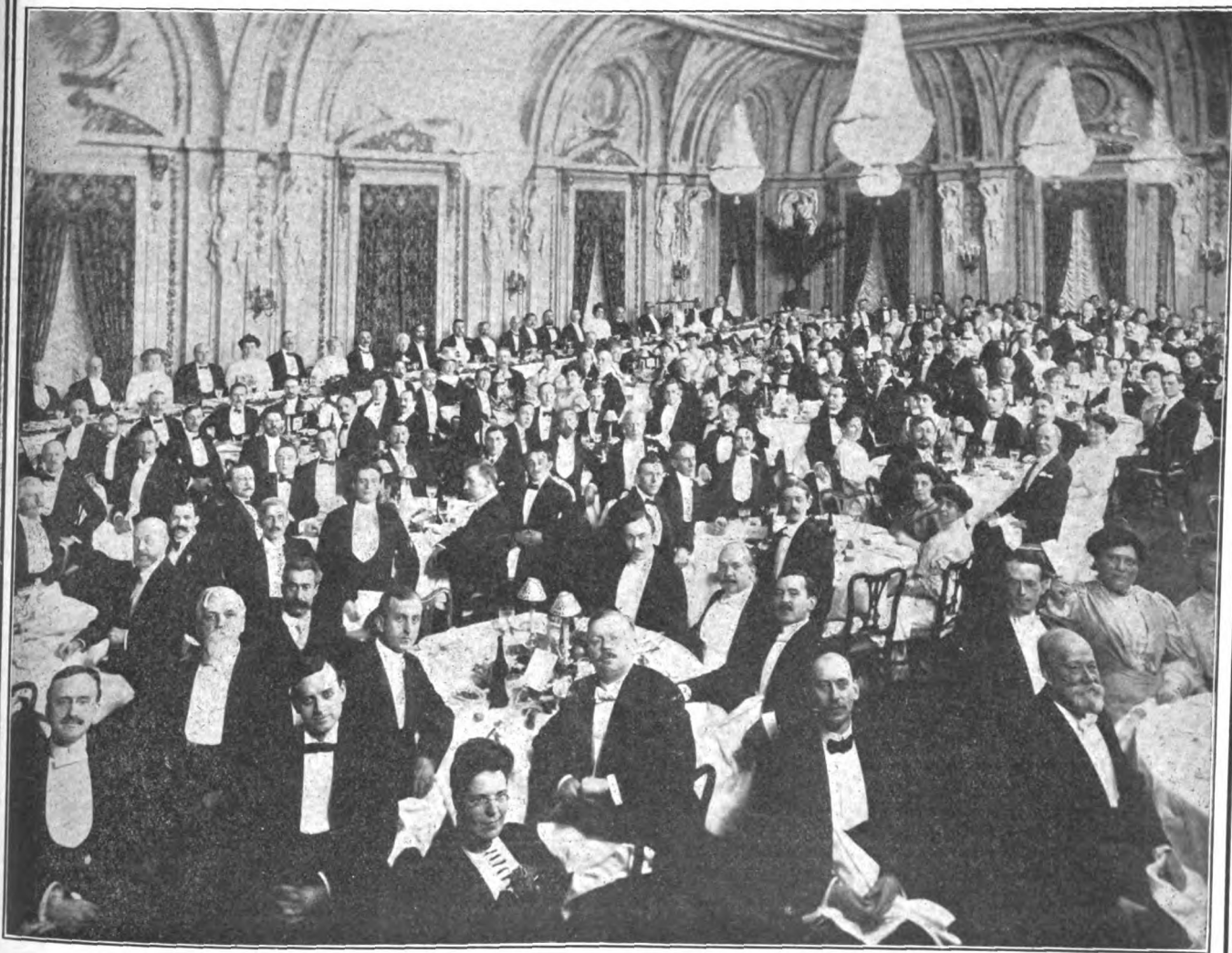


# The New York Observer

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Thursday, May 9, 1907 #19

## Public School Lecture Corps Reunion



### Members and Guests Dine at the Hotel Astor

At the guest table, reading from left to right: Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard, D.D., the Augustus of The New York Observer; Gen. George W. Wingate, Member Board of Education; Mrs. Franklin Ford; Mr. Leslie W. Sprague, of the Ethical Society; Miss Jennie Pomerene, President of the College Woman's Club; Mr. A. T. Van Lear; Mrs. John Bancroft Devins; Mr. George A. Vandenhoff, Member Board of Education; Mrs. Leipziger, mother of Dr. Leipziger; Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, Supervisor of the Course of Lectures; Rev. John Bancroft Devins, D.D., Editor of The New York Observer and Toastmaster of the evening; Mr. Edward Lauterbach, Regent of the New York State University; Mr. Arthur Hollick, Member of the Board of Education; Mr. John Greene, Vice-President of the Board of Education; Mr. Charles Sawyer Hamlin, of "School"; Mr. A. Emerson Palmer, Secretary of the Board of Education; Miss Pauline Leipziger; Rev. Charles P. Fagnani, D.D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary; Rev. William Carter, Ph.D., pastor Madison Avenue Reformed Church; Mr. Horace E. Dresser, Member of the Board of Education; Mr. Rollo Ogden, Editor "The Evening Post"; Mr. Frank D. Wilsey, Member of the Board of Education.

# THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1907

Vol. LXXXV, No. 19

Established in 1823

Whole No. 4383

## Presentation to Rutgers Church

A Portrait of Rev. Robert R. Booth, D.D.

SPECIALLY interesting services were held at the Rutgers Presbyterian Church on February 20, upon the unveiling of a portrait of the late Rev. Robert Russell Booth, D.D. The preliminary services were conducted by the Rev. Allen McCurdy, assistant minister, and consisted of hymns, prayer and Scripture readings, after which the following letter was read from Dr. Mackenzie, who was prevented from being present by illness:

