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# The Evangelist.



## “To Walk Together to the Kirk.”

O sweeter than the marriage feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me  
To walk together to the Kirk  
With a goodly company.

To walk together to the Kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his Great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths, and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell! But this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest!  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE'S "LAY OF THE ANCIENT MARINER," PART VII.

# For the Family, Church, Sunday School and Study.

## THE EVANGELIST PUBLISHING CO.

### CALLS ATTENTION TO SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS AND SPECIAL OFFERS:

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2. **A Sessional Library**; made up of a careful list of volumes relating to the government and discipline of our Church, with others of a specially helpful character for office-bearers. This "shelf" of practical books is furnished at the low price of *five dollars*. The catalogue will be sent free on application.

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4. A superb photogravure reproduction of Lorimer's famous painting, **Ordination of Elders in a Scottish Kirk**, imported specially by THE EVANGELIST from the owners of the copyright in Edinburgh, is sent, on receipt of the price, five dollars. A small reproduction in half-tone of this photogravure was published in THE EVANGELIST of May 21, 1896.

5. By special arrangement with the firm of Rand, McNally & Co., we are able to offer to a subscriber sending us the name of *one new subscriber* with three dollars, the **New Pictorial Atlas of the World**, now in press, the regular price of which is to be three dollars. This is an entirely new collection of maps, representing the latest results, and makes a handsome quarto volume (12 x 14½ in.) of 320 pages. Here is a chance to acquire the latest and best atlas at the regular price and at the same time help us to introduce THE EVANGELIST in a new family.

6. We are happy to announce, also, that a thoroughly revised and *twentieth* edition of Dr. Field's **From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn** has just been published, and a copy will be sent to any one forwarding the name of a new subscriber with the regular subscription price of three dollars. This book, originally published twenty years ago, has become a classic of travel, as is shown by its enduring popularity. During the spring it was carefully revised by the author, a portrait and a map added and much that was personal and out-of-date omitted.

7. **The Evangelist has now a complete Job Office plant** and is prepared to print church notices and services, pamphlets, reports, etc., in the best style and at reasonable rates. We request our readers to send for samples of our work and to give us an opportunity to show them what we can do for them in this department.

N. B.—We should be pleased to correspond with any who would like to make a systematic canvass for The Evangelist in their locality.

Address, **THE EVANGELIST,**

**156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.**

# The Evangelist.

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## THE EVANGELIST.

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ISSUED WEEKLY.

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HENRY M. FIELD, Editor.

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## All Round the Horizon.

The church at Irvington-on-the-Hudson has attracted some notice from the daily papers owing to the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan at the morning service last Sunday, where they felt at home, as they are good, orthodox Presbyterians. It was a very commendable thing to do, an example worthy to be followed, for one in Mr. Bryan's position to be in the place of prayer at the accustomed hour, and we do not doubt that both he and his excellent wife felt it to be a relief for one holy hour, when they could hear nothing of the strife of the outer world, but join with their brethren and sisters of the same communion in the worship of God.

It is a time for being frank, outspoken, and hopeful. The gracious coolness following the terrible heats, is calculated to take the fever out of our tempers also; and an American Christian must never despair of his country nor despise those who differ with him. The plain speaking man to day who keeps in good temper, takes pains to find good grounds for his argument and has undaunted faith in his country and the right, is the best evidence that a free people are not going into anarchy, nor the best government to fail because of indifference or selfishness among the American people.

The Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, after being duly honored in England, is now on the ocean, having sailed for New York on Saturday. He will be received by the President and by the American people with the respect due to one of his high position and long and splendid career in his own country. Should there be any opportunity for addresses from political or religious bodies, might it not be proper (if in accord with the rules of Chinese etiquette) that the Moderator of our General Assembly should (in the name of the great Presbyterian communion which he represents, and with the tact and grace which he always shows in the interchange of kindly sentiments) express to him the respect of our great Church to one who has done so much for China. As to the propriety of this, however, it should be made to depend on the opinion of the Hon. John W. Foster, who is at once a stalwart Presbyterian, and the personal friend of Li Hung Chang, and of his vast Empire. It would not be altogether surprising if the great Chinese statesman should not be quite as enthusiastic about our country as we could wish when he remembers the barbarous manner in which Chinamen have been treated on the Pacific coast. We trust that he will be made to understand that

these outrages are not the act of the whole American people, nor approved by them. In this way his visit may lead to a better mutual understanding, and at once make the position of the Chinese more tolerable on this side of the Pacific, and assure to our missionaries in China not only protection and personal safety, but a more kindly feeling towards them among the Chinese people.

Secretary Robert E. Speer, of our Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, sailed yesterday by the Britannic, accompanied by his wife, on a visit to our most distant missionary stations—a long, long journey, which is not undertaken as a tour of pleasure, but as a very important, and almost necessary, preparation for the duties of his office. To American Christians who spend all their lives at home, Foreign Missions are so far away as to seem almost unreal. In this case, as in many others, seeing is believing. When a man has once been face to face with the ignorance, the poverty, the misery of heathenism, it becomes a fearful reality. And what enlarged ideas one gets of the world itself! The last time we heard the late Secretary Arthur Mitchell, he startled us by quoting what he had said in a book, "From Egypt to Japan," which, as nearly as we can remember it, was to this effect: "We talk of the crowded cities of Europe and of America, but in India and China human beings swarm as the birds swarm in the air, and fishes in the sea. No man knows the world for which Christ died until he has seen the swarming populations of Asia"—an impression which was so confirmed by what he saw, that when he came back from his tour around the world, he spoke with a fervor greater than ever before. The same effect we predict in the case of our youngest Secretary, who has already made himself well known among the churches as a captivating speaker, a power which will be increased manifold when he is able to speak of that which he has seen with his own eyes on the other side of the globe. His route includes some countries that we have not seen, such as Persia and Siam. The whole Church will pray that he may have a prosperous journey, being guarded from all dangers by land or sea, from shipwreck and pestilence, and come back, so full of all that he has seen and heard, that he shall be able to speak to the American churches as with a tongue of fire.

Knowing the interest which our readers will take in what may be called a journey of missionary exploration, we have asked Secretary Speer to keep the Presbyterian Church in this country in touch with him by a series of letters to The Evangelist, to which he has consented, and by which we shall all be able to keep track of him during his long journey round the globe.

## PEN-JOTTINGS AT LAKE MOHONK.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

LAKE MOHONK, AUG. 11th., 1896.

The torrid wave, that has been sweeping over the land during the last week has had several alleviations up on these breezy heights. Cool winds, have refreshed us every night. The thermometer has never risen above the eighties; those who wanted to walk have shady forests, and those who do not care to plunge into the woods, can plunge into the waters. Every day at noon a large company of us gather under the rocks on the west side of the lake, for a swim. It is no disrespect to "the cloth" to say that two well known Presbyterian parsons are among the bravest swimmers. As I have watched these brethren dive off of the spring-board, I have been reminded of a remark made threescore years ago by the famous evangelist, the Rev. Jedediah Burdick, who was laboring in New York with Mr. Finney. His bold, extemporaneous efforts were producing great impression, and some one asked him the secret of his power. His pithy answer was, "I trust God and plunge in"; but he was tempted to add, in the Burchardese vein, "and then I come up spouting like a whale."

The first part of the eccentric evangelist's remark was well illustrated by the earnest and vigorous discourse delivered here last Sabbath morning by a very "Low Church" Episcopal brother from Philadelphia. The Rev. Dr. Havin, rector of Grace Church, preached on "Cross Bearing for Christ," with a most evangelical fervor and freedom; and the dozen other ministers in the house were all ready to respond, "Amen" to such faithful exhortations. Prayer-books are provided here for the guests, and last Sabbath they generally joined in the service. But I never attend an Episcopal service without wondering why our brethren retain in their book Miles Coverdale's very imperfect translation of the Psalter. It is very inferior to our Authorized Version of the Psalms in accuracy, beauty and rhythm; and it is a misfortune that people from their childhood should learn Coverdale's clumsy phraseology instead of the far finer and nobler language of "King James's Version." It is akin to the same conservative propensity which makes them retain the words, "man and wife," instead of *husband* and wife in their marriage service. Perhaps their theory is that a man never is a man until he is married.

My English papers and magazines continue to bring articles in reference to the "Jubilee" of Lord Kelvin, who lately completed his fifty years as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. To our older readers he is better known as Sir William Thomson, the brilliant electrician, who played such a prominent part in the laying of the Atlantic Cable. His scientific skill and Cyrus W. Field's heroic perseverance were the two chief factors that contributed to the success of that great international enterprise. By general consent Lord Kelvin is regarded as the most eminent living man of science in Great Britain. It is often foolishly said that the great leaders in science are Agnostics, or are generally unbelievers in the Bible. This is an absurd falsehood. Lord Kelvin, like his illustrious fellow-countryman, Sir David Brewster, and like Newton and Faraday, is a devout Christian.

Fifty-four years ago, soon after my graduation from Princeton College, I went to Europe liberally equipped with letters of introduction from my beloved friend and teacher, Professor Joseph Henry, afterwards the head of the "Smithsonian Institution" at Washington. Professor Henry—who may be called the king of American science in his day—

united with the Presbyterian church in Princeton on confession of his faith, while I was a student there; and he always resented the preposterous presumption that there was any antagonism between true science and Christianity. Among the letters which he gave me was one to Professor Thomson of Glasgow University, the eminent father of Lord Kelvin. I was very kindly received by the good old professor in his study, and after a pleasant chat he ordered his servant to bring in bread and butter and a vessel of hot water. He then called for a canister of tea, and prepared for us twain a cup of the drink that cheers but not inebriates; and as I had not been accustomed to see gentlemen perform that rather womanly function, I was somewhat amused by the operation. His brilliant son, William, was then a youth of eighteen; but only four years afterward he was made Professor of Natural Philosophy in the same institution with his father! He began to make discoveries in heat and electricity when he was a boy. Lord Kelvin, let me add, is lame from a fracture of his leg, caused by a slip on the ice when he was engaged in a game of snow-balling with the students.

After this ramble across the water to Glasgow, let me add a few words in regard to ever charming Mohonk. The hotel is well furnished with guests, of whom thirteen are ministers who are studying "sermons in stones" and "considering the lillies" in yonder beautiful garden. The latest achievement of Mr. Smiley in the line of road-building is a new carriage-way up to the summit of Sky-top. By dint of blasting out huge masses of rock he has constructed a road on the face of the precipice, and opened up a fresh series of enchanting prospects. A score or two of new summer-houses have been erected; and the drives on his estate now amount to about forty miles! And the charm about this whole place is not merely the grandly picturesque scenery, or the refined society, but that God is honored here by both a service of united daily worship and by the introduction of many innocent pleasures, without a single temptation to sinful indulgence. There is an object-lesson here that I am never tired of studying.

## THE GIANT OAKS OF CALIFORNIA.

Dear Dr. Field:—I read the account of Justice Field's Great Oak in The Evangelist of July 2nd. As I am in California now, and have three live oaks here in the yard, I said to my son's wife, I think I will write to Dr. Field if he knows that they bloom, as they do, I think it is the last of April or the first of May. I said I would like to see the Great Oak in bloom. They have long sprays of white blossoms, very pretty; now they are covered with leaves. They are always green, and still the dry leaves are dropping all the time, and keep a litter; you can't have a clean yard where they are. As I am one of the readers of The Evangelist, and have been for the last twelve or fourteen years, I took the liberty to write to you.

There is very little fruit in California this year, as it is exceedingly hot and dry. There was a frost when the trees were in bloom, which spoiled the fruit. It is said that there has not been such a frost in twenty years.

With kind regards, A. E. DOUGLASS.

The death of Miss Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) at her home in Hamilton, Mass., on Monday of the present week, by paralysis, one or more strokes of which had much debilitated her for now many months, removes one who long occupied a prominent place in the public eye, as a writer and as an admired member of the household of the late Hon. James G. Blaine. She was a woman of the genuine New England type, a fine writer and conversationalist, and as good and conscientious of heart as brilliant in intellect.

## CHANT—AGASTICS.

By Rev. Samuel T. Clarke.

A little crescent cave on the lake shore, eighteen old trees in four groups among the rocks; a small cottage, three quarters veranda, a step from the shore on a green rug of grass, hung with portiers of leaves; a red-topped boat-house, whitewashed and lantern-lighted; a dozen caroes tied to the dock and tossing incessantly at all angles, like Oriental dancing girls; a cottager lying in a hammock and alternately watching those bobbing canoes and sleeping—such is the local habitat from which this is written. To lake it or to seashore it, that was the question, as Hamlet said, or words to that effect.

Now, by the way, while lying here in this critical atmosphere, there has been time and opportunity to decide for once and all the mooted question, the problem of Hamlet. Singular that no one has solved it before, for it is as plain as our boarding-house table. Hamlet was meant by Shakespeare to depict the trials of a young Presbyterian minister. He was the first to open up the rich vein of romance which Ian Maclaren has worked. Prince Denmark as that author uses words in cipher fashion, means one with the Princeton mark. He loves Hebrew verbs, that is, Hophil or Ophild, and is thrown much with undertakers, and is called Hamlet, or I am let—a free agent. How the solution clears up the play of Hamlet and his famous soliloquy!

It was decided to lake it instead of seashore it, because you get more for your money here than at any seaside resort, especially if you have free passes and are invited to give an address Sunday evening in the great amphitheatre. If anyone wants a new sensation, let him try the matter of addressing six or seven thousand people in the great Chautauqua meeting-house, with the prima donna, Mme. Decca, to lead the singing, and Dr. Palmer of Chicago to wield the baton. It is like applying a Great Eastern electric battery to the spine while the head is immersed in a tea kettle, a sort of swimming match you can't get at Bar Harbor.

All must be careful of their associates at summer resorts, so we have been taking our meals with the great-great-grandchildren of Jonathan Edwards, who are here, the nearest living relatives of the great divine. "The tender grace of a day that is dead" lingers sweetly about all these descendants of the theologian of America. Unto the third and fourth generation good as well as evil is handed down.

An occasional run into the cottage of Henry Preserved Smith nearby, prevents one from becoming too musty and antique in his higher Christian consciousness. You want to keep that all right, even at Chautauqua, and not be too one-sided.

Well, Who is here? is of course the first question. Presidents Elliot of Harvard and Harper of Chicago University are here, and the heads of many institutions, east and west. The lectures of the Professor of Social Ethics of Harvard have been the notable feature of the session. The Rev. Dr. Sked of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, has been the star preacher, while Bishop Sessom of the Episcopal Church has divided with him the honors. The music has been classical as well as popular, and the hours crowded with both instruction and fun. Bishop John E. Vincent is certainly one of America's noblemen, and the work he has done here and in the 50 and other assemblies, is like that of General Booth of McAll and of Father Endeavor Clark, one of the features of the age. Nearly two thousand regular students matriculated this season in this great summer university.

The only drawbacks here are the cats at night, which excel in strength of voice any experienced in other quarters. They are to be suppressed, however, at once.

Taking it altogether, this twenty-third year of Chautauqua furnishes a vacation opportunity that leaves one little to regret and furnishes to all people, at low cost, a grand agency to bring themselves up to concert pitch in all social, theological, and literary arts and musical matters, and to indulge in all reasonable summer engagements at the same time.

To night Rossini's Stabat Mater is to be given by a choir of 500, orchestra, organ, and soloists. How could anyone more satisfactorily compose himself for the cottager's Saturday night!

#### THE WHEEL.

Dr. Shaw's sermon on the wheel will be generally read and approved. I wish he had added a few words as to *politeness on the wheel*.

I do not ride myself, and never expect to, therefore my views may have less consideration than an enthusiast. My experience and observation both lead me to say that wheelmen, women, youths, and children, are very inconsiderate and impolite as a rule.

Not long ago I was in Massachusetts driving with a relative. I noticed he gave most of the road to the wheels we met. I asked, "What rights have wheels on the highway?" "They have a *right* to one half," he replied, "but they *take* three quarters. If you do not give them more than one half, look out for your horse and your huggy, too."

I am summering where the bicycle is allowed on the sidewalks. At night they must carry a light. If you are walking alone, or have a friend with you, wife or child, the wheel comes up behind you, or in front of you, the bell is sounded, and you are expected to step aside and give the sidewalk to the wheel and its rider. If the sidewalk is wide enough, two wheels are sometimes going abreast. Then the pedestrian must step aside into the grass, mud, or dust, as the case may be, and allow the pleasure riders to pass. Then you can resume your rights to the path.

What, in *practice*, does the sound of the bell mean? It means Get out of the way, imperative, not Please allow me to pass. I have daily experience with these wheelers, and *once only* have I ever heard any acknowledgment of the courtesy from the rider. Once a young lady said to me as I stepped in the grass and dust to allow her to pass me, "Thank you." I involuntarily raised my hat, and said, There is a *lady* on the wheel. I was reminded of a story I heard of my friend, the late Bishop Coxe. A lady inquired of him: "Do you approve of ladies riding the wheel?" He replied, "Ladies do not ride the wheel."

Ladies do ride the wheel. But ladies are not always polite on the wheel.

There is a sort of feeling which seems to pervade this class of pleasure seekers that everybody must get out of the way when they come along. Against this I protest. My right to the road or the sidewalk is as good, in law, in etiquette, in good breeding, as the wheelers'. The bell should be a request, not an order to let the wheel pass.

I feel every day that I am more likely to be injured by a bicycle than I am by a trolley, cable, or horse car. The latter are more careful not to injure a pedestrian than the rider of a wheel.

It is against this "Get out of my way," with no show of respect for me or my rights, that I enter my protest. H.

#### A WOMAN'S LETTER ABOUT NORTHFIELD.

Mrs. H. L. Wayland.

There is but one Northfield; only here has the combination of attractions made a paradise for soul and body. This prettiest of New England villages has a long, broad street, bordered by neatly-trimmed turf, and shaded by double rows of magnificent elms. Around are rocks and hills, secluded forest roads, streams, and ponds. The Connecticut winds calmly down on the west, and beyond range after range of low mountains fade off into the sky. The hundreds of visitors seem to come with a common purpose, to get and to do good. There are no conventional barriers to cordial acquaintance; Christianity wears its cheeriest aspect. Nowhere are smiles and laughter so easy and so natural; every laugh has the ring of hearty happiness. Over the whole presides a man, the embodiment of consecrated tact, common sense, and administrative ability, united with a faith that is ever achieving the impossible. When a new building is needed, it seems to arise by magic. Since last year's conventions, the Skinner Gymnasium has been built and equipped. Like each of the halls, it occupies the most fitting site and is an ornament to the grounds.

The meetings had been going on for days before we arrived, and they continued after we left, so our impressions are fragmentary. We were too late for Mrs. Houghton's morning talks on "The Bible as Literature," in which must have appeared her grace, learning, and reverent spirit. Dr. Gray had given his admirable exegesis on the Book of Job, and the first address we heard from him was on "The History of the Holy Dead." The subject gave scope to the imagination, but was not of great practical interest in a place where everything is redolent of "holy living" rather than of dying.

Mr. Selwyn of Bournemouth, England, spoke often, his face seeming to shine with the love of God. While opening up passages of Scripture, he constantly uttered sentences that rest in the memory: "We talk of the higher Christian life. It is as low as possible at the feet of Jesus, and there only can it be lived." "All is contained in four words: admit, commit, submit, transmit; admit Christ, commit your life to Him, submit your will to His, transmit the blessing to others." "Walk in love, walk in the light, all this leads up to 'Be filled with the Spirit'." "The greatest hindrance to the progress of Christianity is Christians who have gone no further than justification by faith, Gospel hardened saints. They can say, 'My beloved is mine,' but not, 'I am His.' And they bow to many idols, one of which is the world."

Mr. Moody calls his speakers from all over the world, yet he sometimes finds the best of gifts right at his door. There was no better nor more useful address than one by Dr. Scofield, the pastor of the Northfield church, on the words, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This more abundant life is like superabundant health. If the spiritual vitality is low, one is easily wearied in Christian work, is fretful, restless, feverish, the ready prey of the spiritual bacilli of doubt, pride, avarice, self will. Paul said, "To live is Christ and to die is gain." Do we not reverse this and say, "For me to live is gain, and to

die is Christ"? Christ is our life. We are in vital union with Him, the head of the body, as the stream is in connection with its source. As long as the spring flows, the stream will flow; there is no limit to the life.

On Saturday morning, Dr. T. S. Hamlin of Washington spoke suggestively on "The Perspective of the Bible: what we lose if we disregard the ideas of time and distance and of a progressive revelation."

The keynote of the convention was the deepening of spiritual life. To this were especially directed the series of discourses of Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Meyer, both of whom came full of the Keswick teaching. Mr. Meyer first spoke Sunday, August 9th. The congregation was vast. From all the country round they poured into the great Auditorium, until every part was filled, even the spacious galleries. The sermon was introductory to those of the next week. Mr. Meyer's personality, his intense earnestness and desire to help others to obtain the blessing that had come to himself, were the secret of the manifest religious impression made, for his words were hardly weighty, nor would his exegesis bear criticism. The text was from Acts xi. 16: "This is that"; the divisions were: 1. What is *this*? The life many Christians are now living. 2. What is *that*? The life God would have you live. 3. How to make *this, that*? By recognizing and receiving the Holy Spirit as a distinct gift of the risen Christ over and above regeneration. You know the Spirit in you, but not the Spirit on you. When you receive the Holy Spirit, you will not think at all of Him, you will think of Christ. 4. Why is not *this that*? Your life might, this moment, become *that*, if you would receive the Holy Spirit. God is a God of method and has certain preparatory steps. Unless you take those steps you cannot receive the gift. I would not give a valuable watch to a little child until he could prize it and take care of it. God longs to give you His best gift, but He waits until you have fulfilled the conditions; 5. What will happen if *this shall become that*? When the power of the Holy Spirit shall come, rivers of living water shall flow. Every church will be set on fire with zeal.

The next day, and through the week, the same subject was continued; we could not form an idea of the whole teaching from this incomplete portion, for we had to leave the hills of Northfield and this communion on holy themes, and to come down to the every day world of work and heat. It was hot in Northfield, but we were asked not to talk of it, and thus add to our own heat and the heat of others, making harder the burden of all. And no place was less hot than Round Top at the twilight meetings, or the perfectly ventilated Auditorium even when occupied by thousands. Quietness of spirit is a great help. We recall some gentle, serene Quakers, who always looked cool and calm, whose very appearance was a refreshment. Space fails to mention many of the speakers. Mr. Booker T. Washington told in eloquent, graphic words of the industrial training at Tuskegee. Chaplain Frissell of Hampton (the mother of Tuskegee) spoke of the institution for which General Armstrong wore out his noble life. Miss Leitch repeated the pathetic story of Armenia. President Weston delighted all who could hear him by his exposition of James, but the Auditorium requires more voice than does the chapel of Crozer Seminary. Drs. Mahie and Pierson, whose summer homes are at Northfield, were eagerly heard. Good times soon pass. The conventions of 1896 are over, but they are more than memories, for they will continue to make many lives deeper, higher, more fruit-bearing.

PHILADELPHIA.

### A FRIENDLY SUGGESTION TO THE CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY.

By Prof. John DeWitt, D.D.

Dr. Samuel T. Clarke's article, entitled, "Variegated Presbyterians," and published in The Evangelist of August 18th, contains the gratifying information that a Church Service Society has been formed under the Presidency of my friend, the Rev. Dr. L. F. Benson of Philadelphia. Dr. Benson has many special qualities which make it appropriate that he should lead in such an organization. He has always been interested in liturgies, and his fine editorial work upon the new Hymnal will convince all who know the book that anything he may have to say about the public worship of the Church will be worthy of their careful consideration.

Moreover, just such a Liturgical Academy as I suppose the Church Service Society to be, is needed in the Presbyterian Church. We cannot have a commanded set of forms so long as we are under the Directory for Worship; and I am confident that the most of our people, whether presbyters or laymen, would be unwilling to surrender the degree of liberty in the forms of their public worship which the Directory at present presupposes and guarantees. For that liberty is one of our most valuable possessions. It aids in imparting fervor, and therefore power, to the several acts of worship, and it enables us easily to adjust them to the varying circumstances in which the congregations of worshippers are met. In this way it enables us to give to the service of the house of God a deeper unity and a more spiritual tone than can possibly be secured by a fixed order of "prewritten prayer," of which John Milton wisely said, "It hath less sympathy and intercourse with the heart wherein it was not conceived."

But liberty, though a priceless possession to those who are prepared to enjoy it, is always attended with dangers. And because none of us are perfectly prepared for it, these dangers are apt to issue in evils more or less serious. In the brief paper I am now writing, I propose to point out what I believe to be the two most serious evils in our services; evils which owe their existence to this very liberty which, with justice, we so highly value.

One of these evils is the emergence of what I may call individualism in the pastor when leading the prayers of the congregation. I have not at hand the sermons of Robert South, and am unable to quote any of his statements in the discourse on "The sin of long, extemporary prayers." Indeed, I do not know that he mentions the particular evil which I have in mind. But I think I shall carry my readers with me in the statement that the minister, in proportion to his sincerity and to the vividness of his own religious experiences, is strongly tempted to give expression to what is distinctive in his own religious life rather than to that which is common to the religious life of the entire congregation. It often happens that, for this very reason, sympathy between the minister and his congregation is destroyed in this highest act of the services, and that, though they may continue to listen to the prayer as interested and even admiring hearers, they are not carried along as worshippers and petitioners. Besides this, in the act of free prayer there is quite as strong a temptation, and quite as favorable an opportunity, to be eloquent as in the sermon itself. We recognize this in the words orator and oratory, which bear the two meanings, a petitioner and prayer on the one hand, and an eloquent speaker and eloquence on the other. The minister who leads the congregation in prayer may very easily, as often he does, become an eloquent man, and his prayers may

be, and often are, adorned with metaphors and similes, characteristic of him as an individual writer. As a consequence, the attitude of the congregation changes from that of a body of united worshippers to that of an excited audience; and what our Directory intended shall be strictly a united act of worship, terminating in God, passes over into the category of the sermon, terminating on the audience.

