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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
CHURCH DIRECTORY.....	2	The Board of Aid for Colleges.....	Howard Agnew Johnston 21
Song of a Pilgrim Soul. Poem.....	5	COLLEGE DEPARTMENT—C. W. E. Chapin.	
ALL ROUND THE HORIZON.....	5	The Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies.	E. C. Ray D.D., Secretary and Treasurer 22
Where Are They? Poem.....	6	CAMERA CLUB.....	Lucile Wand 25
The Birth of the Evangelist.....	6	KING'S DAUGHTERS' SETTLEMENT:	
Henry M. Field D.D.	6	Christmas Cheer.....	25
The First Years of the Evangelist.....	7	BOOK TABLE:	
John H. Dey	7	The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America.....	26
Forty Years in the Evangelist.....	8	Literary Notes.....	27
Theodore L. Cuyler D.D.	8	HOME DEPARTMENT:	
The Evangelist in the Family.....	8	A Shadow. Poem.....	Henry W. Longfellow 28
Rollin A. Sawyer D.D.	8	New Every Morning.....	28
EDITORIAL:		The Stiff-necked Kittens.....	Clara C. Smith 28
The Problem of the Religious Weekly.....	9	A SUMMER'S TALE—Concluded.....	Mary Bright Bruce 29
Dwight L. Moody.....	9	THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL:	
The Final Work of the Century.....	9	The International Lesson.....	31
Editorial Notes.....	10	CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.....	33
Christian Leadership in a Religious Newspaper.....	Francis Brown D.D. 10	PUBLISHERS' PAGE:	
The Religious Movement of the Future.....	Thomas C. Hall D.D. 11	New Publications.....	34
Tides and Currents.....	Henry Goodwin Smith D.D. 11	MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.....	34
Lifting Up the Negro.....	President Sanders 12	Recent Events in Methodist Circles.....	F. Mason North D.D. 35
Dr. Thomas Guthrie of Edinburgh.....	Charles J. Guthrie, Q. C. 13	Congregational Letter.....	35
Our Journey to Brazil.....	Alice R. Humphrey 14	The Baptist Outlook.....	W. C. Bitting D.D. 36
The Home Mission Prospect.....	Robert F. Coyle D.D. 15	Index.....	37
The Future of Christian Missions.....	John Henry Barrows D.D. 16		
The Outlook for Missions.....	Henry Woodward Hulbert D.D. 16		
The Rise and Strength of Mormonism.....	S. E. Wishard D.D. 17		
A Well-ordered Church Service.			
A Symposium by Drs. Hamlin, Spalding and Benson 18			
Proper Denominational Training ...	President George B. Stewart D.D. 20		
The Religious Paper The Young Man Wants.....	Robert E. Speer 21		

# The Evangelist

Vol. LXX.--No. 52 NEW YORK: DECEMBER 28, 1899 WHOLE No. 3640

## SONG OF A PILGRIM-SOUL.

Henry van Dyke D.D.

March on my soul, nor like a laggard stay!  
March swiftly on. Yet err not from the way  
Where all the nobly wise of old have trod—  
The path of faith made by the sons of God.

Follow the marks that they have set beside  
The narrow, cloud-swept track, to be thy guide;  
Follow, and honour what the past has gained,  
And forward still, that more may be attained.

Something to learn, and something to forget:  
Hold fast the good, and seek the better yet:  
Press on, and prove the pilgrim-hope of youth,—  
That Creeds are milestones on the road to Truth.

—From *The Builders and Other Poems*.

## All Round the Horizon

In this last issue of the year we take a wider view than that within the seven days' bound. The twelve months occupy our field of vision, this year so full of stirring incident, so pregnant in influence upon the years to come!

The most notable feature of current history is the world-wide industrial awakening shared by all the leading nations. The United States is not alone in the unprecedented expansion of manufacturing and commercial interests; yet our unbounded resources and national enterprise give us a foremost place in the onward march of material civilization. The industrial expansion of the last three years in this country is called by a writer in the *London Bankers' Magazine*, "One of the most remarkable economic episodes of our time." There has been, indeed, a too rapid enlargement of corporate capitalization in this direction, leading to the sharp financial spasm of last week in Wall street, which brought ruin to many. But this is not a sign of public adversity, the monetary stricture having been chiefly caused by abounding prosperity which calls for the use of all available capital.

