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W. C. LINDSAY D.D.,
Pastor Presbyterian Church, Bedford, N. H.

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AN AUGUST NOON.

Yonder, where the green spray of the tall elm
Casts its shade upon the lessening pool,
The cattle stand, half-merged in waters cool.
The buzz of bees the heat doth overwhelm.
The breath of life is hushed. The ash leaf
Quivers not. The grain glistens in its sheaf.

Upon the earth fierce glares the mid-day sun:
Its rays, like the breath from a vast oven,
Touch the cheek, shot from the open heaven.
While thro' the cloud that banks the west, doth run
The gleam of God's great fires, not fires of wrath,
But promise of the love that endeth death.

AUBURN, N. Y.

A. S. H.

All Round the Horizon

Following close upon the shooting of Maitre Labori two events are of more sinister aspect for the triumph of truth in the Dreyfus case than might be supposed. The first is the statement by General Mercier that all the foreign correspondents are in the pay of the Dreyfus syndicate. The accusation is so absurd, even when made by a man of General Mercier's standing, that at the first blush it might seem to be beneath notice. Nevertheless it is precisely calculated, by discrediting in the popular mind the opinion of the outside world, to deprive the present trial of that support which would be invaluable in any case, —the sympathy of a large and disinterested audience. A case presenting such grave difficulties as the Dreyfus trial, a trial pregnant with possible disaster to the Republican cause in France, most particularly needs to be supported by the strong sympathy of other nations. Not that other nations will withdraw their interest or their sympathy because of General Mercier's absurd accusation; but that the utterances of foreign newspapers will be discredited by the French people, who will naturally deem it impossible that a statement from such a source should be other than true.

The second event which bodes no good for the victory of the truth is the uprising of last Sunday, and for a precisely opposite reason. The foolish doings of an irresponsible and utterly disreputable crowd will not greatly affect French opinion. The anarchists and Royalists who ran riot on Sunday were few in number, entirely insignificant, and have in no respect the approval, much less the sympathy of the real public. But such acts, necessarily reported out of due proportion in foreign papers, tend greatly to discredit that public, and conspire with General Mercier's remark to weaken the respect of foreign readers for the French nation. With weakened respect comes a weakened hope in the ultimate victory of the right; and when those who at such heavy odds are battling for the right find themselves losing the interest of their "theatre," the great civilized world which has been observing them with bated breath, they will miss an important element of their strength.

Monday's reports of the trial, however, though lacking some encouraging features, are by no means wholly to the disadvantage of Captain Dreyfus. Maitre Labori was not, indeed, able to go to the court-room, but the prisoner himself appears to have been imbued with something of his great counsel's spirit. Instead of contenting himself as hitherto with protestations of innocence when asked if he had anything to say, he put such searching questions to the witnesses for the prosecution as greatly to discredit their testimony. Happily, at last advices, (Tuesday) Labori was again in the court-room; and one blast upon his bugle horn will be worth a thousand men.

The Boer crisis seems rapidly nearing open war. The reply of the Transvaal government to the British demands is believed to be unsatisfactory: for England will take nothing short of an entire concession as to the franchise of the Uitlanders. A new commander of the British troops in South Africa has been appointed. An emergency force of twenty thousand men with fast transports are waiting orders; and military contingents are daily leaving Cape Town for the Transvaal frontier. The Boers, too, are beginning to move troops to the frontier, and to purchase supplies and pack mules. It is possible that the Orange Free State may side with Oom Paul. But their aid will probably be given by secretly furnishing supplies rather than by any open act of war.

China has been the subject of much discussion during the past week. The Tzar has issued an order declaring his intentions with regard to the Celestial Empire. Ta-lien-wan will be an open port and the development of Russian railroads is to be pushed rapidly. If she will be content to share the general growth of Northern China with the world, Russia is in a position to do China and the nations of the South incalculable commercial and financial benefit. But there are grave reasons for doubt whether Russia's intentions are as benevolent as she would have us believe. In the South, France is pressing her demands upon the Yang Tse Kiang valley. The French have copied the example of the British at Wei Hai Wei and are forming a regiment of Celestial tirailleurs, who it is believed will prove most efficient soldiers.

