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# The Evangelist

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## THE DAY OF SATISFACTION.

Horatius Bonar.

When I shall wake on that fair morn of morns,  
After whose dawning never night returns,  
And with whose glory day eternal burns,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall see thy glory face to face,  
When in thine arms thou wilt thy child embrace,  
When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall meet with those whom I have loved,  
Clasp in my eager arms the long-removed,  
And find how faithful thou hast proved,  
I shall be satisfied.

When this vile body shall arise again,  
Purged by thy power from every taint and stain,  
Delivered from all weakness and all pain,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall gaze upon the face of him  
Who for me died, with eye no longer dim,  
And praise him in the everlasting hymn,  
I shall be satisfied.

When I shall call to mind the long, long past,  
With clouds and storms and shadows overcast,  
And know that I am saved and blest at last,  
I shall be satisfied.

When every enemy shall disappear,  
The unbelief, the darkness, and the fear,  
When thou shalt smooth the brow and wipe the tear,  
I shall be satisfied.

When every vanity shall pass awar,  
And all be real, all without decay,  
In that sweet dawning of the cloudless day,  
I shall be satisfied. —Selected.

## All Round the Horizon

For months past, our newspapers and magazines have been full of articles upon the great corporations of the present day commonly known as "trusts." They have been depicted by one side as a menace to the country; by the other as a natural and harmless outgrowth of modern progress. Much bitterness has developed as the war of words grew fiercer, while the general public seem as much in the dark upon the subject as at the beginning of the discussion. Let us hope the Trust Conference at Chicago will clear our befuddled brains and let some light in upon the situation.

It seems strange that with so much prosperity in the United States, with factories springing up in so many localities and new enterprises constantly developing, such a feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction should exist. But exist it does; especially in the West and South where the prosperity is proportionately greatest. The trusts have been the object of the bitterest attack on the part of these dissatisfied persons. In many sections the attack has gone beyond mere threats, and direct legislation against corporations has resulted. It was to clear the situation and to attain a thorough knowledge of the subject that the two great conferences were decided upon, the one just finished at Chicago, and the anti-Trust Convention in St. Louis which meets this week.

The Chicago Conference affords several valu-

able lessons to the American public. Composed of so many classes and types of men it is remarkable that it should have ended peacefully. It was not a meeting of politicians merely. There were present celebrated political economists like Professor Jenks, John Graham Brooks and Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia. There were great orators, like Burke Cockran and Mr. Bryan; lawyers of standing, such as ex-Secretary Foster of Ohio, and Mr. Dill of New Jersey. Add to these representatives of labor unions, socialists, single tax enthusiasts, statesmen and anarchists and one beholds a conference as varied and little homogeneous as this country has ever seen gathered together. Yet the result was not utter discord, but a gradual tolerance and harmony. The four days of the convention witnessed some remarkable developments. The anti-trust leaders came with a deep grounded suspicion. They feared a trick. They left on friendlier relations, and with the conviction that the other side was as much in earnest as they.

The first days were days of noisy demonstration and bitter denunciation: the last, of thoughtful suggestions and judicial arguments. So that both sides left the conference wiser and more tolerant men, convinced that the results of their discussion would be far reaching and beneficial. Many theories and suggestions were offered, ranging from Mr. Foster's defence of trusts to the rantings of the most intolerant anarchists. Many views were unexpected. No one, for instance, expected the calm attitude of the representatives of the labor unions. Almost the best address of the conference was made by the representative of the Boiler Makers' Union; and whenever the union men spoke it was with forceful arguments which showed a thorough understanding and the most excellent good sense. No resolutions were adopted. The conference is almost unique in that respect. An American convention is fond of drafting resolutions, and seldom lets an opportunity pass. But the leaders wisely desired to avoid entanglement. The conference was to be educational and not political.

