

The Evangelist.

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REMOVAL UP TOWN.

Next week The Evangelist will leave its present quarters in the World Building, and take up its line of march for Union Square. In making this move, it follows the tide of population, which has been setting that way these many years. When we came to New York in 1854, it was published at 120 Nassau Street, and it has hardly been a hundred yards from that spot in forty years. This is as long as Moses was in the wilderness, and now we seem to hear the voice that he heard so often, Arise and depart, for this is not your rest! In that time the centre of our city population has completely changed, and it is in order to be in a position convenient to ministers and churches and publishers, who form our constituency, that we have chosen our new home on Union Square, the most central point up town, where already are the Century Magazine and the Forum Review, and to which, or to that neighborhood, converge a number of the great publishing houses. We have taken offices in the new Decker Building, which is a conspicuous object to those who pass up and down town, as it towers above all its neighbors. It is eleven stories high, but we have had no ambition to soar to the top, but shall do, as we have done in the World Building, take our place midway, in the sixth story, which is just above the roof of the adjoining buildings, so that we shall have abundance of air and light and sunshine on every side. Of course it will take us several weeks to get fully settled, after which we shall be "At home" to all who will come to see us, and shall hope to receive visits from great numbers of our friends, old and new.

All Round the Horizon.

THE GOLDEN IMAGE OF OUR NEBUCHADNEZZARS.

Six hundred years before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar was King of Babylon, and as a monument of his greatness, he set up a column sixty cubits, or near a hundred feet high, crowned by a colossal image of himself in burnished gold, a dazzling object when touched by the rising or setting sun, to which his people looked up with awe and wonder.

The race of Nebuchadnezzars is not extinct. He has his successors in the Sultan and the Czar. Nor are kings the only rulers of the earth. There are kings in the financial world, who are as absolute in their power as those who sit on thrones; and as for the golden image, is it not set up in all our market places, and do not the multitude bow down and worship it?

Last week we had somewhat to say of the great combinations that gather into their treasuries the revenues of a kingdom. The subject is not exhausted; the half has been told; the other half it remains to tell.

It is a "Far Cry" from Babylon to America, but human nature does not change in crossing the sea, nor even in the lapse of twenty-five centuries. History repeats itself, and the same pride and ambition that reared the golden image on the banks of the Euphrates, may rear other golden images on the banks of the Hudson.

Is there any parallel between the ancient and the modern builders? Possibly! When Nebuchadnezzar set up his golden image, he did not create anything. He was not a creator, but a destroyer. Even though he boasted, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?", he built it out of the spoils of other cities which he plundered. So the financial structures of modern times, which dazzle the world, are not in any true sense creations. The most skilful financier cannot make something out of nothing, though some of them have tried. They have to use materials that existed before, as the architect uses the blocks of granite that are made ready to his hand. If any lofty pile is to be reared, whether material or financial, the builder must clear the ground before he can lay his foundations, for which he may have to blast out the rocks, and dig deep in the bowels of the earth, even it may be to the utter destruction of the old buildings that stood there before, to the sore discomfort of those who are blasted out of house and home.

Now it is boldly affirmed, whether rightly or wrongly, that something like unto this has taken place in the construction of the great combinations called Trusts: that they have been built on the wrecks and ruins of minor industries. We are told that in Western Pennsylvania, from which the Standard Oil Company draws its supplies, its name is not fragrant with blessings. Those familiar with that region have pitiful tales to tell, how hundreds of small producers, who had their "wells," which supported their families, have been, one by one, swept out of existence by this all-devouring competitor. Is it any wonder that they look upon a Trust that has literally eaten them up, as a general Oppressor and Destroyer?

This is a hard case. But some will shrug their shoulders and say, "We cannot help it: it does but follow the law which obtains in the natural world of the survival of the fittest, according to which, before we have any great construction, there must be a work of destruction!" If this be a necessity, it is at least a painful necessity, and it is hardly to be expected that the sufferers should see the good of it. It may be good for the public, but it is death to them, and we cannot blame them if they are not profuse in the expression of their gratitude.

Small owners, who have been frozen out of their little properties, are naturally jealous of the overgrown corporations that have swallowed them up. All the more are they disturbed when they see the amount of water that is poured into them, till they literally swim in it. It is said that both the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil Trust have been capitalized at many times the cost of the original properties, and now pay large dividends on this bloated capital. The Sugar Trust has just declared a quarterly dividend of 11.4 per cent. on its preferred stock, that is, at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum; and 3 per cent. on its common stock, or 12 per cent. per annum! Would it not be more appropriate if the name of the latter were changed from "common" to uncommon stock?

It is easy to see the motive of this doubling up of stock to many times the capital put in; it is a common device to hide the profits by reducing the apparent amount of the dividends—a policy which always suggests that there is in the organization something which it desires to conceal.

But even these enormous profits do not provoke popular envy and jealousy and hatred so much as the power which they create, of which their rivals stand in deadly fear. If they

were content to live and let live, taking no advantage of their weaker neighbors, the latter would not begrudge them their vast accumulations. But wealth breeds pride, and with the sense of power comes the temptation to use it. Human nature is the same everywhere, and when a man has what he calls a "big thing," he wishes to make the most of it, even though it "compels" him to "wipe out" his poorer brother!

This is a very dangerous supremacy for a body that is responsible only to itself; that it should, like the Venetian Council of Ten, hold in its cold hand the power of life and death! We can almost say of it as of the Almighty, it "can create and it can destroy!" It has no competitors! It is monarch of all it surveys. There may be some small sugar refineries that are protected by their very insignificance, but they must not lift up their heads too high, if they would not receive a staggering blow! What a figure would be cut by any "one-horse concern" that should undertake to compete with a Trust that produces one-third of all the refined sugars in the world! If it would thrive and flourish, it must join the Trust; it must come into the kingdom, outside of which there is no salvation!

It is not to be expected that a power, that, like Caesar, has "grown so great," should keep out of the field of politics. Legislation has created it, and it must keep its hold on the law-making power for its own protection. The Sugar Trust owes its gigantic growth to the McKinley Tariff, which admits raw sugars free, while it imposes a duty of half a cent a pound on refined sugars. Does that "ha'penny" seem a beggarly pittance? Yet we are informed, on the best authority, that the reduction from half a cent to a quarter of a cent a pound, would make a difference to the Trust of ten millions of dollars!

But for all this we are not disposed to join in the hue and cry against Trusts. We recall the remark of the merchant who knew far more than we did, and who, though he had suffered in his own business from the Sugar Trust, yet, like the noble-hearted man that he is, said that it and the Standard Oil Trust were in his opinion the two greatest boons ever given to the people of this country! It would be a pity if, in a mad rage, we should destroy our own benefactors!

This warfare is only one form of the general crusade against the rich, which has been begun by socialists and communists, and attracted the sympathy of many quiet and sober people, who, in their tenderness for the poor, have become embittered against the rich. In this feeling good men share *in part*. For those who use their money only to gratify their pride and vanity and love of pleasure, we have very little respect. But there are rich men of a very different type, who, like Peter Cooper, use their wealth for the good of their fellow-men. One such we know, and there is not a man in the country who cares less for show and display. When we see him retaining the habits which he formed when a poor boy; rising early in the morning, as he did when he had "to do the chores"; getting to his office at seven o'clock, to set the great machine in motion; taking his bowl of bread and milk with the simple and healthy appetite of a boy; and in the afternoon, when his share of the day's work is over, taking his "recreation" in visiting a great Mission which he has founded, going from room to room, with a kindly word and a benignant look for everybody; we thank God that he has the means *and the heart* to use his wealth for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

True, this is an extraordinary case; but some of the men who have been made rich by Trusts, have used their vast fortunes for the founding of Universities, and for the support of all sorts of charitable and religious institutions. It

would be a pity indeed if the fountains should be dried up from which such waters flow!

What then shall be done with the Trusts? He who can answer that question is wiser than we. If we may venture a suggestion, it would be that the true policy is to check and govern by legal provisions, what it would be a kind of suicide to destroy. Here are combinations of capital which may be—nay, which *are*—great blessings to our countrymen in the cheapening of the necessities of life. Why not let them stand as they are, and carry on a business that is of such benefit to us all, only with the distinct understanding that the franchise (if such it be considered) is continued only on good behavior? But how can these Trusts be put under bonds for good behavior? Some will tell us that these golden chariots are harnessed to wild horses that cannot be broken. But is it so? The Government finds a way to put its strong hand on other great corporations—upon Life Insurance Companies that have assets of a hundred millions—why can it not impose the same upon Trusts? Can they not be put under the same legal control and surveillance as Banks, which can be wound up instantly if they violate their charters? The charter of a bank, whether issued by the State or the general Government, is the condition on which it is permitted to live. If any bold President or Cashier, in order to carry out a great speculation, attempts a daring violation of law, the penalty is immediate and final: he has committed a crime that is punished with death—not death to him, but death to the institution, which at once disappears, and is "no more seen."

From all this it is apparent that the danger to Trusts is chiefly from themselves. What they need is not friendly legislation; not to be petted and pampered by the Government; but a little worldly wisdom: tact and commonsense. They should not ignore the fact that they are the objects of the envy and jealousy that are always felt towards the rich and the powerful. This may be very unjust: but none the less should they recognize the feeling that exists, which they should allay, not only by strict justice, but by a spirit of conciliation. If they were wise in their generation; if they were as considerate of the public accommodation as of their own interest: they would take away the chief provocation to criticism and complaint. But their danger is in the very consciousness of their ability to crush all rivals. Let them not use it too often! True: they have the power. If any youthful adventurer should set up an opposition to one of the big Trusts, it could quickly wind a coil about him like that of an anaconda, and break every bone in his body. But let it beware! There is a power that can strangle the Python! If ever there should come a time when the Trusts, feeling that they "hold the fort," should defy control, and provoke an open war with the people, it needs no prophet to tell what the end will be.

It would be a public calamity if things should come to such a pass, for it would widen the separation, that is already wide enough, between the rich and the poor, till at last there would be "a great gulf fixed" which neither could cross, a gulf in which we should all be plunged. Socialist writers do not hesitate to predict such a catastrophe, in which modern society will be destroyed. To prevent this it is the duty of every good man to show himself a friend of both sides. He is an enemy of his race who would set the poor against the rich, or the rich against the poor. Are they not all of one blood? Let them but recognize this brotherhood, and every community of men will become, in spirit if not in name, a great cooperative society, in which all work together for the common good.

Our readers will remember the lamented death of the gifted writer, Theodore Child. He was travelling in Persia when he was attacked by cholera, and being taken in at our mission in Tabreez, was devotedly attended by Dr. Bradford, and was indeed rescued from death, though going away before he was fully recovered, he fell a victim to a relapse. It has been proposed to found in Tabreez, as a memorial of him, and in part, it may be said, as a tribute to Dr. Bradford's skill and devotion, a little hospital for the benefit of sick travellers, to be attached to our mission. The Foreign Board has the matter in charge. A plot of land has been secured, and about eight hundred dollars raised, principally abroad. It is to be hoped that the fund will be further increased. The object must appeal to all who have travelled or who have friends travelling in those lands where so little attention is paid to the traveller who may be stricken with illness.

A charity that makes a worthy appeal to the sympathies, is the "Little Mothers' Aid Association," which occupies itself with the welfare of children who are obliged, by their parents' circumstances, to be put in charge of the younger children of the family. The Association will hold an "Easter Market" at the Manhattan Athletic Club Building, Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March 29th, 30th, and 31st, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., to raise funds for the Little Mothers' "Happy Days." California, New England, France, Italy, Holland, Greece, and Russia will be represented by portions of their World's Fair exhibits, and vegetables, fruits, flowers, and prepared foods, which will be sold by ladies (attired in the costumes of these countries) from booths portraying, as far as possible, the architecture and home scenes of each land. A special feature of the entertainment will be the sale of useful articles, including hand towels, dish towels, holders, aprons, and bags of every description, made by the "Little Mothers" and their friends. The singing of these little children (from four to five in the afternoon, and nine to ten in the evening) in scenes representing their home life, and their sewing and cooking schools, will be an additional attraction.

How many times had the Jews read over and over again the words: "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob?" But in them they never yet saw what Jesus saw, that Jehovah was the God of the living and not of the dead. Years ago we were walking with an eminent American archaeologist, and astonished by the multitude of his "finds," said: "Mr. A., how did you discover such vast quantities of flints and cherts and paleoliths in fields that have been cultivated for generations?" "Why, in this way," was his answer, and with the toe of his shoe he made a tiny hollow just where he stood, and threw out a broken arrow-head. Both science and religion demand not simply the opportunity, but the intuitional discernment of truth.

In the late shameful condition of affairs in the capital of Colorado, we have an illustration of the danger of entrusting practical affairs to cranks. In these weeks which have shown us the police, the militia, and the regular army facing each other, one sees a confirmation of Herbert Spencer's words: "We are on the way back to the rule of the strong hand in the shape of a socialistic organization, and then of the military despotism which must follow it, if, indeed, some crash does not bring this last upon us without waiting for the first."

THE INTEGRITY OF THE SUFFRAGE VITAL TO THE EXISTENCE OF THE REPUBLIC.

The monthly meeting of the Presbyterian Union is a kind of "love feast" in which the first object is personal acquaintance, to promote brotherly love and kindness; and secondly, the discussion (in a mild way) of public topics of interest. These are generally of a religious, or semi-religious, character. Nor was it any departure from this when on Monday evening the Union took up the subject indicated by the above title, which is one of immense importance to the whole life of our city, and we were especially favored by having it treated by a distinguished member of the bar, Mr. William B. Hornblower, who, though in the prime of manhood, has for some years been known to those of his own profession as standing in the front rank, but not so much to the general public until his name was brought before the whole country so suddenly that it might be said of him, as of Byron, that "he woke one morning and found himself famous!" He had been nominated by the President to succeed Mr. Justice Blatchford on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and would have been confirmed without opposition had it not been that he had provoked the enmity of the New York Senators by his determined opposition to fraud and corruption. Such hostility was his highest honor. But it led to a protracted struggle which caused his name to be in everybody's mouth. There is hardly another man in the country over whom the United States Senate has fought for four months. By their combinations his enemies finally succeeded in defeating him, but not until they had made him one of the most noted men in America, with a prestige of courage and stubborn integrity that is worth more than any position, however high. Part of his virtues we claim for his Presbyterian birth, for he has the blood of the old Covenanters in his veins. There is no man of his age (he is but forty-two) who has a more honorable past, or a brighter promise for the future. We are indebted to him for permission to print his brief but admirable address.

I am much gratified by the invitation to address the Presbyterian Union of New York. I have a strong sentimental attachment to the Presbyterian Church, as the Church of my ancestors and the Church of which my father was an honored and devoted minister for forty years. However much I may fail in fidelity to its precepts, or however much I may have wandered away from its theological standards, it still claims a warm place in my affections. And the older I grow and the more I learn of the world, the more I admire the virile, sturdy qualities of Presbyterianism. Its tenets have never been "milk for babes," but have always been "strong meat for men." From the days of that courageous old Calvinist, St. Paul, the father of Presbyterianism, down to the days of John Knox, and still on down to the days of modern divines, to mention whose names might seem invidious to their contemporaries, Presbyterianism, whatever else it may have been, has been a manly religion. The Westminster Confession and the Shorter Catechism may not be palatable, but they are invigorating to the intellect and the conscience of the individual.

And Presbyterianism has always stood for liberty and sound government. In Switzerland, in Holland, in England, in America, Presbyterians and those allied with them, have been the builders-up of freedom. Froude has well said of Scotland: "In Scotland the commons, as an organized body, were simply created by religion. Before the Reformation they had no political existence, and therefore it has been that the print of their origin has

gone so deeply into their social constitution." In our own country the Presbyterians of North Carolina were the forerunners of American independence, and the Mecklenburg declaration was the first pronouncement of American freedom. The name of a Presbyterian minister, John Witherspoon, (President of Princeton College), is signed to the Declaration of Independence.

Presbyterianism everywhere and at all times has stood for the principles, on the one side, of individual equality among the ministry and the equal liberty of the laity, and on the other, of the right of the majority to rule; it has stood for liberty and self-government, but it has stood also for order and conservatism. Hence it is that Presbyterians are the great conservative force of the community. Their ecclesiastical polity trains them to individual freedom, but collective obedience to authority.

We all, I am sure, agree on the proposition which has been given me as the subject of my remarks to-night—"Purity of the Suffrage the Safety of the Republic." Indeed, even the veriest heeler of the most benighted Tammany district in the city, will admit the truth of the principle, though he may constantly violate it in practice, just as the most besotted drunkard will admit the truth of the proposition that temperance is the highest wisdom.

But when we come to practical applications of the proposition, we are confronted with differences of view even among those who are most sincere in their advocacy of the principle. The great obstacles to the success of political purity are party loyalty and party bigotry, and unfortunately these obstacles are met with among the most intelligent, as well as among the least intelligent members of the community. Devotion to party leads men to vote the straight ticket, not only in national elections, but in State and municipal elections, regardless of the special circumstances of the State or the city which may call for independent voting.

We may be sincerely devoted to the ideas represented by the party to which we belong, but we ought not to allow ourselves to be made the tools of unscrupulous party leaders, who, to quote a phrase of Dr. Gardiner in his History of the Great Civil War in England, "play with great ideas for selfish purposes."

Each party has its unscrupulous leaders, who debauch the suffrage and pervert the popular will. Neither party can assume the Pharisaical attitude and thank God that it is not as the opposite party is.

"Justice," says Burke, "is the great standing policy of social society." Any political party, therefore, which departs from the standards of right and justice, *ipso facto* ceases to have a policy worthy of the name. Any citizen who supports his party when it ceases to stand for right and justice, commits a crime against the suffrage. The idealizing of party, as if the party were anything more than an aggregation of politicians, is at the bottom of most of our misgovernment. As long as party leaders can rely on party loyalty to condone their crimes and elect their men to office, just so long will party leaders be reckless and unscrupulous.

I am a strong party man. I am such because I believe my party best represents the principles of American liberty in politics and in economics. But I never was prouder of my party than I was last fall, when the Democratic lawyers of New York stood shoulder to shoulder in the Cooper Union, under the leadership of the courageous Carter, the eloquent Coudert, and the plucky Peckham, to protest against the prostitution of judicial office as a reward for party trickery. I never felt prouder of my party than when last November 60,000

Democrats marched to the polls and cast their ballots against Democratic bosses and Democratic corruption. I am proud of my party and my native State to-day, because the Democratic Supreme Court of New Jersey has rebuked and overturned Democratic chicanery in the State House, chicanery which sought to defeat the popular will at the late election. I am proud of the Democratic judges who send to jail our Democratic McKanes.

I am a strong party man, but precisely because I am a strong party man, I want my party pure. If there must be corruption, I want it to be corruption in the other party, just as I wish, if there must be domestic impurity, it shall be in my neighbor's house rather than in mine. I am a strong party man, but above all and beyond all, I am an American; and I believe that there are times when party revolution is true patriotism; and not only so, but the wisest partisanship. If this be party treason, let my enemies make the most of it. I am ready in the future, as I have been in the past, to take the consequences.

The place to begin that fight against corruption is in the municipality. Election officers are selected by municipal authorities. Municipal government must be made pure. How is it to be made pure? Only by disregarding party lines altogether and voting on business principles or moral principles as you vote for officers of a bank in which you are a stockholder or director, or as you vote for trustees or elders of a church with which you are connected.

And now what of the future? Are corruption and trickery at the polls to triumph and make Republican government a failure? If so, we shall meet a far worse fate than that from which our forefathers fled, seeking refuge in the wilderness. The tyranny of the ballot-box stuffer, the bribe-giver, and the political boss, is infinitely worse than the tyranny of a Stuart king. It is tyranny untempered by individual respectability. It is the tyranny of darkness and of crime. It is a tyranny which results in destroying the only weapons with which it can be overthrown, namely, votes.

That the American people will ever submit to such tyranny, I cannot and will not believe. Fellow-citizens of the Presbyterian faith, you who inherit the principles that nerved the heart of Knox, of Hampden, of William of Orange, you who believe that there is a God in Israel, and that He is a living being—to you especially belongs the duty of resisting the insidious encroachments of this giant tyranny. Success is certain. The shrewd and cunning politician may thrive for a time upon knavery, chicanery, and debauching of the suffrage, but he can only thrive for a time. As Lowell forcibly puts it, paraphrasing the parable of the Scriptures:

"Wrong ever builds on quicksands; but the Right
To the firm centre lays its moveless base."

Pastors desiring to enroll the young men of their church in an organization of some kind for evangelistic service, will do well to look into the merits of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, founded in 1888 in the Reformed Church, and adopted by the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Newark, New Jersey, in 1891. Shortly afterward the Bethany Church of Philadelphia adopted it, and its record is, that after two years, one-half the additions to that church are men, and of these men (five hundred in number), fully nine-tenths is to be attributed to the work of the Brotherhood. The leader of this Brotherhood issues a small tract giving facts, with a specimen constitution and by-laws, which may be had of the Secretary, Leonard R. Dirks, 768 Martin Street, Philadelphia.

NEAL DOW.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

To-day the temperance hosts, on both sides of the sea, are celebrating the ninetieth birthday of the veteran field-marshal of "Prohibition." Lady Henry Somerset writes me that there will be a general commemoration of the day by the friends of our cause in Great Britain, for General Dow's five hundred speeches there have helped to leaven public sentiment in favor of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "Local Option" measure. After forty-two years of intimate friendship with the old hero, I may be permitted to add my grain of sand to the great "tumulus" of tributes to his fame.

Neal Dow was happy in his parentage. Like Whittier, he was a born Quaker; and when a Quaker is forced to fight, he never surrenders. His father, Josiah Dow, was a tanner, and reared his son to the same trade; Neal learned the trade so well, that he was able to tan the hide of the liquor traffic, and nail it to the door of the State House in Augusta. For six years he was the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department of Portland; that service developed his pluck and gave him a hint of extinguishing the infernal flames of the grog shops with a deluge of cold water. Lord Shaftesbury was led to a life of philanthropy by seeing a shocking case of cruelty when he was yet a boy; Dow got his first hatred of strong drink aroused by seeing the wretched effects of drunkenness in a neighbor's family. In his early manhood he enlisted in the temperance reform. For fifteen years he employed tongue and pen in a ceaseless agitation for total abstinence and the prevention of licenses to dram shops. He and his friend, George H. Shirley, wrapped themselves in buffalo skins and through piercing wintry storms rode from town to town all over Western Maine, holding meetings in churches and school-houses, circulating temperance pledges, and instructing people in the deadly dangers of the drinking customs and the drink traffic. He was a Peter the Hermit, preaching a new and wiser "crusade." One day a suffering wife asked him to go to a saloon and look for her inebriated husband. The liquor seller taunted him by telling him that he had a license to sell, and supported his family by the traffic. Neal Dow clenched his teeth with a holy determination, and replied to the taunt, "By God's help I will try to have this thing changed." He was biding his time.

In the spring of 1851 the Whig party elected him Mayor of Portland. His hour had come. He wrote out his famous "Act for the suppression of tippling-bouses"; and the core-principle of that law was in the two words, *search* and *seizure*. It allowed the police to search all premises where intoxicants were suspected of being for sale, and it allowed them to seize and confiscate and destroy them. This was Neal Dow's own invention; it put two sharp incisor teeth into the first law of Prohibition. Mayor Dow took his new statute to the Legislature at Augusta. It was Democratic, with a Democratic Governor behind it. He laid his law before the Legislature, and without altering a line, they passed it by a vote of two to one! Fifteen years of agitation had converted the legislators before they went to Augusta. The Governor promptly signed the bill, and Dow started back to Portland carrying bottled thunder and lightning in his valise! In six months Portland was revolutionized. Every dram shop was closed, and the seized liquors were sent down into the sewers.

In October, 1852, I went on from Trenton, where I was then preaching, and spent a few days with the intrepid little Mayor, who had "awoke and found himself suddenly famous." He took me in his carriage and drove me over

Portland; it was like riding with Wellington over the field of Waterloo. He showed me the last distillery; its fires put out, and the "worm" dead as Julius Cæsar. He took me to the City Hall, and showed me where he kept "the spirits in prison." He drove me to the tomb of Edward Payson, and told me how that apostolic man had preached against the drink curse, and how the liquor sellers hated him. In January, 1853, an immense gathering of temperance leaders presented Neal Dow with a gold medal in Tripler Hall, New York. The next day I carried him off with me to Trenton, and we Jersey prohibitionists soon presented him with a silver pitcher, bearing the significant inscription, "Salus populi suprema lex"—"The safety of the people is the highest law." That sentence is the basis and the vindication of every law for the suppression of the death-dealing saloons. A few weeks afterward Mr. Dow and myself went up to Albany and addressed the Legislature in behalf of Prohibition. The members of the joint houses remained in their seats, and we were permitted to address them from the chair of the Speaker of the Assembly. Both houses passed the Prohibition bill, but it was vetoed by Governor Seymour. For several months I accompanied Mr. Dow to meetings of ecclesiastical and political bodies and popular gatherings, and we became knight-errants for the overthrow of the drink demon. He was a racy, keen, logical speaker, with a genial smile on his face, and a sharp rapier-thrust in his arguments. We became as intimate as David and Jonathan, and his almost weekly letters to me—from 1853 to 1856—would furnish a tolerably complete history of the Prohibition movement during that period. The beautiful miniature of his face at fifty—presented to my wife at the time of our marriage—is treasured by her now, and is kept alongside of the photograph given her by Gladstone. The two "grand old men" look well together.

There are two lessons to be learned from Neal Dow's long and illustrious career. The first one is, the prodigious power of a single sublime purpose when it is harnessed to an iron will. Like other great benefactors of our race, Neal Dow is a man of one idea. He is possessed of many ideas, but there is one that possesses him. His single life purpose is to crush the drink curse out, by persuading men to stop drinking, and by prohibiting men to sell strong drink to their neighbors. To this great purpose he has consecrated seventy years of tireless and enthusiastic toil. In the core of his heart is a ceaseless flame like a Pennsylvania anthracite coal mine all on fire with an inextinguishable glow.

The other lesson is the indispensable necessity of educating the public conscience in order to attain and in order to retain all wholesome legislation against the liquor traffic. He declares war against both the *use* and the *sale* of intoxicants. Experience has proved that moral suasion and legal action combined are as indispensable to success as two wings for the flight of a bird, or two wheels for the propulsion of a ferry-boat. Without fifteen years of agitation against the drinking usages, he never could have carried Maine for the suppression of the drink traffic. Unless this great lesson is well learned and practiced, the temperance reform is doomed to inevitable failure.

This is a proud day in the history of the Grand Old Man of Maine. He has carved his name on the history of humanity. As he stands to-day on the delectable mountain of four score years and ten, let us all crown him with glory and honor. As he is one of God's heroes of the nineteenth century, let us pray that he may live to march into the twentieth century with "his beaver on," and God's smile beaming in his radiant face, and still holding

in his right hand that great, immutable truth, "The safety of the people is the highest law!"

BROOKLYN, March 20, 1894.

ANECDOTE OF DR. PATTERSON.

Now that the "grand old man" is gone, many are the tributes to his memory from those who recall their personal experiences. Thus a friend writes to us:

"The beautiful portrait of Dr. Patterson in last week's Evangelist reminded me of an incident which may interest your readers. One Wednesday evening in 1871 a young man entered the prayer-meeting room of the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. He belonged to a church on the West Side and regularly attended the weekly prayer-meetings, but business at the Foundry was so pressing that he was obliged to do night work. He obtained permission from his employers to attend the prayer-meeting every evening at the Second Church, close to the Foundry, Wednesday, from 7.30 till 9 o'clock, after which he returned to his work. Dr. Patterson had frequently noticed the young man in working clothes among the select company which usually attended the Second Church prayer-meeting, but he never had an opportunity to speak with him, as the young man always left as soon as the benediction had been pronounced. One stormy night, when there were only a few persons at the meeting, the young man approached Dr. Patterson and said, 'Doctor, I want to be a minister. Can you tell me of a good school where I can study?' The good pastor took the young man by the hand and said, 'My dear young brother, I am glad to see you and to hear that you want to be a minister. I think Lake Forest Academy is a good place. Come here next week and I will see what terms can be made for you.' The young man entered the Academy, and four years later, when he graduated, the Doctor related this incident, and added: 'The young man who came to me four years ago has just delivered this eloquent valedictory address.'

The incident related ends here. But, at the risk of revealing what the modesty of another might suppress, we venture to add the sequel, that this young man, who came from the Foundry in his working clothes to attend the prayer-meeting, and then returned to his night work, is now a preacher of the Gospel and a pastor in this city of a church which is itself a monument, as it bears the name of one of the noblest men that ever stood in a pulpit—the DeWitt Memorial Church, where he preaches every Sunday to great congregations composed of such working men as he was more than twenty years ago, when Dr. Patterson took him by the hand and led him, as he led so many other young men, to obtain an education, and to enter the ministry. It is our dear brother Elsing, whom the hard-working pastors of this city love and respect as one of the most useful of them all. He is but one of the living monuments of that noble man who now sleeps in his honored grave.—Ed. Evan.