Now, I think we may very well confess the reality of the danger that, because our prayers are free—or, as we more often say, extemporary—they will express individual rather than the common religious life, and that, in their rhetoric, they will display individual peculiarities. And in order that we may the better understand the evil, we shall do well to study the prescribed prayers in the Liturgy best known to us, the Book of Common Prayer, and note how appropriate they are in these two important respects: First, they embody just those petitions which sinful men and women can offer together. They are "common prayers and supplications." They express those spiritual desires which are most profound and important because they are catholic and universal. And, secondly, these desires are expressed in literary forms at the furthest remove from individualistic rhetoric. All personal eloquence seems to have been forbidden to the authors, and its place has been taken by the simpler, but also the greater, the more impressive, the more nearly absolute eloquence of the human spirit. No one Christian man, but the whole Christian heart, seems to speak in these prayers, just as it speaks in the Gloria in Excelsis, the Te Deum and the Dies Irae.

I do not think that, as a rule, the members of the Episcopalian communion are at present in a condition fully to deprecate this great merit of their Prayer Book, and this for several reasons. One is the operation of the well known law that the sensibilities are dulled to the peculiar beauty of any object whose impact on the sense is frequent and regular and enforced. Another is the fact that since the Oxford movement and its corollary, the invasion of ritualism into Anglican services, the attention of Episcopalian congregations has been largely diverted from the intellectual elements of their service, and, in a like proportion, has been fastened on its ritualistic and sensuous accessories. And a third is the increased emphasis placed of late on the alleged priestly character of the Anglican celebrant. This has led to a quite general belief in that body that the service communicates or augments grace *ex opera operato*, with the result that the prayers are now often read with as little regard to just tone and emphasis, and with as little purpose of making an intellectual impression, as a Roman Catholic priest exhibits when he reads the prose parts of the service of the Mass.

But whether Episcopalians appreciate the ecumenical character and the severe beauty of their Prayer-Book or not, we should not fail to do so. Even if we unlawfully think of them as belonging to a rival religious body, *fas est ab hoste doceri*. For myself, I am free to say that the greatness of these prayers, both in their catholic substance and in their simple, but noble form, has deeply impressed me. It would be difficult for me to conceive of prayers more direct, more intelligible, more comprehensive, more dignified, more simple, more earnest, or more finely expressive of the great Christian graces and aspirations. I do not now recall a single metaphor or simile, unless a quotation from Holy Scripture, in any of the Prayer-Book's prayers. For this reason I think that the Church Service Society and our individual ministers should make

them the subject of earnest and sympathetic study, not, indeed, to pave the way for a liturgy—that I should lament—but in order that our free prayers may be distinguished more than they are by these qualities, which give to the Book of Common Prayer no small share of its exceptional greatness.

The other evil in our services of worship, due to our liberty, which I wish to notice, is the danger of severing the links which bind us to historic Christianity. Undoubtedly, what we call the right of private judgment, the formal principle of the Reformation, has been a great blessing to the congregations of the Reformed churches. It has been the means of opening to them the Scriptures, and so of bringing the Word of God into more intimate and vital contact with individual men and women. But the liberty of individual interpretation has begotten a tendency to set up the present against the Christian ages. The part has often seemed, under the influence of this principle, more important than the whole. Now, we need in our services to realize that the Church of all the centuries is one Church. And this oneness is best realized in public worship by the expression of our own religious life in great forms which belong to all the branches of the Church, and all, or nearly all, its periods. Apart from the fact that they are great hymns, the Te Deum and the Gloria in Excelsis are valuable because they have come down to us from an earlier period, and because their long life has been sanctified by a wide use. The same remark substantially may be made of the great creeds, especially the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds. A liturgy lends itself finely and easily to the preservation and the employment of these and the other greatest Christian hymns and prayers and statements of the Church's faith. Our unfixed acts of worship, on the other hand, tend to separate us from the whole life of the Church. To refer again to the Book of Common Prayer its several forms, as the Litany and the Daily Prayers, the creeds, the collects, the Gospels, and Epistles, and the Lectionary, bring the worshipper of to day before God in "uses" both venerable and catholic. Without exaggerating the value of historic successions of any kind, I think we ought to regret the fact that our freedom from prescribed forms leads many of us to give up the employment of the great hymns and prayers and creeds of the universal Church. In abandoning them as parts of worship, we sustain a loss which cannot be called small, although its character is not easily described.

If the Church Service Society, acting as a learned academy, without attempting at present to commend particular forms, were to take up for discussion the questions how to relieve our acts of worship of the evils of individualism, and how to give to our worship the historic quality I have tried to indicate, we should have a right to hope that no small benefit to the Church will result from its organization.

There is one thing I hope the Society will not do, and that is to promote an æsthetic worship. For the emergence of æsthetic feelings in the act of spiritual worship, is not only an evil, it is an impertinence. But this, with The Evangelist's permission, ought to be treated in a separate paper.

SPRING LAKE BEACH, N. J., August 15, 1896.

There is a Pennsylvania Junior Society, with two thirds of its members boys. Some of these walk from four to five miles weekly to attend the meetings. It is to be hoped that those who have them in charge are taking good care that these meetings are made profitable, really worth the exertion that is being made to attend them.

## The Evangelist

### THE GRAND ARMY OF THE CHURCH.

On another page we give the usual statistics of the Presbyterian Church, arranged for ready comparisons, omitting, however, the years '92 and '93, for the better convenience of our space. The table complete for the past six years will soon appear in the Assembly's Minutes for 1895-96, from an advance page of which, by the courtesy of the Stated Clerk, we copy the returns for 1891 and those of the last three years.

The column of totals for the past church year of 1895-96 conveys very few surprises. Regarding it as a whole, it may be said to indicate a good average of growth in nearly all departments of effort, and little beyond this.

There is one more Synod than a half dozen years ago, and there are eight more Presbyteries, thanks chiefly to the growth of the Pacific Northwest; and, as usual, the prospect for a ministerial supply for the future is a good one. Our candidates now number 1,508, which is a gain of 191 over six years ago, and of 228 over five years ago. The total of our ministers has also been increased by 619 since 1891, and now numbers 6,842—that is to say, an average of more than one hundred has been added yearly over all losses by death or otherwise.

Of pastoral changes there has been a full number, the dissolutions reaching 427, which is 7 more than in 1893, the next highest year. The installations have also been more numerous than ever before, reaching 553, which is 33 better than 1893, the next best year for pastoral settlements. Of ministers who go out and come in there has been a diminished stream, 56 having left us the past church year by dismissal, while 80 from other denominations have come knocking at our door. The number of these latter reached 127 four years since, and constituted almost a dangerous element!

A factor of force in our Church is that of the "Local Evangelist," first tabulated in 1894 when their number was given at 102. The following year there were 215, while the present year yields but 176. There can be no doubt of the wisdom of employing men of special gifts as evangelists, but that some should deem themselves sent who have really not been called to this special work, would seem to be indicated by this falling off of more than one fifth of the total of the previous year. Their relation to those "added by examination" must be conceded, and it is in point to recall that the year 1894 touched high water mark under this head, those received on examination or on profession of their faith, reaching a total of 74,826! The following year, however, showed a falling off to 67,938, despite the doubling of these special helpers, and the present year gives 64,826 as the total of these additions, with 38,489 by certificate. The spiritual harvest is thus only an average one. But the practical question is, in view of the many disturbing elements throughout the Church up to the last Assembly, would not the results have been much less had these men failed to do their part with admirable zeal?

In the great work of organizing churches not so much has been done as last year, at least this is apparently so, but mere figures fail to give the whole situation. The number of new organizations is 149, with about the average number "dissolved," namely, 84; while just a half dozen have come to us from other churches to one dismissed to another fellowship. Thus, it appears, when all is

taken into the account that we have just 70 more churches than a year ago, our total now reaching 7,578—an advance on six years of 503. And thus it is made to appear that our organized churches outnumber our ministers by 731. But many of these churches are small and unable to sustain a pastor, and in not a few cases two, and sometimes three, are ministered to by a single home missionary.

The total of our elders is given at 27,025, and with the deacons, they make up a lay force of 36,199, especially set apart to secure the welfare of the individual church and its needy members. There is surely room and need for the magnifying of the official responsibilities of these, our office bearers. The real efficiency of any given church depends largely on them. Our Sunday school members have now for the first time reached the million mark, the figures being 1,006,391. They form a goodly army, and with their teachers, are the hope of the Church.

The financial year has not been a failure, nor has it been exceptionally prosperous, as may be seen by reference to the figures given elsewhere. The contributions to Home Missions were \$930,566, and for Foreign Missions \$739,103, while the churches carried on their operations at an outlay of \$10,413,785, about the average of the past half dozen years. The Reunion Fund reached \$322,350. The "Miscellaneous" gifts of the churches, which had run much over a million for the four years previous to 1895, are now down to \$778,728. The round total of our contributions to all objects for the past Church year is given at \$14,150,497, an increase of the previous Church year of \$502,618.

And is it not legitimate to glance from our own to the statistics of our common Presbyterianism the world over? Dr. Mathews reported to the recent Council in Glasgow, that connected with the Presbyterian communion there are 30 separate churches or general divisions, 1,426 Presbyteries, 27,043 ministers, 31,935 congregations, 4,795,216 communicants, and 20,000,000 of adherents! These contribute over £7,000,000 (or say, \$35,000,000) in support of Home work and Foreign Missions. The Presbyterian Church is influential for good in every considerable country of the globe!

### A MISSIONARY'S SERVICE TO SCIENCE.

It is not the first object of missionaries, in going to foreign countries, to set up schools and colleges, yet education is the handmaid of religion, and some teaching is necessary to the introduction of Christianity. Further still, as the missionaries are often men of learning, who would be professors in colleges at home, they have contributed much to the scientific knowledge of the countries in which they pass their lives. A charming illustration of this we had some years since in having, as a companion in a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, Dr. Post, Professor in the American College at Beirut, who is known all over the East as an eminent surgeon and physician, and is thus able to minister to the body as well as to the soul. He is also a distinguished botanist, and the object of his journey was to get a knowledge of the flora of the desert. A desolate place one would think the desert to be to find anything that buds or blossoms, but his sharp eye was out as he swung along on his camel, and the instant he saw a bit of color, he would almost plunge from his camel's back to seize the precious twig or flower, which was inspected and classified, as he sat in the tent door, at the close of the day, as the sun went down over the sands, sending his last rays across the Red Sea, and then hiding his head behind the mountains of Africa.

That was fourteen years ago, and all the time since, in the intervals of his occupation

as a professor in the College, he has been indulging his botanical taste in excursions on the mountain sides of Lebanon and along the shores of the Mediterranean. The result is modestly told in a recent letter:

BEIRUT, July 16, 1896.

My Dear Dr. Field:—Among the many delightful reminiscences of our trip through Sinai, none is more fresh than the sympathy you manifested in my botanical studies. I am therefore sure of a hearing when I tell you to what they have led. I have embodied the results of thirty years labor in a "Flora of Syria, Palestine, and Sinai." I send you a specimen form, which will give you an idea of what the work is to be. It will contain the descriptions of 131 Orders of Phænogamous Plants, and also of the Ferns, Club Mosses, and Scouring Rushes. There will be nearly a thousand genera, and about 3,500 species. There will be about 920 pages, 450 illustrations, and a colored map of the botanical regions of the country. I have given much attention to the general analytical key, and special keys to the Orders and the larger genera. The work will, of course, contain descriptions of all plants mentioned in Scripture, or in the writings of the profane historians. It contains large numbers of Arabic names.

Affectionately yours,

GEORGE E. POST.

Now that the work is done, the author is confronted by a difficulty. It has not only cost him years of labor, but the expenses of all his inland journeys have been very great—expenses that can hardly be met by the sale of the book, as it is not one for the multitude, the mere announcement of which will attract thousands of readers, by whom it will be caught up and devoured, like a novel. It is a book that will be prized by learned travellers, who visit the same parts of the world, but its circulation here at home, in America, will be chiefly among botanists and students of botany, as well as for libraries and other institutions of learning.

While the author is uncertain what course it is best to take, his friends in America may relieve his perplexity by writing directly to him, addressing the letter: Rev. George E. Post, M. D., Syrian Protestant College, Beirut, Syria. As it has been very costly in preparation, and must be limited in circulation, the price is five dollars, or a pound in English money. To any one sending to Dr. Post exchange for one pound sterling, the book will be sent by registered mail package. The address should be very clearly given on the order. If the correspondent only seeks for information, he will receive a prospectus giving fuller details. But the better, as well as the quicker way, would be to send the money, and receive in return the book itself.

Dr. Nansen, in search of the North Pole, has himself spoken and cleared up much that was uncertain about his great endeavor. He failed of success for want of provisions for his dogs. The Doctor says: "We were obliged to kill the weakest dogs to feed the others, and to continue so doing until the whole pack was slaughtered." But something, even much, has been gained for science. He spent three years in the Arctic ice, and in that time succeeded in getting two degrees and fifty minutes closer to the North Pole than any one who had preceded him. He penetrated north as far as 86 1/4 degrees, or to a point a little less than four degrees from the Pole. Dr. Nansen left Vardo, Norway, August, 17th, on his way to Christiana. He says that the meeting between himself and Jackson, the English explorer, was the result of the barking of the dogs. The Norwegian and his companion were exploring one day when they heard barking, and following the sounds, to their amazement discovered Jackson's camp. Vardo was decorated in honor of the safe return of Dr. Nansen.

## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

The number of theories based on sound principles that will not work in practice, is a constant surprise. How many inventors have spent half their lives in devising a machine for perpetual motion, that was sure to work, but somehow *does not*. Theoretical mechanics is a good thing, but in practice, knowledge of machinery is better. So theoretical politics may be good and reasonable, while "practical politics" is often the very reverse. Theoretical theology, which we sometimes dignify, and sometimes denounce, by styling it "dogmatic," has great advantages over practical theology, in that it has a clear track, with no landslides or broken bridges to get over. The thinker of to-day is apt to be a theorist, because that is the easier way. And the "glibbest" man among us, the one who speaks with the most assurance and the least reserve, is the expounder of theories which have never been, and probably never will be, put in practice.

One of the delusions of theorists is that *if a theory works to-day it will to-morrow*. So the belief in a theory as a working model has led men to say that once started, it would go on forever. Life is short, but it has seen the end of a great many such movements. The tests of time are made without much delay. Yet the number of thinkers who shape their thoughts and build their hopes on the permanence of practical success from their theories, seems rather to grow than to diminish. We live in a practical age, and yet one that is hospitable to new theories. The progress of evolution is so swift, offering opportunity for experiments which, even if they fail at last, furnish occasion for somebody to gain by making them, that adventurers are prone to take the chances where sober men would run no such risks. This is particularly true in currency and finance. A great people can make great mistakes and yet survive. Few of us believe that even great disaster will prove fatal; therefore many will encourage steps that lead toward a crisis in the hope that a temporary advantage may be reaped before the threatened crash can come. If the track is smooth to-day, the chasm of to-morrow is left to future consideration. Theorists who see a chance of launching their schemes with success, are too apt to ignore the exigencies from which large-minded men shrink. This is the peril of our political situation. The abysses ahead are ignored.

The peril to the Church from persistent theorizing is beginning to make itself felt. We have fallen upon times when theoretical Church polity and theoretical theology are challenged by the conditions of practical life and growth. To our theorizers the simple road to uniformity of belief is to cut off all who do not think as we do! A straight line must be laid down before the Church door and all who enter must walk that right line or be put out. Making no allowance for the diversities of sight or of sentiment in recognizing the essential facts of our faith, the demand is for assent to certain stereotyped views of truth, rather than a frank expression of one's practical experience and personal uses. A few years ago one of the sons of our Church, who showed more knowledge of the essentials of our faith, and a more vivid touch of the secret sources of religious life than any other of his class, was turned away from the door of his Presbytery to find a place where the rule was comprehension rather than excision. Happily, such a thing could not be in that Presbytery to-day.

The fate of the Revision movement in our Church is another example. Theorists insisted on the exact features of the old form of Confession. So "Revision" was wrecked on

the one word, "Calvinism." When the theoretical theologians had got that rock in the road, it was effectually blocked. With what results to our practical Church life this killing of Revision, demanded by most of us, has been accomplished, all men know. Practically our Confession has been revised by every generation of ministers in the century; but theoretically it is never to be changed. Now that excision has done its work on theoretical lines with such disaster as to make a compromise committee necessary, it begins to dawn on the mind of the Church that its practical sense of right and wisdom has been switched off to a side track while theorists have run the Church perilously near the brink of disaster. There are signs of returning resolve to revise our Confession of Faith and our methods of enforcing theoretical views of theological truth. But we would be the last to urge or advise any sweeping change. Let us move slowly and cautiously, with constant prayer to the Father of lights to guide us in the way of truth and of peace.

## THE CONFERENCE AT MARLBORO-ON-THE-HUDSON.

The Conference of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom at Marlboro on the Hudson, during the first week in August, was an object-lesson in Christian unity and an illustration of the diversity of operations through which the same Spirit ministers to the building up of the body of Christ. The mornings of the Conference were occupied with the thought of Christ in the world; His work among men, past, present, and future, the glorious ideal of His teaching, and its sure outworking and realization in human life and society. Various phases of this thought were brought out by Archdeacon Wood of York, Pa., the Rev. E. T. Root of Baltimore, Prof. W. N. Clarke of Colgate University, and the Rev. J. W. Hegeman of New York.

In the afternoon the Hon. Ernest H. Crosby, the son of our honored and lamented Dr. Howard Crosby, told of the "Reign of Peace" that would come to our jangling, discordant world through obedience to the plain teaching of the Master in the Sermon on the Mount. Prof. Schmidt of Hamilton, N. Y., brought out most modern lessons from the old prophet, Hosea. Dr. E. E. Chivers showed the grand, apologetic for missions that is found in the vast, untamable social results of the Gospel in heathen lands, and the Rev. Wm. T. Brown of Madison, Conn., put in words a great lesson of all such gatherings, that unity of spirit and purpose in Christ's service is fundamental to true Christian unity.

The Rev. C. C. Pierce told from experience how the artisan and mechanic, whose almost universal absence from our churches we deplore, may be brought to a living interest in Christ and His message if the Church show by word and life that He who in the flesh worked at the hench has sympathy for the modern toiler and a message to meet his need.

Other practical activities of the members of the Brotherhood include, in addition to the ordinary routine of faithful Christian service by clergymen and laymen, the work of the Social Reform Club, the Direct Legislation League, the Federation of Churches, the Industrial Christian Alliance, the securing of more humane conditions of work for shop-girls, the movement for the better housing of the poor, the vacant lot farms movement, the rescue of the driftwood of society and making a man and a Christian out of the outcast, and not least, a simple ministry to Christ's little ones by the securing of sand heaps in the public parks for the children to play in.

The devotional meetings in the evening twilight kept in mind the divine source of all

true thinking and efficient endeavor, and in the glory of sunset clouds was seen a glimmer of the battlements of the holy city that descendeth from God out of heaven, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

A quiet funeral service was conducted by Dr. Rossiter on Friday last. It was the more impressive because the heats of our midsummer had sent so many out of town that all who had come to the old home of our friend, Mr. J. W. C. Leveridge, were his close, or family intimates, and the very simplicity of the service made it seem so like the grand, good man that had left us, as to suggest the idea of something planned purposely by himself. The manner of his departure was like the modesty of his whole life. The week before he had been in his office, and on Tuesday he was not, for God had taken His own. Three-quarters of a century of living well, unselfishly going about to do good, thinking most of others, with a heart yearning to help and cheer and comfort; talents of the highest order, held literally in trust for the general welfare; professional skill and standing absolutely given up to the advancement of righteousness and the promotion of Christian life and holy joy; a large, rich nature put at the disposal of all who touched it to win them and make them like itself; a sensitive and liberal heart, creating a brotherly atmosphere wherever it came, in which men felt nearer to each other and better disposed toward all the world for having come near to him—this is something to make us glad that he lived, and to feel the poorer and lonelier for his going away.

Coming so near the death of his friend Randolph, whom in many ways he resembled, and whose finer qualities he showed in another sphere, the departure of Mr. Leveridge seems like a break in the line of succession of men of that rare kind which made the riches of this city during the middle part of this century. They were men who bound us to the earlier times of religious life and service when Finney and Harlan Page and Isabella Graham were active forces or inspiring traditions. In his great persistency of personal Christian service Mr. Leveridge was a living example of that type of elder worthies. To him New York, in its mighty evolutions of growth, was still the field of the patient toiler in saving and uplifting, one by one, the multiplying masses. Change did not change him; new times did not revolutionize his aims or methods. He surprised you in the busy hours of the day by being abroad on some visit to the sick or sorrowing in the down-town districts when others were taking refreshment, or by taking the way home from hard work through the tenement quarter, where somebody needed his aid or had sought his generous and wise counsel. It was as if you met the Master ministering to men in the person of this beloved disciple. For if the Church of Christ is known in this world by the voice and the hand of its Head, such members of the Church as furnish this ministry are her truest representatives. How we ought to honor, to imitate them!

Thinking of Mr. Leveridge one is impressed anew with the grandeur of genuine goodness and truth in a modest man. The elements that made Elijah the real vanquisher of evil as embodied in the politic Ahab and the dashing Jezebel, are often found in quieter men to-day about whom they cluster and whom they clothe with a certain mystery, mastery, and might which are as inexplicable as they are inexplicable. They represent, they reproduce among us the powers of the world to come. If we believe in the deathlessness of virtue, we can rest in the assurance that good men cannot perish. They pass from our presence, but the good they do lives after them, and their life is a treasure laid up for us indeed in heaven, a part of our human life fit to be carried over to the life beyond.

R. A. S.



## NAPLES, SORRENTO, POMPEII.

By J. R. Miller, D.D.

Our last visit in Rome was to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian. The little old monk who conducted us insisted on showing us a cabinet of sacred relics before we went down into the subterranean passages. I kept no list of the various saints of whom we saw mementoes. The most interesting thing in the cabinet, and evidently the most sacred to the old custodian, was a fragment of rock, with two deep footprints impressed on it. These were the prints left by Jesus when he met Peter turning away from Rome because his reception there had been inhospitable and unkind. "Where goest thou?" Peter asked. "To Rome," was the answer, "to be crucified again in thy place." Thus rebuked for his cowardice, Peter returned to take up again the work of Christ in Rome and to suffer martyrdom. The Master vanished, but His shoeprints remained in the rock, and are now carefully preserved in the Church of St. Sebastian—at least that is what they tell us in Rome.

The Catacombs have been described so often that I need not repeat the description. Evidently these strange underground galleries served several purposes. In times of persecution the Christians were compelled to worship in secret places, and they cut out little chapels in the rocks. Along the sides of the passage-ways they hewed out tombs where they buried their dead. Many of these tombs are marked not only with the names of those who were there laid to rest, but also with words of hope and with symbols of faith and hope.

The railway from Rome to Naples runs through or near so many places that were well known in the old times of which we read in our ancient histories. At Ceprano station we were not far from Cicero's villa. Aquino was the birthplace of an emperor, Pescennius Niger, and also of Juvenal and Thomas Aquinas. At Cassino was Varro's villa. Away on the hill stands the renowned Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino. We also passed through the site of ancient Capua, distinguished in old Roman days.

Naples is a city the tourist will never forget, although his recollections may not be like those of Rome. It has in it little of either antiquarian or architectural beauty. Its situation is peculiar. Many of the houses are built on, sometimes in, the high cliffs. It has several fine streets, and its palaces and other public buildings have more or less of magnificence. The National Museum is largely a collection of mural paintings and objects of various kinds from Pompeii, although it contains also many other antiquities and some valuable works of art from other sources. The University is an old Jesuit college, with a large faculty and good library. The churches are numerous, but after visiting Rome one does not find much that is specially attractive in them. One of the streets leads out to Virgil's Villa, where the poet is said to have written his Eclogues and Georgics. Virgil's tomb is also here, on the bluff, high above the roadway. Near to the same spot one is shown remains also of villas of Lucullus, Pollio, and other distinguished Romans. One of the excursions from Naples is seven miles out to Pozzuoli, where Sylla died, where Hadrian died, where Cicero had a villa, and where St. Paul rested seven days on his way to Rome. In the Aols the place is called Puteoli.

Capri, an island in the Bay of Naples, is full of historical interest. Both Augustus and Tiberius built villas and palaces there. The ruins of the villa of the latter are pointed out, and the cliff whence that cruel emperor com-

pelled his victims to leap into the sea. There are many caverns along the coast, one of which, the Blu Grotto, tourists enter in little boats, having to lie down while the boat passes in. The effect within is very beautiful. The grotto is large, and the boats row about. The light coming in at the small opening and through the blue water produces wondrous effects, hating the rocks in blue tints.

One of my recent letters was written in Geneva, with Mont Blanc in full view. This letter is written in Sorrento, with Mount Vesuvius close by, across the narrow bay. At this time the volcano is in eruption, after a long time of quiet. The story of the former eruptions of Vesuvius is too well known to need retelling. One, in A. D. 79, buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. The most destructive recent eruption was in 1872. Lava is now flowing and smoke rising from the crater. It is impossible, without great labor, to climb the mountain in its present state, and thus a magnificent view is missed.

Sorrento is a place of much interest. Here Tasso was born. A monument to the honor of the poet stands in the town, and a street bears his name. Our hotel, the Vittoria, is a superb hostelry. Many tourists come to Sorrento, and many persons of wealth and culture spend whole seasons in this charming place. Oranges and lemons and olives grow in our hotel grounds. High bluffs rise perpendicularly from the edge of the water. On one of these the Vittoria stands, and our rooms overlook the bay, giving a wide and delightful view. Naples is in full view, as well as other towns, and at night there is almost a complete circle of lights around the bay. The air is perfect. We came from intense heat in Rome and Naples, and as soon as we reached our hotel on the lofty headland in Sorrento, we felt as if we had been transported a thousand miles northward into a very earthly paradise.

Marion Crawford's yacht lies at anchor in the bay, and the novelist and his family are living at our hotel. Judging from Mr. Crawford's stories it would seem that he is at least quite as much at home in Italy as in America. A number of the strongest and best of them have their scene in Italy and draw their material from Roman life and society. Mr. Crawford appears to be in excellent health and is greatly enjoying his stay in Sorrento.

