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The Evangelist.

IN ESSENTIALS UNITY IN NON-ESSENTIALS LIBERTY IN ALL THINGS CHARITY

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EASTER SONNET.

Thomas C. Hall, D.D.

In far past eons chaos and black night
Woke into being with a burst of song.
Chaos took order 'midst a heavenly throng,
Night heard God's mandate clear, "Let there be light!"

The fair Creation felt sin's damning blight,
And martyred spirits cried, "O Lord, how long
"Tarry thy judgments on this masséd wrong?
"Hasten destruction, and in anger smite!"

While man demands for man the angry rod,
The Father's pity sets sin's captive free.
Upon man's darkness rose the Son of God,
To light with hope our sin and poverty.
With love and peace his beauteous feet are shod,
Bringing to light, Life -- Immortality!

All Round the Horizon.

One of the most appalling fires on record is the burning of the Windsor Hotel in this city on Friday afternoon by which at least sixteen persons lost their lives. Many more were injured—in some cases fatally, and over sixty are yet to be accounted for. The fire was so sudden and overwhelming that its cause was not recognized; there have been suggestions of incendiarism, but it appears to be as certain as is possible before official investigation, that the hotel took fire from an unextinguished match, accidentally thrown against a lace curtain by a person unknown after lighting a cigar. The hour was broad day, no one was asleep or otherwise incapable of prompt action; the circumstances would have seemed peculiarly favorable for the escape of all the inmates of the building, yet the fire spread so rapidly that, prompt as was the fire department, the hotel was wrapped in flame before succor came, and within half an hour from the discovery of the fire the roof fell in.

The firemen performed prodigies of valor; certain of the guests and a few of the servants showed heroic calmness and presence of mind; yet nothing availed to prevent an appalling sacrifice of life. But the horror of the event lies deeper than the sacrifice of life; it rests in the awful possibility of a recurrence of similar accidents. The Windsor Hotel was equipped with all necessary appliances for extinguishing fire; though built before the existence of building laws now in force, it had again and again been pronounced safe. The servants were organized into a fire-brigade and were frequently practiced in their duties; yet when the emergency arose, no one was in his place, no one appeared to have his wits about him, at least so far as concerted action went. The servants indeed were at the windows watching the St. Patrick's Day parade, which was passing at the moment. And so it happened that there were fire-extinguishers which no one used, water-plugs which no one opened, fire-escapes to which no one resorted.

As the facts begin to come out grave questions arise. Which are those hotels of which the fire chief has spoken, which are no safer, should the emergency arise, than was the

Windsor? What was the nature of that wall decoration, "something like celluloid," across which the flame flew with the rapidity of lightning? Unless these and many other similar questions shall be answered satisfactorily the occupation of all but the newest and unmistakably fire-proof hotels will speedily be gone. A natural result of the awful holocaust was reached on Monday, when three bills were introduced into the Assembly providing more stringently for means of escape from fire in hotels. There is some danger that their stringency and their small consideration for architectural effect may result either in their defeat or in their becoming a dead letter.

The struggle in the Philippines continues to be bitter and bloody, yet always with victory to our own arms. On Tuesday of last week General Wheaton's division had a sharp encounter with the rebels, and the lately captured town of Pasig is reported to have been burned by the latter. On Wednesday the fortified village of Kaintai at the head of Lake Bar, the inland sea of Luzon, was taken; on the following day a considerable force was captured. Since then the battleship Oregon has arrived at Manila, a large insurgent force has been driven eastward into the mountainous province of Morong, and on Sunday last a sharp engagement took place, which resulted in driving a large detachment of Filipinos some fifteen miles south of the Pasig River. During this engagement a company of Washington volunteers distinguished themselves by crossing the river, in several small detachments, in a native canoe under a heavy fire. Aguinaldo is taking extreme measures to suppress any suggestion of surrender on the part of his troops. Twelve residents of Manila have been condemned to death because they wrote advising surrender, and the Filipino General Lagarda, who visited Aguinaldo last Friday to argue with the rebel leader as to the futility of the rebellion, was immediately decapitated.