Dr. Wilson Phraner was listened to by our churches in Oregon and Washington with special interest in the late autumn and early winter. His great theme was missions, both Home and Foreign, and few men in all our ranks are so well advised touching the advances that have been made and that yet await the Church's best endeavor. Just now Dr. Phraner is presenting the cause of missions in his many-sided way to crowded audiences throughout Southern California. His zeal is of that very genuine sort that does not mind warring at its own charges. The cause is worthy, and happy all who share in its furtherance.



THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

It is easier to build a church out of well cemented boulders than of Parian marble in unmortared fragments. A few of God's poor who are closely knit in heart, make a more useful church than a multitude of earth's mighty who touch one another only by the finger tips. When in the ancient creed it was written, "I believe in the communion of saints," it showed that the writer of that symbol was not a dogmatist or theorist, but a practical builder. The thousand Greeks with locked shields are always victors over the million soldiers of Darius who ride or run at random. You can never make a strong and successful church of saints each standing upon his own pillar. When the church becomes only a nominal bond, and the real fellowship is found in the club, the "set," or the lodge, it might be as well for the church to disband. For the individual member is of value to the church just in proportion as he has a fraternal interest in his fellow-members. When Priscilla forgets the missionary meeting and gives a card party on that day; when in the prayer-meeting Apollos prays for "the absent members," but forgets to ask a benediction upon those present; when Dorcas shows her interest in the Aid Society chiefly by praising the methods of the society in the church across the street, all the graces and zeal of a pastor can hardly make up for that lack of fellowship which is the real secret of prosperity to any church by whatever name it may be called.

PRINCIPLE BETTER THAN SENTIMENT.

We received yesterday a bit of a flower in a letter from Rome. It was plucked less than ten days before upon the Palatine, and, as befitted the site of the palace of the Cæsars, it was a royal purple, deep as the finest tint of our own amorpha. As if some hand had touched a talisman, we were standing there upon the broken mosaics of Nero's Golden House, looking down upon the shattered pillars of the Forum. Beyond the towering walls of the Coliseum we could see the deep blue of the Alban Hills, lying still in the sunshine of a cloudless afternoon. In the other direction, and beyond the Tiber, we seemed to behold the lantern, dome, and cross of great St. Peter's. The campagna was full of sunshine and of silence, as we have known it in days past. What other city in the wide world has such a charm for the artist, the philosopher, the Christian? And now it is just at the close of Holy Week in Rome, an octave upon which the genius of the poet and musician has spent itself for centuries. It is doubtful if the world has ever exhibited such magnificent pageantry as one finds at Rome from Palm Sunday to Easter. In these grand functions one sees combined the pomp of an imperial triumph, the flash and glitter of a military review, and the music of an opera. As an exhibition, Holy Week in Rome is as nearly perfect as anything comes to be in this world; spiritually, we have found many a village prayer-meeting among the simple and the poor its superior. Anything which tempts the soul to substitute an emotion for a principle, be it the solemn service of the Sistine Chapel on Good Friday, or the tumult and swing of a negro revival, is an anodyne rather than a remedy to the soul sick with sin. Our Puritan ancestors were rough surgeons, but there was a method in their madness. In the worship of the Almighty, better all nature than all art.

A DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY WHO WAS AS GENTLE AS HE WAS BRAVE.

Last week there passed from among us one of the gentlest and yet the bravest of men, whose life of seventy years can be truly said to have been given to his country and his God—a life of great suffering and of many trials, but all borne with such patience and sweetness that he has left to his kindred and friends an inheritance more precious than gold: that of a spotless example.

It is more than fifty years since William D. Whiting entered the United States Navy as a midshipman, from which he rose through successive promotions to the rank of Lieutenant, Captain, and Commodore. During the Civil War he was in constant service, and no officer was more prompt in exposing himself to all hardships and dangers. But with his courage there was a certain gentleness and delicacy not always found in the profession of arms. Naval service, like military service, sometimes blunts the sensibilities, and makes the man who is accustomed to issue orders somewhat stern in giving them, as if he would impress those around him with a sense of his superiority. But Whiting, though brave as a lion, was gentle as a woman. He could not be rough or imperious even to a common sailor or a cabin boy. This consideration for others, high or low, won upon the hearts of all, and drew to him a feeling of personal regard among officers and men in every ship to which he was attached. "I do not think," said one who had known him for years both on land and sea, "that there was another man in the Navy who was so much beloved."

The latter part of his life introduced him to a new experience, which tested his courage more than the dangers of battle:—the loss of sight: for the last twenty years he has been totally blind! This, which would have been a severe trial to any man, was most of all to one whose profession would have taken him to all parts of the world, where there was so much for the eye to see, and for a mind so intelligent to enjoy; whereas it compelled his retirement from the profession which he loved, to pass the rest of his days in inactivity.

But now came the wonder of his life, in the heroic patience with which he bore this terrible privation. Most men would have chafed under the restraint and confinement which such a condition imposed, fretting with impatience, as a bird dashes against the bars of its cage; but he never murmured, never repined. The friends who came to tender their sympathy, found in him a serenity, and even a cheerfulness, which took them by surprise: they could not explain it. But to those who knew him intimately it was no mystery, for deep down in the strong man there was a faith that took firm hold of his very being. He was a Christian—not merely from education and habit, but from the deepest conviction of his mind, as well as the yearnings of his heart. He knew in whom he believed. Not that he made any parade of his religion, but no one who approached him could help seeing the secret inspiration which lifted him above all the sorrows of this troubled world. He did not look upon his affliction as an accident, that had come by chance, but as a trial that was sent for his own good, and without a word of murmur or complaint he bowed to his Father's will. His brother officers who came to give him, what is always grateful to a sailor's heart, the assurance of their abiding friendship, found that they had a lesson to learn—a lesson not only of self-control, but of the wondrous faith that could give such tranquillity and peace.

So he lived and so he died. And when last week his old companions-in-arms followed him to the grave, it was with a feeling which seldom finds so strong an utterance, that they were richer for having known such a man—one whom it was a privilege to count as a friend while living, and whose name will ever be to them a precious and a sacred memory.

It seems to us a matter for regret that the Scotch Church, late in Fourteenth Street, and the Fourth Church, late in West Thirty-fourth Street, should have chosen their new homes in the same quarter of the city. The traditions of both smack strongly of old Scotia, and good faith and the best use of opportunity seemed to require that once moving beyond Fifty-ninth Street, one or the other of them should have considered the many worthy Scotsmen who dwell on the east side of Central Park. It is a pity that our wealthy churches, and especially those that make silent, though none the less strong appeal to sentiment, should crowd each other in a favored residence section of the city. The pioneer Presbyterian church in that section is the Park Church in Eighty-sixth Street, the Rev. A. P. Atterbury, pastor. Next came Dr. Booth and Dr. Shaw, and these were from the start vigorous enterprises, and withal capable of looking after a good many families. Their proper fields should not be too much subdivided by later comers. Presbytery should take a hand in this matter of placing churches. It is of the first importance that they should be so placed as to best accommodate their natural and rightful constituency, present and prospective, and if possible, quite out of the way of churches already on the field.

The writer of a much discussed article in The Forum about Middleboro and its churches, is a bit cynical because his fellow-ministers get away with his congregation by advertising sensational themes. It may be, after all, that the brother who announced that he would preach upon "The Burial of an Ass" provoked his hearers to love and good works. The clergy of the last generation had a horror of being sensational; those of the present, a horror of being dull. The right does not lie wholly with either. When Paul took for his text that altar "To the Unknown God," he took what was familiar to his hearers, and yet what, with his treatment, was not commonplace. It is as easy for a preacher to be sunk by his own inflated rhetoric, as it is for his child's toy balloon to be wrecked by its own gas.

Miss Mary Wilkins has shown some excellent work in her stories of New England life, but she is stronger in her delineations of character than in her historical references. In her late story in one of our popular monthlies, she says that the father of the family, a stone cutter, was in his shed engraving with the chisel, "Old Testament symbols," or emblems upon his stones, "cherubim and death's heads." It is quite true that our forefathers made their tombstones ghastly with skulls and cross bones, but they did not find them in their Bibles, as Miss Wilkins might have known had she been a little more familiar with her own.

Certain of our Sabbath-school missionaries, "along the skirmish line," ask for a strong reinforcement the current year, namely, "twenty-five additional permanent Presbyterian Sabbath-school missionaries." There is abundant work awaiting them, say these brethren already in the field and who hail from seventeen different States and territories.

WHAT AMERICANS LOVE.

By Rev. Samuel T. Clarke.

There are four things which all real Americans love. That they may continue to do this, and that all adopted Americans may acquire the same habits, ought to be our earnest prayer.

There has been a good deal of complaint over the undue length of the topic list of the Week of Prayer this year. If those who want a shorter creed and a briefer devotional menu could agree in these four items, believe in and supplicate for them, they would be doing a good work for our people. They differentiate immediately the real American from all other dwellers on the continents or in the islands of the sea. This first item, indeed, may not seem to all to be a proper object for prayer. Many good authorities, however, have considered it a heavenly blessing.

1. The first of these four things, dear to the true American heart, is fun. Mark Twain and Artemus Ward are Simon-pure products of this country. So is James Whitcomb Riley, notwithstanding Mr. Randolph's late critique in *The Independent*. None of these digest in other countries. But they seem to nourish our people, who grow fat upon them. Gilder has recently endeavored to measure the literary excellence of Abraham Lincoln with that of Shakespeare, and yet there are people today who argue that he was only a buffoon, because he sometimes kept himself alive by the use of jokes. Fun is the great national American medicine. In our supreme crisis only such men have stood the strain as knew how to laugh. Compare Charles Sumner and Lincoln in this particular. Cut off the natural supply of wit, and the exhaust pump of modern American life would suffocate our people in a moment. "The Church," speaking of the success of the late Secretary of Education says: "His ever ready humor did not indicate levity, but a very tender and susceptible nature." "There is nothing," said Beecher, "which so covers the nerves, tempers passion and anger, cures discontent, and creates fellowship, as the divine spirit of mirth. It is oftentimes of God and leads to God, though men try to despise it and cast it out of the sanctuary. Fortunate is he who has the faculty."

2. The average American loves fair play. No trickster can here hold a party for any length of time. Bloody shirts in Church or State cease to win public confidence when a regular washing-day has intervened and a call appeared for all soiled national linen. It is demanded that every man on this soil, Catholic or Protestant, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, shall have fair play. He declines to be handled in blocks, under trumped-up issues, in order to secure the success of one regular ticket.

3. The genuine native always loves a good sermon. He has been brought up with the sermon habit, and no Keeley cure can permanently get it out of him. He may swear off, for a time, and think that he has gotten over it, and turning his back on the weekly diet, go after strange gods of foreign make. But by-and-bye his heart and flesh cry out for the things his mother fed him on. Then he sneaks, perhaps, into some meeting-house, and takes his medicine like a man. Though he gets in the shadow of some pillar, yet even there the truth rakes him fore and aft and tears all his rigging into tatters and holds him up to his own scorn and derision. And yet he likes it, and goes home and opens his desk and sends the dominie a check, and asks him

to do it again. He never feels so good as when the faithful Gospel makes him feel just miserable, inexcusably and irredeemably bad.

4. He loves—to fight. Not that he goes about all the time with a chip on his shoulder, like some Irishmen, spoiling for a contest. He enjoys war, based on some great moral principle. Then the spirit of the old martyrs enters into him, and he goes to battle singing, "John Brown's body." For the right, as they see the right, the Seventh Regiment will leave the clubhouse every time, and live in trenches, and relish it.

Let him be convinced that any body of people is conspiring against the right, let him be satisfied that there is no humbug about it, let him once get his blood up, and one American will chase a thousand aliens, and a handful of Yankees, in God's name, will beat fine as dust of the roadway all combiner, commercial, political, or ecclesiastical, without regard to number, name, or nation.

These are four leading things which our people love. While they continue to do so, the Republic is safe. When they cease to do so, the sun of this Republic will set in everlasting gloom, and the collapse will be the most terrible the world has ever seen.

THE HALT!

The late resolution of the Home Board to halt in its march to possess our land for Christ, has called out strong expressions of regret, and also of liberality. "Though unavoidable under the circumstances," says one of our members, "such an act is a shame to the Church and demoralizing to her forces. To convince you of the sincerity of my convictions on this subject, please put to the credit of 'one who believes in going forward,' \$10,000." "To halt," says another, "is wretched policy, ruinous to the most important work in the country, and a disgrace to the rich Church to which we belong. Towards changing the policy I condemn, my wife and I send you \$5 each out of our need, if not out of downright poverty." "To halt," writes one well versed in missionary matters, "means greater hardships to the self-denying men sent into the field, if not a speedy retreat, for God will not bless a Church that is willing to inscribe 'Halt!' on her bedraggled banner. My congregation is one of the smallest among the hosts of the Presbyterian Church, yet it is willing to bear her part of self-denial for the sake of saving our land. Credit us with \$29." "A dear woman in Cleveland sends from a sick bed \$1,000 through me," writes a banker, "in the hope that the halt will soon end." "I have been wrestling with God for our dear Home Board," says one of our ruling elders, "that it may be safely carried over the present crisis without permanent injury. To show the sincerity of my prayers, I send you \$10, and wish it were \$10,000." "The church to which I belong," writes an employe in one of our western institutions, "does not give anything; it has but four members and no pastor. I trust that my mite, even if it be only \$1, will help you in this emergency."

If we could secure before April 9th generous pecuniary responses from all of them the clogs on our wheels would be removed, the shame referred to in the quotations would be wiped away, and the threatened crippling of the Home Board would be averted. Halting at the very time when we hold nearly every entry to the stronghold of the enemy, is equivalent to a disorderly retreat, which will soon cause Satan's army to send to heaven its shouts of victory. God forbid it!

WM. C. ROBERTS,
D. J. McMILLAN,
Secretaries.

GOOD FRIDAY WELL KEPT.

As a notable day in the ecclesiastical calendar, Good Friday was very appropriately and uniquely observed in the First Presbyterian church of Jamaica, N. Y., the Rev. J. Howard Hobbs, pastor. By special invitation many of the members of Nassau Presbytery together with brethren from the Reformed and Congregational churches of Brooklyn and vicinity gathered at the Presbyterian chapel for a "Retreat," or Conference. The score and more of congenial spirits, entering into the thought of Passion Week, engaged in informal discussion of themes aptly opened by various appointees. Interspersed with prayer, song, and mutual experience, the hours sped with special swiftness.

The first theme, Personal Realization of the Godhead, opened by the Rev. S. J. Carter of Huntington, set the trend of the whole season. The sense of God as our Father, rendered so possible and positive through Christ the Son, our Elder Brother, was emphasized in life as well as doctrine. The Function and Attitude of the Holy Spirit, was fruitfully discussed under the lead of the Rev. H. H. McFarland, Congregational, of Woodhaven, who has given the subject of the Paraclete special and protracted study. Aids to Devotion received very thorough and helpful treatment, after the Rev. Geo. D. Hulst, Reformed, of Brooklyn, had inspiringly opened the theme.

The final discussion followed an exhaustive Biblical analysis by the Rev. C. G. Matteson of Roslyn, of the very practical topic, Fitness for Service.

The interflow of fellowship was most marked, while the earnest spiritual feeling was very exalting to those who are constantly being called upon to be spiritual guides. In a very sympathetic and fraternal way each seemed to strive to enter into a more vivid conception of the proper personal attitude toward both the Divine and the human. It was a season to be treasured in the memory of those present.

The services of the day culminated in public evening worship in the Reformed Church, the Rev. Edgar Tilton, pastor, when the Rev. Lewis Francis, D.D., Reformed of Brooklyn, gave a most fitting address upon the relation of church hymnology and sacred oratorio to the Passion of our Lord.

This was made the more effective by the rendition of selections from Haydn's "Passion" by a chorus of fifty voices. The large audience attested the very general interest in this the first special observance of Good Friday by the evangelical churches of the town.

The Springfield, Ill., Telegram of March 21st, gives large space to a meeting held in that city on the Saturday morning previous, in commemoration of the Rev. E. P. Hammond's labors there twenty-eight years ago! On a showing of hands it was found that there were eighteen persons in the large audience who were converted, or at least, religiously benefited, during those meetings of long ago. Many of these spoke, several of them giving reminiscences of interest. Near the conclusion, the incident having been referred to, Mr. Hammond gave the striking particulars of the conversion of Charley Nye, the son of the eloquent and witty Senator of the time. The pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, the Rev. T. D. Logan, and Dr. D. S. Johnson of the Second, spoke briefly, the latter of the wide influence of the meetings. The sixty-eight who then became members of the Second Church, were now, so far as living, scattered over the whole country. Mr. Hammond said that he was informed that 3,333 had joined the churches of Springfield and its vicinity as the result of the meetings. The Telegram thus concludes its account: "There was a deep sentiment pervading all the services, those present seeming loath to leave; and it was not until long past the dinner hour, after being together over three hours the meeting closed."

THE NEW FOURTH CHURCH.

The new Fourth Presbyterian Church, just completed, in West End Avenue at Ninety-first Street, was dedicated on Easter Sunday morning, the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler of Brooklyn preaching the sermon. Drs. C. A. Stoddard, Thomas Lyle, and F. H. Marling aided in the services. Members of the Board of Trustees and the Building Committee occupied chairs in front of the pulpit, and a large audience was present.

Dr. Cuyler took his text from St. Matthew xvii. 8: "They saw no one, save Jesus only." He confessed his gratification in being permitted to preach the first sermon in this beautiful new church. In closing his sermon he said: "It seems to me that the little band of six men who formed the nucleus of this church over one hundred years ago, are rejoicing with us to-day, as well as the former pastors and others who have shared in building it up. The Fourth Church has had a great history, and a more glorious career lies before it. I am especially happy when I look on these beautiful walls and know that they are free from debt. This will be to you all a pleasant Sabbath home, and to your children and your children's children."

The dedicatory service proper was conducted by the pastor, Dr. Joseph R. Kerr, aided by the choir and congregation. After reading from the Scriptures by the pastor, the keys of the church were given to Francis Pringle, President of the Board of Trustees, by James R. Cumming, Chairman of the Building Committee. The dedicatory prayer was then offered, and the hymn, "I Love Thy Kingdom," preceded the benediction.

At 3 o'clock a meeting for children, young people, and the Society of Christian Endeavor was held in the church. Addresses were given by the Rev. James Francis and Walter Duncan Buchanan. At the service in the evening the Rev. Dr. John Hall preached.

The new church stands within sight of the Hudson River. It is the sixth building owned and occupied by the Fourth Presbyterian Church since its organization, in 1875.

THE FIRST BUILDING.



The first building was in Nassau Street, near Maiden Lane. It was built in 1787. There was one small room, with sanded floor. Light was furnished by candles in tin sockets on the walls. Everything was of the plainest and simplest order.

In 1809 the church built a better edifice on the same site and ground adjoining, which was leased from the Dutch Church. The church moved in 1824 into a substantial brick building at Grand and Mercer Streets. The Sabbath-school was organized here, in 1827. This was a very decided advance.

The next edifice fronted on Grand Street, at the intersection of Crosby Street, and was purchased of the Scotch Church in 1852. Architecturally speaking, it was a Greek temple of white marble laid up in substantial blocks.

The fifth church, built during the well-remembered ministry of the Rev. John Thompson, was erected of brown stone, and in Gothic style, in West Thirty-fourth Street, near Broadway, in 1867.

The new church, just now completed and dedicated, assembles its congregation in an entirely new section of the city, and about six miles north by west of its starting point as a little nucleus of worshippers in 1779. The new structure is a thoroughly equipped

church, with parsonage and parish house, designed by Heins and LaFarge, the architects of the new cathedral. The cornerstone was laid in June of last year. The following illustration shows the general disposition, the square tower standing directly on the corner, and the building coming out to the street line at every point.



CHURCH IN GRAND STREET.

It is one of the unfortunate necessities of expensive city corners that no ground can be spared for a church yard, or even the smallest court of approach: for however fine the architecture of the building may be, the intersection of the walls with the flagstones of the sidewalk, with no trace of grass, or flowers, or trees, gives it a rather cheerless aspect, which the continuous lines of the facades do not soften. Wherever there is room, the suggestion would be to arrange the buildings around a little campus, which may contain a tree or two, the masses being then varied with a picturesque and interesting sky line and a footing of green around them, a fine example being seen in the old First Presbyterian Church in Fifth Avenue.

THE NEW CHURCH.

Returning to this church, we see that the style is a rather late Gothic, carefully worked out in gray Indiana limestone, rough in the wall surfaces, and smooth in mouldings, soffits, and quoins. The tower is to be surmounted by a slender spire, and it contains an electric clock, which is automatically wound, lighted, and synchronized with the standard clock at the Naval Observatory. It is a welcome addition to the landscape, in fact, we wish that more churches would offer this timely consolation to the wayfarer.

The great mullioned windows in the front and transept are very effective, both outside and in, affording fine opportunities for memorial stained glass—some have already been taken for the purpose—and giving a well lighted interior within. The gallery passes around the rear of the church, leaving the transept free and open, which is always desirable to give space and height to the front of the room. The organ and choir gallery is on one side of the pulpit niche, raised considerably above the floor, which descends as a conical surface to the platform, the pews being arranged upon it in circular arcs. The galleries are partitioned in boxes, with chairs. The roof is an open timber one, with plaster panels. All of the interior woodwork is of quartered oak and chestnut, carried out carefully in the style, with much fine detail, and nice suggestions of thought here and there. There is a great central chandelier of polished brass, with 114 gas burners and 107 electric lamps.

The chapel building on Ninety-first Street is two stories high, with a large lecture, or Sunday-school room, and parlor above, with committees and sewing rooms, adjoining. These floors are lighted on all four sides, partly by courts, and the rooms are light, attractive, and commodious. Additional space

is given in the basement for the kitchen department, gymnasium, and other rooms which a vigorous church will need in carrying on its work among the young men. The parsonage on the south is built in the style, and is tied to the larger building by suitable string courses. Altogether the work is carried out with discretion and feeling.

One is led to wonder why so few of our churches, old or new, can be called architecturally good. It is not an easy question to answer, while yet not without a satisfactory solution. It is one that might profitably be considered in these columns from time to time, in the hope of its better understanding. Questions and suggestions are freely invited, with a view to bringing out any difficulties, and suggesting proper remedies. Architecture is neither a dead art nor a lost art: it has a living interest and meaning for us, and must be made to serve our needs as it has those of all who have come before us.

Too late for more than this brief mention comes to our table a pamphlet by Elder Thomas McDougall of Cincinnati, reviewing certain statements in a book which some time ago we recommended to the attention of our readers. That book was entitled "The Trial of Dr. Briggs before the General Assembly; A Calm Review by a Stranger who attended all the Sessions of the Court." Mr. McDougall is not pleased with certain references to words of his uttered on that occasion, and being a lawyer and well known as a thorough partisan, he undertakes in this pamphlet to



discredit the book by methods with which our law courts are all too familiar. We shall take an early opportunity to notice the pamphlet more at length; meanwhile we strongly recommend to the commissioners to the late General Assembly, and especially to those who voted in the affirmative in this trial, to read this pamphlet and compare it with the book which it undertakes to discredit. Of course, no man of candor would form an opinion on the subject without reading the book which Mr. McDougall calls in question.

The church of Rondell, S.D., welcomed eight more members, five of them by profession, on March 11th. Special meetings have been conducted by the pastor, the Rev. M. E. Chapin, aided by Sunday-school Missionary E. H. Grant of Huron.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN MORRISTOWN.

A most interesting occasion was recently celebrated in the South-street Presbyterian Church, Morristown, New Jersey, when the Rev. Dr. Albert Erdman completed his twenty-fifth year as pastor of that church.

On the morning of Sunday, March 11th, Dr. Erdman delivered an historical discourse from the text: "Many, O, Lord, my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to usward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered" (Psa. xl. 5).

After an appropriate introduction and some interesting personal reminiscence, the pastor paid a graceful tribute to his predecessor, "the gifted and now sainted Arthur Mitchell, whose name and service will ever be among the cherished memories of this church."

In speaking of the growth of the church, Dr. Erdman said: "Twenty-five years ago the enrolled membership was 370; now we have on our roll 786, not including a considerable number who have moved beyond our bounds and our knowledge, or have not seen fit to take letters of dismission. At that time the Sabbath-school membership was 31; now it is 740. The number received into our church membership by letter from other churches is 509; on confession of faith, 645. The total additions have been 1,154. . . . I but repeat a familiar truth when I say, that by far the larger majority of those received into church membership came through the Sabbath-school, and were under twenty years of age."

The contributions of this church to benevolent and congregational purposes were shown to have been generous and varied. Foreign Missions has received \$75,705, Home Missions \$54,433. All the Boards of the Church have been remembered, and many outside objects have received aid, making a total of benevolent contributions of \$219,518. During the same period the amount raised for congregational expenses, including the building and furnishing of the present beautiful church, is \$231,135, thus making a grand total of congregational and benevolent contributions of \$450,653.

On the Friday evening following this anniversary Sabbath, the members of the congregation, young and old, turned out in force to greet their much-loved pastor and his wife at an informal reception in the church parlors.

After some time had been spent in social intercourse, Mr. Frederick G. Burnham, who for twenty-five years has been an elder of the church, called the meeting to order, and after a few most felicitous words of greeting to Dr. Erdman, called upon Mr. Joseph F. Randolph to act as "master of ceremonies."

After a speech full of wit and good feeling, Mr. Randolph presented to the pastor a purse containing \$800, as a gift from his people in token of their sincere affection, and Dr. Erdman, greatly moved, both by the cordial words and the unexpected present, responded in a few words full of that spirit of love and devotion to his people which has made him so dear to them throughout all his ministry.

Short addresses followed by the Rev. Dr. Merritt of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, by Dr. MacNaughton of the First Presbyterian Church, by Dr. Kinsley Twining, and others, all of whom united in bearing testimony to the great work which Dr. Erdman has accomplished in this community. F. B. D.

The Bon Homme County (So. Dakota) Bohemian Presbyterian Church is steadily growing. This church and the Brule County church are under the pastoral care of the Rev. John Linka of Eagle, Brule County, S. D.

HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock.

You feel a longing in your soul to become a Christian, but you do not know how to begin. Your will has been rebellious; your heart has been hard; your life has been wrong. You feel worried and disturbed, and withal, not a little frightened, like a child who has been waked up suddenly in the night with the surroundings all dark and strange. Permit, then, a friend who has known that same darkness, to speak a word of help. These experiences that you have been passing through are most hopeful indications. They show this to be a time of precious opportunity, when you may become a Christian *if you will*. God is at your side. *Turn to Him and trust*. Let a simple illustration point the way. The father of a little girl was once in great trouble on account of his sins. He lay awake, after going to bed one night, in fear and dread. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move uneasily. "Papa, papa!" she called. "What is it, my darling?" he asked. "Oh, papa, it's so dark! Take Nellie's hand." He reached out and took her by her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own. A sigh of relief came from her throbbing heart. At once she was quiet and comforted. Almost instantly the father became conscious that his little child had taught him a lesson, and the Holy Spirit made it full of meaning to him. "Oh, my Father, my Saviour," he cried, "it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand, take my hand!" and he turned to Jesus and found joy and peace in believing. So will it be with every one who sincerely turns and trusts.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE IN THE U. S. A.

By Rev. John Q. Adams, President.

1. The organization with the above name is the only national Boys' Brigade in the United States. It had its beginning in the First San Francisco Company, organized in Westminster Presbyterian Church August 10, 1889. The national organization was formed in December, 1890; reorganized and incorporated March, 1894, and has its headquarters at 305 Larkin Street, San Francisco, Cal.

2. From the first it has worked in fullest sympathy with the parent Brigade in Great Britain, and had its cordial approval. It adopted the essentials of the Brigade movement there, only making such additions from time to time as seemed necessary in order to adapt it to the work in this country. It therefore rightly claims to be the representative of the original Brigade, and earnestly protests against other organizations of later growth, using the name, "The Boys' Brigade." The law of Christian courtesy forbids such use, and we hope that it will not be violated.

3. It now numbers over 300 enrolled companies, scattered in twenty-five States and territories, connected with ten or twelve of the leading denominations of the country.

4. The National Council is composed of representatives chosen according to a given ratio from the different States. This body elects a Board of eleven trustees, to whom is entrusted the guidance and control of the Brigade, subject to the review of the Council. The trustees do not form a legislative body, work under a published constitution, and assume no control over the local company. The trustees are the incorporated body.

