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The Evangelist

W. B. Gillett

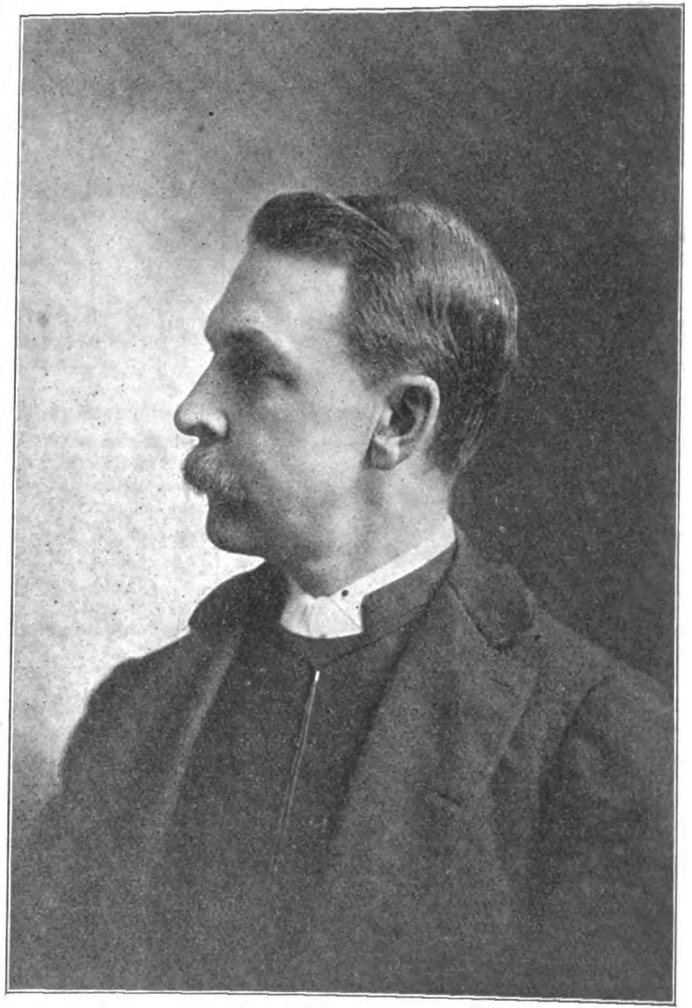
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President of Union Theological Seminary

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THE LAST LOOK.

William Butler Harte.

What seest thou, my precious dead!
What speaks that wondrous smile upon thy face,
That look of perfect peace and sweet content—
Is it the holy calm of Heavenly grace?
Is it the glorious light of God the Father,
The blissful vision of the Redeemer, friend;
The peace that passeth all our comprehension,
The joys of Heaven that nevermore shall end?

Is all made clear, the wonder, doubt and mystery,
Have all the shadows lifted, does the morning dawn?
Is it the end of suffering, blinding tears and sorrow,
The battle fought, a glorious victory won?
The cross laid down, the crown attained,
The ransomed spirit safely welcomed home,
Seeing the streets of gold, the gates of pearl,
The King in all His beauty on His throne?

Was it a sweet surprise to find in Death a friend,
A trusted messenger direct from God to thee,
To leave this still cold body on the earth
And set thy glad immortal spirit free?
What hearest thou, O placid dead!
What soothing sounds have greeted thee above
To give thy features that serene repose—
Is it the Master's "still small voice" of Love?

The faithful soul's reward,—"well done;"
The "Come ye blessed, enter into rest;"
Or strains of music falling on thine ear,
The songs of praise and worship of the blest?
O peaceful dead! so stately, cold and still,
From thy mute lips no answer comes to me.
But that rare smile, more eloquent than words,
Tells me thou art with God and all is well with thee.

All Round the Horizon.

Early last week a cable message from Admiral Dewey told of an expedition of the Yorktown to the east coast of Luzon for the purpose of rescuing some thirty-five Spanish officers, priests and soldiers held in captivity by the insurgents, in which the commanding officer, Lieutenant Gillmore, and fourteen sailors were taken prisoners. Baler, the point where the event occurred, is about 112 miles from Manila, on the east coast, in a mountainous province nearly inaccessible except on the sea shore. The capture of Lieutenant Gillmore and his men awakes grave apprehension on account of the ferocities of Aguinaldo and his followers. At latest advices Admiral Dewey was making every effort to ascertain the whereabouts of Lieutenant Gillmore, but as yet ineffectually.

