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OUR LORD'S RETURN.

Rev. A. N. Raven.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. xxiv: 42.

When the morn of life is beaming
And our hearts are full of joy,
And we long for some endeavor
Which shall all our powers employ;
When 'tis sweet to live with dear ones
Round about us in our home,
We should watch as he commanded
For perhaps our Lord will come.

When our sun has reached the zenith
Of its glory and its power,
And the fruits of toil are ripening
From the early bud and flower,
When we stand at life's bright noontide,
Ere decline has yet begun,
We should watch as he commanded
For perhaps our Lord will come.

When the golden sun is sinking
'Neath the rosy-tinted west,
And we're standing on the border
Of the land of peace and rest,
When the eye, undimmed by watching,
Looks toward our eternal home,
We should watch as he commanded
For perhaps our Lord will come.

If we watch for his appearing
We shall never watch in vain,
For he promised his disciples
He would surely come again;
Though our eyes may not behold him
Coming with the angel throng,
In our hearts he is begotten
While we watch with prayer and song.

If his coming be at morning,
At the noontide or the night,
May he find his children watching
In the thickest of the fight;
With our faces turned toward Zion
Let us watch and labor on,
Never doubting or discouraged,
Knowing that our Lord will come.

MIFFLINTOWN, PA.

All Round the Horizon

Home news is always most interesting of all to an American public. And this past week so much of interest has happened in the United States that our minds have been perforce diverted from the events of importance that have occurred in distant lands. The new session of Congress, the reports of the Cabinet officers, the signing of the Samoan Treaty, the elections, the Franklyn Syndicate affair and the Molineux trial, all these make South Africa and China and Europe seem very distant indeed.

But war goes on in South Africa just as fiercely as though there were no press censorship nor public indifference. The "bloodiest battle of the century" has been fought at Modder River. It was a terrific fight which lasted fourteen hours with 450 British killed or wounded and heavy losses among the Boers. Even the desperate courage which the attacking English force displayed all day failed to drive the Boers from their strong entrenchments. During the course of the night, however, the forces of the Transvaal retreated and the British ceased the following morning. The situation at Kimberley must be serious indeed to force General Methuen to press on with such speed as to lose in three battles almost 1,000

men out of 7,000. But with the Modder crossed, it should not be long before relief reaches the besieged town.

The Ladysmith relief force is nearing Colenso where there is a Boer army of 15,000 men. The predicament of General White is growing more pressing, and a determined effort will be made by the Boers to force a capitulation before a relief can be effected. It seems wonderful that all the beleaguered towns, even defenceless Mafeking, have held out so long against such odds.

The indiscreet speech of Secretary Joseph Chamberlain at Leicester has caused a storm of unfavorable criticism on the continent. It seems to have been an error of judgment owing to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the exuberant Chamberlain nature rather than a deliberate challenge to France and Europe. But the Foreign Secretary should bear in mind that even a luncheon speech may jar that most fragile of mechanisms, the new "Anglo-Saxon Teutonic Alliance."

The fighting in the Philippines has shifted to the north part of the island of Luzon. The American troops are making progress heretofore unknown, and it seems to be only a matter of a short time before scattered bodies of bandits will be all that is left of an army that once controlled the whole island, except the town of Manila. The other islands of the group seem to give but little trouble to our leaders, who with tact can accomplish a bloodless victory in most instances. Any one who wishes to know the detail of our Eastern war can obtain information from headquarters in the shape of the report of General Otis, a volume of about five hundred pages. It goes at some length into the intricacies of his administration. Consul Williams who has just returned from Manila is of opinion that the end of the war is at hand.

The future of China is the great question of the far East. Were her masses inspired by a feeling of patriotism and nationality such as is being shown by Japan, her standing and destiny would be less problematical. She was lately reported as offering resistance to French claims upon the island of Hainan and the mainland opposite, but the difference is now said to be composed, she having yielded. But the question remains, Will the European powers come to an understanding among themselves, and without any distribution of territory agree that all the open ports of China shall be equally open to all the powers and the commerce of the world? In any such arrangement the United States must needs be a consenting party.