5. The proper church officers control the company and appoint or approve its commissioned officers, who are Christian young men. It is kept in closest touch with the church and denomination to which it belongs. No higher military title is conferred than that of captain.

The drill, Bible class, and Missionary Society are essential features of the company.

6. Battalion and State Councils are encouraged, the former being composed of two or more companies in a given place, or belonging to the same denomination.

7. The Boys' Brigade Courier, the official, international organ (United States and Canada) of the Brigade is published in San Francisco. It is a bright and attractive monthly, full of Brigade news.

8. The trustees publish a manual and other necessary supplies, which can be obtained at headquarters from the Secretary, E. A. Girvin.

9. The Brigade invites examination. As a means of reaching and saving the boys, it has already proved a grand success. Its growth has been rapid, in the number of companies exceeding the number of societies of Christian Endeavor in the first four years of its wonderful history. The outlook is encouraging. We confidently expect to enroll more than 1,000 companies before two years have passed. We bespeak for it the intelligent interest and the earnest prayers of God's people. Its supreme and only object is stated in the words of its Constitution in this country and Great Britain:

"The object of the Brigade shall be the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of obedience, reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards a true Christian manliness."

The pastor of the Highland Falls Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Alexander R. Barron, gives an interesting sketch of the growth of that church, on another page. It was the only charge of the late Rev. Edward P. Roe, the most famous of its worthy line of pastors. As all who knew of his labors can testify, he gave not only of his physical strength, but of his income, to the utmost of his ability. The little church now stands as his monument. Generous to a fault himself, he provoked generosity on the part of others by his example. Many will feel a special interest in this church on his account, and will thank Pastor Barron and his people for the permanent memorial of his labors as pastor and army chaplain which they have now placed on these walls.

For five weeks past revival meetings have been held every day at noon, except Saturday, in the Association Hall, New York, and for two weeks past in the Cooper Union on the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in each week, the hall being engaged on the other days. The Cooper Union meetings have been largely attended, even the standing room being occupied at some of the meetings. The object of the day meetings has been largely for the deepening of the spiritual life of Christians, for prayer, testimony, and encouragement to the workers engaged in the revival, and in the evening the pastors, evangelists, and singers held special services in churches all over the city, and with blessed results. Not a few of our city pastors of the several evangelical denominations have cooperated with the Rev. A. C. Dixon in carrying forward the movement. Hundreds have been reached, first in Brooklyn and now in New York.

Heretofore we have received principally anthems written for the Easter season. Hereafter we shall make the column a medium for introducing new publications to organists and others interested in Church Music. Publishers are requested to send a copy of each new anthem or sacred song to the Musical Editor for review in his column. Those worthy of a place in the church service will be carefully noticed.



A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY FROM 1775 TO 1893. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. With Technical Revision by Lieutenant Roy C. Smith, U. S. N. In Two Volumes. Vol I. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1894. \$3.

A more valuable and important work of history than this has not issued from the press for many a day. It is not only that this hook tells a story never before told (for Cooper's work never professed to tell the whole story of our navy, even down to his own day), but that the story is told with the true historic sense, and with the finest critical acumen. The study of authorities has been exhaustive, with one notable exception, and that exception is itself a striking witness to the thoroughness of Mr. Maclay's work. When he came to study the war of 1812, he found his way blocked by the refusal of the English authorities to permit the examination of official papers of later date than 1810. Yet even here Mr. Maclay was not foiled, for there was then living, at the great age of more than a hundred years, the celebrated Sir Provo Wallis, who commanded the Shannon during a great part of the fight with the Chesapeake. From him Mr. Maclay gained much of the information he sought, and gained it in a living and graphic way which went far to make good any loss of completeness; and that indeed could he made good from other than English sources. So thorough and conscientious a student must needs make an accurate and trustworthy historian.

It is time, indeed, that Americans should know the history of their own navy, for it is one that not only reflects high honor upon this country, but marvellously interprets in many respects the spirit of our people. From the beginning the American colonists were men of the sea, having, as Mr. Maclay says, inherited seafaring proclivities from the five great maritime nations of Europe. The New England colonists were ship builders almost before they were house builders; a score of years had not passed over Plymouth when it already had a fleet of vessels up to four hundred tons burden. The story of American privateering is a most important chapter in the history of European conflicts; in the last French and English War before the Revolution, the American colonists sent out between three and four hundred privateers. Yet they never stained themselves with the atrocities of piracy. From the first they set their face against the barbarisms that prevailed in the naval service of England, and still more of the continental countries. It was the influence, and still more the example, of America which at last put down the press gang and abolished flogging. Both were indeed known in the American navy, for it is always impossible for any country to be far in advance of its time; it can do no more than lead the van of improvement. But this it surely did. There was a spirit of liberty in the colonial navy, which never degenerated into license, which, indeed, as all true liberty does, upheld and perfected discipline, so that it was to the perfect discipline of her navy that many American victories were won, notably in the battle between the Guerriere and the Constitution.

This first volume only whets the appetite.

All who read it will be glad to learn that the second is already announced, and will soon appear.

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY. Sixty Years' March of the Republic. Revised Edition. Based on the Census of 1890. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Mr. Carnegie, in his preface, avows his conviction that there are no shadows in our national life. Not that the republic is perfect any more than the sun, which has its spots, but that it is not only a useless, but an ungrateful task to point out the spots; what he desires to show is the brightness of our national sun. It might, indeed, be urged that brightness does not need showing; it shows itself; but it is never fair to press a metaphor beyond what it is able to bear. And it is certainly a noble way of looking at life to see only what we have to be thankful for. Mr. Carnegie would have the people of the republic, young and old, realize how much better off they are than other peoples, how far superior are their political and social advantages to those of other lands; and in this he is right, for a just appreciation of one's advantages does not tend to hraggadocio, but to a sense of the obligation, not only to revere and value the forefathers who won for their descendants such privileges, but to hold these as a debt to others less privileged, a debt which, in this case, Mr. Carnegie thinks, we owe especially to the mother country. The work covers well nigh the whole field of American civilization, its cities and towns, its conditions of life, occupations, education, religion, literature, arts, its agriculture and manufactures, its commerce and federal and foreign relations, its pauperism and crime. The last chapter gives "a look ahead," in which, reasoning from the history of the period of the Revolution, from race affinities, common religious ideas, and the advantages which would accrue from it, he foresees the future union of Britain and America in some sort of confederation. The material benefits involved in reunion would, Mr. Carnegie believes, be very great, and he especially urges this consideration upon Great Britain, apparently taking it for granted that the United States needs no urging to such a step. He does not deny that such a step would be damaging to American interests, but he thinks that patriotism is stronger in the American nature than even love for the dollar, and that "there are few who would not gladly make the necessary pecuniary sacrifices to bring about a reunion of the old home and the new." He appears to forget that the old home of a large proportion of Americans was not Great Britain, but Holland, France, Germany, Italy, Austria. The impediments to reunion are all, in his view, on the British side—her colonial empire, her Indian responsibilities, her position in regard to European questions, her monarchical form of government, her Established Church. Mr. Carnegie is able to brush them all away, and to find, that though the time for reunion is not yet, the means are ready, and sooner or later, "as surely as the sun in the heavens once shone upon Britain and America united, so surely is it one morning to shine upon and greet again the reunited State, 'The British and American Union.'"

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers 1894. \$1.25

Readers of Harper's Magazine already know the five articles which make up this volume. And everybody knows Mr. Davis's style; its lightness, crispness, its flavor of personality; everyone understands his way of looking at things, the way of a young man of this present time, who has learned, not perhaps as

Matthew Arnold used to say, to let his mind play freely all around a subject, but certainly with wide and alert vision to take in all the surface of what lies before him, and to see somewhat below the surface, too. His sketch of "The Derby," for instance, shows precisely what one does see on "Derby day," coming and going and at the field, and by no means what habit and common consent have decreed that one should see, what the newspapers report and the novels describe. So with his account of a General Election. He sees all that actually happens; sees it through the eyes of an American, and a young American at that, shrewd eyes, kindly, yet quick to see the funny side of things. Time-honored customs, whether of election methods or university life, by no means awe him; he holds them alongside of the standards of to-day and of the United States, and whether they come up or fall short, he gets his pleasure (and gives us our pleasure) out of them all the same. Yet his sympathy is very ready; he is as quick to enjoy as to see. The contrast between American and English standards, as to what is seemly for women, for example, or for college boys, was never more deftly brought out. And though Mr. Davis does not exactly set himself up for a censor, he has something to say as to Americans abroad which is worth listening to, and which has the merit of not having been already said by Mr. Henry James.

SCOTLAND'S FREE CHURCH. A Historical Retrospect and Memorial of the Disruption. By George Buchanan Ryley. With a Summary of Free Church Progress and Finance, 1843 - 1893. By John M. McCandlish, F.R.S.E., Late President of the Faculty of Actuaries. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph and Company.

More and more, as time goes on, we are learning to value the study of past history as a key to present questions. Those who in the present day are unlocking the secrets of ancient documents and studying history at its sources, are doing more to allay controversy and bring men to "see eye to eye," to use a phrase beloved of our fathers, than our best logicians and philosophers. This volume is one such contribution to the peace of the Church. To learn to know the men who made the Reformed Church of Scotland what it was, and the hard conflicts, the fiery trials, through which they planted the banner of reformation in that country, is to gain a new love and loyalty and zeal for the Church to which we ourselves belong, which is so truly an heir of that Scottish Church. And yet to learn, as the candid student of history must do, how far from perfect were the men who fought the good fight, in many cases how unlovely, in some how lacking in justice and a Christlike spirit, must be to learn humility and tolerance for the opinions, and forgiveness for the acts, of those who opposed them or who now disagree with us.

The authors of this book have done their work faithfully, and though too much fettered by the necessary limitation of space, have made a work that is pleasant to read. There are some very interesting illustrations, especially two caricatures published at the time of the Disruption and an etched portrait of Dr. Chalmers, here published for the first time. It is from this picture that the illustration on the cover of last week's Evangelist was taken, by the kind permission of the publishers.

THE MYSTERY OF GRACE, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. New York: A. D. F. Randolph and Company. \$1.75.

So simple is Dr. Macmillan's style, so lucid, so direct, that one almost needs a little time for reflection to perceive how high are his thoughts and what a power of uplift they have for others. The subjects first suggest

this fact; they are all so important to every one of us; and then the illustrations, coming spontaneously, as it were, from a wide range of reading and of scientific knowledge, yet never overlaid upon the subject, but belonging naturally to it. This volume contains a sermon preached on the occasion of Lord Tennyson's death, and an Easter sermon. The subjects are such as The Mystery of Healing Renunciation, The Harmony of Christian Growth, Growth Under Pressure, The Privilege of Sanctuary, and many more.

THE RISE OF THE BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA.
By Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A small and rather closely printed volume, giving in compact form, but with a due sense of proportion, the complicated history of British rule in India. The review of the original situation in India goes back to 300 B.C., but comes down, in a single paragraph, to the ninth century, A.D., and in the first chapter to the accession of the Emperor Aurangzebe, in 1658, having reviewed the discovery of America and the eastern route by the Cape of Good Hope, the successive commercial ascendancy of Venice and Genoa, Portugal and Holland, and the founding of the Dutch, French, and first English East India Company. The influence and connection of politics in Europe and Asia forms the subject of another introductory chapter, and then follows the history proper. There are good, though not minutely accurate, colored maps, showing the provinces of India.

BOOK NOTES.

The two volumes of *Harper's Magazine* for 1893 contains Miss Woolson's last novel, Horace Chase, and Conan Doyle's Refugees and Black's Handsome Humes; Ahhey and Lang's illustrations of and comment on Love's Lahor Lost, and Twelfth Night; Janvier's articles on the Evolution of New York, and Richard Harding Davis's foreign papers; Pratt's Italian Gardens, and Mrs. Ritchie's comment on her father's hall of Lord Bateman, with his hitherto unpublished illustrations of it; short stories by Mary Wilkins; travels by Julian Ralph; illustrations by George du Maurier, and many other of the good things we are in the habit of looking for in Harper's. Among the more notable papers are the tributes of Dr. Arthur Brooks to his brother, the too early lost Bishop of Massachusetts, Dr. Chadwick to George William Curtis, Charles Eliot Norton to James Russell Lowell, and of Mrs. Fields to Whittier, and Dr. Van Dyke's The Childhood of Jesus.

The bound volume of *The Critical Review* for 1893 is the third in the series. This very valuable review of theological and philosophical literature is edited by Professor S. D. F. Salmond, and the contributors are the first scholars, theologians, philosophers, and critics of Great Britain. Among the works reviewed in the volume before us are Bosanquet's *A History of Aesthetics* (Dr. W. Mitchell); Brown, Driver and Briggs's *Hebrew and English Lexicon* (Dr. James Kennedy); Stevens's *The Pauline Theology* (Prof. Marcus Dods); Kirkpatrick's *The Doctrine of the Prophets* (Prof. W. T. Davidson); Parkhurst's *Three Gates on a Side* (Prof. James Robertson); Horton's *Revelation and the Bible* (Prof. James Iverach); Addis's *The Documents of the Hexateuch* (Prof. George Adam Smith); Montefiore's *Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion* (Prof. Herbert E. Ryle); Dodson's *Evolution and Religion* (Prof. Iverach). As will be seen from these few instances, scholars of all schools are reviewed by critics both conservative and liberal, men, however, whose candor and intelligence are alike beyond dispute.

Streams from the Valley of Berachah is a small volume by S. A. Lindenberger, a deaconess working in Berachah Home in this city. The little volume gives an account of the author's conversion and Christian life, with instances illustrating her views of what the Christian life should be, drawn from what she has seen in her own work. Of no special literary value, the little volume is suggestive and often inspiring, especially in its teaching of the duty of cheerfulness in the Christian life and in ministration to others. Some of the writer's views, as, for instance, on "Divine Healing," are open to question. (Christian Alliance Publishing Company. 75 cents.)

The Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M.D., by Frederic M. Burr, A.M., published by the Burr Brothers, has a very special interest, because Dr. Anderson was the first American wood engraver. The beautifully made quarto contains three portraits of Dr. Anderson, and over thirty engravings by himself, which are deeply interesting to all who care to study the progress of the art in this country. The illustrations have all the charm of old friends to those of us who are in later middle life.

A touchingly appropriate gift-hook for those by whom Easter consolations are most needed is a little volume issued by the American Tract Society, called *Consolation for Mothers with Empty Arms*. It is published anonymously, but there is much in tone and sentiment to recall the author of those loveliest of children's hooks, the "Prince Dimple" stories. The little volume is daintily bound in white and gilt.

In his *Pictures from Greek Life and Story*, the Rev. A. J. Church continues the work begun in former books, of making the ancient Greeks seem real to young people of to-day, and thus throwing a strong light on their study of the Greek language and history. The well made volume is abundantly illustrated from classic art. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

The season for the study of flowers has come. A convenient text-hook just issued by D. C. Heath and Company, is the *Guide to the Study of Common Plants*, by Prof. Volney M. Spaulding of the University of Michigan. The work is prepared for classes in high schools and others. (85 cents.)

LITERARY NOTES.

Thomas Nelson Page has written for the April *Scribner* one of his most dramatic stories, under the title *The Burial of the Guns*, a tale which culminates at the very end of the Rebellion. Other articles in this number are H. C. Bunner's on The Bowery and Bohemia; one by Gustave Kohle describing the experiences of a veteran diver; a picturesque account of a winter journey up the coast of Norway by Ex-minister Ransom B. Anderson, and a description of the famous eighteenth-century bookshop of Robert Dodsley by Austin Dohson.

Stone and Kimball announce through *The Critic* the preparation of an edition of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Prof. George E. Woodhery of Columbia College. The effort is to make a standard and final edition. It will contain a biography by Prof. Woodhery, and critical introductions to the poems, tales and literary writings. There will be a thorough rearrangement of the works, and a careful revision of text, based on Poe's maturest judgment. The volumes will be illustrated with portraits, facsimiles, etc., reproduced by photogravure.

The edition is to be complete in ten volumes, and will be issued in large and small paper forms. The large paper edition will contain a series of eight illustrations to the tales by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. No other standard author has fared so ill at the hands of the publishers as Poe. There is absolutely no satisfactory edition of his works, and there has never been one.

The April number of the *Popular Science Monthly* will contain an illustrated article on

New Lights on the Problem of Flying, by Prof. Joseph Le Conte. He describes the action of a bird's wings in hovering, poising, soaring and sailing, and shows that Professor Langley's recent experiments on the aeroplane have made human flight a much nearer possibility than it has ever been before. The same number will contain an interesting contribution to the study of the "homing" instinct in animals by Dr. C. F. Hodge of Clark University.

St. Nicholas is to add another serial to its attractions for the present year. The April number will contain the first chapters of a serial written and illustrated by Howard Pyle, called *Jack Ballister's Fortunes*. It deals with life in America during the early colonial days. Through the treachery of an uncle, Jack Ballister, a sturdy English lad and heir to a small estate, is transported to America and sold in the Virginia colony as a redemptioner, or bond-servant, for seven years.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company's spring announcements include the *Memoirs of the Baron de Meneval*, Private Secretary of Napoleon I, in three volumes, with portraits; *The History of the United States Navy*, by Edgar Stanton Maclay, vol. ii, from the close of the War of 1812 to 1894; *The Life of Edward L. Youmans*, by John Fiske; *Smith's Classical Dictionary*, a new edition, thoroughly revised; *General Washington*, a new volume in the *Great Commanders Series*, by General Bradley T. Johnson; *Cleopatra*, an Egyptian romance, by Dr. Georg Ebers; *Creatures of Other Days*, by the Rev. Dr. H. N. Hutchinson, author of *Extinct Monsters*; *Symbolic Education*, by Susan E. Blow; *Aerial Navigation*, by J. G. W. Fijnje, translated and revised by Colonel George E. Waring, Jr.; *Evolution of the Public School System in Massachusetts*, by G. F. Martin; and a number of novels by more or less well known writers.

Messrs. Ginn and Company announce that in May they will issue an important edition of the *Anabasis*, made by Professor Goodwin, the author of *Goodwin's Greek Grammar*, and Professor John White, who was his associate in editing the old edition that many of us know so well. With them is joined Professor Morgan, the author, with Professor White, of the *Dictionary to the Anabasis*.

The Baker and Taylor Company announce the immediate publication of three new hooks: *With the Wild Flowers*, by E. M. Hardinge; *The Amateur Aquarist*, by Mark Samuel of Columbia College; and *Christianity Practically Applied*, the Report of the Chicago meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

Since the raising of the monument to Uncle John Vassar, a fresh demand for his "Life" has sprung up. A new edition has just been issued from the press of the American Tract Society. There has been a very much larger demand for this hook in Europe than in this country.

The famous Dean Hole of Rochester, whose proposed visit to the United States has been postponed until next autumn, publishes a volume of "Addresses to Working Men" through Thomas Whittaker, New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company: *A Bird-Lover in the West*; Olive Thorne Miller.—*Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us*; William Elliott Griffis.—*Bayou Folk*; Kate Chopin.—*Does God Send Trouble?*; Charles Cuthbert Hall.

Macmillan and Company: *Katherine Lauderdale*; F. Marion Crawford.—*The Temple Shakespeare*; The Tempest. Edited by Israel Gollancz.—*Bishop Lightfoot*. Prefatory Note by the Bishop of Durham.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: *Random Roamings*; Augustus Jessop.—*The Story of Australasia*; Greenville Tregarthen.—*A Sheaf of Poems*; George Perry.

A. D. F. Randolph and Company: *Be Perfect*; Andrew Murray.

Ginn and Company, Boston: *A Brave Baby and Other Stories*; Sara E. Wiltse.

F. T. Neely: *The Anarchist*; Richard Henry Savage.

S. G. Griggs and Company, Chicago: *Ethics and the "New Education"*; William M. Bryant.—*A Syllabus of Ethics*; William M. Bryant.

PERIODICALS.

For March: *Littell*; *Babyland*; *Godey's*; *Annals*; *Charities Review*.

For April: *Scribner's*; *St. Nicholas*; *Magazine of Art*; *Harper's*; *Missionary Review*; *Popular Science Monthly*; *Pansy*; *Worthington's*; *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*; *Woman's Work for Woman*; *Quiver*; *Church at Home and Abroad*; *Homiletic Review*.

THE HIGHLAND FALLS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

An Historical Sermon by the Pastor Rev. Alexander R. Barrows, Preached February 11th, 1894, on the Occasion of Unveiling a Bronze Tablet to the Memory of the Rev. E. P. Roe.

TEXT.—*What mean these stones?* Joshua 4:21.

From bondage, through the wilderness, across the Jordan, God's people, Israel, have come. They stand at last on the borders of the land promised to their fathers. God's hand has delivered them, God's hand has guided them, God's hand has thrown back the swiftly flowing waters of the river and the people have entered Canaan dry-shod. At the divine bidding, from the bed of the stream are taken twelve stones, representative of the twelve tribes, and with these is erected a memorial of this eagerly looked for event. There is no need of Joshua telling those who have struggled with him across the desert and through hostile territories, what this memorial stands for. But their children and children's children will, in coming days ask, "What mean these stones?" Then says their glorious leader, "Ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land. For the Lord, your God, dried up the waters of Jordan before you, until ye were passed over, as the Lord, your God, did to the Red Sea which He dried up from before us, until we were gone over; that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty; that ye might fear the Lord, your God, forever."

The stones were placed upon the site of their first camping-ground within the land. This remained the base of operations in their conflict with the Canaanites. It was the rallying point of the people at solemn times of national crisis. Thither, in after times, would parents bring their children to view these rude boulders and to hear the wondrous story of the passage, and before. For centuries they had lain undisturbed; now, massed together, they are filled with deepest significance. They embody history, the history of a people united by the welding hand of suffering, and led by a Father-God into the land of promise, a holy nation. Well is it that hearts prone to forgetfulness should be stirred up by way of remembrance. Such is the purpose of all memorials. Beside all our Jordans it is needful that memorial stones be set up. In the purpose and thought of God Israel is already in possession of their inheritance. While they are seeking its full enjoyment, it is right that there should remain a reminder of Him who established them therein.

As with Israel, so is it with the redeemed Church of God in all ages, which, planted by Him on resurrection ground, must, through heroic endeavor, enter into its perfect enjoyment. To-day, as a portion of God's redeemed Church on earth, we stand within the limits of our inheritance, and gratefully call to remembrance the hand of our God that has led us, surrounded us, and redeemed us. In enduring bronze we recall a beloved leader's memory, and looking around us and over us, behold in this beautiful building, a memorial as lasting and far more significant. The children to-day ask their fathers, a generation that is coming seeks from a generation that is going, "What mean these stones?" In their name I shall attempt to answer. Like the stones at Gilgal, they have history behind them. Back one, two generations let us go, and scan the genesis and growth of our church.

Amid the monarchs of the forest lining the banks of the glorious Hudson, and surrounded by the everlasting Godward-looking hills, a mile south of West Point Military Reserva-

tion, were scattered the humble dwellings of a few sturdy pioneers, with the traditional village store, the hub of thought and interest for the early settlers. Here, in the home of one William Howe, October 12, 1830, a few earnest souls met for the purpose of organizing a religious society. The Rev. Hosea Ball acted as moderator. The Minutes record that "the object of the meeting was fully explained, and the throne of grace addressed for divine aid." Wm. Howe, Samuel Spencer, and Peter Meeks were appointed the first Trustees.

On November 22nd of the same year a committee of the Presbytery of North River, appointed at a meeting of the Presbytery in New York, met at Buttermilk Falls and organized the church under the designation, "The First Presbyterian Society in the Highlands west of the Hudson River." William Howe and Nathaniel Gregory were set apart as the first ruling elders. The Rev. Hosea Ball, who had been laboring as a missionary in the region about the Falls, was retained as missionary in charge. This man seems to have been a most earnest and devoted servant of his Master. He must also have been a man of varied gifts, for in addition to his regular duties as a preacher of the Gospel, he spent the greater part of three years in soliciting subscriptions in neighboring congregations and in the city of New York for the erection of a house of worship. His labors were successful.

In the beginning there were two meeting places, here and at Fort Montgomery. On the 27th of September, 1831, a deed of one acre of land near Fort Montgomery was given to the Trustees by William George Ferris of New York (the consideration being one dollar), for the purpose of erecting thereon a church building, and for a cemetery. It is impossible to determine from the records what advantage was taken of this generosity. The services at this place were discontinued at an early date.

At Buttermilk Falls, the site of the present so-called "Owl's Nest" was purchased by the congregation from William H. Denning in 1833 for \$7.50, the land being occupied at that time by Alexander Mearns. Early in that year the church was built. The Board of Trustees determined that Christmas Day should not pass unnoticed, by holding the annual meeting of the congregation on that day. When the 25th came on Sunday, the meeting should be held on the 24th. On the first Sabbath of January, 1831, the first administration of the Lord's Supper took place. Two men (the elders) and three women constituted the membership. On the evening of the same day a daughter of the clerk of Session Nathaniel Gregory, was married by the pastor to Andrew Swim. The following Monday a monthly concert of prayer was inaugurated, and four children of Mr. Gregory were baptized. At a meeting of the Session March 10th, 1832 it was resolved, "The Church not having an abridgment of the Confession of Faith nor a form of covenant, that the doctrines of faith and form of covenant in the First Presbyterian Congregational Church in Moproe be adopted for the time being in admitting members." The service at this period was held at 2 P. M. In 1833 the Session requested the moderator to spend two weeks in New York to raise funds to enable the Trustees to pay off a bill for building the church. At home, teaming and nails seem to have been favorite modes of subscription. In the same year it recommended that members of the church and their children meet at least once in two weeks for Bible class instruction. This was carried out on Sunday evening at 7 P. M., the first chapter of Genesis being assigned as the first lesson. The necessity

for such instruction has by no means disappeared. Towards the close of 1833 the faithful Hosea Ball gave up his charge, though on several occasions afterwards he presided in the Session. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. L. Skinner, who remained about a year. For some years thereafter the flock had only passing shepherds, but manifested their Presbyterianism by sticking close together. In 1838 the Rev. P. L. de St. Croix assumed charge, followed the next year by the Rev. Thomas Owens.

From 1840 to 1849 is the "Sæculum obscurum" in the history of the church. Only one sessional meeting is recorded in all that time, moderated by the Rev. Abijah Greene. The congregation was declining, though in 1845 the number of Trustees was increased to five. These were Alexander Mearns, Charles P. Smith, Cornelius Nelson, Z. J. D. Kinsley and David Parry, the majority of whom, in a ripe old age, have but recently passed away.

And now, when things had reached their lowest, there came a quickening into renewed life. The church had, through gradual loss of members, become almost extinct. Only three male members were left, one of whom had long been confined to his house by infirmity, and another was constantly away because of his business, leaving only one man on the field. The last ruling elder had been removed by death. The church was completely reorganized in 1850, a most eventful year in the congregation's history. A new start was made. A public meeting for reorganization was held on January 29th that year. A committee of Presbytery was present, and a covenant was adopted and signed by twelve members of the old church and six from other Presbyterian bodies. Six members of the old church declined to sign, one of whom, Mrs. Robert Berard, who shortly afterwards united again, still survives. Of the twelve who signed the covenant, the only one with us to-day is Mrs. Margaret Bettman.

On the evening of the 29th public worship was held at 6 P. M. Dr. Johnstone of Newburg, moderator of Presytery, presided, and gave a history of the church's progress and decline. With him, as the Presbytery's committee, were Dr. Sproule, chaplain at West Point, and Dr. Nathaniel S. Prime. John W. Hall and John Van Deventer were chosen elders, and as there were no other male members, deacons as well. Power was given the Session to admit all former members who had not signed the covenant on professing their desire to unite. Dr. Prime was appointed stated supply for one year, and his presence and influence were a tower of strength to the renewed church. The report of the meeting says: "It may be added that the assembly was large and very solemn, the church being crowded, and the protracted exercises were listened to with undivided attention, inspiring the hope that deep and lasting impressions were produced on many minds." Orders and general rules were adopted. The service preparatory to communion was set for Saturday afternoon, at which all the members of the church intending to communicate were expected to be present with their children. Catechising was indulged in on this occasion.

In December, 1850, the Rev. P. B. Henry was placed in charge of the congregation and remained as pastor until the summer of 1856, the church flourishing under his faithful supervision. In 1852 the parsonage was built.

After Mr. Henry's departure, a call was extended to the Rev. James Henry, but declined, because the parsonage was not large enough. From the beginning of 1857 the Rev. John Gray was stated supply, and in August of the same year, the Rev. F. F. Williams assumed the guidance of the church. He

was succeeded by the Rev. A. C. Frissell, at present District Secretary of the American Tract Society. Early in 1863 a resolution looking towards the building of a new church was adopted, but it remained for Mr. Frissell's successor, whom we would specially honor to day, to carry to most successful completion this undertaking.

