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# The Evangelist

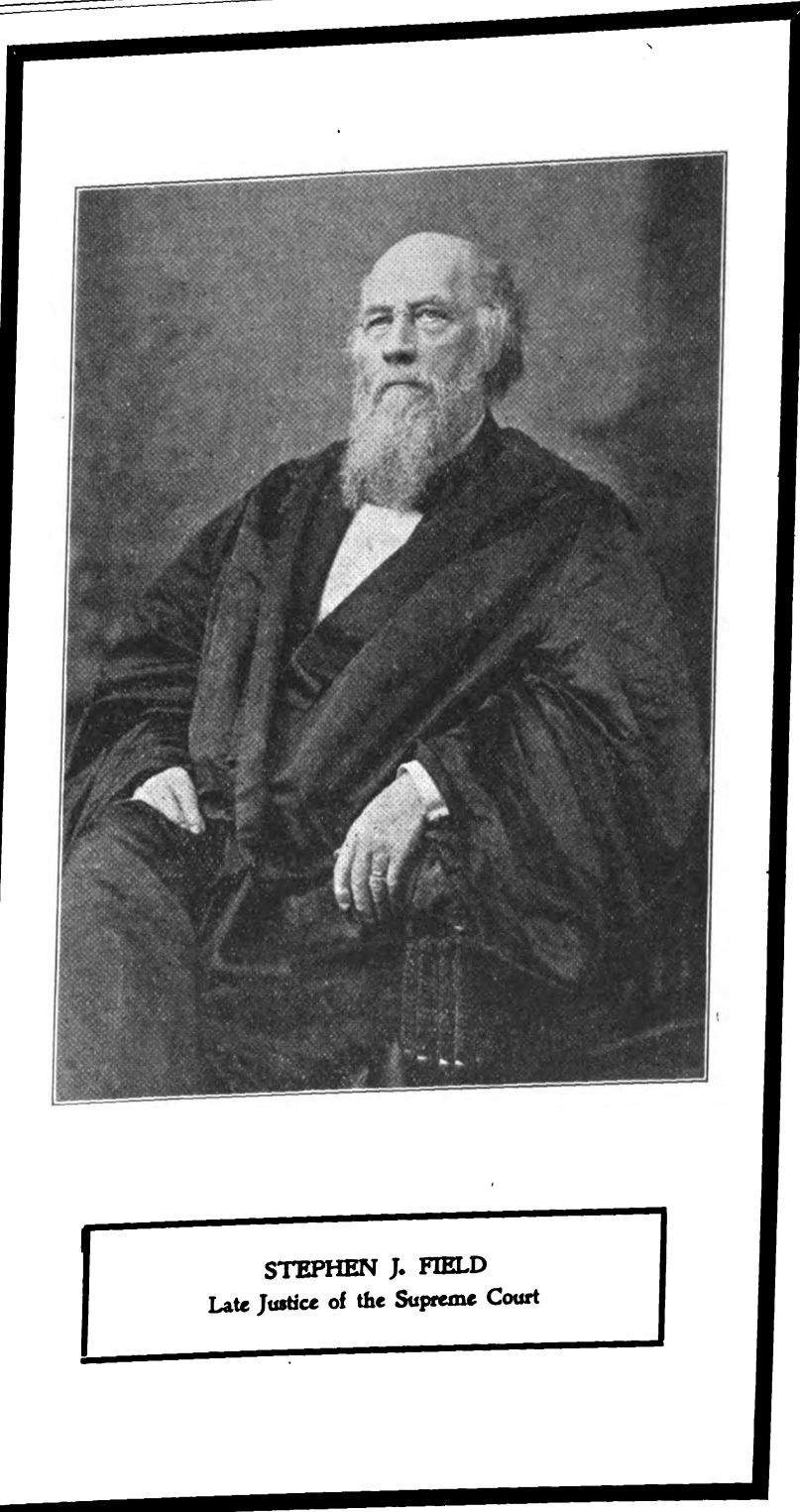
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VOLUME LXX

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STEPHEN J. FIELD  
Late Justice of the Supreme Court

# The Truangelist.

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## EARLY DREAMS.