We returned to Naples in carriages, driving around the bay. Almost the entire course runs through towns, many of them very ancient. We had glimpses of old Roman wealth at every point. We stopped to visit Pompeii and spend some time wandering through the streets. The story of Pompeii has been told so often, and its relics have been described so minutely, that there is no excuse for my going over the matter again. It is enough to say that Pompeii was a favorite Roman resort, and that emperors and nobles and many great men had villas there. Vesuvius was not an active volcano, and there was no reason to apprehend danger. Then, first there was an earthquake in 63 A. D., which did great damage. The city was rebuilt at once. Suddenly, in 79, there was a terrible eruption, which buried Pompeii twenty feet deep in mud and ashes. The eruption was so unlooked for that the people were caught at their common occupations, and died just where they were. At least two thousand perished. For nearly seventeen hundred years the city remained buried, but now large portions of it have been uncovered. We walked through many streets, stood in great forums, in temples, theatres, private houses, and shops, and had many glimpses of the way the Roman people lived at that time in the world's history—just after the time of Christ.

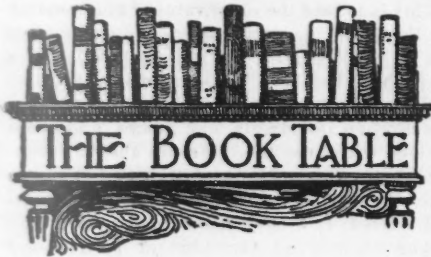
This is indeed the chief value of the remains of Pompeii. As mere relics and curios they are of small worth. But the uncovering of a city which had been buried so many centuries has shown the world a great deal about the times when its streets and homes and shops teemed with busy life. We are able to reconstruct the Roman house of that period and to know how it was furnished, how the household lived, how they cooked their food and baked their bread, the kind of bath rooms they had. We see how their walls were ornamented, the kind of floors they walked over, their bed rooms, their dining-rooms, their furniture, their streets, their temples, their places of amusement. One who has seen Pompeii will read the books of those olden days with new zest and better understanding.

There is much in all Southern Italy to sadden the thoughtful tourist. The mass of the people are very poor, and as ignorant as poor. There are churches enough—churches everywhere, and well fed, well-dressed priests are continually meeting one on the streets, and even more one sees little shrines by the wayside, before which the superstitious pause with devout mien. But there are no churches such as those whose blessings fill every corner of our own land. No doubt there may be individual cases of living religion, when the soul finds Christ and draws grace and strength from Him. But the multitude seem to be without the vital power of true Christian faith. Poverty abounds. Beggary is the occupation of many. At every church door men and women ask alms. Children run by our carriages as we drive through the streets, begging for money. Babies in their mothers' arms are taught to hold out their hands for alms.

The poverty of the poor is seen also in the way they live. Their houses lack most common comforts. Their food is coarse, and oftentimes scant. The women are drudges. One sees them working in the field and carrying burdens on their heads. Their faces do not tell of happiness, but oftentimes of hardship and cruelty. The Italian women have many elements of natural beauty. If they lived in the conditions in which Christian women in America live, they would be very attractive. In our country one sees in the faces of girls and women, even though they be poor and compelled to work hard, a brightness which tells of a cheerful, happy heart. But in Italy one looks in vain among the poor women for sweet, refined, spiritual beauty.

Italy needs Christ. She has churches everywhere, but she needs Christianity to bring true blessing and good to her people. Oh, for a mighty revival of Christian faith and love and the Spirit of God to breathe upon these dry bones that they may live!

The question of the method of the regeneration of these Papal countries is one that seems to baffle evangelical Christendom. Is it to be accomplished by the sending of the Gospel anew, in its simplicity and purity, a new evangelization of these peoples? Or is it to be done by an awakening, a spiritual revival within the existing ecclesiastical organization? Thus far, it must be confessed, comparatively little has come from Protestant missionary efforts. Evangelistic work seems to yield better results in entirely heathen lands than here. When you come to these people with the Gospel and propose that they become Christians, they look at you in amazement. "Christians! Why we are the Christians of the world! Christianity began with us. See our great churches, with their beauty and splendor, rich with their treasures of art, and sacred with memories of holy martyrs. The Apostles are buried under our altars. Bones of saints are built into our walls. We have been Christians from the beginning." One does not need to be long in these countries to see how difficult it is to do missionary work among these people. Not only are they saturated with the spirit of Romanism and dominated by the traditions and the authority of the hierarchy, but their moral sense is debased, so that their hearts are not open, as the hearts of unconverted people in our own country, to the gentle and powerful influences of the Gospel and the Spirit of God. Can we hope, then, for a regeneration within the Church of Rome? Is it in this way that the redemption of the Papal countries must come?



LECTURES IN DEFENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Professor F. Godet. Translated by W. H. Lyttleton, M.A. Third Edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1895. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

All that Professor Godet writes is sure of an attentive reading; but this book derives an added interest from its subject. It consists of seven lectures, dealing with such fundamental apologetic questions as: (1) The Resurrection of Jesus Christ, (2) The Hypothesis of Visions, (3) The Miracles of Jesus Christ, (4) The Supernatural, (5) The Perfect Holiness of Jesus Christ, (6) The Divinity of Jesus Christ, (7) The Immutability of the Apostolic Gospels. "With the exception of the last, they were written by their able author in reply to attacks upon the Christian faith made by able lecturers in Neufchatel, the town in which he lives" (Translator's Preface, v.). The fact that Professor Godet felt himself called upon to meet the challenge of these opponents "on the spur of the moment," doubtless accounts for the order of the discourses, which, while effective in the particular connection in which they were delivered, is unfortunate when addressed to a larger audience and published as a series of lectures "in Defense of the Christian Faith." Instead of beginning with the fundamental question of the Supernatural, and then proceeding to discuss particular miracles, we are plunged at once into the old debate as to the nature and worth of the Apostolic testimony to the Resurrection. The argument for the historic view is stated with great clearness, and in a subsequent lecture the vision hypothesis is examined and refuted. Unfortunately, the argument of these chapters, however helpful to those who are already believers, is wasted upon those (and in our day they are certainly many) whose difficulty is with the supernatural itself. Hence we turn with interest to the Fourth Lecture, in which Professor Godet treats of this much discussed subject. He defines the supernatural as "any modification of being in nature which is not the effect of the forces with which it is endued, and of the laws under whose command those forces act" (p. 148). Of such modifications he finds two examples, "the one existing in nature itself—man; the other, above nature—God," both characterized, as supernatural beings, by freedom. It is evident that there is a lack of clearness in this definition. It is possible to say of the freedom of man, considered as "a being within nature," that "it is not the effect of the forces with which nature is endued," only as we give to nature a definition much more restricted than that which is commonly used in scientific discussion.

Freedom is not something superadded to man's nature. It is the very law of his being, characterizing all that he does. And the same is, of course, true of God. If, then, we argue from man's freedom to God's (and identify the latter, as does Professor Godet, with the miraculous), we ought to find a constant succession of miracles, corresponding to man's continued exercise of freedom, instead of a very few occurring at rare intervals in history. Nature is adapted from the first to be the scene and instrument of man's free-

dom, and yet Professor Godet would have us believe that this is not the case with God. "This new function of cooperating in the cure of moral evil (i. e., by the miracle) did not enter, any more than did evil itself, into the original design or into the normal organization of nature" (p. 157). We have here a case of the old Deistic conception of a universe complete at the first and afterwards corrected by God in a series of miraculous acts, to meet new and unexpected conditions. Such a conception our modern Weltanschauung Christian no less than unbelieving, is fast rendering untenable. Our modern apologists of the miracle must find a better statement of God's relation to nature than this. Professor Godet himself admits in the case of what he calls the supreme miracle (the perfect holiness of Christ), that this is something which may and must be repeated in the experience of every believer. Is it not as true from the Christian standpoint that the resurrection of Christ is something which may and must be repeated in the experience of every believer? But if this be true, the Resurrection becomes, no longer a miracle, in the sense of Professor Godet's definition, "a modification of being in nature which is not the effect of the forces with which it is endued," but rather, the first instance of the working out, under appropriate conditions, of that which, at a later time and when confronted with new evidence, we shall come to recognize as the true law of man's being.

It goes without saying that the book contains many fresh and suggestive sentences. The translation by Canon Lyttleton is admirably done.

REGENERATION. A Reply to Max Nordau. With Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler, Professor of Philosophy and Education in Columbia College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896. \$1.75.

It seems hardly worth while to reply to Mr. Nordau to the extent of three hundred octavo pages. The anonymous author may indeed, as Dr. Butler says, have been successful in turning the flank of Nordau's attacking forces at more points than one; may have been able "at times, without over exertion," to convict Nordau of lack of knowledge, and even of knowledge of things that are not true. But almost anyone who reads—or, it is better to say, read, for Degeneration is now as much a book of the past as Pollock's Course of Time—anyone who read Nordau was able to do that, and few care enough about him now, however much they may have been impressed when reading him, to take his work up seriously again, as this author does, chapter by chapter. Not that this book is not clever, but that it is not particularly wanted.

#### BOOK NOTES.

A beautifully-made quarto pamphlet contains *A Discourse Commemorative of the Reverend Talbot Wilson Chambers, D.D., LL.D.*, by the Rev. Edward B. Coe, S.T. D., LL. D. There is a portrait of Dr. Chambers and an Appendix containing the Funeral Service, with addresses by Drs. John Hall and D. D. Demarest, an account of the memorial meeting held prior to his funeral by more than a hundred clergymen, with the Minute adopted by them, extracts from the Minutes of the Collegiate Church, the Classis of New York, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, and many other institutions with which he was connected, with letters of sympathy and affection from many societies and individuals, editorials, and a list of his published writings, which is very long. Dr. Coe's Memorial discourse is a beautiful tribute, and penetratingly just, to a noble character and a useful life.

Two more volumes of Stories by English Authors are on *The Orient* and *Scotland*. The former contains Rudyard Kipling's portrait by way of frontispiece, and his capital story of *The Man Who Would be King*. The remaining stories are Miss Metford's *Tajinia*, R. K. Douglas's *A Chinese Girl Graduate*, Mary Beaumont's *The Revenge of Her Race*, Morely Roberts's *King Billy of Ballarat*, and Netta Syrett's *Thy Heart's Desire*. The *Scotland* volume has a portrait of Ian Maclaren and his well known chapter, *A Doctor of the Old School*, with Barrie's *Courting of T'nowhead's Bell*, Crockett's *The Heather Loutie*, Sir Walter Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale*, Professor Aytoun's *The Glenmutchkin Railway*, and Stevenson's *Thrawn Janet*. (Scribner's. 75 cents each.)—A very valuable series of University Extension Manuals of English History are being brought out under the editorship of C. W. C. Oman of All Soul's College, Oxford, and called the *Oxford Manuals*. They are small volumes of about a hundred pages, each provided with marginal headings and index, the subjects being treated in scholarly, yet popular fashion. Three volumes of the six are now issued, making a continuous story so far as they go. *The Making of the English Nation*, B.C. 55-1185 A.D., is by C. G. Robertson, Fellow of All Soul's; *King and Baronetage*, 1185-1327, is by W. H. Hut-ton, Fellow of St. John's College; *King and Parliament*, 1603-1714 (the fifth in order) is by G. H. Wakeling, Fellow of Brasenose. The completed series will bring the story down to 1832, and fill up the gap between 1328 and 1603. (Scribner's. 50 cents each.)

*A Handbook for Ruling Elders* has been prepared by the Rev. John S. Watkins, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church South, in response to the request of his Presbytery. It discusses the duties and the qualifications of elders, and gives forms of prayer and other helps for the conduct of such duties as, by accident, or in the natural course of things, may devolve upon the Elder. (Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va.)

A new edition of an excellent poetical compend is that of *A Library of Religious Poetry*, edited by Dr. Philip Schaff and Arthur Gilman. It is entirely justified in claiming, on its title page, to be *A Collection of the Best Poems of All Ages and All Tongues*. It contains Biographical and Literary Notes. (Funk and Wagnalls. \$6.)

The once widely popular *Life of Jesus the Christ*, by Henry Ward Beecher, is issued in a thick volume, well printed, and with an index. (Treat. \$6.75.)

The fifth volume of the Eversley Edition of the *Poetical Works of William Wordsworth* edited by William Knight, contains the Margaret Gillies portrait and the whole of the *Excursion*, with Wordsworth's own notes in the editions of 1814 and 1827, and an Appendix by the editor. The various readings of the different editions—and how various they are is here interestingly evident—are given in footnotes. (Macmillan. \$1.50)

A volume in the Foreign Statesmen Series is on *Richelieu*. The writer is Richard Lodge, Professor of History in the University of Glasgow. The volumes of this series are too brief to be more than a recitation of historic facts, but these are given here with a fine penetration and with an animation which does justice to the subject. (Macmillan. 75 cents)

The frontispiece of the newly issued "Temple Shakespeare" volume, *Macbeth*, is an interesting copy of a very old etching of the interior of Old Swan Theatre, the stage being a mere platform in the center of the building, with no scenery nor possibility of any. The

companion volume, *Antony and Cleopatra*, gives a copy of a bust of Cleopatra in the British Museum. Both volumes have the usual preface, glossary, and brief critical notes, with the usual good printing and binding. (Macmillan. 45 cents each.)

Allen and Greenough's *New Cicero*, edited by Profs. J. B. Greenough and George L. Kittredge of Harvard, while primarily edited as a Latin classic to be read in secondary schools, has been treated with special reference to the use of the orations as models of classic oratory. Its other special features are four introductory chapters, excellent biography, abundant illustrations, and an approved special vocabulary. (Ginn.)

*The Jewess, Lenora*, by Franc Busch, announces itself as a novel, though it is a volume of pocket size. It is a tale of Jewish society in the "old New York of the forties," not well told, but with a plot which keeps up the interest. (William Paulding Caruthers).—*I Married a Wife*, by John Strange Winter, is as modern as the preceding story is conventional. It tells how Derrick Lepscombe of the English Army married a girl who was more anxious to do good than instructed in social problems, how she went "a slumming" among the men of the regiment and their wives, and all the disasters that came of it. (Stokes. 75 cents.)—*The Victory of Ezry Gardner*, by Imogen Clark, strikes still another note. It is an idyl of Nantucket, and there is a mixture of humor and pathos that is conscientiously—a little too conscientiously—wrought out. The story is a good one, though the dialect is somewhat over done. (Crowell. 75 cents.)

We have all read and delighted in the papers which are now gathered in *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane*, a beautiful little volume which the lamented writer, Mr. H. C. Bunner, did not live to see. It contains sketches, "urban and suburban," of New York, among them the exquisite *Story of a Path*—as beautiful in its brief way as Hamerton's longer story of *The Unknown River*—*The Lost Child*, *A Letter to Town*, *Tieman's to Tubby Hook*, *The Bowery and Bohemia*, and that plea against those who would have abolished the organ grinder, dear to every one who knows the slum children and has seen them dancing in the streets, entitled *Jersey and Mulberry*. (Scribner's. \$1.25)

*The Truth Tellers* is a humorous story of five children who had been brought up to speak at all times the entire, unvarnished truth, and the perplexities into which they threw their maiden aunt, a conventional, good woman in English society when she became their guardian. By John Strange Winter. (Lippincott's. \$1.)—*Lady Val's Elopement*, by John Bickerdyke, is another English story, with some Norway travel thrown in, much longer than the other, and neither so interesting nor so innocent. (The Same. \$1.)

A popular edition of Mr. Horace White's *Money and Banking* (price 50 cents) has been issued. Mr. White is one of the editors of *The New York Evening Post*, and favorably known to the public as a terse and able writer on finance and political economy. This book has been widely accepted as a valuable contribution to financial literature, and it would be difficult to see how a more cogent or trenchant plea for honest money could be made. It is a simple, clear, and fair-minded statement of a subject which is now engrossing the attention of the American people. The publishers have done well in issuing this inexpensive edition. (Ginn. 50 cents.)

A small volume gives a sketch of *Henry W. Grady, the Editor, the Author, the Man*. It is

by James W. Lee, who is well qualified by insight and by literary ability to bring out the beautiful character of this gifted young Southerner, too early lost to literature. The work is one of interpretation rather than of biography. (Reveill. 50 cents.)

The latest issue of the Colportage Association, in which Mr. Moody takes an active interest, is F. B. Meyer's *The Secret of Guidance*, an admirable book for broadcast circulation. (15 cents.)

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The August *Popular Science Monthly* opens with a discussion on *The Proposed Dual Organization of Mankind*, by Prof. William G. Sumner of Yale, who maintains that the Eastern and Western continents cannot be isolated from each other in political or commercial, or monetary affairs. The dominant subject however, in this number is the science of mind. Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton concludes his examination of *The Genius and His Environment*; Prof. W. R. Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania, treats of "Spirit" Writing and "Speaking with Tongues," examining these alleged powers in the light of modern science, and giving several facsimiles of the writing; there is also an account of *Epidemics of Hysteria*, by Dr. William Hirsch. *The Aim of Modern Education* is by Dr. C. Hanford Henderson. It will interest teachers who wish to make the coming year's work better than the last. The Hon. David A. Wells concludes the historical division of his series on *Principles of Taxation*, with a description of the Swiss cantonal fiscal systems. An account of the facilities for the study of science in the University of Pennsylvania, with many portraits and views, is contributed by Lewis R. Harley. Other illustrated articles are *The Stone Forest of Florissant*, in which Prof. Angelo Heilprin describes a group of agatized tree stumps in Colorado; *Early Years of the American Association*, by William H. Hale, with portraits of founders and early presidents of this great scientific society; and *The Scallop*, by Fred Mather. The subject of the usual *Sketch and Portrait* is William W. Mather, the Ohio geologist. The editor comments on woman suffrage and on the recent panic of devil seeing in certain New York schools.

The *North American* opens with a strikingly vigorous article by Sir Walter Besant on *The Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race*, in which, arguing historically from the natural characteristics of the race, he shows that the inevitable future is a choice between two—either a succession of bloody and bitter wars between the six English speaking nations of the future—Great Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand—or else interantational arbitration. No argument for arbitration is brought forward other than the animated presentation of the facts of race and of past history; but none other is needed; the article closes with a chalerous sketch of the future under arbitration, showing the nations enjoying perfect freedom of self-development, international free trade, "with a courteous press, a firm alliance, the only rivalry being in art, science, and literature." And as an example for all the world to see, there will be the great federation of our race, an immense federation, law abiding, peaceful, yet ready to fight; tenacious of old customs, dwelling continually with the same ideas, keeping, as their ancestors from Friesland did before them, each family as the unit, every home the centre of the earth, every township of a dozen men the centre of the government. (8 East Fourteenth Street.)

The *Century* will begin in November a new serial by Dr. Weir Mitchell, entitled, *Hugh Wynn, Free Quaker*. Dr. Mitchell has been at work upon it for several years, and those who have seen it say that here is the great American novel at last.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Presbyterian Board of Publication: *The Ruling Elder*; Samuel Miller, D.D.

#### PERIODICALS.

For July: *Illustrated Magazine* Number of the *Outlook*; Putnam's *Book Notes*; *Vick's Magazine*; *Push*; *The Antican Review*.

For August: *Biblical World*; *Spirit of Missions*; *Pansy*.

For September: *The Quiver*.

#### SOCIAL REMEDIES.

By Henry Preserved Smith.

Occasionally we hear a minister class Socialism, Communism, Nihilism, and Atheism together in one sweeping denunciation. But the most of us have got farther along. We see that the only thing which binds Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism (or Anarchism) together is the social pang from which they spring. And this social pang has a true cause in the facts of social life. Twice during the past winter deaths by starvation have come under my notice as reported in the newspaper. Both cases were persons in respectable life, of good education, and of good moral character. Both were competent and willing to earn their living, if only opportunity offered. And yet they starved in a land of plenty.

Here is a heart-breaking fact, and it is only one in a large class of facts. When we apprehend it, we naturally lay the blame on society, that is, on the social organism as it now exists. And we naturally seek for a remedy in the reconstruction of society. Some men are so filled with pity and with rage in contemplating these facts that they can only cry: Down with Society! They cannot wait to think what will come after their blow has been delivered. The monster must be destroyed, let come what may come. On this theory we should burn down a defective house before inquiring whether we can find shelter from the weather. That the theory is a sort of insanity is evident. Its existence is important only as a symptom. As a social remedy it cannot be taken seriously. It can be likened only to the proposition to kill a patient in order to overcome his disease.

But Socialism has a remedy to offer that is at least worth examining. It goes to the other extreme, and instead of proposing to destroy society, it proposes to extend the work of society, even to the extinction of individual enterprise. Perhaps there is no more striking example of a science reversing its own conclusions than is afforded by the socialistic development of political economy. Those of us who studied the science of wealth twenty-five years ago remember that the science looked at individualism as the only normal state of society. The law of competition was taken to be the law of nature. It was taken for granted that any attempt on the part of government to interfere with this law was both futile and hurtful. The law of social progress was to let things alone in order that the law of competition might work out its full measure of good. The doctrine culminated in the maxim: "The best government is that which governs least." I think I am not wrong in saying that this ground is now almost wholly given up. Observation has shown that in spite of ourselves, government is becoming more complicated. With advancing civilization, the interests which require policy, protection, or regulation, multiply. With increased facilities for food adulteration, for example, society is obliged to protect itself against a new form of robbery. As means of travel increase, precautions against the spread of disease must be made more elaborate.

I suppose most thinking men who have not made any special study of the subject, recognize the drift of the times. The conclusion seems almost unavoidable that the sphere of government interference is likely to be greatly extended, and that some social evils are likely thereby to be mitigated. The great subject of sanitation cannot be committed to individual care. The State or the city must attend to it. The older political economy disliked interference with economic conditions in regard to the employment of women and children in factories. But the public conscience

has settled the question in favor of government regulation and government inspection. In practice all governments find it necessary to interfere with the liquor traffic in the interest of public morals and of the public health. Only recently a committee of the British Parliament reported on the condition of the dangerous trades. It may be news to others, as it was to me, that the manufacture of waterproof cloth is one of these dangerous trades. It is unfortunately true that in this work the workman is almost obliged to breathe fumes deleterious to health. The committee therefore recommend that Parliament prescribe the size of the rooms in which a given number of workmen may be employed; that they compel employers to provide ventilating fans; that for certain parts of the process self feeding machines be made obligatory; and that the employment of persons under sixteen years of age be forbidden. A more radical interference with the supposed right of every man to conduct his business in his own way could scarcely be imagined. Yet the common conscience of to day approves this interference.

The conclusion is that we cannot talk any longer of the sacredness of private property. This is only one of the phrases behind which men have sought to defend their own interests. As a matter of fact, absolute property rights are as non-existent as is the absolute right of kings. While we do not deprive a man of his property without due process of law, yet by process of law we do constantly interfere with his right. If he uses his land so as to annoy his neighbors, we enjoin him from that use. If a corporation organized for a useful end needs his land, we take it away from him and compel him to accept a price fixed by another. We already recognize the right of the community as paramount to the right of the individual. In principle we are all Socialists. The only question between us is the extent to which the principle can be applied.

But it is worth noticing here that the right of private property constantly extended itself over a wide territory. The earliest possession to which a man had an individual title was the weapon or tool which he himself had made. In the next stage of advancement he had a share in the lands of the tribe. Then he became the owner of land in fee. But in the civilization of our day property is held in forms which would have been incomprehensible to our forefathers. The bulk of what we own is now in credits, franchises, patent rights, royalties, copyrights. Along with the tendency to extend the sphere of State enterprise, we see a tendency to extend the domain of private property. There seems to be no reason why the two should not go on, side by side.

We started this inquiry in order to find a remedy for social ills. The extension of State activity is proposed as one remedy. Whether we like it or not, it is likely to be extensively tried. As I write, there comes a report of a court decision authorizing the city of New York to construct a rapid transit system. Already municipal corporations own and manage water works, gas works, electric light plants. The tendency of the times is towards an increase of such enterprises. Will this cure the ills of society? To a certain extent it will, but to a certain extent only. More adequate State control will certainly better the evils arising from bad sanitary conditions. The poor man is likely to have a cheaper supply of water and light when these are supplied by the State than when he is at the mercy of a private corporation. So much there is in Socialism, and for this promise we may welcome rather than dread its spread. At the same time we must fear that it will not reach the deeper ills of society. And these are the ones which lie heavy on our heart.

CHAUFUQUA, N. Y.

#### THE STORM ON THE LAKE.

The winds are high, the waves are tossed  
On Stormy Galilee.  
The Master sleeps: though we are lost,  
He must not wakened be.

The time to rise He knoweth best,  
His hour is best for me.  
Sleep on, O Master! Take Thy rest!  
I will not waken Thee.

And though my life is filled with fear,  
And fierce the wild waves sweep;  
Through surge and storm Thou still art near  
And near Thee I may weep.

Lord both of sea and sinking bark,  
My place beside Thee be!  
Thy waking hour my soul shall mark,  
And count it best for me.

My cares lie on Thy sleeping breast  
On Life's most stormy sea.  
Sleep on, O Master! Take Thy rest!  
I will not waken Thee.

—C. B. B.

#### TURKS IN ALL THE AGES.

So far as we can learn, there has never yet been an age in the world without those whom we may fairly designate as *Turks*. Even before man appeared upon the planet, "nature red in tooth and claw" shows the prototype of *Turks* among the lower animals.

Mr. Coan's letter in *The Evangelist* of August 6th, with its awful and harrowing news of "The Tragedy at Oroomiah," leads us not only to cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" but to look sadly back upon the red trail which threads the history of this unhappy world all the way to Cain.

Open the Bible at the Tenth Psalm, and who can doubt, as he reads, that the writer had his eye on just such examples of cruelty and wickedness as those which, for more than a year past, the atrocious persecution of the Armenians has presented to our horrified gaze?

The wicked in his pride doth persecute the poor." "His mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud." "*He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent.*" "He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor; *he doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net*"—words which may well remind us of the instances, fresh in memory, of wretched companies of Armenians driven into some church or other building, and there butchered or burned by their demonic foes.

