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The Evangelist

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WHY PERHAPS ?

Perhaps my dear Father is thinking of me,
Perhaps all the ills of my life he does see ;
Perhaps even now there's a bow on the cloud,
Designed to assure the soul that is bowed.

Perhaps the bright promise he means to fulfill,
And in my weak soul greater love to instill ;
Perhaps he would make it more easy to trace,
The hand that is leading, the smile on his face.

Perhaps there are trials which others have known,
As real, or more bitter, than any mine own ;
Though dark was the way, ever onward they sped,
Perhaps they were truly, most graciously, led.

Perhaps this misgiving is sinfully wrong,
Instead of distrust, there should be a new song ;
A victorious song, triumphantly clear,
Other souls to confirm, or spirits to cheer.

Alas ! Faithless soul, cast "perhaps" far away,
Your Father is leading each step of the way,
There is no perhaps when love works its own will,
Be trustful and stable, "if need be," "be still."

The way is oft dark, or the passage is rough,
"Perhaps he is leading !" Oh, that's not enough ;
Take hold of his strength, and be firm in his might,
The way of God's leading soon beams with his light.
—Selected.

All Round the Horizon

Those who hoped that the end of the week would see the termination of the Dreyfus trial are doomed to disappointment. New "evidence" has been introduced, if the wild conjectures of an almost insane man, and the contradictory and contradicted hearsay reports of none too responsible persons may be called evidence. Evidently the prosecution is in desperate straits, and yet there are grave doubts as to the outcome. We cannot share them. We know indeed how religiously loyal the French people are to their army, but we have too deep a confidence in the essential rectitude of the French government and of the French people to doubt that the right will prevail in this case.

The British public is growing alarmed at the delay in South Africa. While war seems practically certain, and is predicted on both sides, every day's delay is adding to the Boers' strength. A conquest of the Transvaal will be a very serious undertaking at the best, and may involve England in complications to follow. This will be a war between modern and obsolete civilization. It seems impossible that there should be any other outcome than that the advanced civilization will by a natural law overwhelm the less advanced. It means the survival of the fittest. Still a large British army is needed to effect this result, and that army will not find the war a holiday excursion.

The comparative inactivity of our army in the Philippines during the dry season has given new zest to the old discussions between imperialist and anti-imperialist in the United States. Fortunately the conflict is not so bitter as of yore. A reported interview of Admiral Dewey, which our revered contributor, Dr. Cuyler, assumes to be authentic, but which

in view of past discredited reports, as well as of Admiral Dewey's known character, we venture to doubt, has encouraged up the antis to renewed activity ; while certain sharp and rather misjudged words of the President have put new vigor into the hopes of the expansionists. Truly the war seems to have degenerated into a war of words.

But the war department is by no means resting. Secretary Root is evidently preparing for a sharp and quick campaign as soon as the dry season opens. The new regiments are being officered rapidly and all regiments now formed can leave by September 25 if necessary. The Secretary's plan is understood to be to garrison all towns and strongholds taken from the insurgents, which General Otis has not been able to do, owing to the small force at his disposal. All Mr. Root's acts thus far simply increase the public satisfaction which greeted his acceptance of his present office. The new troops selected for the next campaign are the pick of the nation. Less than one in three of those who have applied have been enlisted. Such a rigid examination cannot fail to bring good results. Transports are being rushed across and every possible care is to be taken for the comfort and preservation of the army. If time, experience and energy will tell, the next campaign will be a great success. Our government has all possible data, and is prepared for every emergency. The Secretary of War seems to agree with General Funston, "The only solution of the problem will be through whipping the insurgents."

Commissioner Schurman has been perhaps wisely reticent as to his views upon the situation. He seems to consider Aguinaldo honest, and to think that the war arose from a misunderstanding of the American character among the common people, and political motives of the leaders, who fear loss of prestige and occupation under an American rule.

