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## The Sabbath in Vienna, Austria

By HENRY M. HALL

St. Stephen's Cathedral, the largest church edifice here, was the only place of worship we found September the 18th ready to enter, after hunting in vain that morning for the English embassy church, through misinformation. Here we met a vast congregation, just after mass, listening to a very earnest sermon delivered by the priest in a very dramatic and fluent manner. It was upon the marriage feast, where "Many are called but few are chosen." It was much like what might be said in any Protestant church, and was intently listened to for over a half hour by a great throng of well dressed people, nearly all of whom, with ourselves, were standing; from near the pulpit outward. One fine thing in Catholic churches in Europe is that the pulpit, high up under the sounding board, stands nearly in the center of the church, so that the large congregations can well hear. 'Twould be a good arrangement in many of our reformed churches, where the worshippers far back have difficulty in plainly hearing what is preached. A prayer book service might be an improvement in many Presbyterian services, where some especially the young, do not hear or pay attention to prayers uttered by low-toned preachers. Here in St. Stephen's, and in other Roman Catholic churches, I notice many have prayer books in hand, while others seem to know them by memory. I can join in many of them, that are not invocation to saints, the Virgin Mary or any created being.

Last Sabbath I again attended St. Stephen's early, in order to see the mass administered in this large city and church, and hear the grand music the Roman Catholic churches are very particular to provide. Superior organs generally, even in the smaller churches, with proficient organists and singers. The music attracts many visitors. One peculiarity in Austria, I notice, the people in these city churches sing much more than in Italy. I heard a great many men's voices around me, singing well for perhaps half an hour, in apparently familiar words. In all these European churches, north or south, high or low, I have found from 6 A. M. till 10 or 11 o'clock changing throngs of worshippers. The working people enter early also week days.

These churches seem designed for worship more than for preaching. They are open every day of the year, from early morn to dewey eve, and often at night for worshippers. It generally is adoration of the Virgin Mary, "St. Anne," and other "saints," but as far as

I can read the faces and prolonged prayer attitudes of the people, they seem to want something; to feel the need of help, and show devoutness; even the bowing to images, altars, and crossing themselves with and without the

out regard to apparel or head gear; large hats mingle with mantles or plain caps, on the women's heads, and all seem intent on the ceremonies, with no criticism of dress. All, however, have seemed clean and neat in dress.

### "The House Not Made With Hands."

When our earthly house doth fail us,  
When our pilgrimage is o'er,  
When life's warfare is accomplished,  
And we are needed here no more—  
Let not our hearts be troubled,  
Neither let them be afraid.  
But put our trust in Jesus,  
And remember what He said,  
"I go to prepare a place,  
A place my beloved for you,  
That where I am, Ye may abide,  
And my holy will may do.  
In my Father's house on high,  
Where the many mansions be,  
Beautiful places are prepared,  
My precious one, for thee."

So there in that Heavenly Home  
In majesty it stands—  
That wonderful building of God,  
"The house not made with hands."  
Eye hath not seen its beauty,  
Its charm no tongue can tell.  
That vision of Heavenly Glory,  
Given those gone with Christ to dwell.  
Ear hath not heard the music,  
The glad sweet notes of praise  
That rise on the wings of the morning  
And sound through the endless days.  
No heart can conceive the sweetness  
Of life in that home so fair,  
Where the things prepared are given,  
To the loved who enter there.  
O, the wonderful beauty and glory!  
Heavenly treasures, of value untold!  
In that city with walls of jasper,  
Gates of pearl and streets of gold'

In the midst of that city of Zion,  
On the rock of ages, stands  
That building of God, eternal—  
"The house not made with hands."  
There will God's children forever  
While years and ages roll,  
Dwell with Christ, the Beloved, in Heaven  
That beautiful "Home of the Soul."  
Tampa, Fla. —S. G. G.

"holy water." This church teaches early rising, and no lazy indolence in bed and admits people in "working clothes" or not at any and all times to come in to pray and make confession. "The rich and poor" meet here together with-

In the villages or the large cities, verily the Roman Catholic Church has studied human nature, and has learned how to attract, by show, art and music, the people to their churches, and the way to get the people's loyalty and money. At 11 A. M. that Sunday, we found the "English Embassy church," with about 200 worshippers, and heard a good sermon upon the "better study of the Bible" by Rev. Mr. Hill, the rector.

