understand this (which harmonized with Jewish notions of the condition of souls in the intermediate state), He did plainly teach them His preexistence and divinity. Now they are quite ready to understand Him, for it gives them an excuse for stoning Him on the charge of blasphemy. But Jesus withdrew into the crowd, who were surely not ready to join in this onslaught, and quietly passed out of the temple.

THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1894

THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.

Matt. x. 5-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—As ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. x. 7.

This passage was treated in Lesson XIX. of the Bible Study Union (Evangelist for November 1st). In addition to what was there said, we learn the following:

VERSES 5, 6. It was necessary to establish Christ's kingdom in Israel as the first step to its universal extension. This is always God's view of election; men are called to be saints, not simply for the sake of their own salvation, but that they may be the leaven in the whole lump. For the Twelve to have gone among the Gentiles would have been to become ceremonially unclean, and therefore abhorrent to the Jews; to have shared their message with the Samaritans would have been to arouse a jealousy and fierce hatred which would have rendered their message to Israel of none effect.

VERSE 7. The burden of their message was to be that the kingdom of heaven was within the reach of each, individually (Luke xvii. 21).

VERSE 8. Miracles were to be their attestation as messengers of Jesus (Matt. xi. 5), and a sign that the era of salvation was come (Luke x. 17).

VERSES 9, 10. They were not to burden themselves with superfluous anxieties. The country was enthusiastically friendly to Jesus; His messengers would receive an abundant welcome. It is very interesting to notice the symbolical meaning of many of these commands Jesus followed Jewish notions and modes of thinking right along. The rabbis forbade men to enter the temple with shoes or money girdle (scrip).


VERSES 11, 12. The mission was to be from house to house. No speaking in public

places—for this they were not competent. All the more necessary was guidance as to conduct in intercourse with strangers. They were not to gad about; they were always to be courteous.

VERSE 13. They were not to force themselves upon anyone; but their *peace* (compare Luke x. 5), the blessing of their work, would be with themselves, if no one else were blessed by it. This is always the case.

VERSES 14, 15. That the limit of blessing is the will of man is the solemn teaching of these verses, and also, that the loss of those who refuse the proffered blessing is far greater than that of those to whom it was never brought.

VERSE 16. As was explained in the lesson above referred to, it is probable that this verse was not spoken at this time, but belongs to a later period, perhaps to the commission of the seventy (Luke x. 1). Nothing can be more certain than that at this period any messengers of Jesus to the Galilean towns would not find themselves as sheep in the midst of wolves, but rather as most welcome guests.



## Tenement House Chapter

77 MADISON STREET.

MRS. GEORGE H. MCGREW, Chairman.  
MISS SOPHIA L. BREWSTER, Cor. Sec.  
MISS CLARA FIELD, Treasurer.  
MISS CHARLOTTE A. WATERBURY, Supt.

The following sums have been received in answer to our appeal:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$ 4.00
Mrs. John E. Parsons.....	10.00
Whosoever Circle, Rhinebeck.....	3.00
A Friend.....	.50
Mrs. C. E. Raymond.....	2.00
In Memoriam.....	5.00
Miss J. Topping, Sec'y.....	5.25
J. B. Pope.....	7.00
Golden Rule Circle.....	5.00
Mrs. George Wood.....	5.00
Mr. Fred. Powers.....	1.00
Mrs. P. N. Winegar.....	2.00
Mrs. C. C. Paery.....	2.00
A Friend.....	5.00
Miss C. Z. Ryder.....	100.00
Mrs. Seth Low.....	161.75
	\$ 161.75

THE MOTHERS' SEWING CLASS.

We were handing out the unfinished garments to the tenement-house mothers who had come to the Chapter house to sew for a couple of hours. As we read the names off, one mother after another came and took the work that had her name on it. But when we received no response for one name called, we looked over in the farther corner, and seeing the owner there, we handed the unfinished garment to her. She did not reach her hand to take it, but burst into a flood of tears. "I need not finish that," she said, "the little boy is dead." We had not noticed the shabby black shawl she had thrown around her shoulders—her only effort at following the custom of mourning. The unfinished garment which we laid back was a little flannel dress to be made for the loved one, to keep it clean and warm. The skirt was already finished, the hem neatly sewed, and we knew the mother had stitched in many loving thoughts as she sat patiently making a garment in which her baby boy would be so comfortable. And now he had gone, and would never need it. It was pathetic in the extreme to see how those other tenement-house mothers tried to give her their sympathy. "Don't cry," said one; "the little fellow is better off; no more troubles for him. He'll never be sick any more, or hungry and cold." And another one said: "Don't be fretting over him; he might grow up to be bad and break your heart. You're sure of him now; he can't learn anything bad of the boys on the street now." And we told the sorrowing mother of the beautiful home where her



darling had gone; of the blessed Jesus, who takes little children in His arms and carries them about the green pastures, and never lets any harm come to them. "Yes," she said, looking into our faces with tearful eyes, "hut it's so awful lonesome in the house without him." O how many mothers know the full import of those words she spoke, "so awful lonesome"!

But these poor women must take up their burden of poverty and hard work even in the beginning of their sorrow. The poor woman had come over to begin another garment, for the living must be clothed. And then it was "so lonesome at home," she said.

And the "poor old woman from Wales," passed her threescore years and ten, shook her head and said: "I buried everyone of my children and have no one belonging to me to care for me."

She had come, she said, to hear the talks and the stories that were read while the women worked. To be sure she could not sew a stitch or even knit; but she enjoyed the opportunity to talk of the past, and was proud to tell how in Wales she had seen her mother spin a hall of yarn as big as her head and set all the girls at knitting as soon as the house was righted. And then, too, we felt that "the poor old woman from Wales" liked very much to get the good cup of tea that was always passed around at four o'clock. "There was life in it," she said.

Ah, that cup of tea at four o'clock! How all those poor women enjoy it. Some of them have to leave early and go to their work of cleaning up the big office buildings, and "there do he so much strength in the ladies' cup of tea," that they start out for their work with new vigor. But it costs to give these women a good cup of tea and a cake all round every Friday afternoon. We were talking yesterday of giving it up, because we have so little money. But there are other mothers in comfortable, happy homes who can help us—other mothers who have little ones to feed and clothe and make happy—they are mothers whom God has given opportunities for making the most and the best of their children. And from many homes some little darling has been taken to the arms of Jesus. Do you not wish to help us in memory of the little ones that have gone, and to show your thankfulness to the Father for giving you the comforts of life in your home? You will not miss a pound of tea or a pound of cut sugar from your tables, and it will give so much comfort to those other mothers who come to the sewing-class for help and cheer.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

#### THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

Many people have heard of the Boys' Brigade, but few, comparatively, know of its rapid growth in this country. The Brigade is a national and interdenominational organization, of which the Rev. J. Q. Adams of San Francisco is President. The latter city has hitherto been its headquarters, but they are now to be transferred to Chicago. At the recent annual meeting of the National Council in Chicago the Secretary reported that there were 463 enrolled companies, scattered in thirty-two States and territories, with a total membership of over 16,000 boys. He also reported that over 13 per cent. of this number, or more than 2,000 boys, had been received from the companies to church membership during the preceding twelve months.

It thus appears that while a military organization, it leads in the right direction in its ultimate influence. Its supreme object, as stated in its Constitution in this country and Great Britain, is "the advance of Christ's kingdom among boys, and this partly by the inculcation of habits of obedience, reverence, discipline, self respect, and all that tends toward Christian manliness." The organization seems to be justified by its results thus far.

### The Religious Press.

The Presbyterian evidently thinks well of John Knox, and, inferentially, of The Evangelist's proposed pilgrimage to the immediate scenes of his great career:

The admirers of John Knox are agitating the question of an annual commemoration of his birth by Presbyterians of all denominations. Such an observance, it is thought, while worthily perpetuating a grand and heroic character, would serve to bring into notice and emphasis the reformatory, as well as the doctrinal, element in our Presbyterianism. In these days when so much attention is being given to reforms of all kinds, his example would be especially inspiring. Presbyterians have always been foremost as leaders in civil as well as in ecclesiastical reformations. John Knox stands out in bold relief as the defender of freedom, civic and religious, seeking to make State and Church promote the highest, purest and noblest ends of the individual and of the community for which they were respectively instituted. Carlyle calls him the "grandest of all Scotsmen." Presbyterians look upon him with the greatest respect and veneration, and are proud of his achievements as a moral and religious Reformer. But when it comes to observing his birthday, we encounter the difficulty that authorities cannot agree as to when it occurred. Thomas McCrie, who wrote his life, and David Laing, who edited his writings, have not been able to discover its exact date. All that is definitely known is that he was born in 1505, and in all probability at Haddington. But an enthusiastic writer upon the subject of an annual observance of his memory, says: "We know, however, that this great and good man 'rendered up his spirit' (as Richard Ballantyne put it) on November 24, 1572, and surely with definite knowledge on that point, and in view of the growing appreciation of his life-work, the continuance of the observance of any special services in honor of his memory each year should cease. It is just as fitting that we should review a man's career on the recurrence of the day when his work was done, as that we should go into ecstasies of enthusiasm on the anniversary of the date on which his life journey commenced. As the memory of Knox is one which is calculated to bring out the most serious and elevated thoughts, there would be nothing indecorous in setting aside November 24th in each year as his day, just as January 25th has been given over to celebrations in honor of Robert Burns."

The Examiner has this discriminating and generous reference to the intellectual characteristics of "Two Great Theologians" not of its own Church:

Few men remain to the Presbyterian Church of the United States who are peers of the two who have just left us. Few men can be found in any body of Christians who may be justly called their peers. As for greater, there are none, and have been none in the history of our American Christianity.

Between Dr. Shedd and Dr. McCosh there were marked affinities, and repulsions equally marked. Both were Presbyterians, both therefore Calvinists, both believed in the Scriptures as God's revelation, and accepted them as final authority. Both had the philosophic mind and were independent thinkers, cogent reasoners, effective writers. Both were men of genuine piety and marked personal power. Both were great teachers and impressed themselves deeply on successive classes of students. There the likenesses end and the differences begin.

Dr. Shedd's was perhaps the keener mind. His methods were sharp and clean-cut; his logic was rigorous, inexorable; his conclusions irresistible, unless his premises were denied. Most of those with whom he held high theologic debate were committed to his premises in advance, and they therefore became as stubble to his polemic sword. He was an antagonist who could he successfully withstood only by going to the very foundations of things and denying his first principles; if you once said A with him, you must say B, and so on to the ampersand. Withal, he was a fascinating writer, and his style was almost as perfect as classic Greek. Eschewing ornament, he sought beauty in severe simplicity and perfect fitness. In clearness, in strength, in pungency, his style is one that the rising ministry might well be called upon to study

as one of the great models. But Dr. Shedd was a man of the past. He thoroughly disbelieved in the modern spirit; the scientific method he did not practice, nor did he look with favor upon its practice by others. His method was *a priori* and deductive. Starting with a few first principles, in which he believed with all the strength of his soul, he huilt his system upon them.