History repeats itself. The psalmist in his day knew of men who had no more compassion than leopards and hyenas. Every age of this wicked world has had such people, and ever and anon their fury has burst forth upon the defenceless; and these, in many cases have been the peaceable people of God who, for inscrutable reasons, were given up as sheep to the slaughter.

Probably no other scourge that ever descended upon this world has matched that of the tyranny and barbarity of the *Turks*. None have so drenched the earth with human blood as they. We of this generation, to whom the tidings of the terrible persecutions are startling and strange, may get the impression that the fiendish work is a new and unexampled development of wickedness. Not so. It is only a repetition of what has been done by these people again and again in time past.

There is an almost forgotten chapter of history which presents a scene of suffering so nearly parallel to that which has recently been exciting the horror of all humane people, and which is brought to mind by the troubles at present rife with the *Greeks* in Crete, that it may be worth while to recur to it. It may be found in any history of the Greek revolution which occurred in the early part of the present century.

There is an island in the Archipelago which was known in ancient times as *Chios*. It is mentioned in Luke's account of one of Paul's voyages. It was a lovely spot, and is known at the present day as the island of *Scio*. If one will turn to a once popular volume, "Travels in Russia, Turkey, and Greece," by J. L. Stephens, he will find a graphic account of this island and its fortunes by one of the most entertaining of our American travellers, from which we give a few extracts that seem like the news of yesterday:

"The *Greeks* of *Scio* were engaged in extensive commerce, and ranked among the largest merchants of the Levant. Though living under hard taskmasters, subject to the exactions of a rapacious pacha, their industry and enterprise and the extraordinary fertility of their island, enabled them to pay a heavy tribute to the *Turks*, and yet to become rich themselves. For many years they had enjoyed the advantages of a college, with professors of high literary and scientific attainments, and their library was celebrated throughout all the country. It was, perhaps, the only spot in Greece where taste and learning still held a seat. But the island was far more favored for its extraordinary natural fertility and beauty. Its bold mountains and its soft valleys, the mildness of its climate and the richness of its productions, bound the *Greeks* to its soil by a tie even stronger than the chain of their Turkish masters."

"A revolution broke out in Greece. But the *Sciot*es took no part with their countrymen in that struggle. Still, being *Greeks*, forty of their principal citizens were demanded, and given up, as hostages for the good behaviour of the inhabitants, and they were suffered to remain in peace."

Perhaps they were too peace-loving and self-indulgent. They loved the little paradise they inhabited, and slept secure. We quote further: "The sword hung suspended over them by a single hair. In an unexpected hour, without the least note of warning, they were startled by the thunder of Turkish cannon. Fifty thousand *Turks* were let loose like bloodhounds upon the devoted island. The affrighted *Greeks* lay unarmed and helpless at their feet; but they lay at the feet of men who did not know mercy, even by name."

"Women and children were hacked to pieces and dashed against the walls; the heads of whole families were stuck on pikes out of the windows of their houses, while their murderers gave themselves up to riot and plunder within. The forty hostages were hung in a row from the walls of the castle, and an indiscriminate and universal burning and massacre took place. In a few days the ground was cumbered with the dead, and one of the loveliest spots on earth was a smouldering ruin."

"Out of a population of one hundred and ten thousand, sixty thousand are supposed to have been murdered, twenty thousand to have escaped, and thirty thousand to have been sold into slavery."

"And all this was from the cold blooded, calculating policy of the Sultan, conceived in the same spirit which drenched the streets of Constantinople with the blood of *Janissaries*."

Now here was a tragedy not inferior in atrocity to the Armenian massacres of the present day. Indeed, the cases are very similar. The *Greeks* of *Scio* were to the *Turks* of their time very much like what the Armenians of to day are to the *Turks* of the present. They were peaceable merchants and farmers and vineyard keepers, professing the Christian faith, molesting nobody, and paying a heavy tribute to those who had the rule over them.

Would that we could hope for reverses to the tyrants of to-day such as finally befell the masters of *Scio* in the Greek revolution, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed in the great naval battle of Navarino. But in this world we are often left to sigh, "How long, O Lord, how long?" and to pray passionately in the language of the Psalm already mentioned, "Break thou the arm of the wicked and the evil man; seek out his wickedness till thou find none." CLERICUS.

## OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

Hebrews vii., etc.

Saviour thou holy, harmless, undefiled  
And separate from sinners; for the lost  
Thou hast atonement made, and reconciled  
Us unto God, saved to the uttermost.

High priests within the temple courts of old  
A sacrificial offering daily made.  
But our High Priest gave gifts of loftier mould,  
When He His own life on the altar laid.

Such an High Priest became us now on high  
Above the heavens all powerful to save,  
Who had no need that He should daily die,  
Since once for all His life He freely gave.

Unchanging priesthood our Redeemer hath,  
He ever liveth, and doth intercede  
With God for us who come to Him by faith;  
His perfect righteousness alone we plead.

Not a high priest have we who cannot be,  
Though high exalted on his glorious throne,  
Touch'd with the feelings of infirmity  
Which not to Him belong; to us alone.

He hath a ministry more excellent  
Than they who Israel's sins did oft confess  
He mediates a better testament  
Established upon better promises.

Thy promises dear Lord are yea, amen.  
Let us hold fast our faith not wavering,  
And when Thou callest us to Heaven, then  
We'll thy complete redemption ever sing.

BINGHAMTON, March 3, 1896. GEORGE B. PERKINS.

## SAMUEL JOHN MILLS.

By William Rankin, Esq.

Near the opening of the present century a youth of fifteen years was leaving his home, twelve miles distant from Litchfield, Conn., to enter an academy in that town when his mother took the occasion to inquire into his religious feelings and begged him to make a full disclosure of them. For a moment he was silent, and then raising his eyes, streaming with tears, exclaimed, "Oh, that I had never been born. For two years I have been sorry that God ever made me." "But," replied his mother, "you are born and you can never throw off your existence or accountability to your Maker," and then she expressed the fear that he had seen but little of the sinfulness of his heart, to which he ventured the reply, "I have seen to the very bottom of hell."

There was the farewell kiss at the door, and then the mother retired to her chamber, where the angel of the covenant met her.

The boy was on his way to Litchfield, when suddenly there flashed upon him such a view of the divine perfections as to fill him with wonder that he had never seen their beauty and glory before. He retired from the road to the woods, that he might have a more undisturbed view of this amazing manifestation. There was nothing now in God that disturbed him. On the contrary, his rapturous exclamation again and again was, "Oh, glorious sovereignty!" In all this there was no thought of self nor any concern about his own spiritual condition, and for three months he expressed no hope of personal salvation.

His term at school having closed, he returned to his home, when his father overheard the remark that he could not conceive of any course of life so pleasant as to go and communicate the Gospel of salvation to the poor heathen. This, to the parent, was convincing proof that his son was a renewed child of God. Such, in brief, is the account of the conversion of Samuel John Mills, a youth who kindled missionary fires that shall continue to burn with increasing glow through the coming ages.

Young Mills now began a course of study preparatory to the Gospel ministry, and in 1806 entered Williams College. After a thorough acquaintance with the religious history of his fellow-students on a certain occasion, he led two of them to a retired place by the side of a large haystack, and there opened to them his views and feelings concerning the

condition of the heathen. He found their minds as tinder to the spark, and they spent the day there in consultation and prayer and self dedication to the great work of making known the Gospel to the benighted nations.

Somewhat later in their college course, Mills and five others formed themselves into a secret society, with a written constitution, the first two articles of which read as follows: "1st. The object of this Society shall be to effect in the person of its members a mission, or missions, to the heathen. 2nd. No person shall be admitted who is under any engagement of any kind which shall be incompatible with going on a mission to the heathen."

This secret brotherhood carried their constitution from college to Theological Seminary, where a few others united in covenant with them.

How to reach the heathen in their own persons became now the engrossing subject of prayer and conference. Missionary societies had long existed in this country through whose agency a blessed work had been prosecuted in frontier settlements and among some of our Indian tribes. But the whole machinery for sending the Gospel beyond the seas had to be created and set in motion. For three years this problem lay upon the heart of this devoted band. Missionary organizations in England, viz: the Baptist, the Church, and London societies, had, within the last two decades, come into existence, and the plan of being connected with one of these was only abandoned when a deputation to London reported its failure.

In 1810 four of their number, headed by Mills, presented themselves before the General Congregational Association of Massachusetts, with a memorial setting forth their convictions and perplexities, and asking counsel of that venerable body. The fathers listened favorably and sympathetically, and catching their inspiration, advised these young brethren to cherish their sacred convictions, and appointed commissioners to devise practicable measures in their behalf.

On the 7th day of September of that year, five of the fathers of New England sat around a table in a pastor's study in Farmington, Conn., and drafted the Constitution of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Under the auspices of this Board, in February, 1812, five ordained missionaries, and the wives of four of them, sailed for Calcutta, the beginning of that alliance between American commerce and American Foreign Missions, which has been increasingly strengthened from that day to this. The year 1812 was also signalized by other great historical events, but none so world-wide in results as this. In vindication of her maritime rights, our Government issued its declaration of war against Great Britain, which told with terrible effect upon the commerce and resources of the people. Europe was rocking under the tread of the mighty Corsican, whose star now began to wane in the glare of the burning of Moscow. But the convulsion and distress of nations did not weaken the faith or check the zeal of this devoted band whose spirit was an echo of the rallying cry of Carey, "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God." Nor were they dismayed by the forewarned repulsion awaiting them on reaching heathen shores, not by the Hindoo natives, but by their Christian rulers, when Adairam Judson, the herald of the Baptist Union, found refuge under the heathen King of Burmah, and Harriet Newall, on being driven back to the sea, became the proto-martyr of American missionaries.

In 1816 Mills came to Newark ostensibly to study theology with Dr. E. D. Griffin, then pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church,

and a recognized prince among the preachers of the land. "I soon perceived," says the Doctor "that the study of divinity was quite a secondary object; that his chief object was to get me engaged to execute his plans." One of these plans is disclosed in the following letter to his father:

NEWARK, May, 1816.

The Presbyterian Church, as is well known, have heretofore, as a Church, made no exertion to send the Gospel out of the States. I have for a long time thought it desirable that their attention should be directed to the subject of Foreign Missions, not only with the view of sending the Gospel to the destitute abroad, but in the hope that exertion of this kind might excite new zeal for the diffusion of religious knowledge in our own country. I conceive the object is secured.

Yes, the object was secured. "Mills went from my house," says Dr. Griffin, "to the General Assembly when the United Foreign Missionary Society was formed, and the scheme, says the same authority, "originated in the mind of Mills." This united society, embracing the Presbyterian and Reformed Dutch churches, lived but nine years, and in 1826 was merged in the American Board. But the Mills' plan of denominational work for missions soon reappeared, first in the Presbyterian, and later in the Reformed Church.

In 1831 the Synod of Pittsburgh adopted it and organized the Western Foreign Missionary Society, and sent John C. Loxrie and some of his early successors to India, and John B. Pinney to Africa, and opened other mission fields. This Society, in 1837 became, by adoption, the Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions. Thus the American, the Presbyterian, and the Reformed Boards had a common origin beside the haystack in Williamstown. The object of these separate organizations was, primarily, to increase the missionary feeling and effort in their several churches, and on principles of mutual harmony and co-operation.

In 1809, while stopping in New Haven, Mills met a youth from the Sandwich Islands, a boy of seventeen years, who was brought there in a trading ship, and who afterwards received the English name of Henry as a prefix to his patronimic Obookiah. His few intelligible words expressed a desire to speak and read our language. As he was friendless and destitute, Mills took him to his father's house in Torrington, and thence with him to Andover on his entering the seminary there. Here he provided for his instruction, and hoped, in time, to return him as a missionary to his own people. Meanwhile natives of the same islands and of other heathen tribes were found scattered through the country, and a school was established for them as candidates for missionary service under the care of the American Board. Obookiah early died a happy Christian death, but the institution of which he was the nucleus furnished three natives as members of the first company of missionaries who, in 1819, planted the Gospel in those Islands of the Pacific, now a Christian republic. This blessed consummation had its origin in the brain and heart and benevolent act of Samuel John Mills. The school from which emanated this mission was properly discontinued when institutions were established for training native youth among their own people.

Though the field is the world, yet the spirit of missions, as in the case of Paul, is intensified by patriotism. So, also, was it in the case of Mills.

In 1814 and 1815 he makes two extensive tours in the West and South as explorer and colporteur for Bible and missionary societies of the North. He passed through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi Territory, to New Orleans, having a chosen companion with

him on each of these journeys. Five or six hundred miles of this region was then a wilderness. He went through swamps and canebrakes, cutting a way with his hatchet, in sound of the Indian whoop and wolves near his camp at night. We have seen he reports the nakedness of the land, and our eyes have affected our hearts. There are American families in this part of our country that never saw a Bible or heard of Jesus Christ. Not a Bible in any language could be found for sale or giving away in New Orleans. The battle of the 8th of January had been fought two months before his second visit to that city, and the hospitals were overcrowded with the sick and wounded, both British and American. The death rate was fearful, ten, twenty, and thirty dying daily. The glory of our conquering General is paled by these distressing scenes, which follow victory as well as defeat. Mills ministered to these soldiers of both armies during the few weeks of his stay in New Orleans. A few Bibles were found with the British, but our own troops were generally destitute, and from his limited store he supplied what he could.

The plan of this tour, says his companion, was projected by himself, and if anything of importance was accomplished, the praise, under God, is due to him.

Much was accomplished by Mills's report of these explorations, as the sequel shows. Seventy-five thousand families, he says, are destitute of the Word of God, and the supply is inadequate to meet the yearly increase of destitution. The whole country, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, is as the valley of the shadow of death. The existing societies are not able to do the work. They want union, cooperation, resources. If a national institution cannot be formed, application for aid ought to be made to the British and Foreign Bible Society. He had now struck his keynote, and all his powers of argument and persuasion were directed to the formation of an American Bible Society. He sought interviews with leading Christian minds in the country, visited the General Assembly and State Bible Societies, and at length secured delegates to a convention which met in the city of New York on the 8th day of May, 1816, and, says an eye witness: "When the discussions had proceeded so far that it was no longer doubtful that a union of different denominations would be formed in this stupendous work of charity, then you might have seen him elevated on a distant seat behind the crowd, contemplating the scene with a look of divine delight which it would require the pencil of a West or a Raphael to delineate."

These explorations produced other and permanent results. The missionary societies of the North had as yet done nothing for the evangelization of the Mississippi Valley. Emigration was pouring into it and partaking largely of the aboriginal element it encountered. Already the number of new settlers was over one million, with only about one hundred Presbyterian and Congregational ministers among them. The report of Mills awakened the interest of the churches to supply the destitutions not only with the written Word, but also with the living preacher. Ten or twelve missionaries were sent out the first year after his return; more the second year, and still more the third. Denominational Home Boards were either called into existence or enlargement given to existing ones. While Mills was at the General Assembly of 1816, its Board of Home Missions was created, taking the place of the less efficient Standing Committee of that body.

The same year we also find him engaged in evangelistic work in the city of New York. He traverses lanes and alleys, enters cellars

and garrets, visiting as many as fifty families in one day. "I have been engaged some weeks past," he writes, "in searching out those people in the city who are destitute of the sacred Scriptures. The great mass of them are fitly represented in Ezekiel's vision of dry bones." Thus may this remarkable man be regarded as a pioneer of city missions.

But the crowning work of Mr. Mills, and that in which he ended his life, was in behalf of the African race, which then in this country numbered over one and a half millions—freedmen and slaves. Recognizing existing social and political relations, he saw but two practicable openings for their benefit, both of which he presented to the philanthropy of the American people. The Synod of New York and New Jersey adopted one of his plans, viz: The establishing an African school to train preachers and teachers for service among their own people, and Mills devoted himself for a season collecting funds for its support. "I informed the persons on whom I called," he says, "that the object of the school was to qualify young men of color for teachers of schools and preachers of the Gospel. It is true there are parts of the Southern States where they could not be introduced with safety, but the field is greater than can be occupied for years." For a time the school grew in popular favor, and appeals for its support were made in many pulpits: It was the first beacon light in the pathway of emancipation. But pro-slavery influences were adverse to it and led at length to its suspension. Yet it was the embryo from which grew such institutions as Lincoln University and Biddle Institute, and such men as Booker Washington. Its Directors in 1818 say: "Though his modesty and retiring nature concealed his agency from the world, the praise really belongs to him (Mills) of originating the African school."

We come now to the remaining avenue open to him for the amelioration of this downtrodden race, viz: their colonization on the African coast. It was one of his objects in his Southern tours to gather facts favorable to this scheme. He visited plantations, conversed with slave-owners, and on his return North laid these facts before leading ministers and statesmen. If his plan could be carried out, he believed it would promote emancipation at home and close the door then widely open to the continuance of the horrid slave-trade. He went from city to city, creating a public sentiment in its favor which led to a call for a meeting of its friends in the city of Washington on the 1st of January, 1817. Mills arrived there the evening before, and attended a prayer meeting at the house of Elias B. Caldwell of New Jersey, to seek divine direction. The convention met, as called, when the American Colonization Society was organized. "A joyful day," says his biographer, "to Mr. Mills, and a jubilee to the sons and daughters of neglected Africa." An essential preliminary to colonizing free blacks was a personal survey of the country to which they were to be sent. Who will undertake this hazardous and responsible mission? Who but the originator of the benevolent scheme? Mills promptly accepts the offer made to him, and while his own expenses are to be met from the funds of the Society, he volunteers to raise what is needed to meet those of a companion in his journey. The delegates sail for England, are introduced into philanthropic circles in London, meet Zacary and McAuley, Wilberforce, and kindred spirits, and receive letters of commendation to the officials and principal colonists of what was then the pride of British philanthropy, the Colony of Sierra Leone. Embarking for Africa, they reach Freetown, the chief city of

the colony, and receive there a cordial welcome. A suitable boat and crew and interpreter are secured. They sail along the coast, stopping at the towns and holding palavers with kings and headmen, and then selected a region of country where, subsequently, in 1822, the Liberia Colony was planted. These explorations being completed, they returned to Sierra Leone, and thence embarked for England. Mills prepared a report of the expedition, which formed the basis of the annual report of the Colonization Society for 1819, and confirmed the highest expectations of its managers and friends.

In writing home to his only sister, Mr. Mills says "Whether I am to live or die while engaged in this mission, God only knows but one thing we know, and in this we will rejoice: Ethiopia will soon stretch forth hands unto God. The time will come when the barbarous tribes of Africa shall worship Him as King in Zion, and should I die in Africa, my friends may take comfort in the hope that my bones had taken possession of the promised land."

But the perils of the coast are over, and he is now on his homeward voyage. As he stood upon the quarterdeck, taking his last leave of unhappy Ethiopia, his bosom began to heave with the thoughts of home. "We may now," said he to his companion, "be thankful to God and congratulate each other that the labor and dangers of our mission are passed. The prospect is fair that we shall once more return to our dear native land and see the faces of our beloved parents and friends." But it was not so ordered. A few days after these congratulatory words were spoken he gently closed his hands on his breast, as if to engage in some act of devotion, and while a celestial smile settled on his countenance, and every feature expressed the meekness and serenity of his soul, he ceased to breathe. So writes his biographer, and adds: "Thus, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, did this beloved man close his life of distinguished piety and usefulness, and leave Africa and the world to mourn. No monumental marble records his worth. No fragrant dews descend upon his tomb. His dust sleeps unseen amid the pearls and corals of the ocean, and long shall his name swell upon the breeze and be echoed from the waves."

The lessons to be drawn from this one biography may be summarized in the words of its subject to his classmate, Gordon Hall: "Though you and I are very little beings, we must not rest satisfied until our influence is felt in the remotest corner of this ruined world."

NEWARK, N. J., August, 1896.

We read that the flowers in a certain New Jersey churchyard are cared for entirely by the Junior Christian Endeavor Society. This may remind us that very many of our Presbyterian churches throughout the country were the pioneer religious organizations of the town or village in which they still flourish. A large number of these have the burial places of the first settlers close about them, or, at least not far away, and they are the natural and recognized custodians of these ancient graves. They may hence well give them attention, through some proper organization of the local church. Headstones should not be permitted to fall over or to stand awry nor inscriptions to become obscured and uncertain. It would be well and fitting did every one of our churches of fifty years' existence, and especially those older, prepare an Historical Manual, which should be inclusive of the personal history of its members, and more at large, of the community of which it long has been, and still is, a chief institution and moulding influence. It is really remarkable, when we reflect upon it, how little of this important information has been gathered in suitable form for preservation and the conservation of a proper local spirit.

### The Religious Press.

The Examiner here discharges the rather mixed and always very delicate office of friend and stern monitor, with a grace and completeness all its own. It is, of course, Dr. H. L. Wayland who thus discourses of "A Victim of Excess," in our contemporary's latest installment of the "Notes of a Rambler":

The victim I now refer to is the hardest worked man in Philadelphia, Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, the editor of the Sunday School Times. I suppose we all have one vice (as many of us have one virtue), and perpetual labor is to him what rum and opium and gambling and smoking and chewing and horse racing are to some, and the seashore and the Adirondacks to others.

About a year ago Dr. Trumbull was ordered by his physicians an absolute rest, so he went to Carlsbad, having first been forbidden everything that he wanted to eat and drink, and bidden to eat and drink everything he didn't want; he returned in the fall, and for a time gave some little signs of amendment, but alas, original depravity is hard to kill; soon he was at it again, and, beginning with January, he has written five books, four of which have been published, one of which, *The Threshold Covenant*, involved an immense amount of labor; and all this in addition to his weekly work on the Sunday School Times, his Bible class on Sunday afternoon, and his Teachers' Meeting on Saturday evening. But penalty, though it move with leaden feet, usually gets there, and now he is again prostrate; but his physicians, among whom is Dr. Pepper, a prince in diagnosis, tell him that there is absolutely no injury of any organ whatever, that rest is all that is needed.

Perhaps there is a lesson here. If he had been addicted to rum and tobacco, if he had been, for the last fifty years, every day hollering and thinning the walls of his heart, and subjecting every internal organ to infamous abuse, I should now be writing his obituary instead of urging him to give himself half a chance for fifteen years more of labor. To him and to Dr. Conwell and to a few others, I am disposed to say, "Remember what the Master has said about the chief seats. Do not be so eager to go and get all the best places in the other world; do not be avaricious; do not be a monopolist; do not try to do all the work, so as to leave nothing for anybody else; do not subject yourselves to the unpleasantness of having it said to you by the great Father of us all, when you prematurely appear in His presence, 'Why are you here? I did not send for you.' Punctuality and obedience consist in being neither after nor before your allotted time."

But, unfortunately, all these exhortations will be laid to heart by the man who never knew what it was to work, who started tired, and who scrupulously avoided exertion. He will take this article to himself, and will read it to his wife, and will say, "Ah, my dear, don't let me undermine my constitution as dear Dr. Trumbull has done by inordinate effort." The laziest man, the man who never did a stroke of work, who is quietly and uncomplainingly supported by his wife, is always the man who sits on the piazza of a Sunday morning and sings in vociferous tones, "Welcome, sweet day of rest."

The Southern Presbyterian, our Carolina contemporary, has its own happy way of mitigating the hot weather:

The Baptist Courier last week cited and made fun of a paragraph from a Texas Baptist paper, one of the strictly "Apostolic succession" type, which solves the problem of Baptist history in a striking, and to itself satisfactory way. We cannot find the exact passage, but the substance of it was, that whatever scholars might discover or fail to discover, there could be no doubt about the unbroken Baptist succession. It is such a reasonable and necessary belief that the pure Church of God has been unbroken since John the Baptist, that the good Baptist has an intuition of its truth which takes the place of any historical testimony. This would be a very convenient way of settling the historical question, but while it might satisfy each individual, it would hardly work well on all sides. The true and unbroken succession may be posited as an undoubted article of faith, but each denomination can claim to have the power of "intuitively knowing" that the succession was in its own line. The Episcopalian is sure that it

proves Episcopacy, the Presbyterian goes back with positiveness to the Culdees, and jumping clear over John the Baptist, lays hold of Abraham as the first Presbyterian. The Roman Catholic consigns us all to perdition as heretics, and proceeds to show his line of Popes running back to St. Peter, and any missing links can be supplied by "intuition." Yes, intuition of history is a good thing, but it must be kept wrapped up in the family closet, for personal use, not taken out to be frayed and worn in the field of controversy.

Those of our contemporaries who Southern have been casting stones at Mrs. Beecher Stowe as influenced by love of money and dislike of slavery to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, are respectfully referred to her own account of its origin. Some one having complimented her on writing the book, she replied, "I did not write it." On being asked who did, she replied, "God wrote it, and I was simply the instrument." What are we to say to her decided "intuition" on this point? Certainly while we may justly disclaim the picture she draws of the South as an unfair one, we need not cast slurs at her as seeking for money, or as blinded by a wilful prejudice. The evil consisted in taking a certain type of incidents and presenting these as the necessary and constant fruit of slavery. In the same way, undoubted facts could be collected and skillfully arranged which would prove the iniquity of marriage and the cruelty of parents to children.

The Standard of Chicago refers to a matter that at one time bid fair to cause considerable trouble among the poorly instructed and overexcitable children of the East Side:

A most curious illustration of popular superstition recently occurred in New York City, in the panics created in several public schools by a rumor that the devil was coming to get the children. Two such panics on a small scale in East Side schools were followed by a morning of terror at a building where 2,000 children attend. More than half that number were in or near the building when the cry was raised that the devil was coming. The children ran in all directions, trampling on each other and endangering the safety of hundreds, though none were seriously injured. The teachers were unable to control the pupils in their unreasoning fright, and the confusion was increased by crowds of men and women from the tenements who came to see what the trouble was. It is said that the whole excitement may be traced back to the threat of a teacher that the devil would catch disobedient children. To attribute this unfortunate occurrence to "religious fanaticism," however, as some of the newspapers were only too glad to do, is like including the name of the devil under the head of profane language.