St. Stephen's Cathedral, which I first saw in 1907, is very large and handsome, though quite gloomy and dark within, because of its very heavily painted long windows. It has a lofty nave, nearly 100 feet high and is more than 100 feet wide by over 350 feet long, with many massive pillars, adorned by more than 100 statues. Although dating in erection seven centuries ago, it has been rebuilt and restored more or less many times, to the 15th century and since. Its tallest tower, 450 feet high, was finished about 500 years ago. From it one can see all over Vienna and the far-away country, including Napoleon's battlefields of Wagram and Loban, of a century ago. Sabbath day, October 2d, we found the Scotch Presbyterian church (Dr. Davidson), No. 9 Eschebach Gasse, about a mile away from "the Votine church," near our Pension. There were less than 50 there, including three persons from Pittsburg and four from Erie, Pa. We had fine, good old Scotch hymns, and an excellent sermon on "The Imitation of Christ." On the way up we saw parts of an immense procession, about 200,000 men and women with banners, in a great "demonstration for cheaper meat." The streets were lined with many more thousands of people to see them pass and attend their mass meeting of protest against "high prices." The same cry the world over; as gold is getting cheaper, provisions must "go up;" and finally, wages.

The Church Hymnary that the "British-American Church, Vienna," uses is "authorized for use in the public worship of the Church of Scotland," "United Free Church of Scotland," "Presbyterian Church in Ireland," "Presbyterian Church of Australia," "Presbyterian Church of New Zealand," and "The Presbyterian Church of South Africa"—truly a glorious

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mon on Christian Conduct was in touch at every point with those whom He came to save and guide and cheer. Jesus had a great human heart that could be touched with a feeling of our infirmities and that was tempted in all points like as we are.

The example set by the preacher enforces and helps his words. They make them practical and strong. They assure the hearer of sympathy, help and love. No one ever leaned upon his arm without finding how mighty it is. He is a tower of strength, a very present help in time of trouble, a refuge and strength, a mighty fortress, a deliverer of them that trust in him. He that can be and do all this may well be trusted and followed.

#### REV. JOHN CALVIN BARR, D. D.

FROM THE CHARLESTON MAIL.

The announcement of the death of Dr. J. C. Barr, of Charleston, West Virginia, was heard with profound regret. Especially was this regret emphasized by the older inhabitants of this city who had come into personal contact with a gentle and lovable disposition, and into whose homes that gentle and comforting presence had come when sickness and death had spread its pall over it and great sorrow had been felt. As a pastor Dr. Barr looked carefully after the welfare of his flock and his visits were always visits of pleasure and delight. With a mind well trained in book learning, a deep searcher of the Scriptures and a profound theologian, Dr. Barr, in his studies and in his works, omitted none of those aimable traits of character that endeared him, not only to his own flock, but to the people generally who had known him.

The best evidence of his nature was exhibited in those days that tried the souls and the consciences of men as well as their physical endurance—the days of the Civil War and of the equally stern times that immediately followed. Churches were divided and the First Presbyterian church of this city had a membership that had taken different sides on the great issues of that great struggle. At the suggestion of Dr. Barr, this mental division was minimized when his suggestion was followed that the church here ally itself with neither the Northern nor the Southern Presbytery, but continue on its way in its work for the Master—a work, which, in Dr. Barr's mind, was superior to any of the minor quarrels of man. And the church so continued until, there developing that a majority of the membership preferred to affiliate with the Southern Presbytery, a separation was amicably made, that each one could follow his own inclination in this respect.

But it was not alone as a preacher of the Gospel, a minister unto the stricken home, a comforter in time of trouble, a peacemaker where peace meant greater good in the Master's service, but it was also as teacher that Dr. Barr impressed the force of his character and his fine mental equipment upon the community. In this capacity Dr. Barr worked with the same devotion to high ideals, with the same conscientious endeavor that marked his every act, having always before him the great work of the Master as an inspiration and a model. In his work, whether as pastor or teacher, whether as friend and adviser, Dr. Barr laid the foundations broad and deep and impressed upon all the thoroughness of his own preparation and the depth and sincerity of his convictions. He was a staunch supporter of the essentials and believed firmly in going to the root of things.