The news from Santo Domingo has been most interesting the past week. General Juan Jimenez, the revolutionary aspirant, was born under a lucky star. The Dominican President Figueroa resigned on Thursday. The revolution will probably dwindle down to a political campaign. Both sides announce that there is to be no more fighting, and the revolutionists, who are officially admitted to be in possession of the whole northern part of the island, are now recognized as "an opposition party." Almost a bloodless revolution. Indeed the fighting seems to have been used in the place of a straw vote ; to determine just how the political strength lay.

Yellow fever has appeared at three places in the United States. An isolated case in Indiana and two cases at New Orleans are not alarming ; but an epidemic of the scourge has broken out at Key West. Up to Sunday, thirty cases and three deaths were reported. Fortunately,

the type of the disease is a mild one ; moreover, the cold weather is not far off. The greatest harm will probably be in the damage to traffic and the business paralysis that prevails under a rigid quarantine. Gen. Leonard Wood has had most satisfactory results in his dealings with the yellow jack in Cuba. He has not only arrested the disease, but has succeeded in stamping it out by his method of isolation. The American control of the West Indies will effect a change in the dangers and ravages of this dread disease. It is simply a question of precaution and proper sanitary conditions, which the doctors and officials of the United States have already almost mastered.

Governor Roosevelt has been making several speeches in his tour of the state during the past week. At Hornellsville a man in the crowd shouted out, "How about the canals?" The Governor seems to have been unfortunate in his reply. Two features of the answer will bear criticism. He surely cannot contend that the charges against certain Republican officials were made solely by Democrats. A Republican committee appointed under Governor Black reported gross irregularities, and many individual Republicans have made like charges. The Governor's second mistake was more important. He said of the investigating attorneys: "They found the charges made by you were infamous lies and slanders, and so declared." What they really declared was that criminal prosecution was inadvisable, though "the discretionary powers vested in the Superintendent of Public Works and the engineers were unduly great and have been abused." Assuredly the Governor did not make a wilful misstatement. He has acted honestly and courageously in the canal matter ; but he has certainly given his political opponents an opportunity to accuse him of a slight swerving from the path of impartiality, and to claim that his words would have been far stronger had the guilty men been of the Democratic party. Civil service reform seems to be the only solution of the canal scandal.

There has been a sudden change in the position of the Municipal government towards rapid transit. Mr. Croker's right hand man, Corporation Counsel Whalen, now urges that the financial condition of the city is no longer a barrier, and says that "it is important that steps should immediately be taken to prepare the way for that great undertaking." Comptroller Coler commends its construction by the city and proposes to present a formal statement at the next meeting of the Rapid Transit Commission. It seems possible that New York will soon have this great improvement, but it may only prove another mirage.

General Booth of the Salvation Army has returned to London after an absence of nearly five months, during which he traveled thirty-five thousand miles. He has been in Australia, New Queensland and other remote lands.

MUSINGS AT MOHONK.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

This Mountain House with its surroundings is a "high-school," where one can pursue a sort of eclectic course of education for a month or two very profitably. Within doors is an abundance of fertilizing conversation by cultivated guests, and there is a well selected library of about twenty-five hundred volumes including several sets of Cyclopedias. Parlor-talks are given often by various prominent visitors. Booker T. Washington was here last week, with one of his practical talks on the best methods of elevating the negro. He sees quite enough in the problems of the black man in the South and the red man on the frontier to occupy our best efforts without undertaking the problem of the brown man in the Philippines—especially if the tuition is to be by bayonet and bullet. Those who spend a few weeks, or even days here can take quite a course in botany. There is a book-case full of botanical works, and out yonder is a superb garden covering nine or ten acres. In addition to all the larger shrubs that winter over, Mr. Smiley has set out this spring about ten thousand plants—of which two thousand embrace a great variety of roses. The show of lilies, gladioli, and hydrangea-paniculata are especially gorgeous.

