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The Evangelist

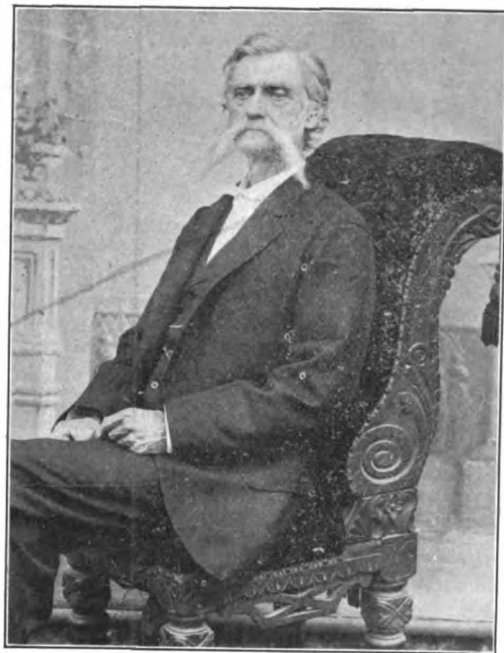
VOLUME LXX

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1899

No. 30

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MY OWN FRIEND.

My life was in the shadow till that time
When my Sun rose, painting all the sky
With heavenliest beauty; then my day began,
For I saw Thee, God's messenger come nigh.

God never loved me in so sweet a way before,
'Tis He alone who can such blessings send,
And when His love would new expression find
He sent Thee to me and He said: Behold, a Friend!

So now, my life complete, my heart content,
I hold to Thee, God's gift in time of need,
Only heaven's pure joys can mate the joy I feel,
To find in one so dear, so near, a Friend indeed!

[Who is the author? ED. EVANGELIST.]

All Round the Horizon.

Doubtless the most important as well as the most interesting event of the week is the resignation of the Secretary of War with the appointment of his successor. This office appears to be one of peculiar difficulty, requiring as it does eminent ability in two departments, and sharing as it must in one of them both power and responsibility. That is, a Secretary of War must understand the requirements of an army, must be able to meet them all and must bear the responsibility of failure to provide for all contingencies, yet that direction of the army out of which these requirements arise belongs in part to the general-in-chief and in part to the president. And more than this, his duties cover a large field where legal knowledge and experience is of more importance even than the executive ability required by the necessities of an army. It is not surprising then that we have in fact had few Secretaries of War who have given entire satisfaction, especially in time of war.

That the President has selected Mr. Elihu Root of this city to take the portfolio laid down by Mr. Alger appears to argue that he deems eminent legal ability to be more important at the present juncture than experience in military affairs. For Mr. Root is conspicuously a successful lawyer and has had experience in no other capacity. That he should be willing to give up an exceedingly lucrative practice to accept a cabinet position shows not only patriotism, but probably a conviction that the next two years will afford unusual opportunities for the exercise of his professional ability. In other words the appointment of Mr. Root and his acceptance of the appointment appear to show that in his opinion and that of the President the duties of the Secretary of War are likely to be not so much the prosecution of war as the settlement of the difficult and complicated problems which will arise with the cessation of hostilities.

It is possible that we have here some light upon the fact that the cabinet decided to take no notice of a "round robin" issued last week by newspaper correspondents in the Philippines who had become restive under the censorship exercised over their writings by military authorities. The grievance of the signers, many of them writers of reputation, was that the American people are kept in the dark as to the true condition of things, which is much more discouraging than is generally acknowl-

edged. This complaint has been so frequently made, and has furnished so much capital to those who desire the immediate cessation of the war, that General Corbin felt compelled to issue a statement before the meeting of the cabinet. He said, what appears reasonable on the face of it, that such censorship as had been exercised had all been in the interest not of keeping back the facts, but of insuring their accuracy; that no information received from General Otis had been kept back from the press, and that his bureau has standing instructions from the President and Secretary of War to keep back from the public no news of events that have transpired.