In reviewing the record of a long and useful life spent in the Master's service of this disciple of Him who gave His life for the world, panegyric has no place. The Great Master if He

had a faithful worker in Dr. Barr, had none more modest. Hundreds of homes in this city and this county know his worth. Hundreds of persons now scattered abroad attest his labors and his value to the community. He did the work he had mapped out to the best of his ability and with the fear and the love of God ever before him He wrought well and faithfully. He leaves in his church a memory that is an inspiration to all. The great good that he has done lives after him and will continue to bear good and abundant fruit. All those who knew him, who loved



REV. J. C. BARR, D. D.

and admired him, with whom he sorrowed and with whom he rejoiced, know that the Lord has called unto Himself a good and faithful servant who made the good fight unflinching, who kept the faith through good and through ill report, who trusted solely in that Lord and who has entered into that reward which is reserved for those faithful soldiers of the cross that endure to the end. By his life and his works, Charleston has been a gainer; in his death, the city mourns.

#### "AND SOME EVANGELISTS."

(Continued from page 3.)

in place of giving these hallowed hours over to deeper impressions already made, magnifying the value of the Scriptures, emphasizing prayer and communion, they have been industriously used in developing dollars, and many a poor fellow has promised to give, or really in the excitement has given more than he is really able. Happily the scene described, though sorely susceptible of criticism, cannot rival for brutality one closely observed years ago. The evangelist (and ex-preacher) had little or no machinery, nothing of the spectacular. He had won his way to many hearts, though he had discarded the simple gospel, hence preached a mixture of law and grace which was neither. The day for the "thank-offering" arrived; nothing had been done to heighten the interest. The cynosure of all eyes had taken his place at a single exit, not to greet his departing friends, but to receive their gifts. It was a tender hour. The crowds which had surged in and out to hear, had now come to take leave of one whom they might not see again. Every one brought something—some more, some less. Little notes of appreciation were enclosed with the gift. The envelopes might have been received by others and the Evangelist left free to shake the hands of those who came, but this was not the plan. The envelopes were ruthlessly sundered in the presence of the giver; the cash pocketed and the debris, with tender missives

dropped to the floor unread. This example of brutal cupidity is now, was then, to all intents and purposes, a unitarian.

The brotherhood scheme, with its banquets and social trend, in some quarters is engaged in a powerless effort to resurrect a church buried in worldliness, and is not only worthy of passing mention, but it has very largely displaced the false and the true evangelist, and the spiritual life of the church in many quarters is precarious indeed.

Religion (?) and sociology both emanating from man, are still held in many quarters a panacea for the woes of the community where the church fails to reach and save men, notwithstanding, "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." No church today without culinary concomitants, is not up-to-date. A church today is a "dead one" in the estimation of many, if she is not more interested in sociology than in salvation. Many make much ado about putting people to work, though little on the need of preparation for the work. They honor the specialist who spends years acquiring technical skill to heal the body and proceed without delay to commission the unskilled novice in the application of Gileads balm in the healing of the soul. The man who talks of putting men to work for God, without instruction in the things of God, is a God-dishonoring blind leader of the blind.

A noted revivalist had closed his meetings. Thousands of raw converts were received into the churches. The slogan of the uninstructed leaders was "put them to work." In a large church dozens were made ushers. The old, the tried, the true and faithful stepped aside without an audible murmur. The aisles were soon lined with new converts on dress parade. The prayer-meeting took on new conditions. The young converts had the right of way. Pastor and people gave them a glad-handed welcome; and a whispered "God bless you" fell on the ears of many who testified. The church congratulated itself on account of its accessions. The pastor, with all his other obligations, to improve his interest and improve his opportunity, organized classes for the study of the Bible, of no avail. The class closed. The testimony in the prayer-meeting ceased; the old ushers got back without friction, and things went on as before, save the sad reflection of a lost opportunity brought to the church.

It is fair to try to trace the cause of the failure? Was this product of the revival of the Spirit? Were those who were on confession of their faith, received into the church "twice-born," or were they swayed by speaker, moved by prayerful pleas, cheered by applause, forced forward merely to take the hand of the evangelist. Who can answer? Was it the churches' opportunity which they failed to improve in ministering to these babes in Christ, with "the sincere milk of the word?" God only knows just where the fault lies.

There is no place in the church of Jesus Christ in the earth for the natural man. The spiritual man—the twice-born man, if instructed in any degree and welcome, will find his place; it may be an odd job, but he will try and fill his little or greater niche for Christ's sake. He will never be great down here, and his name will not be conspicuous in the daily press, but he has the assurance that he will awake some sweet day in His likeness and be like Him, for He shall see Him as He is. He will remember that his Lord had no place to lay His head, and if He were here today He could not and would not be allowed to fill the place of some of the types of Evangelists. Springfield, Illinois.