The geologist finds here one of his richest fields. There is no such combination of picturesque rocks to be found on the Atlantic seaboard as on this spur of the Shawangunk range. Prof. Arnold Guyot quite revelled here in his geological studies and rambles. This was long a favorite tramping-ground of artists; and Cole, Whittredge, Huntington and McEntee found here their ample supply of subjects for landscape-work. Dr. Schaff and others have done much literary work here, and in this room where I am now writing, the American Committee of Bible-Revision once held their sessions for a fortnight. There is no end of pleasant entertainments here; and one night last week we all went off on the annual moonlight excursion to Guyot's Hill—in forty carriages with lamps swung under the wagons. Mr. Smiley's theory is that an abundance of innocent and wholesome recreation should be provided as a substitute for the "carnal" indulgencies of wine-bottles, card-tables and dancing.

The recent death of Prof. Alexander Balmain Bruce, the brilliant teacher of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis in the Glasgow Free Church College, is a sore loss not only to Presbyterianism, but to the whole Christian Church. He was the son of a carpenter, and got his first education in the parish-school of Aberdalgie; thence he went to Edinburgh University. His first book, "The Training of the Twelve," is a masterly work; and during my pastorate I found that when preaching on the Parables, I found no book so fresh in suggestions as his "Parabolic Teaching of Christ." As I once heard Carlyle say of Oliver Cromwell's speeches, he "penetrated into the core of the topic." The departure of Drummond, Blaikie, Bruce, Caird and A. K. H. Boyd leave Scottish Presbyterianism all the poorer; they were all prolific authors, and their books have gone to the ends of the earth.

Just now New York is preparing a splendid ovation to the gallant Admiral Dewey. The exploit of the Green Mountain sailor in knocking a Spanish fleet to pieces does not commend him so warmly to my fancy as his courage and spirit of wise humanity in declaring to the world his opinions in regard to the treatment of those Filipinos. A year ago he declared that they were an "intelligent people, and better fitted for self-government than the Cubans." Recently he has uttered—in a reported interview with a correspondent of the

London Daily News—about the strongest protest against the wretched war now being waged against those unhappy islanders that has been spoken. As ten days have elapsed since that reported interview took place, and no official denial of its authenticity has yet appeared, I shall presume on its genuineness. His wise words cannot be repeated too often; they ought to ring through the heart of our nation. He said, "I have never been in favor of violence towards the Filipinos. I should like to see autonomy first conceded, and then annexation might be talked about. This is my opinion. I should like to see violence at once put a stop to. According to my view the concession of self-government ought to be the most just and most logical solution."

If the heroic old Admiral will tell his countrymen such golden truths when he lands on his native shores, and will whisper them in the ears of President McKinley, he will be a national benefactor worthy of a statue of pure Vermont marble. Dewey's words have the Abraham Lincoln ring in them. No Buncombe demagogery in them about "hauling down the flag," or about making our Christian republic a "world-power" in the line of subjugating distant peoples to military sway. "What strange delusions seem to be harbored in many American minds! Some good folk are hailing the opening of that archipelago to "Christian missions"—as if the true weapons of Christianity were Gatling-guns and Springfield rifles. Thus far the principal "missionary" work done in Manila is the introduction of three hundred and fifty drinking-saloons—chiefly patronized by Americans!

Another delusion—that the New York Tribune seems to be especially laboring under—is that only one-fifth of all the Filipinos are opposed to our sovereignty and that four-fifths of the islanders are longing to live under the stars and stripes! Why then do not those four-fifths make short work with what our Government calls the "rebels?" The honest truth is—and it is becoming more evident every day—that a vast majority of those people do not like us, and a vast number of them absolutely hate us, and have no more hankering for our rule than for that of Spain. They do not like our religion; they do not like our habits (especially of the "canteen" and dram-shop sort); they do not like our amusements; they do not understand our language; and they regard us as intruders who have come there for selfish purposes, and to crowd out the natives from their own hereditary rights and possessions.