On the surface Peking is quiet. The last edict of the empress dowager orders sweeping reforms in all the state departments of the empire. The Peking and Tien-Tsing Railway, the edict adds, has made a handsome profit, but there will be no further construction of railroad lines until the Lu Han system has been completed. When that has been done, and it has become profitable, other lines are to be laid down.

The estimate which General Davis placed upon the havoc wrought in Puerto Rico by the hurricane proves none too large. The number of deaths will reach two thousand, while the ruin to crops and plantations is

almost incalculable. The United States is responding generously to the appeal from her newest possession, and there is little doubt that the required one thousand tons of food per week will be supplied. The steamer Evelyn left on Friday with clothing and medical supplies, and was to be followed on Wednesday by the transport McClellan. The work of distribution is continued under Military Governor Davis, who is devoting himself to it with admirable judgment and sympathy. Perhaps it is not worth while for the generous givers to be too much disgusted with the native stevedores, who demand double pay for unloading the relief cargo. It is certainly true that extreme misery does not open the heart and make men unselfish, and this manner of making hay while the sun shines is not a discovery of Puerto Ricans.

The New York public was startled last week at learning that in a recent meeting of the Board of Public Improvements an attempt was made to rush the city into a forty year contract with the Ramapo Water Company for an additional water supply at \$5,000,000 a year. Had it not been for the determined stand taken by Commissioner Coler the contract would have been completed without time for investigation or discussion. Of course charges are made against the railroad men and politicians who are to be responsible for the plan. It is early yet to come to a definite conclusion about the matter. But the worst feature of the transaction is the secrecy with which the entire matter was developed: "The sudden subterranean way in which it has been attempted to complete the contract and fasten an enormous expenditure upon the city of New York for forty years to come."

One interesting feature is that the Republican leaders are accused of making a deal with Tammany in the contract. Three of the best papers in New York are open in these charges. It is a favorable opportunity to judge the public opinion of our great political bosses. And it is hardly a cry of admiration or approval that has gone up over this last "job." Indeed, it would appear that the hidden springs of this water supply might well furnish material for the investigation of the Mazet Committee, which after following the trail of the Tiger through devious windings adjourned a week or more ago until September 12.

The last days of the session were occupied with searching investigations regarding the city contracts and police. The strongest and most damaging evidence Mr. Moss has yet brought out against Tammany seems to come from our police department. Tabulated lists were shown, and the result is enough to give the citizens material for much thought. It should not, however, occupy the minds of the Committee to the exclusion of this new "surprise." Comptroller Coler deserves all the aid which the Mazet Committee may be able to give him.

THE NEW MOHONK.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Has hard-headed old "Skytop" been heightened? Has the pure crystal Lake been deepened? Or have yonder majestic Catskills been brought into closer fellowship? None of these phenomena have come about, and yet Mohonk has become *new*! The old familiar faces are here by the score—solid, sensible and refined people who feel as if they could not get through the summer without revisiting this delightful spot. Yet some of us veteran sojourners hardly recognized the old hostellerie when we caught our first view of it on the other side of the lake.

Instead of the old office on the water side, we saw a large and picturesque Swiss chalet looming up, and crowned by a high stone tower! This chalet structure contains the new and spacious parlor that is intended to seat over four hundred people and is of such a shape as to make the hearing of preaching or singing very perfect. It will cost a sharp pang to many of us to give up the dear old parlor whose walls have echoed to the eloquence of presidents and famous preachers, and professors and philanthropists from the whole land. The conferences held in that room have helped to mould public sentiment for arbitration and for justice to the Indians. The memories of Hayes and Armstrong and Fisk and McCosh and Schaff are linked with those walls.

