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Evangelist.

J. R. Gillett
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JOSEPH H. CHOATE.—Ambassador to Great Britain.

The Evangelist.

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THE EVANGELIST.

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HENRY M. FIELD, Editor.

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All Round the Horizon.

Our readers will be glad to look upon the face of our American Ambassador, who has been chosen by President McKinley to represent the United States at the Court of Great Britain. [I have another photograph of him, taken at the age of twenty, when he had just come from college, and had all the freshness of youth, looking forward to the world that was opening before him. But the one which we have reproduced is his present self in the ripe manhood of sixty-four.] In one sense few men in the country are better known than Mr. Joseph H. Choate, from his standing in his profession, where he is recognized by all as in the first rank, if not himself the very first, as may be seen by the crowd that come to hear him, whenever he appears in an important case in this city, or at Albany, or in the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington.

But there are thousands who know him as a lawyer, who do not know him as a man, to whom it may be of interest to see him in more quiet surroundings, in his beautiful home in the Berkshire Hills, where we have been near neighbors for the last dozen years.

First of all, he is a genuine son of New England, born in the old town of Salem, which a hundred years ago, or before the Revolution, rivalled Boston as a sea-port, and his ancestors were sea-faring men, at least so I infer from the record in an old Family Bible, which he keeps with religious care, in which are written the names of his ancestors, with this singular record as to the hour of death, that this or that one "went out with the tide," or at a particular stage of the tide, as if in the inner soul of the sea faring man his own heart kept beating in union with the restless sea, that was dashing day and night "on the wild New England shore."

His father was a physician, and a cousin of Rufus Choate, whose name in my boyhood was always quoted in New England as next to that of Daniel Webster. Naturally this son went to Harvard for his College education, and for his studies in law, which were no sooner completed than he came to New York, which has been his home for more than forty years. In those days, the profession was not so crowded as it is now, though there was already an overplus. But as Mr. Webster used to say, "There is always room enough at the top," and here the young student put his foot on the first round of the ladder, with hand firmly grasping that above him, till, when he had come to the middle of his career, he had reached a point that would have satisfied the great Rufus Choate himself.

But these professional distinctions I leave to his brother lawyers to enlarge upon: it is enough to know him when he lays aside his armor, and goes up into the country to breathe the free air of the hills. His professional brethren, who

know him chiefly in the contests of the bar, may not so easily think of him as laying aside all professional cares, and giving himself to the enjoyment of the country, riding with his daughter over the hills, or sitting on his veranda, and looking off upon the beautiful valley through which the Housatonic winds its way under the willows.

Recalling all this, we confess that we are a little rebellious at the honored promotion that takes him away with his charming family for two or three years. But we must not be selfish in such a matter; our private wishes must give way to higher considerations. Already the great London papers: "The Times," "The Standard," "The Telegraph," and "The Morning Post," are congratulating England that she is to receive so distinguished an Ambassador from this side of the Atlantic. They will not be disappointed. May the good angels watch over him, and those who are so dear to him, and in due time may he come back to his home in the Berkshire Hills, richer in experience, and happier for all the kindness and the generous welcome that have been tendered to him, the very memory of which will give a new beauty not only to the glow that flames over our mountaintops, but to the sunset glory that gathers round his later years.

The wish we expressed last week that Dr. Hillis of Chicago would accept the call to the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, is gratified by a letter in which he gives the reasons that make him feel that it is his duty to enter on a field of labor which is so full of promise and of hope.

One of the incidents that follow is, Who shall succeed him in the place which he leaves vacant in Chicago? Already the reporters are looking after the matter and telegraph to this city that the choice lies between three men, viz: Dr. Gunsaulus, President of the Armour Institute and pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church; Dr. John Henry Barrows, the President of Oberlin College; and Dr. Thomas O. Hall, the son of the late Dr. John Hall of this city.

These are all good names, but as candidates for a vacant pulpit, to our view at this distance, it seems that the church in Chicago, (which we know from Dr. Hillis's own lips has in it some of the best of men, from whom it almost broke his heart to be separated,) would hardly give a call to men who must, from the necessity of their own position, be compelled to decline.

All these "candidates" are our personal friends. Dr. Gunsaulus is one of the most gifted men in the pulpit of this country, but he has been so over-worked by his double labor in Chicago, as pastor of the Plymouth Church, and also President of the Armour Institute, that he broke down entirely, and by the imperative direction of his physician had to give up both for a time, and seek rest in a sanitarium; by which, and a long course of treatment, he was so far restored that he has been able to resume his place in the Institute. But that he should assume any other duties would be impossible. The work

at the Institute alone is more than enough for one man, and the duties of the President are like those of the President of a College, and his personal attachment to Mr. Armour is such that nothing can draw him from it.