And the result? To foretell that would be beyond human ability. There are direct results which can be seen and appreciated by all. The exchange of ideas between so many earnest thinkers is of the highest benefit to the country at large. Inherent prejudices were softened, and the philosophic took the palm over the belligerent. That men of utterly antagonistic theories should meet on a common ground to study causes and effects is a step forward in the world's history.

The education that such a conference brings is not to be lightly estimated. It has done much to clear away the fog and mist so prevalent in the popular mind. Fifty thousand copies of the report of the big meeting are to be distributed throughout the country; and the nation will be the better able to judge of the

evils and advantages of these great corporations. The Chicago Conference has been a movement towards the reconciliation of radicals and conservatives. The two factions have been drifting so far apart, that any method of meeting and exchanging ideas must be of the utmost benefit to both parties. Tolerance is one of the rarest of human virtues, especially among men of advanced thought. This meeting at Chicago set the example of a courteous tolerance. Everyone could express himself, no matter what his ideas, and every word of advice or suggestion was respectfully listened to.

The political effect of the convention is reached. It foretells the separation of the two parties into radicals and conservatives. The Democrat "new party," speaking through its great leader, will be a bitter enemy to trusts of every description. Mr. Bryan is evidently convinced that this is the best main issue his party can get for the next campaign. The Republicans at the conference were remarkably conservative in their theories and suggestions.

A general conclusion reached by moderates and radicals alike was that there was danger in the present trusts; that these great combinations should be jealously watched and the supervision over them should be most strict and of a federal character. The danger seems to lie in the great power they wield, a power large enough to buy out state legislatures and to control state politics. But no one except the most advanced radical will imagine that they can buy out the federal government. So a supervision over them by national authorities, possibly in the same way that national banks are regulated, seems absolutely necessary. What is essential is that the books and operations of these corporations should not be kept secret from the public; but should receive thorough inspection from time to time. At least that seemed to be the general impression of the wiser men present at the Chicago meeting.

The conference will leave its mark on the history of this country and the world. Just how far its effects will be felt is impossible to be estimated. Probably, like the international peace convention, it will be valuable as an example rather than as a productive factor in history. It has made the first step towards a more thorough understanding between man and man, and a higher economic development. The country will not be slow to follow its leaders, when it once realizes that their earnestness is unselfish and their patriotism sincere.

The question of the Transvaal is of momentous importance and its settlement for good or ill cannot be far away; but the reports of the past week have been fluctuating as were the hopes and fears of the previous weeks at Rennes. Warlike preparations are being carried forward on both sides, although the Transvaal republic appears not yet to give up hope

of a peaceful issue. The answer of President Kruger to the latest proposals of Great Britain was made public on Tuesday. It is firm but temperate and shows as good a spirit as could possibly be expected under the circumstances. Oom Paul still hopes for a peaceful settlement by conference, but he declines a conference which shall be on the basis that all surrender shall be on the part of the Transvaal, and none on that of Great Britain. In other words the withdrawal by the British government of the proposals of August 19 and 21, which had been understood by the Transvaal government as making Great Britain's claim to suzerainty a subject of discussion, entirely changes the aspect of things. Mr. Kruger's manifesto makes clear that only on the basis of these proposals will a conference be accepted by the Transvaal government. The question now rests with the British Cabinet, whose reply may be given very shortly. Whatever may be the ultimate interests of civilization, it is certain that Great Britain is gradually losing public sympathy. May she be led to the right decision!

The most interesting item of celestial news vouchsafed for a long time is the statement that Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory claims to have ascertained that Polaris, popularly known as the North Star, is really a triple system. Two of the bodies in this system revolve around each other in a period of four days, and at the same time move in a much wider sweep around the third body. The separate bodies which compose the system cannot be seen with the telescope, nor is it likely that they ever will be seen with an instrument. Their existence is determined by the spectroscope.