More than a passing reference must be made to him whose memory is so lovingly enshrined in the hearts of all who knew him. To the Rev. E. P. Roe this congregation is under a debt of gratitude which will remain so long as these stones stand one upon another, for it is to his noble and unselfish efforts that we mainly owe our present beautiful church home. His coming here was a renewal of scenes familiar to him from childhood. Among the Highlands of the Hudson he spent his early years. While diligently preparing himself for a ministerial career in Auburn Theological Seminary the call to war resounded throughout the land. From preparations for the peaceful victories of the Gospel, Mr. Roe turned his face to the field of civil combat. As chaplain to the Second New York Cavalry, he witnessed all the horrors of war in many deadly fights. For a brief interval he attended Union Seminary, only to return again to the scene of strife. He was appointed by the President chaplain of Hampton Hospital, where his gentle and kindly ministrations brought joy to many a brave sufferer. Seeking diversion from the awful scenes he was daily called upon to witness, his generous nature led him to utilize the waste land surrounding the hospital as a garden, and all reaped the reward of his industry.

After the close of the war, he came to Highland Falls, entering on his labors in 1866. Here he spent nine years, not without happiness to himself, and certainly with great benefit to the people. Early in his pastorate the subject of a new church building occupied the attention of himself and congregation. This was completed in 1868 after the most earnest and devoted labor. The result was a building "whose granite walls," he himself says, "are so thick, and hardwood finish so substantial, that passing centuries should add only the mellowness of age." In his efforts to raise funds for this noble undertaking, he was led into the lecture field, where his war experiences stood him in splendid stead.

In 1875 Mr. Roe resigned his pastorate to devote himself to a literary life. An affectionate people followed him, and his efficient and sympathetic helpmeet, whose kindly generosity our Sabbath-school has yearly cause for remembrance, with their prayers and love.

His career and popularity as an author are too well known to call for comment here. Modest and manly, his courtesy as unflinching as his geniality, with a disposition kindly and sweet, a generosity that was princely, he was to all classes a man greatly beloved. When your children and their children shall worship in coming days within these walls, and enquire as to this house of God, the memory of Mr. Roe will mingle largely with the meaning of these stones.

The history of the church since Mr. Roe's departure, under the pastorates of the Rev. O. H. Hazzard, the Rev. F. F. Williams, and the Rev. D. B. McMurdy, is so recent, so fresh in the memory of most of you, that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it here. Suffice it to say that we of to-day have entered into the labors of the past. The church has had its lights and shadows, the lights, we believe, largely predominating.

Let us ask ourselves, in bringing this hurried sketch of the past to a close, the question suggested by Joshua's memorial. Let

us ask it, however, of this base of operations against our spiritual enemies, this rallying point for our Christian work and life: "What mean these stones?" In the light of their past history we venture to reply:

(1) They mean work, steady, persevering, earnest. This is their first lesson for us to-day. Work for the Master, work in the sunshine of prosperity, work in the face of difficulty and discouragement, work for the welfare of souls, that is hound to be successful, because God is our coworker.

(2) They mean strength. Rivalling in endurance the everlasting hills, they stand to be shaken only by the hands of the Eternal. A second lesson comes to us from them: "Be strong," strong against every temptation, every sin; strong in every duty, every opportunity. Teach your children to be strong, "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

(3) They mean aspiration. The upward look of our church's spire directs our thought to Him who has ascended, victorious over death through love, to the right hand of the Father.

Do they not, therefore, teach us to look up. Our hope is in the living, risen Christ. Let us, inspired by His divine Spirit, aspire to His perfection, keeping our gaze forever fixed upon Himself. But not in such a way as to make us forget our weak and struggling brother. Looking up, help him to get up.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Thus living, the purpose of these memorial stones, this church of God, shall be fulfilled—"that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty; that ye might fear the Lord, your God, forever."

CHALMERS IN THE PULPIT.

Dr. Chalmers gained his reputation as a preacher in the Tron Church, Glasgow, and in Edinburgh, and there are many allusions to him in the Scotch annals of those days. His marvellous eloquence was inspired by the subject, and not at all by the presence of distinguished hearers. In a remote hamlet in the Highlands, speaking to a congregation of farmers and shepherds, he poured forth the same mighty torrent of reasoning and imagination as if he were speaking to the most distinguished men and women of Edinburgh. He was just as eloquent, and apparently just as powerful, before the one as the other. In illustration of this we quote from one of the charming Papers of the late Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, who thus describes his first hearing of the great Scotch preacher. They afterwards became life-long friends:

"We remember well our first hearing Dr. Chalmers. We were in a moorland district in Tweeddale, rejoicing in the country, after nine months of the High School. We heard that the famous preacher was to be at a neighboring parish church, and off we set, a cartful of irrepressible youngsters. "Calm was all nature as a resting wheel." The crows, instead of making wing, were impudent and sat still; the cart-horses were standing, knowing the day, at the field-gates, gossiping and gazing, idle and happy; the moor was stretching away in the pale sunlight—vast, dim, melancholy, like a sea; everywhere were to be seen the gathering people, "sprinklings of hiltie company"; the country side seemed moving to one centre. As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell—

"He had a hardness in his eye,
He had a hardness in his cheek."

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw him going in. The kirk was full as it could hold. How different in looks to a brisk town congregation! There was a fine leisureliness and vague stare; all the dignity and vacancy of animals; eyebrows raised and mouths open, as is the habit with those who speak little and look much, and at far-off objects. The minister comes in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The High School boys thought him like a "big one of ourselves," he looks vaguely round upon his audience, as if he saw in it one great object, not many. We shall never forget his smile! its general benignity;—how he let the light of his countenance fall on us! He read a few verses quietly; then prayed briefly, solemnly, with his eyes wide open all the time, but not seeing. Then he gave out his text; we forget it, but its subject was, "Death reigns." He stated slowly, calmly, the simple meaning of the words; what death was, and how and why it reigned; then suddenly he started, and looked like a man who had seen some great sight, and was breathless to declare it; he told us how death reigned—everywhere, at all times, in all places; how we all knew it, how we would yet know more of it. The drover, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. The tide set in—everything added to its power, deep called to deep, imagery and illustration poured in; and every now and then the theme—the simple, terrible statement—was repeated in some lucid interval.

"After overwhelming us with proofs of the reign of Death, and transferring to us his intense urgency and emotion; and after shrieking, as if in despair, these words, "Death is a tremendous necessity," he suddenly looked beyond us as if into some distant region, and cried out, "Behold a mightier!—who is this? He cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, glorious in his apparel, speaking in righteousness, travelling in the greatness of his strength, mighty to save." Then, in a few plain sentences, he stated the truth as to sin entering, and death by sin, and death passing upon all. Then he took fire once more, and enforced, with redoubled energy and richness, the freeness, the simplicity, the security, the sufficiency, of the great method of justification. How astonished and impressed we all were! He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks—his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's; his whole body stirred with emotion. We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. And when he sat down, after warning each one of us to remember who it was, and what it was, that followed death on his pale horse, and how alone we could escape, we all sunk hack into our seats. How beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look—exhausted, but sweet and pure! How he poured out his soul before his God in giving thanks for sending the Abolisher of Death! Then a short psalm, and all was ended.

"We went home quieter than we came; we did not recount the foals with their long legs, and roguish eyes, and their sedate mothers; we did not speculate whose dog that was, and whether that was a crow or a man in the dim moor,—we thought of other things. That voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of resistless eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice,—that "tremendous necessity."

REMINISCENCES OF DR. PATTERSON.

By Rev. E. L. Hurd, D.D.

Two score of years ago, as a boy verging toward majority, I landed from a very rough voyage around the lakes from Buffalo, and found myself in the city of Chicago. Quite ridiculous it seemed to me then to call Chicago a city when compared with some villages in New York, while the marshy plain about the young city did not, to my inexperienced eye, invite settlement. Not far from the "boat landing," on Lake Street, then the chief street of Chicago, I saw on that morning a large load of wood, to which was attached two yoke of oxen, but "stalled," with the wheels of the wagon in the mud to the hubs, and the oxen lying down contentedly chewing the cud, while the driver was away also ruminating on the mishaps of life.

At that time there was just coming to that young city a stalwart Tennessean, but educated in Illinois, a commanding form, destined to have a commanding position and influence in our Presbyterian Church of the Northwest, and of the whole country, and in other churches, and beyond church lines. Robert W. Patterson and the Second Presbyterian Church and the city of Chicago belong together and stand together in many minds. But it is not of these aspects that I offer a few words, but only of two or three reminiscences of great interest to me. For a short time after the close of his long pastorate in the Second Church, he resided at Highland Park while I was pastor of our church there. The church edifice stood between our two residences, so that I had the very great pleasure and honor of having him with his lovely family as both neighbors and parishioners. I remember well that at first I felt no little diffidence in finding his commanding presence in the pew before me. But it is a most pleasant recollection how, by his appreciating kindness, he dissipated this, with only an enhancement of my impression of the distinguishing talents of the truly great man. How nicely and keenly, yet kindly, he could apply a critical word upon occasion, though never volunteered! Once with Dr. Patterson as an auditor, I ventured a somewhat peculiar, perhaps strained, exegesis of a Scripture passage. On the railroad train the next morning, when this became a matter of conversation, he said: "I heard with much interest your interpretation yesterday, but I was not quite convinced."

The habitual gravity of Dr. Patterson's presence would not lead one to expect the keen zest with which he entered into all social life and intercourse. One only needed to know him well to see how, like Dr. Thomas Guthrie, he found pastime and recreation as naturally as a child in social and domestic life. Calling at his door on a summer evening, I heard the music of a duet performed on the piano and violin, and on entering, I found that the pianist was his lovely daughter, and the violin accompaniment was by Dr. Patterson himself. A memorable and most touching scene on the morning when that beloved Annie died, showed how the sublime faith and great abilities of this eminent man could, at the same time, have the most perfect self-control and the mastery of all the circumstances of an extremely trying hour. At nine o'clock on that morning, I remember it as yesterday, Dr. Patterson called at my door, in person, to say that Annie (Mrs. Williams), after a vital surgical operation, could not live but two or three hours at most, and that it was her desire to consummate her union with the church, of which she had spoken to me, as her pastor, before her prostration by this sickness, and to commemorate the Saviour's death at the Lord's table before she died.

She had studied abroad, and at one time was perplexed with doubts, which had now, for some months, been cleared away, and only her sickness had hindered her from the communion of the church. Going to the house, we stood around her dying bed while she and her two younger sisters were received into the full communion of the church, and then the sacrament was administered to all. I can never forget her clear expression and tones, as with smiling face she professed her faith in Christ. And I can see the picture as of yesterday, of the group around that bedside. I can see just where her husband and mother sat, and the two sisters, while, standing on different sides of the bed, her father and pastor, taking different parts of the service, administered the sacrament. The same order was observed as in the church. Nothing was omitted. Dr. Patterson distributed one of the elements, and the pastor the other. But what still deeply impresses me in my vivid recollection of that scene, is that perfect composure of voice and manner, without even a quaver of voice, which for the sake of his dying daughter, Dr. R. W. Patterson was able to maintain, through fully one-half of the sacramental service, at her bedside, and as it proved, within scarcely more than an hour before her departure. That very fact helped to add to the radiance of her peace and joy, which was as complete and blissful as I have ever seen.

TO PASTORS AND CHURCHES.

An Appeal from the Grand Army Mission for Un-saved Veterans of the Late War.

To Ministers and Congregations within Three Hundred Miles of New York City:

First, a word telling what the Grand Army Mission is. It was organized two years ago by the undersigned, to save the souls and lives of drinking veterans of the late War who receive pensions four times a year from the Government. They are so poor that they gather in large numbers in the vicinity of the United States Pension Agency, 396 and 398 Canal Street, New York, the night before quarter pay day, and remain in the numerous saloons of that locality drinking on credit until the doors of the Agency open next morning. Then, after receiving their checks, they go to the saloons and get them cashed, the saloon keeper deducting what he pleases, knowing that most, if not all, of the proceeds will be spent by the unfortunate victim in his saloon. Of course an exorbitant rate is charged for cashing the checks, and the old pensioner, already half drunk, in many instances leaves the vicinity of the Pension Office without sufficient money to pay his car-fare home. Thus the pension which the Government grants him for disability contracted during his service in the Army, proves to be a curse to him instead of a blessing.

This condition existed prior to the opening of the Grand Army Rescue Mission directly under the Pension Agency, but now, instead of going into the saloons to spend the night, the Mission rooms, which are fitted up with proper accommodations and all conveniences, are filled with from three to five hundred old soldiers on the eve of pension pay day. Religious services are held during the entire night, and the veterans' stomachs are filled with hot coffee and wholesome food without charge; and when they receive their pension checks up-stairs, they bring them into the mission, where they are cashed free of cost; those who are known to be addicted to drink, are exhorted to lead different lives; they are put upon the cars and sent out of temptation's way; and on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights during the year bright Gospel meetings are held, and hundreds of the old soldiers

and others have been saved. And now the home gets that which the saloon formerly took, as the veterans no longer are pressed to come so early for their pay.

The Grand Army Mission, therefore, has been a pension-increasing bureau to them and their families, the saloon keepers themselves saying that it has taken from them \$100,000 within the past two years.

The mission has been enabled to borrow the money with which to cash pensioners' checks (aggregating over \$1,000,000), from the Citizens' National Bank, the National Park Bank, the Astor Place National Bank, the Lincoln National Bank, the Central National Bank, Louis F. Klopsch, publisher, and the Funk and Wagnalls Company publishing house, who, on the different quarterly pay days, have not only advanced the money for this purpose, but have sent their cashiers to pay it out, charging nothing for their services or the use of the money.

It costs about \$5,000 a year to conduct the Grand Army Mission, the undersigned and Col. H. H. Hadley, Secretary of the Mission, contributing \$100 each toward this sum. The remainder has to be raised by voluntary contributions, and the present condition of its treasury impels us to ask the religious papers of New York City, and other papers friendly to the work, to publish this explanation and appeal.

This Committee, having obtained the consent of Col. Hadley, through whose efforts the Grand Army Mission was organized, to visit outlying cities and towns upon such days as he can be spared from his regular mission work, respectfully ask the pastors and congregations aforesaid to make a date in the near future for him to address them on Sunday evenings upon the general subject of Rescue Work as carried on in the missions of New York, with special reference to the Grand Army Mission, and to appeal to them for contributions to continue the good work of the latter. Owing to the prevailing financial depression, the mission is about \$1,000 in debt, and must close unless immediate relief is obtained. Col. Hadley is the acknowledged leader in the rescue mission field, having, since his miraculous conversion about eight years ago, started twenty-five rescue missions in different parts of the country, the audiences of which are over 1,000,000 annually, principally church goers. His addresses upon this subject are full of interest and instruction. He has been, from its start, Superintendent of the celebrated St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission in New York, the audiences of which, during the past five years, have been more than 400,000. In a letter written by the Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., referring to Col. Hadley, he says: "I commend him most cordially to all Christian workers, especially to those who are interested in what is known as rescue work."

Please bear in mind that this mission, which has been so wonderfully blessed of God spiritually, is the only special effort made in the United States to save the souls and reform the lives of old soldiers who fought to save the nation, and if members of several congregations would unite in small personal subscriptions, the work could be continued without the burden being really felt by any church or individual. Hence we appeal to the patriotism, loyalty, and missionary spirit of such pastors and congregations as may be willing to cooperate in the manner herein proposed. We beg leave to call special attention to the fact that this is a national mission to rescue old soldiers, from habits formed while saving the nation, and therefore appeals to all who enjoy the liberty for which they fought.

Asking pastors to communicate at their

earliest convenience with Capt. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, President and Treasurer, No. 56 Wall Street, New York, naming some Sunday evening upon which it would be agreeable to them to have Col. Hadley come, and further, asking that the Grand Army Posts of the vicinity may be invited to be present at the service, we remain, Very respectfully.

THE GRAND ARMY MISSION COMMITTEE.

Alex. S. Webb, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer; James Walcott, President and Treasurer; Vice-Presidents, O. O. Howard, Ira M. Hedges, W. T. Wardwell, Wager Swayne, Frank C. Loveland, John S. Huyler, Samuel H. Hadley.

ACADIAN ROMANCE.

Mr. Editor: An article under the heading of "A Negro Arcadia" in your issue of March 8th, by Leigh Younge, has given me almost as much amusement as a recent rendering by Locke Richardson of Sir John Falstaff's noted narrative of the attempted robbery at Gad's Hill. If it lacks the inimitable drollery of one of Shakespeare's best characters, it is not behind it in almost as laughable a disregard for the truth. Your readers, as well as yourself, will admit my right to be heard as a witness in the case, when I say that, since January, 1856, I have been a minister of the Presbyterian Church, am now pastor of the Napoleon Avenue Church in New Orleans, and Editor of the Southwestern Presbyterian, one of your exchanges.

So much for reliability: now for competency to speak upon the "Negro Arcadia" in Liberty County, Georgia. I am, on my father's side, a descendant of the Huguenots, who settled in South Carolina after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and on my mother's side (by one of the remarkable conjunctions of history) of Puritan stock. A maternal ancestor, Benjamin Baker, was one of the original colonists of the Midway Settlement. I lived a large part of my life on a plantation within a mile of the old church referred to, of which my father was for sixty years a member, and fifty of them a deacon. I was baptized at the marble font at which black and white received alike the sign and seal of covenant love; professed religion as a young man within its sacred walls; commenced my ministry as an assistant to its pastor, the Rev. Dr. Buttolph; was ordained pastor of one of its daughters, Walthomville church, in the same county, only fifteen miles distant, and served it for six years; and although removing to Atlanta, and subsequently to New Orleans, I have, by correspondence and repeated visits and weekly reading of the county paper, kept up my acquaintance with the affairs of that unique settlement; and I am personally acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Waite, the pastor and monarch of this Arcadian negro community.

I regret that I am compelled, in the interests of historical verity, to spoil, as did "Prince Hal," a pretty tale. Space could not be asked to note all the inaccuracies; we will only touch upon the grossest. There is a slight thread of truth, but upon it your contributor has strung a whole necklace of paste jewels.

First, if true, it is news to us, familiar from boyhood with the history of the Midway people, that Puritan immigrants from the Old World found such a cold reception from the Mayflower settlement, that they were compelled to seek farther south an asylum in the solitary wilderness. "But the soil was inhospitable; they were looked at askance by their new neighbors, and their opinions met with no more toleration than at home." One would

suppose from the narrative that the same colony coming from England, shortly took shipping for the southern coast, and finding, after a few years, the same land first settled unhealthy, resumed their march until they reached Georgia; whereas sixty years they sojourned in the tide water region of South Carolina, where they built Dorchester in memory of their first settlement at Matapan, an Indian town, which they named Dorchester, now a beautiful suburb of Boston. The pretty story about the pioneer's "planting a staff upon the banks of a clear stream" (a tide water creek), and saying, "Here we rest," had no existence except in the brain of the narrator. "In due time the settlement became the town of Dorchester." The Midway Settlement was never called such, but in the "fifties" a small village five miles from it was founded by some of the descendants of the original settlers, and called Dorchester. Our historian gets much muddled again when he puts the Midway men in the ranks of Marion, the South Carolina Swamp Fox. They fought heroically, but not in his command. So far from this community being separate from the great world, it was, of all communities, before and after the Revolution, one of the best known throughout the country, and in constant touch with New England. The Rev. Dr. Porter of Andover was a frequent guest in my father's house, and the liberality of the church and the hospitality of the people were known to not a few in Boston and its environs. What your relator has to say of the disastrous results of Sherman's march is but too true (we saw it with these eyes), with a small exception: he spared us our timber!

We suspect there is some romancing in the dramatic account of the transfer of the negro Presbyterian congregation—in the changes of the war left alone—by the patriarch, Joseph Williams, to the Rev. Mr. Waite, a white minister of the Northern Presbyterian Church. But as we, with a number of white families, frequently sat with our servants under the edifying preaching of "Joe Williams," then a slave, we must protest against the language and sentiments attributed to him: "De people, marster, wants a shure 'nough preacher," etc. "An' what if I see a white man comin' into the church? Den must I stop preaching 'cause he aint my color?" etc. Although Joe Williams once said to the Rev. Mr., afterwards Dr. Donald Fraser, who took him in hand to instruct him and "to expound unto him the way of God more perfectly," "Mas' Don, Christ sent me, not to study, but to preach the Gospel," he was in the main grammatical in his speech, even as a slave. As he was afterwards heard on the floor of the Northern General Assembly, probably some of your clerical readers will be able to judge of the propriety of making him speak the lingo of an ignorant negro. As for the dramatic dialogue between Mr. Williams and Mr. Waite, the latter can testify. That he is the autocrat over his colored congregation as he is depicted, will possibly be as much news to him as to us. How far he rules despotically or justly in spiritual things I will not undertake to affirm or deny. But that he is a magistrate in civil matters by his own appointment and their consent, is incorrect. The negroes of that, as of every other community, consider litigation a valuable luxury of freedom, and are quite too much disposed to carry every controversy into the justice courts; and at one time the county had negro as well as white magistrates. Indeed, the county has been represented for years in the Georgia Legislature by Tony Stevens, a black man, and a member of Midway church, my own former sexton.

The last paragraph we quote in extenso:

"By what right or title the negroes hold the land

no one seems to know exactly. In regard to this there is another peculiar custom. Once every year the remnant of the former white settlers come back, assemble the whole community in the church, and there read to them all their title deeds and their historical documents from the time they left their mother-country, to prove their heritage. It is a great day in the colony, for the whites are the guests of the community, and are feasted and feted and then go back quietly to their homes, and everything goes on in its regular routine," etc.

I have before me a late number of the Hinesville (Liberty County, Georgia,) Herald, which announces one of these annual meetings, to be held on March 16th, when the white descendants of the original settlers will meet at the old Midway church and celebrate the communion as administered by the Rev. Dr. James Stacy of Newman, and hear an address upon the Life of the Rev. Dr. John Jones, late Chaplain of the Georgia Legislature, by the Rev. Dr. D. L. Buttolph of Marietta, and the white people will have, as usual, a basket picnic on the grounds.

Now as to the negro ownership of the lands, as I sold out to our old servants, I ought to know. My portion of my father's estate was bought and has been paid for in small installments, and I am sure most, if not all, the present negro owners have titles valid in the courts.

The true history of this unique religious colony, and of the intelligent negro Presbyterian congregation which has, until recently, worshipped in the old building erected in 1779, and who own all the lands of their old masters, is sufficiently interesting without the coloring of fiction, and if you have space for another article, and your readers will be interested in the recital, I would like to tell you briefly the story of one of the most remarkable religious communities on this continent. It is given at large in "Historical Collections of Georgia," by the Rev. George White, published in New York by Putney and Russells, No 72 John Street, 1854; and in The History of Georgia, by Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D., published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston, 1883. R. Q. MALLARD.

NEW ORLEANS, March, 1894.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ANNUAL CONVENTION

The managers of the thirteenth annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies are making the thorough and practical arrangements for the success of the meeting which long experience and careful study of the needs dictate. The Convention is to be held in Cleveland July 11th to 15th. Arrangements have been made to secure for delegates a round trip ticket for a single fare, tickets good from June 9th to July 31st. Each State is to have its headquarters at some church; that of New York State will be the Woodland-avenue Presbyterian. Hotel rates will be from \$1.50 to \$4 a day, and board in private houses from \$1 to \$1.50 a day. A mammoth restaurant is being planned that will accommodate 10,000 people at one time. The meetings of the Convention will be held in Saengerfest Hall, which seats 10,000, the Tent, seating 10,000, and Music Hall, seating 5,000, with churches for overflow. There will be a chorus of nearly 1,000 voices. On May 1st a special edition of 100,000 copies of the Cleveland Endeavorer will be issued, containing all the latest Convention news and the perfected plans of each committee. It will be sent free to any one who will send name and address to R. B. Hamilton, 245 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio. The denominational rallies will be more important this year than ever before. They will be held Thursday afternoon, July 12th. Definite announcements regarding them will be made later.

The Religious Press.

The Intelligencer calls to mind that we have been in the habit of looking upon the Seventh Day Adventists as a body rather behind the great evangelical denominations in intelligence and liberality, by way of introducing this rebutting testimony:

A fact was mentioned at the Missionary Conference held here in January last, which shows that these people may well serve as a pattern in some respects to all others. They have a church at Battle Creek, Mich., composed of 1,450 working people—not a rich man among them—having an average income of \$262. Yet their contributions to benevolent causes last year amounted to \$38,000. The reason is that they are carefully indoctrinated in the principle and habit of giving a tenth of their income to the Lord's cause. Hence, recently, on the day of missions no sermon was preached, nor was there any pleading of any kind, yet the offering amounted to \$21,000! If all our churches had the same conscientious conviction deeply imbedded in their minds and hearts, surely every missionary treasury would overflow.

The Occident, our Pacific coast Church contemporary, is a wide-awake and handsome publication. Its title is in rather big type, with plenty of space round about, doubtless typifying the much land yet to be possessed in all that country. But then its head is level, as witness:

Evolution means much or little—too much or too little—but Evolution is not everything. There must be something to be evolved, and no evolutionist can account for the first introduction of life. Evolution presupposes life. Its sweeping generalizations often disdain to pause and note the preassumed interpositions and products of the supernatural. The evolutionist may be himself devout, but the effect of his unguarded universals on untrained minds is to cause them to rule out God, the divine, the extra-natural.

This is wrong. It means intellectual insincerity; or it means careless, dogmatic exaggeration. We protest against men who call themselves Christian recklessly outlawing God from the processes of the past. "Evolution accounts for everything," we hear. It does not, for example, it does not account for the first appearance of life on the earth. The trained thinker may mentally bar the exception, but he does not say so.

Nor is it a sufficient answer that science has nothing to do with religion. Then let the scientist put a tab on himself, "I am a scientist," and inform every one that what he says he says only as a scientist. What is scientifically true cannot be theologically false. If evolution accounts for man's soul, Genesis does not. If evolution accounts for the converted Queen of Madagascar, the Bible is a lie.

We are getting used to being told that only experts are competent to decide upon the vital questions men discuss. The higher critic has earned by a lifetime of study the exclusive right to say yes or no. The zoologist smiles at the faith or doubt of one who has not been initiated into the mysteries of homology and embryology and anthropology. Very good! We honor and listen and applaud. But let them not overstate what their data teach. Keep to the limits. Evolution is revolution when it dethrones God or rules Him out of the processes of His universe. To say that God is in it all, but that He *always and without a single exception* works by law, is to make the conclusion larger than the premise, and to send away many a boy and man with contempt for the simple Word of God.

The worst intellectual enemy of our holy religion to-day is the man who repudiates the supernatural. Christianity rises or falls with the miraculous. Not that we would multiply miracles at random—the law of the economy of forces still holds—but without the supernatural the redemption of Jesus Christ is a man-made scheme; the inspiration which gave the world the sacred Scriptures, is but the poetic genius of Shakespeare or the philosophic acumen of the Academy; the new birth of which Nicodemus learned is but a suggestive figure of speech; the sanctification of a soul or of the Church of the living God is but as the growth of a plant or the segregation of a star; the Man of Nazareth is as any other man, and only so, and our religion of truth and hope and grace, is but as one of the

many systems of superstition that haunt the habitations of mankind.

The hand that touches that ark, may it be palsied by the touch! God is above His world and in His world, and that world is but the expression of His thought. Laws He has graciously ordained, and evolution is doubtless one of them, but the law is not a chain to tie the hand of the Great Author. God rules. God works by law. God interferes with fixed laws when He chooses. God makes the axe to sink or He makes the axe to float. God evolves or God creates and when or whether He does either, is a question of fact, to be sure, which science aspires to answer, but as yet succeeds in answering in many cases largely by a guess. But because science finds that sometimes, or often, or ordinarily—that is, *naturally*—God acts in accordance with the fixed uniformity of law, it should not leap to the conclusion that therefore He always does, and *invariably* has done so.