If Dr. McCosh's mind was less keen it was broader; he was more in touch with other branches of learning. He was a theologian, but he was more—he was a philosopher, a student of the natural sciences, a believer in evolution, a man thoroughly modern in spirit. He was therefore a man of the present and of the future. He thoroughly believed in the scientific method, with its substitution of induction from fact in the place of deduction from assumed principles. Among the first to apply this method fearlessly to philosophy, he advocated its application in every sphere of human knowledge. His hooks are of lasting value rather because of their temper, of their way of looking at things, of their steadfast facing towards the future, of their fearless grappling with every problem, than because they offer a final solution of anything. It would be difficult to exaggerate the service that Dr. McCosh rendered to the cause of higher education in this country. He came to Princeton when the name was a symbol for everything reactionary and mediæval; he made of the college one of the best-equipped and most progressive institutions in the world. And he did this without any open break with the past, with no violent attacks on those who did not agree with him, without being charged with heresy or accused of teaching dangerous innovations. But he did it as surely and irrevocably as he did it quietly. Nothing proves Dr. McCosh to have been a great man so certainly as that remarkable accomplishment. Any other man of his generation would probably have failed had he attempted the task. The hour and the man met when he went to Princeton.

Surely we may admire and emulate what was best in both these great men. They served their generation well, each in his own way. Each gave us of his best, without stint, and both are worthy of the grateful remembrance of American Christians through generations to come.

The Observer says that English Nonconformity of the day is not altogether made of the stern stuff of former days if all that Professor Thatcher of Oxford says of it is true:

This gentleman is professor of Old Testament history and literature at Mansfield college, Oxford, and was recently on a visit to his friends in Melbourne. Before leaving for England he had an interview with a representative of the Australian Weekly, in the course of which he said that "Nonconformity often does most work when it loses numerical strength. Men trained in the life of Nonconformist churches are driven by a desire for social position or other causes into the Anglican church, and often take with them a vigor and earnestness unknown before. In the suburbs of London the practical ostracism of Nonconformists from the inner circle of society will undoubtedly continue to take away many of the wealthy middle class to the Anglican church. In many of the large towns, however, and in the North of England, Nonconformity is able to hold its own, and by the vigorous way in which it is treating the social and religious questions of to-day is getting a stronger hold of the working classes than ever before." If Nonconformists cannot abide practical ostracism for religion's sake, then their religion is more of a vicer than a life within. When society and fashion determine a family's church relations, so much the worse for the family and so much the worse a great deal for the church.

The Occident seems to felicitate the inhabitants up and down the Pacific coast—especially any who may have oppressed the celestial Asiatic in days past, over the fact that he is turning out a very poor fighter:

It is only a short time ago that a great many people in the United States expressed anxiety concerning a possible war between this country and China. In their imagination they saw an ominous war-cloud hanging over the Pacific ocean and moving towards our Western shores. It was a dangerous thing to rouse that mighty nation of four hundred millions of people. Once aroused they would sweep



down upon us as the barbarous hordes swept down on ancient Rome, and where would our boasted civilization be then?

Yes, there were real apprehensions in the minds of many, a year or two ago, and Congress was urged to go a little slow with its Chinese legislation.

Just now we are getting the real situation in China rather than the imaginary. We see a little, half civilized nation of half sized men, equipped with modern arms, going through big China, meeting an opposition that can scarcely be called a respectable protest on the part of the Chinese. They flee when no man pursueth. The emperor and his cabinet and court run a hundred and fifty miles into the interior as soon as Japanese soldiers touch their shores. The exhibition would be laughable if some of the realities of war were not present to sadden the picture.

But one thing is certain: No person in this country old enough to read the newspapers has any fear of China now. The bugbear has vanished in a night.

But is the "bugbear" wholly passed—is it more than shifted? The pride and sensitiveness of China's conquerors, whom our contemporary describes as a "half-civilized nation of half-sized men" is notorious, and once they have humbled "the greatest Empire on earth" in a single campaign, it will hardly consist with what we know of "half-civilized" human nature to call a halt. Moderation is one of the traits ascribed to high civilization alone and it seems hardly short of presumption to calculate upon such Christian temper at the hands of any merely "half-civilized" nation. History does not warrant it. Precedent forbodes the worse—even that flushed with the glory of war and conquest, the Mikado or some great warrior in his confidence will remember some insult to a subject to his Empire, and then ere we are aware we shall be face to face with an enemy whose marksmanship is conceded to be fine, while they themselves offer but half the target presented by the fully civilized man of the Pacific coast. But our much assured contemporary has no forboding of any such results. China out of the question, all is serene in his horizon. We hope will so remain. But "hoodlums" will do well not to presume, as heretofore, on the extra good temper and forbearance of the little "half-civilized" man of the far Pacific.

The Christian Advocate has this reference to a defalcation, the end of which is not yet:

"On Monday morning last many of our readers were astonished to learn that the Shoe and Leather Bank, in this city, had suffered through the defalcation of a bookkeeper to the extent of three hundred and fifty-four thousand dollars. The Methodist Book Concern from the time of the organization of this bank, about forty years ago, has kept an account with it. The Missionary Society has also deposited its funds there, and all foreign drafts upon the treasurer, after having been accepted by him, are made payable at this bank.

The first president, Mr. A. V. Stout, was a distinguished Methodist, and other prominent Methodists were on its Board of Directors. Members of the Methodist Church have been attracted to the bank in years past by their confidence in the management.

This is the first calamity that has ever befallen this bank. The friends of the Book Concern and of the Missionary Society will be gratified to learn that neither institution will suffer loss. The Publishing Agents and the Treasurer of the Missionary Society visited the bank early Monday morning, and ascertained that notwithstanding this heavy loss, the solvency of the bank remains undisturbed.

The surplus of the bank, which amounts to about two hundred thousand dollars, will meet this deficiency in part, and the balance will be made up by the stockholders.

"My character to-day is for the most part simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have ever cherished, and all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment. So that character is the quintessence of biography; so that anybody who knows my character—and there is no keeping character under cover—knows what for forty or more years I have been doing and been thinking. Character is for the most part simply habit become fixed.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

## The Children at Home.

### CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Everybody is talking about them, and everybody is thinking about them. Many people are wishing they had money enough to give elegant presents to all their friends, and because so many wish to be liberal givers they are tempted to go beyond their means to buy the gifts. This is one of the trying features of Christmas giving. Making gifts that our incomes do not warrant keeps us "turning and twisting" our accounts for months to get square again. Such gifts really do not have the true spirit of Christmas in them. Last year many parents spoke of the embarrassment of riches in the way of Christmas presents for children. The neighbor's girl is going to have so many presents, and his boy will have every wish gratified at the Christmas time, and so the fathers and mothers feel that their children must keep up with their young friends, or they will not be satisfied. It is all wrong reasoning, but it is very human.

It must be a very comfortable knowledge to be aware that you are rich, and the giving of all these beautiful gifts has no burden bearing connected with it, except that of going to the well-filled stores to pick them out. Everybody would be willing to run the risk of carrying that burden to have that knowledge at this special season. But the rank and file must content themselves with only wishing they were able to buy this or that. Some families, by mutual agreement, have taken the money that had been set apart for Christmas gifts for themselves, and given it to those who otherwise would not have a merry Christmas.

Many fathers have had a hard time during this year of financial embarrassment, and it is hoped that our young people will appreciate this fact and be glad to have a merry, loving Christmas without much expense of gift giving.

The little wee ones, of course, must have their Christmas. The Christmas days of childhood are great eras in their lives. How very long it is from one Christmas to another! But they do not value gifts because of their cost. Santa Claus can make quite a show of generosity for them at a small expense and in their "make believe" world the gifts will be complete and satisfactory.

There was a time when little love tokens were made for father and mother by the children and the useful things of necessity bought at the Christmas time by the parents, sufficed for Christmas giving. But now we live by comparison, and we must have and do just as other people who are better off than we do.

No presents are of such value to the loving father and mother as the little gifts bought by the children who have saved up their pennies for months to buy them. And the tokens of love the busy little fingers make and are so mysteriously wrought in hidden places where they cannot be seen, could money buy them from us? Oh, no, they are the most precious of gifts, treasured for years. Many a mother to-day has some of these tokens hidden away in her treasure box; they are sacred because the little ones made them long, long ago.

So let us this year give gifts of loving thought, gifts that will not provoke the words, "I am not able to buy this for so and so, but I must do it, because he or she would not be satisfied with a gift of lesser value." We knew a very sweet woman who sent only a Christmas card to her friends last year with words of love and good wishes on it. It was all she had to give, and the friends who received those cards of remembrance accepted them in the same sweet spirit in which they were sent.

There are some beautiful gifts we can all give each other, gifts that will last the whole year round and can be used every day in the home. We sometimes make our loved ones very unhappy and stir up strife among ourselves by our uncontrolled temper. Professor Drummond says, "Temper is everything." A bad temper makes a home wretched. A good temper makes it like heaven. Let us, with Christ's help, give our friends the sunshine of a sweet, childlike spirit. We think we want this thing and that thing for our dear ones, but really the most valued gift we can give them is ourselves, full of the beautiful spirit of our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

### A WISH IN RHYME.

I met him on the train. I saw that he was shy of strangers, and that all the occupants of our car were strangers to him. I was strangely drawn towards him from the first; so while the train lingered at Harrisburg, I broke the ice by offering him some fruit. Confidence being won, he very soon accepted my invitation to come and sit with me. I love purity; this boy was pure. I looked into the depths of those eyes of liquid blue and felt that no deception found entrance there. From that moment I loved him. We spoke of his aim in life. He would like to bear the message of salvation, if he were sure he could preach like his uncle, the bishop at C—. But a slight impediment in his speech seemed to be his cross. As he spoke of this, I saw that his soul yearned to be freed from this chain. It formed the desire of his daily prayer. The tentacles of his longings were reaching out for relief. When we separated that night, I felt that he held a key that would unlock the gateway of his speech and set him free indeed. With these thoughts I wrote an autograph selection for him, entitled

#### MY WISH FOR THEE.

Were I to give my wishes rhyme,  
For one so pure and fair as thou;  
I fear I'd fail with words of mine,  
Lest some good angel told me how.

I'd wish thy voice might rise in song  
To sing God's sweetest songs of praise,  
For know ye well to him belong  
Our choicest gifts, our grandest lays.

I'd wish thy tongue might lose its chain,  
And then go forth to speak for God,  
His truth and justice to proclaim,  
Till all shall feel love's chastening rod.

I'd wish thy hand might wield the pen  
With mighty force, with potent sway;  
So shalt thou bless thy fellow-men  
And hasten on God's perfect day.

S. F. FIESTER.

### A MONKEY'S POLITENESS.

One day an Italian organ-grinder, accompanied by a trained monkey, wandered into our town, and the man stopped before a house to play. The monkey was an intelligent little fellow, and was attired in a jacket and cap. While the master was grinding out the music, the monkey hopped down from the organ where he had been sitting, and jumping the fence, came up into my yard. He was at once spied by a fox terrier of mine, and the dog made a rush at him. The monkey awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, when suddenly the monkey raised his paw and gracefully saluted his enemy by raising his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off into the house and would not leave it until satisfied that his polite, but mysterious guest had departed.



## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It is almost always a hard matter to decide upon our gifts to our friends at Christmas. We want to give them some remembrance that shall show our love and thoughtfulness for them, and that shall be a help and pleasure to them. Anyone who knows Dr. J. R. Miller's devotional works, need have no hesitancy as to what to give. His books are always gladly welcomed, and never fail in helpfulness. He is one of the few religious writers who succeed in bringing the matters of which they write down to every-day life for its uplifting and ennobling. The titles of some of his works will suggest their character. First, there are three dainty little books, bound in white and blue, at thirty-five cents each: *Young Girls: Faults and Ideals*; *Young Men: Faults and Ideals*; *Secrets of Happy Home Life*. These, as well as his larger works, are published by Messrs. Crowell and Company. The latter are bound in white and gold at \$1.25 each. They are *Silent Times*, a book to help in making the Bible a factor in life; *Making the Most of Life*, a book to stimulate the reader to earnest and worthy living; *The Every Day of Life*, a book dedicated to those who want to grow better; *Glimpses through Life's Windows*; and *The Building of Character*, of which a quotation from the introduction will give the keynote: "Nothing else we can do or make in this world is so important as that which we build along the years in ourselves. What we are at the end is a great deal truer test of living than what we have, or what we have done." Dr. Miller is so well known to the readers of *The Evangelist* that his name will speak for itself.