To this statement of the Adjutant General the cabinet deemed that no addition was required. It is inevitable that much so called information is afloat, in the Manila newspapers for example, which may or may not have a basis of fact. That news entirely founded on fact should become, so to speak, highly sensationalized on passing through a newspaper office is an experience not wholly unknown in this country. That General Otis should prefer that news of this character should not be transmitted to America seems entirely reasonable. Plans of campaign and such matters are of course not news in any proper sense of the word. It would do the public no good and it would do the army great harm to have them become the property of the enemy. It certainly does appear, so far as the public has means of judging, that our army is not gaining much permanent ground at present. But the President has data for judgment which the public cannot possibly have and his selection of the new cabinet officer appears to be an omen that the close of hostilities is nearer than we may have supposed.

The collapse of the Brooklyn strike and the fiasco of the attempted strike in New York were events easily to be foreseen. A somewhat sensational aspect was given to the former by the arrest of Mr. Rossiter on a criminal charge—libel—by Mr. Johnson, whom Mr. Rossiter had virtually accused of being remotely implicated in the attempt to blow up the elevated road. It is hardly likely that the prosecution of the complaint will be vigorous.

As to the general merits of the case, it will be difficult under existing conditions for strikers in this state to command the public sympathy which a few years ago was undoubtedly theirs. For conditions are now much more favorable to the employe than they were a few years ago. The laws as to hours and kindred matters, though not entirely free from ambiguity, are meant to be explicit and there is a commission to whom laborers with a grievance may appeal, and whose business it is to see that employers obey the law and that the employed have their rights. Only after such an appeal had been made and left unheeded is a strike likely to win a large measure of public sympathy.

Far more interesting than the street railway strike is the strike of the newsboys. Partly because it is amusing to see youngsters aping

the methods of their [elders, partly] because the newsboy is in general a picturesque character, endowed either in fact or in the public imagination with unusual pluck, cheerfulness, generosity and irresponsibility, and partly, perhaps, because rival newspapers are not at all unwilling to recognize the grievances of the boys in the present instance, it is certain that these young strikers have won precisely that interest and sympathy of the public which the street railway men failed to win; and there are probably few readers of newspapers who do not hope that the boys will win their cause.

The rainy season will prevent any decisive operations in the Philippines for some time longer, but preparations are going on looking to results. The Luzon situation remains as a month since. Meantime a number of ports in Luzon, Leyte and other islands have been opened to trade, and local governments have been established in several important towns.

A writer in The Evening Post, an officer in the active army in Luzon for a year past, confirms all that has been said touching the duplicity of the Filipinos. Referring to the over-much attention and conciliation on our part, he says: "The greatest source of error on the part of our people is ignorance of the Filipino character, and from this the officials at Washington are by no means exempt. The only thing to be depended upon in negotiating with him, is to assume as a certainty that what he says is not true, and that the reasons he assigns for his conduct are not the real ones."

This writer, whose veracity and intelligence are unquestioned, gives a painstaking and satisfactory refutation of the stories that have filled a portion of the press relative to the conduct of our army and especially the bad and murderous doings of our soldiers. He specifically denies the letters of private soldiers describing such cruel acts as the killing of the wounded, the looting and burning of houses. What he says touching the non-reliability of these private missives is important: "I have read many and am willing to lay it down as a general rule that any private letter telling of the exploits of the writer is either greatly exaggerated or wholly untrue. I have investigated a number of them, and found them to be absolutely false, one writer cheerfully admitting the fact that he was just 'stuffing them a little;' another that he did not propose to let the other boys get ahead of him in writing about their adventures, and others saying that they did not expect their letters to be printed or they would not have written such nonsense. The men who do the real work are not boastful, nor do they murder prisoners in cold blood. I know a special-duty man who has never sniffed the smoke of battle, who wrote a letter home in which he said: 'We take no prisoners, but kill them as fast as we come to them,' and this letter was published and is as good evidence as the letter of the Kansas man who said he killed four prisoners in order to join in a charge. I have heard of no instance, and do not believe there has been one, of the deliberate killing of a Filipino once taken prisoner."

