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The Geography of Jesus

A Cabinet of Cameos

By S. B. DUNN

A Vest Pocket Map of Palestine

It were well,

"In these most brisk and giddy-paced times"

for every one to carry about with him in his mind for ready reference a kind of vest pocket map of Palestine.

For, next in interest to the Person of Jesus and to the Ministry of Jesus, is the Geography of Jesus. By this is meant the land He lived in, the places He visited, and the sites and scenes which lend such local color and atmosphere to what He taught and wrought. The sum of these things constitutes what Mr. Renan well calls the Fifth Gospel.

The need of the ordinary man, is not an elaborate, detailed diary of data, but a clear, clean-cut miniature of the Holy Land—a massing within eye-sight, or mind-sight of the essential facts on the subject, from Boewulf, the first English traveller who followed in the track of the Crusaders, down to the most dew-wet literature on Palestinian research.

In successive Cameos, it is hoped, will be presented points arresting attention, compelling the resolve,

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed:
Let me review the scene,"

and awakening the sense,

"At my back I always hear
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity"

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BATTLE HYMN OF THE CHURCH.*

By J. Ford Sutton, D.D.

Hark, the tread of coming millions
Marching on—the hosts of God,
Coming from the isles and nations,
Ransomed by the Saviour's blood.
Hear them shouting,
"He hath washed us in His blood."

God His promise is fulfilling
To His well-beloved Son;
Heathen nations to Him giving,
For a heritage, His own.
See them coming,
All to worship at His throne.

Christ is seeing of the travail
Of His loving, waiting soul,
In the triumphs of the gospel
Over men from pole to pole.
Hear their praises,
Like the voice of waters, roll

Soldiers of the cross, long waiting
For the coming of this day—
Tolling, weeping, watching, praying—
Courage take and march away.
"We have triumphed,"
Soon you'll hear our Captain say.

When the long retreat has sounded,
And our Chieftain leads the way,
By His conquering host surrounded,
To the realms of endless day;
Then, how blessed
To have fought to win the day.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah to the Lamb!
All in earth and all in heaven
Sound the praises of His name.
Mighty Saviour,
We will conquer in Thy name.

* *

Turning Over a New Leaf.

HOUSECLEANING AND NEW FURNISHING.

WE have come again to that arbitrary point in the passage of time which we call a New Year. If we chose to reckon it so, every morning would be the beginning of a new year, and every evening would close an old year. It might be well for us if we could regard these times, kneel by the bedside to review the past, confess its sins and failures, humbly ask for pardon, and then, if possible, expunge the record and lie down to the oblivion of sleep with the hope of a fresh, clean, new life in the morning. This could be done if the evil of the day ended with the day, if the account was settled every night, and the moral workman received his wages at sundown, as the laborer his hire after the day's work is done. The old manuals for self-examination proposed such methods, and confession in the Roman Catholic Church is often the same model; but I doubt whether Protestants in these days spend much time in self-examination or confession. Most of our time is occupied in doing and undoing. We do with our might what our hands find to do, working "with both hands earnestly"; and if we find out that we are wrong or mistaken, we strive to undo with equal celerity what we have done, and begin anew upon something better or different. This is present life. Such being the custom and habit of the age, it is well to ring the bells once in 365 days at least, and to ring so loudly that every one shall hear and pause:

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out wild bells and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ who is to be.

The old is not all evil, and the new is not all good; hence it will not do to bring into the swept and garnished house, unknown and unvouched-for acquaintances, lest we introduce devils instead of angels to our company and home. But this prudence is often carried too far. We cling to old ways of thought and life simply because we have had them so long, very much in the same way as we preserve papers and letters and bric-a-brac, long after their usefulness is past, or when their sentiment has exhaled like the perfume from a dead flower. I have had the task of clearing out the garrets of several ancient mansions, whose possessors had been veritable misers of letters, papers and sentimental gifts; and I often thought of a missionary's story of the Mohammedans who saved every bit of waste paper because it might happen to have the name of God written upon it! This is carrying reverence and sentiment to an absurd extreme, and is hardly likely to become an American habit.