M. E. P.

## WOOD RAT.

In Professor Holder's *Walks and Drives* through the Foothill Country of Southern California he says he has frequently seen a curious and interesting mound builder. The mound is a mass of brush piled up about the trunk of a small tree, standing perhaps three feet from the ground. It was so interwoven that only with difficulty could it be torn apart. The heap was an impregnable fortress, rain and weatherproof. Not knowing exactly to what member of the animal kingdom the nest belonged, he watched and saw a large wood rat watching him sharply from a short distance.

Prof. Holder had to work long and hard to find out how that house was made. The upper portion contained a room lined with fine moss and the bark of trees, and thoroughly protected from the rain. There were other apartments stuffed with seeds, corn cobs, and pieces of cloth, probably picked up in the vicinity of a neighboring ranch house. The whole mass was honeycombed with tunnels, so that it was impossible to catch one of the mound builders napping, and when the nest was moved, it was found that one of the passages led into the ground and radiated off in various directions.

## THE GARDEN BIRD.

Professor Holder tells us that deep in the heart of Borneo there is a very curious bird, which is called the gardenbird. The bird is but a little larger than the robin, and builds a mound apparently three or four feet high, which, wonderful to relate, is hollow. This is not its nest, for it has one in a tree not far distant, so this mound of green twigs is simply a pleasure house, a summer home, perhaps, to which this little bird goes for a rest or a change.

## EXPLORATIONS IN PALESTINE.

The Land of the Bible can tell us of the Bible. This fact led to the organization of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which has for twenty-nine years been searching for the ancient monuments of Bible times. Major C. R. Conder, D.C.L., in a most interesting paper in a recent *Contemporary Review*, tells of some of the great results which have been already attained, and prophesies that "there remains still much more to be found than has yet been discovered."

"The first great result was the discovery of the Moabite Stone. This monument proved that, in the ninth century, B.C., King Mesha revolted from Israel, as we are told in the Bible that he did revolt. It showed that Israel then worshipped Jehovah, and that Omri and Ahab had ruled in Moab. It showed that the Moabite language was a dialect not unlike Hebrew, and that the art of writing was known thus early, even in this remote corner of the deserts beyond Jordan, far away from the highways of trade and civilization.

The next result, due to the perilous excavations of Sir Charles Warren, was the recovery of the temple area and the unearthing of a monument more interesting than the Scæan Gate—the 'great tower that lieth out' on Ophel, which Nebemiah rebuilt. Then followed the discovery of the Siloam inscription, hidden in the dark aqueduct which Hezekiah hewed, from the 'upper Gihon,' when preparing to defend Jerusalem against Sennacherib. This monument showed us that in Hezekiah's time the ordinary language of the city was that pure Hebrew in which Isaiah wrote, and placed before our eyes the very characters in which his scrolls must have been penned.

"Quite recently we have had further light thrown on the ancient civilization of Palestine, through excavation at Lachish. The discoveries of Mr. Bliss have shown us the language of the Canaanites in Joshua's time, and the characters in which they wrote. They have proved the early communication with Egypt by the recovery at this site of Egyptian remains as old as the fifteenth century, B.C. They have shown us how different was the language of the Canaanite and of the Hebrew, and how close was the connection between Chaldeans and Canaanites—just as the Bible also told us before. And, in addition to these most valuable discoveries, we have now two hundred letters found in Central Egypt, written to Amenophis III. and Amenophis IV., by Philistines, Amorites, Phœnicians, and Hittites, which describe the great rebellion against the Pharaohs in the age when, according to the Old Testament dates, the conquest by the Hebrews took place."

Major Conder shows how much is yet to be done from the fact that of all the ancient or ruined cities, only Lachish has been excavated, and that not thoroughly. In regard to texts believed to be hidden under the great mounds in all parts of Palestine, he says:

When the Palestine Exploration Fund was first started, there was nothing which could confidently be pointed out to show how reasonable was the expectation of such results. All the known inscriptions—except two or three from Phœnicia—belonged to times after the Christian era. All the known ruins were of late character. It was possible to assert, without fear of contradiction by fact, that the ancient civilization of the Hebrews was mythical, and had no existence before the Greek or the Persian age; that they could not write, and had consequently no books; that they were merely savage tribes under petty leaders, wandering like the desert Arabs, and despised by the surrounding civilized people. Such things were actually then said; but he would be a bold man who repeated them today. When Sennacherib describes his unsuccessful attack on Jerusalem, before he was driven home across the Euphrates by Tirhakah, King of Egypt, he says that Hezekiah's tribute included 'Thirty talents of gold, eight hundred talents of silver, woven cloth, embroidered scarlet, precious stones of large size,

couches of ivory, thrones of ivory, beds, and precious woods—a great treasure of every kind.' If Sennacherib is to be trusted, Jerusalem, in Hezekiah's time must have equalled other famous cities in wealth and in art. The Assyrians carried captive 200,000 people, small and great, horses and mares, asses, camels, oxen, and sheep; and no less than twenty-six strong cities of Hezekiah were besieged with engines of war besides Jerusalem.

"But it may be said that no one disputed such a condition of affairs in the eighth century, B.C.; that it was only in the times of Moses and of Joshua, and yet more in Abraham's days, that Palestine and Syria were wild countries, without civilization, and where writing was unknown; that the Law could not have been carved on tables of stone by Israel in the fifteenth century, B.C.; that Abraham could not have bought the field at Hebron with 'current money of the merchants'; that there were no carts or chariots in Palestine in Jacob's time, or merchants who could have carried Joseph to Egypt, or 'iron chariots' of the Canaanites in Joshua's age, or 'Babylonian garments' in Achan's tent. Three years ago all this might be argued, but now these objections also have been answered by the explorer. We know that even before the time of Abraham the Akkadians, from the lower Tigris, hewed granite in Sinai and carried it in ships by Aden to the Persian Gulf. The statues carved of this granite are in the Louvre, and the texts upon them speak of gold and precious woods brought from Upper Egypt, of mines in Phœnicia when precious metals were dug out, of cedars hewn in Lebanon, of a widespread commerce in Africa and Chaldea, and having its highway through Palestine; of Chaldean invasions similar to that of Abraham's time, when Arioch, King of Ellasar (the historic Eriaku of the Larsa monuments) marched even to Edom."

In concluding his paper, Major Conder points to the high importance of the exploration regarding the languages spoken in Palestine in the time of Christ, and emphasizes the fact that the exploration has demonstrated that Greek was very widely used in Palestine at the time of the writing of the Gospels, and that it was understood by the Jews, thus throwing some light on the disputed question whether the Gospels were originally written in Greek or Aramaic.—*Literary Digest*.

## THESE EVERY DAY FAULTS.

I know every one of my girls can think of some other little fault, one that is peculiar to herself. Now I want her to represent the perfect specimen of girlhood just as the perfect grape is the finest of fruits, satisfying the thirst, the taste, the eyes. But, my dear girls, if you want to be this you must pull out the little faults as you would the weeds from a garden. Pull them up so carefully that they cannot come back, and in their place sow the seed of the beautiful flowers that represent the virtues. You see it will make you happier, better, and more lovable, and it will make life sweeter for everybody around you. And behold, some day, taking you in her arms, your mother will tell you that the brightness and good cheer in the house are due to you and your virtues. She may, perhaps, remind you of that time, and be sure she will congratulate you on your victory over the little faults of every-day life. After this it is so easy to conquer big faults; they stand out so prominently, having no little ones to excuse them, that you see them and control them. You get them well in grasp and master them, and in time you, my girl, by your own efforts become "a perfect woman nobly planned."—*Ladies' Home Journal*

A gentleman remarked that it was very kind in Sunday-school teachers to instruct children without pay. "But, sir, we do pay something," said one of the boys. "Do you, my boy? What is it then?" "Please, sir, we pay attention."



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## Christian Endeavor.

By the Rev. S. W. Pratt.  
Rejecting Christ.

- Dec. 10. Diotrephes. 3 John 1-14.
- 11. Herod. Luke 23:7-12.
- 12. Judas. Mark 14:32-45.
- 13. The Jews. Luke 23:13-25.
- 14. The Thyatrans. Acts 16:16-24.
- 15. The church of Sardis. Revelation 3:1-6.
- 16. Topic—Different ways of rejecting Christ. Mark 15:6-14; Hebrews 6:4-6.

There can be no better introduction to this topic than to read Isaiah lvii. 13 xiii. 12, particularly verse third of the latter chapter: "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." This pen-picture of the prophet was true to the life. When Christ was on earth, thousands, heard His words and saw His works; but the number who believed and followed Him was so small that His disciples were regarded as not worthy of notice by the Roman authorities. The great and wise and rich followed Him not. He was regarded as a "man of sorrows" because smitten of God and punished for His sins; but He sorrowed over the hardness and unbelief of those whom He came to save, and because they would not come to Him and be saved by Him. He wept over Jerusalem because of its rejection of Him, and because He was obliged to leave it desolate.

### Christ Rejected.

The scene of His rejection by the Jews has been a favorite one for the artist. Benjamin West's picture with the above title may be found in the Philadelphia Academy, and is worthy not only of a visit, but of a study with open Testament. It is said the artist spent months in the study of the Scripture account before he began to paint it.

All the participants in the transaction are before us. Prominent is Pilate, who represents Roman law, and held the life of Christ in his and has become infamous and a by-word for injustice by his weakness. Many times he pronounced Him guiltless, and even washed his hands of the decision, which no power could have forced him to make, when he delivered Him up to death. The chief priests are there with faces full of hatred, demanding His crucifixion, and led on by them is the mob of Jews with brutal faces and clinched hands shouting, "Crucify Him." Before and a little way off are the women, anxious, weeping, waiting, to minister to Him. Even the cross already prepared is seen, and with it the heartless executioner showing to some boys how his cruel work is done. At the side of the palace is the prison, and there are Barabbas and the thieves who were crucified with Christ.

We can almost hear the cry as Pilate offers to release Jesus, "Not this man but Barabbas!" The Romans look on indifferent, not realizing that the Son of God is in the hands of a Roman Judge, and that the crisis of the world has come. A greater than Caesar was there,

A single man, a noble centurion, shows in his face his sympathy with Christ and his growing faith.

Another picture which has become familiar

and which also brings out with great power the same scene, is Munkaczy's  
Christ Before Pilate.

Here we see the same selfish judge, the purple clad priests, the shouting mob and a few sympathizers, while the subject of their enmity stands the least concerned of all. His face manifesting purity and peace, and speaking His innocence, a lamb led to slaughter and a sheep dumb before its shearers.

Can it be possible that the Son of God and the world's Saviour was thus rejected by the very nation whose King He was, and by the very priests who were looking with eager longing for the Messiah?