A threatened attack of mountain banditti upon Iloilo last week was promptly suppressed by General Miller. The garrisons of towns on the island of Negro have been reinforced not because of threatened insurrection but in the interests of order. Spanish residents of Luzon are expressing a strong desire to return to their own country. Orders have been given for the formation of a mosquito fleet for service in Philippine waters; and without doubt this will be the simplest and best way of keeping order in the archipelago.

Things in Cuba are not quite as simple as might be desired. The Military Assembly is rapidly losing influence, and public confidence is turning again to General Gomez. The latter, having accepted deposition at the hands of the Assembly, is carefully avoiding its attempts to force him into controversy either with the Assembly or with the American authorities. General Brooke has been going on quietly in

his preparations for discharging the insurgent army, carefully avoiding all conflict with the Assembly. On Sunday, however, there was an outbreak in Havana, caused, it is said, by a conspiracy of prisoners. A number of lives were lost and considerable property destroyed. The Cuban police stood the test nobly, redeeming the character which they put in jeopardy at the time of the Anti-Assembly riots last week. It is reported that General Ludlow, Military Governor of the Department of Havana, desires to be relieved and sent to Manila.

Rumors of uprisings and resistance to authority having come from Puerto Rico, General Henry telegraphs that all such reports are absolutely false. There has been political agitation in the form of talk, but no public resistance to law and order. Apparently General Henry deems that these reports have arisen with malicious intent to injure the fame of the island and islanders.

On Friday the Queen Regent, having dissolved the pusillanimous Cortes, signed the Peace Treaty, and there is now peace between this country and Spain. The act shows much decision and bravery, and a very genuine desire to keep faith, on the part of the Queen. The responsibility was a heavy one, but the danger of a revolution, which from the beginning has been one of the difficulties in the Queen's way, is in fact far less imminent now than at any time during the past three years. The Queen Regent has shown herself to be worthy of her ancestress, Maria Theresa, worthy too, of the dangerous and difficult trust which for years has been hers.

A thrillingly interesting event occurred at Gibraltar on Sunday, when our cruiser Raleigh met the Spanish squadron. The Raleigh in generous courtesy ran up the Spanish flag, when immediately Admiral Camara hoisted the stars and stripes. Such an illustration of the knightly nobility of two great commanders has hardly occurred in history; but it is more than this. It is the officers on both sides who best understand the meaning of the war and the character of one another, and these officers in their sincere admiration for one another is a striking vindication of the necessity of the war which is now so happily an event of the past.

It is delightful though not surprising to observe the enthusiasm which Mr. Choate has awakened in England. His speech at the dinner of the United Chambers of Commerce in London last Thursday took the whole nation by storm. The Daily Telegraph said of it:

"A speech in better taste could not be conceived. It was transparently sincere and cordial, without a suspicion of 'gush,' brimful of eloquence, humor and pathos, and however high the standard of oratory may be set, it is impossible to demand more of it than this. Mr. Choate has established his position in his first speech, and strengthened the ties of brotherhood and friendship that are making for the peace of the world."

HENRY MATTHIAS BOOTH.

E. A. Pulkley, D.D.

The whole Church mourns the going out of the rich life whose heart-beats stopped so suddenly and unexpectedly last Saturday. His rounded scholarship, his delicate and devout writing, his facile and edifying speech, his sympathetic and industrious pastorate, his safe and harmonizing counsels in church courts, his broad and inspiring administration as a semi-nary president, are its precious memories.

The present writer hastens to give from his heart a few reminiscences of Dr. Booth, gathered from an acquaintance through years of fellowship as a co-Presbyter and neighbor and in general social connections.