How silently and delicately autumn first touches the world! The changes are almost imperceptible in detail as yet, but the landscape is different; the eye feels it; the heart is conscious of the coming transformation. What prophecies of the unseen and the inevitable are here! We know, we feel that which has not yet shown on the surface; the great disclosures break upon us like the morning. In the parable of our life the seasons lead; and there is a new significance in the "Christian year" at every repetition or rehearsal of the drama. Life itself has no more powerful presence than nature seen through intelligence, sympathy and charity, till it has come to the vision of God and been transformed thereby. Ah! it is not sad to see the leaves fade and fall when we think of the life within and behind. Nor is the failure of the bodily power a thing to make him blanch who sees down in the depths of his soul him who giveth the "eternal life."

The Presbyterians of Kentucky and Tennessee were the first to assemble in Camp meeting—a form of service which now for a long time has been peculiar to Methodists. Zion's Herald however regards its value as in the past. It suggests the trying of some other form of meeting, possibly that of Northfield.

It is given out that the Mormon hierarchy are ready to spend a half million, rather than to have B. H. Roberts expelled from Congress. It will be well for constituents to make sure of the representative representing them a little in advance of the meeting in Washington.

Our attention has been called to the fact that a printer's error slipped into the account of the death of the Rev. Calvin Wight. The name was spelled Wright, but so evident a mistake was doubtless recognized as such by he many friends of the departed pastor.

#### FOUR GREAT HYMNS.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Next to the inspired words of Holy Scripture the most important words used in divine worship are the words of psalms and hymns of praise. It is a remarkable fact that the finest hymns in the English language were not composed by celebrated poets; but with the exception of those by Cowper and Montgomery they are the productions of clergymen and of godly women. The list of ministers is headed by Watts, Charles Wesley, Toplady, Doddridge, Newton, Keble, Newman, Lyte, Bonar and Ray Palmer. The list of female hymnists is headed by Charlotte Elliott, Mrs. Sarah F. Adams, Miss Havergall and Mrs. Prentiss. To these may be added our blind songstress, Fanny Crosby Vanalstyne, whose productions have not a high poetic merit, and yet are sung by millions all round the globe.

A perfect hymn need not be artistically a perfect poem; much less is it a mere expression of devout spiritual experience; but it must be addressed directly to the Divine Being. It must point upward. If my readers will run their eyes over the thirty or forty universal favorites that have stood the test of wide usage, and that voice the heart-sentiment of God's people in all lands, they will find that they are either metrical prayers, or metrical praise, or both combined. Millions of pious verses have been written; but the standard songs of solid gold could all be contained in a small booklet, and they were composed by men or women whose genius was largely a genius for godliness.

By almost universal acclamation the king of English hymns is "Rock of Ages." Augustus Toplady was the son of a British officer, and was converted by the simple fervid sermon of an uneducated exhorter delivered in a barn, in Oodymain, Ireland. He became the Vicar of Broad Hembury in Devonshire, and his zealous career, which was all nerve and fire, ended at the early age of thirty-eight. He was waging a hot doctrinal controversy with John Wesley (in which both combatants indulged in some shocking personalities) and one day in March, 1776, he published in the *Gospel Magazine* four stanzas entitled, "A living and dying Prayer for the holiest believer in the world." These four verses are the immortal "Rock of Ages," which Prince Albert repeated on his dying bed, which Gladstone translated into Latin, which are in every evangelical hymn-book, and which has laid a broader and firmer grasp on the English-speaking world than any other hymn in our language. A gentleman residing among the Mendip Hills has lately claimed that Toplady got his first idea of the imagery of the hymn while riding through a deep cleft of rocks in that neighborhood during a thunder-storm; but I can discover no good historical foundation for this singular claim. The core-idea of this sublime production is the fervid outcry of a penitent heart to the Saviour Christ. It begins in lowly prostration before the Cross; it begs for cleansing in the atoning blood; it reaches on to the hour when the heart-strings break in death; it sweeps out into eternity and soars to the judgment-seat; it closes with the glorified believer in presence of the great white Throne. What a magnificent upward movement! I would rather be the author of this matchless prayer-song than of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