General Lawton having returned to Manila after his successful campaign on the east of Laguna de Bai set out on Friday for Novaliches, while General MacArthur advanced upon Malolos. On Sunday there was a hot engagement north of Malolos, in the neighborhood of Guinga; ending at last in the retreat of the Filipinos, not without loss to our side, conspicuously that of Col. Stotsenburg of the Fourth Cavalry. General MacArthur's column advanced upon Calumpit, where Aguinaldo is said to be strongly entrenched. General Lawton is co-operating in an attempt to cut off their retreat to the mountains.

Rumors have been rife the past week of a treasonable organization in this country intended to give such moral support to Aguinaldo

as to contribute to his ultimate victory. It is not probable that any such organization exists, but it is certain that the parents and friends of certain Western soldiers have been clamorous for their return, that telegrams have been sent by injudicious individuals to volunteers, urging them to insist upon discharge, and that the foolish utterances of anti-expansionist people and newspapers have led Aguinaldo to believe that an important majority of persons in this country uphold him now. General Otis has admitted that these unwise utterances are greatly enhancing his difficulties. It should be mentioned that by no means all the Western regiments are implicated in this complaint. Many of them are entirely loyal. That it is two months and more since Gen. Otis undertook to subdue the rebellion is, as several London papers point out, no long time for such an enterprise.

The principal problems in Cuba at present are those of administration, but there are a few tokens that all is not yet quiet. A bomb was thrown into a parade in honor of General Gomez last week, and there have been disorderly attacks by negroes upon the Havana police. The government is still busy with the question of the extension of time to borrowers, with modifications of criminal procedure, and with the improvement of prisons.

An address was presented to the President by a delegation from Puerto Rico last week requesting relief from military rule and the establishment of a popular government, with free trade. The shipping laws have been suspended in regard to Puerto Rico, to give the people a better opportunity to recover from disaster. The Roman Catholic Bishop of New Orleans has been translated to Puerto Rico.

Spain is setting about the building of a new navy, the Chambers having been asked to sanction a budget of 2,500,000 pesetas for the purpose. The Carlist movement is active in England and it is said that a plot was discovered and suppressed in Madrid a few days ago. Notwithstanding which there is little probability that the government will be seriously threatened.

The French government has made a request for a decision in the Dreyfus matter before May 2, when the Chamber reassembles. There seems to be a general opinion that the Court will reject the motion for revision, not because of a conviction that Dreyfus is guilty, but simply on the ground that Mme Dreyfus's petition for revision was based on inadequate grounds, and that to decide for revision would be to go beyond the facts brought in evidence. Nevertheless the effect of the testimony actually given has been to cause so general a revulsion of popular opinion that there is no room to doubt that a legal method will be found of establishing Dreyfus's innocence—if he is innocent. The rumor that the prisoner will simply be pardoned is probably without foundation. Such a course would satisfy neither party, and least of all Dreyfus himself.

That the freedom of the press is a good thing is hardly more certain than that it is also a dangerous thing. It is clear that certain newspapers made too much of some ill-advised words in a speech made by the Captain of the Raleigh at a dinner of the Union League Club, and that the result was, or might have been, a straining of relations between Germany and this country. Three important considerations ought to enter here: one is that Captain Coghlan knows, as neither the American nor the German public know, how much the difficulty of Admiral Dewey's position was enhanced a year ago by the conduct of the German naval commander, Von Diederichs. Another is that, as has not unseldom happened before, the reports of Captain Coghlan's utterances transmitted to Germany by the Reuter Agency appear to have been purposely exaggerated. The third and most important is the position most properly taken by Secretary Hay, that the Government is in no sense responsible for an after dinner speech. It would indeed be absurd if every private utterance or semi-public utterance of even a high Government official were to be held as of international importance. As a matter of fact our navy has had its own trials with regard to certain foreign officials, and the wonder is that it has kept its temper so well. Nevertheless, as things now are, in Samoa and elsewhere, loyal officers of the Government will no doubt desire to exercise all possible prudence and self-control.

The London Missionary Society has uttered a protest against Mr. Lloyd Osborne's assertion that the Society supports the candidature of Malietoa Tanu for the throne of Samoa because Mataafa is a Roman Catholic. As a matter of fact the Society has so little taken sides that the missionary premises are crowded with refugees from Mataafa's villages, and his wounded warriors are being treated by one of their medical missionaries.