Dr. John Henry Barrows was in our office a few days since, full of the great plans he was forming for the increase in strength of Oberlin College; and Dr. Thomas C. Hall has, since his return from Europe taken a house in this city, and accepted a professorship in Union Theological Seminary.

The reporters are good at many things; they can decide the proper action of Congress on any bill before it, and lay out a plan for a battle on land or sea; but when it comes to filling the pulpits of the country they will have to try again.

And now there comes a little cloud out of the Far East—or the Far West—(whichever you may choose to call it—as you turn over your globe one way or the other,) way off in the Southern Hemisphere, as if a whole group of islands were "heading," like a flock of sea-birds, for the Antarctic pole. They are called the Samoan Islands, or Navigators' Islands, as if they were good for nothing but as Lighthouses, and for the harbors they furnish as places of refuge for whalers, or o'her wanderers of the sea. One island in particular, Tuitila, is rugged and mountainous, with cliffs that rise up perpendicularly out of the sea from 1,200 to 2,300 feet, which is higher than the Rock of Gibraltar! On the south side it has a harbor, Pago Pago, which is said to be the very best harbor in the whole Pacific, as it is "completely land-locked, and has an entrance clear of rocks, and water enough for the largest vessels. And as it is on the direct steamship route between America and Australia, it must become in time an important port." The European powers have not been un-mindful of the possible value of these islands in the future, and have their consuls there to look after their interests. But Germany seems disposed to put in her claim as the first. Would it not be wiser for all the powers, England, France, Germany, and the United States, to join in an agreement that the Samoan Islands should not belong to any power *exclusively*, but should be a harbor of refuge to them all?

H. M. F.

DR. PARKHURST ON THE SALOONS.

On Monday morning appeared a statement in *The World* that Dr. Parkhurst had the day before preached in favor of the saloons, as the only refuge of the poor. At this we might have been staggered if we had not heard the sermon that morning, in which there was not the slightest reference not even a mention—of the saloons. Evidently the reporter had blundered. And now it appears that two reports got mixed up together. The following letter of Dr. Parkhurst to *The World* explains the whole:

SALOONS HOTBEDS OF VICE.

To the Editor of *The World*.

I appreciate the courtesy of your prompt note of apology and explanation. Of course I was staggered upon opening my copy of *The World* this morning to discover that I preached yesterday in behalf of saloons, whereas I made no slightest reference to them in any way, shape or manner, and never could have uttered a solitary word in their behalf. Your note just received explains satisfactorily the way in which the mistake occurred, only I must ask you to make in your issue to-morrow an explanation that shall be as conspicuously placed as was the "report" which you printed this morning.

Now that I have been drawn thus involuntarily into connection with the saloon question, I avail of the opportunity to contribute a paragraph or two to the discussion of a matter that is being just now so earnestly agitated. I notice that some of my clerical brethren are reported (I do not know with how much accuracy) as dealing with the saloon in terms of apologetic and even patronizing tenderness. All such tenderness is badly misplaced.

I know what these saloons are. I have visited

them at all hours of the night and on all nights of the week, and there is not an extenuating word that deserves to be spoken in behalf of them. They are foul, beastly and swinish, the prolific hot-beds of vile politics, profane ribaldry and unspeakable sensuality.

The thanks of the community are due to the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, for the moral tonic conveyed in a published open letter recently put forth by him in refutation of the sentimentalism that is now afloat. I am talking now of the saloon as we know it here in New York, licensed swilling places, a combination of Tammany caucus, whiskey sewer and bawdy house. There is no use in trying to improve them or to convert them; there is no convertible quality attaching to them; there is no decent ingredient in them that amelioration can fasten to.

My reference is not to the taking of a glass of beer in a civilized and human way; that is a matter by itself; but "human" and "civilized" are not words that by any stretch of imagination or dilution of sentiment can be used in characterizing the gross and animal herding places and guzzling-places euphemistically called saloons. It is always becoming to be generously minded even when talking about bad things, but we can never afford to let the kindness that is in our hearts soften the asperity that is in the facts. Calling a bad thing by its right name is the first step toward getting rid of it.

Baptizing a heathen will not make a Christian of him, and will be likely to make him think heathenism and Christianity are pretty much the same thing.

O. H. PARKHURST.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.

FAITH IS AN ACT.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

"When I was a College-student," said a good old minister to me, "I was under conviction of sin, and I went, and talked with two or three of the professors, and got no light or relief. As soon as I began to *act out* my feelings, faith became the simplest thing in the world." They had given him the theory of religion; he learned what it was by practice. All the lectures on gravitation ever delivered would not teach a child to walk; he can only learn to walk by trying to walk. Jesus Christ saves sinners by telling them what to *do*, and when they begin to do it, He helps them forward. Hundreds of people go home from our churches every Sunday believing their Bibles and believing in Jesus Christ and yet do not move one inch towards becoming Christians.

