

VOL. LXX.
No. 2.
WHOLE No. 3590.

NEW YORK,
JANUARY 12,
1899.

The Evangelist.

PELHAM
MANOR
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C. R. Gillett



Rev. WILLIAM J. McCAUGHAN.

Who succeeds Dr. Withrow as the Pastor of the Third Church, Chicago.

The Evangelist.

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Vol. LXX.—No. 2

NEW YORK: JANUARY 12, 1899.

Whole No. 3590

THE EVANGELIST.

A RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER,
ISSUED WEEKLY.

156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

TERMS \$3.00 A YEAR.

HENRY M. FIELD, Editor.

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All Round the Horizon.

How time flies! It is but a few weeks since the leaves were falling on the mountain sides, and a sharp frost now and then reminded us that winter was not far off. Yet there were days when the air was so soft that it seemed as if we might escape the bitter cold. But so sudden were the changes that soon after came falls of snow so heavy and continued that for days and even weeks the snow-drifts were piled up in our city streets, when we were bitterly reminded of our loss in the death of Colonel Waring, who organized an army that attacked this enemy and by main force cleared it away.

But at last the streets have been cleared after a fashion—a very slow and tiresome fashion—and as I look out of the window, up and down Fifth avenue, or in the cross streets—or to the tops of the houses—I cannot see a single trace of snow! It is not that the winter is over and gone, for there may be many a tempest to come, yet it is a token—though far off—of a change that is sure to come if we only wait patiently for it. Indeed this unfailling uniformity is the proof of an overruling power, by whose ordaining we are assured that, while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, shall not fail.

It is in accord with these foretastes of spring and summer, which though they be far off are sure to come, that there are signs and tokens of a new *spiritual* life. In some past months and years our ecclesiastical meetings often brought out differences of opinion, which led to discussions that were more than animated, by which we were not edified and strengthened in our faith or in our love to one another.

It is, therefore, with a feeling of relief that we cannot express, that we recognize a change in the spiritual atmosphere. Brethren who were to some degree estranged, are now brought together in a communion that is not only kindly, but affectionate. Already the effect is seen in our churches, and it is not too much to interpret them as the promise of a new spiritual life in our city, which has grown so fast, that it seemed to be impossible to overtake it by any Christian organizations and influences.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow," a growth that is now and then paralleled in human experience, as the following story may tell. It is more than fifty years ago that I came home from Williams College for a vacation, and saw a little fellow running about in Stockbridge, playing under the elms, engaging in all the sports of children, as bright and happy a boy as one would wish to see. But the best of all was his devotion to his father and mother, whose name was Miller, to which they prefixed that of Marcus—a Roman name, which might seem rather a heavy load for a little fellow to carry, but which afterwards proved quite appropriate. At any rate

the earnest spirit of the boy attracted the attention of Mr. Goodrich, our member of Congress, one of whose privileges was to designate the candidate from his district for an appointment to the Military School at West Point. It was in this way that a few years before a Congressman from the South had given a chance to a boy of the plainest and roughest exterior, from the mountains of West Virginia, to show what he could make of himself, who entered on the scene of action first in the war in Mexico, and afterward figured in history as Stonewall Jackson!

Our New England boy came ten years later, and did not graduate till 1858, just in time to enter the army for active service in the Civil War, where he was a Lieutenant in the Artillery, and passed through all the grades to Major—always in the thick of the fight, wounded again and again, but always, as soon as he got out of the field-hospital, returning to the field of battle. Years after I met him at Fortress Monroe, where, in answer to my inquiries he gave me in a very modest and simple way the story of his life in the army, where it came to him to fire the last shot at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox!

For some years past he has been stationed on the Pacific from which he was recently ordered to the Philippines, where the last report was that "General Miller" was on board of the transports in front of Iloilo waiting for orders from General Otis, who was waiting for his orders from Washington. As we now write—on Tuesday—not a shot has been fired, (and we devoutly hope there will not be,) but if it becomes a necessity, we can prophesy beforehand that whatever is ordered to be done by General Miller will be well done, as he is a soldier of forty years' experience, whose calm and steady eye would not be lowered if the whole coast of Iloilo was bristling with guns. But my confidence is still further based on the law of nature that

"The boy is father of the man."

and I am sure that the son who was so dutiful to his father and mother fifty years ago, will not be wanting in fidelity and devotion to the country that is the mother of us all.

I love the French people and wish I could respect them. They have a certain courtesy and politeness of address that is very attractive. But with all this grace of manner they have weaknesses that sometimes make us look upon them with contempt. From the way they act in this Dreyfus business they seem like children or fools, if they are not still worse, like devils! Now that the Court of Cassation has got on the track of the origin of this persecution, they have run it down like a fox into a hole.

