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Can there be anything more beautiful than the late afternoon of a day in autumn? The sunlight from the west is more golden, and the long and creeping shadows have a deeper contrast. There is a more distinct perspective for all the outdoor objects, and the trees with all their shimmering leaves stand out more sharply defined against the sky. The air grows cool and sweet, and the quiet of the peaceful evening steals into our consciousness most gratefully. The rich hues of the fall flowers, the geraniums and scarlet sage, with the soaring cosmos, add color to the scene. The evening seems to be made to give rest and peace to the weary and troubled at the end of day.

We are entering now the afternoon of the year. Like the day, the year has passed its meridian, and its sun goes steadily down. All growing things in garden and field have reached their maturity and are making seeds for another year. Deep and rich are the colorings: the brown upturned fields, the yellow corn by the shocks, the red apples under the trees in the orchard, the brilliant golden rod on the road sides. The heat of the summer has passed, and the air is fresh and cool. The farmers' work for the year is coming to its close, and the rewards are being gathered in. Strenuous toil is relaxing its demands, and rest is not far away.

After middle age comes the afternoon of man's life. It is the time for the maturity of manhood, and the ripening of character and wisdom. There is some gathering in of the fruits of toil. Some store is laid aside for the winter days of life. Is the light clearer? Are the great things of truth more distinctly seen? Does peace grow in the heart? Are there seeds preparing for another spring, a life beyond the coming winter? Is it a golden light that comes from the west and the setting sun to which we go? Then life's afternoon ought to be more peaceful, with the promise and the beginnings of the Rest that Remaineth.

Certainly this is God's way for His children in life's evening. He surely expects us to come in bringing our sheaves with us. He looks for

the garnered fruits of good living. He would have us find the clearer vision, and the light golden from the open gates. He would crown our lives with His loving kindness and His tender mercy, richer than any flowers on the lawn. He promises the light at evening time. He gives hope for a better morning and a better spring, and an eternal day, when there is no night nor winter and only light and peace, where the sun never goes down, and the summer never ends.

Last week and this week also the Central has been much indebted to the other church papers issued in Richmond. They kindly gave us matter in type which they had used, and took in exchange some things from the columns of the Central. This exchange is an example of the very cordial relations existing between the denominations in Virginia and the South. It is, moreover, an illustration of the fact that the churches are one in the great things of our "like precious faith." Our readers have an opportunity to see for themselves the excellence of these church papers. This week we have compelled our friend, Prof. T. M. Blackford, of the Episcopal High School at Alexandria, to write for the Central one of his fine letters of travel.

At a reception given in the Central Presbyterian church, Atlanta, to the pastor, Dr. T. H. Rice and his sister, the people of the Second Baptist church, which worships near by, were special guests of the evening. This was an occasion of "open communion" which must have given great pleasure to all, and was surely pleasing to the one Lord. That was what the Lord's Supper was intended to be, the Communion of the Saints. And here we pause, refraining from any prophecy.

At the late meeting of the American Board for Foreign Missions, it was found that the treasury was in arrears to the amount of \$175,000. A number of circumstances have been mentioned as contributing to account for the debt. In the first place a debt of \$22,000 was carried over from the previous year. There was a large and exceptional expenditure in connection with the missions in Micronesia, the islands of the South Seas, especially in the purchase and equipment of the Morning Star, a mission ship, absolutely necessary to work on the ocean.

Some stir was anticipated in the American board when Dr. Gladden introduced his resolution, disapproving the solicitation and acceptance of money from sources supposed to be corrupt. But without discussion the resolution was laid upon the table by a large majority. The prevailing sentiment was that it was not wise for the board to deliver a judgment upon Mr. Rockefeller and his methods of money getting; however it might disapprove of all immoral and unjust methods of accumulation.

Dr. Gladden accepted his defeat without protest. "While the controversy over the acceptance of the gift from John D. Rockefeller has probably affected the receipts of the board in some measure," says the report, "the interest of the pastors and the church members in the work of the board is said to be on the increase and the officers look forward to the next year with confidence."