"Immediately after the death of our recent Pastor Emeritus, Dr. Booth, the Session of the Church set about to devise a suitable memorial of his life and service as pastor of this church. A memorial window was our first thought, but it was seen that there was no window in our building so large as to be a fitting place for such a window as this congregation would consider sufficient as a memorial to Dr. Booth. Until some change in the future may make a memorial window possible the three boards of the church united in placing a memorial tablet to Dr. Booth in the vestibule of the church.

"Later, Mr. Scott Foster, the clerk of our Session, asked permission to add his contribution and that of his family to the honor and memory of their friend and pastor. Mr. Foster has had prepared a memorial for this room that shall serve to keep Dr. Booth intimately near to those who knew him personally and bring him near to those who shall come later and know him only historically—a memorial that will enable us to say to one another: 'This is Dr. Booth as he was when he builded this church into its goodly proportions in this place.'

"I used all my influence to persuade Mr. Foster to stand here a minute and present to this church this tribute of affectionate memory to his former pastor. But he has asked me to do so for him. In his name therefore and with a kindred feeling I now present to you that which I hope will hang in this lecture room as long as this church shall have an existence—the portrait of that master of assemblies, that prince among his peers—Dr. Robert Russell Booth."

The portrait was then unveiled, and Professor J. J. Stevenson, a member of the session, spoke as follows:

"Half a century ago there were many noble men in New York City, but chief among them all were three Presbyterians—William A. Booth, William E. Dodge and Norman White. To those three men New York owes almost all of the good work that is going on to-day, and the accelerated impetus which it has been receiving constantly has been due, in very large measure, to the sons of those men.

"Of Mr. Booth's sons, four have done fine work for the Presbyterian Church. Two have been elders for many years, one of them our own William T. Booth; another son was for years before his death at the head of the Auburn Theological Seminary; while the eldest was our Dr. Booth.