This week has been crowded with Reports from many quarters. That which will probably be read with most interest at home and abroad is the comprehensive and masterly report of our new Secretary of War, Mr. Root. It is an old problem—that of the reorganization of the American army; but Secretary Root's legal acumen and thoroughness has pre-

sented it to an indifferent public so convincingly that there is no doubt his efforts will be furthered by a strong popular approval. A thorough re-organization under the principle of civil service reform, and the incorporation of the administrative staff with the line will surely follow. The suggestions thrown out by the Secretary as to the closer affiliation of militia and regulars in order to effect their speedier amalgamation in case of war are as novel as they are instructive. It seems possible that under some carefully planned system, our militia could be so moulded and trained in conformity with the regular army, and joined to it by so many connecting ties, that a war would summon into the field a compact, unified force, instead of the present miscellaneous assortment of untrained raw recruits. If this is not too visionary to be true, we shall have the advantages of the great standing armies of Europe with but a tithe of their expense.

The reports of the other Secretaries, though not so important, are most interesting. Secretary Gage will ask Congress for an appropriation of more than \$631,000,000. The report of the Postmaster General will include a new up-town postoffice in New York City among his recommendations. And Secretary Long asks that Congress authorize the building of eighteen new war-ships. The naval estimate of \$74,000,000, although an increase of \$25,000,000 over the appropriations for the present fiscal year, does not seem large when we remember that the United States is sixth among the nations of the world in present tonnage under construction.

Congress opened on Monday with a full attendance. Among the most conspicuous was Mr. Roberts of Utah. He may be less in evidence before the session is over. There are limits to even Congressional courtesy, and a convicted criminal would seem to be outside of those limits. General Henderson was elected Speaker of the House. This Congress bids fair to be a most important one; for it will decide many questions of vital interest to the commercial existence of new America.

The Street Railway Companies of New York City are on the growing hand. There seems to be no limit to the development of their lines and resources. It is a matter of the greatest misfortune to the city that a perpetual franchise should have been granted to these companies. However, as the evil grows the remedy will be found. And at present the companies are not a menace to the city, but a source of positive assistance. The Elevated is to take an advance stride in the shape of electric instead of steam motors. The Third Avenue is building the most gigantic power house in the world, and has just changed from the old-fashioned cable system to the most approved underground electric trolley. President Vreeland of the Metropolitan announces that additional air power cars are to be run on the cross-town lines of the city. Under these changes, New York will possess every kind of passenger facility that could be desired but one. Rapid transit alone remains to give an almost ideal passenger traffic.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD AND THE ANWORTH MANSE.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Macaulay once said that during the latter half of the seventeenth century there appeared in Great Britain two great creative minds; one of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*. If to these immortal religious classics a third might be added, it would unquestionably be "*The Letters of Samuel Rutherford*." It was of this unique production that Richard Baxter said, "Hold off the Bible, and such a book the world never saw." This may sound extravagant; but those who have ever gone into that spiritual garden, and plucked the purple clusters of its vines, and inhaled the sweet perfumes of its roses will agree that the book stands alone in a certain line of purely devotional literature.

