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WHOLE No.
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The Evangelist

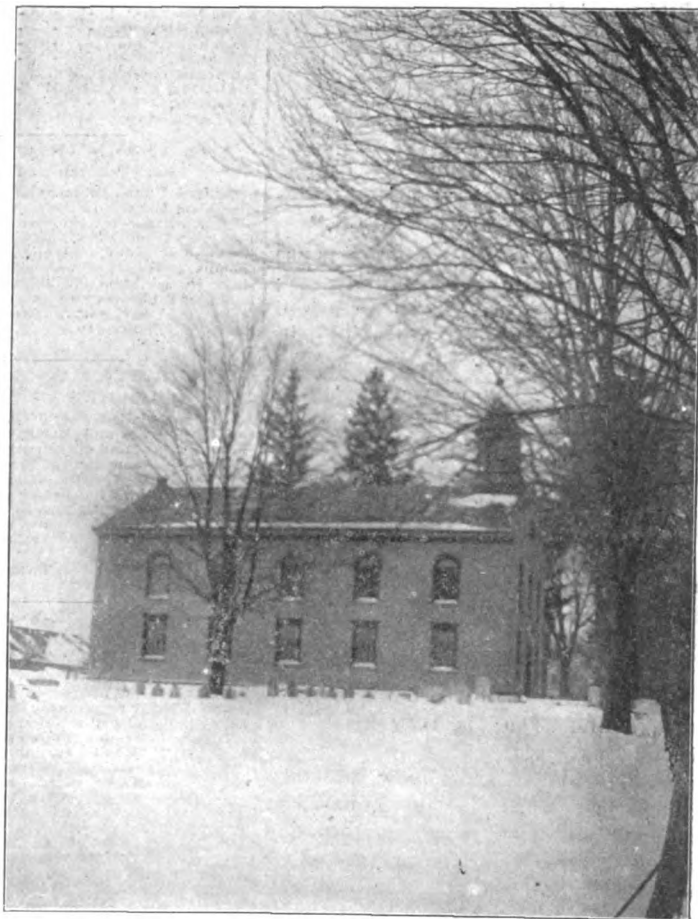
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BURIAL SONG.

Augusta Moore.

"Ashes to ashes; dust to dust,"
But I shall fly away!
The part of my being I leave in trust
I shall come for another day.

For I am a spirit, a body and soul,
Triune, and I thus must be,
A human being, complete and whole,
Through a glad eternity.

So, good, green Earth, in thy quiet breast,
(For "a little while" to stay).
I leave the part that has need of rest,
And "unclothed," I fly away.

But I at "the end of days" mine own
To reclaim, shall surely come,
And "sinew to sinew, and bone to bone,"
Reclothed, I shall speed me Home.

So ashes to ashes and dust to dust!
But I shall fly away,
Though part of my being I leave in trust,
Till the Resurrection Day.

All Round the Horizon.

The trial of Captain Dreyfus has begun. The opening session of his second court martial took place in the Hall of the Lycée at Rennes on Monday morning. The scene was imposing, the tribunal being military and the seven judges officers in dress uniform. Captain Dreyfus maintained his self-possession to a remarkable degree, considering all he has gone through. Twice only he lost self-control. First, after the reading of the original bill of indictment with all its since disproved charges, and their recapitulation by Colonel Jouast, the presiding judge, being asked if he recognized the bordereau, Captain Dreyfus broke into sobs as he exclaimed, "I am innocent! . . . I am a victim!" and again when it was averred that he had confessed his guilt to Du Paty de Clam. He then uttered in a piercing voice the words, "It is iniquitous to condemn an innocent man! I never confessed anything, never!" The general belief in Paris is that the French Government will see absolute justice done. The harshness shown by Colonel Jouast is in some quarters, and with a show of reason, said to be with intent to forestall a charge of undue mildness. The fact that the court martial is not to hold secret sessions goes far towards confirming that belief. The world's verdict has already been given. Let us hope that the Rennes Court will follow it.

Since the assassination of the President of the Dominican Republic the situation there has been serious. An incipient revolution is being fostered by several influential Generals and politicians. The chief conspirator is Gen. Juan Jimenez, at present in Havana. His experience in revolutions has been ample and his personality is strong and forceful. As the whole island is on the *qui vive*, it would seem to an outsider inexperienced in revolutions that the opportunity was hardly a favorable one. The United States has been dragged into the affair, through the forcible arrest of a con-

spirator who had entered the Legation Building. The gunboat *Machias* is now at Santo Domingo to anticipate any difficulties that may arise from the political situation.

