

The Evangelist

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NOW.

Richard R. Wightman.

'Tis a time for chivalrous deeds,
Sore and many are the needs
Of a host too weak to fight,
Struggling in the rayless night
Of a reasonable despair.
Are you one to heed and care?
Read you with admiring heart,
Of the stern heroic part
Martyrs played in ages when
Kings were dogs and men were men?
Scorching flesh has lessened fast,
But think you the day is past
For a bold and strength-backed threat
'Gainst the evils cursing yet?
Man, you're daft, if in your soul
Aught of virtue has control,
And you wend your neutral way
Satisfied to mope and pray.
Wit and grit are in demand;
Right with might must rule the land.
Close to your hand there lies a field
Of endeavor that will yield
Fruit whose blush shall never fade,
While a reckoning is made
Of man's love to fellow man,
Manifest in deed or plan,
Born to banish pain and wrong,
And to barter sigh for song.
Gone's the past; the future years
May find you drenched in sorrow's tears.
Then to your work! No sloth allow.
Do your noblest in the now!

All Round the Horizon

As this paper is going to press, one of the most important battles of the war is being fought in South Africa. A crisis in the present stage of the war operations has been reached and the expected attack on Ladysmith has begun. The eighteen thousand Boers hope to crush the twelve thousand British by a supreme effort. If pluck and determination could win the day, the Afrianders might hope for victory. But the superior artillery training of the English tells heavily in their favor.

So far the honors seem to be about equal. The two British victories though brilliant and inspiring were fruitless as to results: for the superior numbers of the Boers forced General Yule to a hasty retreat. And the loss to the English has been heavy, especially among the officers. It may be a long war and evidently will prove a most sanguinary one. The world is not yet through admiring the courage and daring of the Boers in successfully resisting the most skillful soldiers of the present time.

The strict censorship over press dispatches prevents the public from obtaining much war news. It is worth our consideration to observe how emphatic the English Generals are about this; when a few months ago, this country burned with indignation over a few stringent measures along the same lines which were proposed by General Otis in the Philippines.

Few persons in the United States have anything but the vaguest of ideas concerning the size of the territory in which the war is being

carried on. Roughly speaking, that part of South Africa which is affected is about as long as the distance from the seaboard to the Mississippi and as wide as from the Great Lakes to the Ohio.

Is the war in South Africa an unnecessary war? Is it not rather the direct result of the constant strife that has always existed in frontier countries between the old and the new—the spirit of the nineteenth century against an obsolete, semi-civilized state? The march of civilization has never been a peaceful one. The survival of the fittest is the law of nations; and "might is right," a foundation of all international law.

But does it follow that that foundation is sound and just? That is a problem for wise men to puzzle out. History would seem to confirm an affirmative answer. Certainly civilization and power are closely joined. Might is that quality that seems to be possessed by the fittest. And that the English have the superiority of force and numbers and skill no one can dispute. Granted that, does the fact that they represent an advanced civilization give them the right and justice of the struggle? Will their victory be a moral triumph as well as an overpowering conquest? There are many Outlanders in the Transvaal, Americans as well as British, who would answer these questions with an emphatic yes; and be honest in their opinions as well.

President McKinley's remarks during the recent campaign in Ohio have removed any doubts as to his future policy. Our usually cautious President has been so emphatic in his declarations that his worst enemies can no longer accuse him of indecision. "We are on a gold basis and we mean to stay there." "Peace will come and we shall be able to give to those people in the Philippines a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States." Words could hardly be more emphatic and decided. It seems there will be no begging the question in the future, as there was three years ago by the Republican party.

The Alaskan boundary question has again come before the public. Canada offers as a compromise to agree to arbitration, provided Pyramid Harbor be granted her outright. She in return will concede the States much of the disputed gold country, but stipulates that she must have a seaport before she can agree to arbitrate. Pyramid Harbor is on a branch of Lynn Canal, an invaluable position for a strong British naval station. The new proposal seems to meet with small favor at Washington. Whether the United States can ever obtain all she now claims is a matter of much doubt. Certainly in the example of the Venezuelan Arbitration before her she can hardly hope to effect more than a compromise. The present modus vivendi would seem to offer a temporary relief; and why there is need of such haste in deciding the question it would be difficult to

explain. The fisheries modus has been in force for ten years and may last a hundred.

The city campaign, though much discussed by the papers, apparently meets with general indifference and apathy. It seems strange that this should be so; for both parties have unusually strong tickets in the field, and both are working most industriously to persuade the general public that the city is in great danger from the diabolic machinations of the rival political organization. The truth is that decent citizens are tired of campaigns which are conducted on the dirt throwing plan. And the present one seems to have become mainly a slanging match between Platt and Company and Croker and Company as to which stand for the more corrupt politics. The public reads what both the chiefs say of each other, and has not a particle of doubt that both are telling the truth. Is such a state of politics one that calls out the enthusiasm or earnestness of patriotic voters? Is it not rather a matter with which honest men do not care to soil their reputations?