PENCILINGS IN CANADA.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Our very pleasant sojourn in Bermuda has led us to try another brief outing among the subjects of Mother-queen Victoria. Canada abounds in objects of interest from Halifax to Vancouver. We had two very agreeable days in Montreal, and were more than ever impressed by the magnificent mountain view, and the beauties of its well-built and well-shaded streets. Presbyterianism seems prosperous and outnumbers the other Protestant denominations. St. Paul's Church and the new Erskine Church on Sherbrooke street are among the finest in the city. The American Presbyterian Church on Dorchester street has thriven under the able ministry of the Rev. T. S. McWilliams; he is at present in Europe. I enjoyed greatly a call from my old friend, Col. Theodore Lyman, who is one of the notabilities of Montreal, and has resided there sixty-six years. The veteran colonel was a Northampton boy, and a younger brother of the martyred missionary Lyman, who was massacred by the cannibals in company with his fellow-missionary, Munson. The colonel claims that he is the oldest living captain of volunteers in the whole British empire; he is also a well-trying soldier in the army of King Jesus.

The ride from Montreal to Quebec by the Canadian Pacific express trains occupies five hours, and is through a level and verdant farming region. The French farmers live in snug white cottages, and their crops are mainly oats, hay and potatoes. They are a frugal folk, and manage to live decently on an income at which a Yankee farmer would turn up his nose. I doubt whether there are enough Protestants on that whole line of railway from Montreal to fill one good-sized church. Our train stopped down in the French quarter of Quebec and an omnibus hauled us up the steep hill to the famous Dufferin Terrace, and here we are quartered at this very unique and superb Chateau Frontenac, which is claimed to have cost a million of dollars! It is six stories high, crowned with several pointed towers, and if the material were not so flashingly new, it might pass for a grand mansion of the French nobility in the time of Louis XIV. The interior is full of picturesque irregularities, and its parlors and three or four dining-rooms are very attractive. This splendid hostelry is thronged with tourists from all lands, and might well be styled "Hotel des Tramps." Among the crowd, the only brother-ministers whom I recognize are the Rev. Mr. Cobb of the Second Presbyterian Church of Elizabeth, and Dominic C. R. Wells of the Reformed Dutch Church of Flatbush.

No hotel on this continent has such a grand outlook. From the terrace before our window, we look sheer down two hundred feet upon the roofs of the warehouses on Champlain street, and across the mighty St. Lawrence to the cliffs and spires of Point Levis. Away down the river, the eye stretches beyond the Isle of Orleans, and on the route to Tadousac and the Saguenay. At the end of the terrace is a very fine new statue—on an elaborately ornamented pedestal—of the ablest Frenchman who ever figured in these latitudes, the gallant *Champlain*, who founded Quebec in 1608. His dust lies somewhere under the city he pioneered. The fiery old French Governor Frontenac ruled here at the close of the seventeenth century.

On Friday we drove out to the Plains of Abraham on which was fought one of the two dozen decisive battles of the world; it swung North America from French to British rule. Several years ago I drove along the river-side to the cove where Wolfe landed his troops; and I scrambled up the steep cliff where he led his men at the early dawn of September 13,

1759. He pushed on rapidly over the small plain to the spot where he fell—that is now marked by a monument. The fight was very short, very sharp, and very decisive, and both commanders were slain. Close by this hotel stands a tall obelisk, which is—as far as I know—the only battle-monument in the world that commemorates both the opposing commanders in an engagement. The inscription is very beautiful: "WOLFE—MONTCALM. Valor gave them a common death; history a common fame; and posterity a common monument."

Quebec, although under British sovereignty is still a French city. Of its seventy-five thousand inhabitants, not over ten thousand habitually speak the English language, and of these not much more than half are Protestants. The Presbyterians have two churches—the "Chalmers," of which the Rev. Mr. Tait is the pastor, and St. Andrews, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Love. The latter is away on his vacation, and the two congregations worship together. Last evening I preached for Brother Tait in St. Andrews, and the Methodist and Baptist pastors kindly closed their houses of worship and gave me a sort of evangelical alliance service. In presence of the overshadowing power of Romanism the few Protestant churches naturally are drawn into closer fellowship. The English Cathedral is a plain structure built by George Third for his loyal subjects, during the first year of this century.

