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"OTHER SHEEP."*

Rev. Richard F. Souter.

De long night rain falls cold en ha'd,
En it's wa'm inside de do';
But de do' been shut en de do' been ba'd—
Shut en ba'd fo' eve' mo'.
Hit's bright en da, like de sunlight cla',
Fo' de sheep what de Shephe'd guide;
But de ain't no light shines out in de night,
En it's always night outside.

Hain't no one's fault but jus' dey's own
Dat dey comes da' so late;
But dey ha'den deys hea't twel it like a stone
As dey linger by de gate.

En dey say right da' dat dey gwine to ba'
All dat comes en not complain;
Yet hit's sad en slow dat dey tu'ns to go
Out into de night en de rain.

Den down de night en de gloomerin' sto'm
A glimmerin' light appea's;
En de win' blow sof' en de win' blow wa'm,
Like it wa'm wid some one's tea's.
En de strong will shakes, en de proud hea't breaks,
Fur, down dat mountain steep,
De Shephe'd comes back from de wild'ness track
Bearin' a po' los' sheep.

*Suggested by a conversation with a negro in Florida
and more his than mine. R. F. S.

All Round the Horizon.

The Philippine Commission is asking the more intelligent residents of the islands three questions which are in fact three modifications of one question: Do you believe the Filipinos are capable of self-government in the townships—in the provinces—in the archipelago? All classes appear to be of one mind with regard to the last point: the Filipinos are not capable of managing their own national affairs. The sure result of an attempt to do so would be tribal wars, general chaos and ultimate European intervention. There are those who think that provincial self-government may be possible, and a large number believe the natives capable of managing township affairs, though not without a general supervision by American officials. The latter is to insure the people against the peculations of their own officials and the exorbitant taxation which the Tagalos would assuredly exact.

General Lawton's Santa Cruz campaign having accomplished all that it was intended to accomplish, his expedition has been recalled to Manila. No villages were fired or looted; the campaign, General Lawton says, was one of education. It now appears that the insurgents are massing near Pasig on the northern end of Laguna de Bai, not far from Manila. The hospital ship Relief arrived at Manila on Wednesday last and the transport Sheridan on Friday. The health of the troops is reported as improving. There was a hostile demonstration of the Filipinos last week in the island of Mindanao, which is still garrisoned by Spain; but it is not deemed to be of importanec.

The Samoan dispute, though perhaps not so nearly settled as was believed a few days ago, is in a fair way to be peacefully solved by the

joint High Commission appointed by the three Powers, Mr. Bartlett Tripp acting for the United States, Mr. Eliot for England, and Baron Steck von Sternberg for Germany. Mr. Tripp is on his way to Washington where he will meet his fellow Commissioners, at present attached to the German and English Embassies. The Commission will sail from San Francisco on the 25th by the Badger, which is now being refitted for the purpose. The three governments have arrived at an agreement by mutual concessions. The United States and England have yielded the point of majority rule, and agreed that the three parties must be unanimous for their decisions to be valid. On her part, Germany has consented to an inquiry into the acts of the German Consul-General Rose and of Dr. Raffel, the German President of the Municipal Council. The Berlin act of 1889 rules and will not be modified except by unanimous consent.

On Wednesday of last week an expedition of British and American sailors was led into an ambush near Apia, and three officers and four marines killed. The ambush was posted in a German plantation, and the owner of the plantation has been arrested. In accordance with the Berlin treaty he has been transferred from the British cruiser to the German warship where he will be tried by his own countrymen, and not as was at first insisted, by the joint Commission.