Under the new parlor—not yet completed—is the large new office with its recording desk, and the library, and two huge fire-places around which the talkers and the smokers will congregate. This apartment will be "inaugurated" on Saturday with appropriate ceremonies. Around both parlor and office are broad piazzas; those on the lake side overhang the water, and from them the departing guests will receive the parting adieus of waving handkerchiefs and the "Mohonk yell." Over the old landing-block a huge porch of rough stone has been reared, and on the top of it is a platform for walking, and surrounded with palms and potted plants. This is not all. The centre of the whole building has been torn away and replaced by a stone structure five stories high, and filled with large rooms finely fitted up for families; and on the "Rondout" side are broad piazzas commanding a grand view of the valley and the distant Catskills. All these new constructions and enlargements have been reared at a cost of not less than a quarter of a million of dollars.

It is needless to say that the house is well filled. My congregation last Sabbath morning in the old parlor overflowed on the piazzas. At the close of my discourse I could not refrain from paying a tender tribute to two of our Mohonk summer-household, whose deaths have been a sore bereavement. One of them—the late Dr. Charles J. Stillé, was borne to his grave in Laurel Hill Cemetery near Philadelphia, last Monday. He had been the honored "Provost" or President of the University of Pennsylvania for many years, and had written several valuable historical works. Last summer Dr. Stillé and his wife celebrated here the twenty-fifth anniversary of their first arrival at Mohonk. They were the oldest "settlers" in this mountain community. Last summer also, my blessed and beloved Brother Dr. Henry M. Booth delivered in yonder parlor two of his sweetest and most spiritual discourses. He was always a favorite preacher here; and the memory of my many walks and talks with him under these trees cannot be recalled without tears. The sudden departure of Henry M. Booth in the prime of his power and usefulness was one of the most mysterious strokes of providence that I have ever known, and one of the heaviest losses that Presbyterianism has suffered. He believed in progress

—but progress only in the lines of loyalty to pure sound doctrine, and the infallible authority of God's precious Word.

Not many clergymen are here yet. The venerable Dr. Barrows of the Episcopal Church and his clerical son are here; and the Rev. Mr. Robinson of Pelham Manor. Albany has sent hither Dr. William F. Whitaker, the eloquent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and a son of the veteran Dr. Ephraim Whitaker of Southold—a large "chip of the old block." Any father might be proud of such a son. For the first time, the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller of Philadelphia is here, and he meets scores of the readers of his rich and savory volumes. He is unsurpassed as a practical writer in purely devotional literature; and one secret of his great success is that he aims to reach the average Christian mind. Long years ago I encouraged Brother Miller to send his early contributions to the religious press; and he sometimes playfully speaks of himself as one of my "pupils." "When you have nothing else to do," said Walter Scott, "be setting out a tree; it will grow while you are sleeping."

I have no space to chronicle all the notable guests who are feasting on Mohonk's scenery and society. Among them are Dr. John Mason Ferris, the veteran editor of the Christian Intelligencer, who comes here every summer, and Captain King, an old navy officer, and Mr. George Crozer, one of the founders and patrons of the "Crozer Theological Seminary;" and up in his studio in this "Rock-building," Daniel Huntington is at work this morning at his easel—holding a steady brush at the age of eighty-three! This is too bewitching a day for imprisonment within doors; and I must be off into Mr. Smiley's gardens which were never so extensive and magnificent as they are now. Yesterday the young folk had a golf-tournament, and this afternoon a regatta is to come off on the lake. And so body and mind find plenty of recreation; and puritanism and pleasures mingle very wholesomely together.

Lake Mohonk, Mountain House, August 16, 1899.

IN CALIFORNIA.

John W. Ellis D. D.

