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SUNSET.

Myrta Lillian Goodenough.

It is as if the quiet voice of God
Had whispered, "Hush!" o'er all the busy earth
This eventide; and all the world had ceased
Its strife to hear his wondrous, "Peace, be still!"
Even the restless leaves move gentler
Than they are wont and murmur evening vespers.
The bosom of the lake has ceased to breathe
Lest it should fail to catch the spirit whisper.
The reverent clouds seem kneeling glorified,
As they bend slowly at the chancel-rail
Of the horizon. And so the darkness grows,
And one by one the powers of nature feel
The hand of God; until e'en man at last
Is hushed and bows his soul to silent prayer.

All Round the Horizon.

As there is a time for everything, the end of the school and college year is eminently a time for interesting oneself in the interests of the young. And that would have been a stern heart indeed which did not thrill with interest in the boat races of last week. No need here to tell the result. Who does not know of Harvard's splendid successes, and the victory of Pennsylvania, and the warning given by Wisconsin that the older colleges must look well to their laurels next year? All that remains to be said is a word of fellowship: that a difference in years and in every day duty does not weaken the tie of sympathy with those who are bravely doing their best to win honor for their college, and for manhood itself, even though it be in the way of what we elders may call play. Rather, we honor those whose very play is thoroughly unselfish. For it is the college, not the coxswain or the captain or the stroke, that wins; the honor sought is not one's own, but that of all.

The long continued drouth has been broken, and in some sections one woe has simply been followed by another. One-half of Texas was flooded last week and immense damage was done. Farm crops have been destroyed to the extent of two million dollars and thousands of persons made homeless. Railroads and telegraph lines have been greatly injured.

At a reception given to General Leonard Wood by the Cuban Orphan Fund in the Chamber of Commerce room last week, some very weighty words were spoken by this man whose conduct in Cuba since the war has won universal confidence. Reminding his hearers that "We are going to be held responsible for the island, whether Cuba is made independent or becomes a part of ourselves," he insisted upon our duty to improve its condition by a better hygiene and, especially, by the education of the children. "It is not enough to hoist our flag over Cuba; we must give her our institutions, and to this end the education of the people is necessary. Such orphanages as the Orphan Fund proposes to establish, he said, are greatly needed; they should include schools where the lower mechanical arts are taught. General

Wood is a religious man, and his advice that the orphanages should be made absolutely non-sectarian deserves careful consideration. How great is his devotion to the cause of regenerated Cuba is made clear by his refusal of a brilliant business opportunity—the presidency of an important company—and his immediate return to duty in Cuba.

Some parts of that beautiful island are in a state of unrest. Outlawry still exists and is to some degree deemed the fault of the rural guard. Reports of the existence of yellow fever in Havana are explicitly denied. There is neither yellow fever nor small pox and the death rate is decreasing.

The Transvaal difficulty is in a fair way of settlement by reason of certain concessions on the part of President Kruger. A franchise bill has been prepared which fairly well meets the demands of Uitlanders. Those who came into the republic before 1890 may have the franchise if they will; those who entered since 1890 may have it after seven years' residence, counting from date of entrance. The United States cruiser Chicago arrived in Delagoa Bay last Friday, and Admiral Howison took the rather unusual course of going to Pretoria to confer with the American consul.

Differences of opinion regarding the new electoral reform bill led to rather disgraceful disturbances in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies last week. The bill appeared to be innocent enough; especially from the point of view of the socialists, who made all the clamor, for it provided for practically universal suffrage and deprived the large property owners of the plural franchises by which some of them have as many as three votes. But the people were suspicious of the bill as an attempt to throw power into the hands of the clericals, and, as a matter of fact, the bill was strongly supported by the clericals in opposition to a faction of socialists and radicals. For two days the Chamber seemed to run mad, several deputies were seriously injured, and the streets of Brussels not only, but of Ghent and Liege, were the scene of riotous demonstrations. The situation is not unlike that in England two generations ago, at the time of the reform bill agitation. At present, however, quiet is restored in Belgium, the ministry having consented to an amendment of the bill.

Equally stormy scenes have been occurring in the Italian Chamber, the subject being a proposed decree empowering the government to prohibit public meetings and punish strikers. Blows were exchanged on Friday, more than twenty persons being injured, and the disorder was such that the sitting was suspended and Parliament prorogued. The recess will last until November.

The Sfax arrived at a port near L'Orient, in Britany, late Friday night, and Captain Dreyfus was transferred from it to Rennes with the

utmost precaution, by night, and without arousing the slightest excitement. Mme Dreyfus was already in Rennes. It will be several weeks before the new trial begins.

The Samoan commissioners are rapidly bringing order out of chaos. Both claimants to the throne have waived their pretensions and agreed to surrender their arms and submit to the authority of the commissioner. The Kingship is abolished and also the office of President of Apia. There will be a governor and a legislative council of three—one member appointed by each of the treaty powers. There will be a Mayor of Apia, and a small body of representative Samoans, the governor having the veto power. The commissioners have requested Chief Justice Chambers to remain.