The railway strike in Cuba came to an end on Tuesday of last week. The plan of credit extension proposed by General Brooke, as stated two weeks ago, has been modified in Washington and gives only one year's credit instead of six. A delegation of Cuban planters has arrived in Washington to ask for relief. Bandits appear to be gaining in courage and effrontery. The town of Caimito, only seven miles from Havana, was attacked and looted on Friday night. Troops have been sent after the bandits who, it is surmised, are dissatisfied Cuban soldiers, possibly those under General Magia Rodrigues. A vigorous campaign against them has been planned by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. The Supreme Court of Cuba is about to be constituted, with a American President and six associated Justices, probably Cubans. Two parties are taking form in the island, one the so-called Spanish party which favors annexation to the United States, and the other a home rule party which will advocate a temporary American protectorate.

President Loubet has replied in a very courteous manner to President McKinley's message thanking the French President for the friendly offices of France in the matter of the treaty of peace with Spain. Diplomatic relations between Spain and this country have been resumed, the Spanish government having signified its satisfaction with the appointment of Mr. Bellamy Storer as Minister to Madrid, and having appointed the Duke d'Arcos Spanish Minister to Washington. Elections for the Cortes

have passed off quietly in the main, though not without riots at Bilboa and elsewhere. The Ministry will have a large majority. Carlist leaders are endeavoring to win over the troops and the religious orders, especially in the north where sentiment against the present dynasty is strong. It is reported that Don Jaime, the son of the Carlist Pretender, is on his way to the Pyrenees.

There has been a report that Great Britain had annexed the islands of Tonga in the Pacific but this is denied. Germany was threatening to seize the islands a few months ago, but that also is denied and it did not in fact take place. England is, however, going to fortify Wei Hai Wei, rather as a coaling station and base of supplies than with any desire to conquer the country.

A bloodless but important revolution has taken place in Ireland during the past three months. Before this, the thirty-two counties of Ireland were governed by a close corporation of landlords; now they are governed by a popular body of tenants and peasant proprietors. The former governing body were Unionists and Protestants; the majority of the present body are Roman Catholics and Nationalists. The present condition, which is the result of acts that have been passed all along for fourteen years, is of most happy augury and the rate of development is very striking. It is long since political and agrarian crime—so common half a score of years ago—have been thought of, emigration has almost ceased, population is on the increase, public works are being extended and the savings banks—a sure index of prosperity—are being very largely patronized.

The change of French public opinion with regard to the innocence of Dreyfus is becoming very marked at the same time that the difficulties which confront the government in the attempt to arrive at the truth become manifestly greater. It is now reported that Russia is mixed up in the affair, that the first accusation of Dreyfus came from that government. This, if openly proved by the investigation, would involve France, Russia and Germany in a triangular diplomatic tangle if not worse. The testimony tends more and more to implicate Esterhazy, if not to point to him as the guilty one. Meanwhile there are rumors that Dreyfus is dead, and other rumors that he has threatened to commit suicide. These are in many quarters regarded with suspicion as an endeavor to prepare the public mind—fast reverting to a condition of sympathy with Dreyfus, for the intelligence that he has indeed succumbed to the lingering agonies of the past four years.

While the delegates to the Peace Conference—among whom is to be counted Mr. Andrew D. White, our Ambassador to Spain—are likely to restrict their counsels to matters of mere academic interest, the progress of peace prin-

principles among European nations is being shown in a gratifying way. First it was the agreement between England and France with regard to Africa, now it is France and Italy, with the rest of Europe looking on in content. Tripoli is about to become an Italian province. This indeed was tacitly agreed upon as long ago as 1878, when Tunis fell to the lot of France; but tacit agreements are not always realized, and it is a very important witness to the peaceful disposition of Europe that Italy now takes undisputed possession of her long coveted territory.

Tripoli is indeed little better than a desert waste, having for many generations lost the prosperity that was once hers. But France with her engineering exploits in Tunis has shown what modern science can do to reclaim a country from the condition into which Turkish rule has brought it, and already Italian and Maltese colonists have done something to revive prosperity in Tripoli. It is probable that the possession of that country, offering to the surplus population a new home under their own government, will check Italian emigration to the United States and South America. The important bearing of the event, however, is the witness it bears to the abandonment of the policy which has ruled since Crispi's time, that of hostility between France and Italy.