Did the very sinners He came to save so reject Him and with wicked hands crucify and slay their Lord and Christ? We cannot find words strong enough to express Pilate's infamy and the cruelty and wickedness of the Jews. And in His place they choose Barabbas, a murderer, to be released to them at the feast. Nothing can be added to the blackness of the picture. In one way or another all rejected Him in that house, Pilate and the Romans, the chief priests and the Jews; His disciples forsook Him and fled, and even Peter denied Him, and He was left alone in the struggle of His agony. We think we should not have fled or deserted Him, but should have stood by Him as Peter boasted that he would.

Alas, how little we know our own hearts! Pilate's judicial rejection of Christ was also personal. His rejection by the Jews was personal as well as national, and His blood came on them and their children. When one does evil with a multitude, he does it also alone. Judgment comes to nations as nations, to individuals as a part of the nation, and one cannot wash his hands of participation in public affairs. It is not alone the atheist and infidel and the persecutor and blasphemer who reject Christ. One does not have to put Christ out of his creed to reject Him; he may be orthodox and believe everything about Him and yet reject Him all the more. Very few deliberately reject Him. Most people would be horrified if asked to put in words what they do in act. Simply to neglect Him is to wickedly reject Him. "How shall ye escape who neglect so great salvation?"

The common excuse, "I didn't think," is most contemptuous rejection, when we consider what Christ has done for or would do for the thoughtless sinner. To forget Him is worse than to forget the mother who bore us. How constantly is He crowded out of mind by pleasure and lust and ambition and business, not to speak of sinning against Him in the very thing in regard to which He died to save the sinner. Practically, if not deliberately, he is despised and rejected of men. Mammon is preferred before Him, Barabbas is chosen in His place, men do not desire Him, will not come to Him, will not associate with Him, will not confess Him, will not bear His name, will not be His disciples, will not love Him. The Holy Spirit who comes to sinners and offers pardon and salvation in Christ's name is unheard or unheeded, put off and kept waiting, sinned against or rejected until He is grieved away. Sinners will be saved in any

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What will you do with Jesus? He comes now by His word, by the preacher of the gospel, by the Sunday school teacher, by the church, by His disciples, and through all of them by the Holy Spirit, and one must make choice for or against him. Every choice is a reception or rejection of Him, a denial or confession of Him. He claims to be the son of God, the only saviour of sinners whose life was their only ransom, and through faith in Him alone is any salvation. Will you be a coward or an enemy, or indifferent, or any other kind of a sinner against His love? What are you doing to Him? What are you doing for Him? He who resists the blood-stained cross resists the uttermost that heaven can do.

#### WOMEN'S EX. COM OF HOME MISSIONS.

##### THE SANTA FE SCHOOL.

"Santa Fe," as stated by Mrs. James, "is a historic, not a commercial center; it is a sanitarium and the seat of government. The reputation of the Santa Fe school has spread far and wide throughout the territory, and is always called 'Miss Allison's Presbyterian School.' We find the school closed for the summer, but everything is in excellent condition. The grounds are nicely kept, and some ornamental trees on the place, which Miss Allison waters with her own hands every day. Nothing is neglected in this establishment; our property here is kept in the best condition possible. It is a hopeful outlook that nine-tenths of all the teachers in the territory are graduates of our mission schools."

Miss Allison wrote in June: Surely there is not a busier, happier place to be found anywhere than at the Santa Fe Industrial School, when we are all at regular work. Our light, airy school room, with evergreen mottoes on the white walls and blackboards decorated in colored crayons by the hands of our artistic classroom teacher, and filled with bright, black-eyed girls, all interested in mastering the tasks given them, is an inspiring sight. We see in these girls some of the future home-makers of New Mexico, and as we notice how their minds are expanding and how deftly they perform their duties in the different departments of housework, we can make no mistake in saying that the character of their homes will be vastly superior to those we see around us today. I am gratefully proud of those who have gone out from this school and are now occupying places of usefulness in different parts of the territory. . . . Our girls have shown interest in the cause of missions, and have done extra work to earn money for contributions."

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In the spring applications were received for the coming year: "I have no doubt that, as in the past, I shall be obliged to refuse money. I hope gradually to raise the grade of the school, so that in a few years we shall have advanced pupils only."

For the information of those who have recently become interested in the work, we would state that "Santa Fe (the city of the Holy Faith) stands on both sides of the Santa Fe Creek, at an altitude of 6,862 feet; its population is about 6,500. This city was captured by the United States military forces under General Kearney during the war with Mexico, September 18, 1846, without any fighting in or about the city. During the Civil War it was recaptured by the Confederates under General H. H. Sibley in 1862, and remained in their possession about a month. With all its changing fortunes, the city has altered but little during the past century." "The Santa Fe mission school was started by the Christian women of New York, through the influence of a lady from Auburn, who in 1866 accompanied her husband to this far away military post. Her representations of the great need of this people and of their spiritual destitution led to the establishment of a free school in 1867, working through the Woman's Union Missionary Society. Later the work was transferred to the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and has steadily prospered."

At a recent prayer meeting in one of our churches, the subject being "The Advantages of Denominationalism," a gentleman made the following remarks: "I have just returned from New Mexico, and I was rejoiced, and I may say, proud to learn of what our Church is doing there for the Mexicans in the way of Christian schools. A man of affairs said that going up and down through New Mexico, he knew as soon as he went into a Mexican plaza (which is the square in the center of the town) whether there was a Presbyterian school there or not by the appearance of the children."

Another gentleman, high in social position, told me that the Presbyterians were doing more for the Mexicans than all the other churches combined.

Let us be thankful that the genius of the Presbyterian Church is Christian education, and let us see to it that it is not lessened in

its influence by lack of money. "Give the Woman's Executive Committee five years," said one, "and a church can be organized in the place where they have held a school." So certain are the results of school work.

H. E. B.

#### DECEMBER FOR THE FREEDMEN.

December is named by the General Assembly as the month for the Freedmen. A call for help for the negro should be made this month all along the line. The Board of Missions for Freedmen is in great financial need. The December collections are looked for with great anxiety and solicitude. We have cut many salaries down to just above the starving point. We have shortened the terms of many of the schools. We have curtailed expenses in every possible way. We have turned a deaf ear to many an earnest cry that has stirred our hearts profoundly. The cry from some quarters has been little less than a wail. If the Church could only hear this wail, we are sure the needed help would be promptly given.

Pastors, will you not, from love to God and love to your fellow-men, speak to your people during this month of December a good word for the poor and uneducated negro, and send us contributions from your church, Sabbath-school, Young People's and Women's Societies? "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

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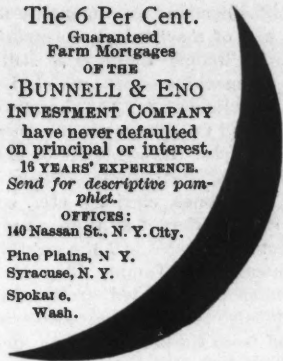
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**SUMMARY OF ASSETS.**

Cash in Banks, . . . . .	\$300,219 70
Real Estate, . . . . .	1,570,353 24
United States Stocks, (Market Value) . . . . .	1,440,075 00
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds, (Market Value), . . . . .	3,456,640 00
State and City Bonds, (Market Value), . . . . .	837,791 14
Bonds & Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate, 572,957 76	
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand, . . . . .	122,500 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents, . . . . .	551,479 83
Interest due and accrued on 1st July, 1894, . . . . .	49,812 45
	<b>\$8,907,824 12</b>

**LIABILITIES.**

Cash Capital, . . . . .	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund, . . . . .	4,404,980 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and claims, . . . . .	748,111 39
Net Surplus, . . . . .	754,732 73
	<b>\$8,907,824 12</b>

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## Church Music.

Edited By R. Huntington Woodman.

### A GREAT MUSICAL OPPORTUNITY.

By Charles S. Elliot,

Organist at Gunton-Temple Memorial Church,  
Washington, D. C.

#### II.

In outlining the route of The Evangelist's church music excursion next summer, we paused last week under the shadows of Salisbury Cathedral; and most willingly, for the cathedral will assuredly "tempt the feet to linger." It is one of the best examples of "Early English" Gothic architecture extant, and for lightness, grace, and unity of design is not surpassed in England. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with two transepts, and is of immense size, being 449 feet long and 204 feet broad. The beautiful spire—its distinguishing feature and celebrated throughout the world—is the highest in England. It rises 404 feet, and is remarkable for its beauty of proportion and the impression of lightness and needle-like slenderness which it conveys.

#### WELLS.

The first place en route from Salisbury is Wells, where a brief pause will be made, if possible, because, although the place itself is small and insignificant, the cathedral is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, and the music, under the direction of Mr. Charles W. Lavington, is always of fine quality, the choir being larger than is the case in many cathedrals of much larger towns, and numbering twenty-five singers of first-rate ability. The organ, by Willis, is not especially remarkable, but is a good instrument of about forty speaking stops. Wells is the cathedral town of Somersetshire, one of the most beautiful and interesting counties of Southwestern England. It is situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills, in the midst of a beautiful, rolling, verdurous, agricultural country, which will charm the eyes of all our travellers as they pass over the watershed and down into the valley of the Severn. The cathedral is a magnificent structure of Early English and Decorated Gothic, 371 feet long, with a noble central tower 160 feet high, and two other unfinished towers at the west end of the nave. The whole building, inside and outside, is of exceptional splendor and beauty, and it is particularly famous for the large group of sculptured figures extending all across the entire west front.

Bristol is but a few miles from Wells, and as we enter the city we leave Somersetshire and find ourselves in Gloucestershire. Here the party is again at tide water, on the west coast of England. Bristol is a large, beautiful, modern-looking city of 235,000 inhabitants, and next to London and Liverpool, is the most important seaport of England. Its connection with our own country has always been very intimate and friendly. It was from Bristol that Sebastian Cabot, the first Englishman to discover America, sailed on his voyage in 1497. From Bristol thousands of Englishmen and Welshmen emigrated to New York and New England in the early days of the American colonies, and it was Bristol that established the first regular steamship communication with the United States, with the "Great Western" and her sister ships. In Bristol there is a cathedral and there are also a number of handsome parish churches and several public halls containing large and fine organs. The cathedral is not reckoned among the more noteworthy cathedrals of England, but it is an interesting structure of ancient date. Its architecture is mixed, pertaining to different periods, but for the most part it is Early Eng-

lish. The organist is George Riseley, who is also organist of Colston Hall, a large edifice named after Edward Colston, a benevolent and public-spirited merchant of Bristol, in which hall there is a very brilliant organ containing 53 sounding stops and an unusually fine and complete set of mechanical accessories. At the Victoria Rooms there is a still larger organ, of 60 speaking stops, which is one of the best specimens of the handiwork of Messrs. Hill and Company. It has four manuals and 4,004 pipes. Its reeds are of extraordinary power and brilliancy. There are 11 trumpets, trombones, clarions, etc., scattered throughout the different sections, producing a grand effect in *ensemble*. Of the churches, the most interesting are Temple Church, a beautiful specimen of decorated architecture, and remarkable also for a leaning tower which is five feet off from the perpendicular, and is one of the very few specimens extant of this peculiar form or freak of architecture; and St. Mark Redcliffe, one of the most perfect churches, architecturally, in England. Other interesting churches are St. Michael's, W. Tutton organist; St. Thomas, Fred Watts organist, and St. Nicholas, William F. Dyer organist.