The Voice endeavors to state how the terrible excitement in Denver and throughout Colorado all came about:

A clash of arms in Denver, Colorado, has been narrowly averted—if indeed, it has been entirely averted. On one side are the sheriff and the police commissioners (*de facto*) with the whole police department, and scores of deputies who have been sworn in and armed. These have been holding the city hall. On the other side are Governor Waite and the militia, whom he has called to arms to take possession of the city hall. In addition, the Governor last week called on the President for Federal troops, and General McCook answered the call with 600 soldiers from Fort Logan. A bloody conflict was narrowly averted. The history of the trouble, as we are able to glean it, shows that the Governor, on the general issue involved, is entirely in the right, though technically he may have erred. Several years ago the appointment of the police and fire commissioners of Denver was taken from the municipality at the request of the best citizens, and placed in the hands of the Governor, at that time a Republican. Governor Waite is a Populist, and public sentiment in Denver is hostile to his political views. This, we take it, accounts in part for the opposition that has arisen to his exercise of the power to remove the commissioners. For some time the police department have been conniving with a horde of gamblers, and the Governor, determined to end this state of affairs, has removed Police Commissioner Martin and Fire Commissioner Orr. They have refused to vacate the offices. Some time ago, when a similar refusal of other commissioners took the question into court, the Supreme Court of the State decided that Governor Waite's power of removal was not to be questioned. These two commissioners, however, succeeded in getting a district court to issue an injunction restraining the Governor from taking possession of the Police Board and Fire Board offices by force. This injunction was issued, as we understand it, on the ground that the Governor had not first exhausted peaceful means for taking possession before resorting to threats of force. The Governor, persuaded that, in the face of the Supreme Court's decision, the district court had no authority to issue such an injunction, determined to disregard it. The police officials and sheriff swore in the gambling fraternity as deputy constables, purchased a stack of Winchester rifles and revolvers, and declared their intention to fight it out to the end. Whether the Governor is right or wrong technically in disregarding the injunction of the court we leave to the lawyers to determine; but the general issue seems to be between the gamblers and the police who have been shielding them on the one side, and those who were trying to end this scandalous condition on the other. For the present, it is reported, an agreement has been reached to refer the dispute to the decision of the Supreme Court.

The Jewish Messenger holds strenuously that no other flag than our own should be displayed from the City Hall and public buildings on ordinary or extraordinary days, save it might be out of special courtesy to some eminent visitor. Mr Lawson has a bill before the Legislature to regulate this matter which ought to pass. Italian-born citizens, the number of whom bids fair to be considera-

ble not many years hence, have besought the Mayor of New York of late to permit the display of the Italian emblem of liberty and national unity, but in vain. Why the Mayor of a great American city should presume to discriminate between the Italian and the Irish banner thus we are not aware! Our contemporary says:

The American flag is good and great enough for all who seek shelter and find protection beneath its folds. Let that alone be unfurled. If our citizens of foreign birth or ancestry wish to fling to the breeze the banners of other lands, let them do so; but they should not be allowed to degrade American patriotism by requesting foreign flags to adorn our public buildings on foreign anniversaries.

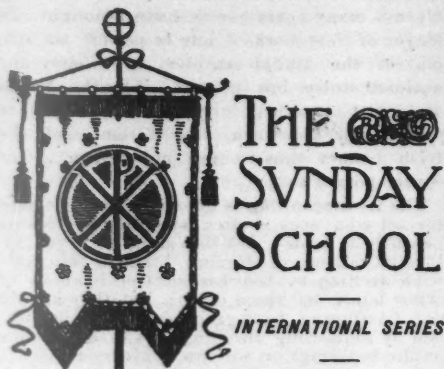
Our nation and city have nothing to do with foreign holidays, Russian or French, English or Bohemian, Irish or Plattdeutsch, Turkish or Armenian. Private societies can celebrate as they please, can wear the shamrock, blow the bagpipe, climb a greased pole, dance the Czardas, and toast Fritz Reuter's memory in foaming beer; but they should never be allowed to usurp other privileges and transplant to American shores foreign rivalries and partisanship.

Gentlemen politicians who cheapen the sense of American patriotism by catering to foreign votes, you are not acting wisely. The time will come when the great body of American citizens will rebel against your un-American policy and selfish sentiments. The sooner that uprising comes the better, if the American republic is to continue true to its traditions and the aspirations of its founders and defenders.

The South Kentucky Evangelist is a contemporary and namesake that we have never seen. Evidently its editor, Brother Azbill, has his own independent way of looking at things, and it seems to us a sensible way; one likely to lead up to a union that might not be attainable by any other and more ambitious steps. How to bring two Kentucky bodies that practice immersion, and are not without other special affiliations, together, is the problem. It would appear that "The best way to Union" has been officially pointed out, and thereupon the editor writes:

Concerning the above document we have to say that, so far as our acquaintance goes, there is a pretty general agreement between the two religious bodies concerning the matters therein set forth. The Baptists differ among themselves on some of these points; so do the Disciples. Because of this general agreement the two bodies ought not to stand aloof from each other as they do. Also because of this general agreement already existing it would not be best, in our opinion, to reduce it to writing and submit it as a basis of union. The very moment we do that we have, to all intents and purposes, made another human creed, and that would be as much hated by the better class of Baptists as by ourselves. The best way to union is by co-operation, by fellowship in work between the local congregations just as they now stand, receiving one another in the Lord even as we humbly trust that the Lord has received us individually. No other kind of union is possible, where congregations are independent, as are theirs and ours. And this we can begin at any moment. The editor of this paper holds himself in readiness, when not otherwise employed, to help any Baptist Church in a protracted meeting, to join with them heartily in any union services of church or Sunday-school, to exchange pulpits—in short, to do just the same fraternal acts as those extended to those called his own brethren. This is union. We shall be told that such union is not ecclesiastical consolidation. Very true, but it is just as much of a union as exists among the Baptist churches or ours at the present time. And who wants any other kind of a union? Nobody but the devil. God and man have both had enough of the other kind already.

A dispatch from Rome says that a coming encyclical of the Pope on church music, which will embody the opinions of lay and ecclesiastical authorities throughout Christendom, will favor the Gregorian style. It will frown on theatrical music of the Haydn style.



STUDIES IN GENESIS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1894.

DISCORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON.

It is a significant commentary upon the religious life of Israel, and also of men in general, that after the marvellous experiences of the night at the ford of the Jabbok, and the hardly less wonderful interview with Esau, so kindly and fraternal, Jacob did not at once push on to Bethel, to fulfil the vow of twenty years before. Yet there is something to be said on the other side. The vow at Bethel was, *JEHOVAH shall be my God*, He and no other. But up to this time, as we know, Jacob had not succeeded in weaning his wives from their *teraphim* worship, that is, from their observance, of certain rites toward the supposed household gods of their fathers (xxx. 19, 30, 34), and, of course, his numerous retainers were not more free than they from this semi-idolatrous form of worship (xxxv. 2, 4). It was, perhaps, hardly prudent—at least so the prudent Jacob might suppose—to take immediately, on entering Canaan, any step which might shake the allegiance of his own followers. At any rate, he does not now proceed toward Bethel, but re-crossing Jabbok, he journeys somewhat to the north and settles upon some rich grazing lands, afterward belonging to the territory of Gad. He seems to have purposed staying here for some time, for he *built him an house* (the first mention in the history of Abraham and his descendants of any dwelling except tents), and huts or booths for his cattle, whence the place came to be named *Succoth*, that is, *booths* (xxxiii. 17).

There are many indications besides this house of a considerable progress in civilization in Canaan during the nearly two hundred years since Abraham's first arrival. When, some time after, Jacob continued his emigration, crossed the Jordan, and *came in peace to Shechem* (18), it was no longer as in his grandfather's time a mere *place* (xii. 6), with scattered tents of Canaanitish tribes, but a *city*; and instead of being, like Abraham, freely welcome to share at will in the rich pasturage, Jacob might not long remain *encamped before the city*, but found it necessary to buy a *parcel of a field* in which to *spread his tent* (xxxiii. 19). Indeed, it is probable that the transaction was not wholly peaceful. He took one portion of ground, as we know (xlviii. 22) *out of the hand of the Amorite with sword and bow*, that is, after an appeal to arms. The expression can hardly refer to the slaughter of the Shechemites by Simeon and Levi (xxxvi. 25-29), a proceeding which Jacob deprecated (30). However this may be, we have in the purchase of this piece of ground another mark of advancing civilization. The money which passed from Jacob to Hamor was not merely weighed as in the transaction between Abraham and the sons of Heth

(xxiii. 16), but was stamped, as the margin indicates, with the earliest mark of coinage, a lamb.

How long Jacob remained at Shechem we do not know, but one incident of his stay there is not mentioned in Genesis; he dug a well, by which our Lord sat one day when wearied (John iv. 12), and which remains to this day one of the most sacred monuments of the world. The time came at last when a removal was necessary. Through Jacob's children the relations with the Hivites of Shechem became so much strained that a longer residence there was impracticable. And now came a summons from God (how given we are not told), to go to Bethel and redeem his vow (xxxv. 1). At this time there seems to have been no hesitation in Jacob's mind as to doing away with the *teraphim*, and this duty being accomplished (4) they set out upon their journey, a distance, as the crow would fly, of not much above twenty miles. So much embittered were the people of Shechem against Jacob's sons, that a special dispensation was needed, a *terror of* (sent by) *God* (5) to enable the large party to get away in safety. So they came to Bethel and built an altar to the God who had preserved Jacob in all his way and brought him back in peace.

We have heard of no communication between Jacob and Isaac since his arrival in Canaan, but such would naturally have taken place. Nor do we know when Rebekah's death took place, but whenever that occurred her faithful nurse, Deborah (xxvi. 59), who had accompanied her from Padan Aram, made her way to Jacob, doubtless charged with his mother's last messages. This, perhaps, was while Jacob was still with Laban, for she seems to have lived long enough with his family to be much endeared to them all. In Bethel the faithful old nurse died, and was buried with the lamentations due to her long service.

According to the sequence of events in chapter xxxv., it would appear that the stay at Bethel was not long, and that Jacob pushed on to see his father in Hebron, and close his eyes (27-29). But as Isaac's death did not, in fact, occur until Joseph had been twelve years in Egypt, it is evident that the event is related here merely to close up *the generations of Isaac* (xxv. 19) before beginning on those of Jacob (xxxvii. 1), and we cannot tell from this how long Jacob remained in Bethel, nor how great a portion of his subsequent life was passed at Hebron. A deep sorrow, we know, came upon him not long after leaving Bethel—the death of the beloved Rachel in giving birth to a son. How deeply this bereavement cut into Jacob's heart the remaining history shows; the cadence of his sorrow seems to ring through all his subsequent words. He set a pillar upon her grave in commemoration (xxxv. 20), a monument which, as the verse which records the fact tells us, was still in existence at some later editing of this record.

THE LESSON.

Genesis xxxvii. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—See that ye fall not out by the way.—Genesis xlv. 24.

There is a very important lesson in a phrase which often occurs in the Book of Genesis, marking the beginning of a new section, and which we find in the second verse of to-day's lesson—*These are the generations of*—. Beginning, as we are about to do, upon the story of Joseph, we should naturally expect his name to be the one which fills out the sentence, but no, it is *Jacob*. Eight chapters have already been given to Jacob's story; it appears rather singular that now, when his life is coming to its decline, we should begin afresh, as it were, upon his story.

The reason is, that according to the Hebrew

idea, a man lived in his children. The true story of Jacob is told in the story of his sons, just as the story of Isaac was told in that of his sons; we should not know Isaac as well as we do if the lives of Esau and Jacob had not been given us, and with all that we have already learned of Jacob, much, we shall find, has remained untold until we see him with his sons. And that is not all. The meaning of it is the continuity of life, that death itself does not end even the mortal career of the man who has become the father of children. Jacob's history is principally in Joseph, and he is the chief actor in the remainder of this book; but he is not the only actor, and from this point of view the doings of the other sons, even those of Judah in chapter xxxviii., are an essential part of the story. The generations of Jacob are told, we may observe, in four sections, the first beginning here, the second with chapter xlii, the third with xlvi., and the fourth with xlvii. 28. At each of these points the narrative takes, as it were, a fresh start, with Jacob.

It has often been pointed out that Joseph is a type of Christ. In his afflictions and his exaltation he is also, in a very striking sense, a type of the people Israel, and therefore, a type of the Church. Lovely in character, uniting strength with sweetness in a degree only exceeded, perhaps, by our Lord himself, his early life yet plainly marks the difference between type and antitype. For with all his youthful goodness, we see in the boy Joseph that self-complacency, we might almost say, priggishness, which we are apt to find in exceptionally good children. They grow out of it in time, through the discipline of life, as he did. But the child Jesus manifested no such quality; He grew in grace, but He needed to outgrow no fault.

Joseph being now seventeen years of age, was, after the manner of younger brothers in patriarchal times, acting as a *young servant* with his elder brothers. The word translated *the lad* (it is more grammatically correct, in the Revised Version) is that used in Judge vii. 10, ix. 54, xix. 13, for servant, or armor-bearer.

It is generally held (chiefly, one may suppose, because commentators are reluctant to attribute any fault to Joseph) that he was perfectly justified in bringing an *evil report concerning them* to his father. Of course there are occasions when it is a moral obligation to report evil doing, and it is conceivable that this was one of them, but the evils of tale bearing are so great, and the fault is one to which children are so prone; the temptation is so peculiarly likely to assail a boy who has a special reputation for goodness, all the more if he is the favored child of his parents; that it seems more probable that in this case Joseph did not do well. It is certain that he had not the admiration and love of his brothers, but their ill-will, and though this was, in part, due to his father's treatment of him, we are expressly told that it was, in part, due to his own conduct. True, good came out of his brothers' hatred; God's plans appear to have been directly furthered by their sin; but this is only to say that God is always stronger than evil, and knows how to overrule it for good; it is very certain that He does not need the evil deeds of men to help him accomplish His wise designs.

The *coat of many colors*, which even the Revised Version retains, was, in fact, something more important than a merely bright and gorgeous garment; something, indeed, of utmost significance. The words are literally a *tunic of extremities*, that is, reaching to the hands and feet. It was, in fact, the garment of princes (compare 2 Samuel xiii. 18), probably, indeed, of divers colors (see Judges v. 30). There was something more than mere parental

favoritism in Jacob's thus clothing his beloved son; it was a token that, in his opinion, or, at least, in his desire, Joseph was the heir of the birthright; that the father proposed to make him the head of all his brethren. It would, indeed, not be difficult for one so skilled in self-persuasion as Jacob from his youth had been, to convince himself that Joseph, the first-born of the beloved Rachel, of her who should have been his first and only wife, was, in fact, the proper inheritor of the birthright. Naturally this purpose was exasperating to the elder brothers. Nothing is so exasperating in family life as the partiality of parents, and it is not surprising that his brothers could not bring themselves to say *peace unto him*, to give him the common salutation, Peace be with thee!

We are nowhere told that Joseph's dreams were a revelation, or intended to be in any sense prophetic. They were the natural dreams of a boy of such experiences and such possible prospects as Joseph. In them are represented the two phases of the patriarchal life of this family. The first is taken from agriculture, for Jacob, like his father, Isaac (xxvi. 12), and unlike Abraham, combined agriculture with the pastoral life; and it probably occurred at harvest time. The other was a true shepherd's dream, the dream of one who, watching his flocks by night, learns to consider the heavens, the moon and the stars which God has ordained; and perhaps it came to Joseph some night as he lay out on the hillside with the sky above him for a canopy. He was not to blame for dreaming, but his telling of the dreams was a piece of boyish foolishness, which even his father reproved, knowing well that it was likely to increase the ill-will of his elder sons. Yet his father could not but observe the saying. Like the mother of the most blessed Child that ever lived (Luke ii. 51), this father pondered on what his boy had said, seeing in it something significant of the future. It did, indeed, entirely accord with his own views and wishes.

We have to-day only a part of this story; its application, except so far as it has incidentally appeared, must necessarily be left until next Sunday gives us its completion.

Literary Notes.

Dr. Parkhurst, the story of his life and his remarkable war against the official protection of vice and crime in New York City, will be the subject of an authoritative article in *McClure's Magazine* for April. The article will be illustrated with several portraits of Dr. Parkhurst.

Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company have now in press a Laboratory Course in Physiological Psychology by Dr. E. C. Sanford of Clark University. So pressing has the call become for some sort of book on the "new psychology" for immediate use that the publishers have consented to bring out a limited edition of the first six chapters of the work at once. These chapters cover the Dermal Senses, the Static and Kinesthetic Senses, Taste and Smell, Hearing, Vision in general, and Sensations of Light and Color. Chapters to follow treat of the Seeing of Space, Direction and Motion, Weber's Law, Reflex Action and Reaction, Times, Association, Memory, Attention, Voluntary Motion, etc. The author's aim has been to give directions for experiments covering as far as practicable all the chief facts and methods of experimental psychology.

Those magazines for very little people, *Babyland* and *Our Little Men and Women*, formerly published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston, have now gone into the hands of the Alpha Publishing Company of that city. *The Pansy*, also one of the Lothrop magazines, will be issued by The Pansy Publishing Company.

Messrs. Ginn and Company announce for early publication an edition of the *Dialogues de Oratoribus Tacitus*, edited by Prof. Charles E. Bennett of Cornell University.

Christian Endeavor.

By the Rev. S. W. Pratt.

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- 5. Envy of power. Acts 13:44-52.
- 6. Envy of possessions. 1 Kings 21:1-16.
- 7. Envy's greatest crime. Matthew 27:11-18.
- 8. Topic—Envy and covetousness; how to conquer them. 1 John 2:1-11, 15-17.

The story of Joseph, with which our topic is indirectly connected, is more novel than any fiction. In simplicity, tenderness, plot, and moral, it is perfect. Children never tire of it, and its lessons are invaluable. Much space is devoted to it, and Joseph is the only saint noticed at any length whose record is without a blemish. He was a precocious youth, manly, thoughtful, honest, truthful, and conscientious, and because of these traits, lovable. His dreams show his high aims, and were prophetic of his youthful promise. As a "son of wisdom," his father could trust him with important affairs. And yet, for the very reasons for which others trusted and loved him, his brethren, instead of being proud of him and rejoicing in the promise of his greatness as an honor to all the family, envied and hated him. And this waited only for an occasion to ripen into murder, for envy is the child of murder. This is the same spirit we found in Cain who killed his brother Abel because God was pleased with him, and who said, when brought to account, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

There are certain duties which a man owes to his brother man, corresponding to rights which a man may claim from his brotherman. These are recognized in the Ten Commandments, which set forth universal and eternal truths. Practically, as one meets an other in daily intercourse, the first right is set forth in the last and least commandment, the tenth, which forbids covetousness, and in the same degree commands good will towards men. There can be no brotherly kindness, no brotherhood, so long as one desires for himself what belongs to another. There will be little benevolence or good will where one cherishes such a feeling towards another. Such a spirit endangers the peace and order of society. Kinship and kindness are destroyed. One desires, then covets, then seeks unlawfully. He envies and hates, and this is the beginning of lying and dishonesty and murder. One is discontented, then fault-finding, then angry. And not only will such a spirit withhold from others their due and be dangerous to their welfare, but it will make the possessor miserable and unhappy and evil. He has no power within or without, and finds no joy in himself or in others. The proverb has it "Envy is the rottenness of the bones." Another proverb says, "Wrath is cruel and anger is outrageous, but who is able to stand before envy?" It is unreasonable and implacable and wicked.

The sum of the Commandments is love to God supremely, and to one's neighbor equally. One cannot love God and be envious and covetous, and much less can he love his neighbor. So he fails in all and is guilty of all. The text for our topic says that he abides not in God, but is in darkness. The envious man does not take into account God's presence or providence, nor does he have faith in Him. He loves not God, and has not the spirit of Christ. One cannot be in the light and love of God and hate his brother. He cannot have the divine approval or that of his own conscience. His brother's goodness condemns him, and for that reason he hates him.

This accounts for the speech and actions of sinners towards the righteous. The consistent and holy life of the saints is an offence to sinners, and preaches to them often louder than words.

But what shall be said of the saints who are envious of sinners? They are indeed foolish and weak. The Thirty-seventh Psalm shows the experience of such an one and says: "Fret not thyself because of evil doers; neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity." "Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way; because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass. Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil." The Lord laughs at them. They shall be cut off and their place shall not know them. The righteous are to trust in the Lord and do good; to commit their way to Him and rest in Him and wait patiently. Their steps are ordered of the Lord, and their end is peace. The end tries all the way and God sees and knows and will judge.

Another explanation of the cause of envy is that the envious love the world and not God. They desire the lusts of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. The world and its lusts pass away, and they have no abiding substance. They desire not the best, and their standard of God is low. God and eternity enter not into their account. Did they trust in God, they would rest in His providence and do His will. Faith in Him would enable them to keep the world in its right place and to overcome it. The appetites and pleasures and ambitions of life are to be restrained and subordinated to God's will, and to minister to the higher good. They are also to be denied for the good of one's brother. Self-indulgence and selfishness work ill to one's neighbor, whereas Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. He laid down His life for sinners, died the object of envious hatred.

Godliness with contentment is great gain. Envy, covetousness, hatred, all inordinate desires, disobey the will of God and the spirit of love; they dwell not in the light of Christ, but in the darkness of the evil one. Their opposite is the chiefest Christian grace of charity or love. This envieth not. It is well described in these words of another: "It is not gained at the good of others; neither at their gifts, nor at their good qualities, their honors, or their estates." If we love our neighbor, we shall be so far from envying his welfare, or being displeased with it, that we shall share in it and rejoice at it. His bliss and satisfaction will be an addition to ours, instead of impairing it or lessening it. Envy is the effort of ill-will. The prosperity of those to whom we wish well can never grieve us, and the mind which is bent on doing good to all, can never wish ill to any. Charity never seeks its own to the hurt of others, or with the neglect of others. It many times neglects its own for the sake of others, prefers their welfare and satisfaction and advantage to its own. It even prefers the weal of the public, of the community to its own private advantage. Where the fire of love is kept in, the flames of wrath will not easily kindle.

Charity will never be angry without a cause. It thinks no evil. It will never indulge suspicion without proofs. It will hardly give an ill opinion of another, and will do it with regret and reluctance where the evidence cannot be resisted. It will put the best face it can on circumstances that have no good appearance. It wishes ill to no one, much less will it hurt or wrong any. "It rejoiceth in the truth." Charity is divine; envy is Satanic. As one becomes lovely, the other becomes hateful. Faith abides in love to God and man. Faith in God works love to man.

The Children at Home.

THE ROBINS IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL WINDOW.

A robin came in at the window,
That beautiful April day,
Flitting about the children's ward,
Right over the cots where they lay—
Wee sufferers getting better:
Wee sufferers wearing away.

Cheer up, cheer up," it kept singing,
Not resting its wing anywhere,
Though many thin hands were lifted
To take it in tenderest care.
But the healthy, blithe, round robin
Had no need of a sojourn there.

The song of ministry ended,
It flew out and up in a tree
Before the Hospital window,
Where all the children could see,
For that was the site they'd chosen
To build on—his good mate and he.

And all through the spring and summer,
His "cheer up" rang sweetly and oft,
Smiles chased away shades of sniffling,
Pillows were made restful and soft,
Because of robins that builded,
And their birdlings chirping aloft.

The children spoke to each other
In wonder to think that the nest
Had been built there in the city,
When the country places were best,
How soon they'd fly off to the flowers,
Had they but some wings and a crest!

The problem was solved when he said—
That mite of a boy, crippled Joe—
"They're Jesus' good, loving robins,
And came from His garden, I know,
To cheer His sick little children,
Just because they pity us so!"

—SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

ONLY A CALENDAR.

It was the first storm of the winter, and the wind heaped the fast falling snowflakes in little drifts across the quiet street on which the Stone Church stood, but within all was warmth and a merry hum of voices. The Junior Christian Endeavor Society had gathered in full force, each bringing some gift for the Christmas box they were to send to a colored school in the South. In full force, did I say? The watchful eye of their leader, Miss Rose, missed one child.

"Where is Rachel Denny?" she asked; and then she thought, "Poor child, I am afraid she could bring nothing, and so would not come."

But at that moment the door opened, admitting at the same time a flurry of flakes, and a thinly clad child, with something carefully protected under her shawl. She stood for a moment irresolute, gazing at the merry groups of children and the table piled with their gifts; then shyly approaching, she was about to place her own among them, when one of the little girls ran up to her, saying: "Oh, Rachel, let's see what you brought! Oh, just an advertising calendar! Do you suppose anybody will care for that? I brought that big doll."

There was a flush on Rachel's cheek, and the tears sprang to her eyes. She had thought the calendar so pretty and now to have it spoken of so contemptuously!

Miss Rose had not heard Aggie's comment, but she saw that something was wrong, and came quickly to them. "Why, Rachel," she exclaimed, "did you bring this calendar? What a pretty one!"

"Aggie thinks nobody will want it," said Rachel, in a trembling voice.

"Aggie is mistaken, then," said Miss Rose. "I had a calendar given me last Christmas, and I think more of it than of any other present I had." Miss Rose did not say that her calendar was a rare work of art, but she did kiss Rachel and repeat her assurance that somebody would be pleased with her gift.

And Aggie, who though thoughtless, was not heartless, said: "Don't mind what I said, Rachel. I forgot that those folks don't have so many such things as we do. Come, let's help cut out those pictures."

Again the wind and snow eddied and frolicked around the Stone Church, and again the happy children were gathered in their pleasant room. There was a look of interest on all their bright faces when Miss Rose said: "Now, I will read the nice letter that Miss Allen has written to us about the Christmas box:

"Dear Miss Rose and all the dear Juniors of the Stone Church: When I sent you a postal acknowledging the receipt of your box, I promised to write you a letter about our Christmas celebration soon, but I was sick most of January, and since then I have been so busy catching up, that here it is the first of March before I could find an hour to write you. Now it is warm and pleasant, but Christmas Day was unusually cold for the South. We even had a few inches of snow, which quite reminded us of Christmas 'up North,' and we determined to have a regular northern celebration.

"I don't suppose if you could see the building which serves us for church and school-house, you would think it was very nice, but that evening we thought it looked beautiful. The boys had been to the woods and brought us a whole load of evergreens and holly to trim the room. Then on the platform they had securely planted the tree. We were almost dismayed when we saw it, it seemed so large, and we had so few things to put on it. But word came that morning that there was a big box for me at the depot. I assure you I wasn't long in finding some one to bring it up for us. Several of the older scholars were there helping me, and I wish you could have heard our exclamations of delight when the cover was taken off and we had our first glimpse of the treasures within. But before we took out a single thing we all knelt down, and I thanked the Lord for putting the thought into your hearts. Then what a pleasant time we had unpacking and arranging the gifts! Those pretty dolls and picture books, those warm jackets and caps, those knives and toys and all the nice things! I wish I could thank every one of you by name and tell you just what became of each gift.

"I think I must tell you about mine. Do you know there were just as many gifts as we had scholars, and one more, so they all said I must pick out what I wanted most for myself, so I chose that pretty calendar (here Rachel's eyes shone). There was a spot just over my writing desk where I planned to hang it.

"When evening came, the people kept coming, until I thought there couldn't another one get in; but there could, for just as the exercises were beginning, the door opened far enough for a girl about fourteen, whom I had never seen before, to squeeze herself in. Well, the children sang beautifully, and recited their pieces nicely, and we had a real Santa Claus. Oh, if I had only had a kodak to take a picture of the scene for you! And then I should have needed a phonograph to take down the exclamations of surprise and delight, and the queer sayings, which, I am sure, would have delighted you.

"But I must leave that to your imagination, for I want to tell you about the girl I mentioned who came in late. She came to see me the next morning about her sister's coming to school. Her own name is Jubilee Johnson, and she is the eldest of a large family, and the mother is dead, so she is the house-

keeper. There is a bedridden grandfather, also, to be cared for. But besides all her work at home, she has picked cotton for the neighbors, and has saved a few dollars. This she wanted to use sending her next youngest sister to school. 'Wouldn't you like to come yourself?' I asked. 'Oh, missus!' she said, and a look of most intense longing passed over her face. She once attended school a few weeks, and can read some, but it is her greatest ambition to have her brothers and sisters 'git schoolin'.' After making arrangements for her sister, I talked a little with her about her life. Just then my eye fell on the calendar, and I gave it to her. How pleased she was! Then I gave her a pencil and showed her how I wanted her to make a dot in front of each day when she read in her Bible, and another dot behind the number when she prayed to our Father, and then one more dot above the number when she had done something to make somebody happy. So she promised and went away.

Last Saturday I was in her neighborhood, so I hunted around and found the place, the house was very small. On a bed in one corner lay the old grandfather, very deaf, and somewhat feeble-minded. I did not see the father, as he was away at work, but I did see the children, one, two, three, four, five, six of them, besides Jubilee herself, and I did see the calendar. It hung under a rude little shelf, and the pencil was tied to it with a string. On the shelf was the Bible and an old bottle with some early spring flowers. It made a bright spot in the room. Jubilee had kept the leaves for the two months she had torn off in her Bible, and showed them to me. I was pleased to see that almost every day was surrounded by three dots, though some had only one or two. 'Them dots helps me a heap,' she said. 'It just seems some days I'm that busy and tired I can't read none noways, but I hates to miss a mark, so I bones down to it, and seems like such times I most genally fins a tex that rests me right up, and that happifying keeps me on a powerful sharp lookout all the time.' The children stood around while we were talking, and I found she had taught all but the youngest two the letters and figures on the calendar. They were a little bashful, but they stood up in a row, and when she pointed to them, they all answered together. When the sister at school comes home, they are planning to have her teach them all she has learned.