What we should do, at the new year, and at all times of mental and moral housecleaning, is relentlessly to throw away everything that is evil; make a bonfire of those things which are useless and vain; drown in waters of Lethe all selfish griefs, repinings and envyings; wipe from off the slate hard feelings, unkind judgments, jealousies and plans to hamper or hurt our fellow man; and then take a fresh, clean page in our life-book and write in headlines, "Love to God" and "Love to Fellowmen." If we make these our mottoes and try to act upon them the record of 1907 will be better than that of its predecessor, even though it may not be perfect.

In former days good men used to write for themselves "Resolutions" and "Self-promises." Such can be read in the memoirs of Jonathan Edwards, and Doddridge and many other worthies. I do not think that these are exemplification of self-righteousness and Pharisaism, as some critics consider them. I prefer to believe that they were the sincere efforts of their authors to tone up their moral and religious lives. The man who puts the motto, "God Bless Our Home" on the wall of his sitting room, is not to be counted a hypocrite, even though he may sometimes forget that his prayer upon the wall is at variance with the words which he speaks or the acts which he does in the room. He has placed one little obstacle to bad temper and wrongdoing in family life, and done it honestly. And all such curbs, checks and reminders are good for erring and weak mortals to accumulate, where they can be influenced by them for good or restrained by them from evil.

So I would begin the New Year with a clearance of all undesirable rubbish out of head and heart, and with the bringing in, not of idols and devils and new excitements and pleasures, but with pure thoughts, kind and generous feelings and gracious manners, to enrich the moral and spiritual life. Then, let this blessed invasion be followed up by such

* Sung as an Offertory, at the Brick Church, New York, on Foreign Mission Day, to music written for the occasion by S. Archer Gibson, organist and choirmaster.

A MOTTO FOR 1907.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.*

THE periodical piety that goes by the calendar, and only serves the Lord Jesus at set times and places, is of very little value; it is only a perennial piety that possesses both peace and power. He is the only healthy Christian who runs his Christianity through all the routine of his every-day experiences. Some people keep their religion as they do their umbrellas, for stormy weather, and hope to have it within easy reach if a dangerous sickness overtakes them. Others, and quite too many, reserve their piety for the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and on Monday they fold it up and lay it away with their Sunday clothes. A healthy, vigorous, cheerful, working religion cannot be maintained on Sabbaths and songs and sacraments; every day has got to be a "Lord's day" if we expect to make any real headway heavenward. I have observed that those who try to live by fits and frames and feelings are never fruitful Christians.

In setting out for the journey of the opening year, let us highly resolve to make it a better year than any of its predecessors, and let us adopt as our brief motto, Christ every day! Our loving Master emphasizes the adverb in that gracious assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway." We think of Him as a Redeemer on communion Sunday; we think of Him as a Comforter when some terrible affliction befalls us; why not think of Him as a constant companion? This is not a devout fancy, it is a delightful fact. And one benefit to us from having the continual companionship of Jesus this year will be that every day will be a safe day.

We need never miss the right road. We need never take a morally dangerous step. We never will be led astray. Our Divine Guide knows the whole pathway from the "City of Destruction" to the city of the great King. Wherever Christ clearly directs us to walk, there we ought to go. It matters not that you and I cannot see the end from the beginning. Jesus sees; that is enough. He sent Paul on many a perilous path of duty, and when the boiling deep threatened to engulf him, Jesus was beside him, and said, "Fear not, Paul; thou must yet stand before Cæsar."

The courage that quailed not in Nero's judgment hall is easily explained by the hero's declaration, "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." What Christ did for Paul He will do for you. Realize that Christ is, in the truest and most actual spiritual sense, close to you. Ask His direction, let Him lead you. I don't believe that when we put self out of sight, and sincerely desire to do that and only that which is for the honor of our Master, we ever go morally wrong. He that walketh with Jesus "walketh surely."