#### GLOUCESTER AND WORCESTER.

From Bristol to Gloucester is a pleasant railway ride of an hour or two, up the valley of the Severn, with the Cotswold Hills and Cleve Hill looming up on the right of the line. All at once the grand central tower of the cathedral, with its four pinnacles, announces the arrival of the party at the celebrated capital of Gloucestershire, which is a handsome city of over 40,000 inhabitants, very prettily situated on the left bank of the Severn. The cathedral is its main attraction, and belongs in the group of the finest church buildings of England. It is of mixed Norman and Gothic architecture, 420 feet long and 144 feet broad, and has a large number of most interesting features. The party will arrive in time to listen to the morning service under the direction of the organist, Mr. C. L. Williams, an Oxford graduate, and the composer of the cantata, "Gethsemane," and several excellent anthems. The instrument is not large, but the choir is a good one, and the musical part of the service in the cathedral is always carefully attended to. Gloucester itself is a very musical city, and frequently has large musical conventions and festivals.

From Gloucester to Worcester in the afternoon, still following up the valley of the Severn. Worcester, the capital of Worcester-shire, is one of the most beautiful cities in England. It has 45,000 population, and it is renowned for many things in history, in literature, and in commerce. The ladies of the party will not be slow to discover the excellence of the Worcester gloves and porcelain, while those of the ruder sex will find their hearts warming toward the city of the great Worcestershire sauce and pickles. The chief glory of Worcester, however, is its superb cathedral, one of the very best in England. It is cruciform, with a massive tower

in the center, 162 feet high, and contains within itself splendid examples of all four of the classic styles of English architecture—Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular. The entire structure was restored in 1857, so that it presents a remarkably fresh and elegant appearance. The cathedral contains two excellent organs, one of 39 sounding stops, and the other of 53, both by Hill and Company. It also has a fine choir of eighteen members, and the organist is Mr. H. Blair, a Cambridge graduate, a brilliant executant, and a composer of many fine anthems, cantatas, and services. The assistant organist is Mr. William Done. A special service may be expected by the party at Worcester, and the effect produced by it will undoubtedly be quite remarkable. The pedal effects in the large transept organ are unsurpassable. The pedal organ has no fewer than 13 stops, including two 32-ft. stops, a Twelfth, a Fifteenth, a Mixture, a Posaune, and a Clarion. From Worcester, if time allows, detours may be made to Hereford and to Stratford-on-Avon, where there are excellent organs, and it is needless to add, many other objects of absorbing interest.

#### TO LONDON VIA OXFORD.

Leaving Worcester, the excursionists proceed in a southeasterly direction and soon enter the valley of Avon, one of the loveliest valleys in England. At Evesham, a pretty town on the Avon, is the point of departure for Stratford, and thence the party strikes directly for London through Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and Middlesex, making a brief stop en route at Oxford. This is an intensely interesting city, and one of the most beautiful in the world. There will be no occasion to spend much time there, however, because it will be vacation in the University, and most of the distinguished musical and other professors will probably be absent. The party may hope to meet at Oxford Sir John Stainer, the distinguished Professor of Music at Oxford University, ex-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral and one of the foremost musicians of England and of the world, and be enabled to examine some of the attractive musical features of the University, including the fine organ by Gray and Davison at Magdalen College, with its four manuals, and 35 speaking stops, and the cathedral and its organ, also by Gray and Davison. Much interest is taken in music at Oxford, and several of the 21 colleges composing the University are well equipped in this respect. Dr. Dodds presides over the music at Queen's College; Basil Harwood at the cathedral; Dr. Iliffe at St. John's; Dr. Plumridge at University College; Dr. Roberts at Magdalen; Mr. James Taylor at New College; and Mr. A. W. Wilson at Keble College.

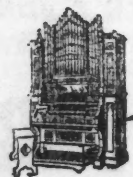
At Oxford we first see the famous Thames River, and proceed through its valley, crossing it once or twice, on our way to London. Ere long the spires and towers of Eton College and Windsor Castle are discerned on the outposts of the great city; the villages grow more and more numerous; the dwellings nearer and nearer together; the bridges more and more frequent, and finally, as twilight settles down upon the party, it finds itself scudding along upon the "high-level" approaches of the West End, amid the myriad of handsome streets and structures, and is finally deposited safe and sound in the elegant Great Western station of London—the capital of the world, the city of 4,000,000 inhabitants, larger than New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago rolled into one, the wonderful, peerless center of modern civilization, and having a special fascination to the organist and chorister as it stands beyond comparison as the metropolis of church and sacred music.

(To be continued next week.)

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## Fifty-two Organ Talks. 27.

By the Chairman of the Music Committee.

Mr. Levelhead was a little late at the meeting of the committee, and found the members carefully examining the specifications and bids received from the dozen bidders.

"Let us have all the bids and specifications revised," said one of the members. "In the light of the information you have gathered for us, we understand them much better than we did before and see clearly that they are too indefinite in many particulars."

"I want the cost of the case and the organ proper specified in the bid," said one member, "I want to know what I am paying for the musical instrument, and how much I am paying for the box. We can buy any kind of a box we may want."

"I want a detailed statement of the pipes of each stop," said another, "giving their tone-length, their size, weight, character, etc., with suitable guarantee as to quality of tone, so that we can compare the specifications, pipe by pipe, as to size, weight, etc., if we wish to."

"I want details of all the mechanical stops," said another, "stop by stop. I want to know just what each mechanical stop is for, just what it is expected to do, and just what its value is in the general scheme of the organ."

"I want a detailed statement of the general scheme of the organ," said a third, "showing the quality and scope of each musical stop, and its value in the ensemble of the organ, and showing in detail how the different tone values are balanced, and the various demands of choir and concert work provided for, both in musical tones and mechanical facilities. I want it so clearly set forth that I can go over the specifications with a friend of mine who is a good organist, and learn with certainty whether anything of importance is missing, or whether mere flashy show is overdone at the expense of true character and dignity. Now Farrand and Votey's bid is by far the most satisfactory because it gives us along these lines so much more definite ideas of the character and value of the organ they offer."

It was then resolved to send back all the bids, except Farrand and Votey's, for revision and more detailed information as to the organ proposed.

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IN THE DAYS OF HEROD, THE KING, by Sumner Salter. A Christmas anthem for bass and tenor solo and chorus. The music increases in interest as it progresses, and the final chorus reaches a fine climax. There are a few difficult spots to be overcome by the chorus, but, as a whole, the anthem is quite easy.

O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM, THE INFANT KING, by W. H. Neidlinger. The first of these is a beautiful setting of the hymn by Phillips Brooks. The anthem may be sung with or without the soprano obligato solo. It is one of the best pieces of musical writing that we have seen from Mr. Neidlinger's pen. The other anthem is for soprano solo and chorus (or may be had in key suitable for alto solo), and while it is melodious and flowing, there is a certain monotony about it which to us diminishes its interest.

O'ER THE HILLS OF BETHLEHEM, by H. R. Sbelley. An easy, effective, and chaste anthem for soprano solo and chorus, with a free organ part of little difficulty. Amateur choirs that include a soprano soloist will find this an excellent selection.

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THE DAY OF ALL THE YEAR, THE STORY WONDROUS SWEET. Two fine Christmas carols by Fred. Schilling.

#### VOICES FROM OUR READERS.

It is with extreme gratification that we receive from time to time letters of thanks for our past efforts in the cause of church music, and full of encouragement for the future. Some are not of sufficient general interest to warrant their publication in these columns, but we appreciate them all and endeavor to reply to them either through the mails or in this department of The Evangelist. We have several letters in hand which we think will prove good reading. The first we offer in evidence that our standards are not so high as to be impracticable in the Sunday school. Reformers are often considered to be "cranks"; and if those who are doing their utmost to improve the character of Sunday-school music are called by that name, it is, after all, a sort of back-handed compliment, for in this age of steam and electricity cranks are necessary to the accomplishment of nearly every great result. More "cranks" like our correspondent are needed in the church music reform movement, and we advise the careful reading of the following letter:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, November 25, 1894.

TO THE MUSICAL EDITOR OF THE EVANGELIST:

Dear Sir:—You can hardly imagine the joy your Church Music column in The Evangelist gives me. I can now prove from cold print, "in black and white," that if I am a crank on the music worship of the Sunday school, I am not alone in my madness.

Four years ago the "Carmina Sanctorum" was adopted for use in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which my father was until recently pastor, and the smaller "Chapel" edition for the Sunday school and prayer meetings. And then came the fight. I was in a minority of one on the side that children could (and would if they had a chance to properly study and understand it) sing good church music. The fight is over. I enclose a copy of the service calendar, which is the victor's crown.

There is an average attendance of about a hundred, teachers and scholars, in the larger school, including, of course, a due proportion of almost useless changing boys' voices. I had opportunity for only two hours and twenty minutes' practice with the school, and yet they, the school, not the choir, and with no assistance from it, sang the whole service, except the offertory. And it was done in a manner worthy of the occasion. We have no real bass voices in the school, and so I prepared everything for unison. The body of the service was the whole text of St. Luke's account of the nativity down to the presentation in the temple, in the very words of the Scripture, except the Tate and Brady version of the story of the angels and the shepherds. You notice that the last few words of the portions read are printed as one, and the "attack" everywhere was worthy an old and well trained choir.

In the Sunday-school one can be autocratic; and given the right idea and plenty of perseverance of a judicious variety, the end is certain of attainment wherever there is any foundation of musical knowledge laid in the public schools. In the Church there is another factor, the absolute inertia of the average congregation. They require with great insistence that the minister shall prepare two sermons for each Sunday, and that the choir shall not too frequently repeat. But when it comes to their own vocal participation in "acts of social homage to the most high God," it's a very different matter. They insist, for the most part, on having the hymns sung to the "same old tunes," never remembering that they were at some time new, thus making unavailable a large part of the wealth of new hymns and of the new translations from the old Latin, Greek, and German.

The explanation is partly to be found in the modern dictum of fashion, "It is not good form to be intense"; partly in the prevalent

idea that a congregation which "pays" must not be expected to "work." Back of all, we have not gotten back from the Protestant idea of the church service—a sermon and prayer, with trimmings—to the Christian idea of the worship of God, with instruction.

I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but my soul is often vexed over this matter. And with many thanks for your help in the work of changing this mistaken idea, I am,

Yours very truly,

H. M. W. MOORE (M.D.).

The music used by Dr. Moore in the service alluded to, consists of three excellent tunes by Gounod, Tours, and E. Bunnett; the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Bunnett, and the Gloria Patri and the Benedictus chanted to Gregorian chants. This is a noble showing, and indicates what can be done if it is undertaken with zeal and intelligence. During the past week we have learned that the Sunday-school of the Congregational church at Montclair, New Jersey, has mastered, under the intelligent leading of Mr. C. T. Ives, the church organist, Tours' Magnificat in F, which they sing with keen enjoyment.



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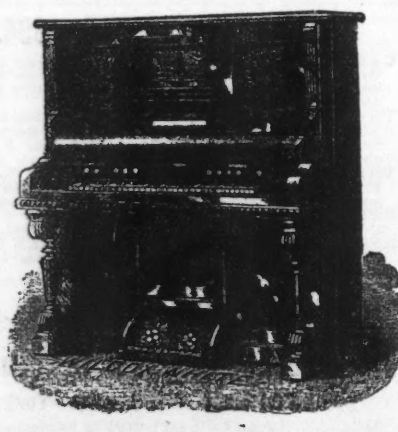
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## WOMEN'S BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A chapter from Jeremiah and prayer by Mrs. Schaffner opened the weekly meeting Wednesday morning November 28th. Miss Hawley shared with us extracts from the letters of Dr. Vinton at Seoul, Korea, extending from June to September, which she had through the kindness of his sister, Dr. Maria Vinton of this city. Beginning June 19th, he wrote: Just now the city is in a ferment over the presence of foreign troops here. Two months ago a rebellion broke out in a southern province. The government sent for Chinese troops. This was against the treaty of '85, and finding this violated, Japan has been bringing troops and marines on for ten days. There are now a thousand here. The Chinese are expected to-morrow. A conflict seems possible, though all express pacific intentions. We Americans have no fears, but are provided for by the presence of the Baltimore at Chemulpo.

