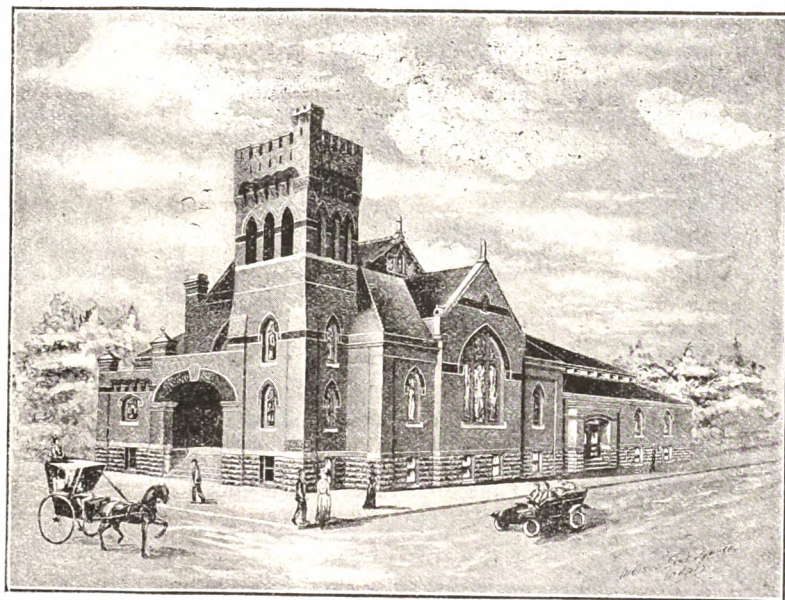


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FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

GREENFIELD, INDIANA

REV. WILFRED LINDSAY, PASTOR

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HERALD AND PRESBYTER

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A PRESBYTERIAN WEEKLY PAPER.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS:	Page
Coming to the Help of the Lord.....	3
"Moratorium in Christianity".....	3
Laymen's National Missionary Campaign..	4
Sugar-Coated Pantheism	4
Official Condoning of Error	4
Church Unity? Not Much!.....	5
Saloon Hypocrisy	5
A Quiet Sabbath	5
OUR CONTRIBUTORS:	
Grace Abounding. S. E. Wishard, D.D..	6
The Secret of a Care-Free Life. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.	6
Powerless Christians. J. Y. Ewart, D.D.	7
The Rural or Country Church and Conservation. Rev. C. P. Graham.....	8
The Elder. Rev. A. B. Rhinow.....	9
Who Was Jesus Christ? W. A. Ferguson, D.D.	9
New York Letter. C. G. Reynolds, D.D....	10
Chicago Letter. E. N. Ware, D.D.....	10
Saunterings near New York. S. J. Fisher, D.D.	10
From the Western Secretary. B. P. Fullerton, D.D.	11
The Stony Brook Conferences. C. G. Reynolds, D.D.	11
Cleveland Letter. G. A. Mackintosh, D.D.	12
Michigan Letter. William Bryant, D.D....	12
Iowa Letter. Rev. W. H. Jordan.....	13
Kentucky Letter. Rev. J. F. Price.....	13
Idaho Letter. J. H. Barton, D.D.....	13
OUR EXCHANGES	2
PRO AND CON	14
MISSION WORK	14
CHURCH NEWS	15
MARRIAGES AND DEATHS	17
HOME CIRCLE	18
SABBATH SCHOOL. Lesson for Sept. 12..	22
YOUNG PEOPLE. Subject for Sept. 12..	24
PRAYER MEETING. Subject for Sept. 8..	25
SELECT READINGS	26
GENERAL NEWS	27
TEMPERANCE	29
HOME AND FARM	30
WIT AND WISDOM	32

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COMING TO THE HELP OF THE LORD.

The people of Meroz incurred sore displeasure and won for themselves a sore rebuke and a lasting stigma because they failed at a critical time to devote themselves actively to God's service. The enemies of God's people were attacking and trying to destroy them. Every man and every community should have thrown themselves into the breach, to beat back the foe and to save the country. But Meroz held back. From lack of interest or lack of courage they kept away from the seat of danger and duty. Cowardice and lukewarmness prevailed over right and truth and the divine displeasure was voiced in "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

These are important and critical times for the kingdom of God on earth. There is no doubt as to the ultimate triumph of the kingdom. God assures us of this. But there are many enemies opposing it today. The enemies are many and bold and unscrupulous. God's friends need more strength and courage and consecration. There will be final victory, without question, but there are many delays and defeats imminent, many temporary reverses to be dreaded, and many daring attacks and many treacherous ambushes from obstinate and determined enemies. Every friend of Christ should be in his place, consecrated to God's service and fully determined to give his heart and life to the sacred warfare. There should be no holding back, no divided allegiance, no cowardice, no disloyalty. The whole Church of God as a mighty army should move forward.