A. Minor.

Didst thou then dream in that far early time,  
When on thy soul the tender dews of morn  
Still lay undim'd, and sorrows ache unborn,  
No shadow cast on youth's fair cloudless clime?  
Say, didst thou dream that life was sweet and fair  
As morning skies and newly-opened flowers?  
That hopeful toil would speed the sunlit hours?  
And love would crown the days with gladness rare?  
And didst thou find these glowing dreams of youth  
The broad realities of daily life?  
Hearts true and tender, nought of jealous strife?  
Eyes brave and gentle with the smile of truth?  
No struggle, but had compensation just?  
No hope, but found a swift fulfilment rare?  
No fruitless toil, no weary weight of care?  
No friends who kissed thee and betrayed thy trust?  
Nay—why dost thou bow thy head and turn away  
And silent curl thy lip in bitter scorn?  
Have angry skies o'ercast the fair sweet morn  
And turned it to a dark and dreary day?  
Ah! did the measure of thy poem ring  
In clashing discord, somewhere hopeless jars?  
Strange sobbing minors, broken halting bars?  
In mute despair didst thou then cease to sing?  
Poor foolish heart! Go, learn it all again,  
The lesson of the swiftly shadowed morn,  
The rippling melody in discord torn  
The faded hopes, the cruel fire of pain.  
Go, take thy poem, yet in reverence low,  
First kneel and listen to the song of flowers,  
Unseen, unknown, through countless silent hours,  
From death and darkness, sweetest blossoms grow.  
And listening, thy lost melody shall hear.  
Resolve through each perplexing discord strange  
In true unbroken harmony, and change  
To nobler measures than the lost and dear;  
Thy secret burning tears, the restless ache,  
The quiet self denial all unknown,  
The bitter shame of failure, borne alone,  
These—that thy heart did almost seem to break.  
Shalt lead thee on through dim and darkened days,  
By paths of perfect patience, purest love,  
The noblest poem of a life to prove  
The grand C major song of ceaseless praise.

Mary Noyes.

## All Round the Horizon.

Ex-Justice Stephen J. Field of the Supreme Court of the United States died at his home in Washington on Sunday evening in the eighty-third year of his age. Although the law permits the retirement of Justices of the Supreme Court on full pay, at the age of seventy, Judge Field continued in the exercise of his duties until less than two years ago. On another page we render a tribute to the memory of this remarkable man.

The burning of two dwelling houses in the residence part of this city with the loss of thirteen lives, following so speedily upon the burning of the Windsor Hotel, and involving a loss of life proportionately far greater, has aroused a feeling of horror and disquietude not often paralleled. The origin of the fires is wrapped in mystery. Mr. Andrews's house was built and had lately been repaired with the express view of guarding against fire; the family were on the alert against this very danger, having been alarmed during the evening by a fire accidentally kindled under the front steps; yet when, less than two hours

later, a policeman discovered smoke issuing from the house, it was impossible to awaken its inmates in time to effect their rescue. Within two hours the house was in ashes and twelve out of fourteen persons who had been sleeping there were burned to death, many of them to an unrecognizable condition. All the neighboring property was imperilled by the fierceness of the flames, but mysteriously enough it was a house two blocks off which was ignited by them. A servant of Mr. Adams was watching the fire from an open window when a burning brand was wafted in at the opening, setting fire to the house and burning to death the woman at the window. The other persons in the house escaped with difficulty.

There appears to be no reason to suspect an incendiary origin of the first fire, and no probable conjecture of its cause has been offered. The most profound sympathy is felt with the one surviving member of Mr. Andrews's family, his brother-in-law, Mr. St. John, who, absent on business, returned to find his wife and three children, his brother-in-law and sister-in-law dead by so appalling a calamity.

The important political interests of the week are the progress of the Police bill, the passing of the Amsterdam avenue bill—so amended that its workings are somewhat problematical, the appointment of a new Commissioner in Lunacy, the canal inquiry and the investigation of the New York police system by a Legislative Committee. The latter was appointed at Governor Roosevelt's suggestion but at first commanded little public confidence. The Society for the Prevention of Crime, of which Dr. Parkhurst is President, formally declined to proffer aid in the investigation, and this action with the memory of the futility of the Lexow investigation tended to confirm a latent suspicion that the present inquiry would prove to be a mere political farce. The appointment of Mr. Frank Moss as attorney for the Commission has, however, gone a long way to restore public confidence.