The Catholic Review discourses for a little on "Color Blindness" by way of introducing the fact that its Church is now making persistent effort among our colored population:

There is another color blindness against which only feeble efforts are being made. How can a greater and an influential number be enlisted in weeding out this universal defect. Some eight millions of our people are colorless, if we are to believe the scientific declaration that *black* is not a color. We are aware that it has been said that "Republics are based upon the virtue and intelligence of the people," but we are strongly impressed with the notion that a republic of virtue will outlast any republic of intelligence. Virtue is long suffering and patient; intelligence is fretful and scheming.

A few years since a little band of patient and long suffering priests, under the patronage of Saint Joseph, devoted their lives to the impossible task (speaking with worldly wisdom) of converting the misnamed, colored people to a knowledge of the precepts and practices of the Christian faith, and to offer them a wide field for the development of their better natures and of the higher virtues; a field in which they would not be handicapped by their white brethren having pre-empted or taken possession of *all the best places*. Here is a field for fair play to all—the negro and the Caucasian, without favor or prescriptive rights. In Saint Benedict, the Moor, the negro race is assured that it may reach the highest pinnacle of natural and supernatural virtue and become worthy of reverence and veneration as saints in the calendar of the Church of God, whose virtues will be emulated all down the ages to the consummation of the world. Following in the footsteps of the Josephites, come the gleaners in the midst

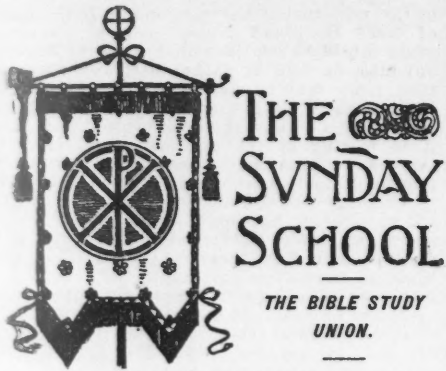
of the anticipated harvest, and a little band of Good Shepherd Nuns, fearing lest some grain might be overlooked, have gone bravely out into the field to gather the broken grain, that none may be wasted or left unnoticed. Not one sheaf so storm-tossed, not one head so broken, not one grain so bruised, but that it is worthy of the gathering and care of these devoted nuns. Some generous, God-fearing, nameless friends gave these little Sisters a large house and roomy grounds out in the suburbs of Baltimore on Calverton Road, and (the name of Calvert will come up in such times) there have been gathered the grain that the harvesters had neglected or trodden into the soil—the very hopeless of the negro race, the outcast and the bedragged. And out of such material these Good Shepherd Nuns are making helpful, hopeful creatures that but yesterday were beyond the pale.

The Christian Intelligencer says that recourse to improper methods for the obtaining of money for religious purposes is a subject that seems to be receiving considerable attention at the present time in England:

Lord Salisbury, in his recent speech in support of the East London Church Fund, calls the bazaar and the charity ball "strange devices," and adds: "I cannot help thinking there is something wrong in the state of Christian feeling among the laity which makes them necessary. The bazaar, or the dinner, or the ball may furnish a portion of the money which is required. But it satisfies no self-discipline; it leaves no feeling of devotion, or gratitude, or beneficence behind it. It uses the largest amount of material with the smallest amount of moral improvement that is possible. The Commission of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria recently passed a resolution 'instructing ministers, Sessions, and Boards of management to prevent all forms of raffling at bazaars, fairs, and sales of work held in connection with their congregations, or for any religious or charitable purpose. On which the Presbyterian of London remarks: "Presbyterian bazaars in England have not been so implicated with raffling and other forms of mild gambling as some other church bazaars that we could mention. Still, even the Presbyterian churches are not entirely free from reproach in this matter, and a declaration such as the above, clearing them from any part or lot in practices which are a source of so much evil, could not but have an excellent effect." It would answer a good purpose to agitate the question more in this country; for here there is also a tendency toward questionable entertainments and the use of "strange devices" to secure money from people who do not give in response to appeals addressed to their reason and conscience. The fact is, the only business like, clean, true way to support churches, sustain missions, and maintain charities is to give the money out and out, directly from the hand into the Lord's treasury, instead of in round-about indirect ways, whereby something like a tangible equivalent is received. The many indirect and not always approved methods of raising money for church purposes entail much labor on a few, and sometimes expose to temptation the many. Keep the Church clean of all semblance of sin. Her need is less bazaar and more Bible."

The Watchman, our venerable and vigorous Boston contemporary, has this reference to the favorable impressions recently gathered here in New York by the Assembly's Committee to investigate the new Presbyterian Building:

We take great satisfaction in this report, because it disposes of some malicious slanders and strengthens public faith in the administration of religious trusts. Men of probity and ability in the management of their own affairs do not necessarily become fools or knaves when they are entrusted with the affairs of a religious or missionary society. It is a fair presumption that a good record earned in the administration of one set of affairs will be continued in the management of another. But in their anxiety to make a point against missionary work and the gift of funds for religious uses, some evil minded men and newspapers take it for granted that the presumption is that a man whose word is as good as his bond becomes a double dyed villain when he accepts a position as a director of a missionary society. The glee with which men welcome a rumor of mismanagement of such trusts is diabolical. It is a matter for congratulation that the Presbyterian Boards are above reproach.



## THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, 1896.

XXXV.—REQUIREMENTS AND REWARDS  
IN FOLLOWING CHIRST.

Matthew xix. 16-xx. 16.

As Jesus "went forth (from the house, Mark x. 10) into the road" (vs. 17), that is, as He set forth in the early morning upon His journey, one came eagerly running to ask Him how he might inherit eternal life. He was a man of most attractive bearing (vs. 21), a ruler in the local synagogue (Luke xviii. 18), a man of rare purity of life (Matt. xix. 18-20), high moral character, and deep seriousness; one of the noble few in that or any age who seek Jesus because they have already felt deep yearnings after holiness, and are convinced that He alone can meet them.

The expression, "eternal life," was a common one among the Jews, used by them to denote the blessings of the Messianic kingdom, both here and hereafter. Jesus did not disclaim goodness in referring the young man to God for the absolute good. His question (vs. 17) does not refer to the appellation, "Good Teacher," by which the young ruler had addressed Him, but to his question about eternal life—the "good thing" that he must do to inherit it. Why do you ask Me about the good thing? One is good, God (compare Mark x. 18) who alone possesses the absolute good. To the law given by this absolutely good Being, Jesus therefore refers him, as to the standard of conduct.

But it was precisely because this young man had felt a yearning for something higher, deeper, more spiritual in life that he had come to Jesus. "All these I kept from my youth" (cf. Mark x. 20), he answers with perfect truth; why, then, this soul unrest, this inward discontent, this yearning after a nearer conformity to the ideal? "What is it that I still lack?" (Matt. xix. 20).

No wonder that Jesus, looking into his pure, manly face, and seeing there the witness to his words, loved him (Mark x. 21) and longed to have him ever near Him as one of His own followers. Here, surely, was one eminently fitted to take that place among the Twelve from which Judas was so soon to fall! There remained only to prove that the positive side of this lovely youth's character was as strong as the negative side: to make sure that not only he never transgressed the natural laws of purity, honesty, reverence, filial piety, neighborly comity, but that his sympathy with the wants of men was great enough to bring him to positive self-denial. It was a special test, not however, as applied to a candidate for a place among the Twelve, but as applied to the actual circumstances of this one man.

He was very rich; was his otherwise lovely character marred by the love of luxury, of ease, and self-indulgence, which is the essential danger of riches? Was there in his heart such a sympathy with his fellow-men, with the poor especially, that he was willing to sacrifice himself for them? Was his yearning for the nobler, truer life of the kingdom, for "eternal life," that is, actually so deep as he supposed it was? Did his soul indeed so crave perfection (Matt. xix. 21) that he would gladly renounce all for the sake of fellowship with One whom his heart told him did represent the eternal good?

Alas, no! His countenance fell (Mark. x. 22) at that saying, and he went away sorrowful; for he had great wealth. Sorrowful, because he must go away without that for which he had longed; yet going away because he could not bring himself to pay the price. He could not consent to the self-sacrifice which would put him in harmony with the eternal order: first, the kingdom of God and His righteousness (Matt. vi. 33); then, the "all other things" which in his life of fellowship with the eternal good he might need—such things as the disciples had who lacked for nothing (Luke xxii. 35).

It is important to apprehend correctly the teachings of Jesus about renunciation. We must hear in mind their historic setting spoken, as they were, in a time when the interests of Christ's kingdom required a degree of self-effacement and renunciation that they do not now, when Christian principles are in the very fabric of men's minds. Not, let us be very careful to observe, because the principle is modified; principles cannot be modified; but because circumstances are changed. It is just as hard now as then for one who has riches to enter the kingdom of God, if the kingdom of God, has the second place in his heart; but it is easier for Christians now to give the kingdom its true place, because they understand its nature better, and because they live in a society where its nature is better understood. The sin of not giving it the first place must be incomparably greater now than then, but to those who do give it the first place, the possession of wealth may be come the blessing it could not possibly have been then, when riches could be of absolutely no use in promoting the kingdom. The teaching of Jesus here is plain, the teaching of His life and death, that the Christian spirit, that is, the spirit that longs for fellowship with the eternal good, is one that sees that of necessity the kingdom comes first, whatever else may be desirable or undesirable. There is no schism between this world and the next; to the Christian they are not two realms, but one, God being King over the whole; but the other world is the real, the important, the interesting world; this is important, interesting, real only as it subserves that other. Those, whether rich or poor, to whom the first interest is money and what it will buy—food, lodging, clothing, culture, recreation—live in a vain show, a phantasmagoria, a vapor (James iv. 14). Those, whether rich or poor, whose interest is the kingdom of God, are partakers in the eternal life.

It is unquestionably our Saviour's teaching in this place that riches are a hindrance to entrance to the kingdom. Not that there is anything inherently wrong in wealth, but that wealth is liable to have precisely the effect upon good men which it had upon the earnest young ruler—enabling them to have so much of things that actually are good, though not the best, that they cease to care so much for the best. In the proverb which our Lord quoted (Matt. xix. 24), He meant to be under-

stood as saying, in very serious earnest, that it is next to impossible for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

The self-satisfaction of Peter in discovering (vs. 27) that he and his fellow-disciples were indeed conformed to the rule of the kingdom, is not unusual in experience. Our Lord did not rebuke him; He understood better than most of us do how genuine and severe had been the self-denial of the Twelve. Rather, He gave them strong encouragement by telling of the rewards that even now, and far more in the end, await those who have followed Him in His humiliation. The expression in verse 29 is evidently figurative. No one expects or desires to receive parents or brethren a hundredfold in the eternal kingdom. Evidently our Lord expected to be understood as saying that what His disciples would receive will replace what they have lost to that degree. And if the words about relatives are figurative, the word "lands" as signifying worldly wealth, must be figurative too. Not such riches as the rich of this world enjoy are to be multiplied a hundredfold to the self-sacrificing believer, but something will be given to him that to him is a hundredfold more valuable. There was a warning, meant, we may think, not so much for them as for later Christians, ourselves, for example; the reward is not of debt, not of mercenary calculation. And to illustrate this, Jesus told (xx. 1-16) the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, to show that while all should receive their reward, the question could never be, How much have you done or suffered? but, How closely has your heart cleaved to the principle of doing all you can for the kingdom of God?

## THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

ABSALOM'S DEATH.


2 Samuel xviii. 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.—Psalm i. 6.

David had fled before the approach of his rebellious son and taken refuge in Mahanaim, the far eastward sanctuary where the angels of God met Jacob (Gen. xxxii. 1, 2). Absalom had followed with his army and a battle had been fought, the king giving his captains charge to "deal tenderly" with his undutiful son. But Absalom had been caught by his hair in a tree and Joab's young officers had slain him, and now the news was to be carried to David, who was waiting, heavy-hearted, "between the two gates" of the city, with a watchman on the wall above to give notice if any messenger from the battle-field drew near.

Two messengers were seen running across the plain, each alone, the hinder one outrunning at last the former. It was the son of the high priest, who loyally desired to save David's feelings by breaking to him by degrees the sad news. His news of victory was hardly heeded by David, who eagerly asked after his son; and Ahimaaz had not the heart to tell him the truth. But now the next messenger came, and he, too, first told the tidings of victory. But to the father's eager question about his son he answered with deep respect and gentleness, but in a way that David could not misunderstand. And then the agony of the father's heart burst forth. It was all the more bitter because he recognized in this hereavement the just punishment of his sin. "Would God that I had died for thee!" means more than Moses meant (Exod. xxxii. 32) and Paul (Rom. ix. 3). Theirs was the utterance of a purely self-sacrificing spirit; his was the heart-broken wish of a self-accusing conscience.





## Christian Endeavor

By the Rev. S. W. Pratt.

### Heaven.

- Aug. 24. No tears. Revelation 7: 9-17.  
 25. No evil. Galatians 5: 16-21.  
 26. No death. Revelation 20: 7-15.  
 27. Beauty there. Revelation 1: 10-21.  
 28. Joy there. Revelation 15: 1-8.  
 29. Jesus there. Revelation 22: 1-6.  
 30. TOPIC—The happiness of Heaven. Revelation 21: 1-7, 22-27.

The only kind of life we can know is that which we live. It is difficult to tell another of an experience he has not had. Nicodemus could not understand how a man could be born again, not having been regenerated. God may have other attributes more glorious than those we know which He cannot reveal to us at present, for we can only take in those which are like what we ourselves have. Paul could not utter the things he saw in the third heaven. And he says the eye has not seen, nor the ear heard, nor has entered into the heart of the natural man, that which God has revealed to the spiritual even now. What, then, shall be the revelation of the future life in the very presence of God?

Every description of heaven and its life must be in the language of earth, in words which relate to physical life. All illustrations are from the earthly. The best, the most beautiful and glorious of earth are used; and these are presented to the imagination to translate into spiritual states and joys.

The seer on Patmos Isle saw passing before him a panorama of the future of the Church in its earth period, or age of redemption, and its close, and the life of the blessed in another place and state, as well as that of the unbelieving and lost in their abode.

Heaven is presented as the reward of righteousness, and the gift, or purchase, of Christ for His own. Here there is fullness of joy. Pleasures forevermore are the portion of those who are at the right hand. It is the Father's house of many mansions. They who dwell therein are blessed forevermore.

The first thing mentioned in this wonderful chapter is that it is the abode of the saints in a new heaven and a new earth. The former was old and worn out, and passed away. The new heaven was pure and perfect and glorious, as was paradise before sin entered it. As at the first God created all things of earth good for man, so now all things of heaven are made good for the regenerated and perfected man.

Again the comparison is to a new Jerusalem. Only a Jew could fully appreciate this. To him Jerusalem was the center of all that was beautiful and desirable and glorious of earth and life. This was the nearest paradise he could get here below.

The impression made by the city of Washington on the great Christian Endeavor Convention helps us to understand this. It was so strong and deep that no surface enthusiasm was possible. They were in the capitol, the seat of national authority. The city represented the whole United States, with all its extent and resources, and its people and institutions and history and future. It was indeed beautiful Washington, but that was a small part of what the city stood for. Patriotism, deep, strong, and worshipful, took hold of the visitors, and was joined to the divine worship. This produced thoughtfulness and devotion, which found its fit expression in the opening song of the mighty chorus at the capitol, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

If now we could join to this the reverence the Jew had for Jerusalem as the seat of the

temple of Jehovah and the dwelling place of the Shekinah in the holy of holies, and could center our patriotism and religion in Washington, we could understand something of this comparison for the Jews of Heaven to a new Jerusalem. The earthly city was built by man and represented human magnificence; the heavenly came from heaven, builded by God himself. Nothing of this world is ever so beautiful and lovely as is the bride adorned for her husband on their wedding day. So is the holy city adorned for the Church.

And it is not like a tent in the wilderness, to be moved here and there, nor like the temple where only the high priest went into the presence of God; but there God tabernacles or dwells permanently with His people. They are to each other a mutual possession. They are directly and in His presence and under His care. They see Him face to face, and commune with each other. Under His care heaven is not to be like earth. Earth is a vale of tears, but there God shall wipe away every tear. There can be no crying, because no sorrow, or pain, or death.

No evil to the body or grief to the spirit is known there. This is only to say that there is no sin there. Sin cursed the world and brought on men death and all its woes. There sin is cancelled and forgotten. Its work ended with earth and the body. All this has passed away: clouds and storm and darkness are no more. The new earth is another earth. We cannot conceive the change. It is all new. So shall we be new and complete in Christ, and fit for the immediate presence of God.

And this assures the continued and unalloyed happiness of the future life. It is to be sinless. So different is it from the earthly that God takes pains to assure the seer that it is true and faithful; and the assurance is that God says it and does it. It is His work and gift freely bestowed. And it is His last and best creation for the redeemed and sanctified man.

This holy city is only for holy beings. Nothing sinful can come into it to mar its blessedness. They are blessed who dwell there, because holy like God, whose name is holy.

Next the bridal glory of the new city is revealed, as the promised land was shown to Moses from Pisgah's Mount on the other side of Jordan. Its glory strikes him at first sight, then its magnitude attracts notice, and its streets and gates. Now its garnishing appears on closer view. The outside is all beautiful; and this only the dwelling place! What, then, is the life therein, that for which the city is builded and furnished?

At first he is surprised because he sees no temple; but that confines God to a house. Here He is the Temple. They have and see Him. And His presence is greater than the all revealing sun of earth; and to see and know Him is all knowledge; and they who look into the face of God see all things. It is this which is the glory of angels. Seeing holiness they are holy.

But that which the saints see as the central glory is the Lamb of God, who redeemed them and brought them hither and presented them to the Father as His own. And now again as he looks around he sees those who dwell in the presence of God, the saved, the best, the glorified of earth, all that could be used to add to its glory.

There they shall dwell safely forever, and go in and out freely, where no enemy or evil can come in at the ever open gates. And no night shall cloud the vision, or stop their work and worship, or intrude its deeds and darkness. Evil and the evil one are banished and chained forever from entrance.

Under no circumstances can enter anything that defiles the sight, or is unclean in touch, or is unrighteous in act, or disturbing and faithless in word. Character, deeds, and words are all holy in the new Jerusalem. And best of all, the reason they are there is because they are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Grace is the glory of their admittance and indwelling. The Lamb, who loved them and was slain, gave them the privilege to become the sons of God, and is their surety, and He has written their names in His book and put His name on them.

Jerusalem, the glorious!  
 The glory of the elect,—  
 O dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect!  
 Ev'n now by faith I see thee,  
 Ev'n here thy walls discern;  
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and yearn!  
 O sweet and blessed Country!  
 Shall I e'er see thy face?  
 O sweet and blessed Country!  
 Shall I e'er win thy grace?  
 Exult, O dust and ashes!  
 The Lord shall be thy part;  
 His only, His for ever,  
 Thou shalt be, and thou art!

### OUR ADIRONDACK CHURCHES.

Dear Evangelist:—Many of your readers and friends interested in the Adirondack Mission will be interested to know of the dedication of Calvary Presbyterian Church edifice at Lake Clear Junction last Sabbath, hence these few lines. This house of worship is situated a half mile south of the railroad junction on the bank of the beautiful lakes, commanding a pretty view of this magnificent body of water and of the mountains beyond. "Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion, the joy of the whole earth."

Campers on the Upper St. Regis, Spit Fire, and guests at the Torcane Inn, are in close proximity, and with the inhabitants of the surrounding country constitute an interesting and unique congregation who come here to worship.

The house is a small, Gothic structure, finished in spruce, with circular trusses and stained windows. The upholstered, black walnut seats, with exquisite pulpit, were the gift of Park Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J. the Rev. J. Clement French, D.D., pastor. To the Misses Leonard of State street Presbyterian Church, Albany, with their many friends, and to the Fourth, the First, and Clinton-square churches of the same city, with Dr. Sawin's and Dr. Berry's and Dr. Sybrandt's churches of Troy, and to Dr. Hoyt of New York City, with many churches of the metropolis, we are largely indebted for this, and many other of the churches and chapels connected with the Mission, and which are now doing splendid work for the Master.

The services of dedication were exceedingly impressive, and will long be remembered by those present. Dr. French preached an eloquent sermon, while other brethren participated in the exercises. The house is free of debt, and the new church has before it a bright future.

Still another new house of worship at Waverly is in process of erection, and will be ready for dedication the last of September.

This last named church is the youngest of all the group of Adirondack churches; while in its vicinity are living forty families or more, with no other church within miles of this new edifice. So the work goes forward.

To all the helpers we extend our sincere thanks and grateful acknowledgments not only for the material assistance rendered us, but for the Christlike spirit of helpfulness back of the gifts received.

While the native churches are so full of

encouragement, our summer service for summer visitors at Lake Placid and on the Upper Saranac Lake, are largely attended and ministered to very ably by brethren visiting the Adirondacks. Audiences of 300 congregate at Lake Placid, and of 150 at Island Chapel, Upper Saranac Lake.

The Episcopalians and other denominations largely, in former years, had the spiritual care of our people summering in these mountains. The seed sowing was generally along denominational lines, and the spectacular was made prominent in the worship, and not without their weakening influence on the young people in our churches and their attachment to the faith of their fathers.

In some measure we are endeavoring now to meet this exigency, realizing that the saying, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," is as important and true in the spiritual and denominational life of a church as in social or commercial life. Other denominations are waking up to the importance of following their people in their summer vacations with the home church, why should our Church lag behind in this great work, and turn our people over to the ministrations of other churches for three months in the year.

It is said that Bishop Doan of Albany makes his boast that his Church will absorb all the religious interests at the summer resorts, that it is good missionary ground for obtaining recruits and money from the sects, of which the Presbyterians are chief—and late developments would indicate that such is the policy of that Church. Would that there were infused into our Church, the pioneer in religious work in all this region, a little more of the wisdom of this world—so far as the same is commendable and self-respecting.

At meeting of Synod at Binghamton resolutions were adopted and a committee appointed to report upon this subject at its next meeting.

In the forthcoming report we hope for a solution of this problem, and that a step will be taken in the right direction.

#### SCOTLAND'S LOVED POET.

Editor The North American:

I may tell your readers an incident relating to the loved poet's boyhood, which I believe has never yet been seen in print. The incident was years ago told me by the Rev. John Black, D.D., of Pittsburg, Pa., who heard it in the vicinity of the poet's birthplace. The neighborhood was favored with an inn or tavern, as also by the very regular visits of an itinerant tinker. The familiar name of this itinerant was Andy Horner, and in stature he was quite small. One evening he was a guest at the inn, and a good many of the neighbors were there to enjoy an hour or two in social intercourse. The tinker was an acquaintance with them all, and could contribute no little to gratify and amuse them. To do this he would very often parade some aptness he had in rhyming, and on the evening referred to he had been doing this to win applause as usual, when one of the company stated to Andy that there was a plow-boy near by who could rival him in rhyming. Andy was defiant, if he didn't feel hurt, that he should be ranked in rhyming on a par with a plow-boy. It was proposed to send for the boy Robby, and several of the younger men present accordingly went and brought him. The entire company was expectant now of a rare treat. But the query was, which of the rivals ought to begin the contest, and Andy Horner was called for, who accordingly began as follows: "In sixteen hunderd and thirty-nine—in sixteen hunderd and thirty-nine; och, I'm sae tired the night; let the laddie begin," and the boy did so, and spoke as follows, quoting Andy's words:

In sixteen hundred and thirty-nine,  
The dell gat stuff to make a swine,  
And put it in a corner.  
But sen he thocht, he changed his plan,  
And made o' it a weeny man,  
And ca'ed him Andy Horner.

Robby was wildly cheered, and poor Andy was in a rage.  
J. FRANCIS BOURNS.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1896.

## Children's Department.

### MISSIONARY MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating a very queer pie;  
He saw in a trice  
It held everything nice  
From the lands where the mission fields lie.

From Ceylon came the spice,  
And from China the rice.  
And bananas from African highlands;  
There were nutmegs and cloves  
Sent from Borneo's groves,  
And yams from the South Sea Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil  
All the corners to fill,  
And sugar and sago from Siam;  
And from Turkey a fig  
That was really so big.  
Jack's mouth thought, "It's larger than I am."

There were pomegranates fair  
Grown in Persia's soft air,  
And tortillas from Mexico found there;  
And there did appear  
Grapes and grains from Corea,  
And all of the things that abound there.

A Syrian date  
Did not turn up too late,  
He need not for tea to Japan go;  
Tamerinds were not few,  
There were oranges too  
And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack,  
"What shall I send back  
To these lands for their presents to me  
The Bible indeed  
Is what they all need,  
So that shall go over the sea."  
—M. B. Banks, in Over Sea and Land

### GRANDMOTHER'S TOAD STORY.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

By Susan Teall Perry.

Grandmother was sitting on the porch Sunday afternoon. It was an August day, and it had been very hot; the round, red sun was going down the western hills, indicating a spell of dry weather. Grandmother was alone, and when she was alone she had a habit of going back to the old days, the days when she was a little girl. She was making pictures in memory's studio of persons and things of the long ago. She was just finishing off the portrait of her dear little sister she loved so well, who went to heaven to live when she was yet a child. She was putting the string of coral beads around her neck, when she heard a terrible screaming from the farther side of the garden. It was the voice of little Bessie, the sweet, golden-haired grandchild, who had come from the city to spend the month of August at grandmamma's.

The loving old lady got up out of her easy chair and went as fast as she could to the garden at the right of the farmhouse porch.

"Oh, grandmamma, come quick as ever you can! A horrid, hopping thing has jumped right across the path. It had dreadful eyes, and it looked right up at me. I'm just as frightened as ever I can be."

"Where did it go, darling?"

"Right into the zinnia bed here, by those big, yellow flowers."

Grandmamma moved the tall plants aside, and there espied a toad sitting as demurely as possible.

"Why, my dear child, it is only a harmless little toad," and grandmamma took Bessie's hand and led her up to it. "That is one of my old friends, Bessie. It comes up to the porch when I sit down there at night time. It was on its way to me when it crossed your path. Don't ever scream again when you see it, for it is very fond of grandmamma, and when she is alone it comes and keeps her company. Come back to the porch and we will sit down and watch, and you will soon

see it come up and sit on this stone by the step."