He was greatly distinguished by his sincere and constant brotherliness. To his intimates this was fully known in all his sweet and genial life. Fresh in the writer's recollection is the greeting—cordial and helpful—given to him by "Brother" Booth upon his coming into the same Presbytery. In the twenty years that followed, occasions of difference, irritation and conflict were perhaps unusually frequent. Yet no alienation resulted. In the sharpest provocations and most tangled complications he was so serene and kindly that no exasperation ensued, and though he was never indefinite or timid in opinion, his judicious mind and fraternal spirit overcame variance as fully as was possible. As a brother he ever compacted our brotherhood. When we reluctantly transferred him to another Presbytery it was with a deep and tender brotherliness in which we unanimously shared, because he himself had so remarkably exemplified it among us.

Another living recollection is of his nearness to God in public devotions. His habitual conduct of the sanctuary worship was a nearly perfected liturgy in thought, in language, and reverent manner. But on special occasions his prayers were so fit and yet unaffected, so eloquent and yet so spiritual, as to be profoundly impressive and up-lifting. At the dedication of the new church in Rutherford, New Jersey, in the spring of 1890, the prayer with which he led the congregation in the consecration of the sanctuary is to this day remembered for its comprehensiveness and fervor, its intellectual force and tender simplicity. The pastor of the church did not soon cease to hear references to that prayer as an example of powerful and touching devotion, which spoke to even irreligious men through its direct address to their minds and hearts as well as to heaven. Its tones moved their spirits and likewise seemed to fill nave and transept and vaulted roof with the majesty of the divine presence.

More lately it has fallen to the writer, as a pastor emeritus after a half-century of service in the ministry, to observe closely the proofs of Dr. Booth's pastorate of twenty-five years in Englewood, New Jersey. It fully stood the test of all our years of long and wide experience. Its abiding influence told its faithful and noble character. As a young pastor he gave his heart to the church—and no less in the time of his mature affections—and the people in response gave their hearts to him. He has them still. No brilliant gifts of others have turned them away from him.

For many a day his memory will be blessed and those who never saw his face will feel the power of his worth. Our last meeting with him on earth was casual and hurried. There was sadness because of defections from the faith and the critical things which had brought the church under an ordeal. But his heart was still—and all the more—with his beloved people, and out of his devotion to them he could entertain no prophecy except that of full and lasting good for them. From the heights

of heaven, to which he has been so suddenly translated, may he see the blessed realization of all he prayed for and hoped!

THE STORY AND THE SONG OF THE LAMB.

A Meditation for Passion-week.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

The central figure and glory of the New Testament is the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. The story of the crucified Lamb was the burden of apostolic preaching; those first preachers set us a good example—they never lost sight of Calvary. In the closing chapters of the Bible we catch the magnificent strains of heaven's music; they are singing a new song, and the burden of it is, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing!" The theme for Christmas is the Incarnation; the theme for Easter is the Resurrection; during Passion-week the hearts of Christ's redeemed people should be on the central theme of the whole Bible, which is the atoning sacrifice of our Redeemer. Over that whole week falls the shadow of the Cross.

When we think of our Saviour now we must think of him as a sufferer for us. No example that he could have set for us; no teaching that fell from his lips, however perfect or sublime, could save us sinners from our deserved retribution. As we are sinners, we must have suffered the punishment due to our guilt. But our adorable and beloved Lamb—all glory to his name!—took our place and "suffered for" us. He was bruised for our iniquities. The blood of that crucified Lamb can alone cleanse us from sin. As a bruised flower sendeth forth sweetness, so our blessed Redeemer hath to us the most heavenly fragrance when we touch his wounded side and clasp the hand that was pierced for us.

Let us gratefully meditate on the satisfaction which our atoning Saviour made for the claims of God's violated law. He satisfied divine justice. He made it possible that our all-holy God might be just, and yet justify you and me when we lay our hands on the head of our atoning Lamb in penitence and faith. He made it certain that we can be saved when our sins are hidden in his wounds. In these days of loose and invertebrate theology, when the doctrine of vicarious atonement is sneered at as obsolete and barbarous, let us cling closer than ever to the old apostolic truth that the atoning death of the Son of God was a perfect satisfaction for sin, and of such infinite value that it was abundantly sufficient to expiate the sins of an universe of sinners. What a blessed satisfaction to preach such a truth in this world, and what an endless satisfaction to cast our crowns at the feet of the enthroned Lamb in yonder realms of glory!