Even theological seminaries have fashions as well as colleges and universities. Everything must have a president nowadays. Princeton has Dr. Patton; the Western has Dr. Gregg; Andover has Dr. Stewart; Lane has Dr. McKibbin; McCormick has Dr. McClure and Omaha has Dr. Lowrie. Union is not a whit behind any of them, for it has Dr. Moore as its distinguished and efficient president. So, Columbia has quite set itself up and proposes to have a president, also. And it will do well if it succeeds in getting Dr. Rice. He would fill and ornament the position as well as any of the theological presidents. Not in the slightest degree would we injure Columbia or disparage its prospect of usefulness, but the Central makes bold to express the hope that it will not draw away from a great pastorate and a pulpit most richly blessed so valuable a pastor and preacher as Atlanta has in Dr. Rice.

The visit of the daughter of the President of the United States to the East has been one of the events of the summer, and may have some far-reaching results. A well-raised American young woman, blessed with good common sense, she has, we have no doubt, borne herself without affectation or assumption. She was simply one of a sight-seeing party, who went to the Philippines with Secretary Taft. Beyond her anticipation she had most courteous attentions shown her by the imperial authorities of Japan, China and Korea. She was received with the utmost cordiality by the Empress of China, by the Mikado of Japan and the Korean Emperor; and through oriental and unwonted ceremonials bore herself with dignity and reserve. There is something human and kindly in this unofficial visit of the untitled American woman. Without a word of diplomacy or appeal, we doubt not the influence for kindly feelings among the nations towards the United States will be felt effectively and for a long time. She had opportunities for words of encouragement to the missionaries, the ambassadors of her Lord, and words of introduction of them to the high officials of the East. Last Friday, the 22nd, Miss Roosevelt attended a gathering under the auspices of Korean Christian women missionaries. A Korean Bible and a prayer-book were given to Miss Roosevelt. From the chapel the assemblage proceeded to a garden party given in honor of Miss Roosevelt and her party by American missionaries in Korean districts. All denominations were represented.

Letter from England.

A Visit to Bath—Pump Room and Roman Baths
Modern and Ancient Associations—The Abbey.
Beautiful Walks—Victoria Park and Beechen
Cliffs.

From the lake country, whence my last letter was dispatched, we came for three days to Warwickshire, and, besides the town of Warwick, where we made headquarters, visited Leamington, Kenilworth and Stratford. Of this region, however, so much has before been said in this correspondence that little will be added. For natural beauty, as well as literary and historical association, there is none in England more frequented, and the facilities of easy survey, already many, have during the present summer been increased by the opening of an electric railway between Warwick and Leamington. At Warwick the castle, St. Mary's church, the Leicester Hospital and the quaint old streets are not less interesting than the ruins which Scott has immortalized at Kenilworth, four miles away. In passing, it may be remarked that visitors to Warwick Castle now pay an admission fee of two shillings, instead of one, as formerly. Some suppose this is occasioned by the misconduct on the part of the crowds that come, of which there has long been complaint, and the importance of diminishing their numbers, while others say it is to increase the income of an impoverished estate. Eight miles southwest of Warwick is Stratford, that Mecca of every lover of the greatest of poets, which is of course the prime attraction of all. Four or five miles in the opposite direction lies pretty Leamington, a fashionable watering place, which, though without antiquities, can yet boast one of the stateliest and handsomest as well as largest parish churches in the kingdom—the Church of All Saints. Our next objective point, reached in less than three hours *via* Oxford, was Bath, where we passed several pleasant days.

Bath, the chief place in Somerset, with about 50,000 people, "beautifully situated in the valley of the Avon and on the slopes of the surrounding hills, is perhaps unrivalled among English provincial towns for its combination of archaeological, historic, scenic and social interest—a city of crescents and terraces, rising tier above tier to a height of above 600 feet." It does not look old, yet there is hardly in all England a place whose prominence as far back as the first century is so well ascertained. Its celebrity as a health resort, as its name shows, is due to its hot springs, both for bathing and drinking, and no other like place in Britain is so well known. Though its fame in modern times dates back two hundred and fifty years, it was not until the eighteenth century that it culminated and Bath became the most fashionable *spa* in the kingdom. The springs yield a half-million gallons daily at about 120° of "lime carbonated water," and are regarded as of highest utility in gout and rheumatism, as well as in liver and skin diseases. No other place probably has been so often the subject of English literary allusion in the past two centuries, nor any save the metropolis visited by so many people of distinction. Sir Walter Scott as a child was brought here for the treatment; Dr. Johnson came here with the Thrales; the Pitts, Burke, Nelson, Goldsmith, Sheridan and Miss Barney in their time "took the waters." Here the scenes of "The Rivals" and of many of Miss Austin's writings are laid, and here at one time we see Mr. Pickwick. In the Pickwick Papers, by the way, there is a valuable historical sketch of the town. The troubles of the civil war hindered the prosperity of the place, but after the Restoration it was visited by both Charles and James, and began to be established as an aristocratic resort. Mr. Pepys in his diary at this time records the first of a long series of glimpses of Bath, which from this time are found in well-known writers.

