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## THE EVANGELIST.

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HENRY M. FIELD, Editor

### CONTENTS.

<b>ALL ROUND THE HORIZON.....</b>	<b>H. M. F.</b>	<b>3</b>
The eyes of all Europe turned toward Paris—The Dreyfus case: A captain in the army accused of betraying military secrets—Where is the proof?—Which of the powers tempted him to betray his country?—Germany and Austria deny it—Was it Russia?—Zola defies the government—He is put on trial—The witnesses refuse to testify—The first day's trial proves nothing—The government perplexed—Zola in good cheer, even though he may be sent to prison.		
Brave Onesiphorus—A Talk for the Times.	Theodore L. Cuyler.	4
The Bible "Without Note or Comment."	William S. Jerome.	4
A Letter from China: Cities That Bow Down to Wood and Stone.....	Albert A. Fulton.	5
<b>EDITORIAL:</b>		
The Bible Society Not Ready to Give up the Ghost.....	H. M. F.	6
Fac-Simile of the Shorter Catechism.	Charles L. Thompson, D.D.	6
Notable Figures in a Famous Old Church.	H. M. F.	7
That Golden Wedding.....	John H. Dey.	7
Synodical Home Missions.....	Rev. Wilson Phraner, D.D.	8
Two Meetings of Interest.....		8
A Quietus to an Absurd Story.....		8
President Patton on Temperance Laws.....		9
A Noble Life Ended.....	W. A. B., Jr.	11
The Christian Conquest of Asia.	John Henry Barrows, D.D.	11
A Veteran Crowned.....	R. A. S.	12
Cleveland Letter.....	W. H. B.	12
Some Men Whom I Have Known.	Benjamin F. Millard.	12
<b>THE BOOK TABLE.....</b>		<b>13</b>
An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament—A Guide to Biblical Study—Interpretations of Life and Religion—Sidelights from Patmos—The Old Campeador and the Waning of the Crescent in the West—The New Apologetic—Hawaii: Our New Possessions. Book Notes. Literary Notes.		
<b>RELIGIOUS PRESS.....</b>		<b>15</b>
<b>THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.....</b>		<b>16</b>
Bible Study Union, Ex. 1., v. The International Lesson, Matt. x., 2-15.		
<b>CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR. Topic, Every Christian a Missionary.....</b>		<b>17</b>
<b>CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.....</b>		<b>18</b>
Two Valentines (poetry)—A Valentine Story—Valentine—Gladbrook; by John A. Campbell—Safeguards for Young Girls—Dog Saved His Master—The Story of a Song.		
<b>Woman's Board of Home Missions.....</b>	<b>H. E. B.</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.....</b>	<b>J. B. S.</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>TENEMENT HOUSE CHAPTER.....</b>		<b>23</b>
Two Social Events.		
<b>How to File and Set Saw-Teeth.....</b>	<b>Eas E. Tee.</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>MUSIC.....</b>		<b>24</b>
What Shall be the Grade of Church Music?—About Enunciation.		
<b>Sermon.....</b>	<b>By Rev. George Nixon.</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>MISSIONS AND CHURCHES.....</b>		<b>29</b>
<b>Letter from Chicago.....</b>	<b>Clarence G. Reynolds.</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>HOUSEHOLD.....</b>		<b>31</b>

## All Round the Horizon.

This week the eyes of all Europe are turned upon Paris, which is in a fever of excitement. And what for? Is it a question of peace or war? Not at all—nor any matter of importance between France and any other of the great Powers of the Continent. It is only that dreadful "Dreyfus Case" that is up again, though it has already been settled two or three times, and, as the French government fondly believed, put down forever! But somehow it will not stay down. Charles Sumner used to say that "No question is ever settled until it is settled right!" And in spite of all that has been done, there is still in the minds of thousands a deep suspicion that this case has been settled wrong! If so the condemnation was a crime that may have to be paid for in blood! And yet it is all about a single man, who is not in Paris, nor in France, nor even in Europe, but far away across the sea in a penal settlement, where he is enduring a punishment worse than death, when many of those best informed believe that he is innocent of the least crime against his country!

It would not seem very difficult for the French authorities to settle the question of his guilt or innocence, if they would go squarely at it. The weight of evidence seems to be in favor of his innocence, and yet the mob are determined to find him guilty; and how to make the evidence bend to their wishes is the puzzling problem to be solved!