It is a curious fact that the next most popular hymn in our language should have been composed by one of the two brothers with whom Toplady had his warm doctrinal conflict. I rather rejoice in this fact, for it shows how all Christian controversialists must ground arms before the cross of Jesus Christ. If ever there was a born singer, it was Charles Wesley; he ate, drank, slept and dreamed of little else but

making hymns. Of all his six thousand hymns the unquestioned masterpiece is "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." It is the queen of all the lays of holy love, the passionate yearning of a re-deemed soul for its Redeemer. Its figures of speech vary; in one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter from the tempest; in another line we see a child nestling in its mother's arms; but the central thought of rescue and repose in Jesus never changes. Oh, how many of us, in dark hours of trial, have poured out our troubled hearts in those two beseeching lines,

"Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!"

Wesley composed this superb hymn in early life, within a few months of the date of the beginning of Methodism. Many apocryphal stories have been circulated as to the origin of the hymn—such as that its author saw a bird pursued by a hawk, and that he saw a dove fly into his window, etc., etc. They only belittle the glorious thought which filled his soul when he threw himself, like the beloved disciple, on the bosom of Jesus.

Is there any American hymn that can be named after these two crown-jewels of British hymnology? Yes, there is one and the only one that I can now think of as worthy of being placed beside them. In the year 1830 a young teacher in a school in New York City, who had been a dry-goods clerk in Boston and had just graduated from Yale College (at the age of twenty-two), sat down one afternoon and wrote four verses which he said were "born of my own soul." His eyes swam with tears while he wrote. Two years afterwards this young Mr. Ray Palmer was met by Lowell Mason in Boston, and asked to furnish a hymn for a new music book soon to be issued. Palmer drew out of his pocket the four verses beginning with the words, "My faith looks up to Thee." He handed them to Mason for publication, and thus secured his own immortality!

This beautiful hymn of the Cross—inspired by the love of Jesus in his own heart—was addressed not to his fellow-creatures but directly to the Son of God; and like Toplady's great hymn, it rises from before the cross of Calvary up through consecration, and consolation under trials, to the glories of the "ransomed." During his long ministry my beloved friend Palmer wrote several graceful and devout hymns; but he had struck twelve at the start. A few years before his death he officiated at a communion-service in my Lafayette Avenue Church in Brooklyn. While the cup was being passed to the communicants, the dear old man broke out, and with tremulous voice sang his own heavenly lines,

"My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine."

It was like listening to a rehearsal for the celestial choir, and the whole assembly were deeply moved.

Next to these three absolutely perfect productions if I were called on to name a fourth, I would indicate Charlotte Elliott's "Just as I am, without one plea." While in frail health, she composed—at her brother's, the Rev. Henry V. Elliott's, house in Brighton—these exquisitely tender lines, and published them in the *Invalid's Hymn-book*. Although written by an invalid, they have by God's blessing made many a sick soul well. I well remember how, nearly fifty years ago, the eloquent Rev. Thomas H. Sargent of Baltimore, at the close of a sermon to the impenitent, drew out these lines which he had clipped from a newspaper, and read them with prodigious effect. Soon afterwards they found their way into the hymn-books. No hymn is more admirably adapted to revival meetings;

none more appropriate to follow a discourse to awakened sinners. It is a penitent's prayer in verse, and the person who can sing these words "with the spirit and the understanding," out of his or her own heart, is already on the way to Jesus. God be praised for these four magnificent hymns! They are the marching music to which all of Christ's vast army keep step, through sunshine or storm, on their upward road to glory.

#### AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE CHURCH.

Geo. P. Pierson.

The present day questions in Japan most nearly concerning mission work are educational and religious. Politics and commerce affect us practically for the time being in increased postage rates and 20 per cent. additional relish on imported provisions.