The next thing to a trip to Europe is Quebec; for it is essentially foreign in its aspects. The noble old city walls are still standing, although three of the city gates have been rebuilt, of sufficient width for the trolley-tracks. St. Louis street contains the charming old residences, with their front doors down close to the narrow sidewalks. On that street is the ancient brown house in which the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, once resided during his service in Canada; and a few doors away is the low building in which our brave Gen. Richard Montgomery was laid out on the day after he was killed in his assault on the city (December 31, 1775). His remains now rest in St. Paul's churchyard, New York. Among the many queer things here are the tippy calèches, a two-wheeled vehicle in which you are rocked about on high springs after the manner of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's immortal "one hoss shay." Down in the lower town, the population is almost entirely French Catholic; they are a cheerful and economical people, poor in purse, but very free from drunkenness and other immoralities. A very orderly city is this, and the Sabbath is remarkably quiet.

On Saturday afternoon our kind friend, Mr. Tait, the excellent pastor of "Chalmers' Church" (an Edinburgh man from Dr. Bonar's church), drove us out to the Falls of Montmorency, about eight miles away. The drive was through old historic Beauport and lined with quaint cottages. Nothing is more unsatisfactory than a description of a cataract. Those celebrated falls quite surpassed my expectations; the snow white sheet of foam descends 250 feet, between two dark cliffs; and the spray rose like a miniature Niagara. Let no visitor fail to see beautiful Montmorency.

I could fill a much longer letter with descriptions of the many Romish churches and convents, and of the grand old Citadel on its lofty and rocky steep. Canada is a noble dominion, and exceedingly well governed. The British crown sends out governor-generals of a high order, like Lord Dufferin, Earl of Aberdeen and the present Earl of Minto. The national and provincial parliaments are elected by popular suffrage; Canada is practically a democracy, with a good queen three thousand miles away to whom they are intensely loyal. The people escape some of our perils in the

shape of the negro race-problem, and the problem of governing colossal cities, and our present problem of new foreign dependencies. The Canadians have some agitating troubles of their own; but they do not have Sambo to be taught, and Aguinaldo to be fought, and a Tammany tiger raging and roaring through the streets of their proudest city. The Scotch blood predominates among the Protestant population; and Presbyterianism is a most powerful element for public order, high culture and sound evangelical religion. It is the controlling element in the Province of Ontario. Let us be thankful that we have such excellent neighbors.

CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC, July 17th 1899.

A CLOSE CALL.

Isaac Boyer.

For some years after the government of the United States had subjugated the Comanche Indians in Texas and New Mexico, roving bands of the conquered tribes made occasional hostile incursions into northern Mexico, rendering travel extremely dangerous in parts of the states of Chihuahua and Coahuila. To guard themselves against the savages, when long distances were to be covered, travellers always went heavily armed and in companies of from three or four to thirty.

It was during this period, October, 1878, that the Rev. Brigido H. Sepulveda, the first Mexican ordained to the Protestant ministry, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, was obliged to cross the desert from Mondova to Parras, situated some two hundred and fifty miles to the south-west of the first named city. This road led for the most part over barren plains flanked by bare mountains. There were only four or five stock ranches on the entire route; and the ranchmen lived in dread of the Comanches. Two friends of Mr. Sepulveda were arranging to cross the plains to Parras, and not finding others to join them, the three friends set out by themselves.

There had been no recent incursions of the Indians and they hoped to get through without meeting them. Still, if they should fall in with any, they trusted to their better horses and superior arms to carry them through in safety. On the day preceding that on which they were to start, a friend of Mr. Sepulveda's asked him to carry two hundred carbine cartridges to a friend in Parras. As these cartridges weigh six or seven pounds to the hundred, Mr. Sepulveda demurred about adding this considerable weight to his horse's burden on the long trip. Finally, however, he yielded to his friend's urgency and agreed to take them.

The party set out from Mondova before daylight on a Tuesday, and by noon had passed over the battle field of Bojón, where, in 1811, Hidalgo met his final defeat and was taken prisoner. From this point this road led across an uninhabited section and without water for over seventy miles. During the afternoon they covered about one-half this distance and camped on the roadside, fastening their horses' tie ropes to their wrists, as they knew the horses would give the alarm if Indians came near.

They passed the night in safety, and by 9 o'clock next morning had covered half the plain. They were congratulating themselves that they had already passed the most dangerous part of the road, when one of the party called attention to a blur of dust off to the north, near the mountain foot. This cloud did not at first occasion alarm, as whirlwinds are common on the plains. Soon, however, they saw with horror that instead of rising perpendicularly in the air the cloud trailed out along the plain. "Indians, and they have already seen us," cried one of Sepulveda's