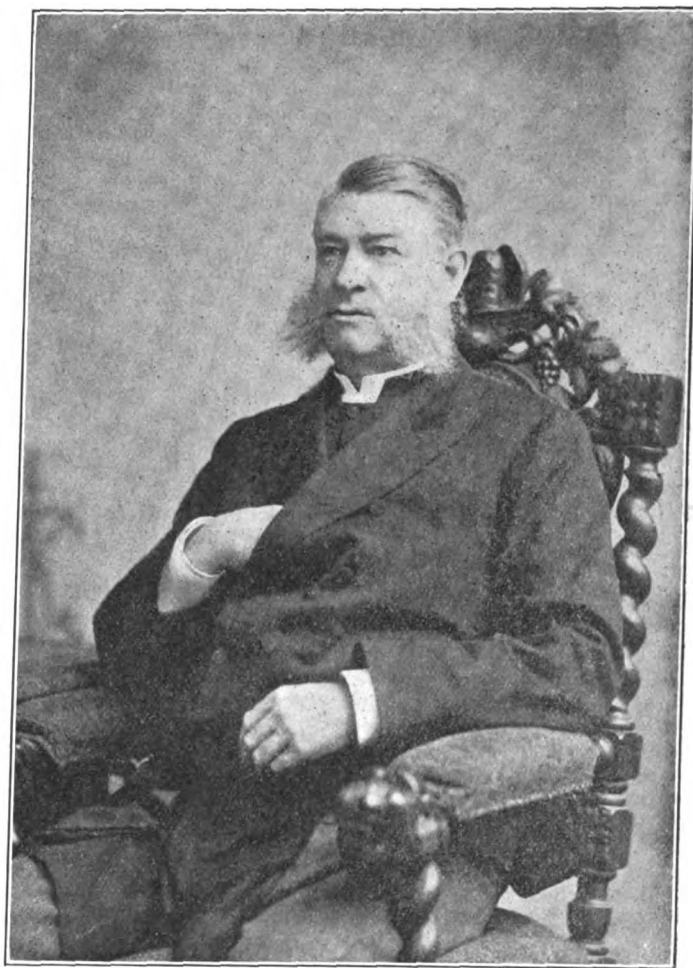
"Dr. Booth was born in 1830, in this city; was graduated at nineteen from Williams College; at twenty-two from Auburn Seminary. He was called quickly to the Troy Church, where he remained four years, assisting or associated with Dr. Beaman; becoming fitted there, by the training he received, for that broad field which was soon to be his. Four years more were spent at Stamford, Connecticut, and then he was called, in 1861, to the New School Presbyterian Church in Mercer street, near Clinton place. At that time agitation for the union of the New School and Old School churches had been under way for some time, and among the most energetic, and certainly not among the least efficient, of those working for this union, was the young pastor of the Mercer Street Church.

"The union was effected in 1870. At that time the University Place Church, an Old School church, was only two minutes' walk from the Mercer Street Church, and neither congregation was any too strong. It was seen at once that two organizations so close together were no longer necessary, and within a very few months they were united, with Dr. Booth as the pastor. And then began a pastorate which, though it lasted only fourteen years, was one of the most remarkable in New York City.

"The contributions to the Boards increased wonderfully. That church was the pasture ground, so to speak, for all per-

sons seeking contributions for benevolent purposes. And, more than that, the people themselves established a mission, the Emanuel Mission, in Sixth street, on the East Side, which still exists as the strongest one in the city, and the strongest in the country, excepting the Bethany Mission in Philadelphia.

"Dr. Booth was a strong man, physically, active, and everything looked as though there was to be a pastorate there with which very few could compare for length and efficiency. He



REV. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH, D.D.

was beloved by his people, he was trusted by his officers, and he was honored by his colleagues in the Synod. But in 1884 he was taken down by a long, tedious illness, from which recovery was very slow and final recovery seemed to be uncertain. His conscience would not permit him to leave his church without the services of an active pastor. He had brought it to that stage at which he felt that it must have such service and such care; and so, to the honest grief of almost every member of that congregation, he offered his resignation and insisted that it be accepted. After his resignation he went to Europe, and, in the course of two years or thereabouts, he came home, apparently fully restored to health, with all his old energy and determination to do as good work as ever. The Rutgers Church, or the Rutgers Street Church, had been for a long time in the southeast portion of the city.

"Just a little while before Dr. Krebs's death in 1867 they sold their old building and moved up to Madison avenue, purchasing the building of the defunct Madison Avenue Church. Dr. Krebs soon died. He was succeeded by Dr. N. W. Conkling. The neighborhood soon underwent changes, and it was found quickly that a wrong location had been selected. The congregation became weaker and weaker, and in 1881 Dr. Conkling resigned. Another pastor was secured, but he remained only a little while and resigned in 1884. The remnant, somewhat discouraged, but under the leadership of Mr. Hull and Mr. Hinman, determined to hold out; and they did hold out until

# In the Place of Quiet

## IN THE TENT OF MEETING.

"I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of, and wherever I have seen the print of His shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too. His Name has been to me as a civet-box, yea, sweeter than all perfumes. His Voice to me has been most sweet, and His countenance I have more desired than they that have most desired the light of the sun."

Conducted by the Rev. John T. Wilds, Pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of Jesus Christ.