I came to California twenty-two years ago and my friends thought I had passed into the beyond. Now men come and go so swiftly that it seems but the passage of a bird across a California ranch. The wire has become such a common vehicle for the passage of thought that East and West seem to be in adjoining apartments. If a cyclone strikes the Mississippi valley at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we get notice of it about 1 o'clock the same day—two hours in advance of the gathering funnel. If a baby is stolen in New York at 10 o'clock in the morning, we have a photograph of the little darling in our evening papers. Our little world seems to be shrinking into a smaller sphere, and preparing the way for a universal brotherhood. A great many are even now sincerely living out in their daily lives the spirit of the *new* commandment, "As God loved you." California is so thoroughly cosmopolitan that if there is a tid-bit of a new religion floating around on the globe, be it Orient or Occident, enough of it lodges here to exhibit the quality of the whole. We look up at the horizon and to all appearances we are in the centre of the universe, for we seem to be equidistant from the four points of the compass. There was a time when Boston was the front door of America, but since we annexed the Klondike, Hawaii, the Philippines and other islands of the sea, the bows of the ships have turned this way, and commercially, we *think* we are about to be the front door, with Boston in the rear.

The most remarkable people in our state are the native sons and daughters of the golden West, all Californians, their pedigree based

largely upon the fact that their grandmothers came to California to teach school in the early fifties, and there being such a scarcity of women in those days, they were quickly seized upon for wives of the early emigrants in search of gold. These native sons and daughters now own the state.

We have in California a north wind so thoroughly charged with electricity that when it gives us a steady pull for three days, as it does sometimes, the welkin rings with cock crows and the animal kingdom is quickened into a nervous activity, while each hair in the tail of the horse stands out for itself. I live in Oakland and Oakland is about in the middle of the state, measuring north and south, though decidedly to west of centre; but locality aside Oakland is "the Athens of America." Our town is quiet, peaceful and decidedly religious by profession, although a little slow commercially, as was illustrated by a man across the Bay in the part of the city called "Frisco," where he amused his audience by telling them that once he had three brothers, two of them were *living*, and the other was in Oakland.

If San Francisco were the fast train, Oakland would be the sleeper, and like the train, both are destined, in rapid growth, to get there at the same time. Ours is a city of homes, schools, universities, churches and poets.

Not long since an Oakland man took steamer at New York for a trip abroad—having earned a long respite by eight years of a faithful pastorate in the largest church west of the Mississippi River, the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, Cal.—Dr. Robert H. Coyle—for whom every Pacific Coast Commissioner to the late General Assembly voted for Moderator. In many respects Dr. Coyle is a remarkable man. He enjoys the blessing of having a thoroughly disciplined mind. Every week he charges it with two able sermons, which he delivers without scrap or note, and with such a force, zeal and earnestness as to carry conviction to his audience of two thousand people.

About three years since, the First Congregational Church of this city called an unknown man from the suburbs of Boston, to be its pastor—the Rev. Charles C. Brown, a man approaching full vigor and possessing a wide range of thought, decidedly original and exceedingly interesting in delivery of discourse. He has been lately invited to the chair of Personal Ethics, in Stanford University.

At the same time, Stanford University called to the chair of Civics another Californian, the Rev. Burt Estes Howard, late of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, but now from choice outside of church organizations. Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, holds the unique position of unrestricted power, selecting his own lieutenants and distributing the proceeds of twenty million dollars according to his own judgment.

When Dr. Jordan was a Professor in a sectarian College, his orthodoxy was questioned and he stepped out. He seems to have held fast to early convictions, and is surrounding himself with kindred spirits in the field of liberal thought and wide range of vision. He is an indefatigable worker in all branches of thought, lecturing on all manner of subjects in all sorts of places and always acceptable.

It is said that you cannot have one good thing in public use without a similar one in the same line. That is well illustrated in the two great universities of California—the State University and Stanford. Since the founding of Stanford, the State University has steadily increased in numbers and influence, although unsettled in respect to a president. The high standard of education on this coast and the increase of places requiring high grade intellect is well illustrated in the choice of Prof. Wheeler for President of the State University.