After beating the bush here and there they made an appeal to a General in the army, who was of high standing as he had been the Minister of War, and had himself given the decision against Dreyfus. When the Court asked him

on what grounds he decided that Dreyfus was guilty, he answered that there were so many members of the staff of the army—a dozen or perhaps twenty—and he looked the list all over and thought that this or that man could not have done it, till he came down to the last name, which was that of Dreyfus, and therefore he reasoned that he must be the guilty one!

Was there ever such a decision in the world? He might as well have put a dozen or two dozen peas in a hat, with a name attached to each and shaken them all up, and put his hand in and whichever name he picked out, that man should be pronounced guilty, whereas the probabilities would be a dozen or twenty to one that he would get the wrong man! Such a jumble ignores the possibility that the document on which the charge is founded was *forged*, as now seems most likely. And this is justice in France! The longer the farce is carried on, the more France is held up to the shame and scorn of the world!

RESTING AT LAKEHURST.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

PINE-TREE INN, LAKEHURST, N. J., JAN. 2, 1899.

My readers may inquire "Where is Lakehurst?" They have all doubtless heard of Lakewood, which has become a noted and fashionable winter-Saratoga with plenty of golf by day, and dancing by night. Eight miles beyond Lakewood is the quiet village which for over half a century has been known as "Manchester." As there is a very pretty sheet of water called Lake Horicon close by the village, the people have had the good taste to drop the ambitious English name of Manchester, and to adopt the more appropriate name of *Lakehurst*. At the upper end of the village, and close by a dense pine forest that extends for miles, a beautiful new hotel has been built, and called the "Pine Tree Inn." The house was lately purchased and opened by Mr. Albert A. LeRoy, who for twenty years was the skillful assistant of Mr. Smiley at Lake Mohonk.

Hither have I come with my family for a few days of delightful repose. The house—which can accommodate an hundred guests—is an ideal place for a tired soul to rest in. Excellent rooms, a bountiful table and a refined company of guests are not the only attraction; for to-night, while the wind is whistling over the snow, we are sitting in a wide circle before a roaring wood fire in a capacious chimney that adorns one side of the central hall. The enlivening scene recalls Whittier's charming picture (in "Snow-bound") of the generous fire in his father's farm house which made the room "burst flower-like into rosy bloom." Amid such innocent social enjoyments why should any guest sigh for the meretricious pleasures of the wine-glass or the ball room? Mr. LeRoy has profited by his long experience at Mohonk and has learned how to make a truly Christian winter-resort abundantly attractive. This morning we all gathered in the parlor, and Dr. Atterbury conducted our family worship with an accompaniment of a service of song. I do not doubt that not only the old habitues of Lake Mohonk Mountain-house, but many others who want just such a delightfully restful sojourning place will keep this Pine Tree Inn well filled.

Yesterday we worshipped in the little Presbyterian Church—a short distance away—which is served by the Rev. William Moore. It recalled my Theological Seminary days at Princeton, when the students used to come down through the pine woods to hold services at the hamlet of Manchester. It was a bright spot in a region of spiritual destitution. During the summer vacations, some of the students used to act as Tract Society colporteurs and distribute Bibles and tracts among the scattered and ignorant charcoal-burners. A student asked one of these coal-burners, "Do you ever have any preaching

down here?" "Sometimes," replied the Piner, "we have preaching in a school house near us, and once in a while a *paper-reader* comes down here, but we don't set much store by them no ways." Written discourses were evidently at a discount among those untutored sons of the forest. That race of half-heathen Jersey piners have about disappeared as the railroads have penetrated this whole coast-region, and city folk have come hither for health and recreation.

The closing days of the year departed have seen the close of some very valuable lives. One of these was my beloved friend, Robert R. McBurney, the Secretary of the New York Young Men's Christian Association. Among all the Secretaries in our country, McBurney was easily the first. He ranked next to Sir George Williams of London, and devoted his whole busy life to the great work. He came over from Ireland in his boyhood, and during my ministry in Market Street Church, (from 1853 to 1860,) young McBurney, then "in his teens," was one of the crowd of young men who filled the galleries of the church on Sunday evenings. For forty years I knew him well and loved him dearly. He has been an invalid at Olifton Springs for many months, and only three days before his death, he wrote me a loving letter in which he spoke most tenderly of "the blessings that came upon him in dear old Market Street Church." The glory of his work was that he aimed to keep the *Young Men's Christian Association* up to its original purpose of leading young men to Jesus Christ.