A striking example of the sickening condition of our present municipal politics is seen in the Nineteenth Assembly District. On the one hand is Mr. Mazet, who is known to all as a thorough Platt man; on the other a candidate of the Citizens' Union, who while professing to stand for good government is running flat footed as a Tammany candidate. Of course Mr. Stewart will vote with Tammany if he reaches the Legislature. How else could he explain his present position? And unless the unexpected happens, Perez M. Stewart will be the next Assemblyman from the Nineteenth district.

Five hundred descendants of Matthew Grant, constituting the family of American Grants who were prominent in founding the old town of Windsor, Conn., held a reunion in that home of their fathers on October 27. The formal exercises being held in the Congregational Church, which the day's program described as the "Oldest church in America." In the absence of Ulysses S. Grant of San Diego, Cal., the Vice-President, the Rev. Roland D. Grant D.D. of Concord, N. H., presided, and the Hon. Roswell Grant of East Windsor Hill, who occupies the Grant homestead, delivered the address of welcome.

Of all our worthy Grants, none have attained to the eminence of the General who brought our war to a happy close. Like Lincoln, he was noted for his reticence when in full career. Neither was given to prophecy, and hence the following quotation, which we find in *The Sun*, is very notable as coming from General Grant. It is a passage from his second inaugural address, when having urged the need of San Domingo, or at least the best harbor of that island, as a naval and commercial convenience and even necessity, he justified the recommendation in these striking terms, which bear directly on great questions now in

debate: "I say here, however, that I do not share the apprehension held by many as to the danger of governments becoming weakened and destroyed by reason of their extension of territory. Commerce, education and the rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph and steam have changed all this. Rather do I believe that our Great Maker is preparing the world, in his good time, to become one nation, speaking one language, and when armies and navies will be no longer required."

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

"A national custom, dear to the hearts of the people, calls for the setting apart of one day in each year as an occasion of special thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessings of the preceding year. This honored observance acquires with time a tenderer significance. It enriches domestic life. It summons under the family roof the absent children to glad reunion with those they love.

"Seldom has this nation had greater cause for profound thanksgiving. No great pestilence has invaded our shores. Liberal employment waits upon labor. Abundant crops have rewarded the efforts of, the husbandman. Increased comforts have come to the home. The national finances have been strengthened and public credit has been sustained and made firmer. In all branches of industry and trade there has been an unequalled degree of prosperity, while there has been a steady gain in the moral and educational growth of our national character. Churches and schools have flourished. American patriotism has been exalted. Those engaged in maintaining the honor of the flag with such signal success have been in a large degree spared from disaster and disease. An honorable peace has been ratified with a foreign nation with which we were at war, and we are now on friendly relations with every power of the earth.

"The trust which we have assumed for the people of Cuba has been faithfully advanced. There has been marked progress toward the restoration of healthy industrial conditions and, under wise sanitary regulations, the island has enjoyed unusual exemption from the scourge of fever. The hurricane which swept over our new possession of Puerto Rico, destroying the homes and property of the inhabitants, called for the instant sympathy of the people of the United States, who were swift to respond with generous aid to the sufferers. While the insurrection still continues in the island of Luzon business is resuming its activity, and confidence in the good purposes of the United States is being rapidly established throughout the archipelago.

"For these reasons and countless others, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do hereby name Thursday the 30th day of November next, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer to be observed as such by all our people on this continent and in our newly acquired islands, as well as by those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands; and I advise that on this day religious exercises shall be conducted in the churches or meeting places of all denominations, in order that in the social features of the day its real significance may not be lost sight of, but prayers may be offered to the Most High for a continuance of a divine guidance without which man's efforts are vain, and for divine consolation to those whose kindred and friends have sacrificed their lives for country.

"I recommend also that on this day so far as may be found practicable, labor shall cease from its accustomed toil and charity abound toward the sick, the needy and the poor.

"In witness whereof, I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

CHRISTIAN MOTHERHOOD.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

In the Lafayette Avenue Church of Brooklyn, on the morning of Sunday, October 23, a beautiful window was unveiled in memory of Mrs. Louisa Frances Cuyler—who died on the 14th of September, 1887, at the ripe age of eighty-five. The window, which was designed by Mr. Frederick Wilson, the artist of Mr. Tiffany's decorative glass works, represents Hannah standing with her hand upon the head of her child, and the descriptive passage on the tablet is, "I have lent him to the Lord as long as he liveth." The pastor of the church, Dr. Gregg, gave an accurate biographical sketch of the revered matron who is commemorated by the window, and followed it with a most eloquent discourse on the duties, the privileges, and the power of a Christian motherhood. He could speak from his own happy experience, for his surviving widowed mother possesses the best gifts and graces of a true "mother in Israel."