Only look at it! A captain in the army is accused of betraying military secrets to a foreign power! But where and how? And to what power? The military authorities profess to be in possession of secret proofs, which they will not divulge! This is a suspicious thing on their part. Is it that they will compromise themselves? Or others whom they wish to protect?

The inquiry is complicated by the fact that of the great Powers—which might be inculpated as having lured him into treachery, two, or it may be three, Germany and Austria and Italy—have pledged their honor to France and to Europe, that they have had no communications or revelations whatever! This is so far satisfactory, but terribly unsatisfactory in that it narrows the number of those who can be implicated, with the chance that it may prove Russia to be the guilty seducer that led a French officer to betray his trust: and this while Russia is the one power in Europe, with which France desires to be in the closest friendship!

It is an ugly piece of business to try to stifle evidence, and keep the truth from coming out. But this policy might have succeeded under the plea that there were "State secrets" that could not be revealed! "Public safety" is the cloak that covers up many cruelties and crimes. It might have succeeded in this case, if there had not suddenly appeared a new element in the

contest, when the most popular writer in France leaped into the arena, and threw down the gauntlet to the government itself! Emile Zola is known all over Europe as the most famous of French novelists. Whether it was from private information or not, he became possessed of the conviction that Dreyfus was an innocent man, and that the officer who was really guilty, (if such a crime had been committed,) had escaped by throwing the accusation on another!

Here was another complication. The government must meet it, and prove the accusation false, or lie under the odium of persecuting an innocent man and of a false imprisonment! Zola was put under arrest, and on Monday was brought up for trial. He did not shrink from it, but demanded that certain officers of the army should be put upon the stand! One and another was called to the witness box, but refused to testify! Of course this was interpreted as a confession that they could not deny the charge which had been thrown in their faces. The whole effort of the counsel for Zola was to get in evidence, while the effort on the other side was to keep it out.

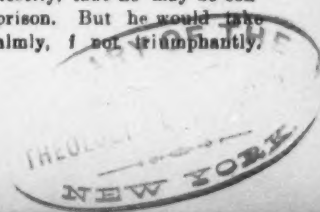
His counsel first of all summoned the members of the court-martial which had tried Dreyfus, and when they refused to testify, he demanded to know "if they were acting under the orders of the Minister of War or of their own volition?" and then turning to the jury said:

"The proof we wish to show you is so striking that our opponents are trying to prevent its becoming known. Nevertheless, if necessary, I will tell what it is myself without witnesses. If I fail Dreyfus will remain in the prison where he was placed by a law expressly made for him!"

The former President of France, Casimir-Perier, was next summoned, but pleaded that he could not be called upon to disclose secrets that were confided to him when he was at the head of the government!

Next was called the chief of the Intelligence Bureau of the War Department, whom Zola had charged with working up a fraudulent case against Dreyfus because he needed a scapegoat on account of the leaks in his bureau. But he, too, stood upon his dignity, and kept silence. The same excuse was offered again and again, till the advocate of Zola shouted, "One would really think these officers imagine they form a separate caste, superior to all others, above the law and exempt from the respect due to Court."

Here ended the first day's trial, in which the defence may be said to have proved nothing, and yet in reality had proved everything! If such negative testimony could not convince the jury, it must convince the public. Already the feeling outside of France is almost universal in favor of the bold writer, who had dared to defy the government. It may be indeed, if all the witnesses refuse to testify, that he may be convicted and sent to prison. But he would take such a fate very calmly, if not triumphantly!



It is said that he was very calm and asked the barristers, "What is the maximum penalty to which I am liable?" and being told that it was six months, he answered with a smile: "If truth could but emerge from this trial I would willingly take six months more."

After the day was over Zola was interviewed by the reporters, who say that he was tired and rather haggard and hoarse, but for all that he was more than satisfied. He had been defended by one of the youngest and most brilliant Parisian advocates, whose eloquence extorted applause even from his adversaries and produced a profound impression, and he praised the moderation and courtesy of the President of the court.

"I am convinced," he added, "that outside feeling is growing rapidly in favor of a full inquiry. It is too much to expect that all the truth will come to light at the present hearing, but I believe we shall see a little. Once the French people can be made to see a duty they will do it at whatever cost. I am well content with the day's work."