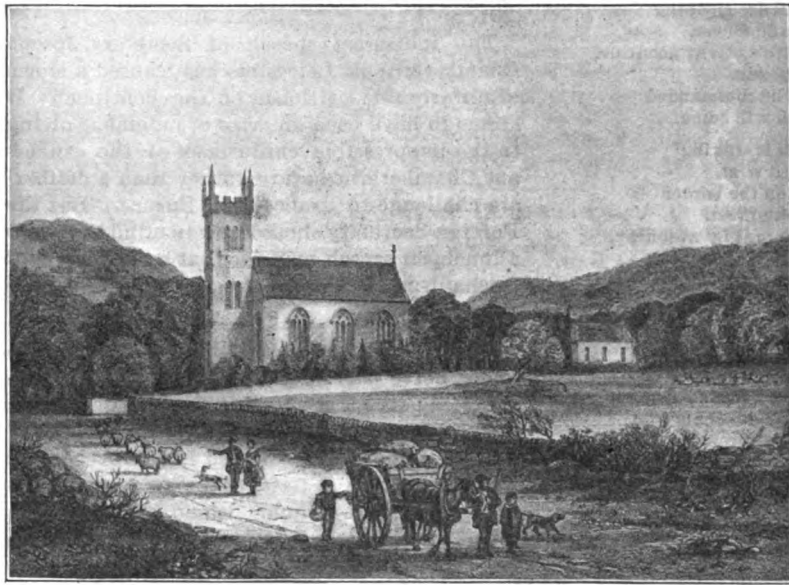
Samuel Rutherford was born in the year 1600, in the village of Nisbet (Roxburghshire), which lies in the southeastern part of Scotland, and not far from the river Teviot. He was admitted, as a precocious youth; to the college of Edinburgh in 1617, graduated in 1621, and two years afterwards was elected Professor of Logic and Belles-lettres in his university! This chair he did not long occupy; for in 1627 he was settled as a minister in the parish of Anworth—in Kirkcudbrightshire, not far from the British Channel. That portion of Scotland has in later times been linked with the memories of Burns and of Carlyle; for Ayr and Dumfries are the adjoining counties.

Rutherford could never do anything by the halves, and he threw himself into his work with all his might and main. In these days when some ministers do not lay hold of their sermons until the fag end of the week, and certain others look upon pastoral visitation as a needless drudgery, it is well to set before them Rutherford's strenuous example. It used to be said of him that he was always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, and always writing and studying. The ancient kirk in which this ardent young herald of the cross delivered his savory discourses has become an antique relic; its rusty key hangs in the new College of Edinburgh, and its old oaken pulpit is still preserved. And well it may be, for the man who stood in it soon became the foremost preacher in those Scottish coasts. His sermons were the droppings of a pressed honeycomb, and everyone tasted of the same sweetness; it was Jesus first, and last, and all the time. He preached once in St. Andrew's Church in London, and a merchant who went to hear him, said: "I went to St. Andrews, and there heard a little fair man; and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." An old Morayshire minister when he recalled the memories of a long life gave this testimony, "I have known many great and good ministers, but for such a piece of clay as Mr. Rutherford was I never knew one in Scotland like him to whom so many great gifts were given." He had two quick, keen eyes, a singular falsetto in his voice, and when he got on his favorite theme of Jesus Christ, his hearers thought he would fly out of his pulpit.

The Anworth manse, in which this little fair man prepared his unctuous discourses and wrote some of his immortal "Letters," stood not very far from the old stone kirk. Like most Scotch parsonages it was a plain domicile, but it was as busy as a bee-hive. Rutherford often rose at 3 o'clock in the morning to get at his books, and during the long winter evenings his pen was racing over the paper. He was married during his first pastorate at Anworth—which lasted from 1627 to 1636—and some of his nine children were born there. His first wife was an excellent woman, and his second wife, to whom he was married after six years

of widowhood, was spoken of as possessed of rare and wonderful virtues. In his "Letters" he tells us nothing about them or about his children. His whole soul is so wrapped up in setting forth the glories of his Lord and Saviour and the ecstasies of his inner life that he cannot bring himself down to the matters of every-day mortal existence. Yet he was a loving husband and father, and one of the kindest of pastors. To the poor he was "excessively charitable," and he delighted to sit on a mortar stone before his doorway, and to talk with the tramps and the beggars that passed along.

One evening an incident occurred in the Anworth manse that has become quite memorable. While Pastor Rutherford was sitting in his doorway, a stranger stopped who had the bearing of a cultured gentleman, and he was invited to come in and tarry. At the evening service of worship, the pastor—as was his wont—catechised the family. As the questions were propounded to the circle, the question which came to the stranger was, "How many



ANWORTH MANSE AND KIRK.