Mr. Moss became favorably known through his fearless and efficient work as attorney of the Society above named, and his later career as Police Commissioner, while it perhaps added nothing to his reputation certainly, subtracted nothing from it. His conduct of the inquiry thus far—it began on Saturday—shows that he is not only as fearless and as thoroughly in earnest as ever, but also that he is entirely perspicacious as to the questions at issue and the persons actually responsible for the police scandals which are flagrant in this city. He is wasting no time upon subordinates and cat's paws, but is attacking evil at what he believes to be its source; and the evident disquietude of Tammany with the undisguised hostility of Mayor van Wyck indicate that he is not far from the truth in his conjecture. Uncomfortable revelations have already been made with regard to the Building Department, Mr.

Crocker's connection with which through his son is anything but creditable, and Police Commissioner Devery, who was so thoroughly discredited by the investigations of Dr. Parkhurst's society a few years ago but whose career under our new charter has been one of far too brilliant success, has been put by his own evidence in a very compromising light.

As to the canal investigation every possible obstacle was thrown in its way by the Legislature, but Governor Roosevelt carried his point. It has been made clear that there has been gross and even criminal mismanagement of the enormous funds appropriated to this department. This being the fact the Governor does not propose to stop here. On Monday he sent a message to the Legislature accompanied by a statement of Messrs. Fox and McFarlane, the counsel appointed to take up the matter, urging the immediate appropriation of \$20,000 to continue the inquiry and bring criminals to justice before the statute of limitations—which in these cases takes effect in two years—shall shield them from prosecution.

The State Constabulary Bill, which was the outgrowth of an attempt to carry the metropolitan police bills in the face of Democratic opposition, has met with small favor in the rural districts. It provides for a State Chief of Police having power to appoint bi-partisan police boards in cities of the first and second class. Our police methods are surely bad enough, and the example of Europe shows that a State police system has its advantages; but there is far too much reason to believe that the present bill is a political move, pure and simple, not to bear out the strong opposition which it is receiving from good citizens all over the State.

The Rapid Transit Bill, empowering the Commissioners to deal with offers that may be made to them, is still under consideration, and there has appeared to be a possibility that it would be passed only to be vetoed by Mayor van Wyck. To obviate this difficulty, it is probable that the Legislature will not adjourn until the two weeks which the law allows the Mayor for the consideration of city bills shall have expired. The bill can then be passed over his veto if necessary. Whether any one of the several bids now before the Commission will be accepted by them with or without modifications remains to be seen.

Inspiring news came Monday evening from the Philippines. The important city of Santa Cruz on the eastern shore of Laguna de Bai was taken by General Lawton's expedition, the navy co-operating, after a very brilliant engagement. Other events of the week are the proclamation of the Philippine Commissioners declaring America's intentions with regard to the islands, the much needed repose of General Otis's command at Malolos, with the insurgents massing their troops at Calumpit in the north, the suppression of a band of outlaws on Negros

island and the promulgation of a decree by Aguinaldo that Spanish shall be the language of the island of Luzon.

The war with Spain is legally and diplomatically as well as actually ended. The ratifications of the treaty were formally exchanged by the representatives of the two countries at the White House on Tuesday afternoon.

The Cuban Assembly is no more and the Cuban army have made Gomez Commander-in-chief. The muster rolls were delivered over on Tuesday, and the payment and disbanding of the army will now go on rapidly. The banditti question in Santiago is growing more serious, and a strike on the United Railroads is causing inconvenience, not to the government, since mails and troops are regularly transported, but to individuals. General Brooke has the situation well in hand. One of the most troublesome members of the Cuban Military Assembly, Aristides Aguerro, a very able man, has been appointed by General Ludlow to superintend the distribution of rations.