The Russian province of Kassan, inhabited chiefly by Tartars, is in a condition of unrest, likely to result in a serious outbreak against the government. The famine which has devastated large portions of Russia has brought the people to this state; the peasants even attacking the local authorities, demanding bread. Large quantities of corn were transported by express and given to the sufferers. Sanitary detachments of the Red Cross Society were sent to combat the diseases which follow privation. On their arrival, the Tartars, who are Mohammedans, spread reports that the Red Cross people had come to compel them to be baptized into the Orthodox faith, this idea being fostered by the Mohammedan priests. Then the people rose and stoned the relief parties and refused aid from them. The officials are now trying to pacify them and have summoned M. Soultanoff, the Mufti of Orenburg, who will go to Kassan to explain the object of the government. This looks little like the universal peace so much desired.

The Peace Congress is drawing toward a close. The committee which is to draw up a final report began work on Friday last. On Thursday, July 6, Queen Wilhelmina will give a dinner to the delegates and this will probably be one of the closing ceremonies of the conference. It is not probable that any more definite action will be taken on Russia's proposal of disarmament than to refer it to the various governments represented.

The first woman's convention ever held in Bermuda was that of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Hamilton. Delegates and visitors were present from six unions, all of which have been organized during the last six months by Mrs. Addie Northam Fields, an organizer of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Fields has held one hundred and fifty-four meetings during her stay there and will leave the unions well prepared to carry on aggressive work. The next national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Seattle, Wash., October 20-25.

JOTTINGS AT SARATOGA.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

A change from drouth-parched Brooklyn to the bright greenh of Saratoga was very glad-dening. Recent rains here have freshened vegetation and I have never seen Congress Park when it was more enchanting than it was this morning. The fountains were playing, the robins disporting themselves on the dewy grass, and I seemed to see the memories of nearly fifty summers floating among the trees. Why have I so often sounded the praises of Saratoga's unrivalled springs and wonderful atmosphere in these columns? Simply that I might put other people in the way of receiving the incalculable benefits that my annual visits have brought to me. Many a useful life has been lengthened, and many others made more vigorous and happy by the hygienic waters and atmosphere that the Creator has bestowed upon this delightful place.

The large hotels have opened with the prospect of a prosperous season. Here at Doctor Strong's I find a large company with many of the old familiar faces, and the familiar voices in the song of praise at morning worship. Dr. Otis F. Presbrey—once connected with The Evangelist—is sojourning here, and not being able to preach, he has prepared a "Shut-in-Series" of excellent religious leaflet-tracts for general circulation. They have the true Gospel flavor in them and the days of the usefulness of tracts are by no means numbered. In my congregation last Sabbath morning I was glad to see my dear old friend, Gen. George E. Batcheller, who is just home for a vacation, from his post as the American judge in the "International Tribunal" at Cairo. Long residence at Cairo has made him very familiar with Egyptian affairs. He speaks highly of the personal character of the present Khedive, and Egypt is steadily advancing in civilization. Throughout Europe he observed an almost universal sentiment adverse to the policy of "imperialism" in America.

It is rather early for ministers to come hitherward on their vacations. Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, the stalwart pastor of our "Chambers-Wylie Church" in Philadelphia is here at Dr. Strong's for a needed rest. It would be a good investment for many a church to send a laborious and faithful pastor a cheque of sufficient dimensions to allow him to come here, and drink these wonderful health-giving waters. It would tone up his digestion, clarify his brain and put new *vim* into his sermons. A distinguished lawyer once said to me, "After a hard year's work, a few days at Saratoga make a new man of me." Our two Presbyterian pastors here, Dr. Durant and the Rev. Mr. Gessner are prospering. Dr. Strong tells me that Bishop Newman—who resides in his own cottage on this street—is lying critically ill from pneumonia! The eloquent bishop has been in poor health for some time past. He is in his seventy-third year and has filled a large space in the public eye through a long and brilliant career.

I am too busy a man to read works of fiction; but I confess that I have got some honest mirth out of "David Harum"—which that unique Syracuse genius, the late Edward N. Westcott, wrote a short time before his death. He was not spared to listen to the trumpet of his own fame. As I was reared in that "lake-country" of Central New York, in which the scene of this bright story is laid, I can testify to the accuracy of its peculiar Yankeeified dialect. That phrase "moseying along," is as indigenous as maple sugar in Vermont. There was a man on the shore of the Cayuga Lake in the days of my boyhood whose dialect was after Mr. Westcott's precise pattern. When speaking of a stuttering neighbor he said, "I'm allers oneasy to hear that old man speak in meetin'";

he's got sich an antipathy in his speech." Another neighbor of ours who had many of the shrewd characteristics of David Harum once said to me in regard to a sleepy-looking justice of the peace, "That man's eyes looks allers as if they had been *sol on*." As a piece of fresh and honest character-painting Mr. Westcott's book equals anything since Mrs. Stowe. It is strange that its author remained unknown until he was fifty years old!

DR. STRONG'S SANITARIUM SARATOGA, June 28, 1899.

Dr. Field's Letters.

A VENTURE INTO THE "UNSALTED SEAS."