Though still extremely feeble, the Pope was able on Sunday to take part in the thanksgiving mass which marked the anniversary of his coronation. It was an impressive ceremony, and aroused intense enthusiasm, though it was necessarily shortened on account of the great weakness of the Pope. It can hardly be expected that he will again take part in a public function.

The Raleigh, which was expected here on Saturday, did not arrive until the first hour of Sunday. The delay caused disappointment to thousands who had intended to celebrate the arrival of the ship that fired the first gun on that battle Sunday at Manila, nearly a year ago; and the persistent rain of Sunday was a further disappointment. It did not, however, damp the enthusiasm of a large multitude, who stood patiently for hours under the heavy down-pour of Sunday afternoon to witness the river parade.

The Mazet investigation is bringing out many facts to the discredit of certain Tammany leaders. Thus far, however interesting and important the revelations, they are probably not particularly different from facts which might be elicited were certain Republican leaders under examination. It remains yet to be proved that the investigation is an honest effort for the purification of our city government and not a bit of sharp party politics.

The trial of ex-Senator Quay in Philadelphia is making clear what has not for a long time been doubted, that Mr. Quay's political methods have been venal in the extreme. After a protracted struggle for his re-election it is now expected that the Pennsylvania legislature will expire to-day without having chosen an incumbent for his vacant seat in the Senate.

The Amsterdam avenue bill has received Mayor van Wyck's signature. Bills limiting the hours of drug clerks and regulating dispensaries have been passed by the Senate, and the movement for the taxation of franchises is sure to succeed in one or another form. A measure has passed the Senate assessing franchises as real estate, and a new franchise taxation bill has been introduced in the Assembly. Should no definite conclusion be reached this session, the matter will be made a Republican issue.

The death last week of a Chicago scientist, as a result of the explosion of liquid air with which he was experimenting, is causing some apprehension with regard to the use of this new discovery as a power for street cars. Yet there is no question of the practical importance of this new discovery in dynamics.

CLOSING DAYS IN BERMUDA.

Rev Theodore L. Cuyler.

I was very loath to leave the beautiful Bermudas—which Shakespeare has made classic as the scene of Prospero's cell, and the place where Ariel chanted his requiem over Ferdinand's drowned father, of whose "bones are coral made." Those "still-veged Bermoothes" are the most *unique* spot I have seen in many a day. They are farther away from any other human habitation than any other inhabited locality on the globe; for they are a little more isolated even than lonesome St. Helena. Their construction also by these insect-architects, the coral-builders, in the stormy Atlantic is very wonderful. Whence came the soil that covers the white coral rocks was also to me a conundrum. The climate also is as unique as the islands themselves. In mid-winter the thermometer rarely is below 55 degrees, and in mid-summer an old resident told me that he never had seen it above 90 degrees. The sea-breezes always make the summer air comfortable. As May is the loveliest month there, when flowers and foliage are seen in their most prodigal profusion, I regretted that I could not tarry longer.

Easter Sunday was a golden day. I turned Methodist in the morning, and preached to a full congregation in the "Wesley Church." The worthy pastor, the Rev. Mr. Prestwood, belongs to the Nova Scotia Conference. There are only three Protestant denominations in Bermuda, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists, and a very wide-awake brigade of the ubiquitous Salvation Army. In the evening I resumed my Presbyterian coat, and had a well packed audience in Brother Burrows's snug "St. Andrew's Church." John Bull's red-coat soldiers brightened several pews in both my congregations.

My wife and daughter attended the morning service in the very pretty Pembroke Parish Church a little way out of Hamilton. They described the church and the adjoining cemetery as such a wonderful floral show that I went out in the afternoon to "consider the lilies." Every part of the church—pulpit, pews and gallery—was illuminated with the glory of those most heavenly of flowers. Nearly all the tombs in the church-yard—which are of an oblong sarcophagus shape—were piled over with lilies mingled with bushels of roses. The contrast with the deep green of the cedars and the pines was most charming.