**B**ELOVED LORD, I am not worthy to ask Thee a so peculiar blessing as this which is on my heart. Thou wilt have me pray from the heart, and I find this desire burning there. \* \* \* I am a foolish little child, who dearly loves Thee. For so long I have been blind to Thee. Mine eyes have been closed so long, veiled by grace, I confess. Though Thou hast been with me all the time, and art a close, dear and intimate Friend, whose companionship I know and rejoice in, I have not yet lifted mine eyes upon Thee. My soul has caught the glow of the beauty of Thine again and again; her eye has seen Thy invisible Face; her heart knows Thy surpassing Love; but I have not yet looked upon Thee.



REV. JOHN T. WILDS.

It is written of Absalom that he dwelt three years in Jerusalem, and did not behold the face of David. As a child that impressed me as sad, and I could not understand it. Three years in the same city knowing where his father lived, and yet not seeing his face! Thou didst read that, when a child, Mary told Thee of it, and it laid hold on Thee as a strange thing. And Thou didst look up into her face with thankfulness that Thou didst see Thy dear Mother. I know Thou hast feeling in this matter. We have lived together so long—oh, so long! We have loved each other so tenderly. Thou hast been so good to me—so very loving and so very kind in Thy goodness. I do wish the veil were lifted and I could see Thee. Move it aside, just a little for one of Thy little whiles, as Thou didst for Simon Peter, for Mary of Magdala, for John, for "the two disciples," for Paul. Just push aside the veil that hides Thee from mine eyes, that I, too, may see Thy Face. Then draw it, if that be Thy will, as Thou didst over their eyes. \* \* \* I do not ask Thee why I may not see, but simply, Let me see Thee—lift the veil from mine eyes also, that I may see Thee for myself.

In the year Uzzial died Isalah saw Thee seated on the Throne. When his king died Thou didst become his King indeed. Long ago my "King" died; then I, too, saw Thee, Lord, and Thou art now King and seated on the Throne. It is not for that I ask. Oh, sad indeed the soul that has not seen Thy Face and known the kiss of Thy tender Love!

"Jesus, these eyes have never seen,  
That radiant form of Thine!  
The veil of sense hangs dark between  
Thy blessed face and mine!"

And I feel there is that which "eye hath not seen" for eye to see, and what "ear hath not heard" for ear to hear. The day demands it. Men and women still need to see Thy Face. The world needs they should. Thy cause needs it. And Thou canst push aside the veil now as well as then. I might plead that because Thou didst show Thyself to the man who denied Thee with cursing, and to the men who left Thee, and to Paul who persecuted Thee, therefore lift the veil from mine eyes also. But I could not plead because Thou didst show Thy Face to Mary, therefore let me see Thee. No! she loved so purely, so rare was her heart's offering; and she held on all the while—held on at whatever the cost. At the Cross, at the Tomb, in the early morn, she was near. Love never fears. She loved Thee. Hers is one heart that loved Thee aright.

\* \* \* I can only plead: "I see Thee not."

Lo, I am with Thee! Dost Thou know what it means to be blind? To be with one loved and not see the face? I have a blind friend who sorrows that she cannot see my face. One day the sorrow overcame her, and she said: "Oh, will you let me put my hands on your face!" With seeing fingers she measured my features and head until her eyes ceased dropping tears. Dost Thou know anything about that? Is that the one touch of humanity unknown to Thee? Dost Thou know what

it is to endure as seeing Him who is invisible? "As seeing Him!"

An artist had an only child whose mother had gone to dwell with Thee. The girl was blind. She had always sat by her father as he painted. He told her what he was doing, and tried to let her see the colors and forms through his words. Once in a while she would rise and move her fingers over his face, trying to see him who so tenderly loved her. Then a little satisfied, she would be seated to hear her father talk and to be happy in being near him. One day the skill of the physician took the veil off her eyes, and she saw. As she looked into her father's face she cried. He tried to soothe her—he loved her with tender demonstration—he showed her his beautiful paintings—he caressed her. "Oh, child of light, be happy now, for you see," he pleaded. "To think, father," she said, "oh, to think, I have been with you all these years and only to-day see thy face!"

Master, what, if Thou, ever with me, didst not see me? If that were true and Thou didst say, "Let me see thy face?" and I could take away the veil, I would do so. \* \* \* Oh, let me see Thy Face. Thou who knowest not the anguish of the heart of one who does not see; Thou who canst reveal Thyself to man; Thou who lovest light and art not willing that any sit in darkness, or in a clouded light; Thou who desirest the good things for Thy children, let Thy pitifulness, O Mercy, and Thy kindness, O Love, be manifested, and lift the veil from mine eyes and let me see Thy Face.