Bessie sat down on the hassock at her grandmamma's side, and soon the toad hopped up the path and on to the stone.

"It is a very old toad, Bessie. I think it is the very toad Mary, my sister, and I loved so much. Toads, naturalists say, live to a great age. Now I will tell you a story about toads."

"Begin it 'Once upon a time,' grandmamma, for I always like stories best that begin 'Once upon a time.'"

"Well, 'Once upon a time' I was a little girl, just like you. I had a dear little sister, two-years younger. You have no little sister, my dear, but you have a little brother. By and-by you will make him very happy, leading him about and showing him many pretty things. I hope he will never be cruel to animals, and that you and he, both, will be very kind to toads. After you hear my story I think you will.

"Mary and I used to sit out on this porch every Sunday afternoon, as we do now. This was our father's and mother's home. Sundays were holy days then, because people were more careful to carry out the command to keep the Sabbath day holy than they are now. Every Sunday morning we rode two miles to church, with father and mother, and took a paper of seed cookies with us, because Sunday-school came right after church, and then an afternoon service. We used to go under the trees and eat our luncheon of cookies between the Sunday-school and afternoon service. When we got home we had our dinner, and then we used to go and sit on the porch and keep very quiet, reading our Sunday-school books.

"There was a family of toads that lived under the porch. Every Sunday afternoon they used to come out and sit on this stone. We used to talk to them, and they became so friendly that they would jump up the steps and sit right by us. We called them our Sunday visitors. We really got so we loved those toads and enjoyed their coming to see us.

"One day mother got a letter from the city, telling us that her brother's wife was coming to make her a visit. Aunt Ann we called her, and she was going to bring her two boys, John and Horace, with her. We had no brothers, and consequently were quite shy of boys, and were not one bit glad they were coming; but mother said we must treat them very kindly and do all we could to make their visit pleasant. The boys came, and they were so glad to get on the farm where they could have plenty of room to play, that they acted like wild Indians—that was what Mary and I thought. They grabbed the old hens and put them in the watering trough to wash them, took long poles and knocked down all the swallow nests in the barn, chased our beloved cats under the carriage-house, and frightened them so much that they went off and never came back until the boys had gone back to the city. Our hearts were nearly broken over the disappearance of our cats, but we did not say anything, as two little friends we had on the farm next us, said they would keep them and feed them until our bad-mannered visitors went away.

"The first Sunday afternoon they were there they sat out on the porch with us. They had to keep quiet Sunday for their mother told them they must. But I know it was hard work for them to do it. As usual, at the proper time, our friendly Sunday visitors, the toads, jumped up on the stone. Instantly John and Horace threw down their books and picked up some pebbles in the walk and began to throw them at the toads; then they got sticks and tried to poke them under

the lattice of the porch, where the poor toads had taken refuge. Mary began to cry, but she was a timid little thing, and did not dare say a word to the boys. I was very quick-tempered, and being very indignant at those boys, I took the stick from their hands and struck them both. It was not a hard blow, but they both screamed so hard that father and mother and Aunt Ann came running out.

"The boys told their story their way, but I said: 'They ought to be struck, and I'd strike them again if they touched our toads.' My mother sent me up to my room, and then dear, sweet Mary went to her and begged her to forgive me and let me come down-stairs. She told mother the whole story, just as it really was.

"Dear mother did not know anything about our toad friendship until then. She heard the story, and told Aunt Ann. Of course it was not nice in me to strike the boys. Fortunately, our good mothers both saw the matter in a true light, and the boys had to apologize to us for hurting our toads, and I had to apologize for striking my cousins. The toads never came out again during their stay. After they went back to the city, as we sat together alone on the porch, one toad peeped out of the lattice, and seeing us alone, took courage to tell the rest of her family that we were alone. Then all the toads came out, and we were happy again."

"Did the cats come home?"

"Oh, yes they came back, too. That was the last summer little Mary was with us. One winter morning the angels came very early and took her home to God. She had been very, very ill. I was an only child then, and oh, I did miss my little sister so very much. In the spring the toads all came out again and sat on that stone. They looked about for Mary, and I told them she had gone to the beautiful land where winter never comes, and they would not see her here any more. I went away to school that year; then I was married and moved out West, and was gone from this old home many years. When I came back here again to live, I sat on the porch as I used to do, and this one toad, which I had forgotten all about, hopped on to the stone again. I shall always believe it is one of my old friends. What became of the others I do not know."

"I will never be afraid of toads again, dear grandmamma," said little Bessie. "I'll always remember the toads are grandmamma's friends."

The old toad winked and blinked his eyes at little Bessie, and she said: "The toad is trying to tell me he is my friend, too. I hope my little brother will not strike toads when he is a big boy. You don't think he will be a dreadful boy like John and Horace, do you, grandmamma?"

"No, dear. I am sure with such a good little sister to be an example to him, that he will not."

"I shall tell him about toads the first thing. But what became of those dreadful boys?"

"They became better boys after that, my dear; they have grown up and are good men now. I presume they have been sorry many times that they hurt the poor, harmless toads."

#### THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

One cold, wet day our city missionary climbed the steps of a house he had not visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them. The steps were very steep and very dark, and the missionary had to fumble about for the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer, so he opened the creaking door and walked in.

"Oh, please don't make such a noise, sir,"

said a sweet little voice, "you'll wake the prince."

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half-lighted, bare room. Presently he saw through the dim light a little wooden cradle, with a poor skin and-bones baby in it, and at the foot of it a girl about six years old anxiously rocking it to and fro.

"You see, the prince is very hungry," she said, "an' ef he wakes up he'll holler orful."

"Are you hungry, too, my child?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, course; I'm big, you see, an' kin wait. The prince don't know 'bout mammy comin' home 'fore dark an' bringin' a loaf."

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, intended for his own lunch, and gave them to the brave little sister; and while she devoured one he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

"Oh, that's a little play mamma taught me," said the child, with a smile, "to keep me from thinking about being cold and hungry. She tells me stories at night 'bout kings and queens, and then when she's away at work all day I play the queen's out drivin', and me an' baby are livin' in a big, warm house an' havin' sausage every day for breakfast. It helps a lot."

"Well, my dear little princess," said the missionary, "you and baby are in truth children of the heavenly King, and He has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice, warm house not very far from here, just opened to-day, where you and the prince can stay all day while your mother is at work. You'll get bread and milk there every day, and sausages, too, sometimes."

"Is it the palace?" asked the little girl, her eyes shining.

"They call it The Nursery," answered the gentleman, "but it belongs to our heavenly Father, and He has sent me to tell you about it."

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be taken to this warm, comfortable place every day, to be clothed and fed and taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was always called "The Prince," but the brave little sister never forgot that the King had sent them all these beautiful things.—Our Young Folks.

#### HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to note that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another, the tallest in the party. "Never mind! I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmie's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself, that there was a true gentleman.—Ram's Horn.

## The Log of the Lady Grev.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

### CHAPTER VII. WINDBOUND.

"There! Now all's shipshape!" said the Captain, approvingly, as he tied the last knot that secured the sail. "But your traps are pretty wet, aren't they?"

"To work, to work!" cried Mamma H., gaily. "We must spread everything out to dry."

"Here is something that can't be dried," said Tom, lifting a box cover. Alas, the sugar, instead of being put away in the locker, had been stowed under a seat and was entirely dissolved in salt water.

"We must drink our coffee without sugar," said Mamma D. "It is too rough to send ashore now."

"That is better than the boys in 'The Island Home' had, anyhow," observed Rick, as he went to build the fire.

There had been no regular breakfast that morning, only a sea biscuit or two, served out to each one, and at this late hour they were hungry enough to take cheerfully whatever they could get. It was not very much. The coffee was very black and bitter, even when plentifully diluted with the brackish water; the condensed milk was all gone, so was the bread, and the sea biscuit had somehow been a little wetted by the spray. They had eaten the last of the chicken and cake and jam for supper the night before, but there was some potted turkey still, and Mamma H. found a bit of ham for everyone, on the ham bone.

After breakfast the boys got out their tackle, although the Captain told them that their lines were too light for Sound fishing, especially in a high wind. He joined the fishing party, however, smoking his pipe the while. Shortly the whole group were happily occupied. Louie drew water in her little pail and occupied herself with the dolls' toilets. Una offered to read aloud to the two mammas, whose stock of needlework seemed to be inexhaustible. The wind blew more and more fiercely, as if it were doing its best to drown the sound of her voice.

A great shout from Tom proclaimed the successful capture of a fish, a tiny fellow about six inches long. Another and another were quickly hauled up; Rick caught three, Tom three, the Captain two; after that there seemed to be no more. They had them for dinner, rolled in cornmeal and fried in salt pork, and small as they were, they made a most delicious and welcome addition to that repast. There was just one apiece, and one over, which, at Tom's suggestion, was added to the Captain's share, because he was the biggest, and needed to keep up his strength to sail the Lady Grey. When the fish and pork and the hardtack had been eaten, Mamma D. dealt out a small bit of preserved ginger to each person, by way of dessert.

"Now let's play," said Tom, as they rose from the table.

"Yer," said Una, "play that you were waitress and washed the dishes."

"All right!" answered Tom, rolling up his sleeves "I'll be Aunt Dinah. Now git out de way, chile, or I'll harm you; better keep out de way, hetter, not come nigh me, or I'll harm you!"

"Isn't that just like old Aunt Dinah!" exclaimed Louie, laughing. "All right, Aunt Dinah, I'll keep out of the way next time mamma tells me to go 'round with your Sunday dinner."

Tom dropped a plate and rushed after Louie, who ran away, shrieking with laughter, over

the quarter deck, down the little steps at the stern, through the cabin, and up the main companion way, across the vessel, and over the fore-castle deck, around the mast and down again upon the main deck, finally taking refuge behind the two mammas, from which coign of vantage she peeped out, laughing and breathless, at Tom, who stood on the fore-castle, laughing and shaking his fist threateningly. Then he jumped down and went back to the dish-washing, where Una stood ready to help.

The short remainder of the afternoon was spent in making coats, at which the boys were very expert and the girls very admiring. The question of sails was a rather perplexing one, as new cloth was so hard to sew, and there was not a great store of old cloth upon the Lady Grey; but Mamma D. at last found a worn pocket handkerchief, which she was willing to devote to the marine service, and before bed time they had quite a fleet of ships and sloops ready for a lull in the wind.

As breakfast and dinner had been so late they were not especially hungry for supper, and so Mamma D. only gave to each one a biscuit and a piece of ginger before they went to bed.

By Captain Hamilton's advice the beds were made in the cabin, for there were heavy clouds in the sky which foreboded rain. When the children were snugly tucked in, Louie made her usual request for a story.

"Not a very long one to-night, Una," said Mamma D. "You are all tired and ought to go right to sleep."

"I know a short one, auntie," answered Una. "I'll tell that one."

"Is it a true story?" asked Louie.

"Yes, it is perfectly true," replied Una. "It is about the birds that flew in at the window."

"What window?" asked Louie again.

"Oh, the lighthouse window; but you mustn't ask so many questions, Louie, or I can't tell the story."

"Yes, keep quiet, do, Louie," urged Rick, "and fire away, Una."

"The lighthouse where Harold and Gerald lived was on a high point of rocks," said Una beginning her story, "and there was just one tree upon the point; all the rest was bare rock, without any grass. The great tree was full of birds; there were hundreds of them, and they flew up and down and quarreled and chattered, so that the children often had to stop talking, in their playhouses among the rocks, for the noise the birds made."

"I wish they would come and live in our honey locust tree," observed Louie.

"Sh-sh sh!" said Rick, and Una went on.

"The sparrows knew Harold and Gerald well. They had lived in the old tree many a year, and the children had fed them ever since they could walk. Every morning they scattered crumbs among the rocks and the birds flew down and quarreled over them. Sometimes they put the crumbs on old Gunner's back, and laughed to see the sparrows searching for them in his shaggy hair."

"Who was Gunner?" asked Tom, rising on his elbow.

"Their dog, a great water spaniel. I could tell you a story about him, too, but not now, for Mamma D. wants us to go to sleep pretty soon. Well, one night a terrible storm came up, the worst the children ever remembered. The old tree creaked and groaned, and the lighthouse rocked dreadfully. The children were snug and warm by the kitchen fire, but out in the tree the sparrows were shivering as they had never shivered before."

"Do sparrows shiver?" asked Louie.

"They looked in the window," Una went on, without answering, "and saw how bright the fire was and how warm Harold and Gerald

looked, playing on the red rug. 'Let's go in there,' said one of the sparrows. 'I'm afraid,' answered his mate. 'What, afraid of Harold and Gerald?' said the first sparrow, and he flew to the window and tapped with his beak."

"I say," interrupted Tom, "is this a true story?"

"Yes, it really is," answered Una, "only I don't know what language the sparrows talked. When Harold heard the sparrow tapping, he ran and opened the window and the bird flew in, but before he could close it, all the other birds came rushing to the window as if the storm had blown them there. They flew in by dozens, and perched on all the chairs and tables and shelves. Harold and Gerald were delighted, and ran for crumbs to give them. By-and-bye the birds all went to sleep, each with his head under his wing and one leg drawn up. And the children went to bed, too. Next morning, when Harold and Gerald woke up, the storm was over. They opened the doors, and all the birds flew out with a great rush and went to quarreling again as if nothing had happened."

"Is that all?" asked Tom.

"Yes, that's all," said Una.

"Now, tell us about Gunner," begged Louie; but Una reminded her that her mother wanted her to go to sleep.

There was a severe thunder storm that night; it rolled heavily over them as they lay tucked in their narrow bunks; but everything had been carefully put out of reach of harm from rain, and they cheered one another when they were awakened by the loud reports, with the thought that the wind would be changed by the storm.

(To be continued.)

#### WHY BIRDS GO TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

The number of birds that go to the Arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." They go, not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is because nowhere in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty only to be found beyond the Arctic Circle, seems incredible. The vegetation largely consists of cranberry, cloudberry, and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the Arctic summer, these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the Arctic summer, and if the fruit eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on this immense crop of ripe food before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them, or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground. The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays, and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the Arctic Circle to find such a store of "crystallized foods" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight. The same heats which free the fruits bring into being the most prolific insect life in the world; the mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts; the gun barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect-eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them

with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender little warblers, of cliff chaffs, pipis, and wagtails in this Arctic region is accounted for.

#### THE BEAR FESTIVAL OF THE AINU.

Dr. Scheure, who is familiar with the customs of the Ainu of Japan, describes as follows a bear festival which he saw there: "The bear feast, as well as the previous feeding and rearing the young bear, has the motive of an atonement to the whole bear tribe for the killing of its brothers and sisters. At the end of winter a young bear is caught, placed in a cage, and reared in the village. At first the wife of the man who caught it cares for it as she would for a baby. By the next September or October the young bear has grown so strong as to threaten to break the cage; this, then, is the excuse the Ainu make before the gods for what they are going to do. Having given the bear every favor possible, they cannot keep him prisoner any longer, and they must kill him or he will destroy them. The man who gives the feast obtains great honor. The people all wear their best clothes, which, after all, is not saying very much. The older men wear a peculiar headdress, a kind of crown made of bark, shavings, and bears' claws. The women put on all their necklaces and strings of beads. The house is made neater than usual, and the ceremony begins by an offering of saké to the fire god and other lesser gods, then several drops of saké are offered in a shell to the bear, and then the dance about the cage begins. By-and-bye the bear rouses himself and begins to howl. The men drink a great deal of saké, and at last a brave young Ainu takes the bear from the cage by throwing a rope around the bear's neck. Then he is made a target for the bowmen and shot with blunt, wooden spears, and soon afterward he is crushed to death with boards. The next day the bear is cut up, and with dancing and drinking and weeping by the older women, the ceremony ends."—The Treasury.

#### HOUSEHOLD.

**COARSE BROOMS**—Coarse brooms will cut a carpet, and although imperceptible at first, their ravages will at length show themselves in the increased number of shreds, especially if the carpet be a velvet pile.

**EVAPORATED POTATOES**—Evaporated potatoes, prepared in the same manner as evaporated apples, are to be put on the market from Minnesota next fall. Last season's potato crop was so large that many millions of bushels were wasted, and experiments were made in evaporating potatoes. The experiments were successful, and two big factories for preparing potatoes in this manner are building.

**HOW TO CHOOSE CANNED GOODS.**—In buying tin-canned vegetables or fruits these only should be selected that have a slight depression in the end of the can. This, by experts, is accepted as proof that the contents of the can are in proper condition. If the end of the can is raised or bulged, reject it, as this is proof that the contents of the can were not heated sufficiently at the time of sealing, or that in the past or present they have fermented.

**INSTANTANEOUS LEMONADE.**—Get two dozen lemons and roll each one separately on a smooth, hard surface until it is quite soft; then cut off the end, and with a dull knife scrape out all the juice and pulp. Strain this carefully through a thin cloth; then make the juice almost thick with sugar; bottle in glass, using a cork stopper, and stand in a cool place. It will keep a long time, and to make a glass of fresh lemonade you have only to put in a tumbler of cold water enough of the sugared acid to suit your taste.

**A TESTED COUGH MIXTURE.**—Boil three large lemons in water seven minutes, drain off the water, and slice the lemons as thin as possible. Put them in an earthen bowl with one pound of the best brown sugar and stand the bowl on the stove until the mixture is at boiling point. Then draw to the back of the stove and let the mixture simmer three hours. Remove from the fire, and when it has stood half an hour add a small tablespoonful of oil of sweet almonds. It is to be used warm. Stir and take in teaspoonful doses as often as needed.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF HOME MISSIONS.

Dr. A. A. Hodge, in his "Popular Lectures on Theological Themes," addresses his countrymen in these flaming words: "In the name of your own interests; in the name of your treasure-houses and barns, of your rich farms and cities, of your accumulations in the past and your hopes for the future, I charge you, you never will be secure if you do not faithfully maintain all the crown rights of Jesus, the King of Men. In the name of your children and their inheritance of the precious Christian civilization, you, in turn, have received from your sires; in the name of the Christian Church, I charge you, that its sacred franchise, religious liberty, cannot be retained by men who, in civil matters, deny their allegiance to the King. I charge you citizens of the United States, afloat on your wild sea of politics, there is another King, one Jesus; the safety of the State can be secured only in the way of humble and whole-souled loyalty to His person and obedience to His law."

### "THE JEWELLED FOREST."

"Chalcedony Park," or "The Petrified Forest," is one of the more than seven wonders of our country. It is found in Apache County, Northern Arizona. Some elaborately wrought and elegantly-polished specimens of these petrifications of brilliant and mingled coloring may be seen at the artistic store of Wm. H. Jackson and Compsny, No. 860 Broadway, New York; specimens were also on exhibition in the Manufacturers' Building at the World's Columbian Exposition.

"The theories of scientific men who view these marvellous deposits are said to be like the pieces of silicified wood, no two are alike. It is, however, generally conceded that this was a tropical wood, transformed in a prehistoric era from a living, growing forest to the present recumbent sections of interblended agate, jasper, jade, calcite, amethyst, etc. Cut and polished by expensive machinery, it must ever remain a rare and costly article, since its hardness it is only three degrees from a diamond. Steel will not scratch it, nor can it be stained by ink. As cabinet specimens

these are a surpassing luxury, practically indestructible, and at the same time a scientific wonder of the first order of nature's own incomparable colorings. The specimens are generally found projecting from volcanic ash and lava which is covered with sandstone to the depth of twenty or thirty feet. The process of petrification possibly resulted from the trees being submerged by hot geysers bearing silicon in solution, the rich oxides of Arizona intermixed, and the cell tissues of the wood were substituted by the silicon in solution and then solidified."

"The history of Arizona," says B. M. Gemmill in the Presbyterian Banner, "is very much broken. It begins in 1539, when Marcos de Nizza led his soldiers across the territory. In 1848 the United States acquired part of the territory, and in 1853 the remainder was bought from Mexico. There are estimated to be 80,000 people scattered over 113,020 square miles. Most of the people are settled in the valleys, where farming is carried on successfully, and in the mountains, which are rich in silver. The mountains of Arizona are veritable silver mountains."

Chalcedony Park, which one reaches soon after entering the territory from New Mexico is one of nature's beauties. It is a park of 2,000 acres, thickly strewn with topaz, onyx, carnelian, agate, and amethyst. Whole trunks of petrified trees are found. Some of these stone trees are 150 feet long and 10 feet in diameter. One of these is lying across a chasm 60 feet wide, forming a bridge of jasper and agate. It is well named the 'Jewelled Forest.' The giant cactus, another wonder, is sometimes 60 feet high.

Arizona is said to exceed in area the following States combined: Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, West Virginia, and South Carolina. It contains the largest unbroken forest in the United States, there being from eight to ten billions of standing saw timber.

Arizona, with New Mexico, are knocking at the doors of Congress for admission to statehood.

Tucson, in Southern Arizona, is the point of especial interest to the Christian traveller. This town was, in 1685, the first settlement. In 1848 the United States acquired part of the present territory, and in 1853 the remainder was brought from New Mexico."

At great expense polishing works were constructed at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to furnish specimens of high art decorations from "The Jewelled Forest," but at the Tucson school for Pima and Papago Indians, which is under the care of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions, jewels of rarer value, and those which shall outlast the diamond and outshine the stars, are being polished for that dazzling temple which the Apostle saw in vision, descending from God out of heaven.

This work, which angels might envy, was commenced in 1888 under the efficient superintendence of the Rev. Howard Billman. Six new buildings, comprising dormitories, school rooms, laundry, hospital, dining-rooms, car-

penter shop, and living rooms, are the equipment of the school for housing.

Every morning after breakfast the entire force assembles for chapel exercises, then the school room and industrial work begins. About a mile from the school, down in the Santa Cruz Valley, are the fields of barley and wheat belonging to the school. Here the older boys are taught to farm, cultivate, and irrigate. As an incentive to work and to train them in the value and use of money, they are allowed a profit on the product of their work. In another part of the valley is an Alfalfa rancho, also under the charge of the school. This is the Presbyterian pioneer in Arizona Indian work, and gives our Church reason to be proud of their eight-year-old child. The school is half a mile from the town, and includes a Girls' and Boys' Home.

Accommodations were not sufficient in the beginning to receive all who wished to come. Dr. Billman wrote: "We were compelled to send back eight or ten who came to us of their own accord from fifty to seventy-five miles."

The Indians are Pimas, Zumas, and Papagoes; all quiet and peaceable tribes. The larger portion of the Papagoes' reservation is within nine miles of Tucson "The whole aim of our work," writes Mr. Billman, "is to send out a company of clean, industrious, self-respecting, self-reliant, self-supporting, and righteous Indians, who will till their land, build homes for themselves, and live in the enjoyment of the fruit of their toil. We shall be rejoiced if we can fit a few of the people to become teachers and evangelists."

Mr. Billman and Mr. Cook now rejoice in two native helpers, Carl Schurz and Edward Jackson.

Dr. Dorchester, the United States Superintendent of Indian Schools in 1893, reported "This school as one of the very best and most successful of the Indian contract schools. Mr. Billman has more applications than he can accommodate, the beginning of one year turning away more than fifty."

The income of the school, and consequently its numbers, have been reduced since the financial pressure and relinquishment of government aid. "The Indians have unbounded faith in the Superintendent."

Miss Pierson, daughter of the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, is an earnest missionary worker here, who writes: "It is very encouraging to note the enthusiasm with which some of the older scholars fill the place of interpreter in the less advanced Sunday-school classes. Over a class of little boys a little girl of fifteen seems to enjoy it as much as her scholars, and does her best to make it interesting. They close with prayer in the Indian language. The boys have a prayer-meeting every Friday, sometimes at different homes and sometimes at the church."

Another feature of the work is thus reported: "We now have a primary class composed of old Indians. They saw that we did their little ones no harm, but cared for them lovingly, and sent them back at vacation strong and healthy, neat and clean, and better behaved than formerly. This created a desire in the Indian, no longer a child, to attend the school himself, "To learn little English and study about God."

Surely "In the wilderness" have waters been caused to break out, and streams in the desert. Shall these life-giving waters be permitted to dry up for want of means to make them perennial?  
H. E. B.

### It Induces Sleep.

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. T. LINEWEAVER, Lebanon, Pa., says: "It induces a quick sleep, and promotes digestion."

# Boils

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# Church Music.

Edited By E. Huntington Woodman.

## THE POSTLUDE AGAIN.

I was quite interested in Dr. Hanchett's article on "The Postlude" in The Evangelist of July 30th. I have been thinking over this matter of late, and believe that something should be done, if possible, to change a state of things which is certainly far from perfect at present. While I think Dr. Hanchett is right in the main as to the prelude, my own experience is that it is noticed by some in the congregation quite as frequently as the postlude. The conditions under which it is performed, however, are certainly not ideal. As to the postlude, it seems to me (as now treated by the congregation) almost a farce, if not quite so. It is unnecessary to go at length into the grievance, as Dr. Hanchett has done this so well. I only wish to suggest that we change the position of the postlude, and let it come just before the benediction. This would bring it in the Congregational Church either just after the closing hymn or the closing prayer. I think, perhaps, the Benediction might well be pronounced before the postlude, but it would much increase the meaning and point of the postlude to pronounce the Benediction after it, making it an integral part of the service. This would insure perfect quiet during its performance, and would stimulate the organist not only to do his best, musically, but also to make fitting and appropriate selections. He could, without much extra trouble, confer with the clergyman with reference to the general character of the service, and by working together, they could secure a unity of idea and effect which would be strongly and beneficially felt.

The principal objection that would probably be urged is that the people would then have to walk out without the musical accompaniment to which they have been long accustomed. But this is really no proper objection. It does not touch the root of the matter. There is no law, or even custom in the polity of either the Presbyterian or Congregational churches which makes it necessary for the congregation to disperse with a musical accompaniment. And there is certainly no law or principle of common sense which can be urged in favor of such a custom. As I take it, we have simply drifted into this custom without much thought, thankful if we could settle the much discussed question of music in the easiest way. Neither Presbyterians nor Congregationalists make any logical provision for music in their service, as do the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, and this has given rise to a great deal of hard feeling and bad manners. At any rate, where there is a good organist who is in sympathy with the church, I see no reason why such a plan as has been suggested above could not be tried, and I feel confident that it would prove a great advance upon the present one, which has nothing to commend it either to the people, minister, organist, or to the cause of Christ in general.