It is mid-summer, when the inhabitants of cities flee from the heat and seek coolness in the shade of the country. Happy is he who has such a retreat and is not tempted from it by the imaginary pleasures of foreign travel! So thought I when I turned my back on New York, and found rest in the Berkshire Hills. As I stood on our front porch, I almost shook my fist at any possible temptation of the adversary to turn my back upon it even for a few days.

Such was my state of mind when one morning came an invitation from "The Outlook," to join them in an excursion to the western lakes. It was very kind of them to think of me. I appreciated their courtesy and was sure that such an outing might be a very pleasant experience, as I knew by an excursion given by The Evangelist itself. Three or four years ago Mr. Elliott, then our business manager, planned an expedition on a much grander scale, as it was nothing less than a voyage to Europe, for which he chartered a ship large enough to carry three or four hundred passengers. It was first of all a pilgrimage to sites of interest and importance in Presbyterian history, and next for musicians, who were to make a study of music in all the cathedrals of England. Others of different tastes visited the great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, and Windsor Castle, and other places of historic interest. From Salisbury Cathedral we crossed the channel to Paris, where we had a week or ten days, and then made an excursion to Switzerland and down the Rhine to Holland, and finally sailed for home.

Never was an excursion more carefully planned in every detail and carried out with more perfect success, the whole taking about two months. The trip of The Outlook did not propose any such extended course of travel, but only a pleasant jaunt at home, which should take at most eight or ten days.

But I was too comfortable to listen to the voice of the tempter, and should have declined at once but for a whisper that always brings me to reflection. I hope it will not be thought an irreverent use of the old saw to change one word, so that it shall read, "Man proposes but Woman disposes." "Why not accept?" said a gentle voice. "It will do you good." Then came an invitation that she should come also. They were afraid that it would not be safe for me to venture so far *alone*! But the suggestion was tossed aside with a merry laugh. However as a couple of nieces were glad of the opportunity to join the expedition, and last, but not least, a child, who was one of the pets of the ship, we had quite a little family to add to the expedition.

As to the rest of the company it seemed as if they had been picked with judicious care; for there was not a growler among them. If there had been, I fear that he would have fared the fate of Jonah! As a matter of fact a shipload of over two hundred men and women were thrown together on the deck or in the cabin, with not a word of irritation or discontent.

Something of this was due to the magnificent ship, the Northwest. The very elements seemed to pay tribute to her as the waves sank down at her feet.

This was not the first time that I had been over these waters. Let me see how long it was since I crossed Lake Erie! In the year 1842 I started for the west, when there was hardly a railroad in the country. For years the emigrants to the west had to travel on "the raging canal!" On the lakes there were steamboats, but, as we had to make the sweep of all the lakes—Erie, Huron and Michigan—it was five days before I landed at Chicago, from which the next morning I rode across a prairie. There was not a railroad in all the valley of the Mississippi, and I rode on one of Frink's coaches. This Frink was a character. He was a burly master of horses. He swore like a pirate, but he took to me, as he came from Stockbridge, and assured me that he "always stood by my father," and that "he was a Presbyterian up to the hub!" Mounted on the box with the driver, I looked all round with a childish wonder on the boundless prairie that was to blush like the rose.

After a long day's ride we reached the Illinois River, where we took passage on a tiny steamboat, that, wheezing with its little paddles, took us down the river, and landed us at St. Louis, where I soon after took charge of a church and, on account of my long experience of life, I began with a series of sermons to young men! But three months since I met in Washington an old resident of St. Louis, who told me that he remembered well that series of sermons, which drew crowds of young men! The amount of wisdom dispensed thereby it would be quite impossible to compute!

It was when I was there that there came a man from the far west, looking like a bear out of the forests, as he was clad in buffalo skins, who was on his way to Washington to warn Daniel Webster, the Secretary of State, not to give up Oregon, that was then thought to be worthless, and was saved only by the warning of that brave missionary, who was killed by the Indians on his return. It is to his courage that our country owes to-day the priceless possession of our Pacific coast!

We did not go on board in the broad daylight, but at ten o'clock at night, and were settled in our quarters before we had opportunity to see who were to be our neighbors. As I was directed to my room, I found that the generous manager had given me more than I deserved. Hitherto in crossing the ocean I had to share it with another; in which case each had to be laid on a shelf, whereas now I was monarch of all I surveyed, having a large room, with the luxury of a bath. Thus "rocked in the cradle of the deep," I felt at home and fell asleep as if I were among the Berkshire Hills.

Thus embarked we dropped down, or rather dropped up, as the current of all the lakes sets toward its place of exit over the falls of Niagara, and the morning found us off Cleveland, O., one of the most beautiful cities of the west, or of the whole country, from which a few hours brought us to Detroit, a city which has had a singular history; having been taken by the French in 1610 and held for a hundred and fifty years, when it was captured by the English, and held to the close of our Revolutionary war, when it fell into our hands, but only to be taken again in 1812, and retaken the year after; a varied history that is thus briefly recorded: "Three different sovereigns have claimed it, and the United States has lost it and gained it three times! Twice it has been besieged by Indians, once captured in war, and once destroyed by fire!" After such a game of shuttlecock, it is a relief to think that the play is over; that one side of the