Commandments are there?" To the surprise of all, the stranger answered, "eleven." When questioned farther, he replied, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another!" Before the guest departed, his entertainer was astonished to find that he was no less a personage than the learned and eminent Archbishop Usher. The famous prelate may have felt that in those stormy times of controversy, Scotland was a good soil in which to sow that gentle precept of the Master.

In 1636 Rutherford was proscribed by the arbitrary Bishop of Galloway for refusing to conform to certain Episcopal ceremonies, and was banished to Aberdeen and forbidden to preach. In 1638 a revolution overthrew the authority of the Bishops, and the General Assembly restored him to his beloved Anworth, where he was attached to the very sparrows that twittered on the eaves of the manse. His stay, however, was very brief; for during the next year he was appointed Professor of Divinity at St. Andrews. He was one of the eight Scotch Commissioners to the famous Westminster Assembly, which constructed the "Confession of Faith" and the Catechism. During thirteen years he was rector of the University of Aberdeen, and poured forth many vigorous volumes from the press. On the accession of Charles II. to the throne, the heroic Rutherford was cited to appear at Edinburgh on a charge of high treason. The summons found him on his dying bed. He sent as his reply, "I have got another summons from a Superior Judge. I behoove to answer my first summons, and ere your day I will be where too few kings

and great folk ever come." On his bed of pain he cried out, "Oh, for arms to embrace him! Oh, for a well-tuned harp!" As the enrapturing vision of the open gates of Paradise broke upon his failing eyes, he exclaimed, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land!" With this shout upon his lips he passed through the gate into the City. When the news reached parliament that he was dying, some of the sycophants of the profligate Charles proposed to vote that he should not die as rector of the university. Lord Burleigh arose and said, "You cannot vote him out of heaven."

Nor can he ever be voted out of the hearts of all devout Christians who love to pore over his wonderful volume of "Letters." They are not about personal and domestic affairs like Cowper's letters, or about events of public interest in church or state. They are entirely an outburst of intense and holy devotion—the artless and impassioned love-letters of a heart on fire with the love of Jesus. The letters which he wrote during his banishment are dated "from *Christ's palace in Aberdeen*," and he said that

the stones in the walls of his dreary apartment "glittered in his eyes like rubies!" The whole volume is a garden of spices where almost every line exhales a delicious aroma. It is a rare book for a minister's study—for a sick-room—for Sabbath evening perusal, or for closet devotions. Cecil was right when he said, "That book is one of my classics." On that same shelf where we lay our *Pilgrim's Progress*, and our *Saint's Rest*, and our hymn-book and our Bible we may find a place for

the wonderful *Letters of Samuel Rutherford*, the great and the godly pastor of Anworth.

The expression, "Politics or Religion," as a formula for "The Church and Politics," is unjust and misleading. Good men, and even great writers, Mr. Mivart for a late example, covertly teach a vital heresy—that a religious man ought not to suffer his religion to affect his political principles and conduct. The attitude of the church toward political parties may be studied and criticized, but by no means indiscriminately condemned as inconsistent in all cases with its place in the world or the Spirit of its divine Head. The relation of a man's religion to his political action and affinities is just as close, vital, natural, as to his business or social duty and connection. The mistake in the past and at present is to assume that religion and politics are entirely distinct; whereas our politics need religion as much as a man needs conversion. The struggle of the Roman Church for political power in Italy is a relic of the unhappy past. It has led to sad blunders on the part of the "Cardinals of the Curia," as in the recent Dreyfus scandal in France. The lesson is not that mingling of politics and religion is a sin; it is rather that in seeking political rather than moral power in the world, the church departs from her true standpoint. The world is not moved by a lever planted on the ground; the fulcrum must be beyond. Yet the religious motive in men is the point of appeal which most strongly and surely moves them; and when they are to be put in motion religion should come to do it.