One of our many delightful drives was through the parishes of Paget and Warwick to the lighthouse on Gibb's Hill. The approach to Bermuda among the coral-reefs is so difficult that this lighthouse is very lofty, and its revolving light is one of great power, being visible for thirty-five miles. From the top of the tower, the view takes in all the islands to the end of "St. David's." As we rode along by the shores of the Bay the effect of the sunlight on the water was enchanting. Amethyst, opal, sapphire and emerald tints were mingled in marvellous profusion. Bermuda is the paradise of colors, both on land and water. Even the fish are polychromatic. A friend at our hotel who went out with hook and line brought back a string of fish, one of which was a canary-yellow, and another a bright mazarine-blue. In one of our drives through the rich scenery of Paget a slight dash of rain came on, and our driver halted under a clump of tall bushes about twenty feet high, by the

roadside. Looking up into the bushes we saw that they were brilliant with scarlet pomegranate-blossoms. As for the groves of oleander in full flower, we could not but pity the poor little stunted specimens of that plant which, in our country, are imprisoned in a pot of crockery.

Another fine drive is up to the "Government House," on Langton Hill—a stately white mansion occupied by the Governor-General Barker—and thence along the north shore to Harrington Sound. At the southern end of the Sound we halted to see a curious pool called "the Devil's Hole." It is a deep cavernous pool which has a subterranean connection with the ocean, and is filled with an extraordinary school of fish. Among them are the delicate angel-fish in blue and gold, and the pilot-fish; but the queerest creatures were a voracious lot called "groopers," who rush up with wide open mouths to seize everything thrown to them. If you thrust your boot to the surface of the water they will seize hold of it in an instant. As I looked at the hungry herd I was reminded of Tammany Hall with its herd of spoil-seekers, all greedy after "boodle." Happily Bermuda with its clean politics and civil-service system is not afflicted with our tribes of "practical politicians."

As but few ministers visit Bermuda, those who do go are called on for some service; and every one ought to be glad to oblige such a kind and hospitable people. Mr. Burrows, the Presbyterian pastor of "St. Andrew's," took advantage of the presence of Brother Charles A. Stoddard (of the New York Observer) and of myself to get up a meeting for Foreign Missions in his church. We had an excellent audience; among them were the widow of our Princeton philosopher, Prof. Arnold Guyot, and her sister, Mrs. Tucker—the daughters of the late Governor Haines of New Jersey. These ladies spend their winters in the balmy climate of Bermuda. The next day after the missionary meeting Brother Stoddard and I went over to a garden-party and sale of fancy articles in the Manse grounds of the Rev. Mr. Christie, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Warwick. It was a pleasant rural gathering, with music and speeches, and cordial converse.

And so for a dozen days the happy hours stole on—literally "treading on roses." I longed to linger on there, feasting my eyes on banquets of beauty, and in returning the civilities of Canon Davidson of the Cathedral, and Mr. Outerbridge and other kind friends who were "not forgetful to entertain strangers." But when life draws toward sundown one must not be tempted to too long swinging in a hammock. The Princess Hotel tempted to delay; and although I was not a privileged guest there in any way, yet it is but justice to say that a more home-like and well-conducted hostelry I have not sojourned in. It has no band of fiddlers, and is not infested with hops and balls and other racketings to disturb the quiet domesticity of its social parlors.

On the morning of April 6 the good steamer Trinidad, crowded with home-bound passengers, swept down the magnificent Bay, and threaded her way among the verdant islands toward the sea. I fear that their enchantment was lost on me; for I could see naught else but two "elect ladies" standing on the coral landing-stage beside the Hotel, and waving their white signals until they vanished in the dim distance from my view. Then as I looked up to the mast-head, I said—as the full breeze struck us—"point home, my country's flag of stars."

A healthy man is the complement of the seasons, and in winter summer is in his heart. There is the South.—Thoreau.