'I could not stay very long, but I told Jubilee to put down a dot that day for making me happy. I know it will make you happy, too, so I have written all about it, but I am afraid it has made my letter too long, so I will close with much love and many thanks from all our scholars, especially from their teacher. Your loving friend,

Lucy J. Allen.'

"Oh, Miss Rose, can't we send them another box next Christmas," exclaimed one of the boys as soon as she finished reading, and Aggie whispered to Rachel, "If we do, I shall send a calendar, too." HELENA MAYNARD.

It was a saying of George Herbert's mother, intended for the guidance of her sons, that as our bodies take nourishment suitable by the meat on which we feed, so do our souls as insensibly thrive in virtue or vice by the example or conversation of good or bad company.

Little Bert had heard his father grumble over the tax on a pet dog. On removing to the country he heard no more of it, and finally remarked one day: "We don't have to pay any little nails on our dog now."—Youth's Companion.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE.

It is rarely that we read anything more touchingly beautiful than the way in which Catherine Tait, wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, tried to comfort her own heart and the heart of her husband after they were suddenly deprived by death of "five blessed little daughters." Other parents who mourn because of empty cradles and desolate places at the fireside, may be strengthened by their example. Mrs. Tait writes:

"Now constantly with our daily prayers for them we say the thanksgiving and commemoration:

"Lord, Thou hast let Thy little ones depart in peace. Lord Jesus, Thou hast received their spirits, and has opened unto them the gate of everlasting glory. Thy loving Spirit leads them forth in the land of righteousness, into the holy hill, into Thy heavenly kingdom. Thou didst send Thy angels to meet them and to carry them to Abraham's bosom. Thou hast placed them in the habitations of light and peace, of joy and gladness. Thou hast received them into the arms of Thy mercy, and given them an inheritance with the saints in light. There they reign with Thy elect angels and Thy blessed saints departed, Thy holy prophets and glorious Apostles, in all joy, glory, felicity, and blessedness, forever and ever. Amen."

A young Hindoo who had become a Christian went home and told his mother. She was a widow, and he could not bear to think of leaving her. He begged to stay where she was, but though his mother wept when she thought of the separation, she said: "No, you cannot eat with me nor stay with me." The son replied: "But, mother, your dog is not of your caste, and you give him food; let me eat with him?" But his mother was firm, and kept to her first decision. The dog could be tolerated, but a Christian son never. This shows what it costs in India for a Hindoo to become a Christian.

TO BE A CASH BOY.

The work of a cash boy, like the game of "flip," is not so easy as it looks. In the State of Illinois, if the boy is under fourteen years of age, which is the legal school age, he must get a school permit before he is allowed to work. If the employers of children under this age are unable to show this permit, they are liable to a heavy fine; therefore this law is strictly observed. Having obtained his position, for which he gets from \$2 to \$2.50 a week (this is in the Chicago retail stores), he must be on hand at 7.30 or 8 o'clock every morning. There is a fine imposed for tardiness. He is assigned to a station where, when not on active duty, he must sit upright, with arms folded and feet toeing a mark. Each station is in charge of an enunciator, familiarly called "the nunch," whose duty it is to preserve order and instruct new boys in their duties.

The cash boy must keep his eyes and ears wide open, move quickly, be polite, and pay attention to his toilet. When he is all this, and is thoroughly familiar with all the departments, so that he can go at once, without making inquiries, to any part of the store, he is likely to get promoted, when he will no longer be a cash boy.

That cash boys do keep their eyes and ears open is proven every day. It was a cash boy who last week detected a female shoplifter secreting a roll of silk in her dress at Marshall Field's store. The little fellow quietly notified the house detective of her, with her companion. More than \$200 worth of goods was found on their persons when searched.

The cash boys have from fifteen to thirty minutes in which to eat their lunch. The store closes at 6, when they are released, and gladly go to their homes and to bed, for they are quite tired out and ready for it.—The Chicago Inter Ocean.

An egg of the great Auk sold in London for \$1,500 the other day. There are sixty eight of these eggs in the world—two in America.

WHAT ALASKAN BOYS CAN DO.

In that land where toy shops are unknown, it is well for the Alaskan boy that he has the ingenuity to manufacture his own playthings. From his earliest childhood he shows remarkable skill in the usage of his hands and toy canoes, paddles, and hooks for catching halibut and other fish are the results of his first mechanical efforts. His little boats are made very true to the original, and great care is taken in ornamenting them. He also learns to make tops, bows, arrows, air-guns, and almost everything he sees about him, including miniature oil dishes, platters, plates, and little wooden boxes for use in holding the oil and berries. All these articles are carved and ornamented with his "coat-of-arms," the totem of his tribe.

As he grows older, his canoes and paddles are larger and made for service. The latter are very pretty, and painted and carved quite artistically. Some of our readers know of the young silversmith, Rudolph, of the Sitka school, and have perhaps seen the pretty spoons which he has taught himself to make.

Being so well adapted to mechanical industry, the Alaskan boys make great progress in the branches taught in our industrial schools. Those of the larger boys who are far enough advanced to read intelligently in the second reader, are learning a trade, being in school half a day and at work the other half.

They are very glad to avail themselves of their opportunities, and one little fellow, not yet six years old, is so ambitious to become a "white man," that he goes to the public school half a mile away because he is too young to enter the boarding department of our school at Sitka, where his father and mother were educated.—E. D. M. in Sea and Land

A NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH BOYS.

I had two office boys, whose main duty it was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I sent him for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely toward me. If it happened to miss me, and land on the desk, it was all right. If it fell on the floor, the boy always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. Then, if he had a letter or card to deliver, he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it with minute care. This being concluded, he would flaunt it airily in my direction and depart. The other boy always came and went so I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, inkstand, or box of letters, he would set it quietly down at one side of the desk. Letters and cards were always laid, not tossed, right where my eye could fall on them directly. If there was any doubt in his mind about whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did his thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came, he got ten dollars. The other boy got fired.—The Golden Rule.

A PARABLE.

"I need oil," said an ancient monk, so he planted him an olive sapling.

"Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain, that its roots may drink and swell. Send gentle showers." And the Lord sent a gentle shower.

"Lord," prayed the monk, "my tree needs sun. Send sun, I pray Thee." And the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds.

"Now frost, my Lord, to brace its tissues," said the monk; and behold, the little tree stood sparkling with frost. But at evensong it died. Then the monk sought the cell of a brother monk, and told his strange experience.

"I, too, have planted a little tree," he said, "and see, it thrives well. But I entrusted my little tree to its God. He who made it knows better what it needs than a man like me. I laid no condition. I fixed no ways nor means. 'Lord, send what it needs,' I prayed—'storm or sunshine, wind, rain, or frost. Thou hast made it, and Thou dost know.'"

It is said that some of the healthiest children in the world are found in the Scottish Highlands, where shoes are seldom worn at an earlier age than twelve or thirteen.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. EDWARD A. LAWRENCE, D.D.

By James Buckham.

His was a soul with pure devotion warm,
A noble mind, to noble issues keyed,
A hand outstretched to every brother's need—
God's stamp of manhood on his face and form.

So moved he in unconscious Christlikeness
Along the path of duty, cheerful e'er,
But ready still some other's pain to share,
Or by his tolling make some burden less.

His smile was sunshine, and his firm, sweet voice
Brought peace and strength to many a troubled soul.
There spake a heart, man-loving, true, and whole,
In touch with those who sorrow or rejoice.

What epitaph could honor such as he?
Things were his monument, and things began.
He stood four-square, full-statured; was a man
God loved: such let the simple record be.

From the first moment, when I felt the warm, sincere grasp of Mr. Lawrence's hand, and looked into that face, so strong, so sympathetic, so manfully winning, I knew him for a friend—a friend to honor and to love, to lean upon with confidence and to serve with gladness.

I never met a man who more ideally fulfilled my conception of the word *manhood* than did Mr. Lawrence. *Strength* was written all over him—strength physical, mental, and spiritual. He had the healthful aspect of a lover of God's great out-door world. His conversation, his writing, his public address, his very cast of countenance, displayed the strong, well-balanced, well informed mind of a thinker whose intellectual power has character for foundation. A man of spotless life, of pure and high ideals, of noble unselfishness, of tender sympathies; self-controlled, yet not self-conscious nor self-righteous; earnest, patient, devoted, chivalric; quick to the truly lovely and innocently joyous things of life, yet grand in his hatred and contempt of everything base and low and unmanly; with sympathies as broad as the sky, controlled by convictions as deep as the sea—such was this manliest of men, whom God has seen fit to call to Himself.

Almost my first impression of Mr. Lawrence was that he was born to be a leader of men, and especially of young men. He had the qualities which attract and win and unconsciously influence the mind and heart of youth. He was young himself—never lost, and never would have lost, the atmosphere and spirit of youth; and this gave him ready and willing admission to the hearts and lives of young persons. I had hoped to see him some time intimately associated, as mental and spiritual guide, with some great organized body of youth. I think he would have been a perfect tower of strength to any college or college church.

But I am sure that God has not quenched that helpful spirit by calling it away from earth. Somewhere an equal labor, an equal fitness, an equal reward, await him. Earth is not the only training-school of character, the only home of generous enthusiasm and earnest endeavor and noble achievement. Somewhere under the stars of God that manful spirit loves and toils and hopes and waits. To the Land whither we are all going, he has gone, a little sooner, like one who presses on with swifter, surer step to see the sunrise from the summit of the hill.

THE MOTHER A HISTORIAN.

Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the memory of a child no lapse of time can efface. How careful, then, should every mother be in her treatment of her child! How prayerful and how serious to write the eternal truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf.—Phrenological Journal.

SHALL WOMEN BE ALLOWED TO VOTE?

This year an opportunity is to be given for the amendment of the Constitution of the State of New York as the public good seems to require. In the opinion of many, a great injustice is done a majority of the people by the retention of the word "male" in that clause of the Constitution limiting the elective franchise, and petitions are now being circulated by the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Woman Suffrage Association, praying that it be stricken out. There are those who, from the serene heights on which they dwell, look down upon this question as beneath discussion; there are others who are indifferent or opposed to the ballot for women, simply from having given the subject little attention and no study at all. Let me remind these that some of the profoundest thinkers and writers of this or any age, aver that this subject is of the deepest importance to humanity, and most closely connected with human progress.

John Stuart Mill, in his great work on Liberty and the Subjection of Women, says: "The legal subordination of one sex to the other is wrong in itself, is now one of the chief hindrances to human improvement, and ought to be replaced by a principle of perfect equality, admitting no power or privilege on the one side, or disability on the other." He himself presented a petition for political equality for women to the House of Lords.

Thomas Hare, one of the acutest political thinkers in England, says: "The exclusion of women from the polls is probably a remnant of the feudal law, and is not in harmony with the other civil institutions of the country"; and he urges the propriety of celebrating Queen Victoria's reign, "productive of so much moral benefit, by the abolition of an anomaly so entirely without justifiable foundation."

In the galaxy of statesmen in this country, who, rising above the prejudices of their times, have thought out this question to a clear solution, are the names of Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, Chief Justice Chase, Judge Noah Davis, Charles Sumner, George William Curtis, Governors Banks, Boutwell, and Washburn, and Senators Dawes, Wilson, and Hoar. Among writers are Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell. All these and many other statesmen and writers agree that it is not for the interest of civilization anywhere that women should be deprived of a voice in the government, and certainly it cannot be for the good of this republic. The highest interests of our country, at this stage of its history, if never before, require that the best elements in it should be brought into exercise in public affairs. Dr. Tocqueville long ago warned us that unless some new infusion of a better element in our politics were vouchsafed us, our experiment of free government was doomed.

That the women of our country are a "better element," no one who has looked into the statistics of prisons and reformatories, of schools and colleges, or who frequents churches on Sundays and prayer-meeting nights, will deny; and that women are not intelligent enough to vote, no one who knows the classes now admitted at the polls will dare to contend. But the question of the influence for good of women at the polls has passed the stage of experiment. The following is testimony in point:

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Be it Resolved by the Second Legislature of the State of Wyoming:

That the possession and exercise of suffrage by the women in Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm and has done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism,

and vice from this State, and that without any violent or oppressive legislation; that it has secured peaceful and orderly elections, good government, and a remarkable degree of civilization and public order; and we point with pride to the facts that after nearly twenty-five years of woman suffrage, not one county in Wyoming has a poorhouse, that our jails are almost empty, and crime, except that committed by strangers in the State, almost unknown; and as the result of experience, we urge every civilized community on earth to enfranchise its women without delay.

Resolved, That an authenticated copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the Governor of the State to the *Legislature of every State and territory in this country, and to every legislative body in the world; and that we request the press throughout the civilized world to call the attention of their readers to these resolutions.*

Every Governor of Wyoming for more than twenty years has testified to the good results of woman suffrage, and many of the judges and highest officials have done the same. In fact, all testimony goes to prove that wherever women have had the ballot, they have used it in the interests of the home, against the saloons, the gambling houses, and the haunts of infamy.

Our enemies, sharper sighted than our friends, early discovered this. A letter from a liquor seller to a legislator says: "Set your heel upon the woman suffrage movement every time, for the ballot in the hands of women means the destruction of our trade."

A Brewers' Convention in Chicago passed the following by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, that we are opposed to woman suffrage anywhere and always, for where woman has the ballot she will vote solid for prohibition, and woman's vote is the last hope of the Prohibitionists.

"The two most strongly marked instincts of woman," forcibly says Miss Willard, "are those of protection for herself and little ones, and of loyalty and love for her husband and her son. On the other hand, the two strongest instincts that defend the liquor traffic and the drink habit, are avarice in the dealer and appetite in the drinker."

It has been said that civilization has nothing with which to offset these two tremendous forces. But may it not be found that in the home, through the reserve power not yet called into government on a large scale, woman's instincts of protection and love will prove the sufficient offset, and will outvote both at the polls.

It is sometimes urged that if political equality be given women, the good women who avail themselves of it will be outnumbered by the bad. This is simple conjecture. If good women do not rally when they can do good, it will be something new under the sun, and if had women wish to vote, it is surely as proper for them as for bad men. But the facts show that it has not worked in this way. Wretched, fallen women are not much found where respectable women go.

But leaving the question of the good of the whole community, is it not time that Americans should admit that taxation without representation is just as much oppression when women are the victims, as when men are? In a village of two thousand inhabitants, where the writer lives, there are eighty-five women whose names are on the tax list. Is it, or is it not tyrannous that taxes should be rated, concerning which they are allowed no voice? For so simple a reason as this our fathers raised the standard of rebellion and fought a long and bloody war. This, women will never do. Shall they not, therefore obtain their rights?

If it be not tyrannous, what is it, that a mother is allowed no vote with regard to the licensing in the vicinity of her home, of that constant menace to its safety and her happiness, the saloon?

Is it not tyrannous that wives, with their babes, must be every year cruelly sacrificed by the hundreds—this is no exaggeration—and suffer hunger and cold by the thousands, and yet cannot interpose a single legal objection to the licensing of places where that which causes their misery is sold? During the past week, in my own village, a woman passed through the ordeal of motherhood and died unassisted and alone, her husband in the saloon.

But, it is said, women are virtually represented. Their husbands and other male friends can be trusted to see that they have all their rights. Oh, the boundlessness of human credulity! When women began to look into these matters, they found that in New York State women had no legal right to the children they bore, nor have they at this moment in more than six States in the Union. They could hold no property in their own name. In some States the "age of protection for girls" was, and now is, placed at seven years. Shade of Lucretia! These are some of the laws made for women by men.

It is not necessary to suppose that such legislation is due to the desire of men to oppress women. The fact is, the only way yet discovered by which the interests of any class can be protected, is to have them cared for by representatives of that class. Men cannot represent women, because they are not like them. No one can satisfactorily represent women but women. Have the men of to-day forgotten the words in which James Otis declared that there was no such thing as "virtual representation," and the way the words were hurled back across the Atlantic?

But it is said women do not wish to vote. If there be such women, to them says James Freeman Clarke, not I: "I leave it to others to speak of suffrage as a right or a privilege. I speak of it as a duty. What right have you women to leave all the work of caring for the country with men? Is it not your country as well as theirs? *Are not your children to live in it after you are gone?* Are you not bound to contribute whatever faculty God has given you to make and keep it a pure and safe and happy land?"

But it is not true that women do not wish to vote. Twenty-six thousand women sent a petition to the Constitutional Amendment Convention in 1867, praying, as they are now praying, that the word "male," limiting suffrage, should be erased from the Constitution. The petitions to be presented at the coming Constitutional Convention in May, it is expected, will contain the names of hundreds of thousands of women. But if only one woman wishes to vote, and it is her right, where is the true man who will say her nay, or who will not assist her?

Let no one fear that to enlarge the liberties of women will make them unwomanly. As was grandly said by George William Curtis, in his matchless speech before the last Constitutional Convention, in favor of the same amendment for which women are now asking: "It is not the prerogative of men to keep women womanly. I think, sir, they may be trusted to defend the delicacy of their own sex." "We shall know what is womanly only when women have the same equality of development and the same liberty of choice as men."

If it be not right that this word which deprives women of their proper share of controlling power in the adjustment of the environments in which she must live should remain in the Constitution, is it seemly that she alone cares to have right done? Should the burden of arousing moral sentiment and awakening the sense of justice, be virtually left entirely to her? Will "just" men pass by

on the other side? Will "generous" men leave a deprived class to redress their own wrongs? Can "Chevalier Bayards" witness unmoved the effort of women to secure justice, and not spring to their assistance? It is incredible.

PHEBE.

BOSTON LETTER.

THE ABOLITION OF FAST DAY.

One of the most venerable institutions of the old Puritan customs of New England seems likely to be done away. The movement to set aside the legal holiday which has been on the statute books of the commonwealth of Massachusetts from colonial times has passed to a third reading, at the State House, and will doubtless become a law. The matter has been earnestly canvassed in our papers and periodicals. The ground taken by some objectors is that the State cannot constitutionally appoint a day for annual religious observance. In other words, that such legal prescription smacks of the union of Church and State. The most vital objection urged against its continuance, is that the intention of its founders has been entirely vitiated. While its observance by the churches had dwindled to a mere handful, the pleasure mongers have practically monopolized it as a day for sport.

At its approach the bulletin-boards in our cities were garnished with all manner of promised attractions at the theatres, and Fast Day parties, balls, and almost every imaginable invention of a sensational and mirth-provoking nature, not to mention the increased drinking and carousing attending the usual secular holiday, rendered its very name a sad misnomer. It was, indeed, a *fast day*, and the manner of its observance caused a blush of shame on the part of those who remembered its original significance, as a day for humiliation and prayer, both public and private.

While it could hardly be considered sound reasoning to argue the abolition of a day for religious observance, on the ground of laxity or direct violation (for some would attack the Christian Sabbath on the same ground), nevertheless we believe that Fast Day in Massachusetts will be more honored by its abrogation than by such profanation as has prevailed in these later years.

The English actor received an ovation from the professors and students at Sanders's Theatre yesterday when he addressed them on "Individuality." Such a crush of professors and their wives, students and fair ladies from Harvard Annex, was unprecedented, even on class and Commencement days. Mr. Irving's lecture, characterized by its speaker as a "familiar conversation," abounded in gems of chaste thought and expression, and the effusive admiration of his auditors was only restrained by their respect for his special request. At the conclusion of his eloquent address, the pent-up enthusiasm found vent, and the building fairly trembled with the storm of long-continued applause. Miss Ellen Terry graced the occasion with her presence, and seemed as appreciative of the speaker's discriminating and happy treatment of his theme as any auditor in the distinguished assemblage.

The early breath of spring has been most grateful, especially to the large number dependent upon charity during the winter months, and the almoners of the public bounty are relieved somewhat of their anxiety and special work by the already perceptible diminution of applicants for aid. Many are finding employment at the opening of spring, and it is hoped that the dark cloud of adversity is beginning to lift, and will soon disappear from our horizon.

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF MEETINGS.

43 West 105 Street.
New York, March 14, 1894.

My Dear Mrs Porter: As I am President of the New York Presbyterial Society for Foreign Missions, and also of our church auxiliary, and have had experience in planning various kinds of meetings, Mr. Elliot brought me your letter of inquiry to answer. I judge that the annual meeting you speak of is that of your church auxiliary, and is, of course, more easily planned for than a general meeting. You are very wise in making a special occasion of it, to give it something of a social character. We have often noticed how a cup of tea brings women together and dispels formality and stiffness. We have found it worked well to appoint quite a large committee of young ladies to make the room in which your meeting is to be held, unusually attractive. It is well, if possible, to have some of this committee *not* members of the society; it often ends in their becoming interested. Have them instructed to make the room pretty with fresh flowers, an extra vase or rug or two, perhaps a gay tablecloth you are not used to seeing there, some curios from the foreign lands you study about, marked with the name of the country, and anything else that occurs to them as looking cheerful and welcoming.

Have them also act as a Reception Committee, meeting all who come at the door, showing them to seats, providing them with hymn-books or programmes, taking wraps and umbrellas, and in all ways acting as if in their own houses. The same young ladies should take the offering, if you have one, and be provided with cards and pencils to take the names of any who will join.

Another committee should be appointed who would arrange a pretty table, from which, at the close of the meeting, tea and wafers, or chocolate and tiny cakes, should be served to all. The small expenditures this involves are a paying investment, and with one or two spirit lamps, and three or four efficient women in charge, it is very little trouble. Besides, it gives an opportunity to cultivate the "gifts differing." Many women will make a cake or prepare the table who would not make a speech or a prayer, or even write a paper.

Then I should advise you, by all means, to send written or prettily printed invitations, not postal cards, to every woman in your church, whether interested in mission work or not. For a similar occasion I have seen some very pretty little lilac cards, the size of a large visiting card, neatly printed, and following the invitation to the special meeting, were the dates of the regular meetings during the ensuing year. This was kept by all who received it as a permanent reminder.

Ask your pastor to come in at the close for a few friendly words, and perhaps the closing prayer. His influence is invaluable to the women's organizations, and he should get an idea of their interest and effort. Here in New

York, for such an occasion, we almost always try to have, in addition to the women of the church, some good woman speaker from outside, often a returned missionary. I suppose it is harder for you to get them than it is for us. I believe in using home talent and making your members realize that the success of your meetings depends on them, but a new voice and more varied experience is often stimulating. Of course some of your time is taken by your election of officers and annual reports. Try not to have these too formal. My experience of them is that the officers conscientiously try to make them just dry bones, without a spark of life in them. An interesting feature is to have printed large, on a blackboard, your total contribution for last year and for the preceding year.

As to the programme, I am so ignorant of what you want and of your resources, that it is almost impossible to suggest. We have found great interest at one general meeting in having voices from all the different countries, about three minutes to each, interspersed with singing of appropriate hymns, and if you have a good singer to call upon with a solo or two, carefully choosing the words. Assign Persia, China, Japan, Corea, Mexico, India, Africa, etc., each to a different woman, some to young girls, if possible, who will carefully prepare themselves to *speak*, not read, three minutes, for the women of that country, why they need our help, and what we are doing for them.

A good story, of which there are many among the leaflets of our Board well read, is always interesting. A list of those leaflets, I think, you would often find useful. I take it for granted you take "Woman's Work for Woman," to keep posted about our special work.

We have found considerable interest awakened by a missionary circulating library in our society. The first book was given, then loaned to members who paid ten cents apiece for reading it. When enough comes in, a new book is bought, and the library gradually grows. There are so many fresh and interesting missionary books now, that no one can read them and afterwards ignore missions.

I hope this may be of some use to you, and would be glad to be of any further service.

Yours in Christ's work,
ELIZABETH ELLIOT.

The Channing Club of Boston has taken upon itself the task of examining the books written for boys, and publishing, for the use of parents and librarians, a classified, descriptive list of such as are approved. Their first catalogue was so favorably received, and its value so recognized, that the work was continued; and a second catalogue, containing also the original reviews, is now ready, and can be obtained by sending a stamp to the secretary, Mr. William M. McInnes, 53 State street, Boston. It is divided into three classes—one of interesting stories; one of works of history, biography, travel, science, etc.; and one of books especially suited for Sunday-schools. No book has been rejected because of doctrinal teaching, as the list is intended for all denominations; but wherever such teaching is prominent the fact is noted.

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Ada Rehan in silver.

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SILVER ELECTRO-SILICON POLISH

exclusively, for cleaning and polishing the Statue, the most valuable piece of silver in the world.

Trial quantity for the asking or box post-paid, 15 cts. It's sold everywhere. The ELECTRO SILICON CO., 72 John St., New York

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Agricultural Department.

ABANDONED FARMS.

A Number of them for Sale in New England at the Present Time.

William Henry Bishop, whose adventures while "House-Hunting in Europe" formed the subject of a delightful book, has recently been on a no less alluring quest in this country. He was seeking an abandoned farm in Connecticut for a summer home, and he tells of his experiences in an interesting paper in the April number of The Century.

Mr. Bishop was aided in his search by the official catalogues of abandoned farms for sale. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with these catalogues, he describes them.

At the time of unusual farm depression three or four years ago, when the abandoned farm, now so familiar, first began to be heard of, the leading New England States issued lists of such property, hoping to remedy the evil, and they have from time to time put forth new editions. Massachusetts is the only one, however, that admits the word "abandoned" into the title of its pamphlet. This is called, "A Descriptive List of Farms in Massachusetts Abandoned or Partially Abandoned." Connecticut, perhaps to save the feelings of owners, and to uphold the reputation of its territory, simply calls her own, "A Descriptive Catalogue of Farms for Sale." So, too, Vermont has only "A List of Desirable Farms at Low Prices," and New Hampshire phrases it merely, "Secure a Home in New Hampshire." Yet, when I came to know the field, I did not find any such great amount of euphemism in these titles after all, for while it is well enough to call a spade a spade, there is no need of being so plain-spoken as to call a thing a spade which is nothing of the sort.

Let me set down here at once, after an extended tour of inquiry, my conclusions as to the abandoned farm. It is a pure figment of the imagination; it is a moving text for statisticians of a sentimental turn, and newspaper paragraphs who have never been out to see the facts for themselves—it does not exist.

In reply to my written application, Rhode Island made answer, with conscious pride, that she had no such catalogues and no such farms. Maine has prepared a few figures in one of the reports of her Board of Labor, wherein the large number of 3,398 abandoned farms is spoken of (this was in 1890), but these were not identified in such a way as to be located and visited, and I was obliged, by my experience elsewhere, to be doubtful even about Maine. New York and Pennsylvania made the same reply as Rhode Island. New Jersey conceded a very few such farms. Some of the Southern States did not reply at all, and South Carolina said that there were within her borders a good many small tracts, taken for taxes, which would be sold for from fifty cents to \$1 an acre, but well improved land was scarce, and commanded from \$4 to \$20 an acre.

When I had got together all the catalogues, I proceeded to lay out my plan of campaign. In the first place, I confined it to New England, already a vast, formidable domain. I had before me, as enumerated in the lists, 318 farms for Connecticut, 887 for Massachusetts, 317 for New Hampshire, and 200 for Vermont, 1,722 in all. Or the total would reach 5,120 if one wished to take pains to look up also the very large number in Maine, about which I think it a great pity we have not more specific information.

There was a fascination in going over the catalogues in advance. The descriptions, gathered through the care of town clerks and similar officers, were, in the main, in the owner's language, which often gave a racy, homely flavor. "Red raspberries enough on the place to pay the interest," was a casual item, and telegraph poles, or railroad ties, or stone quarries, enough to pay for the whole, were frequently alleged.

"I have lived here sixty years. Reason for selling, old age and poor health," said one. We thought there was a touch of pathos in that, and there was a humorous pathos, too, in the grave business arrangements proposed by many for almost infinitesimal sums. One would take \$100 cash, and let the remaining \$150 lie—or "lay," as he said—on mortgage at five per cent., making a total of \$250 for his farm. And we admired the pluck of a woman proprietor who wrote, "If I was a man, no money would buy the place."

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when nursing babies, need a nourishment that will give them strength and make their milk rich.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, nourishes mothers and makes babies fat and healthy. Gives strength to growing children. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been of great benefit to our little girl, and also to myself and husband. When she was 3 years old Mabel was seized with stomach trouble, like cramps or inflammation. I was taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for my blood, and as the doctor's prescription did not help her, I occasionally gave her a little of my own medicine. I soon realized that Hood's Sarsaparilla was **Doing Her Good**, so gave it to her regularly. It has helped her wonderfully, entirely curing her stomach trouble, and making her strong and healthy. Our friends say she is the picture of health. Myself and husband were both troubled

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with malaria, and Hood's Sarsaparilla built us up and keeps us healthy and free from sickness." Mrs. WILLIAM EVANS, West Haven, Conn.