If the organ selections are to minister to the religious edification and uplift of the congregation, they ought to be heard, and heard carefully, intelligently and reverently.

Imagine a minister preaching, with the congregation walking about the church talking about various things, and paying but the slenderest attention to what he is saying. This would be rightly characterized as intol-

erable. But the principle is alike in both cases. If the people, by their action, say in effect, "The postlude means nothing to us save as an accompaniment or background for our social talk," then they degrade the postlude—the voice of the organ—to an ordinary, weak, ineffective thing, and have severely crippled this part of the service. It seems as though in all churches where there are even fairly good organs, with competent organists, an arrangement might be made to carry out the plan above suggested. JOHN S. CAMP, Organist and Choirmaster, Park Church, Hartford, Conn.

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**A SABBATH IN WARWICK.**

By Rollin A. Sawyer, D.D.

We are not writing from England, nor are we thinking of Kenilworth and its historic associations, but of an American town where the traditions of its early settlement and the characteristics of its founders are still fresh after nearly two centuries, and rich in the ripening glories of manliness, Christianity, and true culture. It is a misfortune that often our oldest towns are also the newest; and our new-old towns have lost by growth and change much that might charm the visitor and command the respect due to age. Partly by the departure of the old families, largely by the influx of new people, the progress of a section of country is marked by such transformations as to destroy its identity with the past, making it merely a typical child of to day. To change a region so that its early character is unknown and its first people unrepresented, can hardly be called "growth"; yet that is the process which passes for growth in the swift pace of development around our great centers of life and trade. Within a hundred miles of New York City these surprises abound. Few desirable places have escaped the sudden evolution of a new and not always a better thing out of the old conditions.

The charm of Warwick is not its antiquity, neither antique architecture, nor old-fashioned ideas. There is not a near-by suburban town that has more tasteful or attractive and commodious buildings; the homes are handsome and modern, the lawns unfenced and close shaven, the streets perfect and well shaded and watered, and the new Reformed church, built of unhammered mountain stone, is one of the best examples of modern Byzantine to be found anywhere. This town has not slept among the hills and let the world go by unheeded. On the contrary, it has kept wide awake to all life and has drawn into its own so much as seemed to it good. The result is an old town that has kept all and lost nothing good. It has known how to discriminate, and the values of a century have not been swapped off for the tinsel of yesterday. The conservatism of self-respect has saved this community from the follies of social and civil change. It is Warwick, adorned, beautified with true culture, but Warwick still, beloved by its children and blessing all who come within the charmed circle of its genuine hospitality.

This unique character is given to a town which the old families have never deserted. Here they have lived in peace and good fellowship from generation to generation. Wealth, education, business relations, and professional life abroad have not lured the sons of Warwick into strange places, and the daughters have chosen to make happy homes among their own people rather than to dwell among strangers. Taken together, with the neighboring towns of the same county, the family circles of Warwick for a hundred years and more have kept up the line of succession with great regularity, insuring the integrity of family life and building into its fabric the sterling qualities which have made it rich in personal graces, public enjoyment, and permanent worth. Considering how easily an inheritance of family virtue and piety is wasted by unwise marriages, there is something beautiful in the sustained alliances of the best people in their children. No man who takes a wife from the old and tried friends of his family has cause to regret his choice; no woman will wreck her precious life on

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troubled seas who chooses her husband among the honest and honorable men whose inheritance is a character and standing above all question. These grand safeguards of society, of purity and peace, cannot be too highly esteemed, nor can their worth be overestimated. Family life is the foundation of the whole structure of society. Happy is that people whose customs and traditions have kept the family pure and insured its dignity by ties of royal blood!

It is in such a town that we may hope to find something already too rare, an American homestead. Warwick has more than one; but to stand in a house where six generations of the same name have lived, is something so unusual among us, that it merits special mention. Not Edward the Seventh of England, nor Leo the Thirteenth of the Vatican, could move one more than the sight of this grandson of our friend crowing and smiling in his cradle like a veritable king to whom we must pay our court as Thomas Welling of Warwick, the Seventh. You cannot stand beneath such a roof-tree of American life without deepest emotion. The kingship of this land is the character of the citizen. Where this splendid quality of manhood is cherished and preserved, you seem to be in the jewel room in which the insignia of State are guarded. Among these old homesteads where the highest ideals have been held up before generations of men and women, we walk with uncovered head as in the temple precincts and near the ark of our hopes. Would that the exigencies of our life could spare to us more of such grand old Christian homes!

We shall not soon forget our Sabbath in this fairest town of the "Land of Goshen," nor the faces of our Brother Knox's people, or their happy homes whose welcome is a benediction, nor their sterling graces which, like the everlasting hills that wall in that beautiful valley, are green and fruitful even to the summits. May grace, mercy, and peace be with them all, and their inheritance from their godly fathers continue with them throughout all generations

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President Fisher on its effect upon College and Missionary Funds.

Rev. D. W. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., President of Hanover College, Ind., here gives what all must recognize as the views of a man of large intelligence and perfect candor. We copy from the Madison (Ind.) Courier of August 4th:

Do you object to giving the public your views upon the impending money question?

No, provided you say that I speak, not as a partisan, but as one who believes that the welfare of the country is just now hazarded. As the President of one of our higher institutions of learning, I am greatly interested.

How is that? How does the matter especially concern the colleges?

Because our funds are nearly all loaned upon mortgages that run for several years, as a rule. If under free coinage the value of money greatly depreciates—as is conceded by men of all parties to be the inevitable result—our incomes, as colleges, would, in reality, be curtailed just to the extent of the depreciation. In other words, an income of \$10,000 per year from investment of our endowment at the present rate would in reality be worth only \$5,000, if the depreciation amount to 50 per cent. How most of our colleges could go on under these circumstances is not apparent. Of course, slowly the rate of interest would be advanced; but under existing law in Indiana, it could not exceed 8 per cent., which, under the depreciation, would be only worth about 4 per cent. at the present value of money. I do not say that there would be just 50 per cent. depreciation. No man knows the exact extent of it. But the tendency, in all probability, would be to sink to the market value of silver in the coined dollar.

If the colleges continue their work under these conditions, on whom must the depreciation fall?

On the teaching force and on the other employes of the institution, down to the janitor, poorly paid as most of them are even now. All salaried employes of every sort would be the first to suffer, and on them the burden must remain. All our older citizens, who remember the depreciated currency of the war, will at once understand this. Salaries are slow to advance at all, and never did advance in anything like the proportion of the depreciation. Next to them, I think, the man who depends on his wages would suffer most for a time, until business enabled employers to increase the pay. People with small incomes from invested funds, widows, orphans, pensioners of all sorts, like colleges, would be able, with difficulty, to make ends meet, if they could do it at all. College people could hope for little relief inside of long years.

You say that college funds are largely loaned on real estate security, especially farms. Do you think that these farmers and others want to pay in a depreciated currency?

I am loath to think so. As a rule, farmers are bred to honesty. I am sure that these debtors to the colleges have no reason to complain of their treatment. Money is loaned to them on long time. Renewals are easily obtained, if interest is paid. Foreclosure is always avoided if it is possible, without a violation of trust. Colleges do not want land, and are not land sharks. I should be sorry to think that such debtors would entertain the idea of legally lessening the amount of their obligations by a depreciated currency. Of course there are always some men who will get out of payment even dishonestly, if they have a chance.

Then you think that with the men who borrow on mortgage from colleges there is no

great disposition to fall in with the demand for the free coinage of silver?

As to this I have no direct information. But I have not yet lost faith in the American farmer, or in the mass of the American people, so far as to believe that if they are shown what is right and honest, they will go against it. I have seen a good many triumphs of the popular will for righteousness, among these, over slavery and the spoils system in office, and I know no reason to doubt the rectitude of the popular decision on the money question, if light is diffused in the proper way. Confidence in the people is the cornerstone of our government. The danger is, that blinded and excited by bad times and low prices, the masses should not wait to see before they act.

How would the proposed free coinage of silver affect the benevolent and missionary operations of the churches?

It is a pity that such a question needs to be asked. So far as possible, let us keep partisanship away from our Church affairs. But in this case it would be folly not to look ahead. I am afraid, let me say, therefore, that the result would be disastrous. There is no likelihood that contributions would increase in proportion to the depreciation of our money. Curtailment of salaries, reduction in the number of missionaries, of candidates for the ministry, of aid to disabled ministers, and to their widows and orphans, must follow. Foreign Missions would be likely to suffer most of all. All moneys transmitted to the countries in which our foreign missionaries are laboring are, as a rule, in the shape of exchange in London. That, of course, means that it must be sent abroad in the equivalent of gold. If our contributions are made in silver, exchange in gold at a heavy premium would reduce them so enormously that I shrink from an estimate of the effect.

I say all this with the proviso that until the experiment of free coinage is tried no man knows just what it will accomplish. I judge by great economic principles that are recognized as scientific, and by the experiences of the past. I can see no real good for anybody in the rash experiment, but I am compelled to apprehend many sore evils.

What is the attitude of college men on this subject?

You mean the men who compose the teaching force of the colleges? I cannot at this moment recall the name of one man who is a professor of any prominence, who is also in favor of the free coinage of silver. Of the leading teachers of political economy, which includes the subject of money, I do not think that there is one who favors this experiment. There are some who would like to see international bimetalism, that is, the world-wide use of both gold and silver on a basis corresponding to the intrinsic value of the two metals, which would be nearer to 30 to 1 than 16 to 1. But that is a very different thing. This is a question, too, on which the opinion of college men is entitled to great weight. They are not capitalists. They are not, as a rule, rich. They are not politicians. They are often not even partisans. They have been found fault with because they are so little bound by party ties. Their weak place is a disposition to overlook the conditions of the hour and to take into consideration only great principles. But they are men who have preferred to search after truth and to instill it into the best minds, rather than to make money, or to seek place or power. Their views in the long run prove themselves to be correct. Among them are those who are best qualified to speak on this great issue. My opinion is that with almost a unanimous voice they are positively and avowedly opposed to this dangerous experiment.

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SYNODS.

The Synod of New Mexico will meet at Albuquerque in the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 7:30 P. M., and be opened with a sermon by Rev. John Menaul, M. D., the least moderator. Mission Teachers' Institute at the same place on the 18th.

PRESBYTERIES.

- Presbytery of Dayton in Memorial Church, Dayton, Monday, Sept. 14, at 7:30 P. M. J. K. GIBSON, S. C.
Presbytery of Lyons at East Palmyra, N. Y., on Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 2 P. M. HENRY M. CLARK, S. C.
Presbytery of Lake Superior at Menominee, Mich., Thursday, Sept. 10, at 7:30 P. M. Sessional records are required. The Woman's Missionary Society and Young People's Society of the above Presbytery will meet at same place, the former on Friday and the latter on Saturday, at 9 A. M. Delegates to Presbytery and to the Societies will report names as soon as elected to Rev. Geo. C. Lamb, Menominee. J. M. ROGERS, S. C.
Presbytery of Kendall at Malad City, Idaho, Thursday, Sept. 3, at 7:30 P. M. GEORGE LAMB, S. C.
Presbytery of Maumee in North Baltimore, O., Sept. 8, at 7:30 P. M. H. W. SLAGLE, S. C.
Presbytery of Oauege in First Presbyterian church, Cherry Valley, Sept. 8-9. EUGENE V. OSTRANDER, S. C.
Presbytery of Peoria at Altoona, Ill., Sept. 8, at 7:30 P. M. I. A. CORNELIUSON, S. C.
Presbytery of Erie at Cochranton, Sept. 8, at 7:30 P. M. R. S. VAN CLEVE, S. C.
Presbytery of Kearney in Genoa, Neb., Sept. 8, at 7:30 P. M. A special Home Mission conference will be held Wednesday afternoon and evening. THOMAS C. CLARK, S. C.
Steuben Presbytery at Angelica, Sept. 15, at 7:30 P. M. JAMES A. MILLER, S. C.
Presbytery of Southern Dakota at Dell Rapids, S. D., Sept. 8, at 7:30 P. M. Sessional records are required at this meeting. T. B. BOUGHTON, S. C.
Presbytery of Des Moines at Osceola, Ia., Sept. 15, at 7:30 P. M. W. C. ATWOOD, S. C.
Grand Rapids Presbytery in Muir, Mich., Tuesday, Sept. 15, at 7:30 P. M. D. A. JEWELL, Stated Clerk.
Presbytery of Cairo stands adjourned to meet in Du Quoin, Ill., Sept. 8, at 7:30 P. M. B. C. SWAN, Stated Clerk.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY MINUTES AND REPORTS.

The Minutes for 1896 can be had at the following rates: to ministers whose Presbyteries have paid in full the apportionment for the expense of the General Assembly, paper covered Minutes without charge; cloth bound, 25c. The Minutes to all other persons—in paper, \$1.00; in cloth, \$1.50.

The Reports of the Boards can be had as follows: to ministers whose Presbyteries have paid in full the apportionment, paper covered Reports without charge; cloth bound, 25c. To all other persons in paper, 50c; in cloth, 50c.

DEATHS.

WICKES. - At Orange, N. J., on Sunday, Aug. 9 Lydia Matilda Howard, widow of Stephen Wickes, M. D., in the 84th year of her age.

WOODLAWN CEMETERY.

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TEMPERANCE AND MORALS.

Mr. Charles E. Hires, of the Charles E. Hires Co., sends us a letter, in view of representations that Hires' Rootbeer is an alcoholic beverage, in which he states positively that his beverage has been analyzed repeatedly and pronounced a strictly temperance and non-alcoholic drink. He writes:

One great problem of the temperance cause recognized by many intelligent people is to provide a pleasant and healthy substitute for alcohol stimulants (our great National curse), a drink pleasing to the taste, gratifying to the sense of thirst, and of a cooling character, which will produce a healthful action of the food, instead of the inflaming frenzy of alcohol. Hires' Rootbeer is prepared for the purpose of accomplishing these results; its basis is pure roots, barks, herbs, and berries gathered from nature's own storehouse, in the proper preparation of which in its conversion to an appetizing and healthful drink, we do as every country housewife and mother has done from time immemorial, in preparing that staple beverage of the household, HOME MADE ROOTBEER, and the result of the fermentation thus produced is to purify the compound by the action of carbonic acid gas thus generated to prepare it for perfect and healthy assimilation in the stomach.

Hires' Rootbeer differs, therefore, especially from malt beer. In these compounds the process of fermentation by the use of barley and other grains converted into malt (and the large quantity of hops) is carried to such an extent that considerable quantities of alcohol are produced, the object of the manufacturers being to create an alcoholic stimulant, while the use of fermentation in Rootbeer is only to prepare it like bread for the healthful digestion of the system.

OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

Mr. George Frink Spencer has just returned from an extended trip abroad, combining business with pleasure. Mr. Spencer is manager for the well known firm of I. P. Frink, 551 Pearl Street, New York, maker of reflectors for lighting churches, halls, public buildings, art galleries, etc.

NOTED LASELL GIRLS.

Elizabeth J. Gardner, whose marriage to Bouguereau after a nineteen years' engagement has recently taken place in Paris; Kate Field, whom all the country mourns, and Annie Whitney, the famous sculptor of Boston, were all pupils at LaSelle Seminary, Auburn-dale, Mass.

THE ELECTROPOISE NOW \$10.00.

For reasons that will be mailed to any address, the Electrolibration Company, 1122 Broadway, have reduced the price of the Electropoise to \$10 for three months Judge Carver of the Kansas Court of Appeals speaks very highly of this new remedy; read his letter in the advertising columns of this issue of The Evangelist.

There is no portion of our country that better rewards the summer tourist than the old Northwest—the North Michigan and Lake Superior region, inclusive of portions of Wisconsin and Minnesota. While the general aspect of natural wildness is now broken in upon by settlements and not a few fine towns and cities, and these have such steamer and railway connections as leave nothing to be desired in the way of expedition and comfort in reaching them, these alternations of the handiwork of nature in all its wildness with the fine abodes of modern civilization, rather enhance the effect upon the beholder than otherwise. The clear, stimulating atmosphere is there, and the picturesque, often sublime, scenery adds its charms as of old. Then the visitor is at leisure as he skirts along the southern coast of Superior by steamer or avails of the excellently appointed Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic Railway (of which Mr. G. W. Hibbard is General Passenger Agent), as was hardly the case when the means of locomotion were less comfortable than in this our day of special advance in all these matters. The traveller can hardly go amiss, so many surprises are there awaiting him from Sault Ste. Marie, at the mouth of Superior, to its extreme limit on the west, the cities of Superior and Duluth, and he will return with many eulogies of what he has seen of the country, its beautiful lakes and waterways, its hills and mountains, its rich mines and great, teaming areas of grass and grain, and the general aspect of thrift and progress which broods over all and insures the future prosperity of its inhabitants, its railroads and marts of trade and manufactures.

BOGUS PAINTS AND OILS.

One might well think that the long prevailing cheapness of pure white lead and linseed oil would make the adulteration or imitation of either of these articles an unprofitable business. It is, therefore, surprising to find, by careful inquiry, that the market is still largely supplied with imitation leads and worthless compounds.

For years the paints brought most conspicuously to the notice of the consumer have been the ready mixed products, and the demand for these compounds has opened a field for fraud that has been largely occupied by the cheapest mixtures. These have, in the long run, proved costly to the consumer, and have caused him, for the lack of a correct understanding of the relation which such paints bear to pure pigments, either to regard the whole list of latter day paints with distrust, or to place him in unreservedly at the mercy of the paint quack.

The necessity thus brought about for the makers of honest goods doing some educational work among consumers, as well as among those dealers who have no special familiarity with paints, but handle them simply as merchandise, has been apparent to many, but few have undertaken the work. Two years ago the National Lead Company began such a work in the advertising columns of the class of publications which reached the homes of consumers, and any one familiar with the business, who has observed the character of the advertising, cannot have failed to be impressed with the benefit which it is likely to exert upon the trade as a whole.

The combinations of mineral and non-drying animal and vegetable oils sold in many localities, if employed in the mixing of paints, however pure the pigment may be, cannot fail to yield disappointing results on wood or ironwork. If the claim that such oils are pure linseed is unchallenged, the reputation of pure oils as a vehicle for paint is damaged, and the opportunity for makers of the cheap compounds is correspondingly widened. The value of a paint depends equally upon the integrity of the pigment and of the oil, and the adulteration of either cannot fail to be damaging to both. The safety of dealers, no less than of consumers, lies in the use of such pigments and oils as bear the brands of makers whose reputation and commercial standing are known and are beyond question.—Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter.

## THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

By Rev. William E. Thomson, B. D., Glasgow.

Of the three hundred delegates entitled to sit and vote, nearly two hundred were from Canada and the United States. Undoubtedly the presence of transatlantic brethren in such numbers added to the interest of the meetings in the eyes of the Glasgow people, who are not averse to ecclesiastical novelty. Since Mr. Moody made a way across the ocean—twenty-three years ago—the American preacher has been a welcome visitor here. His bearing in the pulpit, his intonation, his sparkling, direct, unconventional speech, are regarded by many as forming a pleasing contrast to the heavy and somewhat stereotyped Scotch manner. The prospect of hearing distinguished exponents of the American style no doubt attracted many to the meetings. The American delegates, for the most part, seemed men of practical genius. Under the guidance of the alert and wide-awake President—Dr. W. H. Roberts of Philadelphia—the routine business was despatched with a speed which made Scotchmen rub their eyes. In speaking the Americans showed coolness, deliberation, and self-control, relying little upon notes, and trusting confidently to the inspiration of the moment. The speculative side of theology has evidently little attraction for them; they prefer, as one of them said, to “deal with the concrete.” They stand by the Reformed creeds, hold to the covenants, and revere the name of Calvin. Possibly the pressure of practical interests in American life leaves little time for theological thinking. Whatever the reason be, one could not but conclude, from a general observation of the meetings, that the American Presbyterian ministry is theologically conservative, and, indeed, averse to any remodelling of the Standards of the Church, or any new construction in theology. There are some honored theologians in Scotland who would be regarded as dangerous heretics by the great mass of American Presbyterians. Nor did the British delegates do much to disturb the unanimity with which the Council set itself against theological progress. True, Professor Salmond expressed the opinion that the preparation of a new Catechism would be a boon to the Church; and Dr. Oswald Dykes admitted that in England they had fallen back on the Westminster Catechism in “sheer desperation,” after efforts to put some other manual in its place; while Dr. Kidd incurred the wrath of Mr. Macaskill by avowing that the denial of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch does not involve the denial of the spiritual value of these books. These, however, were the holdest statements made, and they met with little favor. These remarks are not offered by way of criticism or blame. We believe, however, that there is good ground for affirming that the condition of theological thought in Scotland is not so stable as a perusal of the Council's discussions would lead one to suppose.

## TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION—THE CHURCH.

Three great topics were set down for consideration by the Council—the Church, the Creeds, and Criticism. For three days discussion centered on these and circled round them. With regard to the first, the most important papers read were those of Professor Henri Bois, Principal Dykes, and Professor Orr. In these days, when Mr. Gladstone, with his unrivalled art, is waving the enchanter's wand over St. Peter's chair, when the validity of Anglican Orders is under consideration by the Sacred College of Cardinals, and when a belated revival of High Churchism is exciting a languid and amused interest in Scotland, discussions on the Church have an importance. Where is the true Church to

be found? Who are its members? By what marks and signs shall we recognize it? These questions are being eagerly put and variously answered. For the lay mind it is difficult to invest them with more than theoretic interest. To the plain man the Church of Christ is composed of men and women who love Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, and who serve Him in faith. The visible Church is ever striving towards perfection, ever remains a symbol of the perfect spiritual Church one day to be realized. At present the Ideal is the inspiration of the Actual, but not identical with it. Professor Bois dealt with the Roman Catholic claims. The Romish Church denies the distinction between the ideal and actual, and claims even now to be the one, true Church of Christ. In support of this stupendous claim there must be adduced a faultless history, the Church must present the spotlessness of the Bride of Christ. To what extent this can be done all men know. Alexander VI., Leo X., and Clement VII. being called for the defence, the conclusion is inevitable. A history considerably more creditable than that of Rome would effectually dispose of her amazing pretensions. Most men would gladly consign the history of the Roman Catholic Church to oblivion if she showed any tendency to abate her claims. But avowing herself to be the one receptacle of Divine Grace, the one organ of the divine Spirit in the world, how can we wonder that men protest with horror against such an impiety?

Dr. Dykes dealt with Anglicanism. The Anglican Church is surely in a strange plight. Fifty years ago Newman abandoned her for Rome, denying her even the possibility of eking out a precarious existence on the uncovenanted mercies; and to day, at the bidding of the predominant party within her borders, she would fain follow him. Rome unchurches Anglicanism, and the Anglican unchurches the Presbyterian. It would be amusing were it not so melancholy. And how rich is the store of uncovenanted mercies was shown by Dr. Dykes in an eloquent survey of the work done for God and man beyond the bounds of Episcopacy. If the energy and devotion, the philanthropy and missionary zeal of the Protestant world are sustained merely by the crumbs that fall from the divinely furnished table of Episcopacy, let us ask no more than the crumbs, for they are plainly meat for strong men.

But our readers must not conclude that the Council disposed of the Roman and Anglican claims in order to exalt Presbyterianism as the one divine system of Church organization. Nothing more is claimed for Presbyterianism than this—that it is a highly effective method of associating men for the best purposes. It is claimed that, in the ordered grades of Presbyterian offices, the “diversity of gifts” is recognized, while in her essential democracy the “one Spirit” is honored. We believe that Presbyterianism has the merits of Episcopacy on the one hand, and of Congregationalism on the other, while able, with very fair success, to avoid the dangers which threaten both. But were the Presbyterian Church to claim to be the one true Church, the necessity for another Reformation would at once arise. With all humility, the Presbyterian Church can say that God has been, and is, in her midst; that His grace has equipped many of her sons for noble and gracious work in the world; but the same humility forbids her to deny that, in other communions, the same grace is doing its beneficent work. Dr. Dykes's proud appeal to history was justified; and when, at a later meeting, Dr. A. R. MacEwen, in an attractive paper, spoke of “The Educational Influence of our Church on the

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Individual” he could cite such men as Macleod, Chalmers, and Cairns as witnesses, who, though dead, yet speak to us in lives of charity, zeal, and piety that cannot die, of the abundant measure of grace bestowed on our Church.

Dr. Orr's subject was “The Church as a Witness for Revealed Truth.” His paper covered a great deal of ground and raised many important issues. It was a powerful vindication of the necessity of doctrine. Christianity, urged Dr. Orr, is capable of coherent and intelligible statement, and Christian men must regard it as a supreme duty to state the facts of their faith. They must bear witness to the truth, *i. e.*, they must seek to express in an intelligible way their experience of the Gospel of Christ. “It is the business of the Church,” said the speaker, “to find out this content” (*i. e.*, the Christian facts), “to declare it, to guard it, to defend it, and ever more perfectly to seek to unfold it in the connection of its parts and in relation to advancing knowledge.” He complained, farther on, and rightly, of the present-day tendency to insist on “the break of Christianity with dogma.” True, it might be said that the revolt against dogma, which Dr. Orr condemns, is not so much against dogma in itself—for surely, since Christianity is a rational system, it must be capable of rational statement—but rather against the continued acceptance of dogmas with regard to which there is pressing need for restatement. The new theologies are not really undogmatic, except in so far as they lack the authoritative stamp of the Church; they are attempts rather towards a fresh dogmatic statement of Christian truth. Dr. Orr is a stalwart controversialist, and his paper was obviously directed against that school which seeks vainly to banish metaphysics from theology. The conflict, however, is not between those who acknowledge and those who repudiate metaphysics, but between different methods of interpreting and explaining the facts of Christianity. Dr. Orr's opponents are quite as metaphysical as he. The question is, Have they something true to tell us about Christianity; do they offer interpretations of the Christian facts which make these more real to us than some of the older explanations do? If so, then may it not be said that the work of these men is just the present-day “witness of the Church to revealed truth”? The phrase, “the Church,” used frequently in this connection, tends to obscure the point at issue. The Church is, after all, nothing apart from the individuals who compose it, and her work of witness-bearing can best be seen in the earnest efforts of individual thinkers to make the Christian Gospel real to themselves. It

may be said that the Church's Creed is continually undergoing revision, modification, and extension, while the official documents of a past age, which constitute her Standards, remain unchanged. To urge the individual Christian to be true to himself is the only way to ensure that the Church will remain loyal, in the best sense, to the faith once delivered to the saints.