I once illustrated the act of faith by the experience of a friend who was in an upper room of a hotel at night when the building took fire. He seized the escape rope that was in his room, swung out of the window, and lowered himself in safety to the side walk. He had a good opinion of that rope during the day when he saw it coiled up by his bed side, but it was only an opinion; when he believed on the rope, and trusted himself to the rope, it saved his life. The good opinion which thousands of people have of the Lord Jesus, and of Christianity works no change in their character or their conduct. Even when the Holy Spirit or some startling providence sets them to thinking, they never put their thoughts into a practical step, and soon relapse into their former indifference. A piece of iron that is often thrust into a fire and is not bent into the right shape while heated, becomes at length more brittle, and less easily moulded. To hear about Christ very often, to think about Him very often, and to be invited to Christ very often, and yet not to lift one foot towards Him becomes a very hardening process. It insults His love, grieves the Holy Spirit, and increases guilt. An habitual church goer may incur a degree of guilt to which the ignorant neglecter of all religion in the back slums is a stranger.

Some reader of this article, who habitually attends a house of worship, who believes in Christianity, who expects to become a Christian at some time before he dies, may ask me the question, "What sort of faith must I have in order to be saved?" My answer is that a good

opinion of Christianity or even the desire to become a Christian is not enough. You must make a resolute grasp on that Redeemer whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and put your whole energies into the *act*. Your only hope of salvation is in Jesus Christ, as my friend's only hope was in that escape rope, and you must "lay hold of the hope set before you."

"Must I not repent of my sins if I would be saved?" Yes, indeed; but repentance is more than feeling ashamed of yourself, or feeling sorry; that you have done often. Repentance is a *turning from your sins*, with an honest endeavor after a new obedience. Turning from is an act; whom are you to turn to? Whom are you to obey? Jesus Christ, and Him only. Repentance unto life and faith on Jesus Christ go together. They are like the two halves of one globe. The Spirit that reveals your sin to you, reveals your Saviour to you. To attempt to break away from your long indulged sins may be no easy task; to do it without divine help may be impossible; it becomes perfectly possible if you beseech Christ's help. That beseeching means prayer, and that prayer of faith is an act of your soul. In times past you may have felt shame and sorrow for wrong doing, and made many a resolution to do better. But neither sad feelings or good resolutions were of any more avail than a rope of straw would have been to my friend in the burning hotel. You never went out of the region of feelings into positive action.

Jesus Christ does not seem to have talked much to people about their feelings. He demanded action. To the two fishermen by the shore of Galilee He simply said "*follow Me!*" That was a pivot moment; they did not sit down and cry over their sins; they did not promise to think about it as you have often done. They left their nets, and started off straightway on a path of obedience that carried them into a career of sharp trials, but of unparalleled usefulness and an immortality of glory. That was *faith*—a decisive step of faith and that is the only kind of faith that can save your soul. Whatever Jesus Christ commands you in your Bible, or through the voice of your conscience to do, hasten to do it. Henry Drummond was right when he said that the first sin that a person abandons, or the first act that a person performs to please Jesus Christ is the turning point in conversion. For conversion means a new style of character, and a new style of conduct. Christ lovingly says to you, "My Spirit will I give unto you," and that Spirit is omnipotent.

Exercise the faith you have, and pray for more. If your attempts to walk cause some tumbles, get up and go on! Felt weakness leads to a tighter grasp on Christ's strong arm. Every step of faith will carry you into increasing peace, joy, power, usefulness; you will *begin to live!* Your terrible danger now, the danger that may wreck your life and ruin your soul eternally will be your *doing nothing at all!* Delay means death. When the flame strikes you, it will be too late for the rope!

HID AWAY IN OUR SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

A meeting is to be held in the Brick Church in this city, (Thirty-seventh street and Fifth avenue,) next Sunday evening, January 29th, at eight o'clock that should greatly interest every patriotic citizen. The educational and industrial development of the native Americans in our Southern Mountains will be discussed by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D.D., Professor Woodrow Wilson, LL.D., of Princeton University, and President William Goodell Frost, Ph.D., of Berea College. Dr. Van Dyke's enthusiasm and authority in educational matters is well attested by his popularity at Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Johns Hopkins Universities. Professor Wilson is a native Virginian, an able writer, and speaker. President Frost is a man with a message that instructs and holds his hearers. The occasion will be one of unusual interest.