During the sacred Passion-week we ought to be thinking often and deeply on the sweetness of the Divine Lamb. Christ Jesus sweetens our Bible by the fragrance of his name, and the mercy-seat by the joy of his presence, and the aroma of his love. On sacramental Sabbaths the King sitteth at his table, and the spikenard giveth forth its pleasant smell. In hours of trial, when a bitter cup is pressed to our lips, Jesus drops sweetness into the cup; the odor of his own sweet breath is upon that cup, for he too was a Man of Sorrows. "There is none like Jesus," wrote staunch old Samuel Rutherford when he was imprisoned for Christ's sake; "I would not exchange one smile of his lovely face for kingdoms. He is a rose that beautifieth all the upper garden of God; a leaf of that rose, for smell, is worth a world. Oh that I were able to come nearer to him, to kiss his feet, to hear his voice and to take in the fragrance of the ointments! I have a little of him, but oh, I long for more!" A Saviour

that could inspire that sturdy, hard-headed Scotchman with such devout ecstasies must be the very Saviour that every troubled and heart-broken soul needeth.

"Is He a Rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the Lily He assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.
Is He a Vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit.
Oh, let a lasting union join
My soul the branch to Christ the Vine!"

A poor hovel or hut is my heart for him to reign in; but if I am a true Christian, then Jesus is my Sovereign. The seer of Patmos got a glimpse of heaven, and beheld there "the Lamb in the midst of the throne." Jesus sits to-day in the midst of the heart's throne of every honest, upright, generous man or woman whose life is made clean by his purity and whose footsteps are ordered by his commandments. As long as the Saviour who conquered me by his love is allowed to reign within me, then I am filled with light and joy and abounding peace. I can do all things through his strength; I can keep the door barred against Satan; in all my decisions I am sure to make no mistakes while I give my Master the casting vote. If he were exiled from my heart it were a dungeon, and I the devil's captive. To be ruled by King Jesus is perfect liberty, and sin hath no more dominion over me. As long as I live, let him reign within me, and then in yonder paradise he permits his redeemed flock to "reign with him" in glory!

Whatever the occupations in heaven may be, there will be no Passion-week there; the head that was crowned with thorns will then wear the flashing diadem. All his servants shall serve him; but with such freedom from drudgery or fatigue that it is described as perfect rest. Praise will be one great and pervading element; of that celestial Oratorio John caught some entrancing strains. Those who heard the story of the Lamb in this world, and who loved to tell the story, will then help to swell the anthem of the Lamb upon his throne. And the richest strain in all that mighty choral song will be, "blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever!" May you and I be there! Augustine—in the fourth century—once said, "There are three things I wish I could have seen—Rome in her glory, Paul in the pulpit, and Jesus in the flesh." If we are faithful to the end we shall behold greater sights than Augustine longed for. We shall see an infinitely grander city than Rome in her splendors and Paul in a loftier place than any pulpit, and Jesus Christ no longer the Man of Sorrows but the enthroned Lamb surrounded by the mighty and magnificent hosts of the redeemed!

There has been a widely diffused interest among our churches, beginning in instances with the observance of the Week of Prayer, but few powerful revivals; such, for instance, as that which occurred recently at Rockwood (Illinois) Presbyterian Church—noticed elsewhere among church news. This town has been much depressed in recent years, both in a spiritual and a material sense—the latter chiefly on account of a change in the channel of the Mississippi, removing itself far to the west, thus isolating the city and greatly reducing business; and the Presbyterian Church was reduced to four members. Whether the town will win back its former prosperity it is unnecessary to predict, but as a result of the recent revival the church has now ninety members and a full quota of elders, deacons and trustees. Truly the town that God blesses is blest. Doubtless they will now go on and call the young licentiate under whose shepherding with help of a neighboring pastor the blessing came.