But really, will one be missed? Can one really help God? Does God depend on being helped by human beings? In one sense, No. In another and very real sense, Yes. God calls us into being to fill our own place and do our own duty and we must do what has been committed to us to do. No one else can do our work. No angel can. He can do his own but not our work. Each one of us should work with all earnest zeal, as though no one else in all the universe could do exactly our own work and under the belief that if we do not do it that work must remain undone.

The Church of God must fight to-day against all forms of false doctrine. Every sort of infidelity is being propagated. Everything is prostituted to the teaching of error and unbelief. If a man is a scientist and an atheist he uses science to teach atheism, and slanders science and deceives people by claiming that science is atheistic. Of course this is a lie, for every atom proclaims God, but the atheist must rant.

And if a freethinker is a magazine or a story writer he will weave his infidelity into his articles or novels and try to leave the impression that if one is literary he has no use for the Gospel. If some man gets queer notions about sickness and health he may take up with some of the infidel fads of the day and proclaim that there is no disease and no need for medicine; no sin and no need for a Savior. So the false teachers in college and theological seminary are trying to counteract all the good that Christian teachers are doing and poison the minds of their pupils with the very poison of hell. Against this infidelity all who love God must stir themselves. They must not be silent. They must protest and fight that the foundations be not destroyed.

The Church of God, too, must fight against the immoralities that are destroying the very lives of the people. The Church must be up in arms against the liquor traffic, which is the deadly enemy of the welfare of the people, morally, spiritually, physically, economically, in individual lives, homes, churches, communities, and nations, poisoning the people, producing imbecility, insanity, pauperism, crime, disease of every sort, and death in every form and degree. This is no time to be silent or to be hesitant. There must be unity of action. Dissent here is moral heresy. Inaction is cowardly schism.

The Church of God must be awake as to the attacks on civil and religious liberty by the forces of ecclesiastical politics which are trying to dominate this land and bring it back to the shadows of the dark ages and the chains and terrors of the Inquisition. Not even under the sanctimonious forms and name of religion must we permit our heaven-granted liberties to be wrested from our hands. But they will be if Meroz does not come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

God calls us to service and to Christian warfare. Christ came to save sinners and to destroy the works of the devil. Every Christian must be courageous and self-sacrificing. The mighty forces of evil belief and of evil life and of evil influence must be prevented from destroying, and victory over Satan must be won through the might of the Captain of our salvation.

"MORATORIUM IN CHRISTIANITY."

A surprising discussion has been going on in some of the religious papers of Germany. The sum of it is that war and Christianity are antagonistic, and that as the war must go on Christianity should stop for the present.

This at least is the natural interpretation of the plea for "a moratorium in Christianity." A moratorium is "a temporary suspension." In law it is an emer-

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY REV. CLARENCE G. REYNOLDS, D.D.

A group of nine Americans left on a Scandinavian steamer from New York en route for Persia, on Aug. 26th. This party consists of six new missionaries and three furloughed missionaries who are being sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Three of the group, Wilder P. Ellis, M.D., of Helena, Mont., with his bride, Jessie Lee Ellis, of Spanish Fork, Utah, and Dr. Mary Fleming, of Hinsdale, Md., are going to West Persia, where, a few months ago, the fearful massacre and other atrocities were committed by the Kurds in an invasion from Turkey. These young physicians are urgently needed there at the present time. Dr. Ellis goes as the associate of Dr. Harry P. Packard in the American Hospital in Urumia. The other members of the party are J. Davidson Frame, M.D., of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mary J. Smith, M.D., of Kokomo, Ind.; Mrs. C. A. Douglas, of Portland, Ore.; Rolla E. Hoffman, M.D., of Leipsic, O.; Rev. Dwight Donaldson, of Huntington, W. Va., and Miss Margaret L. Cowden, of Washington, Iowa, who are going to Northern and Eastern Persia, to be stationed in Teheran, Resht, Kermanshah and Meshed. Dr. Hoffman will open medical work in the great holy Moslem city of Meshed, which lies far east, near the border of North Afghanistan. These five physicians will do much to disseminate modern medical science which is so sorely needed and sincerely appreciated in Eastern lands to-day. The party goes by way of Scandinavia, Finland, Petrograd, overland through Russia, down across the Caucasus or the Carpien Sea into Persia, where they should arrive the last of September. These missionaries go cheerfully and willingly on this errand of mercy. The Board in crises like the present does not urge missionaries to go to fields like Persia, but simply states the need and the willingness of the Board to send the missionary, and leaves it to the individual to decide. All of the above nine missionaries have made the decision and go with joy to aid the distressed people of Persia.