Surely no man was ever more supported by voices from without. In the morning, scarcely was he seated when a bundle of telegrams was handed to him, all addressed "Zola, Court of Assizes, Paris;" and other telegrams poured in during the proceedings, altogether over four hundred, from all parts of the world, offering sympathy and congratulations. One from Belgium bore the signatures of a thousand legal and literary celebrities; another signed by a group of Roman Catholic priests, said, "Vive la Justice!"

#### BRAVE ONESIPHORUS.—A TALK FOR THE TIMES.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

In these days when there is so much worship of the "golden calf" in society (sometimes, too, in churches) and so many are ready to barter principles for popularity, it is well to put eye on that noble piece of manhood Onesiphorus. Who was he? There is but a single mention of him in the New Testament, but that ought to make him immortal. Paul, in the last epistle that he ever wrote, says to Timothy, "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me and was not ashamed of my chain." Yes; and we all may say "Amen" to that benediction. We know but little of this Ephesian brother, but that little makes us wish to know more, and that he had more successors in our times. He belonged to that most ancient order of nobility—the order of true manhood. He was a faithful friend in all weathers. He looked above appearances—or rather he looked at appearances in their true aspect; and when he saw the superscription of Jesus Christ on a man he honored that man for Christ's sake.

How grateful is the recollection of him by the old war-worn Apostle! He says that Onesiphorus "oft refreshed" him. Unlike too many people who turn their backs on an old friend when he is in trouble, this noble Ephesian draws all the closer to Paul on account of his troubles. When he arrives in Rome he searches Paul out, and finds him a prisoner! "No man stood with" him; the timid and the time-serving seem to have deserted him and left him in the lion's paw. There he is—Nero's captive, but Christ's freedman. There he is—with an iron chain on that arm that had been lifted above the Hill of Mars, and awed the philosophers of the Violet City into silence—that arm that made Felix tremble and from which the viper fell off harmless into the fire at Melita. That old scarred and weather-beaten body is in Nero's guard house. And thither comes Onesiphorus with the refreshment of his fervid sympathy. There is a wonderful deal of Gospel often in a hand-grip; and Onesiphorus does not draw back when he discovers a manacle on

Paul's arm. *He is not ashamed of the chain.* He counts that chain a badge of glory—a decoration, and the livery of his once persecuted and crucified Master. As Napoleon hung the grand cross of the Legion of Honor on the breasts of those who had fought the most bravely, so Nero had put great distinction on the heroic Apostle when he bound that chain upon his limbs. He would not have taken so much pains to tie up a coward. A smooth-tongued, popularity-hunting preacher is generally safe in "king's houses"; but when John Baptist's tongue tells plain truth it is soon silenced in the "charger." The Martin Luthers find their meed in Wartburg Castles, and the Latimers and Hoopers find theirs in the crackling flames of the martyr's stake.

It was as a badge of honor, therefore, that Onesiphorus greeted the Apostle's chain. It spoke of bold constancy to Christ, and it clanked out a noble eulogy as Paul drew it over the prison-floor. Onesiphorus was not ashamed to be counted as the loving friend of the man whom the rich in Rome despised, and the bloody tyrant of Rome, and his licentious courtiers hated. Appearances were against the old friendless prisoner; but Onesiphorus looked behind and beneath appearances at the man himself. Paul in poverty, Paul under the ban of power, Paul unpopular and odious in the public eye was as dear to Onesiphorus as if he rode in the second chariot of the Empire. Nay more so. And to all of us poverty should be honorable when it is preferred to knavery or compromise with wrong. It was honorable to that patriotic old Pennsylvanian who, under the offer of a British bribe, replied, "I am a poor man, but poor as I am, King George is not rich enough to buy me." Unpopularity should also be to us a guerdon of praise when it is visited on any man for conscience' sake. John Bunyan in Bedford jail is a kingly character than his royal persecutor amid his revelries in White Hall Palace.