If to the persecuting unbeliever Thou didst come, why not to me, Thy believing child? If to the doubting Thomas Thou didst show Thyself, why not to me? If to the fearful—the scattered sheep—Thou didst appear, why not to me? Nor is there merit in me, nor am I better than they. Their sins did not keep Thee from lifting the veil, why should mine? They needed—do not I? The time needed men who had seen Thee, how much more this day? They asked not, and Thou didst lift the veil. I ask, for Thou hast bidden me ask what I will and it shall be done unto me. Thy word is true. It is Thy bond. Open mine eyes—lift the veil. Let me see Thee, Jesus, for I love Thee, and need the vision of Thy Face for Thy glory among men.

I rest in Thy love. The veil that veils Thy Face from me is Love. Whether it "hang dark between" or light, or be removed for a little while, all is Love. I endure as seeing Thee.  
New York.

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## TIGHTEN THE BUCKLES.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

**I**T is related that a cavalry officer, with a small number of followers, was pursued by an enemy who were in large force. He discovered that his saddle-girth was becoming loose; his comrades were urging him on to greater speed; but he dismounted, tightened the loose buckle, and then rode on, amid the shouts of his companions. The broken buckle would have cost him his safety—perhaps his life. His wise delay ensured his safety.

This incident suggests several spiritual lessons. A very obvious one is that the Christian who is in such haste to rush off to his business in the morning that he does not spare any time for his Bible or for prayer, is quite likely to "ride for a fall" before sundown. One of the most eminent Christian merchants of New York told me that he never met his family at the breakfast table until he had had a refreshing interview with his God over his Bible and on his knees. His family worship afterward was not only a tightening of the buckle for himself, but was a gracious means of safety to his household.

One of the greatest dangers in these days is that too many children are growing up—even in nominally Christian families—with sadly lax sentiments in many vital directions. They have loose views about God's day and God's Book, and very loose practices as to attendance upon God's worship. They

start out in life with a broken buckle and when the stress of temptation comes, they are easily thrown to the ground. Fathers and mothers owe to their children as well as to themselves the duty of tightening the saddle-girth.

Not only do families suffer from laxity in parental government and godly parental training, but I fear that some congregations suffer from laxity in the teachings of their ministers. No church is very likely to rise higher than its own pulpit. If the shepherd of the flock holds loose doctrines; if he is so "liberal" that he gives away, or throws away, vital truths; if he lets down too many bars that the Bible wisely puts up, then it is no wonder that the flock wanders off into the ways of worldliness. There is no danger in these days of excessive strictness or of "Puritanical" principles or practices. The danger is just from the opposite direction. Would it not be a wise thing if some pastors, who see that their churches are being overtaken and demoralized by worldly temptations, should call a halt and tighten their buckles?

The incident at the head of this brief article has a very close application to the maintenance of a vigorous happy and useful Christian life. The very word "religion" is derived from a Latin word that signifies "to bind fast." True religion means the being bound fast to the Lord Jesus Christ in constant dependence on Him and obedience to Him. How to keep up a healthy spiritual life is the daily problem with every Christian. The parable of the buckle gives a hint. True piety is never self-sustaining. We only can "do all things through Christ that strengthened us." Without Him, nothing; with Him, everything. Therefore it is that our Bible exhorts us with prodigious emphasis to "pray without ceasing." When we relax in this vitally important duty, the enemies will soon overtake us, and overmatch us, and leave us in the dust. Brethren and sisters, tighten the prayer buckle.

Brooklyn, New York.

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### THE SANCTIONS OF RELIGION.

By the Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

NO true religion can sustain itself without an appeal to authority. Religion might indeed be defined to be authority in action. Religion both requires and supplies the sanctions of ethics. It furnishes the norm of right living. Why is right right? That has been an ever-recurrent question in ethics since the days of the Greek dialecticians. We might be no nearer solving that problem than were they if it were not for the Christian revelation. Right for us is now seen to be bound up with obedience to the expressed will of God. We are not troubled with that perplexing question which has exercised the wits and strained the patience of innumerable disputants. Should a man do right because it is right, or because so to do leads to happiness? Since, on the Christian hypothesis, eternal right coincides with eternal bliss—since both are involved inextricably in the very constitution of the universe and agree with the nature of God, the inquiry is one of merely academic interest—like the abstract question which the schoolmen discussed when they lost sleep over the problem how many angels can stand on the point of a pin?