Rev. Robert W. Anthony, pastor of the Glenville Church of Cleveland, O., has been appointed Secretary of the Church Extension Committee in Brooklyn Presbytery. Mr. Anthony was formerly assistant pastor of the Lafayette Avenue Church of Brooklyn when Dr. C. B. McAfee, now of McCormick Theological Seminary, was pastor. Mr. Anthony is the man for the place. Rev. Dr. Daniel H. Martin, pastor of the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, New York, is taking a belated vacation at Lake George. Central Church has been thoroughly renovated and a new organ has been installed. The improvements have cost \$20,000. Rev. W. H. Hendrickson, who has been supplying the Spencer Memorial Church of Brooklyn, has been called to the pastorate.

CHICAGO LETTER.

BY REV. E. N. WARE, D.D.

As the outing season draws near its close it may be informing to many to know that Olivet Institute has done a remarkable service at its camp on Lake Geneva, Wis. The rain and cold weather have cut off more than 50 per cent. of its usual pay guests. On the other hand, more than two hundred mothers, babes, boys and girls from the congested district of Chicago have enjoyed the beauties and exhilarations of Lake Geneva at Olivet camp during the summer. While a few of the older boys have paid a small part of their expense, practically the entire cost, amounting to \$1,000, has been borne by Olivet Institute.

Rev. George A. Kilbey, Superintendent of the Chicago Industrial League, has shown a progressive spirit in the conduct of the league and its various activities that commends him and his work more and more to the men and the churches of the city and presbytery. One would have thought to have established a nightly mission, in conjunction with the popular hotel on South State Street, would have been all that could have been

done to reach the men of the street. During the past summer months nearly five thousand men have attended these mission services. But in addition to this mission hall, Mr. Kilbey and the superintendent of the mission, Mr. G. R. Gillispie, have instituted an itinerating mission, using the large truck automobile of the league, so that other districts have the Gospel brought unto them.

The Lincoln Jubilee and half-century anniversary exposition opened at the Coliseum on Aug. 22d, where for three more Sabbaths will be held a great interdenominational, with social religious service. Among the speakers announced for these Sabbath services in connection with the jubilee are Drs. John Timothy Stone, of the Fourth Church, and Charles F. Wishard, of the Second Church. The exposition will show the progress in various lines which the negro has made during these fifty years of freedom. Fifty years ago 90 per cent. of the negro population could neither read nor write. Now they have about four hundred universities, colleges and technical institutes. They have about the same number of newspapers and periodicals. Now negroes own over twenty-five million acres of land and aggregate properties of all kinds estimated at one billion dollars value, with seventy-two banks. The National Government and many of the States, including Illinois, have made appropriations for the carrying on of the exposition. Bishop Samuel Fallows is the President of the Illinois Commission. President Woodrow Wilson is announced as patron.

Mr. William Weiser, who has gone to Allahabad, India, to teach in the Ewing Christian College, representing the men's Bible class of the Fourth Church, writes to Dr. Stone en route, his card postmarked Paris, that the Y. M. C. A. men are doing a remarkable service in the Indian camps, where every man is a Mohammedan or a Hindu.

SAUNTERINGS NEAR NEW YORK.

BY REV. S. J. FISHER, D.D.

The legends of childhood seem verified while, as if with the seven-league boots, I pass in a few hours from the northern part of New England to Westchester County, which borders the city of New York. It is a great change of scenery from the mountains, with their primeval forests, the quiet farms and sleepy villages, to this region of remarkable natural beauty refined and rendered more attractive by the residents of our greatest city who have here built their charming homes and turned the old farms into estates attractive with velvety lawns and radiant flower gardens. The city of New York, confined to its narrow island, compels as by a centrifugal force its inhabitants to fly beyond its limits, and so thousands of them make their homes at from twenty to forty miles distant, finding in the pure air and charming surroundings an ample compensation for the daily journey on the train. Because of such a development, this county, in addition to its original attractions, is favored with smooth roads, bordered with hedges, often shaded with arching elms, and leading on to delightful journeys everywhere. As if to add to its charms, the great enterprise of the aqueduct, the water supply of New York, beginning at Ashokan Lake on the slope of the Catskills, ninety miles distant, is laid along the rivulets of this county, and by the huge Kensico Dam will add a large and beautiful lake to those already created by the Croton River.