Major Lee, summing up the testimony in the army beef investigation, shows it to establish the contention of General Miles that the canned beef furnished to the army in Cuba was unfit for food, and that those who are responsible knew it to be so. The alleged impossibility of furnishing beef on the hoof to the army in Cuba and Puerto Rico is disproved by the facts that during the progress of the war enough live beef was shipped from the Southern Atlantic and Gulf ports to have supplied the troops for thirteen years, and that Puerto Rico alone furnishes live stock enough to feed over a million persons. The verdict in the matter has not yet been reached.

The prosecution of eight men for the lynching of Frazer D. Baker, whose only crime was that being a negro he was also postmaster—in Lake City, S. C.—has ended with a disagreement of the jury. It is a step in advance that there was a prosecution at all, that a jury of twelve men could be found, and still further

that five of the twelve stood out twenty-two hours for conviction. Yet that public opinion is lamentably at fault in the South has just been shown by two lynchings in Georgia, with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. A state of terror not unnaturally prevails among the negroes of the district, who are moving away as rapidly as possible. It is hardly fair, however, to attribute such horrors as the torturing and burning of one negro and the mutilation and hanging of another entirely to a low state of public opinion. It is partly political bitterness, partly the unquestionably lax sentiment with regard to atrocious crime among the negroes as a race, and chiefly the failure of the law to bring the guilty to punishment. Yet the disgrace of such atrocities must rest upon the entire South unless they are promptly disavowed in a signal manner. Such utterances as those by which an Atlanta paper condones the fiendish acts are a darker reflection upon the South than the crimes themselves.

PAYING THE FARE.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

When Jonah took it into his foolish head to run away to Tarshish "from the presence of the Lord," he went on board of an outward-bound vessel, and "paid the fare thereof." That was an expensive excursion. He lost his money. He lost his time. He lost the approval of his conscience and the smile of God. He would have lost his life but for a miraculous rescue and he returned to Joppa a sadder and a wiser man. When anyone attempts to run away from God he is sure to be overtaken, and when anyone chooses a seductive path of sin, he pays dearly for the folly.

I see it announced in the daily journals that a certain heart-broken young wife has been divorced from a worthless husband for "cruelty and desertion." It was all in vain that her parents besought her not to entrust her heart and her happiness to one who hid a rotten character behind a handsome face and polished manners; she took the reckless risk, and has paid the fare thereof. In all my life-long observation I have almost never known a marriage contracted in opposition to the wishes of loving parents, that has not turned out badly. The wages of filial disobedience are apt to be death to happiness.

Not long ago I met a man whom I had known in his better days; he was reeling along under the escort of a policeman towards the station-house. Poor creature, he was paying the toll on the devil's turn-pike. The heartless saloon-keeper who sold him the poison will be required to pay his when he reaches the judgment-bar of a righteous God. Let the young understand that every pathway of sensual indulgence—whether it leads to impure books, or to salacious scenes in a theater, or to any gratification of sensual lusts, will sooner or later encounter a toll-gate of retribution. Can any young man or maiden take hot coals of fire into the bosom and not be scorched?

Roads to gross sins that pollute the body and the soul are not the only perilous ones. There is a pathway to political preferment into which bright and ambitious young men are pushing; if in name for the service of the people, yet too often only for party or self-advancement. The "fare" they pay is a constant worry, a temptation to trick and intrigue, a readiness to descend in character in order to ascend into high office, and a wretched demoralization of conscience. Civil office ought to be accepted as an honorable and sacred trust; but unfortunately the atmosphere of "practical politics" in our country is so contaminating that few clean men stay in it long without a smirch on their reputations. Whoever chooses that road of ambition let him count the cost.

Over in yonder city streets to-day are thousands of men mad to get rich. That appetite grows by what it feeds on. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver," and they who determine that at all hazards they will win wealth must pay the penalty. Gold is an excellent servant when held in trust for God and good men; it is a cruel master when it owns its possessor. "How do you feel to-day?" was asked of a millionaire who at fourscore was tottering along feebly for an airing. "I feel better," was the pitiful reply, "I feel better to-day, stocks are up!" The poor rich man was almost in sight of eternity; yet he was hugging his money-bags as a drowning man hugs a plank. Whoever travels the thronged road of covetousness must "pay the fare thereof."

I could multiply illustrations; but they would all point to the one great solemn truth that *sin is about the costliest thing in God's universe*. However smooth its tongue and bewitching its promises, the wages it exacts are *death*! It always "finds us out;" and Christians need to remember this as much as the most worldly-minded slave of Mammon or the most impure slave of sensual appetite. It was one of God's prophets who fled from the path of duty into the path of inclination, and "paid the fare thereof." Even some ministers have been overtaken on the road to Tarshish, and have been glad to get back penitently to their right field of labor in Nineveh. The "meek will he guide in his way."