This country has suddenly become a formidable competitor for the trade of the world. We export now over \$40,000,000 worth of goods to the far East. With a continuance of the "open door" policy this may soon increase to \$150,000,000. In Manchuria alone the import of American cotton goods has risen within a short time from 15 to 50 per cent. Our exports of iron and steel products amounted this year to \$85,000,000. The net balance owed us by foreign nations for the last three years has reached the enormous sum of half a billion dollars. With our financial system placed upon an unquestioned foundation, and the continuance of peace, this country seems to be upon the threshold of an unparalleled extension of its industrial and commercial interests.

The century does not end without blood-spots on the map of the world. But forebodings of widespread war among the nations, or a worse shattering of the social fabric, are not fulfilled. Compared with the end of last century the closing year of the present, with these exceptions, opens in peace. Although disturbing conditions and possible premonitions

of more extended strife must be recognized, it is a fact that some threatening questions have been eliminated as causes of future warfare. The presence of Spain in the Western world was such a cause. The dying rebellion in the Philippines will give place to a just and enlightened government, and American sovereignty over the archipelago will prevent the squabble of other powers for that rich fragment of the earth's surface.

No war-cloud appears in the European sky since the Servian and Macedonian troubles were quieted early in the year. The perennial civil conflicts in South American countries have broken out recently in Colombia and Venezuela, with opposite results in the apparent outcome. In Samoa the spring months saw some fighting between the two native parties, in which foreign war-ships took a hand; but future difficulties in that remote field are probably obliterated by the amicable division of the islands between Germany and the United States. There remains the lamentable and bloody struggle of Christian peoples in South Africa, which bids fair to be the most costly in which Great Britain has been engaged since the Napoleonic wars. Right and wrong may be found on both sides. The conflict was inevitable if Great Britain was to maintain her supremacy in South Africa and establish her dominion from the Cape to Cairo. All must hope that the result will be for the advancement of Christian civilization.

The year has been a memorable one in the history of Foreign Missions. All the great societies show increased receipts. The work in the foreign field has been encouraging. Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians are formally established at Manila, and though one could wish for a better illustration of Church comity, they are there for the good of the world. J. Hudson Tyler of the China Inland Mission has sounded the bugle call for a forward movement in that empire, urging not only the readiness of the people, and the open doors, but the large sums of money now on hand for new work.

The London Missionary Society under the veteran John Griffith, and the Presbyterian Board, have entered the new province of Hunan, hitherto the anti-foreign province. In Korea the societies at work have found it difficult to keep pace with the ever increasing demands of the people for the Gospel. The revision of the treaties and the opening of all the country of Japan to foreign residents have greatly increased the desire of the natives to learn English and afforded a wider field for the missionary. The edicts restricting education may temporarily embarrass this part of the work, but the outlook in Japan was never more hopeful.

The famines in India and China as in times past are working to the furtherance of the Gospel. The missionary is the one trusted by the native and official alike, and the cause of Christ grows apace in the midst of most terri-

ble suffering and sorrow. General Kitchener's recent proclamation opening the Soudan makes possible a great missionary work in the near future. On the shores of Victoria Nyanza are thousands of Christians ready to push into the regions North—the neglected field of the Soudan.

There is such a thing as making a paper too good, and for this pleasant fault we have to thank a large circle of contributors. Our more serious-minded readers will not blame us or them; the children may perhaps with reason think that they are defrauded of their share, and then we beg to have patience, or rather to look back to the Christmas number, when they had a rich feast and forward to the first number in the new year, when it will again be their turn. We have, however, to ask our older readers to wait seven days for a large part of our review of the year's history, with our missionary reports and much Church news, and to explain to a number of our valued contributors that there are limits to the possibilities even of an anniversary number, and that with the deepest regret we have been obliged to hold over their articles to another week. Especially is this true of an article by Dr. Maurice B. Edwards on Christian Science and of a noble tribute to Mr. Moody by Dr. Cuyler, for both of which we know our readers will look eagerly next week, and not in vain.

For more than one generation the giving of Handel's great Oratorio, *The Messiah*, has been a notable feature of Christmas week. Never more than now does society need this reminder of the sacred meaning of Christmas-tide. The Oratorio will be given this year by the Oratorio Society, Mr. Frank Damrosch Conductor, on Friday afternoon, December 29 and Saturday evening, December 30. The soloists will be Madame Gadski, Miss Grace Preston, Mr. George Hamlin and Mr. David Bispham.