But more pleasing than these natural and added beauties of this section are the historical associations, in which the region is unusually rich. As one who loves to saunter amid historical scenes, and dream of bygone days, and renew that past, I am enjoying here some of the richness of our Revolutionary history, and a renewal of those days when our flag was first unfurled, and our nation was born. This was a battleground of vast importance, when General Washington and Lord Howe faced each other across these fields, and the roar of cannon was as familiar as

the motor horn to-day. It is only a short walk to the headquarters of Lord Howe, a pleasant cottage shaded by fine trees, nor is it far away to the house occupied by Count Rochambeau, a less pretentious and much ruder dwelling. In the swift changes of our American life such spots of interest are apt to be swept away by the demands of business or new conditions, and it is rare that we can find such buildings still existing after a hundred and forty years have passed. Across these fields Washington led his little army in a truly masterly retreat, winning a real victory by an apparent defeat, weakening the British forces by their marching, and at last at White Plains able to make a stand behind entrenchments sufficient to force Howe's return to the city. So by the side of the finest street of this beautiful town, they have placed, on a large stone taken from the entrenchments, an old weather-worn mortar, used in the battle of White Plains.

In your motor car it is only a few minutes' ride to Tarrytown, and Sleepy Hollow, with its bridge made so famous by Washington Irving in his delightful story of Ichabod Crane, Katrina Van Tassel and the headless horseman. Here is the old Dutch church, and near by stands the monument depicting the capture of Major Andre, returning from his interview with General Benedict Arnold, in which the betrayal of West Point was arranged. It is a pathetic spot, and in this quiet August air, the blackbirds chattering in the trees, and the sound of the steamboat on the river throbbing past, you are thrilled with the sympathy which always rises at the vision of a swiftly-blasted life, cut down in its hope and promise. Standing on the velvety lawn which slopes to the Hudson, you look across the lakelike space, to which the Dutch gave the name of Tappan Zee, and behind the hill on the further shore is the hamlet of Tappan, where Andre met his merited death by hanging as a spy. We do not wonder that Washington and his aides were greatly moved by the necessity of such an execution. Their courtesy and sympathy stand out in marked contrast with the treatment by the British of another spy, Nathan Hale, brutally denied the attendance of a clergyman or the use of a Bible, and his letters to his loved ones torn up by his miserable jailer, Cunningham, and hanged without court or trial, judge or jury. It is sometimes said, in a partial explanation of the brutalities and cruelties of soldiers, and very recently, that "War is hell"; but it is not true of all war, and the conduct of Washington is a lasting proof to the contrary. My hostess, who dwells amid these scenes of such historic interest, had just read to her little son the graphic account of Andre's capture as given by Coffin in his "Boys of Seventy-Six," that volume of thrilling interest to every boy or man with a true heart, and she remarked with a sigh of sympathy at the close: "I wish Washington could have permitted Andre to have been shot." But despite his youth and the proper sentiment which casts a glamour about his untimely taking off, Andre was the intelligent agent in a most dastardly scheme. It was more than spying; it was treachery, and Washington would have defied honor and truth if he had saved Andre from disgrace. Here let me pause to suggest to parents these volumes of Coffin's: that mentioned, and the "Story of Liberty" and others, which will fix deep in growing minds the noblest facts and the enduring principles.

Ere we turn from the spot where Paulding and his two companions stopped Andre, so near to the British lines and safety, we enter the little churchyard, and stand beside the grave of Washington Irving, now surrounded by an iron railing, since the first monument was chipped to pieces by insatiable relic hunters. Then in our car it is only a few minutes to Sunny Side, his quaintly beautiful home, embowered in trees, with its lawns looking out on our most beautiful river, if not the world's. What a debt of gratitude we owe this

author of "The Sketch Book," and the delightfully humorous history of New York. Because of his smiling pen the early Dutch inhabitants forever walk in a sunny air, rich with the perfume of gardens, across which floats the smoke of long pipes. Strange is the fact that to this author, who dwelt beside the Hudson, England owes her finest chronicles of her country life and hospitalities, and the world-wide interest in Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford on Avon.