Is not a life of godliness costly, too? Yes, but in quite another way. The straight road towards heaven by the redeeming love of Christ Jesus hath "a fare thereof" also. Repentance and faith are demanded at the entrance-gate. "If thou wilt enter into life," says Jesus, "keep my commandments. He that would come after me, let him *deny himself* and take up his cross and follow me." All the richest graces, all the noblest deeds of love for others, all the grandest achievements for the glory of our blessed Master are costly. Crosses are the price of unfading crowns. There is this mighty difference between the "fare" on the two roads into eternity. On the one, the wages are paid—in hell! At the end of the other, the reward is paid—in heaven!

Recent advices received by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association from its representatives with the army in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands, report the supplies of good reading matter to be inadequate to the needs of the different camps and barracks. Gifts to supply these needs are desired, and the Committee will engage to forward contributions of good literature which are sent to its office, No. 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York City, to the different camps in these islands. The gifts may be of books, as well as late numbers of illustrated papers and magazines. A number of traveling libraries to consist of fifty or more volumes would be appreciated by the men in Cuba and Puerto Rico, where the regiments are divided into small detachments at different points, making the condition of the men more dreary than if they were in camp with a large number of men with whom they were acquainted. These libraries could be circulated by the Young Men's Christian Association secretaries; and as they can be provided at small expense, it is hoped that a large number of friends of our soldiers may be found who will avail themselves of such an opportunity to help make the lot of the men composing our army more pleasant.

The Rev. Alexander Connell of London has declined the call of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Such, at least, is the purport of a cable message received on Monday.

Dr. Field's Letters.

A RUSTY OLD TOWN LIKE NANTUCKET WAKING FROM THE SLEEP OF CENTURIES.

The Spaniards Have Some Traits of the Yankees.—They Rise Early and Work Hard, and Save Their Small Earnings.—In This Way Some of Them Begin at the Bottom and Climb to the Top.—The Harbor of Cienfuegos is Large Enough to Hold all the Fleets of the World.

My last letter was full of shadows, as I had to draw frightful pictures of the crime and misery that follow in the track of war. But the moment that peace was declared the clouds broke away and the air was full of sunshine. To be sure, Cienfuegos is a rusty old place, and had been asleep, like Rip Van Winkle, for so many years that it took some time for it to wake up and look about to see "where it was at." But at last it got its eyes open wide enough to see that the Spanish rule was gone, and that they should see it no more, whereupon they accepted the new order of things, not indeed very graciously, but with the silent stoicism of men who, after a long struggle, realize that they cannot help themselves, and submit to the inevitable. But for the presence of the American officers, who dine at our hotel every day, we should hardly realize that there is a military occupation of the city. To be sure, there are a few companies of soldiers camped on the hill-tops a mile or two away, whose tents are a picturesque feature in the landscape, but not once have I seen them marching through the streets to the sound of fife and drum, or even heard in the distance the boom of the sunrise or sunset gun. Surely peace has come, and come to stay.

But the old town has not lost its interest because of the sudden stillness that has come down upon it and wrapped it like a cloud. When the Captain of the Port took me on a drive over the hills, from which we looked down upon the city, I did not discover a single new house, nor one that was being built! Not a sound of the axe or the hammer broke upon the stillness of the air. The old Spanish houses might have been built in the days of Columbus!

Strange as it may seem, there is a fascination in this silence and solitude. It is restful, not only to the eye, but to the mind, to see something that is *not* brand-new: something that seems to be a part of the earth itself, that has been standing from the foundation of the world, and that will perish only in the last conflagration. In our country we have almost no antiquities. The only town that I can recall as after the pattern of Cienfuegos is Nantucket, which has the moss of centuries upon it so that it seems to belong to a pre-historic age, and the "old salts" (a few of whom may still be seen creeping about the town, sitting on the wharfs, and looking off upon the sea), might easily be taken for antediluvians, who sailed with Noah in the Ark: a feeling that has come to me more than once as I have been wandering about these silent and almost deserted streets.

It is, however, one thing to be old and another to be *dead*, and neither Nantucket nor Cienfuegos has quite given up the ghost. The Yankees are hard to kill, and so are the Spaniards—and if it were a question of tenacity of life I should hardly dare to wager on the superior toughness and vitality of my countrymen. It is not a question of battle—but of the battle of life, which is to be won by patient industry and every sort of sacrifice. The old adage runs

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

a rule which our farming population, the best type of our countrymen, follow with religious care. But in the hours of labor, the Spaniards