The New Jersey Historical Society held a service in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Washington on the evening of December 14, in the First Presbyterian Church of Newark. As was most fitting, the pastor, Dr. D. R. Frazer, gave, as a part of the proceedings of the present occasion, sketch of the George Washington funeral services held in Newark, December, 1799. There were also addresses by Gen. William S. Stryker, and Austin Scott LL.D.

### A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

DEAR EDITOR: I am sure we all feel in a congratulatory mood as *The Evangelist* approaches the date when it comes of age, full age. Long may it stand for that liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. A narrow liberalism shocks one. I have appreciated what has seemed to me a finer ethical handling of present controversies in *The Evangelist* since you have taken editorial charge. May you continue your noble defense of a generous liberalism. Most sincerely,

H. W. HULBERT.

CLEVELAND.

proprietor with Dr. Field. Their relations were of the pleasantest through the fourteen years of their continuance. Becoming the Dean of the Theological Faculty of Howard University, Washington, D. C., Dr. Craighead resigned his editorial chair, and spent the last years of his life very usefully, despite steadily failing health and strength.

#### FORTY YEARS IN THE EVANGELIST.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

When a few weeks more shall have elapsed it will be forty years since I became a regular



contributor to *The Evangelist*, although I had occasionally sent articles to its columns before the year 1860. During the seven years of my pastoral charge of the Market Street Reformed Dutch Church in New York I sent my lucubrations to the *Christian Intelligencer*, over whose orthodox pages I used to see my tutor, good Dominie Mandeville, smoke his pipe in the days of my boyhood. As soon as I came to Brooklyn—early in 1860—and took charge of the infant church which belonged to the "New School" Presbytery of Brooklyn, I enlisted my humble pen in the service of *The Evangelist* which was then the organ of that wing of the Presbyterian denomination. The paper had won a wide influence under the successive editorships of Joshua Leavitt, Dr. George B. Cheever and Dr. Field, and was fully abreast of all wholesome progress and the marchings of divine providence.

In front of my new Brooklyn home grew a sturdy Catalpa tree, whose gnarled boughs are still wrestling with the winds of winter, and I dated some of my earliest screeds as "Under the Catalpa." I have continued the hastily-caught designation until this day, and the venerable tree has sent out its "leaves" to the ends of the earth. Nearly opposite to my residence was the historic wooden mansion "Rururban," which Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox had built twenty years before, and a mile outside of Brooklyn! In that mansion the brilliant Doctor had written his "Hexagon" articles, had entertained "Chi Alpha," had uttered some of his keenest witticisms, that exploited some of his most extraordinary sesquipedalian vocables. There is a tradition that once when he was bored by a troublesome crank, he opened his study door and said, "My friend, do you perceive that aperture? if you do, then please to describe rectilineals." The street at the end of this block, "Hanson Place," still perpetuates his honored name.

The year in which I commenced my connection with the infant Lafayette Avenue Church as its first installed pastor, and with this paper, was a pivot year in American history. The long conflict over the extension of negro slavery had culminated in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. Only two years before that he had lamented that he was getting to be an old man (he was only forty-nine) and had accomplished almost nothing worth remembering! The next seven years made him the grandest character then

in all Christendom. What a political campaign that was—with its "Wide-awake" procreations and its floods of anti-slavery eloquence! Two weeks after Lincoln's election, the corner-stone of Lafayette Avenue Church was laid; before its walls were up Sumter's guns startled the nation, and during much of the time during the next four years the stars and stripes were floating from the tower of our noble sanctuary. During the savage riots of July, 1868, that church, as well as Mr. Beecher's, was guarded every night. How tame do all the wars of these days seem in comparison with that stupendous Civil War, in which nearly two millions of men were under arms at once on the soil of this republic!

In May, 1870, the long rivalry between the "Old School" and "New School" branches of the Presbyterian Church ended by a happy reunion. In that re-united General Assembly which convened in the old First Church of Philadelphia, we sang together and prayed together, and praised together in a three weeks' love-feast. The great figures of that era—Adams, H. B. Smith, Musgrave, McCosh, Barnes, Hodge, and Skinner have all departed. I once hoped and fondly expected to live to see the day when the rent between the Presbyterian Churches North and South would be healed by another re-union. That hope is slowly fading out; but I can testify from much personal and loving intercourse with the brethren of both sections of our national Union, that there is no more need of two churches and two General Assemblies than there is of a fifth wheel to that wagon before my window. Let us all devoutly pray that during the coming twentieth century, there will be but one mighty and heaven-blessed Presbyterian Church—singing both psalms and hymns—from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate and far-away Alaska.