So, musing on the past with its sunlight and shadow, I almost forget for a moment the awful conflicts across the seas. But my path across these battlefields and my study of these patriots who were faithful unto death lead me to question the statement of a New York clergyman at Chautauqua that "Peace at any price is better than war at any price." Washington did not think so, as Valley Forge proves. Lincoln did not think so. Cromwell, Knox and Calvin did not think so. The goodly company of the martyrs and not think so, and the noblest men and women never will think so, till cowardice is a virtue, and strong men can unmoved see children crushed, women murdered and the weak enslaved by the strong.

FROM THE WESTERN SECRETARY.

BY REV. B. P. FULLERTON, D.D.

The extent of this Western country has its effects upon the speech of the citizens, and one is accustomed to such sayings as, "This is the best climate in the world," "This is the best water in the world," and a man said to me at Port Angeles, that they had "the best sewerage in the world." These men think and speak in big terms because they live in view of the big sound, the big mountains, the big trees and the big fish. What else can we expect of men who live in such an environment?

Here are two items in the morning paper that tell the same story. "Thomas Wardall, father of Alonzo Wardall, and grandfather of Max, Ray and Norman Wardall, all of this city, will have a birthday party next Monday at the Hiawatha playfield, in commemoration of his reaching the century mark. Thomas Wardall, despite the weight of years, is still hale and hearty, and possesses all his faculties." This about a man living here and well known. Then here is something from a man who lives in the East: "Colonel John A. Sleicher, President of the Leslie-Judge Company, accompanied by his son, Paul Sleicher, returned on the steamer Admiral Watson, from a tour of Alaska, and left for New York. He predicts a wonderful growth for the Northern territory, and is convinced that it will soon become a Mecca for all tourists." Then in the same paper is an editorial on the agricultural prospects in Alaska. So the people are living in a world that trembles with the burden of such statements, and we must expect them to use big terms in their speech.

A few nights since, accompanied by the field men for the Presbytery of Seattle, I left the city for a trip through the Sound that I might see Port Angeles, and found there a city of fifty-five hundred people, where there were twenty-five hundred two years ago, with a great mill costing up into the millions and cutting lumber daily up into the millions, a new railroad, and people looking for the day to come soon when they would have more than double their present population. Within a short distance they say there are more than thirty-five billion feet of timber ready to be cut and put on the market. It is not wonderful if people under these circumstances are feverish with excitement, and when the man said their sewerage was "the best in the world" I could understand his point of view. We returned in daylight, and I had an opportunity to see the Sound and the ports that dot its shores, and the forts that bristle with the symbols of destruction.

But what of the Church, the symbol of preservation and construction? In Port

Angeles, we have no building, but worship in a "hired house," and one that would not be used for a barn by many of our people; but it is the best we can do at present, and all honor to the man and his wife who, with heroic courage, are trying to build the kingdom under such a handicap. Now is the time to secure a lot that will furnish room not only for the future church building, but also for the manse, but the pastor said to me: "What are we to do when for the time everything is somewhat off in a business way?" My reply was that we must wait for better times, but in saying this I felt sick of heart that I did not have the money to say to him: "This is the best time to build, and the best time to secure the lot; here is the money for both."

Then there is Port Townsend, where we have a good church, self-supporting, and, while the population has been somewhat reduced, there are still enough people there for a good church. As we came near this city, I was anxious to see the docks and other facilities for handling the sea-going vessels that make this port, and was greatly surprised at the facilities for such, and was forcibly reminded of beautiful New York harbor. Then, when I was told that this port is seven hundred miles nearer the Orient than San Francisco, I could well understand why men had invested colossal fortunes in these docks. Then, if this is to be a great port of entry for the ships of the Orient, what about the Church being prepared also for this? Shall we permit children of this world to show their wisdom beyond ours and build for the future while we stand still and wait until the millions of people pour in on us and find us unprepared for their coming?

Talking with a business man in Port Angeles, I asked him about the churches and he said: "Yes, we have six little buildings here that represent the Church." I asked if they would be willing to help the Church if it would erect a building adequate to the needs of the place, and he replied that they had given \$30,000 to secure the mill, and \$85,000 to secure the railroad, and he saw no reason why they would refuse to give for the building of a church if it gave promise to help the town. These men will not give to build a shanty, but will give to build a house that will do credit to the town and the community. I wish I could induce our Church to see that while the Board of Home Missions must continue to help these fields it seems to me to be little short of waste so long as these people are compelled to worship in the churches they have now.