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Seventy-ninth Semi-annual Statement, January, 1893

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.	
Cash in Banks,	\$243,279 58
Real Estate,	1,554,889 80
United States Stocks, (Market Value)	1,459,876 00
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds, (Market Value),	3,584,405 00
State and City Bonds, (Market Value),	915,214 74
Bonds & Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate,	611,032 38
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand,	347,300 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents,	585,630 66
Interest due and accrued on 1st Jan., 1893,	27,327 4
	\$9,328,764 44
LIABILITIES.	
Cash Capital,	\$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	4,225,113 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and claims,	824,401 82
Net surplus,	1,279,239 82
	\$9,328,764 44

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SAVED BY ITS SONG.

A little thistle bird in Monmouth owes its life to its perseverance and habit of singing while in trouble. A man in that village had heard the small songster's persistent notes near his window for nearly a month, and at last called the attention of a friend, who makes a study of birds and their ways, to its song. This friend soon made the discovery that the bird was a prisoner to its nest. A ladder was brought, and the bird and nest were taken down and examined. One leg of the little sufferer had become ensnared in the wool with which the nest was lined, and it was only after twenty minutes of painstaking efforts with sharp instruments that the limb was loosed from the snarl. This done, the spectators were surprised to see birdie fly away, apparently as well as though never tied to a near-by apple tree. The bird's parents or some other of his feathered friends had kept it supplied with food during its imprisonment.

Rural and Farm Items.

Arrange the windows in a stable so that the light will not fall directly into the eyes of the stock, and the ventilation so that the animals will at no time be exposed to a direct draught.

Any one who will observe the beauty and flavor of the strawberry would surely be convinced that it takes abundance of rich food to produce them, and that few soils contain this food in sufficient quantities. It must be or should be supplied by manure.

One trouble with our wool business is that so much of it is sold to those who do not understand the difference in grades and qualities. This prevents growers from always getting the price that they should. When sold to a skilled wool merchant, quality and cleanliness bring their reward.

If we ever have good roads throughout this country, thanks for the same will be due largely to American bicycle riders. A "good roads tournament" is to be held in New York, under the auspices of the American Wheelman, to take place on August 30, 31, and September 1 next.

A few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water will help to strengthen and condition fowl for their spring work. A sprinkle of charcoal and a bit of sulphur occasionally is also a good conditioner, and is quite as necessary as the pinch of salt in the mash.

Considerable care should be used in giving tonics to fowls, or the business will be overdone before one is aware of it. You can very easily give too much sulphur or copperas solutions and too much cayenne pepper. While fowls are healthy, we believe these stimulants are unnecessary. A little cayenne pepper sprinkled in the morning mash may stimulate egg production, but even this should not be repeated too often.

Stephen Beale, one of the best authorities on poultry matters, thinks there is as much difference in the quality of eggs from different breeds as there is between different classes of apples, even when the feed is the same. He thinks, for instance, that the egg from the Black Spanish fowl is the most tasteless of all, while that from the Langshan is the finest. He inclines to the notion also that soil and atmosphere have quite as much to do with the quality of an egg as does the feed. He would have eggs labeled as to the breed.

Speaking of sheep brings to mind an early incident, when the lad was given a couple of lambs. A farmer proposed to take the tiny things and after the first year double them up every two years. This looked like a reasonable offer all around. But as time went on, the breeder had opportunity to do a sum or two in arithmetic, and to his surprise he found that by the time the lad would reach his majority he would have to give him a flock of about a hundred sheep, so he gracefully backed out of the arrangement.

President Stephens of the Nebraska Horticultural Society believes that success with fruits depends largely upon the amount of cultivation given the orchard. He thinks tillage should be repeated every ten days at least from May 15 to August 15. The only specimens of apples fit for the Chicago exhibition were found to be those which were raised by thorough cultivation. He has gathered 1,000 bushels per acre several times. His practice is to plant close and thin out after the trees have borne several crops—a practice well adapted to localities where the trees grow rapidly and live to a moderate age.

"Bushing" peas with poultry netting is coming to be quite popular in many sections. It saves labor, makes picking much pleasanter, and with proper care the "bushes" will last a life-time. Of course if one had acres of peas, the plan might not be practicable, but for the garden rows take two feet wide mesh and stake each end firmly, raising the mesh say eight or ten inches above the ground. For long stretches, of course, there should be frequent supporters, but these need not be as thoroughly placed as the ends. The plan is ornamental as well as useful.

Charles L. Tuttle, a breeder of alderneys, and one of the most successful of milk producers, does not believe in bran as a milk-making ingredient in the cow's ration. He feeds meal exclusively, the result in quantity and quality being entirely satisfactory. He watches the hay ration closely, feeding only as much as the stock eat readily and cleanly. Some of his cows get as much as a peck of meal per day, and quite naturally they do not require as much hay as would be eaten with less grain. He keeps a lump of salt in the mangers constantly, and one who is not used to this kind of way would be surprised to find how soon a cow will use up a big lump.

A MODERN ST. ANTHONY.—On the second day of March Anthony Comstock closed twenty-two years of public service. During that long time we have watched him carefully, and read every charge that has been made against him publicly, except some that may have been missed when the writer was out of the country. With the countless villains who would lie and perjure themselves to ruin his reputation, with their accomplices, organized or unorganized, who on one pretense or another have tried to break him down, the percentage of convictions upon charges made and sustained by him is so large as to be a source of perpetual astonishment; and in all that time no allegation of malfeasance, bribery, or any other discreditable thing, unless it be an occasional loss of temper—without which in such a business there would be ground to suspect him of hypocrisy—nothing has ever been sustained.

We believe it impossible to put a proper estimate upon the services that he has rendered to public and private morality. Much of his work cannot be tabulated. He has been the only resource of many Christian parents whose sons have gone astray. More than once we have met him late at night on his way to look up some mother's boy or father's daughter, and, if possible, to pluck them as brands from the burning.

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Coughs,
Croup, Influenza, and
Bronchitis,
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AYER'S
CHERRY PECTORAL
the best
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Prompt to act,
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THE IMPROVED **VICTOR** INCUBATOR
Hatches Chickens by Steam.
Absolutely self-regulating.
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THE FAMILY WASH BLUE. ALWAYS RELIABLE.
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D. S. WILTBERGEN, 232 N. 2d St., Phila., Pa.

UNSTABLE PASTORATE.

The instability and uncertainty of the pastoral care, and the existence of pastorless churches, as well as the number and unhappiness of ministers without pastoral charges—these are matters which never cease to be under discussion in the Presbyterian Church. It requires no gift of prophecy to foretell that they never will cease to be discussed while its present and Scriptural form of government continues. The evils of them diminish in proportion to the advance in the graciousness of the Church, to the increase of wisdom and Christian zeal and devotion, and the decrease of worldliness and self-seeking, especially in the ministry. But they are incident to the freedom which Presbyterians possess and prize and should maintain.

The public complaint respecting the instability and shortness of the pastoral care is commonly based on charges of injustice brought against congregations. The wrong doers are generally held to be prominent laymen, who are represented as giving the pastor to understand that he would do well to find a field of greater usefulness.

This representation is not according to the actual order of proceedings in many cases. My field of observation is far narrower than many a man's, but it has been attentively observed for half a century, in several Synods. The observation has marked the making and the unmaking of the pastoral relation in hundreds of cases. In most cases, the making has been mainly sought and desired by the congregation, and the unmaking by the pastor. Far oftener than otherwise, he desired it because he had in view what he deemed a better place for himself, or for some other personal advantages. If the churches are put in one class and the ministers in another, as to this matter, it seems plain to one observer, at least, that the latter should consider themselves worthy of the greater blame. They are more disposed to air their grievances in the newspaper than the congregations seem inclined to do when these suffer.

Whoever has been the stated clerk of the same Presbytery for thirty-eight consecutive years, must inevitably be in some measure an agent between churches desiring pastors and ministers desiring places. Experience shows that one needs only to read the letters of applying ministers to know that the men who write half of them are unfit for the pastoral care of any church. Some merchants fail. Some farmers do not thrive. Here and there is an unprosperous lawyer. Physicians in some cases deem it expedient to abandon their profession for another employment. Few Presbyterian ministers do this. The great majority are in active and useful service—a larger part than a reasonable survey might expect to find thus employed. The Presbyterian Church has no large array of local preachers and of supernumerary preachers who are employed but a part of their time in the ministry. It is highly probable that the Presbyterian Church surpasses any other in the United States as to the measure of its employment of its whole preaching force. It keeps full one fourth of its able ministers on missionary fields. But no plan to give employment to all ministers is workable with our present degree of grace and devotion. It is sad that some of the best must now and then be unemployed for a season. But this is the inevitable condition of the freedom and self-government which we possess and prize, and which we should maintain. If any wish to surrender their liberty, they can do so elsewhere.

EPHER WHITAKER.

SOUTHOLD, LONG ISLAND, March 19, 1894.

RULING ELDERS IN PRESBYTERY.

The dignity and rights, as well as the duties of the eldership, are generally and fully recognized in the Session. Occasionally a minister, from a desire to control everything, or because no elder in the Session has the knowledge and experience necessary for keeping the records in first class shape, acts as clerk of Session, unconscious that it would be the greatest kindness to the church for him to train some one of the elders into efficient clerkship, so that when the church does become vacant, the Session will not be left, as sometimes occurs, as helpless or inefficient as an ignorant, untrained orphan child.

In theory the eldership is on a parity with the ministry in our ecclesiastical bodies. That it is far otherwise in practice, is evident to the most careless observer. True, it is natural that the ministry should be the more prominent in Presbytery. It is not to be expected that the average elder will be as familiar as the average minister with Presbyterian routine and the technicalities of ecclesiastical law, because he has fewer opportunities for learning these. Neither will he, lacking, as he ordinarily does, the ease and confidence in public speaking which come to most only by constant practice, be likely to do much talking.

But it is obvious that the ministry does exercise an unduly preponderating influence in Presbytery, so that to the uninitiated it seems a "ministers" meeting. As relates to the voting, this is the fault of the elders, because they are not there to vote. On the other hand, their not being there is partly the fault of the established (or usual) order of things. As more than one elder has said to me, "They feel that they are not needed, that the work of Presbytery goes on just the same and just as well without them." Hence they very naturally feel that, as they are doing nothing there, and can be doing something at home, their duty is at home. I do not refer to oversensitiveness or pique, which doubtless exists in a few cases.

Cannot our elders be wisely made more of, both by putting honor on them, and by giving them something to do? It may be replied that something is given them to do, that most committees include one or more of them. But we all know that ordinarily the chairman of any committee is expected to do all the real, solid work. The usual committee consists of three members, the third being an elder, who completes the ornamental appendage. Taking the brightest view possible, it remains true that our elders, who are the most active, efficient, intelligent, and solid men among our 855,000 communicants, are, as a whole, only very slightly interested, practically, in church work beyond the part belonging to the Session.

Certainly they should feel as deep and as intelligent an interest in it as the ministry. This intelligent interest cannot be expected because our elders do not receive the "Minutes," annual reports, and other aids to it, which are supplied to the ministers. But a deeper interest could be awakened by giving them more responsibility. It is safe to affirm that responsibility, or a share in any work, always deepens the interest felt in that work. Certainly not all that might be done to interest the elder in Presbyterian and Synodical work is being done. As an illustration, not one of the twelve chairmen of the standing committees in a certain Synod, is an elder, while of the sixty-seven similar chairmen in the Presbyteries constituting that Synod, only two are elders!

WALTER H. CLARK.

PARKVILLE, MO.

Ministers and Churches.

NEW JERSEY.

CHATHAM.—The church at Chatham, under the pastorate of the Rev. E. P. Gardner, has been holding a series of meetings since the Week of Prayer, which has resulted in a very general awakening. On the first Sabbath in March thirty-one were received into the communion, all but five on profession of faith, and a large proportion of them were men. Not for more than half a century has there been such a work of grace in this church.

LONG BRANCH.—The new Presbyterian church (the Rev. Maitland Alexander, pastor) was dedicated on Friday evening, March 16th, Dr. John Hall preaching the sermon. Several addresses followed, the pastor, the Rev. Allen H. Brown, and one or two laymen speaking. Quite a large number of friends came from New York, and the occasion was one of much interest. The new church is large and handsome and well adapted to its environment at the seaside.

IDAHO.

MONTPELIER.—This church is much encouraged. At the first communion in their new house of worship, March 4th, eight new members were taken in, four by confession of faith. Three children were baptized. The Rev. George Lamb and people are thankful, and with faith and courage for the days to come.

NEW ENGLAND.

HOLYOKE.—The Presbyterian church at Holyoke, Mass., is making most gratifying progress under the leadership of its young and gifted pastor, the Rev. G. A. Wilson. The comparatively new church was greatly favored in its infancy by generous aid on the part of Congregational friends in the city, and the impetus it imparted has been a potent factor in the subsequent growth and prosperity of this church. Some months since Mr. Wilson received a call to an inviting field. His people, however, were so persistent in their desire that he should remain, emphasizing it by increasing his salary, that he yielded to what seemed a manifest duty. The interest has been constant and increasing. On the first Sabbath in March about forty were received, thirty of them on profession; and this is not exceptional. In a "calendar" for the current month there is a striking picture of the fine church edifice, and in addition to the announcement of regular services, there are special educational and benevolent enterprises in operation for every week day or evening, such as reading-room, children's class in Shorter Catechism, girls' sewing class, etc. May we be enabled to record many such churches of our denomination in New England, and may our hard-working pastors enjoy some measure of the prosperity accorded to the Holyoke pastor.

L. S. D.

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NEW YORK.

CANANDAIGUA.—Dr. France goes to Johnstown.—The Rev. Joseph H. France, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church here, has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in Johnstown, this State, at a yearly salary of \$2,250. So far so good! But at a very largely attended meeting of his congregation here, the people unanimously refused to consent to the dissolution of said pastoral relation, and appointed a delegation of twelve to Geneva Presbytery to protest against Dr. France's release. Presbytery, however, after duly considering of the matter, granted the pastor's request and he will begin his work in Johnstown on April 1st. A local paper, speaking of his ministry in Canandaigua, says: In the eight years during which Dr. France has resided here, he and his family have endeared themselves to the people, and the church which he has faithfully served has prospered and exerted a constantly widening influence for good. In these years it has received into its fold about three hundred new members, so that of the names now on its roll, fully one-half have been placed there during his pastorate. At its recent annual meeting the reports of all the committees and organizations of the church showed the society to be in a remarkably prosperous condition. The Ladies' Society reported a surplus of nearly \$800, which they will apply on the parsonage fund. The Sunday school and Young People's Society have expended about \$800 during the year past for piano and new carpets for the chapel. The church is united and harmonious to a notable degree, and in all its agencies for work is well equipped. Dr. France's removal to another field is sincerely deplored.

THE PRESBYTERY OF GENEVA met at Geneva March 20th, and released the Rev. Joseph H. France, D.D., from the Canandaigua church that he might accept a call to Johnstown, Presbytery of Albany. It also dismissed the Rev. Ira E. Leonard to the Presbytery of Chemung, he having accepted a call to the church at Mechenburg. The stated clerk was directed to send a letter expressing sympathy and esteem in behalf of the Presbytery to the Rev. George C. Curtis, D.D., who has been for a long time laid on a bed of sickness.

SYRACUSE.—The Presbytery of Syracuse met March 20th in the Westminster Church, Syracuse, and installed the Rev. Smith Ordway pastor. A. H. F.

MATTEAWAN.—On Easter Sunday the Presbyterian church, (of which the late S. Irenius Prime, D.D., was the second pastor) received 39 new members, making a total addition of 104 during the two years' pastorate of the present pastor, the Rev. Plato T. Jones.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON.—The Bethany Presbyterian Church (the Rev. D. R. Foster pastor) added another happy day to its history last Sabbath. Eighty nine new members were received, eighty upon confession of their faith. There is good evidence that the work shows continuance, as at the close of that very interesting day, (March 18th) twenty-four were enrolled for the communion in June.

OHIO.

DAYTON.—At a meeting of the Presbytery of Dayton held March 19th, the Rev. J. S. Nicholls was released from the pastorate of the Park Church, Dayton, and dismissed to the Presbytery of Pittsburgh. The Rev. J. C. Caldwell, D.D., was at the same time dismissed to the Presbytery of Whitewater. Mr. Nichols goes to the pastorate of the Sixth Church, Pittsburgh, and Dr. Caldwell to that of our church in Shelbyville, Ind. J. K. G.

INDIANA.

LOGANSPOUT.—The First Church (Dr. Putnam, pastor), at its communion on March 18th, welcomed nineteen new members, making thirty-one received since returning to the rebuilt church last November.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO.—Missionaries in Conference.—The Second Annual Conference of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school Missionaries of the North-west under the direction of the Rev. J. A. Worden, D.D., met in the Church of the Covenant, Chicago, Wednesday evening, March 7th, and continued in session one week. Forty-seven missionaries from seventeen different states and territories were present. Dr. Worden presided, and conducted a lesson in Bible study at each session. The meetings were a rich spiritual feast, and the experiences given presented as never before the importance and

power of the work. The discussions were mainly upon practical questions, each speaker presenting a subject in which he had made special success in his work. Every one had the benefit of the experience of all. Among the visitors who addressed the conference were the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., and Dr. Craig of McCormick Seminary, the Rev. David Howell, Synodical Missionary of the Home Mission Board in Michigan, the Rev. D. C. Milner, D.D., of Armour Mission. The missionaries were full of enthusiasm. During the discussion of the great need of the work, a motion was made and carried that the missionaries should assume the support of a man, to be known as the missionaries' missionary, to be appointed by the Board to the field which they consider the most needy. More than \$500 was contributed at once as a voluntary offering. On Sabbath evening, March 11th, the visitors occupied many of the pulpits in the city and vicinity, presenting the work. J. S. PHILLIPS, Clerk.

MICHIGAN.

YPSILANTI.—The Women's Home Missionary Society held its third annual meeting at the parsonage recently. The Treasurer reported that \$185 had been collected, of which \$55 had been sent to the Freedmen. They had also sent away four barrels of clothing valued at \$115. Twenty-five families at Iron Mountain had been aided by this gift. The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held its twenty-fifth annual meeting March 16th. It was largely attended, and was exceedingly interesting. Many letters were received from former members. The meetings have been omitted only twice in all these years. There have been only three Presidents, Mrs. Tyndall, Mrs. D. B. Greene, and Miss H. N. Cutcheon, who still remains as President. In 1877 they raised \$1,000 to help put up a school building called Morton Hall, after the largest giver, at Oroomiah, Persia. Two missionaries have gone from their number. Miss Bacon went to India, and after remaining ten years, returned in poor health and died here in her home two years ago. Mrs. Maria Stebbins has recently gone to India. Sabbath evening, March 18th, they celebrated their silver wedding in the church. The pastor, the Rev. H. M. Morey, presided. Reports were given from the children of the society, from The Gleaners, the India Workers, the Young People's Mission, and the Christian Endeavor, and Miss Weed read a very interesting report of the twenty five years. Miss Jenness gave a recitation, The Sacrifice. For twenty-three years the Society, with the Young People's Mission, had supported Miss Dean in Persia. Miss Dean was present, and added greatly to the interest of the occasion by presenting several girls in Persian costume, and by a brief report of her work in Persia. It is remarkable that even in these hard times all of the missionary societies of the church have done better than usual in their finances. The Women's Missionary Society has raised \$341.42.

NEW ENGLAND.

NEWBURYPORT.—What Presbyterianism Stands For.—This fine old Massachusetts town has its ancient churches, two of which are Presbyterian in polity and doctrine, though not quite after the manner of most of our churches as regards the former. The First Church, or "Old South," of which Dr. H. C. Hovey is pastor, is nearly 150 years old, and the Second has existed for nearly a century. Answering the Christian Endeavor Question, "What does our denomination stand for?" in his morning sermon March 18th, Dr. Hovey said that Presbyterians claim a higher antiquity for their polity than the Bible itself. "Presbyteros" means simply "an elder," not necessarily in years but in wisdom and experience. Pharaoh had a system of eldership in old Egypt. Moses committed the spiritual affairs to the elders of the tribes of Israel. The synagogues were ruled by elders chosen for that purpose. Christ never saw any church that was not ruled on the Presbyterian plan. The independent churches started on mission ground, in Asia Minor and elsewhere, were instructed by the Apostles to elect elders, and Paul told them that "the elders who rule well are worthy of double honor." This was the polity of the Reformation, that grand protest against the hierarchy by which the simpler forms had been supplanted. The early colonists of New England were partly Congregational and partly Presbyterian. Many of the early Presbyterian churches were at first independent, yet they were ruled by sessions of their own choosing. Our records prove that the First Presbyterian Church of New-

buryport was organized on April 7, 1746, by the election of six ruling elders. That act determined its denominational character. True, it was for three years isolated and independent, and its first pastor was self-installed. But it was as really Presbyterian as it is to-day. Every April from that time to this, we have met as a congregation and elected our elders and other officers, heard reports from the several departments of church's work, and transacted whatever business was brought before us; and every man, woman, and child has the right to vote. There is no dictation from Presbytery, but the majority governs. The pastor himself is first elected thus, and afterwards is installed by the Presbytery. He does not lose his church membership by this process any more than a man loses his citizenship by being sent to Congress. He merely comes under a wider jurisdiction. The Presbytery is made up of representatives from the churches of the region; the Synod covers a still larger realm; and the General Assembly covers the whole country. Each of these is strictly a representative body, like the State and the United States. Each also is a court of appeal. Our denomination stands for impartial justice. It multiplies the safeguards of each member. Individual liberty is entirely consistent with a system that ensures ample investigation and review and argument, by which haste, passion, and prejudice may be as nearly eliminated as possible, until at length the rigid verdict shall stand forth in the clear sunshine. We also stand for the faithful and fearless preaching of the Word of God. We stand for the Bible as the only inspired and infallible rule of faith and life. We welcome sound textual criticism, but we hold that the pure, unmixt Word of God was free from error. It is distinctive of Presbyterianism, that while it requires its ministers and elders to be sound in the faith, it leaves much liberty for the private members of the local church. The only conditions of membership are faith in Christ and obedience to Him. We hold that all true Christians have a right to belong to the household of faith, and that we should not reject any whom Christ himself would receive. We also hold to that large catholicity that embraces the whole Church of Christ of every name. Ours is a Church militant, when its heritage is assailed. But none excel it in humanitarian, educational, reformatory, or missionary work. We believe in revivals, and hope for the day when the whole world shall be Christian.

MINNESOTA.


ST. PAUL.—The First Presbyterian Church of St. Paul has called the Rev. L. L. Cameron of Chestertown, N. Y.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

LOS ANGELES.—Westminster Church (the Rev. D. Chichester, pastor) received seventy-three members March 18th, twenty-four of whom made their first confession of Christ. This brings the membership to above 1,100. The Rev. L. F. Lavery of the East Los Angeles church has declined the call to the much larger San Diego church. He was rewarded in a gratifying manner by receiving nineteen at the recent communion, the membership having doubled under his two years' pastorate. The First Church, under the Rev. B. E. Howard, makes steady increase, and is planning a removal from its present overcrowded building. \$50,000 is offered for its site, which sum will build a commodious structure near the centre of the city. The Rev. W. S. Lowry of the Bethesda Church is absent taking treatment for an obstinate attack of sciatica. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Edwards of New York is supplying his pulpit.

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By R. Huntington Woodman.

CHURCH PIANOS.

The piano plays an important part in the music of a church. It is used in the Sunday-school, in the prayer-meeting, and in the church parlors on social occasions. When contemplating the purchase of a piano for one or all of these uses, perplexing questions arise as to what kind of piano to buy. The matter is usually referred to a committee (who know nothing about it), who turn to the advertisements in various papers and magazines, and find from two to ten makes of pianos that received the highest award at the World's Columbian Exhibition, and others who received a "special mention" for various patented devices. Utterly bewildered, the committee make a trip to the nearest city, and end by buying of the firm which has the politest salesmen, with a result more or less satisfactory.

We do not pretend to know what make of pianos received the highest award, but it is safe to say that the general excellence of nearly all the pianos exhibited at the World's Fair makes the highest award a matter depending on a few details of construction or workmanship, which may or may not be important, according to the use for which the piano is destined.

There are three classes of pianos, which may be called the high grade, medium grade, and cheap pianos. The latter class includes the "stencil" pianos, made in the cheapest possible manner, and labelled with any name desired. This class of instrument is to be avoided, and selection made from the other two.

There is a difference of several hundred dollars in the prices of a high grade and medium grade piano. The high grade instrument commands the high price on account of its almost absolute perfection in detail and from a certain prestige in the names of the maker and the artists who use the piano. It has been said that half the price of a piano is for the name of the maker, which, although an exaggerated statement, has a grain of truth in it.

Now for a church parlor it is a very good thing to have the finest and most perfect piano that can be had, provided the money is at hand to pay for it; but when it comes to a piano for prayer-meeting or Sunday-school purposes, there exists no necessity for all the fine points of touch and tone and mechanism that go to make up the high grade piano. It is here that the medium grade instrument finds its place. There are a dozen or more honest pianos on the market, sold at an honest price, and guaranteed by firms of unquestionable standing. These pianos answer all ordinary requirements for general use. It is only the very finest qualities that are wanting, and which can only be detected by experienced eyes, ears, and fingers. For ordinary church use a medium grade piano, with a good, full tone, will be found equal to all ordinary demands. Should it happen that Paderewski was to play in the church parlors, he would doubtless be willing to furnish his preferred piano free of charge.

The Evangelist will be happy to give any

reader prompt and reliable advice in detail in regard to this matter on application.

THE MARCH OF MUSIC.

In New York and vicinity there has been shown a general tendency in churches of all denominations to make the Easter services as full as possible of music. In one church, where two years ago the observance of Easter consisted, to quote the organist's words, "in singing the Doxology a little faster," the service has been beautified by the singing of anthems by an excellent chorus choir. In the old First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn the choir was augmented by a string quartet; and harps and trumpets figure in some other places. Music is asserting its rightful place in the church, and every year sees it holding a stronger grasp on the hearts and lives of the people.

NEW MUSIC.

From Novello, Ewer and Company, New York: MORNING, EVENING, AND COMMUNION SERVICE IN G, by Edmondstoune Duncan, comprising the Canticles, Kyrie, Creed, Sanctus, and Gloria in Excelsis. The style is heavy, suggesting occasionally a Gregorian severity. The setting of the Creed impresses us the most favorably. The other numbers (with the exception of occasional passage of a striking character) seem very dull and uninteresting. There is scarcely any part of the service that could be used to advantage in the Presbyterian Church.

THIS IS THE DAY. By Arthur W. Marchant, Mus. Bac. An Easter anthem for chorus and quartet ad lib. The quartet to the words, "The Lord is Gracious," is the most interesting part of the anthem; the greater part of the anthem is dry.

LORD OF OUR LIFE. By J. T. Field. An easy hymn-anthem for baritone and soprano solo and chorus. Fairly effective, and will be found particularly useful in small choirs.

From Wm. Adrian Smith, New York:

JUST AS I AM. By Wm. Adrian Smith. A new setting of the familiar hymn for a baritone or contralto voice, which will be found easy and melodious. This song has been well received in many places, among them the University Place Presbyterian Church, New York, where the composer has been organist twenty-eight years.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AVAILABLE ANTHEMS.

Rev. F. W. Skinner: We are much interested in your excellent Church Music Department in The Evangelist. We experience a great deal of difficulty in getting anthem music that is available for our chorus choir. Can you suggest where we can get anthems that are at once comparatively simple and not "trashy," rich in melody and not difficult?

In The Evangelist of February 8th will be found a list of a number of easy anthems. Anthems which are not difficult are always so noticed in the reviews of new music in these columns. Publishers will send a quantity of music for examination and selection to any reliable party, and will allow the same to be returned if not damaged in transportation. We suggest writing to Novello, Ewer and Company, 21 East Seventeenth Street, and G. Schirmer, 35 Union Square, New York, and Oliver Ditson & Company, Washington Street, Boston, for a package of their anthems, stating just what is wanted, and mentioning The Evangelist. Here are the titles of a few easy anthems not included in the list of February 8th: Peace I leave with you, Roberts; From the rising of the sun, Ouseley; Grant to us, Lord (a prayer), Barnby; Like as a father, Hatton.

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EXAMINE

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St. Gaecilian Collection A collection of arranged music arranged for male voices. Will be especially acceptable in Gospel Meetings and the Y. M. C. A. By C. F. Steele. Price, 40 Cents Postpaid.