June 27: War was declared by Japan last Sunday. The contest is over the sovereignty of this little peninsula, and its inhabitants are the sufferers, whoever gains the victory. The Japanese have had control of the city and its approaches for about a fortnight. Americans are requested to congregate near the Legation. We are only separated from it by a stone wall, and have lived for three years under the stars and stripes. There is some hardship in staying here through the hot season, and we are a good deal worn down. We have laid in a supply of horse food, wood, soap, and other necessaries. Most of the Koreans are much frightened, and have left the city. The king knew nothing of the rebellion or what was going on till a week ago, when he at once dismissed in disgrace the principal men in the Cabinet.

July 20: We are living along, not only existing, but enjoying ourselves. We have very little meat, except chickens, but plenty of vegetables. Walder (the little son) has not been very well. There is no war going on, only a state of expectancy. As the Korean daily expresses it: "After seeing, we shall know. The Japanese have been flocking in and fortifying themselves, and certainly constitute a formidable army. Most of us have no trouble going about among them, but the British Consul has had thirty marines sent up here as a personal body guard. We Americans feel absolutely safe, for we are the largest western community here, and have a good Minister and a couple of war ships at Chemulpo.

July 25: This country has been forcibly brought under Japanese rule. Two days ago we were wakened by musketry and cannon. The latter were used in battering in the palace gate, and in fifteen minutes its occupants, king, queen, king's father, crown prince, and all, were in possession of the Japanese. The Chinese Consul had fled three

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days before. In the afternoon the Korean barracks were stormed, followed by great slaughter. Of the Koreans brought to Dr. Scranton's hospital not one was wounded in front! The native soldiers have been disarmed. Everything is quiet enough for us, but the days and nights are filled with robberies by both nations. We can buy no fresh food, but have plenty. Ice is the problem, for the Japanese prevent the bringing of anything to the city. I have secured a passport from their Legation, and hope to persuade the Korean in charge to supply us, though he can send none to the palace. We went to a concert given by the Japanese military band. They played very finely indeed.

July 31: All the babies are ailing. Dr. Avison's family have gone for a change of air to the shelter, or pest house outside the wall. We feel the heat severely.

August 13: The 31st of July was the day of a great battle about seventy miles from here. Of course the Japanese were victorious.

Two days later little Walder died, "the sweetest baby God ever sent into the world." Soon after Dr. and Mrs. Vinton sailed for Japan, from where he writes, September 7th: After three rough nights in an empty steamer on the inland seas, a good dinner at Fusan, and cordial welcome at Nagasaki, I am to carry back eight thousand silver dollars for mission use, having brought a money belt wadded with paper notes and bills of exchange. Kobe seems a metropolis after the isolation of Korea.

September 28: We have returned from Japan. I have received New York papers up to the end of August, and can read the sort of stuff you have been feeding on all summer in regard to Korean affairs. I assure you there is hardly a word of truth in the whole series. The Japanese are beginning to enforce reforms, and have accomplished an amazing amount. The dress of the gentlemen has been changed by proclamation to one more convenient, and whoever appears in the old dress is liable to have a bayonet run through his sleeve. The Koreans appreciate the change and are anxious for the time when they can cut off their hair without violating custom. A new coinage has been introduced, taking the place of the strings of cash we have been obliged to handle. A department of education has been established. What taxes are collected now come straight to the palace, instead of losing most of their substance in the pockets of officials, but the territory over which the Japanese have supervision is so small that such reforms

must come slowly. After the battle near Pyeng Yang two thousand Chinese were reported killed and eight hundred prisoners. Our mission property there remains uninjured, and Mrs. Moffett and Mr. Lee return there next Monday.

Mrs. White reported a letter from Mrs. Abbott of Nanking, who on account of the war disturbances was going to Shanghai. A most interesting report for the year's work at Ratnagiri by Miss Jefferson was read by Mrs. Morse. She told of the time spent in study and her care of the girls' school while Miss Miner was at annual meeting. She found the boys at their school learned to sew more rapidly than the girls, some making whole garments, others patchwork. In July they started a girls' school in the center of the town, the only one there. The girls were shy at first, but there was soon an average attendance of fourteen, and so fond were they of the work that they would interrupt the prayer or catechism to ask, "Will there be sewing to-morrow?" The neighbors keep their window open to watch the work, and the girls hold up their sewing to show it off to them. Miss Jefferson teaches in the mornings at the school in the compound. It has never recovered from the false report of a girl having been baptized there. The girls of the bazaar would not come to the Sunday-school, so there is one for them there at 7.30 A. M. Then she hurries to the church Sunday-school to teach a class of six women. Then at 10 she teaches the lesson in the compound. Weekly visits are made to the leper asylum, where eighteen women suffer from the loathsome disease. Strange as it seems, caste is strictly observed by these lepers, and they are afraid if a lady's dress touches them they will be polluted. The Holy Spirit is truly working in them, for gradually they have learned to welcome and listen to the story of Jesus, who alone can cleanse them. In village visiting many are the opportunities even as in Christ's time to meet the women at the well and tell of the Living Water.

The imperative need of a teacher at Woodstock was mentioned, a woman of culture and experience to help Miss Giddings in that important work. This is a matter for earnest prayer.

The closing prayer was offered by Mrs. Wellington White, whose presence with us is always welcome.

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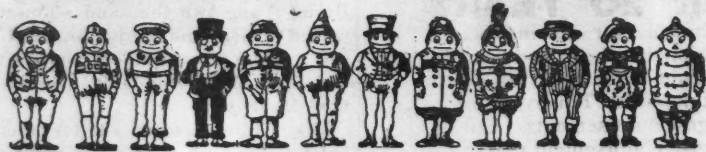
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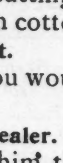
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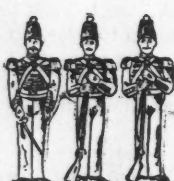
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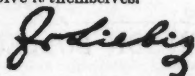
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P.O. Box 289.

### HOUSEHOLD.

**THE APPLE.**—If all the excellent qualities ascribed to the apple as an article of food really belong to it, it cannot be too highly commended for constant use. Its unusually large percentage of phosphorus well adapts it for a brain food, particularly for the renewal of the nervous force in the brain and the spinal cord. The acids of the fruit have a direct effect upon the liver, stirring it to action, and inciting it to a more healthy condition, and when taken without sugar are useful as an aid to digestion. It is also claimed that the constant use of this fruit is one of the best preventives of throat diseases, as it is said to have an especially good influence upon the mucous membrane. It prevents calculus growths and disinfects the mouth. In short, the apple, taken morning, noon, or night, without the skin, either cooked or raw, if ripe and juicy, will promote the health of those in fairly good condition, and if baked, can be eaten with impunity by anyone. The Practitioner says, in this connection, that the old Scandinavian tradition represents the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit, thereby renewing their powers of mind and body.

**THE CRANBERRY SEASON.**—Mrs. Rorer's recipe for cranberry cream calls for a pint of cranberries, which must be in a saucepan with about a teaspoonful of water, just enough to keep them from scorching. Cover the saucepan, and as soon as the cranberries pop, press them through a colander. Add one cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of gelatine that has been allowed to stand for half an hour covered with four tablespoonfuls of water. Now stand the pan holding the mixture of berries, sugar, and gelatine in another pan of cracked ice, stir till it begins to thicken, then stir in a pint of thick cream, turn in a mould and stand away to harden.

**OATMEAL WAFERS.**—Use equal parts of water and oatmeal, with a pinch of salt. Make it as thin as you can shake it out on the bottom of the dripping pan, so that when done it will not be thicker than a knife blade. Bake very slowly until quite dry; it will take an hour or more. Watch closely that it does not scorch. In winter I have baked them upon the top of my sitting room stove, when having a slow fire. These usually break into small fragments when taken from the pan, but they are very good.

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### BUSINESS NOTES.

The Altruist Interchange is a periodical that springs out of the heart of the times and reflects its spirit. As our readers may see by reading its announcement on page 2, the staff of the periodical is one of unusual excellence. The price is exceedingly moderate for the quality of contents. Its value to those engaged practically in philanthropic work can scarcely be overestimated.

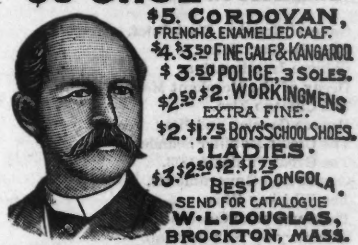
Anything that Dr. Briggs writes will be read with special attention by a Presbyterian public. His article on the Salvation Army, in the December North American, will be found to be full of cogent thought based on deep personal sympathy with the movement and thorough familiarity with its methods.

RIDGE'S FOOD maintains nutrition at the highest point with the least possible demand on the digestive organs. WOOLRICH & CO., Sole Mfs., Palmer, Mass.

### TOURS TO FLORIDA WITH RAYMOND AND WHITCOMB.

Florida and Cuba are to be added the coming season to the field of Raymond and Whitcomb's excursion enterprises. A series of delightful tours to those regions has been arranged for and the parties will leave New York, January 11 and 25. Visits are to be paid to Florida to St. Augustine, Tampa, Lake Worth, Ormond, Rockledge, Winter Park, the St. John and Ocklawaha Rivers and other places of interest, with stays at such hotels as the Ponce de Leon the Tampa Bay, and the Royal Poinciana. Those who go to Cuba will spend a week in Havana. The tourists are to have personal escort in Florida as well as going and returning, and the tickets may be used coming north independently if desired. Raymond and Whitcomb, 81 East Fourteenth street, New York, will send an illustrated descriptive book to any address.

### W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.  
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President E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University has prepared the text for *Scribner's Magazine's* "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States, 1869-1895," which will be the chief feature for the coming year. President Andrews has been not only a constant student of the events which have made these years so remarkable, but has gained a special reputation for picturesque and graphic narrative.

The topics treated in the early chapters are still fresh in the minds of most readers, and include among hundreds of others such subjects as:

- General Grant as Civil Chief.
- The Ku-Klux-Klan.
- Chinese Immigration.
- Decay of the Merchant Marine.
- The Chicago Fire.
- Horace Greeley and His Career.
- The Credit Mobilier Scandal.
- The Great Panic of 1873.
- Carpet-Bag Governments.
- The Whiskey Ring.
- The Centennial Celebration.
- Secretary of War Belknap.
- Exposure of the Indian Ring.
- Black Hills Excitement.
- Custer's Indian Fights.
- The Discovery of the Great Divide.
- Completion of the Transcontinental Railroad.
- The Reconstruction Period.
- Grant's First Cabinet.
- The Fourteenth Amendment, etc., etc.

This serial history gives the only part of the History of the United States that has not been written and re-written. The illustrations will be a great feature.