Three answers have been given historically to the question as to the seat of authority—rejoinders which locate it in the reason, the Church and the Bible. Protestants are not justified in decrying reason, since reason was a factor in making the Reformation which made Protestants, and, though the authority which supports religion is not wholly reason, on the other hand, it cannot be irrational. The Church view of authority has been overdone, and is being overdone by the Roman Catholics with their absurd claims as to the status and function of the papacy with its "ex cathedra" utterances. The Protestant finds his authority emphatically in the Bible as the sufficient rule of faith and practice. This view does not exclude the activity of reason, nor disparage the function of the Church in its place, but magnifies the testimony of God through His Word, and leaves room for the operation and instruction of His Spirit, who brings to those who welcome His aid a true spiritual knowledge of that Word, which otherwise, in spite of all the popes and churches in the world, or all the colleges for that matter, would remain in its deeper meaning inscrutable. For the humble believer who puts himself in God's hands for religious instruction external and internal authority—the Voice without and the voice within—may be found agreeing.

It is needful that in this bewildered and questioning age—and it is all right to question so long as the inquiry conducts to a better and braver faith—the worth of God's Word as His unique revelation to men should be supremely emphasized. Take away that Word and men will not for very long take time to ponder such a question as that as to the sanctions of religion, for they will not much care for a religion of any kind. It is time that all real believers in the Bible, as a revelation, stopped disputing as to the precise nature of inspiration and the various theories as to the form of a biblical revelation, and began to lay a tremendous and cumulative stress on the fact of such a revelation. The world does not much care what we think about what some other man has thought about the Bible, but it wants to know whether we have a Bible. By taking God's Word for granted, and preaching that intelligently and intensely, the run of men will very soon be convinced that there is a God in Israel, and that the Christian religion, sanctioned by reason and championed by the Church, also obtains such a guarantee from the side of a biblical revelation as to make it perilous for any man to trifle with its demands, and supremely gainful for every one to close with its offers.

Winchester, Mass.

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### THE BATTLE IN THE CLOSET.

By R. B. Buckham.

WE were sitting about the stove at the cozy little hotel of the village one stormy winter night, whiling away the long hours of the evening with story and joke and incident. It was bitterly cold without, and a fierce wind was sweeping over the shivering fields, dashing the snow against the window panes every now and then, vindictively, but before the glowing fire all was warmth and comfort, and we sat at ease in defiance of the storm king without.

It is under just such circumstances as these that congeniality and conviviality are fostered, and the tongue is loosed and sociability flourishes. At such times the writer for one has listened to most interesting accounts of adventure and experience, as doubtless has the reader also; but of them all, perhaps, the most remarkable and impressive was related at this time, and as it made a deep impression upon all present that evening, may possibly prove of interest with others.

Immediately after tea a tall and dignified gentleman, with open, kindly face and smiling eyes, had entered the room and seated himself not far away, and though he did not join in our conversation had at times taken a keen interest in it, and more than once had joined the hearty laugh which occasionally went round. From his dress it was evident that he was a preacher, doubtless bound to one of the surrounding villages, to preach on the following Sunday.

We had been talking upon many topics, but finally, as is so often the case among all classes of men of no matter what calling or station in life, the conversation turned upon religious subjects, and matters of experience and belief. The stranger in black joined our circle upon this, and after listening a time longer, added his incident in turn. It was told somewhat as follows:

"Yes; religious experiences, which are remarkable and full of interest, come to us all, and perhaps the place of all places to hear of them is in the experience meeting. I have constantly made it a practice during all the years of my ministry to conduct such a meeting weekly, and regard them to be one of the most important parts of the religious life of any community.

"I remember that in a little mountain parish, over which I once presided, there was a man by the name of Hillman. He had been more or less Godless in early life, and a great slave of the drink habit, but at last had come into the Church, and by the assistance of the Almighty had overcome the power of the alcoholic fiend over him.

"Every Sunday morning found him in his pew as regularly as clockwork, until to miss him from his customary place would be a matter of much concern with all. He was a model of regularity in attendance, and neither storm nor wet, nor heat nor cold sufficed to deter him from coming.

"But one bright sunny morning his seat was empty, nevertheless, and how to account for his absence was the foremost query in the minds of all. My sermon received but little attention that day, I regret to say, so stirred were all over