The centre of interest to the invalid is the great pump room, a big building in the classical style, erected something more than a century ago, with a motto from Pindar over the portico—which, being interpreted, is *Water is best*. It is said to have been suggested by Dr. Johnson. Access is free, but water is dispensed in an alcove at one side to non-subscribers at 2d a glass. At one end of the room is a statue of the celebrated Richard Nash (Beau Nash), framed copies of whose quaint rules of conduct hang in several places. It is said to have been due to this famous master of ceremonies in the first half of the eighteenth century that modern Bath became famous, his services having been effectual in introducing order and method into the amusements and customs of the place. He died in 1761 at an advanced age, and is commemorated by an interesting mural monument in the Abbey.

But, interesting as are the associations of the Bath of to-day, they are far surpassed in this regard by something else to be seen by merely passing from the great pump room into a contiguous new building in similar style erected a few years since, in which is the entrance to the Roman Baths. These baths, not yet fully explored, included an area of six or seven acres. Of them five great ones have already been excavated, and they are believed to have been founded by the Emperor Claudius, A. D. 49. Traces of the baths were discovered as far back as 1755, but remains far more considerable have been detected in the past twenty-five

years, and disclosures continue, all profoundly interesting. We examined one great rectangular bath, 110x68 feet, several smaller ones, ample apparatus for heating and abundant remains of conduits and pipes. The bottom of the large bath is still covered with lead, of which metal there are many pipes in nine-foot lengths carefully encased in stone and cement. Within the building which includes the ancient baths and on the level of the street are a spacious concert room, reading rooms, etc., and in the rear an open gallery overlooking the great bath twenty feet below, and adorned with modern statues of Roman emperors. What is seen is enough to show that at an early period of the Roman occupation the virtues of the hot springs of Bath were recognized by the invader, and that the place was even then a popular health resort. It is needless to add that the excavations already made and still going on are the delight of all archaeologists.

Close to the Pump Room is the Abbey church, the third ecclesiastical edifice on this site since the seventh century, and handsomely restored within the present generation. Striking and imposing without, the interior is stately and beautiful, most remarkable for the fine west window and the noble fan vaulting of the roof of the choir, to say nothing of some curious and interesting monuments. It is a sort of secondary cathedral of the diocese of Bath and Wells, though since 1542 the chapter of Wells alone has elected the bishop. We had the privilege of attending service there Sunday morning. There was a processional hymn, matins and litany, and the music was delightful. Evensong in the parish church of St. Michael, though also choral, was less satisfactory.

Of the monuments, one must be specified. It is that of Lady Jane Waller (wife to Sir William Waller, knight, a parliamentary general), of black and white marble, at the end of the south transept. There are recumbent effigies of knight and lady, flanked by two absurd kneeling children, one at the head and the other at the foot. The knight's nose is gone, having been hacked off, it is said, by the sword of James II, when on one occasion that monarch visited the church. Below is the inscription:

To the deare memory of the right vertuous and worthy Lady Jane Lady Waller sole daught'r and heire to S'r Richard Reynell wife to S'r William Waller Knight

Sole issue of a matchles paire
Both of their state and vertues heire
In graces great in Statue small
As full of Spirit as voyd of gall
Cherefully grave bounteously close
Holy without vainglorious Showes;
Happy and yet from envy free;
Learn'd without pride; witty yet wise
Reader this riddle read w'th me.
Here the good Lady Waller lyes.

It is not easy to close this mention of Bath Abbey, and especially of its tombs, without recurring to the celebrated recommendation of it by Sir Lucius O'Trigger as a place of sepulture to Bob Akers on the eve of the duel, "in case anything should happen." If the latter did not prefer to "be pickled and sent home," his friend assured him there was "very snug lying in the Abbey."