All these are most disagreeable facts that we may as well face before we sacrifice many more of the precious lives of our brave American sons and brothers. War-taxes are becoming burdensome, and this war is especially unpopular. It brings no glory to our arms, and no profit to our purses, and no comfort to our consciences—and it may be protracted for many years, like the Seminole war in Florida. Why not do as the brave General Funston recommends—"try diplomacy instead of gunpowder?" Now if any reader of The Evangelist sets me down as a "traitor" for thus exercising my American birthright of free-speech, let me reply that tens of thousands of my fellow-Christians agree with me, and I am only enlarging on the noble text which the heroic and patriotic Dewey has given me. Oh, for a *halt* to fire and sword, and a fair trial of Christian diplomacy!

LAKE MOHONK MOUNTAIN HOUSE, August 31, 1899.

The "highest" position in the Swiss Confederacy is at present occupied by Herr Johann Paravicini, who has been made station master of the last station, thus far completed, of the Jungfrau railway, at an elevation of upward of seven thousand feet above sea level.

THE NEW YORK PRESBYTERY AT NORTHFIELD.

John Balcom Shaw D.D.

So much that is unfounded and even misleading has appeared of late in the public prints regarding the attendance of the Presbyterian pastors of New York City in such large numbers upon the Northfield Conference just closed, that some word from one who knows the full facts in the case would seem to be called for.

It has been stated, as if authoritatively, that the whole thing was a "unity scheme," a practical plan for healing the differences and extracting the bitterness that had crept into New York Presbyterianism. Nothing could be more erroneous. The last year has witnessed the utmost harmony and good feeling in our Presbytery. The newspapers have often made opposite representations, but this was partly due to retaliation for the Presbytery's decision to sit behind closed doors, and partly a sensational endeavor on their part to continue the breezy reports which this body once unfortunately furnished. These recent months, while the papers, religious as well as secular, were indulging in much superfluous talk about our serious dissensions and rapid decline, our deliberations have been marked with fewer excited or unpleasant incidents than are usual in any parliamentary body, even those of an ecclesiastical character.

For the first time in several years special meetings for prayer and conference have been held, and the plan of Presbyterial visitation carried out. But the best proof that the Presbytery had entered upon a new era of peace and harmony lay in the fact that thrice in the election for the Moderatorship the vote was unanimous, and in the casting of other important votes, notably the ballot for Commissioners to the Synod, all divisive lines were erased. Under these conditions there was no need for a "unity scheme" to heal differences or remove bitterness. These had already disappeared.

In another sense unity was our purpose. It has long been felt that there was too little fellowship among our Presbyterian pastors, and a consequent lack of co-operation among our churches. Our congregations were growing selfish. Denominational loyalty and interest were decreasing, and this as much as anything was causing a decline in the strength of the Presbyterian Church in the American metropolis. Nothing but a closer acquaintance, it was agreed, a face to face knowledge of each other, and a heart to heart sympathy with each other, would remedy this. The brethren were tired of standing alone; they were hungry for each other's confidence and love; and when the opportunity came to get most of the active members of the Presbytery together under one roof and have them live together as a family for over a fortnight, it was embraced with a ready response that told how deeply the need it was intended to meet had been felt.

That the anticipations along these lines were not imaginary began to appear before the first day of our sojourn had closed. Men who had been utter strangers before, though working under common ecclesiastical control, became fast friends, reserve and self-consciousness drew into the background, prejudices were dissipated, and good cheer and kindly brotherhood took control. The results that must follow the fellowship of those days seem to many of us incompatible.

Even this object, however, clear and commanding as it was in the minds of those who organized the movement, was hardly the primal initiative. No one is more in danger of becoming a spiritual castaway than the busy, driven New York pastor. He grows worldly-minded without knowing it. In the effort it costs him to reach other men's souls his peril