Those of us engaged in school work are wondering whether missionary principals are to be allowed more or less liberty from the beginning of the fall term when mixed residence shall have come into effect. We would welcome the day when Christian schools should have the same privileges as government schools; when a young man might go on until twenty-four or twenty-six without fear of conscription, and when the practical Shintoism of the school readers shall give way to at least freedom of conscience in the choice of a religion, which means in the choice of a morality. But the dawning of that day is already begun; Christianity will solve the problem, if Christians here and through the world are faithful to their missionary trust. The country's philosophers from above, and the educational department from below, are trying to make ends meet in the manufactory of a morality for youth. The philosophers are radically eclectic, and not always reverent. The educational department cannot find enough stepping-stones from old ruins to supply even temporary bridge-way over the turbid stream of the age's immorality. Christian countries—too often judged by their governments—are being subjected to a fiery criticism that is fiercely bright and consuming. Prestige and names used to cover a multitude of defects; now nothing goes through as a rider. One would rather it should be so. Better the present searching with all its roughness than the former deference and acquiescence. The good will at last be seen and only thus perhaps be accepted.

It is certainly absorbing to watch the revolutions taking place. Two truths seem to be emerging from the fogs: a religion must be the basis of morals, and that religion is Christianity. This is thankworthy. The Japanese people have gone seriously into education. The Normal schools are models and the whole educational system is scientifically correct, but they are coming to see that the figure of clay, however shapely, needs divine inbreathing before it can be called a man. When our first missionaries came to Japan there were the lingering remains of old moral systems. Two million retainers of feudal lords kept the "way of the warrior"—loyalty to the death. This made men strong—strong enough to live an honest, money-despising life, to fight for their lord to any extreme, and to die by their own hand, if necessary, at his command. There were besides the teachings of the Confucian maxims and Buddhist precepts that had enough vitality to influence the great body of the nation, which in Japan, as elsewhere, has its dwelling place, not in cities, but in towns and villages. In our day, however, even these restraints are removed, and we find ourselves in the depths of a sanctionless slough of despond. Morals to a large extent are gone; *mores* remain. But a people must have codes and standards. Where shall a young man or woman look for ethics? Surely not in society.

Licensing social evil finds not only public favor but government protection, and is looked upon as the lesser of two evils. Family life still cultivates the seeds of its own destruction. A noted politician openly confesses this to be an age of bribery in his realm. Business drifts. Students are without moral moorings. The heart of the farmer, the fisherman and the laborer is as the hearts of their fathers. The nation's journalism is ahead of the nation's morals, but not many steps ahead. The prevailing pessimism, and the grotesquely patched up moral habiliments offered find few admirers. Literature generally, if of historic things, tells of a morality impractical for the present generation; if of modern life, ends in diagnosis. It is all of a piece with the whole trend of things, to show, as has been continuously shown since the world began, that man is insufficient in himself.

But what of the schools? Perhaps there never was a time in the history of Japan when there was such helplessness in preparing moral text-books. The nation and the government deserve only pity. What text-books there are are as weak as any structure built on sand, or as perishable as any image built partly of clay with even gold and silver admixed. Until thirty years ago temples were the schools to a great extent. Now religion is not allowed to be taught in the schools. Education is one thing, morality is another and religion is still another. Where shall the youth get their morality? Not from society, home or school, nor yet from the temples, for young people no longer go to the temples. "Now is the church's opportunity."

SAPPORO, JAPAN.

#### LETTER FROM PARIS.

Rev. J. E. Cerisier.

It is late to give details of the anti-alcoholic congress held in Paris during the month of March, but our readers will be interested to hear some of its results. It has everywhere stirred up a deep curiosity on the subject and the discussions and the facts brought out by confident specialists have awakened a great anxiety for the future of our country, now threatened in its moral, social and material existence.

Alcoholism is to-day "the national peril," "the enemy—there it is!" Such is the theme reiterated in magazines and reviews in the effort to make all Frenchmen conscious of the gravity of the situation, and I must confess that their picture of our actual state is simply appalling.