Subscriptions for *Scribner's Magazine* for 1895 should be sent now. \$3.00 a year. Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Synods of the Southern Presbyterian Church are showing a want of respect for the recent action of their General Assembly on the subject of relations with our own Church that we did not anticipate. The Synod of Alabama, numbering 172 churches, 67 ministers, and 11,624 communicants, has just concluded its sessions at Montgomery, in the course of which a resolution was introduced by Dr. Bryson, and after some debate carried by "a good majority," expressing regret that "our Assembly did not see its way clear to appoint a Committee of Conference." In offering this resolution Dr. Bryson sought to conciliate those zealous for the honor and authority of the General Assembly, by arguing that its passage was largely a matter of expediency and of practical movement to the growth of the Church, a considerable number of Presbyterians for the North being now resident in the upper portion of Alabama, and more coming. It begins to be quite evident that the refusal of the Nashville Assembly to confer with the Saratoga, will be one of the burning questions in the Southern Assembly in May next.

The Evangelist Publishing Company,  
33 Union Square, New York.

HENRY M. FIELD, D.D., Editor.  
HENRY R. ELLIOT, Publisher.

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NOTICES.

FRENCH FAIR

In the French Evangelical Church, 126 West 16th Street New York, in favor of the Home for young women who come to this country as children's nurses and ladies' maids; to take place December 6 and 7, from 2 o'clock until 10, at the church. Donations sent to the care of Rev. H. L. Grandienard at the church will be gratefully received.

A service in memory of Mrs. J. C. Gallup, late president of the New York Woman's Synodical Committee of Home Missions will be held in Lenox Hall, 53 Fifth Ave., December 11, at 2:30 P.M.

PREBYTERIES.

The Presbytery of New York will meet in the chapel of the First Church, Fifth Ave., corner Eleventh St., on Monday, December 10th at 8 P.M.

GEORGE W. F. BIRCH, Stated Clerk.

The Presbytery of Albany will meet in Jermain Memorial Church, West Troy, Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 10.30 A.M.

J. N. CROCKER, Stated Clerk.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

George M. Wood long and favorably known as Superintendent of The World Building has associated himself with the firm of Aus in Shaw and Company—Stock-brokers of 60 and 62 Broadway—where his business knowledge and experience should prove a valuable accession to the business.

Edward Miller and Company, are now exhibiting a beautiful line of Lamps, Lamp Fixtures, etc., any of which will prove very useful as Christmas gifts. A call on them will interest you. Ask to see the "Miller" lamp.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief. 25c. a box.

DEATHS.

GRiffin.—On Thursday, Nov. 21, after a long and painful illness, Charles Francis Griffin, of the firm of H. Griffin & Sons, aged 57 years.

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CENTRAL DRAFT ROUND WICK BURNER. ABSOLUTELY ODOORLESS. HEIGHT, 3 FEET, DIA. OF DRUM 8 1/2 INCHES; WEIGHT, 30 POUNDS. ONE GALLON KEROSENE LASTS 12 HOURS.

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See Evangelist Nov. 15 and 22. THE LARKIN SOAP MFG. CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.

When writing please mention The Evangelist.



### The Electropoise.

There are few matters on which intelligent people exhibit such a unanimity of opinion as their condemnation at first glance of all patent methods of healing. With some reason, too, for we have had so many frauds foisted upon us in the shape of wonder-working drugs, discovered by Arabian and Hindoo doctors, and bequeathed by them, in the most unselfish manner, to alleviate the sorrows of a suffering world, that the first mention of a patented cure for disease is apt to cause not only incredulity, but ridicule. Yet, if a man does make a discovery, is there any way in which he may reap the financial benefits thereof except by patenting his idea? It is the old story—the dog having received a had name, all dogs are summarily disposed of, without reflecting that the canine thieves before met with were yellow curs, and that the objectionable propensities which caused their unpopularity may possibly be absent in an Irish setter or a Newfoundland.

The *Electropoise* has had to contend constantly with this deep rooted prejudice against "patent medicines," though it not only makes use of no medicine, but is intended to obviate the necessity for the employment of drugs entirely. This opposition is peculiarly vexatious from its "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" tone, and the fact of the surprising success the system has achieved in the face of such obstacles is an even better evidence of its merit than the flood of voluntary testimonials which have followed its introduction into all parts of the country.

#### PRINCIPLES OF THE METHOD.

The fundamental principles on which the *Electropoise* supports its system of treatment are: First, that impoverished and vitiated blood is the chief cause of disease, and, second, that the true agent to restore it to its normal healthy condition is oxygen. The leading assumption is a well established scientific fact, and the latter claim has been forcing itself irresistibly upon the attention of the investigators for some years past. The numerous oxygen inhalers which have sprung up show plainly that the value of this gas as a curative agent in various troubles has become widely recognized. But inhalers are awkward and insufficient. They impose the burden on a delicate organ; not only do they require constant replenishing of the chemicals used to generate the gas, but also it is impossible in many cases to obtain from them a sufficient quantity of oxygen to successfully combat the ailment. The present invention recognizes the truth of the general idea, and applies it more efficaciously and in a more extended form, through the largest, strongest and most capable organ—the skin, procuring an inexhaustible supply of the revivifying gas in perfectly pure form from the surrounding air.

#### CONSTRUCTION OF THE INSTRUMENT.

The *Electropoise* in its simplest form consists of a polarizer and a treating-plate, connected by a silk-covered tinsel cord. The polarizer is a copper cylinder filled with a composition, the nature of which is not made public. When this cylinder is lowered in temperature, and the treating-plate is applied to the patient, a polar attraction is superinduced over the surface of the body, which causes the absorption of pure oxygen from the air into the vascular system, the rapidity and strength of the action being entirely under control. Thus it practically supplements the power of respiration to an unlimited degree, and the purified blood, flowing to all portions of the body, has an ever renewed capacity for carrying off waste matter and impurities, and is able to strengthen and build up the diseased tissues.

The instrument comes in two sizes: The Wall and the Pocket *Electropoise*. The former has a polarizer to be permanently buried in the earth; a wall attach-

ment with a set of points and switches to regulate the oxygenation and a device for procuring immunity from contagion in the treating room. The pocket instrument is so small that it can be held in the closed hand, and its polarizer is a nickel plated cylinder which is reduced in temperature either by immersion in ice water or by the application of a wet towel, the strength of the action depending on the temperature. Not the least of its merits is its beautiful compactness and simplicity of operation, since a moment suffices to put it on or off, and it can be used at any time when patient is not moving about. Moreover, the composition in the hermetically sealed cylinder is practically indestructible. There are to-day instruments in perfect working order which have been in constant use for six years—ever since they were put on the market—and there seems to be no reason why they should not last a couple of decades or longer.

#### RECORD OF THE ELECTROPOISE.

The range of diseases which are recorded as having been permanently cured by this means is really marvelous—or would be to one who does not admit the original proposition that practically all diseased conditions, if not too far advanced, are susceptible of cure through this replenishment of the powers of the blood. A large number of beneficiaries have been among the "helpless cases." From abscess to vertigo the alphabet of ailments is well represented in the testimonials, and a significant fact is the frequency of later letters, corroborating the first expressions of appreciation.

The idea of the instrument was the outcome of some thirty-five years' experimenting on the part of the inventor, and after he had disposed of all his rights to the Electrolibration Company they took out a patent, including some mechanical improvements necessary to perfect working. Before the patent was obtained the instruments were rented out and were put to the most severe tests. Indeed, the company which handles it owed its formation to a cure effected upon one of the principal promoters. During the epidemic of yellow fever at Jacksonville in 1888, the owners of the *Electropoise* applied for permission to test the excellency of the invention in the hospitals, and when this was refused they published a request for volunteer patients, several being purposely taken where the disease was in an advanced stage. Out of ninety-one cases treated eighty-seven were entirely cured, and two of the deaths were due to imprudent exposure on the part of the patients. Not a dollar was asked or received for any treatment. The company will be glad to exhibit to the skeptical affidavits certifying to these facts.

That trial stage, however, has been passed for five years, as the New York branch of the concern can testify. The Electrolibration Company was originally formed in Alabama, and the business in this city, started less than a year ago, has gone from nothing a month up into thousands, with a steady monthly increase. Are not these facts sufficient grounds for an investigation into the merits of this remarkable little instrument? That is all its promoters want—give them a chance and they will demonstrate to you in plain and unequivocal manner that an investment in an *Electropoise* will save you perhaps hundreds of dollars per year.

For circulars and full information, call on or address ELECTROLIBRATION COMPANY, 1122 Broadway, New York, or 340 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

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### Ministers and Churches.

#### NEW YORK.

**NEW YORK CITY.**—*Church of the Covenant.*—This church has just passed its first birthday as a separate organization under Pastor George S. Webster. Its roll is exactly 300, 53 members having been added during the year, with a net gain of 34 members. All its departments of organized activity are flourishing and successful. A lecture course will be given this season by the following men of special ability, all of whom are personal friends of the church, viz.: Monday, Dec. 10th, Palestine. Illustrated. A. F. Schaffler, D.D.; Tuesday, Jan. 15th, California, the American Cornucopia. John H. Edwards, D.D.; Tuesday, Feb. 19th, A Day in Ancient Rome. Illustrated. James H. McIlvaine, D.D.; Tuesday, Mar. 19th, Egypt. Henry van Dyke, D.D.; Monday, Apr. 15th, Character Studies, James M. Ludlow, D.D.; Monday, May 20th, Florida, Rev. William F. Whittaker.

**ROCHESTER.**—The last Sabbath was indeed a glad and glorious day for Calvary Church. The Rev. Charles A. Evans with his people had consecrated their utmost of means, time, and strength to improve their church auditorium and put in a new organ also. The pastor, with brethren of other Presbyterian churches, devoted the whole Sabbath to rededicatory services. In the morning communion was observed, with the addition of sixteen members. The pastor devised the fine front of the organ and aided much in the improvement of the whole structure, preaching also the opening sermon. Previous to these public services Messrs. John McNeil, Henry Kaliusch, and George Kinsey were ordained as ruling elders. The choir rendered choice music. The Rev. Edward Bristol, a pastor of twelve years here, aided in the morning and afternoon services. The afternoon brought cheering addresses from Dr. H. H. Stebbins, the Rev. R. D. Harlan, and Dr. Coit. Dr. Millard gave the dedication sermon in the evening, with prayer by Dr. Hutton. Thus has a noble work been attempted and accomplished, God's manifest blessing attending it.

**Additions.**—Encouraging additions are being made to the churches of Rochester and vicinity, viz.: Calvary, 16; North, 10; Brick, 27; Third, 6; Central, 52; Grace, 6; Pittsford, 14. This last church has been holding special services for weeks, and further additions still are expected. Several other churches are now engaged in like evangelistic services.

**HONEOYE FALLS.**—A quiet but very successful work of grace has been going on in the Presbyterian Church in Honeoye Falls under the direction of the Rev. Merton Smith of Chicago. Mr. Smith went there under what might have seemed very unfavorable circumstances. The pastors in the village had long felt the need of a spiritual awakening and had endeavored to get together for united work, but failing in this the Presbyterian Church determined to go ahead independently hoping that the other churches would still unite with them. And though not doing so officially they all entered heartily into the work of "saving some." In preparation for these services the pastor of the Presbyterian Church held a series of meetings addressed by neighboring pastors, Dr. Stebbins of the Central Church, Rochester, Rev. J. M. McElhinny of that city, Pastors Bates of Lima and Frost of Victor kindly giving their services to this end. Mr. Smith's earnestness, his loyalty to Christ, the definiteness of his reasoning, coupled with his strong faith in God's word, arrested the attention of the people of the village, especially the business men of the community. The meetings were largely attended from the start, the church being filled every night. At the meeting when he addressed men only the church was filled with men, some of whom had never been inside of a church, and the majority seldom seen there. There was no excitement such as often accompanies such services, but those who decided for Christ came to him quietly but firmly and made their confession. His Bible readings in the afternoon of each day were intensely interesting and showed on his part a diligent study of his great text book, God's Word. The re-

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sults of the meetings will be far reaching for he has set the men of the community, as well as every one else, to thinking seriously. Besides bringing Christians into a better understanding of their own work and their relations to the Master and awakening in them a spirit of forbearance and love which has not been known before, many took a decided stand for Christ, among whom were some of the prominent business men of the place. Many more are very near the kingdom. Mr. Smith was only able to stay in the village a short ten days, and the universal expression is one of deep regret that he cannot prolong his work.