I trust that it will be no violation of propriety if a grateful son in the "Indian summer" of a long and busy life recalls a few reminiscences that may encourage and stimulate some of those who are called to the sacred trust of maternity. My beloved mother was born in Morristown, N. J., on the 25th of August, 1802—in the old homestead (still standing) in which her grandfather, Joseph Lewis, entertained both Washington and Lafayette during the Revolutionary War. At the age of fifteen she united with the First Presbyterian Church, in which one of her ancestors had preached for over fifty years. The early death of my dear father, at the age of twenty-eight, occurred in June, 1826, in his native village of Aurora, on the banks of the Cayuga Lake. Attractive as that village was, and still is, I always feel thankful that the next eight or nine years of my childhood were spent on the beautiful farm of my maternal grandfather, where I had the free pure air of the country, and the simple pleasures of a hospitable farm-house. My Grandfather Morrell was a cultured gentleman with a good library, and the Professors of the Auburn Theological Seminary were glad to partake of his refined hospitalities during their vacations. Dr. Henry Mills, the erudite Professor of Hebrew, amused me with conundrums, and read to me his fine translations of German hymns.

During my infancy my godly mother had dedicated me to the Lord as truly as Hannah ever dedicated her son Samuel. When my paternal grandfather, who was a lawyer, offered to bequeath both his own, and my father's law-libraries to me, my mother declined the offer, and said to him, "I expect my little boy will be a minister." This was her constant aim and perpetual prayer, and God graciously answered her prayer of faith in his own good time and way. I cannot now name any one day or place when I was converted. I attended some revival-meetings in our country church, and was deeply affected by the solemn services; for in those days Central and Western New York were swept by powerful revivals under the leadership of Charles G. Finney and his rousing co-laborers. But it was my beloved mother's steady constant influence that led me gradually along, and I grew into a religious life under her potent training, and by the power of the Holy Spirit blessing her efforts. If all mothers were as faithful as she was, the "church in the house" would be the best feeder of the church in the public sanctuary.

The religious impressions begun at home continued and deepened until I made my public confession of faith during my junior year at Princeton College. Let me emphasize those home-teachings. The Sabbaths in my grand-

father's house were like the good old Puritan Sabbaths—sacred and serene, with neither work nor play. Our rural church was three miles off, and in the winter our family often fought their way through mud or snow, and sometimes across the fields to avoid the huge snow-drifts. I was the only child in our family, and the first Sunday-school I ever attended had only one scholar, and my good mother was the Superintendent. She gave me several verses of the Bible to *commit to memory*, and these she explained to me; and I learned the questions and answers in the Westminster Catechism. I was expected to study the Bible for myself, and not to sit still and be crammed by a teacher after the fashion in too many Sunday-schools in these days. In my wise mother's home-school I committed to memory whole chapters of the blessed Book, and was well grounded in doctrine by that Catechism that has always been a sheet-anchor of orthodoxy. After leaving home, my faithful mother's letters to me when a school-boy were more to me than any sermons that I heard during all those years.

Dr. Gregg in his excellent biographical sketch truly said that she was a woman of remarkably vigorous intellect, enriched by wide reading and keen observation. In all religious and philanthropic enterprises she felt a deep interest. The sale of a slave-girl in Morristown during her childhood made her an emancipationist; and when—long before the Civil War—I called her attention to certain eloquent anti-slavery addresses, her reply often was, "All these speeches will avail nothing; slavery can end in only one way; *it will go down in blood.*" The Temperance Reform was in its earliest stages when she persuaded me to sign a total-abstinence pledge, at ten years of age, and that pledge was a strong safe-guard amid the temptations of college-life. In systematic beneficence she was a model. She kept a stout wallet labelled "Sacred Money;" and in that she deposited her—not very large—income as soon as it came into her hands. When the money was once placed there, no demand of either luxury or necessity ever robbed God of his own. The contents of that wallet helped two or three young men into the ministry—supplied several "seamen's libraries" for sailors, and among other good things, supplied The Evangelist to several grateful readers. When collections for religious objects were taken up in our church, her contribution was already "laid by in store."

These were some of the characteristics of that noble and godly woman whose revered name was inscribed on that beautiful memorial-window two weeks ago. She was not devoid of some infirmities and made no pretension to extraordinary attainments in holiness. It is because I solemnly believe that my joyous half century or more in the Gospel ministry has been the direct outcome of her prayers, teachings and consecrating influence that I have penned this grateful filial tribute to the power of a true *Christian motherhood*.

Probably one reason why conversions have diminished and the number of candidates for the ministry has fallen off is that there is a decline in household piety. Underneath the church lies the household; there is no such school of Bible-religion as a God-fearing home. Of that "church in the house" parents are the God-ordained pastors. Before the pulpit begins, or the Sunday-school begins the mother has already begun! A prodigious power is this; it sent Samuel out of the arms of Hannah, and Timothy out of the household of Eunice and of Lois; it is the mightiest of human agencies; and to-day the destiny of Christianity is largely dependent upon a conscientious, and consecrated motherhood.