Onesiphorus is a lesson to us in these days. Would that there were more of his spirit in the Church of Christ—the spirit that holds men at their true value—the spirit that honors men without regard to purse or station in society! There ought to be more Christian democracy in our churches; for caste is nowhere so hateful as in the house of God. Offices of trust and honor should be bestowed on those who serve the Master most faithfully, and not on those who keep the finest "turn-out" or who figure in "Society's" Directory. If Onesiphorus were a member of an American church he would not join in hunting a minister down because he preached plain pungent truth, or took the unpopular side on some great moral question. What a grand backer he would be to every pastor who fearlessly contends for sound doctrine and clean living, and is not afraid to denounce sinful fashions, self-indulgence, and conformities to the world! It would be almost a token of a Revival to hear the honest voice of Onesiphorus in a prayer-meeting. Not only would it cheer a good pastor's heart; but it would wake up the sleepers in Zion, and might bring some sham professors to repentance.

I wish that our young people would study that brave old Ephesian a little, and learn not to be the slaves of outside appearances. Our young women would then be more willing to give their hand in marriage to a young man who wore a true Christian heart under a coarse coat than to one who wore fine broadcloth over a coarse character. Our young men would not so often ask "will it pay?" or "will it be popular?" but rather the more vital question, "will it be right in the sight of God?" That sturdy, conscientious, big-hearted Ephesian who passed by all the fine mansions and heathen temples, and sinful haunts in Rome in order to hunt out and "refresh" Christ's old lonesome prisoner in Nero's guard-house, was a magnificent specimen of godly manhood that I commend to the study and imitation of all my readers. May the Lord multiply in these days the "house of Onesiphorus!"

#### THE BIBLE "WITHOUT NOTE OR COMMENT."

Rev. N. H. Egleston's article in the last Evangelist was a brave and honest statement of certain truths, which the American Bible Society and its friends may well lay to heart. There is no doubt that the original purpose of the Society to publish the Bible "without note or comment," needs re-adjustment and re-statement. The facts presented by your correspondent make that abundantly evident.

And there is another aspect of the case, which starting apparently from an opposite basis, reaches the same conclusion. Does the Society, now, publish the Bible "without note or comment"? Does it live up to its own professed creed, and stand upon its own platform? If not, then Mr. Egleston's article loses none of its force, but is rather transformed into an argument from the less to the greater. If it be shown that the American Bible Society is to-day publishing Bibles containing notes, comments, and "helps"—but incorrect, misleading and antiquated in their character—how strong is the appeal that it frankly accept the situation presented, and give us the best helps, and scholarly and accurate notes.

And the fact is that the authorized version of the Bible, as published by the American Bible Society, is very far from being an accurate or impartial book. On the contrary, it is full of the most inaccurate and misleading and antiquated notes and comments. Let any reader open his Bible, and look at the headings of the chapters, and the running titles at the tops of the pages, and what does he find? Abundant note and comment, interpretation and explanation—and inaccurate and obsolete and erroneous interpretation at that! Let him examine the chapter headings, and he will find such gems of interpretation and English as these: (Gen. xxii.) "Isaac is exchanged with a ram;" (Gen. i.), "He dieth and is cheated;" (Num. xiv.), "God threateneth them;" (Esther v.), "A pair of gallows;" (1 Sam. xvi.), "Samuel, sent by God under pretence of a sacrifice, cometh to Bethlehem;" (Pa. cxxxvii.,) "The prophet curseth Edom and Baal;" (Matt. xxii.), "He poseth the Pharisees about the Messiah."

No doubt further search would reveal other beauties, but what shall be said of the conservatism that perpetuates and publishes such "comments," on the Scriptures? How can the Directors of the Bible Society look at each other with out laughing, as they re-set, and re read, and re print and re publish these illuminating paragraphs? Nor is bad English and blasphemous remark the worst. A Bible "without note or comment" should certainly refrain from interpretation. It should lend no sanction to any theory of authorship, or exegesis. But what is the fact? For a typical case, look at the Song of Solomon in the authorized version. Here we find this impartial, noteless, commentless Bible adopting a certain interpretation of that book, and explaining its figures at length. The fact that the interpretation given is out of date and erroneous, is not the only feature of the case. It is bad enough to have the conversations between Solomon and the Shulamite transformed into colloquies between Christ and the Church. But the point is—that all this is interpretation and comment of the boldest kind, and yet we are told that the American Bible Society publishes a book "without note or comment!"

It will very probably be said that nobody reads these headings, and so no harm is done. Even if this were true, it would be no reason why the Society should go on, at great expense, re-publishing so much waste matter. But it is only partly true. The chapter headings in the familiar books of the Bible are probably seldom read. But every pastor has found that his people have adopted interpretations of the poetical and