**HOBART.**—The Presbyterian church had a day of great rejoicing the past Sabbath, Dec. 2, when twenty persons were received into the church, sixteen of whom came upon profession of their faith, and four by letter. This is the largest addition that was ever received at any one time in the history of the church. The Rev. Charles M. Herrick, a graduate of the last class of Auburn Theological Seminary, is pastor.

**MECHANICSVILLE.**—The last quarterly communion in this church occurred on the first Sabbath in December, when 45 were received into membership—38 on profession of faith and 7 by letter. Under the present pastor, the Rev. A. McD. Paterson, the church is in a most healthy condition.

**OAKS CORNERS.**—After about twenty months service as stated supply, the people of this rural congregation earnestly desired that the Rev. Henry W. Maier might be installed as their pastor. November 23, the Presbytery of Geneva being convened and the call being found in order, the following order of service was followed: The moderator, the Rev. E. B. McGhee, presided; opening prayer was offered by the Rev. N. B. Remick, the sermon was preached by the Rev. E. H. Dickinson, the charge to the pastor was given by the Rev. Dr. Riggs, and the charge to the people by the Rev. Dr. Timothy G. Darling of Auburn seminary, and the installing prayer by the Rev. J. Wilford Jacks. The above relation was constituted under the most favorable auspices. At the same meeting of the Presbytery the Rev. John Jones Lawrence was received as a probationer on credit of a letter from the Presbytery of Syracuse.

**ONEIDA VALLEY AND WAMPSVILLE.**—November 20 the Rev. Frank W. West was installed pastor of the churches of Oneida Valley and Wampsville. The Rev. Edward W. Miller presided. At Oneida Valley the Rev. A. H. Fahnestock preached the sermon from Acts x. 33, and the Rev. Perez D. Cowan gave the charge to the pastor. At Wampsville the Rev. E. A. McMaster preached the sermon from Exodus xiv. 15, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Jessup of Oneida gave the charge to the people. In both places the services were well attended and interesting, and the people are rejoicing over their new pastor. A. H. F.

**MENDON.**—The Rev. William Smith was invited here some months ago from a parish in Ohio. Beginning his labors here he soon found another needy location, namely, Mendon Centre, some three miles away. He held services there every two weeks in connection with a Sabbath school already in progress. A religious interest soon began and twenty-two were added to the Mendon church. This stirred a new interest in the home church, and thirty-eight in all have been added there. And still the work goes on in both places and a goodly number more will be added at the December communion.

**REDFIELD.**—The Rev. J. Petrie of Pompey is about to take up his residence in Redfield (Oswego County) as the supply of the Presbyterian church there. His correspondents are asked to note his change of address.

**CIRCLEVILLE.**—The Rev. J. S. Brockinton has accepted the call to the Presbyterian church of Circleville.

**WHITE LAKE.**—The Rev. M. C. Hambly goes to this vacant pulpit.

**ONEONTA.**—The Rev. Newton M. Hall of Manchester, N. H., has received a unanimous call from the First Presbyterian Church, Oneonta. It is expected that he will begin his labors there with the new year.

**TROY.**—On Sunday, Nov. 25th, at the communion service in the Albia Presbyterian Church, Troy (the Rev. O. C. Auringer pastor), three persons united with the church on profession, and two were baptized. The church has been enjoying a period of revival.

**EAST KENDALL.**—The Rev. George Strassenburgh has resigned the pastorate of the church at East Kendall, to take effect January 15, 1895. He is the first pastor, and has served the church nearly four years and a half. It was organized May 31, 1890, with fifteen members. It has now twenty-one. It has suffered from deaths and removals, and within the past fifteen months the church has sustained some severe financial losses. It has a very tasteful church edifice, built and dedicated a little over three years ago.

**SACKETT'S HARBOR.**—The Rev. Bailey Brown of Auburn has taken charge of the church here.

**ALBANY.**—The First Presbyterian Church calls the Rev. Wm. F. Whitaker, long of Orange, N. J.

#### NEW JERSEY.

**RAHWAY.**—The First Presbyterian Church (the Rev. George H. Payson, pastor), has again opened its doors for usual Sabbath services, in a greatly improved condition. A new roof has replaced the old. The plaster ceiling has been entirely removed and a metallic one substituted, and ceiling and walls have been re-decorated in harmonious and enduring colors, the wood-work painted; in short, the auditorium has been entirely transformed. With the bright sun-light streaming through the stained-glass windows by day, the brilliant combination of gas and electricity by night, it presented a beautiful and attractive appearance at both morning and evening services. The pastor conducted the service in the morning, preaching from Ps. 96: 6, "Strength and Beauty are in the Sanctuary." A double quartet led the singing. In the evening the Second Church united with the First and addresses were made upon Presbyterianism, its polity and history, doctrine and work, by Dr. Liggett, Rev. Mr. Garretson and Pastor Payson. It was "Presbyterian Day" and the people enjoyed it. The service, which lasted nearly two hours, was interesting throughout, and was interspersed with singing by the congregation, also a duet by Mrs. Ross and Mr. Jones, a solo by Mrs. Payson, and an anthem by the choir. Congratulations and greetings followed at the close, as the people tarried to admire the decorations of the church. The cost of the improvements was about \$3000.

**EAST ORANGE.**—At Munn Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. J. M. Ludlow, pastor) 22 were received to the communion the first Sabbath of December, eleven on confession and eleven on certificate.

**NEWARK.**—The plan of the Third Presbyterian Church to cultivate congregational singing has proved popular. The hymns are printed on slips, new selections being made each Sabbath. At the morning service Dec. 2, the communion was administered, and about twenty five persons were received, eighteen of the number on profession of their faith.

#### DELAWARE.

**WILMINGTON.**—The communion service was celebrated on Sabbath, Dec. 2, in the West Presbyterian Church (the Rev. Albert N. Keigwin pastor), when sixteen new members were received into the church, and as many more are waiting for another communion. The Holy Spirit has been doing His quiet work and all the church seem deeply impressed.

#### OHIO.

**BLUE BALL.**—The Presbytery of Dayton on Nov. 30th dissolved the pastoral relation between the Rev. W. C. Helt, Ph.D., and the church at Blue Ball.

**DAYTON.**—At an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Dayton held Nov. 12th, the pastoral relation between the Rev. Wm. F. McCauley and the Wayne Avenue Church was dissolved. J. K. G.

#### INDIANA.

**OXFORD.**—This church reached high-water mark last Sabbath night, when twenty-five persons were publicly received, all on confession but three. All ages were represented. Sixteen received the ordinance of baptism. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the interest reaches far beyond the limits of the town. The congregations packed the house, and great joy prevails over the success of the work. Evangelist H. C. Keeley conducted the meetings. The Rev. D. R. Burr is pastor, and is rejoicing in this result of his earnest labors for months past.

#### MINNESOTA.

**ST. PAUL.**—The Rev. E. P. Marvin of Lockport, N. Y., is to begin special meetings soon in St. Paul. Evangelist Marvin was long a greatly approved pastor in Lockport, which we believe is yet his home. He has excellent gifts and large experience as an evangelist.

#### UTAH.

**OGDEN.**—The Rev. Charles F. Richardson has removed from Woonsocket, South Dakota, to Ogden, Utah, he having accepted the call of the First Presbyterian Church there and entered upon his labors. His correspondents are asked to observe the change.

#### CHARLES FRANCIS GRIFFIN.

The end came to a long, painful illness when Charles Francis Griffin passed away from earthly scenes at his home in this city on the morning of the 23d of November, in the 58th year of his age. For four years out of health, the past eighteen months he had been shut away from active life—a great sufferer. Through the "ministry of suffering," in which God calleth him to serve, he daily and hourly gave evidence of a dauntless Christian courage.

From a boy he took a decided stand as a Christian, and as such his associates in the mercantile world always knew him. At first he became a member of the Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, and later in life was actively identified with the Church of the Covenant, his name appearing on the membership roll until its consolidation with the Brick Church. In business he displayed a conspicuous ability, at 21 becoming a partner in the leather importing firm of H. Griffin and Sons, which position he held up to the time of his death.

Mr. Griffin was a man of sound judgment and keen perception, possessing to a remarkable degree a judicial mind. His tastes were decidedly literary and love for friends and home were marked characteristics of his nature. Such being the character and life, when pain and anguish brought the poor body low, the soul trained by suffering, bravely and submissively yielded to the Divine Will. The harp-strings continue to vibrate long after the hand that touched them is still. So the harmony of Christian graces, blending in the dear life departed, will not soon be lost to memory, ever remaining a blessed inspiration to those of us who knew and loved him.

F. H. G.

#### THE AMERICAN SABBATH UNION.

The sixth anniversary of the American Sabbath Union will be held in New York City December 9th and 10th. The anniversary sermon will be preached by the Rev. Bishop Edward G. Andrews on Sunday, December 9th, at 10.30 A. M., in the Harlem Presbyterian Church, and a Sabbath observance meeting will be held at 7.30 P. M., in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

On Monday, December 10th at 11 A. M., a meeting conducted by women will be held in Calvary Baptist Church. The present day aspects of the Sabbath question will be then considered. Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, editor of "The Silver Cross," will preside. At the business session, held on Monday afternoon in the "Mission Room," 150 Fifth Avenue, the principal topic of discussion will be, "Whether Sunday Travel and Freightage on Railroads cannot be Reduced at Lower Minimum than has yet been Reached." The Rev. Dr. George S. Mott, President of the Union, will read a paper on this subject. The Sabbath Observance Mass Meeting, an occasion of unusual interest, will be held Monday evening in the Calvary Baptist Church. Six of the young people's organizations of New York City and vicinity have been specially asked to take part by delegates in the discussion of the topic, "The Relation of the American Sabbath to Good Citizenship and Christian Progress." The Rev. A. W. H. Hodder, President of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; R. R. Doherty, Esq., Vice-President of the Epworth; League Mr. John W. Wood, General Secretary of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew; the Rev. Alfred E. Meyers, President of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip; Mr. George A. Warburton, Secretary of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Mrs. Margaret Bottome, President of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons, will make brief addresses.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,

J. H. KNOWLES, General Secretary.





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By John Kendrick Bangs

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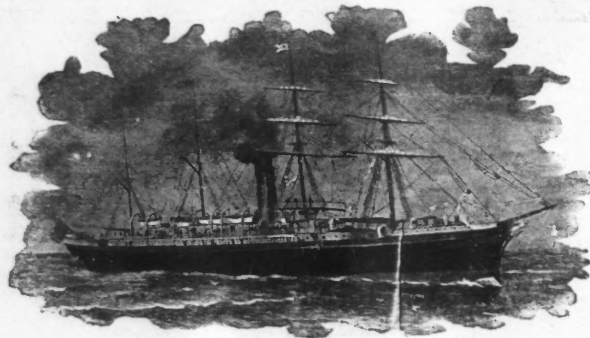
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