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A PRAYER.

Geo. H. Smyth Jr.

Night's shadows hang around us, Lord,
The distant scene we cannot see,
Each step is clouded o'er with pain
O God, our trust is only thee.

As thou didst lead thy people, Lord,
In days of darkness and despair,
So lead us now, forsake us not
And hear us as we kneel in prayer.

Thy will, dear Lord, not ours, be done,
So teach us thus to truly pray;
And when the cross is hard to bear
O grant us strength to meet the day.

"When death's dark stream we're ferried o'er,"
And stand before thy great white throne,
Life's lessons all—we'll understand
For we shall know as we've been known.

MANCHESTER, VT.

All Round the Horizon

While the United States has been celebrating the return of the great Admiral whose victory went so far towards bringing a speedy close to our war with Spain, our English cousins have been spending an anxious week awaiting the first outbreak of the anticipated struggle with the Transvaal. It is a serious period for Great Britain, filled as it is with uncertainty as to the conduct of the natives in British territory. And the resolution adopted by the Raad of the Orange Free State to take sides with the sister republic is no soothing balm to the troubled mind of Mr. Chamberlain. England will evidently have a long and difficult struggle on her hands. Her present policy seems to be to play for time in order to throw still stronger forces into South Africa. With her immense resources and her skilled troops she counts on overpowering the forces of Oom Paul in a short time. But it may be a more difficult task than at first appeared; for the Boers are brave men, will fight on home ground, and are trained to the methods which that ground requires.

The long delay is gradually separating all parties interested into two clearly defined sides. The South African Dutch on the one hand evidently hope to found a great Dutch Republic; while a large majority of the English at home and in Africa, with the entire British press at their head, are impatient to begin a war of conquest. The policy of Cecil Rhodes is a popular one; and the modern Englishman is a strong imperialist. None stronger than Joseph Chamberlain, though he seems to desire to cover his policy with a veil of obscurity and evasion. But Mr. Chamberlain is nothing if not a clever political leader, and he does not care to force the fight. England has a reserve corps in perfect readiness to take the field. With these twenty-five thousand infantry, and cavalry and artillery to match, the British forces would be in fit condition. The troop ships are ready and every indication points towards a hasty embarkation.

Where the campaign will be carried on no one can foretell. Early disasters are expected

by England. It takes time for foreigners to learn the lay of the land. There are many vulnerable points of attack. The Boers may by a sudden rush capture Great Britain's new acquisition, Delagoa Bay. Or they may begin operations in Zululand. Whatever the beginning, the end seems certain. The flood of British forces is sure to swamp the enemy sooner or later. Numbers tell in a long war, and the war of South Africa promises to be a long one.

Rumors come from the East that Japan has more than a foothold in China. Mail advices say that an Oriental triple alliance of Japan, China and Korea is under consideration. The encroachments of Russia have frightened the Celestial empire. The danger of partition drives her to the only power that seems anxious to prevent such a dismemberment. As a result, we hear of Japanese officers selected as army drill masters and of secret societies formed whose object is an oriental alliance.

As this paper goes to press, the first of the great international yacht races is taking place. On Monday the final preparations were completed. The yachts were officially measured, and the weather predictions taken. Whatever the result, let us hope that it will be characterized by the utmost good feeling. Sir Thomas Lipton has done much to endear himself to the American public; therefore a victory for the Shamrock would not seem as hard to bear as failure in past races might have been.

Certainly the yachts are well matched. The difference between them is so slight as to escape the eye of the casual observer. Each is in a measure a composition of the broad skimming dish sloop and the narrow deep keeled cutter. The American boat is the more artistic, the English the more powerful. It will be a match between art and strength, and it bids fair to be as close as it will be interesting. The chief fear is that the excursion boats will not give the yachts a fair chance. However, Captain Robley D. Evans with six torpedo boats and a large force of revenue cutters has charge of the police duty; and if any one can keep the course clear it will be Fighting Bob. He will have full power to enforce the regulations against interference as violations of the navigation laws of the United States—with fine and forfeiture of license.

President Schurman's discussion of the Philippine question at the opening of Cornell University was particularly interesting. His view seems a wise one: that the whole matter can safely be left to the President and Congress of the United States, and that their decision will bring a satisfactory solution of a troublesome problem. The conference with the insurgent envoys was apparently merely a manoeuvre to obtain recognition of the rebel government. A reported interview of General Alexander, one of the envoys, is impressive. His logical remarks and his keen appreciation of the

American position show that the insurgents are not all ignorant guerillas and ruffians. And indeed Admiral Dewey tells us that the real strength of the insurgents lies in their lawyers and political leaders, who use Aguinaldo and his generals to further their own political ends. It is interesting to learn that the reported Dewey anti-government expressions are merely the figment of some imaginative reporter's brain; and that the Admiral, while admiring the Philippine character, is nevertheless persuaded that our present policy is the wisest and best course the Government could take in the far East.

Hardly anywhere else, this side of Venice, but in the great harbor of this city, could the pageant of Friday afternoon and evening take place. The size of the lower bay and the ample waters of the great rivers are unrivalled, and the fleet that gathered there was unprecedented as a type of national power and wealth. No other thing made by man equals the war vessel in perfection of construction and scientific invention. The White Squadron led the procession, with the Olympia and her gallant admiral at the fore.