Secretary Root is taking hold of matters with a strong hand. He is making a searching examination into the details of the war department; particularly as to the management of the Philippines. While Mr. Root is a cautious man he is also a thorough one, and he will not stop until he is satisfied as to every detail of value. It is believed at Washington that he will increase the army in the Philippines to forty thousand men, and that he will make some changes gradually in the personnel of the officers.

General Otis seems to have misunderstood the difficulties with which he had to cope. However, we have heard but one side of that dispute as yet; and it is hardly fair to take a snap judgment. The Philippine outlook is not so gloomy as it has been. With a new Secretary and added forces and a few possible changes as to the management, the end of the war may be nearer than we now believe.

With war in our distant colonies we are apt to overlook the Indian uprising that has grown into alarming proportions in the gold mountains of Mexico. Fully one thousand well armed braves are reported on the war path. Several American miners have been killed, and the lives of many more are in danger. The Mexican Government is pushing matters, with two thousand soldiers in the field, but the guerilla methods of the Yaquis will probably prolong the war for some time. The outbreak arose over a land dispute, and it seems that the Indians have some justice on their side, for the miners were undoubtedly trespassing upon their reservation.

The situation at Hampton with regard to the yellow fever is greatly improved. Utmost precautions have been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. The fever is now under perfect control and there have been no new cases for some time. It is remarkable how much confidence the American public has come to have in our health authorities. Where ten years ago the nation would have been seriously alarmed if not stampeded, to-day the yellow fever reports have not even attained the dignity of a newspaper scare. No quarantine has been taken out against the adjacent towns and cities and commerce and travel have suffered little.

The Mazet Committee is working harder than ever these hot summer days. Just at present their investigations are directed towards political favoritism and jobbery in municipal contracts. The famous firm of Horgan and Slattery, architects for the present administration, has been raked over the coals. The examination was a laughable one; and yet there is much to grow serious over in this investiga-

tion. The people are learning the caliber of our public servants. And it may not be long before our public servants learn the caliber of the people of Greater New York. At any rate the examination seems to have frightened Messrs. Horgan and Slattery into bankruptcy.

No one seems to understand the true inwardness of the attitude of the Council on the bond issue. There are many possible explanations, and both sides are anxious to make converts. Mr. Moss seems to think the obstructionists honest. The result has been that the Council voted bonds for a Croton watershed and refused to vote bonds for the Hall of Records or for repairing. There seems to be a political deal somewhere and Rapid Transit is probably one of its elements.

There has been much discussion during the past week about a great ship canal to the lakes. The Deep Water Way Commission is meeting and considering several schemes, and a proposed waterway costing two hundred million is to be thoroughly discussed. Several routes are suggested and many reports have been received. One of these contemplates a canal three and one-third times the depth and five times the width of the Erie Canal, to extend from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, thence to Oneida Lake and along the Mohawk to the Hudson. Whatever the solution may be, the results of the investigation and discussion upon such an important subject can only be productive of good results.

Two frightful accidents occurred on Sunday. At Bridgeport, Conn., the greatest catastrophe in that state for fifty years took place. A car on the new trolley line there jumped the track on an unguarded bridge and fell forty feet. The total number of killed is twenty-nine. An excursion party near Bar Harbor encountered death through the breaking of a forty-foot gang plank. Two hundred fell in a mass into the water, and in spite of all that could be done twenty were drowned.

The strike fever still prevails. The New York Sun has been suffering from it this week. The Sunday edition gave evident tokens of trouble; but precisely what is the matter does not appear to be clear. The newsboys' strike collapsed last week. It is difficult not to regret it, simply because one's sympathies cannot but be with so picturesque and interesting a company—and mostly small boys at that—as against a powerful organization. Perhaps, in fact, the strike was not so simple a matter as that; it is at least whispered that rival newspapers were backing up the small boys. However that may be, a strike is more or less a question of organization. Aply as the little fellows have imitated the methods of older unions they were not quite strongly enough united among themselves.