Recent news from France is very encouraging. Lord Salisbury and M. Cambon have honestly and earnestly set to work to solve Anglo-French differences. So far they have dealt with Africa. It is to be remembered that last summer both nations reached an agreement upon the Niger basin, the problem of which had been so troublesome. Now they have come to an understanding upon the hinterland of the French Uhang and the Egyptian Soudan, and the whole sphere of French influence in North Africa. The features of the agreement are as follows: 1. France has her sovereignty recognized over large territories East and North of Lake Tchad. 2. It secures an outlet from the upper part of the Uhang on the White Nile for a distance of nearly 500 miles—a much shorter way to the French ports of the Mediterranean Sea. 3. It establishes a definite line from Wordelai to the Mediterranean Sea and removes possible complications. 4. It unites all the principal French territories, Algeria, Tunisia, Senegal, the French Soudan, Dahomey and the French Congo into one vast colonial empire. This agreement does not in any way affect the Egyptian question, except in so far as one agreement will probably lead to another. All of which is cheering to the friends of peace.

#### THE LAND OF THE LILIES.

Rev Theodore L. Cuyler.

Bermuda becomes more fascinating every day. To be six hundred miles from a doorbell and seven days without the call of a postman is inexpressibly restful—especially in a land where nobody has ever been in a hurry since Juan Bermudez discovered these islands in 1515. They were then uninhabited by man or beast. Just a century afterwards the English had got a small colony planted here, and imported tropical plants from the West Indies. Oranges do not thrive in this soil; but the banana and the tall cocoanut-palms and the paw-paw and the pineapple thrive here, not because the climate is hot, but because they have no winter frosts to kill them. The flowers and vegetation are perennial, and the fields yield two and three crops in a year. We are regaled with delicious green peas, fresh tomatoes and asparagus; flowers are blooming by the millions, and when I admired the superb roses in the doorway of the Presbyterian Manse of St. Andrews Church, the good pastor's wife, Mrs. Burrows, told me that they were much finer on last Christmas day! No winter day shows the thermometer below fifty-five!

Every drive we take reveals some novelties. For example, we pass the spot in which a Bermuda farmer wishes to build a house. He has cut a cellar in the white coral rock. The

coral he saws into slabs a foot long and three inches thick and builds them into a wall; he covers the rafters with the imperishable cedar-wood and with thin sheets of coral; plasters the walls with lime and his house is finished and will stand an hundred years. These pretty cottages and broad villas—snowy white—and ornamented with verandahs and surrounded by the rich verdure are an endless delight to us. From the piazzas of our pleasant and well kept Princess Hotel we look across the blue waters of the Bay to the verdant slopes of Paget and Warwick *parishes*—which in our country would be small rural townships. A day or two after our arrival we determined to drive around the head of the Bay and explore that attractive region. Light carriages are abundant and cheap; and the colored drivers are intelligent fellows, for all the negroes are taught in the excellent free public schools.

At the head of the Bay we passed Pembroke Hall, a fine private residence, and in its lawn tower up five Royal Palms, over eighty feet high, which were brought from Grenada fifty years ago. We soon found ourselves in a floral paradise. Oleanders twenty feet high in luxuriant bloom, the scarlet laterna flaming by the roadside, the gorgeous bourganville vines with their rich purple flowers covering the stone walls, and frequent fields of white lilies made our drive enchanting. In the parish of Warwick we passed the substantial stone dwelling in which President Patton of Princeton University was born. The old homestead still remains in his possession, and as the laws of Bermuda forbid the holding of real estate by foreigners, he retains his citizenship on this island. Not far from his early home is—to my eye—the most interesting church edifice I have seen. It is the ancient Presbyterian "Christ Church," founded over two centuries ago, and said to be the oldest Presbyterian church in all the British colonies. The building was refitted a few years ago, and its handsome white walls looked as fresh as if erected yesterday. There are but two Presbyterian churches on the island, this one and "St. Andrews" in Hamilton; they are both connected with the Presbytery of Nova Scotia.