Whether or not the Dewey arch is preserved in enduring marble, as it well might be, the permanency of the testimonial is assured. The life of a nation is moulded and ennobled by such tributes to heroic achievement. There is no exclusion of the many in honors paid to one; no disparagement of the workmen in the exaltation of a master-worker; no neglect of good and faithful men in the quieter walks of duty in honor paid to a hero. Nor is it just to say that the sentiment of martial pride is a relic of savagery. The army and navy represent the nation; the flag which they defend is a sacred thing, the altar of sacrifice, the emblem of holy consecration. Heroic service on sea or shore is a religion of which earth and heaven are glad together.

In striking contrast to, yet in perfect consonance with the Dewey celebration, was the German memorial tribute by speech and song to the poet philosopher, Goethe, on the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth. The ceremonial in Prospect Park last Sunday afternoon was a very genuine expression of the best sentiment of our German fellow-citizens. The life of our people is large and the spirit of our nationality is comprehensive. This is our strength; a heritage of our history and growth. The opening address was patriotic in the largest sense; it held both great fatherlands in high esteem and honor; it showed how this composite people are also cosmopolitan without breaking unity; it expressed the union which in church and state will be consistent with principle and conservative of itself. The honor paid to genius after a century and a half is a forceful expression of the permanent over against the transient in all true memorials. The princes of thought and action stand side by side.

LAST WORDS FROM MOHONK.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

As so many of The Evangelist constituency have a personal interest in, and attachment to, this House on the Mountain, I may be allowed to jot down one or two incidents of our delightful sojourn here—which is drawing to a close. Twenty-one years have elapsed since I caught—by the light of a full moon—my first view of this hotel across yonder miniature lake. It was then a modest wooden structure accommodating about one hundred and fifty guests, the dormitories being very small. Now it is a stately establishment seven hundred feet long, and sheltering over four hundred occupants; those who occupy rooms in this "Rock-building" and go to their three meals in the dining-hall travel over half a mile every day.

The centre of attraction has always been that dear old low-ceilinged parlor—a paradise of sociality during the week, and a blessed sanctuary on the Sabbath. In that room the famous *Conferences* for the elevation of the Indian and the negro have held their sessions, and the advocates of international arbitration have met for five years past. What floods of true eloquence have filled those walls! How many fervid and spiritual discourses have been preached there! How many men and women of light and leading have there discussed great questions of philanthropy and reform! But the days of the blessed old parlor are numbered. Last Sabbath evening a very impressive farewell-service was held there, and reminiscences were related. Mr. Smiley read a long list of the celebrated people whose voices had been heard within those walls among whom were President Hayes, Senators Edmunds and Dawes, Bishops Whipple, Huntington, Andrews and Walker, Generals Howard, Fisk, Armstrong, Swayne and Whittlesey, Doctors Schaff, McCosh, Crosby, Edward E. Hale, Vincent, Herrick Johnson, McArthur, Faunce, Booth, and a host of others whom I have no space to mention. Some honest tears were shed when the last hymn was sung, and the old Mohonkers bade adieu to a spot which to many worshipers has been on the Lord's day as a "gate of heaven."

Last evening the fine and stately new parlor was thrown open for the first time and was crowded with guests. It overlooks the lake, and it has a gallery on the west side for the accommodation of the employees who may wish to enjoy the concerts, lectures and entertainments during the week, and the discourses on the Sabbath. Mr. Smiley was quite in his glory last night; Mrs. Dr. Hector Hale sang for us, Miss Milne gave a fine original recitation, and congratulatory addresses were made by Huntington, the venerable artist, Dr. Wallace Atterbury, the Messrs. Smiley, and the writer of this "screed." Next Sunday it will be my privilege to deliver the first sermon there, and I hope to attend the coming Indian Conference which promises to be one of commanding interest and numbers. The most significant fact connected with the exercises of last evening is that while so many summer hotels have gone into bankruptcy, this superb Mohonk hotel, which maintains its staunch Christian and temperance principles, exhibits a constantly increasing prosperity. There is a lesson in this worth heeding.

During the last fortnight the secular and religious papers have shown a great unanimity in their eulogies of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt. He was one of the few men of colossal wealth whose millions did not provoke invidious criticisms, and simply because he was the liberal master, and not the self-indulgent slave of his vast possessions. He understood the meaning of the word "steward." I had a pleasant friendship with Mr. Vanderbilt for

over twenty years, and many opportunities for studying his modest and attractive Christian character. He attended, as a delegate, the Jubilee (in London) of the Young Men's Christian Association in June, 1894, and took a warm interest in the proceedings; of that organization he has been a princely benefactor. He gave a great deal more than his dollars, that did not cost any sacrifice, for the promotion of evangelical Christianity; he gave labor, time, thought, and above all the influence of his noble and exemplary Christian life. The best care for the perils of a growing plutocracy would be the multiplication of men and women with the spirit of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