When McBurney was sitting in one part of the church galleries, the late Jeremiah O. Lamphier was conducting the singing in another part. A choicest spirit he was then, and God soon called him to organize and conduct the world known Fulton street noon prayer meetings. Brother Lamphier was a fine illustration of what a man of moderate gifts can accomplish when the Master calls him to do a great work. He reached the ripe age of ninety when he was taken home to meet in heaven many a soul whom he had led to the Saviour.

Another veteran whom the whole land cannot mourn too deeply was grand old Senator Morrill of Vermont. What a perfect embodiment of moral purity, courtesy, sound sense and senatorial dignity he was! Never could the nation so little afford to lose him. Amid the plutocrats and partisan bosses who have wormed their way into the Senate Chamber, he towered aloft like one of his own Green Mountain pines. His death just now is especially a public calamity; for he was too thorough an *American* to have any sympathy with the rash and perilous schemes of "Imperialism." To make his own country a model and guiding star for the world was to him an infinitely nobler purpose than to make it a military power governing subjugated alien peoples by the sword. His calm judgment and sterling patriotism will be sorely missed during the exciting controversies that will be waged over those hornet's nests of the Philippine Archipelago. Alas for the Senate and the nation that are bereft of Justin S. Morrill!

The death of Dr. A. Gosman of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, is a loss to Princeton Seminary, to the Presbytery of which he was a senior and leading member, and to the whole church. His scholarship, high character, moral elevation of view, true ideals, keen instincts and charitable yet earnest convictions gave him a place among the foremost men which he always honored, but never sought. Dr. Gosman will be remembered by many in the Presbytery of Westchester as the brother-in-law of their late honored and beloved associate, Elder Edward Wells, through whose introduction they learned to know and to love the rare man and able minister who sometimes had a place in their meetings. The fellowships of such spirits do not end here. Emerson said that the man was a true poet who wrote this line:

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea!"

REV. MR. MCCAUGHAN.

The Presbyterian Church throughout the United States gives a hearty welcome to Rev. William J. McCaughan, who has recently come to us from Canada, and has been installed over the Third Presbyterian Church of Chicago. Rev. Mr. McCaughan was born in Antrim County, in the North of Ireland. He was educated in Londonderry and Edinburgh. He is a man of striking personality, as well as of remarkable oratorical powers. He speaks with an Irish accent, which is rather pleasing than otherwise. Tall, and well built, he impresses one with a strength of physical power, as well as spiritual. Although born in Ireland, Mr. McCaughan says he feels that he is about as much American as Irish, for he has travelled in this country, every other year for fifteen years and has many relatives here. On one of these sojourns he met with the lady who has been his wife and helper in his work for nine years. Mrs. McCaughan is a daughter of James W. Cooper, a wealthy manufacturer of Philadelphia. Mr. McCaughan's first charge was the large country church at Ballymena, in his native country.

He was settled there for eighteen months, when he was called to the pastorate of a mission church in Belfast, Ireland. During his twelve years' stay there he brought the church up from a small mission church, to one of the largest and best working churches in Ireland. His next charge was the large and beautiful church of St. Andrew, in Toronto, Canada.

Last summer a prominent member of the Third Church in Chicago went to Toronto and heard this able clergyman preach. He was so pleased with what he saw and heard that he brought the good tidings back to his church home, and committees were sent to hear the Toronto preacher, with the result that a unanimous call from the church was given him quite speedily. An attendant on the services of Mr. McCaughan writes: "In all the parts of the service, the idea of strength is borne in upon you. If you were confined in your description to one word, you would say, Force—a force that compels attention. In every gesture and tone and utterance there is force. Point follows point in quick succession in the sermon, punctuated by a characteristic "More." "Our new minister is very eloquent, and he is also a very kind and good man," writes one of his parishioners in a private letter, "and I am very fond of him, not only as a pastor, but as a companion."

ISAAC LEWIS PEET.

Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, the emeritus principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, died from pneumonia at his home at Fordham Heights on December 27th. Few hearing men have been more closely identified with the deaf and their interests, especially in the State of New York, his connection with them extending throughout his whole life. He was born on December 4th, 1824, at the American School for the Deaf, Hartford, Connecticut, where his father filled the double place of steward and teacher. His early education was carefully directed, and later he took the regular course at Yale College, being graduated in 1845, with rank that entitled him to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He at once entered on his life work as a teacher of the deaf, and became a professor in the New York institution, where his father was principal. While teaching he pursued the study of theology in the Union Theological Seminary, and was graduated in 1849, but was never ordained. In 1867, on the retirement of his father as principal after thirty-six years' service, Dr. Peet was elected as his successor, and filled that office for twenty five years, when the directors honored him with the title of principal emeritus. He was succeeded as principal by Dr. Currier. Dr. Peet was a frequent and authoritative writer on all subjects relating to the deaf.