OLD SAYBROOK.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

If any one wants to see a typical New England town in its primitive and unspoiled beauty, let him visit Old Saybrook. Its spacious central avenue—two hundred feet wide—was laid out when land was cheap; and the magnificent elms which form a glorious cathedral of greenhth must have been planted in the days of George Washington. Even New Haven cannot boast such elms as these. Saybrook is one of the historic towns of our republic. A few Dutchmen from "Nieuw Amsterdam" came here before the "Mayflower" saw Plymouth Rock; and in 1635 an English colony was planted here at the mouth of the Connecticut River. The ancient oblong tomb of Lady Fenwick, the wife of Sir George Fenwick, is the most cherished relic of antiquity in the village.

Two things have made Saybrook famous. The first one is that it was the birthplace of Yale University. Down on the shaded road towards the steamboat landing stood the house in which Abraham Pierson presided over the infant institution. In that humble building was held the first commencement of Yale on the 13th of September, 1702, and degrees were conferred on six students, all of whom became preachers of the Gospel. During the thirteen years that the little college maintained its struggling existence here, forty-eight men were graduated, and of these no less than thirty-four entered the ministry! Yale was practically founded as a "school of the prophets." There was a strife as to the permanent location of the institution between Saybrook, Hartford, Weathersfield and New Haven, and the latter place carried off the prize. Elihu Yale donated to the promising infant a little money and a few books, and so secured his immortality more cheaply than any man I can now recall.

The second historic event was the construction of the once famous "Saybrook Platform." The Congregationalists of Connecticut were not satisfied with the "Cambridge Platform" of doctrine and ecclesiastical government, and the legislature ordered a council of ministers to be held for the building of a new one. Accordingly about two score of them convened here in September, 1708, and they prepared a confession of faith, and certain canons of church polity which were accepted as the "platform" of orthodoxy throughout the commonwealth. I am not certain that if a ministerial council were called—anywhere in New England—to-day, it would compile a confession of faith as near to the old "Westminster standards" as those Yankee preachers builded in Saybrook almost two centuries ago.

This morning I drove up into the beautiful town—with its witchery of fine old mansions embowered under the stately elms—and halted at the Public Library, founded by the late Thomas C. Acton. Like many other large-hearted New Englanders, Mr. Acton (whom New York still remembers as our efficient Commissioner of Police) enriched his native place with a free library—a most commendable way to endear his memory to coming generations. I am not lodging in the town, but like "Simon the tanner" of Joppa, I am "by the seaside." Nay, our quarters are more amphibious than Simon's; for this cottage is built on a dozen cedar posts so close to the sea that at high tide the water is three feet deep under the piazza! A most aquatic habitation it is, too; and I find it hard to believe that I am not on board of a ship. At this moment I look out from my window over an unbroken expanse of sunlit waves that stretches away to the dimly-described shores of Long Island. The "Sound" is the great thoroughfare for skippers, and a dozen sails are constantly in sight; during the evening the big Boston steamers float past us, like huge fire-flies through the

darkness. When the tide is out, there is rare sport for our "wee" grandson in digging for clams or sailing his tiny boat in the shallow pools. The peculiar odor of sand and sea-weed is very grateful, and the perpetual coolness is enchanting. Oh, how restful is this secluded spot! There is not even a mermaid to call "for a subscription," or an invitation to harangue for a "Society of Old Oystermen;" and the tinnabulations of a door-bell are never heard. This whole southern coast of Connecticut is delightful for a summer outing. It has been a prolific region to enrich church and state. Lyman Beecher and John Todd and many another great preacher spent his boyhood on these shores; and from them went to the busy marts of New York such noble Christian merchants as William E. Dodge and George Bulkley and Simeon B. Chittenden and Morris K. Jesup.

This is a paradise for hammock-swinging and quiet reading. And while the sad war with those poor Filipinos drags its slow and wearisome length along, it is pleasant to read the proceedings of the peace conference now closing its deliberations at The Hague. All that some of the over-sanguine advocates for disarmament hoped for has not been realized; but the wisdom of calling such a grand conference has been abundantly justified. That the foremost nations on the globe should have sent of their choicest and purest men to promote the glorious interests of international peace is an event to crown the closing years of the nineteenth century with a benediction of universal gratitude. One more year is left before this century ends; for it takes nineteen hundred full years to complete the nineteenth century; and before the next year terminates I honestly believe that the principles of arbitration agreed upon at The Hague will have commanded a general approval and substantial acceptance. War is becoming more deadly and at the same time more difficult than it was when this century began—amid the thunder of Napoleon's guns.