I have been indulging this morning in the good old "Christian privilege of laughter" over Mark Twain's infinitely funny excoiation of "Christian Science" in the last *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. That description of the lady-Scientist who, while proving to him that bodily pain is an illusion of the imagination, happens to rake her hand on a pin in her dress, and cries "Ouch!" is inimitable. The spread of this most preposterous of all current humbugs is not hard to account for. It appeals to a love of the marvelous. It deals in high-sounding nonsense which imposes easily on visionary minds. It can point to many cures of curable maladies where the only thing required is to work on the patient's imagination. But its treatment of God's Word is rank blasphemy; its influence in drawing away many hearts from precious Gospel-truth into the wreck which error always works, and its sacrifice of human life by discarding all medical treatment, are utterly deplorable. Mark Twain has rendered a valuable public service by holding up Mrs. Eddy's impostures to well-deserved ridicule; and a wide circulation of his terribly scathing article would have a happy effect.

It is rather a sharp transition to pass from Twain's well-aimed satire to the lamentable falling-off of candidates for the Gospel ministry in our Presbyterian Church. The reduction in the members of those entering our Theological Seminaries this fall points in the same direction. Five years ago the number of students preparing for the pulpit was 959; and it has diminished by regular stages until last year it was only 787! There has also been a reduction among the three Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, but not so serious as in America.

The population of the United States steadily increases; and the number of our newly organized churches shows some increase, while there are fewer men coming forward to fill the pulpits! One cause is that secular callings hold out the promise of larger incomes to young men of talent than does the sacred ministry. Another is that Christian parents do not dedicate their sons to the ministry and train them towards that high end as much as they did formerly. The swarming of candidates for desirable pulpits, and the restlessness of too many pastors, have their influence in discouraging college-students from seeking the sacred office. The fact that conversions are steadily declining also points in the same direction. There may be other reasons also that contribute to the same sad result; and it is a tremendous fact to be faced. If immortal souls are to be saved to a great degree by the preaching of the Word of life, and the number of preachers grows less, what is to be the future of Presbyterianism as to its responsibility for the growth of Christ's kingdom? It looks as if the world is making greater inroads upon our churches than our churches are upon the world! May the Holy Spirit open all our eyes to this alarming fact!

LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, SEPT 28, 1899.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

Teunis S. Hamlin D. D.

Presbyterianism is just now having undisputed right of way at the National Capitol. Admiral Dewey will no doubt crowd it hard on Monday and Tuesday next! but it is so thoroughly loyal that to hurrah for Dewey and the navy will not seem incongruous with the solemn themes daily under discussion. Meanwhile the city belongs to the Council. If they do not get what they want, they have only to ask for it. Even the nation is in some sense theirs, since its official head surrendered himself and his Executive Mansion to them on the evening of their opening day, and gave a beautiful reception in their honor, with a bountiful collation in the State Dining room, and the Marine Band in the vestibule. The Blue Room, where he ordinarily receives, is undergoing repairs, so he stood in the East Room, with Mrs. McKinley seated beside him, and Miss Long, Mrs. Hitchcock and Miss Wilson of the Cabinet circle on her right. The other ladies of that circle are not yet in town.

On Saturday the Council and its friends filled comfortably a large Potomac steambot for an excursion to Mount Vernon; and the same evening the delegates were almost lost among over two thousand other people in the splendid Corcoran Gallery of Art, whose Trustees kindly made all their guests welcome, the Secretary of the Navy sending the Marine Band to enliven the occasion.

Foreign delegates will probably carry away an inadequate idea of Washington's private hospitality, since the season is too early for it. Most of our leading houses are still closed; or their occupants have just returned, and are not so situated as to receive guests. Still every effort has been made to place all comfortably at hotels and boarding houses for whom private entertainment could not be found so early in the autumn.

The New York Avenue Church has an edifice well adapted to such a gathering. The auditorium is spacious, and has an ample gallery on both sides and one end. The basement affords rooms for committees; and all facilities for correspondence, telegraphing, telephoning, etc. are just at hand. Decorations of evergreens, plants and flowers abound.

To those who cherish the central aim of the Alliance which holds this Council, viz: the promotion of unity among all the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system, the opening sermon was a sad disappointment. The preacher was Prof. John DeWitt of Princeton Seminary; and he took occasion to assail the "new criticism" with a good deal of severity. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of that criticism, the opening of the Council was not a fit time to either attack or advocate it. This body of men has no jurisdiction of the question, as Dr. DeWitt himself said. It meets for fraternal purposes. There are abundant topics of entire concord, and whose discussion would promote devotional feeling and the spirit of unity. To take the leading subject of controversy, for controversial treatment at that hour was at the best a serious blunder. As a matter of fact, it very nearly precipitated serious discord. Only the Christian forbearance of certain men who were importuned for interviews by the city papers averted such a disaster. But the evil wrought did not cease with the dying away of open discussion. Men are still speaking quietly, but very emphatically, of the needless affront to some of the foremost scholars in the Council; and of the narrowing effect of the policy which resulted in such a keynote upon the whole trend of the Alliance. There are very thoughtful men who fear that the organization is becoming the personal possession of a very few men, and in imminent danger of being used to promote their partisan