Few towns of its size offer more delightful walks than Bath. The North Parade, the South Parade, King's Mead Square and other localities were pleasantly associated with the plays of Sheridan and the novels of Jane Austen, and in the northwest quarter the characteristic Circus and Crescent, with the Assembly Rooms, lie in the way to Victoria Park. In this region many of the houses formerly inhabited by eminent persons are marked. The Park has a statue of the late queen, originally erected to commemorate her coming of age (18) as Princess Victoria, and since inscribed with the dates of important subsequent events in her life and the day of her death. Both park and botanical gardens are of singular interest and beauty. On the opposite side of the Avon, south of the town, we made a steep ascent to reach an eminence known as Beechen Cliff, and were rewarded by a wonderfully fine and comprehensive view. There are pleasure grounds at the summit and a descent by steps which bring one gradually to Pulteney Road, and then to the broad and handsome Pulteney Street, by which the north side of the city was re-entered near the Abbey.

Of the towns of minor importance in Great Britain, none known to the writer better rewards a visit than Bath. Replete with ancient as well as modern interest, beautiful for situation, bright and cheerful, we shall remember our visit with a pleasure which nothing but its brevity impaired.

L. M. B.

York House Hotel, Bath, August 14, 1905.

Light in the Darkness.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A sea voyage is a symbol of the voyage of life. When I have crossed the Atlantic I have loved to go out on the deck at night, and, standing by the binnacle, to watch the steersman at the wheel. The present gigantic steamers do not afford a passenger the opportunity to do this, as we once could do on a sailing packet. I have stood by the steers-

man when beyond the bow there arose a wall of darkness. Huge waves were smiting the vessel in the face. Great chasms opened in the dark for her prow to plunge in, and then, leaping upward, she would toss the spray off her, as a lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane. It looked hazardous enough for that great ship, with its freight of human life, to be driving on through the black midnight.

But all the time the pilot was at the helm. He looked steadfastly down at the binnacle light which shone on the face of the compass. That binnacle compass was the eye of the ship. By that faithful guide she sees her way through the pitchy darkness.

We hear the bell struck in the night,
We hear the noise about the keel,
We see the compass glimmer bright,
We know the pilot's at the wheel.

And so the shipmaster "cracks on" canvas, and pushes trustfully through the dark and over the billows.

In the same manner every child of God is to sail his way toward eternity. The future is all a mystery. No one knows what the next hour may bring forth. There are unseen trials and unlooked-for assaults of temptation. There are perils in the deep and threatening lee shores. Headwinds of adversity often swell into gales that send ruinous waves which make a clean breach from stem to stern. We know not what is in the darkness. But we do know that our compass is all right. It is of divine workmanship; it is God's own, infallible, inspired and unchangeable Word. The binnacle light shines full on its face and in the darkness we can read such precious truths as these which flash out like diamonds: "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "No good thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly." "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The binnacle light flames down beautifully on this precious truth: "All things work together for good to them who love God, who are called according to His purpose." "Hope thou in God, for we shall yet praise Him, who is the health of our countenance and our God."

Come up close to the light, all ye who are burdened with anxieties, and read these assuring words: "Be anxious for nothing; cast your cares upon Him, for He careth for you." Are you sorely tried with sharp providences that seem to your eye harsh and cruel? Then read these sweet words by the binnacle lamp: "Whom I love I chasten. No chastening is for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

Wait and see, my brother! Sorrow-stricken sister, wait and see! Look, too, at this glowing verse that flashes out in the darkness: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The end of the voyage is not far off to some of us. What saith the legend of the compass? Here it is: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe also in Me; in My Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." "It doth not appear what we shall be." No matter, so long as we know that "when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." Let the winds roar, then, if they will. Our Pilot is at the helm!

Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island,
Straight by the compass steer
Straight for the highland.

Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee,
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's Word is thy compass
Christ is thy light.

Crowd all thy canvas on
Out through the foam!
It soon will be morning,
And heaven be thy home.
Brooklyn, New York.

Tidings from Mr. Verner.

(From the Presbyterian Standard.)

Wissmann Falls, Central Africa, June 4, 1905.
I have this day experienced such signal evidence of the Providence of God that I must tell the Church which I love and revere all about it. Perhaps it may have been noticed that I have been silent in the Church papers about the expedition to Central Africa, which I have just ended. But now that I have delivered into Ndombe's hands all his people who visited the World's Fair at St. Louis with me without the loss of one, I feel impelled to resume my pen once more.

The reason why I have been silent is that some