The United States and England were both splendidly represented at The Hague; but to Russia belongs the honor of initiating the conference, and of sending there the man who worked the hardest to make the conference a success. Mr. John de Bloch, a wealthy and philanthropic Russian gentleman (though not a delegate to the congress), came there with copies of his great work on "The Future War"—a powerful plea for arbitration. He delivered several public lectures (illustrated with stereopticon views), which were attended by many of the delegates. He entertained the delegates with generous hospitalities. He presented to them all the arguments for disarmament which he had been collecting during the last twenty years; for John de Bloch is as intense an enthusiast for international peace as Wilberforce ever was for negro-emancipation, or Neal Dow for the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating drinks. Next to him the most effective laborer for the cause of arbitration was Mr. William Stead of London, who has been waging a Peace-Crusade over Great Britain with the most tremendous earnestness. British pulpits have nobly seconded his efforts; and great public meetings have endorsed the Christian principle of arbitration. Why, oh, why is it that the American pulpits and American churches have not spoken out with a more vehement and commanding utterance?

SAYBROOK, CONN., AUGUST 3, 1899.

The Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C. (Dr. T. S. Hamlin pastor), has been regularly open all summer for the usual Sunday morning service at 11 o'clock, thus affording a place of worship for all who may be at the capitol of the nation during the summer season.

THE JEWISH CHAUTAUQUA SOCIETY.

Charles Cuthbert Hall D.D.

For those who ponder with an unquestioning faith the mighty prophecies of the Scripture touching Israel, the present spiritual movement in some Jewish circles is full of interest. It is my privilege to be much in conference with Hebrew friends and I desire to bear testimony to the helpfulness of that intercourse. I am deeply impressed with the seriousness of purpose, and the yearning anxiety for spiritual growth which mark some of the present leaders of Jewish thought in America. The great traditions of Israel, the unique relation of Judaism to Christianity, the common origin of our holy faith, the Hebraic authorship of most of the New Testament, the earthly lineage of our Adorable Saviour; all these things combine to offset and to rebuke the unholy alienation which for centuries has separated Protestant Christians from the seed of Abraham. During the last winter and spring I was repeatedly privileged to address Jewish audiences on spiritual themes, and never have I witnessed more eager responsiveness, more intelligent perception, or more kindly and generous welcome. Very lately I have been present at the Third Summer Assembly of the Jewish Chautauqua Society at Atlantic City, speaking, by request of the society, upon "The Training of Religious Teachers." It was inspiring to find, amidst the exciting and diverting conditions of a great summer resort, a body of thoughtful men and women upon whose souls seemed to lie a heavy burden of responsibility for the spiritual life of their race. Among them I found a zeal for prayer, a yearning for Bible study, a perception of the essential importance of the spiritual life which deeply impressed me. I came away more sure than ever that God has some wondrous destiny in store for his ancient people, and that his Holy Spirit is to-day striving with the rulers in Israel for the fulfilment of a divine plan. It would not surprise me to behold in the first decade of the twentieth century a great outpouring of grace upon Israel, a blessed illumination of minds to discern the divine glory of him concerning whom many learned and noble Hebrews already speak with reverence.

THE HARVARD SUMMER SCHOOL

The first session of the Cambridge "Harvard Summer School of Theology" appears to have been a success, as regards both spirit and attendance. In character it was strictly undenominational and its standard was that of pure scholarship. Among those heard with special interest during the fifteen days' season were Dr. A. C. McGiffert of New York, and Dr. Moore of Andover. Dr. McGiffert's course contained six lectures on "Early Church History and Doctrine." Professor Moore's theme was "Methods of Old Testament Study."

The Boston Transcript thus refers to the impression made by Prof. McGiffert:

"That fearlessness which is unconscious that one was ever feared was exemplified in these lectures of a man whose notoriety must be taken up into notability. It was the straightforward testimony of one who knows without presumption, and knows that he knows without egotism. There was no awareness of the incipient heresy hunter in every breast, as with nervous, rapid delivery the self-possession of the scholar was exemplified. The facts were brought out and allowed to speak for themselves, and he would be a bold or naïve antagonist who would dare dispute what they said."

Of those present as students the registration reached 104, 88 being clergymen, and 3 theological professors. Congregationalists, 27; Unitarians, 17; Episcopalians, 15; Baptists and Methodists, 5 each; Presbyterians, 3; Christian Disciples, 2 is the denominational roll.