Anthem Crown The latest anthem collection by this celebrated church music composer. By H. F. Danks. Price, 35 Cts. Postpaid.

Gurriculum The leading Piano instruction book by an American. Unequaled in its field. By Geo. F. Root, own field. American or Foreign fingering. Price, \$2.75 Postpaid.

Any of the above books will be sent to responsible parties for examination, conditional upon postage or express charges being paid by the one ordering, and that copies returned to us shall be perfectly saleable.

* Send 10 cts. for sample copy of new Musical Visitor, containing music for Chorus, in addition to its general literary matter.

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CHICAGO LETTER.

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE.

This is another effort in the same direction of reaching the masses. Originating in the fertile brain and heart of Bishop Fallows, and existing in temporary form in a kind of old shed on the West Side, this is now about to become crystallized into one of the substantial and permanent agencies for good in this city. Bishop Fallows remains at the head as President, and actively associated with him is the Rev. William G. Clark of our Campbell Park Church, as Secretary. Already great numbers of people have been instructed, revived, entertained, and drawn together in the old quarters; this was one of the main outposts of Mr. Moody's campaign during the Fair period. Now a new edifice is to be erected at the corner of West Van Buren and Leavitt Streets. For this \$50,000 are needed. For every dollar subscribed a course ticket will be given, good for any six entertainments or lectures. The new building is intended to be a grand convention hall for religious, educational, entertainment, civic, sociological and other purposes. Besides several stores, the first floor will contain a great auditorium; on the second floor will be found the gallery, large fraternity and lodge halls, and social and reading room; the third floor will include suites of rooms for classes in the educational department. The most important work of the institute is to improve the moral and religious character of the people. In the department of entertainment the aim is to meet the people's desire for diversion without injuring their moral nature; a feature here is the prelude on some question of the day which precedes each entertainment. In the department of citizenship, sociology is recognized as practical religion, and the institute will afford equipment for advancing the cause of municipal reform. It is also designed to make this the great centre of the University Extension System for the West Side. The largest audiences ever congregated at a university extension course of lectures have been found in the old structure of this enterprise. With reference to the plans for the future Joseph Cook writes: "I am delighted to hear of your plan for the People's Institute, and wish it great success." Wm. T. Stead adds: "It is just the kind of institution that is most needed in Chicago."

"THE NEW REPUBLIC."

The paper bearing the above name is one of the signs of the times in Chicago. This has grown out of a meeting of pastors called together by a number of the clergy of the city, including Drs. Fallows, Goodwin, Wallace, McPherson, Gunsaulus, Henson, Breed, Lawrence, and many others. All these gave their approval to a plan for systematic visitation and gratuitous distribution proposed by Mr. H. W. Adams. The aim of his movement is to reach the poor and the middle classes and bring them into relations with the church. With 563 Protestant churches and missions and 102 Roman Catholic churches in this city, Mr. Adams estimates an average attendance of 183,700, and claims that not five per cent. of the poor are reached at all.

Mr. Adams's plan is that of monthly systematic visitation by Christians, no greater undertaking, he thinks, than that accomplished by the newsboys every day. In place of the tract he advises an illustrated paper, thoroughly attractive and yet loyal to God. He purposely avoids a religious name lest men should be repelled. The first number out, though not complete, is certainly full of promise, its columns filled with readable material, largely by ministers who omit their titles, with a department of Labor and Capital, and

excellent illustrations. It is proposed to print a directory of the churches in each issue, and to insert enough advertisements to cover the whole expense.

PRESBYTERIAN SABBATH SCHOOL MISSIONARIES.

The Second Annual Conference of the Presbyterian Sabbath School Missionaries of the Northwest has just closed, after a week of meetings in Dr. Breed's Church of the Covenant. Dr. James A. Worden of our Sabbath School Department was at the helm, and he was assisted by synodical and presbyterial Sabbath School missionaries. It was a grand treat for the men fresh from their arduous labors in the fields, and a means of much good to others who attended their discussions. Dr. Worden conducted daily Bible study both morning and afternoon, and various missionaries led in discussions of such subjects as the following: "Beginning Work in a Strange Locality;" "Evangelistic Services;" "Rivalry with other Sabbath School Mission Work;" "How to Obtain Superintendents and Teachers;" "Mission Chapels;" "How to Make Sabbath Schools Evergreen." The missionaries listened to addresses by Dr. Breed, Rev. Thomas C. Hall, and Professors Herick Johnson and Craig, and attended a reception by the young men's society of the Church of the Covenant. As a thank-offering the missionaries resolved to put a missionary of their own into the field, the 48 present pledging \$560 towards his support; absent missionaries will also be given an opportunity to assist and the whole amount will be raised. A number of the missionaries addressed congregations in different city churches.

BIBLE INSTITUTE.

This has recently been held under the auspices of Lake Forest University. The gatherings were in the Presbyterian Church of Lake Forest. "The Methods of the Higher Criticism as illustrated in the Book of Genesis," was the topic chosen by the Rev. E. C. Bissell, D. D., of McCormick Seminary; President Coulter spoke the next day on "The Bible and Nature." Following him came the Rev. N. B. Hillis, D. D., of Evanston, on "The Bible and Society." From Omaha came the Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Dur yea, to speak on "The Bible and History," and in the evening of the same day Rev. Thomas C. Hall of our Fourth Church dwelt upon "The Bible a Supernatural Revelation not only to Man but through Man." The addresses were free and afforded an unusual opportunity for stimulus and instruction in Biblical study.

UNITED PRESBYTERIANS.

This branch of our Presbyterian household of faith has five churches in this city. The First or Memorial Church was organized nearly forty years ago, and occupies a spacious corner at West Monroe and Paulina Streets, a conspicuous position among a group of nine strong evangelical churches. This is the most flourishing of the United Presbyterian churches here, and its prosperity has been due in large measure to the wise and efficient labors of its pastor, Dr. Wm. T. Meloy, who has been with this charge for some sixteen years. The Second Church is at Englewood; it was organized some six years ago; the Rev. J. A. Duff is the pastor. The church has grown from seven to 115 members. The Third Church is on Thirty-fifth street, organized two years ago by Rev. J. A. Collins, D. D. Rev. W. M. Howie is the minister. To form the Fourth Church some eighteen members of the Third came out, whose numbers have since a little

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over a year ago grown to forty six. Dr. Collins is the pastor. Though so young, the church is sustained wholly by private enterprise. It has already erected a tasteful house of worship and holds property valued at \$13,000. The Fifth Church is in suburban Ravenswood, organized only last October, but already worshipping in a neat frame edifice, and with a membership of perhaps fifty. It will thus be seen that this denomination is not only staid but aggressive. FREDERICK CAMPBELL.
CHICAGO, March 21, 1894.

The Direct Route.

To Saratoga Springs from Chicago, Detroit and Toledo, is via Michigan Central, The Niagara Falls Route, New York Central and Hudson River, and the "D. & H." For information address Mr. O. W. Ruggles, Gen'l Pass' and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

Any Subscriber of The Evangelist

who would like to have a specimen copy of the paper sent to a friend can be accommodated by sending us, by letter or postal card, the name and address to which he would like the paper sent.

MY DEAR DR. DUNN:

In this age of great achievements, I consider your inventions and improvements in the manufacture of artificial teeth preeminent. You have developed the most perfect dentures that science can devise. In appearance they meet the want beautifully and perfectly.

Their purity and inert nature so adapt them to the tissues and delicate nerve forces that the functions of the system are undisturbed. I believe that the use of them adds beauty, comfort and years of life to your patients and I wish that all my friends so unfortunate as to need these aids to comfort and beauty might have the benefit of your exceptional skill and knowledge.

JOHN P. NEWMAN,

Feb. 23, 1894. Bishop of the M. E. Church.
Send for pamphlet or consult Dr. W. E. Dunn, 331 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

THERE is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, Chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for a trial package of his catarrh cure. His only mode of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 4 cents. Judge for yourself. Mention this paper.

AN EDITORIAL

From Boston Christian Witness.

We are slow to commend new discoveries of any kind, for the reason that so many of them prove to be worthless. But we commend the "Electropoise" as a safe and effective health restorer. We do not pretend to explain the philosophy of its workings, but having realized its beneficial effects, we can speak of its results. One might conclude, from its name, that it was an electric battery. But it does not generate electricity, and is in no sense a battery, belt, sole, or anything kindred to them. It consists of a small cylinder called a "polarizer," which is used in connection with the patient's body by means of a common electric cord. This polarizer causes oxygen from the atmosphere to be absorbed by the entire surface of the body with great rapidity, the strength of the absorption being regulated according to the ability of the patient to receive.

In rheumatism in all its forms, nervous diseases, liver and kidney troubles, catarrh, dyspepsia, diseases of the blood, scrofula, etc., its effects have been remarkable.

A year ago last winter we had a violent attack of *la grippe*, which left us in a feeble state of health. Its effects did not pass away. Some years ago, while in India, we had a slight sunstroke, which at the time quite prostrated us, and from the effects of which we did not fully recover. About a year ago, feeling poorly from both these troubles, we were persuaded to try the "Electropoise." And now, after a year, we have this to say in its favor:—(1) We have taken no medicine for the year. (2) All traces of *la grippe* and our old sunstroke trouble have disappeared, and no symptoms of either remain. Once or twice, from severe overwork, we have found it necessary to hold up for a few days, but in no time for fifteen years have we been better than during the past year. Much of this we attribute to the use of the "Electropoise."

This notice of the "Electropoise" is without solicitation, and entirely gratuitous. We do it for the good of the afflicted. We have no personal interest in it, and are not paid for what we say in its favor.

REV. W. McDONALD, in *Christian Witness*, September, 1891.

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Metropolitan Museum of Art, Central Park, 82nd street and Fifth Avenue. Collection of Paintings, Sculpture, and works of ancient and modern art. Admission free.

American Museum of Natural History, 81st street and Ninth Avenue. Fine collection representative of Natural History of United States and adjacent countries. Admission free.

Lenox Library, Fifth Avenue and 70th street. Exhibition of rare books and two galleries of paintings. Admission free.

Astor Library, 34 Lafayette Place. Exhibition of rare books, ancient illuminated manuscripts, busts, portraits etc. Admission free.

National Academy of Design, 23rd street and Fourth Avenue. Sixty-ninth Annual Exhibition will be open to the public from April 2nd to May 12th. Fine Collection of Paintings by American artists. Admission 50 cents.

Avery Art Galleries, 368 Fifth Avenue. Collection of Oil Paintings and Water Colors by W. B. Tholen of the Hague. March 5th to March 17th. Admission free.

Knoedler's Art Galleries, 170 Fifth Avenue. Fine Paintings by modern artists. Admission free.

Schaus' Art Galleries, 204 Fifth Avenue. Paintings by prominent modern artists. Admission free.

Reichard & Co.'s Art Galleries, 15 West 33d street. Fine modern paintings. Admission free.

Macbeth's Art Galleries, 237 Fifth Avenue. American paintings a specialty. Admission free.

American Art Galleries, 6 East 23d street. Collection of paintings by Alexander Harrison, and a number of high class Japanese colored prints.

Society of American Artists, 215 West 57th street. Sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings.

Oratorio Society of New York. Last Rehearsal and Concert season of 1893-94. Oratorio of "St. Paul." Friday afternoon, March 30th, and Saturday evening, March 31st. Music Hall, 7th Avenue and 57th street. Admission \$1. to \$1.50.

Lenox Lyceum, Madison Avenue and 59th street. Interesting Exhibition of Food Products. Admission 25 cents.

DEATHS.

BARTLE.—"Fallen asleep," March 7, 1894, Phillip S. Bartle, in the 87th year of his age.

The largely attended funeral was held from his late residence in Union, and three of his four children followed him to the burial at Riverside cemetery March 9. His daughter, Mrs. Ross of Brooklyn, N. Y., was not able to be present. Mr. Bartle had spent most of his life in the town and village of Union, and for 62 years was identified with the Presbyterian Church in that place, discharging the duties of ruling Elder with acceptance and conscientious fidelity for many years. He was calm and clear in his judgment, his convictions being based on principle and divine truth. His Christian faith sustained him in his loneliness since the death of his beloved wife two years ago. The Bible was his constant companion, and he loved and obeyed its precepts. For more than 40 years he was a reader of the New York Evangelist. And so he has come down to the close of a long life "like a shock of corn fully ripe." "The memory of such is blessed."

JOHNSON.—At his home in Pelham Manor, March 16, Joseph Ker Johnson, having nearly reached the age of 86 years. He was the senior Elder of the Huguenot Memorial Presbyterian Church, and was held in high esteem by that church and by the community for the purity and consistency of his Christian character. His funeral on Monday (19th), was conducted by the Rev. H. E. Adriaance, and brought together a large number of neighbors and friends. His remains were taken to Woodlawn, where a so rest in hope those of his beloved wife and daughter. Two sons survive the deceased father.

WOODLAWN CEMETERY

WOODLAWN Station (24th Ward), Harlem Railroad. Office, No. 30 East 24d Street.

NOTICES.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1894.

The Rev. J. N. Crocker, D.D., of Saratoga Springs, writes to The Evangelist: Saratoga Springs has abundant accommodations. Rooms with board at one dollar per day have already been engaged enough to give a separate room to every commissioner and officer of the General Assembly and secretaries of the Boards, and all within ten minutes walk of the church. Commissioners bringing their wives can avail themselves of the same rate for them.

A POSITION for the summer as companion or governess is desired. Reference given. Address Miss M. C. T., care of The Evangelist.

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Evaporated cream or unsweetened Condensed Milk, and desire the best? Then obtain from your grocer Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which ranks first in quality. Prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company.

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Other styles of Dotted Swiss, White and Colored Linens, Cheviots, Grass Cloth, in a wide variety at moderate prices.

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To Saratoga Springs from the West is the Michigan Central, the splendid equipment and efficient management of which has made it one of the finest railroads in the world. It is the only line running directly by and in full view of the Niagara Falls, all of its trains passing by daylight, stopping five minutes at Falls View, directly overlooking the great cataract.

NEW YORK PORT SOCIETY.

The recent press announcement that by the will of the late Richard S. Ely this society will receive a legacy of \$5,000 is erroneous, and calculated to interfere with much needed donations.

The terms of Mr. Ely's will provide that, if the two minor children should die and without issue, then, and only then, would the legacy mentioned become payable to the Port Society.

As these children are in the enjoyment of good health, and the Port Society certainly wish for them the continuance of this great blessing, the public will see that the society cannot bank on these futures.

Meanwhile the society's needs are pressing. In its seventy three years of devoted and faithful work for the sailors in this port the society has never accomplished so much as at the present time.

At its Mariners' Church, corner Catharine and Madison streets, there is settled a faithful pastor, Rev. Samuel Bonit, himself a converted sailor; six experienced missionaries visiting on board ship, in sailors' boarding houses, shipping offices, hospitals and saloons, intercepting sailors from being led into the many vile resorts made so tempting for the sailors; a fine reading room, with writing and post office facilities, and multiplicity of religious services in English, Spanish, Japanese, Scandinavian and Lettish (Russian) tongues.

At its West side branch, corner Charlton and Washington streets, there is a superintendent and missionary for like visiting on the North River front, a reading room and religious services.

The Brooklyn branch is located at No. 31 Atlantic Avenue, where there is a superintendent in charge, visiting along the Brooklyn water front, reading room and religious services.

Never was the work more encouraging. But the business depression has seriously interfered with the collections for the work, and it is absolutely necessary to raise at once the sum of \$5,000 to tide over the present necessities. Shall such sacrifice of the work be required?

Donations may be sent to the financial agent, Mr. William C. Thomas, No. 48 Catharine street.

AN APPEAL.

To Our Beloved Presbyterian Church: We, the Sabbath-school missionaries along the skirmish line, representing 17 different states and territories, assembled in the second annual conference in Chicago, March 7-14, have become thoroughly convinced that the Sunday-school work of our land is not keeping pace with our rapidly increasing population, and therefore, in behalf of the thousands of neglected families unreached with the Word of God, who are calling to us for help, we appeal to you in the hope that our churches, Sabbath-schools, young people's societies and individuals may heed the earnest call from the field—write already to harvest—and send forth the coming year the 25 additional permanent Presbyterian Sabbath-school missionaries needed to sow and reap, gathering in for Christ, our country and Church to his glory.

S. R. FERGUSON, Iowa, Chairman, } Com.
C. K. POWELL, Nebraska, Sec'y, }
J. S. PHILLIPS, Kansas, Stated Clerk.

The Twenty-Fourth Annual Meeting of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church will be held Wednesday and Thursday, April 11 and 12, in the First Presbyterian Church, Binghamton, N. Y. Opening session at 10 A. M. Delegates are requested to present their credential cards to the committee on credentials, Miss M. G. Janeway, Chairman, at the church on Wednesday morning, April 11, at 9:30 A. M. Delegates desiring entertainment should notify Mrs. C. M. Harris, 124 Prospect Ave., Binghamton, N. Y., in good season. Mrs. Harris will furnish also, upon application, names of boarding houses and hotels to any other friends who wish to attend the meeting. Reduction on fare has been secured for all those in attendance who travel over roads within the Trunk Line Association. New England is not included. Obtain of the ticket agent at starting point a certificate that full fare has been paid to Binghamton, which certificate, after proper signature at the meeting, will entitle the holder to a return ticket at one-third rate regular fare. By order of the Board. M. G. JANEWAY, Secretary.

Second Annual Missionary Congress of the Synod of New York will be held in the Brick Church, Rochester, N. Y., Rev. William R. Taylor, D.D., pastor, June 5 and 6. All Presbyteries of the State will please elect delegates and alternate the same as to Synod and report names of delegates to Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, 10 Livingston Park, Rochester, N. Y., who will also furnish any desired information. Every pastor is also asked to see that each church sends one or more delegates and each Ladies' Presbyterial Society likewise. Delegates are expected to pay their own expenses, but reduced railroad and hotel rates are offered. The success attending the first Congress at Saratoga last June will be repeated at Rochester we believe. Noted speakers and a strong programme will be offered. Fuller information will be given later. EDWARD HUNTING RUDD, Chairman Executive Committee of synod.

The regular monthly prayer-meeting of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions will be held in the Mission Rooms, 53 Fifth Avenue, on Wednesday, April 4, at 10:30 A. M. All ladies interested in the work are cordially invited to attend.

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The Twenty-Second Annual Meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society of Northern New York will be held in the Presbyterian Church, Glens Falls, N. Y., April 18 and 19. The sessions will be opened on Wednesday, the 18th, at 3:45 P. M., with a devotional service. The names of all delegates desiring entertainment must be sent to Mrs. Sarah A. Parsons, 72 Warren street, Glens Falls, N. Y., not later than April 10. Those desiring information in regard to boarding places can also apply to Miss Parsons. Delegates paying full fare going, when the fare is in excess of 50 cents, will be entitled to return tickets for one third fare on the D. & H. C. Co. R. R. Certificates must be secured from ticket agent at starting point. EMILY A. DARLING, Recording Secretary.

MEETING OF PRESBYTERIES.

Presbytery of Platte at Maryville, Mo., April 17, at 7:30 P. M. WALTER H. CLARK, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Maumee at Bowling Green, Ohio, April 17, at 7:30 P. M. BERNARD W. SLAGLE, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Binghamton at Owego, April 16, at 7:30 P. M. Woman's Presbyterian Society Tuesday at 10 A. M. Speakers, Miss Lucy Laney, Mrs. Walter Condit, Rev. G. P. Nichols, D. D. JOHN McVEY, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Genesee at Attica, N. Y., April 9, at 7:30 P. M. Rev. J. H. Hunsberger will preach. Statistical and Sabbath-school reports will be called for, records examined, and assessments paid. Tuesday evening there will be a popular service. Rev. J. W. Stitt will discuss "How to awaken missionary interest"; Rev. J. A. Anderson, The value of an acquaintance with our Church history and work; Rev. W. J. McKittrick, "The relation of the Church to temperance." Churches are requested to send their narratives at least two weeks in advance to Rev. J. Wickes, Attica, N. Y. J. CORWIN JACKS, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Carlisle at Chambersburg, Pa., April 10, at 3 P. M. WM. A. WEST, Stated Clerk.

Hudson Presbytery at Florida, New York, April 16, 1894, at 2 P. M. The Ladies' Presbyterial Missionary Society will meet in Chester, N. Y., April 19, 10 A. M. In the afternoon addresses will be made by Mrs. Wellington White and Rev. George A. Ford. DAVID F. BONNER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Grand Rapids at Westminster church, on April 17, 1894, at 7:30 P. M. R. S. GOODMAN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Flint at Caro, Mich., April 10, at 7:30 P. M. GEO. G. WOODHULL, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of New Brunswick at Bound Brook church, April 10, at 10:30 A. M. A. L. ARMSTRONG, Stated Clerk.

Kendall Presbytery at First Presbyterian Church of Montpelier, April 6, at 7:30 P. M. Sermon by Rev. Sidney Allen of Franklin. GEO. LAMB, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Utica in Westminster Church Utica on Monday, April 9, at 7:30 P. M. D. W. BIGELOW, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Monroe at Coldwater, Mich., on April 10, at 7:30 P. M. Woman's Presbyterian Societies on Wednesday. W. H. BARRITT, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Newark in the First Church, on April 4, 1894, at 10 A. M. JULIUS H. WOLFF, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Champlain on April 10-11, at Plattsburgh, N. Y. Tuesday, 9:30 P. M., opening service by Rev. J. H. Gardner; 7:30 sermon by the same. Wednesday, 12 M., address by Rev. G. F. Chipperfield; 4 P. M. discussion. Topic: Revivals, Helps and Hindrances; opened by Rev. A. M. Millar; 7:30 popular meeting in the interests of missions; addresses by Rev. J. N. Crocker, D. D., and Rev. J. S. Dennis, D. D.; The subject of the latter, Missions at Short Range. Assessments on the churches are to be paid to the Treasurer of Presbytery. P. J. H. MYERS, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Iowa at Wapello, April 10, at 7:30 P. M. J. C. MCCLINTOCK, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Lackawanna at Tunkhannock, April 16, at 7:30 P. M. F. H. BROOKS, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Lehigh at Bethlehem, April 17, at 7:30 P. M. Sessional narratives should be sent in before April 7, to the chairman of the committee on narrative, Rev. D. M. Buchanan, Mauch Chunk, Pa. Call will be made for statistical report, sessional records, collection for Assembly and Presbyterial expenses, and reports from sessions on payment of pastor's salary. A. M. WOODS, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Cayuga at Cayuga, April 9, at 7:30 P. M. Sessional records and statistical reports are to be presented, and Presbyterial assessments paid. Congregational narratives should be sent to the Rev. F. W. Palmer, Auburn, N. Y., before March 30. EDWARD P. SPRAGUE, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Columbia at Catskill, April 17, at 4 P. M. C. G. HAZARD, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Milwaukee at Waukesha, Wis., April 17, at 7:30 P. M. The Woman's Missionary Society Wed. at 9 A. M., and the Y. P. S. C. E. Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. C. S. NICKERSON, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Nassau at Hunting, April 8, at 7:30 P. M. A. G. RUSSELL, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Winnebago at De Pere, Wis., April 10, at 7:30 P. M. HENRY L. BROWN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Cleveland at Ashtabula, Ohio, April 10, at 7 P. M. E. BUSHNELL, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Elizabeth at Dunellen, N. J., April 17 at 11 A. M. SAMUEL PARRY, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Wellsborough at Lawrenceville, April 10. A. C. SHAW, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Long Island at Westhampton, April 17, at 7:30 P. M. EPPER WHITAKER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of New York in Chapel of First Church, April 9, at 10 A. M. S. D. ALEXANDER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Troy at Hoosick Falls, April 16, at 3 P. M. ARTHUR HUNTINGTON ALLEN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Niagara at Lyndonville, N. Y., April 15, at 3 P. M. Statistical reports and sessional records required and assessments paid. Sermon by retiring moderator, Rev. Henry K. Sanborne. EDWARD HUNTING RUDD, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Madison at Portage, Wis., April 17, at 7:30 P. M. W. F. BROWN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Monmouth at Beverly, N. J., April 10, at 10:30 A. M. B. S. EVERITT, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Steuben at Cuba, April 17, at 7:30 P. M. Women's Presbyterial Society at the same place on Wednesday. M. N. PRESTON, Stated Clerk.

Twentieth Annual Meeting of Geneva Presbyterial Society will be held at Waterloo, Wednesday, April 4, beginning at 10:30 A. M. Mrs. B. F. FRICHARD, Secretary.

Presbytery of Buffalo at First Church, April 9, at 7:30 P.M. Statistical Reports and assessments will be called for. WILLIAM WAITH, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Newton, April 10, at 10:30 A.M. Sessional records, statistical reports, written narratives and apportionments from the churches, at the rate of 10% cents per member will be called for. E. CLARKE CLINE, Stated Clerk.

The Presbytery of Morris and Orange at Orange, Tuesday, April 10, at 10 A.M. WILLIAM F. WHITAKER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Lansing at Mason, April 10, at 7:30 P.M. Assessments, sessional records and statistical reports will be called for. Woman's Missionary Society at the same place April 11, at 9 A.M. C. P. QUICK, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Bloomington at Danville, Ill., April 17, at 7:30 P.M. Women's Home and Foreign Mission Society at same time and place W. A. HUNTER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Geneva at Bellona, N. Y., April 16, at 7:30 P.M. J. WILFORD JACKS, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Albany in First Church, April 17, at 7:30 P.M. J. N. CROCKER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Westchester at White Plains, April 17, at 3:30 P.M. Narratives should be sent to Rev. W. N. Richie, D.D., Port Chester, and Sunday-school reports to Rev. Charles E. Allison, Yonkers, not later than April 12. Statistical reports and assessments should be in the hands of Rev. W. F. Cumming by April 14. Ministers and elders are requested to notify Rev. A. R. Macoubrey, D.D., White Plains, N. Y., by April 12 of their intention to be present at the meeting. Train leaves Grand Central depot (Harlem Division) at 2 P.M. W. F. CUMMING, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Highland at Blue Rapids, Kansas, April 10, at 7:30 P.M. The Woman's Presbyterial Society at same time and place. GEO. HAOEMAN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Southern Dakota at Bridgewater, S. D., April 10, at 7:30 P.M. The Woman's Missionary Society meets the following day, Wednesday, at same place—sessions morning and afternoon. THOMAS B. BOUGHTON, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Springfield at Decatur, Ill., April 10, at 3 P.M. THOMAS D. LOGAN, Stated Clerk.

Vincennes Presbytery in regular session at Worthington, Indiana, April 10, at 7:30 P.M. BLACKFORD CONDIT, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Arizona at First Pima Church, Sacaton, Arizona, April 6, at 7:30 P.M., with a sermon by Rev. Preston McKinney. I. T. WHITTEMORE, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Syracuse at Baldwinsville, April 9, at 3 P.M. A. H. FAHNESTOCK, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Chicago April 2, at 10:30 A.M. in Jefferson Park Church. JAMES FROTHINGHAM, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Kalamazoo at First Church, April 10, at 7 P.M. FRANCIS Z. ROSSITER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Des Moines at Sixth Church, Des Moines, Ia., April 7, at 7:30 P.M. E. A. WALKER, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Cairo at Du Quoin, April 10, at 7:30 P.M. B. C. SWAN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Rochester at Memorial Church, April 9, at 7:30 P.M. LEVI PARSONS, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Lyons at Clyde, April 17, at 2 P.M. H. M. CLARK, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Petoakey at Alanson, Mich., April 10, at 4:30 P.M. WILEY K. WRIGHT, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Topeka at Third Church, April 10, at 7:30 P.M. Woman's Presbyterial Mission Society at same time and place. WM. N. PAOE, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Dayton at Greenville, O., April 9, at 7:30 P.M. J. K. GIBSON, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Pueblo at La Junta, Colo., April 10, at 7:30 P.M. L. B. KIRKWOOD, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Saginaw at Bay City, Mich., April 10, at 7:30 P.M. Records of sessions must be presented; Elders must have credentials. Persons who will be in attendance should notify Rev. Peter E. Nichol, Bay City, Mich., a few days before the meeting. J. B. WALLACE, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Schuyler at Camp Point, Ills., April 10, at 7:30 P.M. JOHN G. RANKIN, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of East Florida at San Mateo, March 28 at 7:30 P.M. J. K. WRIGHT, Stated Clerk.

Black Hills Presbytery at Whitewood, South Dakota, April 3, at 9 A.M. W. S. PETERSON, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Chemung at Elmira, April 17, at 2 P.M. CHARLES C. CARR, Stated Clerk.

Presbytery of Washington City, Church of the Covenant, April 2, at 7:30 P.M. B. F. BITTINGER, Stated Clerk.

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