My fellow believer, you may walk your daily life journey through all this opening year in the delightful companionship of your Saviour if you keep a clear conscience and a praying heart and an obedient temper. Begin every morning with a cordial invitation to Him to grant you His presence. Think of Him all the while as close by you. The busy bustle of the counting room has not hindered the fellowship with Christ of many a godly minded merchant who carries his religion into his business and deals by the Golden Rule. I pity the minister into whose study the Master never enters. Many a farmer has communed with Jesus as he followed his plow, until the acres that he trod had "the smell of a field that the Lord had blessed."

Brooklyn, New York.



THE NEW YEAR.

By Mrs. Clara Simon.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new.
Ring out the false, ring in the true."
"The old year lay a dying."

TO those who at this season gaze sadly at the vacant places around their hearth, and in their heart listen to the solemn bells that herald in a new-born era on the dial of eternity. In the contemplation of the mysterious laws which govern the universe (paradoxical as it may seem), death may be called the harbinger of life. "What mortals call oblivion is

*Here is a short article for the new year. God bless the dear Observer for 100 years to come! Yours thoroughly. T. L. C."

but the advent of a great transition." "Sursum corda." Lift up your hearts, gaze back only on the somber valley of the past, but to see the radiant crosses, bathed in tears, as landmarks to the heavenly Jerusalem.

So, traveler, to that celestial land, may this New Year, upon whose threshold we stand, be filled with blessings, good deeds and bountiful benedictions, for, with the measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

New York.



THE LAW.

By Calvin Dill Wilson, D.D.

Drooped a mist o'er Sinai; said men "The Law is not;"
A wind smote from the heavens, blasting clouds away;
The Peak stood clear; the Ten Words showed in every jot;
Wrong learned again the Fact, the present Judgment Day.
Glendale, Ohio.



THE EDUCATION OF WORKING MEN.

By the Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

IT is a remarkable and encouraging social phenomenon that the working men of England and America are taking a steadily increasing interest in education, and that, too, not just of the purely technical kind, but as well education of a broadening and cultural description. The question, What sort of an education am I fitted to receive? is, indeed, a query which should be raised and conscientiously answered by every thoughtful man, whatever his condition in life. Education, when it is of the right sort, can do wonders in improving a man's position and extending his influence in the community. But education must be of the right kind, adapted to the abilities, native or cultivated, of the individual, and with a practical bearing on just the work of life that he is called upon to do.

It is worthy of note that "The Fortnightly Review" for August had an article by J. A. R. Marriott on "The Higher Education of Working Men," which indicated the existence of a distinct trend in that direction in England. It need not be the case that a man who works with his hands should not at all work with his brains, or that his brain work should be restricted to the particular topics which he finds useful in his calling. There is a certain amount of culture work which all artisans may successfully attempt and achieve if they will. The more thoughtful leaders of the working classes—and few realize how large those classes have become—are giving encouragement and stimulus to their fellows in the endeavor to pick up not only a few crumbs of knowledge which float their way, but also to possess and partake of a large loaf of information and learning.

In his interesting article Mr. Marriott points out that the impression which prevails in some quarters that Oxford and Cambridge are still almost exclusively seminaries for the education of the rich is to a large extent a misconception. Of late years the English universities have sought to help the workmen to an education in two ways—by provision within the university for a poorer class of students, and by the extension of university teaching and examinations to "extra-mural" students in all parts of the country. Ruskin College has done an important work in broadening the views of working men, as revealed in the frank remark of one student, "It has come something in the nature of a shock to most of us that there are two sides to every question—even to the fiscal controversy." Remarkable success has been attained by the Workers' Education Association, which, founded three years ago, has now affiliated to itself about 280 societies, mostly working class organizations, and has enrolled over 2,500 members. The aim of the association is to help England to form a new attitude of mind toward national popular education.

These signs of life on the part of the English universities disprove the sneer of Hogg, who wrote thus of Oxford in the time of Shelley: "Oxford is a seat in which learning sits very comfortable as in an easy-chair, and sleeps so soundly that no one can wake her." The zeal for research should not in any period impair the ability to teach. A great university has a duty to the masses as well as to the erudite few, and though it may not make scholars of all, should, in some way, render life holier and happier and broader for all.

Winchester, Mass.