In this historic "Christ Church" George Whitfield preached several times when he visited Bermuda in 1748. The queer cedar pulpit—a preposterous little box about four feet wide—in which the great orator thundered and lightened, is still preserved in one corner of the church. Whitfield's sermons produced great effects among the Bermudians, who are to this day a remarkably devout and church-going people. How sweet and clean and cool that church looked the other day when we went in there out of the bright sunshine! Its pastor is the Rev. Mr. Christie from the Free church of Scotland; and he and our kind Brother Burrows of "St. Andrews" are a pair of typical Presbyterian parsons in courtesy, culture and staunch orthodoxy. Attendance on Presbytery must be a rare and formidable undertaking. The eight or nine Episcopal churches on this solitary island receive a visit from their Bishop (who resides not in Halifax, as I erroneously stated, but in far away Newfoundland) only once in two years! The oversight of the churches devolves on Archdeacon Tucker, who resides on Harrington Sound. By the way, a colossal mahogany tree—one of the curiosities of the island—grows in front of his pretty residence.

Up in the centre of this bright little city stands the Parliament House with lofty tower. Bermuda from its earliest settlement has been a British Colony, and is their most important military and naval station on this side of the Atlantic. The Governor and Commander-in-chief, General George Digby Barker, occupies a stately mansion called the "Government House"

up on Mount Langton, a mile from town. The Parliament is composed of two chambers—the "Council" or upper house, whose members are appointed by the Crown, and the "House of Assembly," which contains thirty-six members elected by the people. Each one of the parishes, Somerset, Warwick, Paget, Pembroke, Devonshire, Hamilton, Smiths, St. Georges and Southampton, has four members. The only qualification necessary for the right of suffrage is the possession of real estate or personal property to the amount of \$300. Many of the thrifty negroes are voters, and some of them have sat in the legislative halls. One reason for the advanced condition of the colored people in Bermuda is that they are all educated; there is a current joke here that a fine of five shillings is imposed on any one who calls one of his ebony fellow-citizens a "nigger."

This well governed and prosperous little colony of fifteen thousand inhabitants does not furnish a single shred of argument in favor of the Imperialistic craze that is prevailing with such virulence in our country. When English colonists first settled Bermuda, nearly three centuries ago, it was entirely uninhabited; they were not obliged to shoot down insurgent natives who had long been striving to establish their own independence. In the next place, this island lies in the temperate zone, on the same parallel of latitude as Charleston, and is just as favorable for the occupation of Anglo-Saxons as were the neighboring colonies of Massachusetts and Virginia. If the United States could discover any *unoccupied* territory favorable to a settlement of our own people, then there might be some shadow of excuse for Imperialistic expansion. But when any American pulpit proclaims the horrible doctrine that Providence is ordering our Christian nation to mow down these poor Filipinos (who have as good a right to freedom as the Cubans), I retort that they might as well affirm that God ordered the destruction of the Windsor Hotel to teach the inmates of hotels that they should not all be watching a passing procession. Every hour I am praying that this wretched and disgusting war may be ended. A nation's love is not won by Gatling guns.

Yesterday was Good Friday and every place of business was as strictly closed as on the Sabbath. To-morrow the lily fields will send their tributes to the Easter services. In front of our hotel Her Majesty's fine cruiser the Pearl is moored, and to-day her spars are gaily dressed with flags. During my stay here I have been "exceedingly filled with the company" of my good Brother Dr. Stoddard of the New York Observer, and this hospitable people have been very courteous in their kind attentions. Nine-tenths of all the visitors on the island are at this season from the United States.

PRINCESS HOTEL, HAMILTON BERMUDA, April 1, 1899.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke's Chicago oration on Democracy's Need of Cultured Men is timely and shows the trend of thought on the vital matter of purifying and elevating politics. We must be delivered from the rise and reign of the petty and self-seeking demagogue. We must make men rather than mere winners of diploma in our schools and colleges. This is unspeakably important. Schools sometimes count their worth by the number of degrees conferred. Harvard runs races with the new "Chautauquas." The old colleges split up their diplomas into specialist fragments to make them go further, and dub the bearers thereof "university men." The snare is open; the result most regrettable. The old ideal of the State is "men, high minded men." The culture of our schools should look chiefly to that ideal. God and humanity expect it of us, and to fall because we fail to see the best is a double crime.