The limits of this article forbid further historical reminiscences. In the forty years that have elapsed since I began to converse with the wide household of *The Evangelist*, I have sent to these columns nearly eighteen hundred articles! They have traveled to the ends of the earth; many of them have been reprinted in Britain, in India, in New Zealand and Australia; they have come back to me in half a dozen different languages; and over one hundred of them are incorporated in volumes that stand on my library shelves. The sweetest feature of all this weekly work has been the personal tie that has grown up between the writer, and the tens of thousands of readers by firesides and family-altars. The kind letters that have reached me from these *parishioners of the pen* would fill many a basket, and have warmed "the cockles of my heart." For whatever I have sent to these columns, good, bad or indifferent, the writer alone is responsible. With every uttered opinion of my dear friends, the editors, I have not always agreed, nor do I subscribe now to all their honest opinions in all matters civil or ecclesiastical. If I had waited to find a newspaper with whose every utterance I was in unison, I should never have published a line. The editors of this venerable journal have, in turn, printed more than one utterance from my pen from which they dissented. We have all sought—as the Apostle said, "to truth in love." That is the right rendering of Paul's counsel to his Ephesian brethren.

But a truce to further personalities. What is written is written. The past has gone with its record to the final day of account. We are all standing on the threshold of a year that shall conclude the nineteenth century; for according to my arithmetic it takes nineteen hundred completed years to make nineteen centuries. The century that has only twelve months more to live has been chiefly dis-

tinguished from its predecessors in two great particulars, viz: in mechanical inventions and missionary extensions of Christianity. In the year 1800 no steamer ploughed the waters of yonder bay; no locomotive traversed an inch of soil; no photographic plate had ever been kissed by sunlight; no telephone had ever talked from town to town; steam had never driven mighty mills and electric currents had never been harnessed into telegraph and trolley wires. While science and inventive art have reduced the globe in dimensions, and yet enlarged its activities, Christianity has employed all these agencies for spreading the Gospel of Redemption. When this century began, William Carey was starting the first Protestant mission in India, Judson was a schoolboy, and the "American Board" had not been born. To-day there are one million and a half of communicants enrolled in churches converted from heathenism, and last year fifteen millions of dollars were contributed to Foreign Missions in Britain and America! From this "coigne of vantage" we look hopefully on into the century that awaits the stroke of Time's great chronometer. Through all that next century may the good old *Evangelist* be enriching many a home, and be guiding many a soul to the Cross of Calvary and to the life everlasting!

#### THE EVANGELIST IN THE FAMILY.

Rollin A. Sawyer D.D.

In a recently received letter, a gentleman holding a responsible position in his profession and in the service of the state, pleasantly spoke of his wife as having been "brought up on *The Evangelist*." Some of us who have close relations with the paper to-day can say the same of ourselves. The children in my father's house were brought up on two religious papers, first the *Boston Recorder*—whose founder was a relative—and last and chiefly *The Evangelist*, which came through our interest in a relative of Mr. Bidwell; and from that day in 1846 has been our household friend, monitor and guide. Chronologically it seems a far cry from Deacon Willis of Boston to our Dr. Field in New York; yet my venerable father maintained to the day of his death, though he read the chief publications that they two, Willis and Field, were the "best editors and writers for the family religious paper in the world."

But the main point here is as to the immense value, the inestimable moral force, of a truly commanding religious paper in the family. Other papers will be there, but one is the standard; one is looked for, one is read by all, one is a friend to all. In an experience of many years, in my father's house and in my own house, this place of honor, of confidence, of affection has been steadily accorded to *The Evangelist*. In the progress of thought the best has survived with it; in the changes of years the best is with it still. It is an imperishable personality; an identity of worth and constancy to truth, which hallows every person and holds its place sacred forever. The best of its friends, the most intimate, we are sure, will find in its present management no break, but only a broadening of its vital unity and power.

To have held this place in the home life of so many is something not easily estimated, as an achievement to be praised, as an influence to be honored and commended, as a prophetic indication of future service. No doubt the family religious paper will have to fight for its place, in the days now upon us and to come. But the powers are not all against it; there is much, there are many in the homes to fight for it and with it. And this veteran of three-score and ten crowned with honor and radiant with perennial youth will hold his own against all comers. God give him speed and rich success!