Here among others are a few facts from Dr. Brunon's report on *Alcoholism in Normandy*. If his statements are correct, and it is difficult to gainsay them, we are, in plain words, among all the nations of Central Europe, the one that suffers most by alcohol poisoning. It is rather humiliating for our national pride, but there is the fact.

In the north of France, Brunon says whole villages are dwindling and dying out like the Red Indian before the white man, the one cause being strong drink. That terrible plague is specially at work to-day among women in Normandy. For a time men alone drank to excess, now it is the fashion for wives and mothers. One can imagine what will become of the children born in such circumstances. Girls working in factories seldom get drunk, but they poison themselves regularly, though unconsciously. In the morning, before leaving home, they have coffee with brandy or soup made with alcohol. At eleven, a herring with a penny worth of coffee and four pence of brandy. At night, they very often drink the same amount. What may become of a woman at thirty, whose diet has for years been such as this?

The habits of those who remain at home are quite as bad. In nine dwellings out of ten, the bottle of alcohol (and of the most adulterated alcohol!) remains continually on the table, and the wife or the children empty it every day by incessant little *brimmers*. A female cook used to drink daily twelve or sixteen little glasses. Many women among work people or even in the *demi-bourgeoisie*, carry always in their pocket a small bottle which they have filled for three pence, and which is incessantly at their lips, just as some people take snuff. Some *concièrges* are known to have spent three francs in one day for brandy. There are misers, supported by the *bureau de bienfaisance*, who buy as much as *one franc* worth of alcohol *per day!* A woman sold the wool of her mattress for brandy enough for a spree!

According to Dr. Rey, another authority on the subject, there is also an increasing love of brandy in the north of France, and specially at Marseilles. In that town, the consumption of alcohol has been trebled in eighteen years.

A cry of despair has lately been uttered by the President of the great Synod of our Reformed Church held in Bordeaux. In the name of all the friends of our spiritual welfare, M. le Pasteur Bruguère read a letter from a clergyman, and declared he made it his own in which it was explained that in the centre of a rich district and in a prosperous parish there have been last year three births and twenty burials! In the large town of Toulouse, in 1858, there have been thirty-three baptisms, fifty-two deaths, that is to say one hundred births for one hundred and fifty-seven deaths, and such things happen not only in Toulouse, but in many other places.\*

How is this to be explained? There are several reasons to be accounted for, as an explanation of such a frightful decrease of our Protestant congregations. But surely, a prevalent selfishness, a terrible and degrading love for money, an outrageous defiance of the tender and fathely love and protection of God, are the leading influences that create this alarming state of things. In this and in many other occurrences or deficiencies of our moral and national condition, we can trace the deadly influence of Rome, with its want of personal and spiritual godliness. Religion has become for her, not a living and loving consecration to the God who is a Father and Redeemer, but a catalogue of actions ordered by a priesthood which *volens* or *volens*, destroys or lessens that divine institution the family.

#### MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

Among those who returned home by the liner City of Rome was President Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Seminary. Her passenger list numbered nearly a thousand. When approaching the Banks of Newfoundland a thick fog came on, August 31. The great steamer bumped against an iceberg, which was fortunately seen in time. On the day before the collision President Hall had spoken upon "The All pervading Presence of God."

The Rev. Dr. J. R. Taylor of the Brick Church, Rochester, sailed hence with his family, by the Holland-American Line, on Saturday last. He spent the summer in the Adirondacks, in pursuance of the long vacation voted Dr. Taylor earlier in the year.

The Rev. Dr. L. T. Chamberlain who is also president of the Phil-African League, follows Dr. Josiah Strong as the head of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States.

\*It is possible to explain these facts more hopefully than appears on the surface. On the one hand, as the records of the McAll Mission show, normal Catholics or free-thinkers among the very poor are beginning to seek Protestant burial as much less expensive than Catholic; on the other hand baptism is not so often sought as a mere matter of custom now that men and women are thinking more intelligently on religious subjects. Still the evil which our correspondent deprecates does exist.  
EDITOR EVANGELIST