#### THE COUNCIL AND THE CREEDS.

The most noteworthy paper in this section was read by Professor Heron of Belfast, and had for its subject, "The Duty of the Church regarding its Catechisms and Confessions." The other papers were mainly historical, though they gave rise to an interesting discussion on the advisability of using the Catechism as a manual of instruction for the young. Dr. Salmund, as we have said, in his scholarly paper, called for a "Catechism for the Twentieth Century." A French delegate declared that "Calvinism is celebrating a sort of renaissance in France." Another French pastor said that the Catechism was taught in France, "not in its ancient form, though in the spirit." Dr. John Hall, New York, held that children should commit the Catechism to memory, while General Prime believed "in teaching the child the Catechism even before he understands it." Principal Grant, Canada, said that "we must have catechisms in the language of the day, and the Church must be prepared for the restatement of her creeds." This observation brought up Mr. Macaskill, who invited the Council to visit the Highlands, and see a place where "the Catechism is fully appreciated and taught." Professor Heron enumerated four "main uses which are served by creeds: (1) A creed declares the sense in which the Church understands Scripture; (2) A creed serves as a rule or standard whereby the Church regulates the teaching given by her office bearers; (3) A creed is also a bond of union and fellowship for those adhering to it; (4) A creed is, especially in its catechetical form, a manual of instruction for the members of the Church." To the first of these points Dr. Heron devoted the most of his time, contending, against some modern scholars, that the Nicene Creed is a fair and legitimate interpretation of Christian truth as contained in the New Testament; that, far from being a document in which Christian facts are obscured by Greek speculation it is a reliable statement of these facts, and deserves to be regarded as authoritative. In Professor Heron's opinion, to deny the statements of the Nicene Creed on the Person of Christ would be equivalent to a denial of an essential Christian fact. His position is very similar to that of Dr. Orr. In the New Testament we have a body of inspired truth; the great creeds of Christendom are reliable formulations of this truth—they are therefore authoritative. In keeping loyal to them the Church is remaining faithful to her Lord. The Council was obviously impressed by the remarkable papers of the two learned professors. They may be regarded as representatives—we shall not say of conservatism in theology, but of caution—a caution all the more worthy of respect because united with candor and backed by wide and accurate scholarship. It is not to be expected, of course, that Professor Heron's paper will be found convincing by those who have been influenced by the researches of such men as Harnack and Hatch. When he, for example, describes the contrast, which has been drawn so frequently of late, between the simple ethical idealism of the Sermon on the Mount and the metaphysical subtlety of the Nicene Creed, as "unjust and fallacious," and declares that a contrast might as well be drawn between the Sermon on the Mount and the prologue to John's Gospel, he must know

that the reply is ready. It would at once be urged that this prologue is itself of the nature of a creed, i. e., an effort to express the truth regarding Christ in current forms of thought. Then, again, would not the question regarding the date and authorship of the fourth Gospel require to be settled before Professor Heron's point could have any force?

#### THE COUNCIL AND CRITICISM.

The relation of the Church to modern thought is a subject the Council could not overlook without shirking a manifest duty. Through the cheap literature of these days the results of much of the most advanced thinking are accessible to all. Not a few are perplexed, and the faith of many is undergoing severe strain. It was only fitting that the Council should discuss such topics as Evolution and Biblical Criticism, and furnish us with the results of the best thought of Presbyterianism on these matters. We fear the outcome will hardly satisfy our critics. It is to be regretted that Principal Macvicar opened with a paper which was practically a blast against philosophy, as if philosophy were a vain human conceit, and not the quest after truth. Theology, he said, is independent of philosophy. Its subject matter is of divine origin, while philosophy is wholly the product of the human mind. Surely Professor Lindsay was right in entering a mild protest against this misleading distinction. Can it not be said with equal truth of philosophy, that its subject matter is of divine origin? God, man, the world—these are the objects of philosophical enquiry. They are not the products of the human mind, but the great, given facts whose existence and rational relation make philosophy possible. It would be truer to say that theology—to rise above the dullest dogmatism—must become philosophical, and that philosophy never reveals her inner nature till she becomes religious. The divine subject-matter of theology, of which Principal Macvicar spoke, cannot be received by us on any other authority than that of reason, using the word reason in its broadest and truest sense; as the synthesis of man's spiritual functions. To regard theology as the mere systematizing of certain truths which we must accept on authority, or by some unintelligible exercise of blind faith, is surely to degrade her from being the queen of the sciences. And on the other hand, if philosophy be simply a means of disciplining the mind in order that it may do this work of systematizing more thoroughly, it will be hard to claim for her any serious consideration.

More satisfactory was Professor Todd Martin's paper on Evolution. He pointed out that the case for Evolution is not yet complete, and that, in the meantime, the Christian thinker is justified in maintaining a certain reserve. With great reasonableness he insisted that no explanation of the universe can be accepted by Christian men which denies the priority of the spiritual, or at least, denies that the spiritual is implied in the very conception of a world of nature. Materialism is too narrow a creed to account for life as we know it. But the impossible explanations put forward by Materialism, and the desperate straits to which it is reduced in order to account for the appearance of rational life, should warn us against basing our case on a rigidly literal reading of the poetic narrative of creation in Genesis. The Christian thinker, in his conflict with Materialism, must not seek to come off victor by simply flaunting in the face of his opponent a shred of ancient literature, however beautiful. To him also are bequeathed the spoils of the ages, gained by human research and endeavor; the whole spiritual history of mankind furnishes him

with weapons. Only in the light of present-day revelation can the narrative of Genesis be placed in its proper setting, and its fine religious feeling and spiritual suggestiveness be made part of the proof that man is made in the divine image, that his rational life is indeed breathed into him by the divine Spirit.

We turn now to the papers submitted to the Council on Biblical Criticism. These were two in number, and were admirable alike in spirit and execution. Professor Zenos of Chicago spoke of "The Right Attitude of the Church towards Biblical Criticism." This he defined as an attitude of "careful cultivation and control." He pleaded for liberty for the critic and for patience on the part of the Church. The second paper, by Dr. Kidd of Glasgow, was likewise calculated to allay the fears of those to whom the very phrase "Higher Criticism" suggests unspeakable things. Dr. Kidd is the right man to take the bridge in a storm, and reassure timid passengers. Criticism, he pointed out, is simply investigation, or the pursuit of truth, simply the effort to discover all discoverable facts about the Bible. Its method must be scientific. The critic must not approach the Bible with a ready-made theory, which the facts must be made to fit; his theory must be born of the facts. We had the feeling that Dr. Kidd, in saying this, had in his mind certain critics of the "advanced" school. The caution, however, is relevant all round. The presuppositions of the traditionalists must be set aside as well as those, say, of the "anti-supernaturalists." Is it possible, however, to address oneself to the task of criticism with an empty mind? We question if it is. Theories have a trick of running ahead of facts, and often, at an early stage of the investigation, a critic may, quite legitimately, form a theory which, as the facts emerge, is gradually transformed into a certainty of knowledge. This, we suspect, is much more common than the method Dr. Kidd condemned, if, indeed, that method is ever followed. One sentence in Dr. Kidd's judicious and temperate paper called forth criticism from Dr. Fox, a young American divine, and Mr. Macaskill of Dingwall. The sentence ran thus: "The question of vital interest concerning the Pentateuch, for example, was not whether it was written by Moses, but whether or not what was written about Moses was true." It was a sentence penned, no doubt, with a conciliatory intention, yet it failed to satisfy the brethren referred to. And in a sense they were justified in taking exception to it. If Moses did not write the Pentateuch, then it is highly probable that much of what is written about Moses is not true in the sense of being literal historical fact. If Deuteronomy belongs to the age of Jeremiah, and the Mosaic speeches in that book are prophetic writings of the seventh century B.C., sent forth, according to custom, under the name of Moses, it is not true, of course, to say that Moses actually spoke these words in the hearing of the children of Israel. It may be replied that these speeches are in the spirit of Moses, and designed to perpetuate in a later age, the great work he did in Israel. If this be what is meant, it is far better to say so. It does matter whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch or not. The denial of the Mosaic authorship involves a reconstruction of Old Testament history, which reconstruction may profoundly influence our views on inspiration. Dr. Kidd's critics saw this, and, in the interests of the traditional view and of all that that view involves, expressed their dissent. From their standpoint they were quite justified. The discovery of truth can never be a matter of indifference. Criticism is not the work of intellectual automata, but of living men who



formed churches have sprung. It dates from March 9, 1699, when John Tuynesen and Pieter Van Nest were baptized and installed as elder and deacon respectively. The records for some years subsequent to this earlier one appear to have been lost. For the next in the possession of the church bears date 1721. But a record found by James Riker of New York, in the Waverly Library and Museum, speaks of a first sermon preached in the "new church" on May 26, 1709. About 1721 a church edifice was erected on the north side of the Raritan on land donated by Michael Van Veghten. It stood until burned by the British dragoons under Col. Simcoe in 1779. Subsequently, until the erection of the edifice now taken down, which was built about 1786, though rebuilt and enlarged in 1838, the congregation worshipped in a county building and in the court house, which the church united with the Board of Freeholders in erecting for church and county purposes in 1782. The succession of pastors has been: Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen, who also preached at Three Mile Run, Six Mile Run and North Branch; John Frelinghuysen, 1750-1754; vacancy, 1754-1758; Jacob R. Hardenburgh, 1758-1781; vacancy, 1781-1784; Theodore Frelinghuysen Romeyn, 1784-1785; John Duryc, 1785-1799; John S. Vredenburg, 1800-1821; vacancy, 1821-1826; R. D. Van Kleck, 1826-1831; Abraham Messler, 1832-1870; J. Preston Searle, 1831-1894; W. S. Cranmer, 1894-. The new church edifice is to be cruciform, with east and west transepts, the organ loft back of the east transept. The seating and aisles will be straight, and the entire inside finish of hardwood and yellow pine. The lighting will be principally from dormer windows in the roof. The style of the building is modernized Gothic—low and picturesque—well adapted to its location amidst the venerable trees of the campus. It will be built of stone from the famous Stockton quarries—the carved work and trimmings of Indiana lime stone. The seating capacity will be from 750 to 800. In the rear of the church will be pastor's room, and a cloister will connect the church with the chapel, which has been recently enlarged to a seating capacity of 500 at a cost of \$4,000, and is not only commodious, but beautiful, and provides those conveniences indispensable in these days to church work, as library, parlors, kitchen, etc. The chapel will be used for the regular Sunday services until the church is completed some time next spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

**THEOLOGY AND CHURCH ATTENDANCE.**—The Rev. Dr. W. C. Bitting, pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist church, tells this story: "On a rainy Sunday morning I looked out of my window and saw people pouring into the Catholic church two blocks away. The church was crowded, and that was only one service in three, all of which were well attended. Most of the people who attended one service did not attend the others. 'Well,' I said, 'surely if they can get fifteen hundred people three times a day, I ought to have a thousand once.' There were eleven hundred members in good standing on my church rolls. How many attended my church that morning? I counted them; just 139." The doctor adds: "There was the same God, the same storm, the same outward environment; the difference must have been in the early training." Yes, one of early training and of different training in theology. Church attendance like alms-giving is, in the Roman Catholic view, a meritorious service, and for each and every church attendance and for every dollar given a specific reward is promised which will proportionately diminish the penance to be rendered in purgatory. If Protestants taught and received a similar system of theology, their churches would be fuller, and more money would flow into the Lord's treasury.

MRS. JARED LINSLEY.

Mrs. Catharine Baldwin Linsly, widow of the late Jared Linsly, M.D., entered into rest at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Noah Linsly, at Wallingford, Conn., Wednesday, July 15. Dr. Linsly was a physician of the Old School, an enthusiastic alumnus of Yale College, and one of that remarkable group of men which the State of Connecticut contributed to the professional and business life of New York in the first half of the century.

Mrs. Linsly was a fitting companion to him through his long and laborious career, a wife in whom the heart of her husband safely trusted. They were both for many years faithful and esteemed members of the Mercer Street Presbyterian church, and after its union with the University Place church in 1870, continued in the fellowship of the united church until the close of life. Mrs. Linsly's native strength of character, as well as her Christian faith and fortitude, were proved not only by the burden bearing which fell to her lot as the mother of a large family, but also, in later years, by multiplying bereavements and sorrows. Her patience and resignation under trial bore witness to the possession of an inward grace which is not of this world. The end found her ready and waiting. Amid the quiet scenes endeared to her by long and tender association, and surrounded by her surviving children, she fell peacefully asleep in the assured hope of a blessed immortality. "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

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T. F. GARVER, Salina,  
GEO. W. CLARK, Topeka, } Associate Judges.

SALINA, Kans., Aug. 6, 1896.

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Yours truly,

T. F. GARVER.

PRINCETON'S 150th ANNIVERSARY.

Princeton University will celebrate its 150th anniversary Oct. 20, 21, and 22.

On the first day, Tuesday, Oct. 20, the celebration will begin with a commemorative religious service in the Marquand Chapel at 11 o'clock in the morning. President Patton will deliver the discourse, which is expected to set forth the religious attitude of Princeton during the one hundred and fifty years of its existence. This service will be followed by a reception and introduction of delegates, immediately after luncheon, in Alexander Hall, at which the prominent visitors will be presented to the President, the members of the Board of Trustees and of the Faculty, and to each other. The evening of the first day will probably be occupied by the rendition of some historically famous masterpiece in music.

Wednesday, Oct. 21, the second day of the celebration, will be alumni day. The exercises will begin with the delivery of the sesqui-centennial oration and the sesqui-centennial poem. Professor Woodrow Wilson of the Department of Jurisprudence in Princeton has been elected to deliver the oration. Professor Wilson is an alumnus of Princeton, having been graduated in 1879. The poem will be by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, pastor of the Brick Church, New York, an alumnus of Princeton in the class of 1873. The two historical literary societies of Princeton have been recognized in the appointment of the orator and poet, the former being a member of Whig Hall and the latter of Clio Hall.

The third day of the celebration is the actual one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary day of the founding of the college, and the sesqui-centennial celebration proper will take place on this day, beginning at 11 A.M. with an academic procession to Alexander Hall. There addresses will be delivered by President Cleveland and President Patton. The formal assumption of the university title will be announced, when the old college of New Jersey will become in name, as it has actually been for some years, Princeton University. The list of givers to the Endowment Fund, now being completed, will be announced, and those upon whom the University will confer honorary degrees will be presented and receive their degrees. All this will probably occupy nearly two hours, and with the close of this meeting the public exercises of the sesqui-centennial celebration will come to an end. In the evening, however, a farewell dinner will be given for the visiting delegates from sister institutions, when several toasts will be responded to by prominent delegates.

REV. WM. H. BELDEN, D.D.

The deceased belonged to a family of educators, and was himself a man of attainments and of marked facility as a writer. He was born in Newark, N. J., Aug. 3, 1841. He graduated from Yale College in 1863 and from Union Theological Seminary in 1867. Five years later he was ordained to the ministry at Branchville, N. J., and became a missionary of the American Board in Bulgaria in 1873, purposing to devote himself to the publication department as editor of the mission paper, the Zor-

nitsa. He was a frequent contributor to the New York Tribune, The Evangelist and other religious papers, before going to Bulgaria in 1873, and on his return in 1881, for reasons of health, he wrote much in promotion of missionary operations.

He became a pastor in Bridgeton, New Jersey, shortly after his return, and in addition to discharging his pastoral duties with zeal and ability, he did much to promote the missionary spirit of the churches of the entire Synod of New Jersey.

From these congenial labors Mr. Belden was called to Bristol, Conn., as pastor of the Congregational church. He had only fairly entered upon this most promising field when he was stricken with apoplexy. Retiring on his partial recovery to Clifton Springs, N. Y., that place has since been the home of himself, his wife and daughters—a most interesting and loving family. His death on Friday evening, the closing day of July, was sudden, as perhaps he himself anticipated it would be whenever his malady should recur. Dr. Belden had given much time to promoting the yearly meetings and interest of the International Missionary Union, and this work was continued up to his death. He had also made good progress in the preparation of a concordance of the New Testament in Bulgarian.

The New York Agricultural Experiment Station has just issued a bulletin which is of especial interest just at this time to every farmer in the State, as it treats of that much dreaded pest, the "army worm," which has so recently made sad havoc in many of our grain and pasture fields. The Bulletin is No. 104, New Series, and is entitled "Notes on the Recent Invasion of the Army Worm." The surprising and sudden increase in the numbers of this pest has been well styled the entomological event of the season. It has also been an event which will

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is brought within the reach of everybody by the present arrangement of rates and facilities. The occasional user finds a public telephone pay station in almost every block in the city. The householder finds that message rates make telephone service at a private residence quite an inexpensive luxury. The business or professional man appreciates the fairness and convenience of rates dependent on the use of the service.

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be long remembered by a majority of the farmers of the State, and especially by those who have suffered a heavy financial loss in consequence. The prompt work of the Experiment Station authorities in distributing needed information should be appreciated by every one interested in agricultural pursuits. The numerous letters and telegrams which were daily received from farmers in almost every section of the State, complaining that fields of wheat, oats, rye, corn, barley, timothy and pasture land were being destroyed by hordes of worms, were promptly replied to, and in many cases telegrams were sent in order that the needed information might be more promptly received. Circular letters were also sent to some of the newspapers of the State. In addition to this, the Station Entomologists were sent to some of the infested sections to direct, when necessary, the work of checking the advancing armies of worms, and also to make such observations as to the life, history and habits of the insect as opportunity afforded and as would be useful in case of future outbreaks of a similar nature. Although it was ascertained that the outbreak is well distributed throughout the State, those sections which are largely given to dairying and stock raising seem to have suffered the most. The first news of the appearance of the worms came from some of the southeastern counties, but soon similar reports were being received from many other counties, including St. Lawrence on the north, Suffolk on the southeast, and in nearly all of the southern and western counties.

In addition to a review of the invasion of the army worm, this bulletin gives, concisely, a general review of the life, history and habits of the insect, together with such additional remarks in this connection as are deemed of interest at this time. One item of especial interest is the description of the work of a parasitic fly which has been an important factor in decreasing the numbers of the worms; also a bacterial disease which makes quick work of its victims. Considerable space is given to directions for the treatment of previously infested fields. It is stated that rolling the ground, clearing up all rubbish from the infested fields, and, where practical, burning over infested sections, will kill many of the worms which are now in the ground or under stones and rubbish. Suggestions as to crops as partial substitutes for corn and oats destroyed by the worms are also given. Among the crops suggested are barley and peas, which may be grown as a partial substitute where the destroyed corn was intended for a soiling crop, and in case of excess may be used in the silo. At the close of the bulletin a review of the most satisfactory methods of checking the worms during an invasion is given. Altogether the bulletin is a timely one, and will especially recommend itself to busy farmers, not only because of the useful information it contains, but because of the concise manner in which it is written. The text is illustrated by line cuts and two full-page plates. Like all other bulletins published by the Station, this one is sent free on application.

**MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WEST NILES.**

We laid to rest here in Spring Forest on Tuesday morning, Aug. 11th, a Christian lady of whom I feel sure many readers of The Evangelist would like to see some notice. Mary West, daughter of Dr. Silas and Mrs. Lucy C. West, was born in this city May 23d, 1829. Her father was an estimable physician and an elder of the First Presbyterian Church for more than forty years, and Dr. Henry S. West of Sivas, Turkey, one of the most distinguished medical missionaries ever sent out from this country, was her brother. She was united in marriage with the Rev. Wm. A. Niles, son of the first pastor of our First Church, June 27th, 1850.

Rev. and Mrs. Niles labored first as home missionaries in Beaver Dam and Watertown, Wisconsin, where they spent nine happy years. Returning to the East in 1859, they were invited to Corn- ing, where they labored more than twelve years

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and then removed to the neighboring church of Hornellsville, where they ministered over seventeen years, until their names became household words and their faces objects of dear affection throughout Steuben Presbytery. After laying down the work in Hornellsville, Dr. and Mrs. Niles were not idle, but found opportunities of serving the Master and endearing themselves to many friends in the German Theological Seminary of Newark, in the West Church of this city during the pastor's absence, and in Trumansburg, their last earthly home. In all these fields of labor Mrs. Niles was not only the pastor's wife, but his most helpful and acceptable assistant in the work of the church. In the prayer-meeting, in the missionary society, in the Sunday-school, in the homes of the people, she was alike a welcome presence and a wise counsellor. The charm of her character was her childlikeness. Childish things she put away, but the eager, impulsive, trustful child-heart of love and devotion she kept to the end. About the grave as we lowered her precious dust into the earth stood the stricken husband and three loving sons: the Rev. W. H. Niles, recently of Nebraska; the Rev. John S. Niles of Trumansburg, and Editor Silas W. Niles of Newark. The only living child absent was Miss Mary W. Niles, M.D., Superintendent of Canton Hospital, China.

"The star is not extinguished when it sets  
Upon the dull horizon: it but goes  
To shine in other skies, then reappear  
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.  
"The day of reappearing! how it speeds!  
He who is true and faithful speaks the word.  
Then shall we ever be with those we love—  
Then shall we be forever with the Lord."  
AMICUS.

BINGHAMTON, Aug. 14, 1896.

**WOMEN'S BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS**

From Ichowfu, China, the Rev. Charles A. Killie recently wrote: "We are having much encouragement in our work these days. At our communion service ten days ago I had eleven applicants for baptism, of whom I baptized three, and at the same time Mr. Chalfant had five applicants, of whom he baptized three. Many people are coming to inquire the way of life. Yesterday I had one inquirer from a place twenty miles to the northeast, two from sixty miles to the northwest, and one from in the city here, and my heart was stirred as two of them told me how they had long been oppressed with a sense of sin and sought in vain for a way to escape therefrom, and that now they thought that there was hope for them in the Christian religion. I believe that the seed is sprouting in many places about us here. God grant to pour out upon us His Holy Spirit that there may be a

great ingathering to the glory of His name. I know that you will ever pray for us."

August 19th is the date when Mr. and Mrs. Speer start on their trip around the world. Persia is the first country they will visit. Various items of news come from Persia, and Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn and Miss Holliday sail for that land August 19th, with the Secretary.

Mrs. Wilson of Tabriz writes: "One day Mr. Wilson and I went to a part of the city half an hour's walk away, and found a most cordial and attentive welcome. We visited poor Mahmood, a cripple for eight years, who is feasting on the Psalms I sent him. We also went to the home of a dervish, who 'has left the world,' and is regarded very holy. He promised to read a Persian Testament I sent him, and said, 'We know Christ is the only sinless Prophet.' The women were eager lis-

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teners, and begged me to come often." A fearful tragedy has just occurred near Oroomiah: a bishop of the old Nestorian Church, with more than a dozen attendants, was found dead, the bodies stripped, mangled, and mutilated. It is supposed it was done as punishment, because a Mussulman had left his house very drunk not long since. There are also rumors of fightings and massacres in Van, but you will know of these as soon as we."

There has been a fight between Kurds and Persians on the Bloody Day of the Moharrem, and several persons were killed and wounded. This was in Sonjbulak.

Mr. Wilson was then starting for Salmas, where changes are to be made in the mission. The missionaries are no longer to live there, but the work will be carried on from Tabriz. The Kurds are in arms near there, and a hundred Armenians went out from the station of Heftdewan to succor the refugees, and these Kurds may retaliate. A Persian regiment or two are in Salmas now. Mr. Wilson wrote: "Mr. Wright tells me to bring a United States flag along. He evidently expects to hoist it when the Kurds come."

Writing in May from Tokyo, Japan, Mrs. McCauley says: "Roses are in full bloom. Yesterday I cut over a hundred and carried them to the Charity Hospital on my way to school. The pleasure they gave more than repaid me for the trouble I took in rearing them."

"A pretty incident in connection with our weekly woman's meeting may interest you. Our lesson taught by the oldest teacher that day was the alabaster box of ointment. She gave the lesson beautifully, and at the close I tried to make it practical to them and not merely something that happened long ago. I said, If you bring one neighbor, one woman, one child to this meeting so that she may learn of Jesus, that is pouring out the precious ointment, and will be regarded by Christ as more than the alabaster box, so costly and so full of perfume. And the leader said: 'This woman, who has not yet been baptized, but is in the class of inquirers, has to-day brought her aged mother to the meeting, and this is her mother.' And the halo that lit up that daughter's face was a reflection of the joy that filled her heart that she could pour her pot of ointment at her Saviour's feet. It was a blessed meeting, and we did not doubt that Jesus, by His Holy Spirit, was in our midst."

"The girl graduates now teaching in my school are such treasures. They are instant in season and out of season, helping in the hospital and making visits from house to house after school hours. I am so favored in having these young women as helpers. I certainly am reaping where others have sown."

From Indian notes we quote: "About a fortnight since a blind man came to Kolhapur from Bhikar Tasgoan, ten miles away, to have Mr. Seiler baptize him. Not finding him there, he groped his way up to Panhala, where he found Mr. Seiler. He had long opposed the half dozen Christians in his village, but finally succumbed to the truth. He has land of his own, disclaims any worldly motive or wish for aid, and he shows a knowledge of the leading principles of Christianity. It was thought best to examine him for baptism in June, at Wadgaon."

"Apropos of this, it may be said that one of the leading persecutors of the Christians at Kini, like George Tankerfield in Fox's Book of Martyrs, seeing the changed life and patience of the converted robber and incendiary, Mhasoba, feels that they have been wantonly mean in their conduct towards the Christians, and is turning 'State's evidence,' professing interest in the truth—so a Christian teacher reports."

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