One day was spent in Everett, in the Presbytery of Bellingham, in conference with members of the Home Mission Committee and some of the missionaries, from whom many things were learned about the work in that presbytery. Everett is thirty-five miles from Seattle, but an auto made the journey in one hour and ten minutes, the road being of the very best for the most of the way. Here I met one of our missionaries among the loggers, and had him tell me that he had been visiting eighty-seven camps, but had been advised that it would be better for him to visit fewer and more often, and was now visiting eleven camps, that is to say, one each month. In these camps are more than a thousand men, and what can one man do among so many? But this is the best we can do now, and, as yet, this man is the only man doing any religious work among these men. The Presbyterian Church has, by general agreement, been made responsible for these men in the camps, but I fear that responsibility rests lightly on our shoulders.

One day was given to Wenatchee Presbytery in conference with the chairmen of the committee in Wenatchee. I was taken in an auto to see this valley, and I do not dare tell what I saw, lest some one charge me with extravagance. But here is a valley where there are something over seven thousand acres of as fine orchards as one ever looked upon, with the town in the center of a population of fourteen thou-

sand people, who receive their mail at the office.

If this letter indicates that I have been bitten by the Western bug, possibly I would better admit that he has been after me, and may possibly have made some impression on me, but the Church has a great opportunity up here, and I hope it will not permit it to pass.

THE STONY BROOK CONFERENCES.

BY REV. CLARENCE G. REYNOLDS, D.D.

The founders of the Stony Brook Assembly, with Rev. John F. Carson, D.D., in charge, have never needed to go back to the Fundamentals. Their only backward glance is toward those who have fallen away from the truth and who need to be helped to catch up with the procession. There is nothing negative about platform or program. Neither is narrow. Both are evangelical.

The Prophetic Conference was from Aug. 8th to 15th and the Sabbath-school Conference from Aug. 16th to 21st. Then came the Bible Conference, Aug. 22d to 29th, with Rev. David G. Wylie, D.D., Secretary of our Church Election Board, in charge. Stony Brook does not need to import speakers and has always been able to find men of great mind and heart who are or have been pastors or teachers in this country, men of wide experience, in touch with their times and its need. The speakers at the Bible Conference struck twelve every time. The Moderator of the General Assembly, Rev. J. Ross Stevenson, D.D., President of Princeton Theological Seminary, preached Sabbath morning, Aug. 22d, on "The Knowledge of God and the Fundamental and Imperative Need of Man." In the evening Rev. J. W. Cochran, D.D., Secretary of our Board of Education, was on the program to preach on "Christ and the World's Purple." During the week Rev. John H. Kerr, D.D., pastor of the Arlington Avenue Church of Brooklyn, gave four illuminating talks on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Rev. William H. Foulkes, D.D., who on four successive mornings spoke, respectively, of the Gospel of Light, the Gospel of Love, the Gospel of Liberty and the Gospel of Life, may not be spoken of as a coming man, for he has already arrived. He is evangelical, eloquent, brainy, warm-hearted and thoroughly human, just the man to care for God's veteran preachers and their dependents.

Professor Robert Dick Wilson, of Princeton Theological Seminary, is a master in showing up the gullibility of those who criticise the Bible. Dr. Patton's topics were: "The Philosophical Presuppositions of Christianity"; "The Historical Data of Christianity"; "The Redemptive Aim of Christianity"; "The Apologetic Basis of Christianity," and "The Basal Concepts of Christianity." Drs. McEwan and McClurkin, of Pittsburgh, spoke forcefully. Dr. McEwan's topic was "The Minister and His Message: first, the Test of Teaching; second, the Sufficiency of Equipment." Dr. McClurkin's topics were: "The Charge of an Old Warrior to a Young Soldier," "The Vision of God in America," and "Is the Light Breaking?" Rev. George L. Robinson, D.D., of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, spoke on "Walks About Jerusalem: or, Fellowship with the Living Lord."

Last Sabbath morning the closing sermon by Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was, "A Plea for the Home." Saturday, Aug. 28th, was Flag Day. Dr. Carson, to whom the success of Stony Brook is due, presided. Dr. Robinson spoke on "Turkey and the Nations," and Rev. William H. Roberts, Stated Clerk of the General Assembly, on "Historic Presbyterianism." Dr. McEwan conducted the Open Forum; Dr. Frederick Hinitt, President of Washington and Jefferson College, spoke on "The Fundamentals," and the American flag and the Stony Brook flag were unfurled. This is the week of the Gospel Mission Conference, with John W. Wyburn, of the McAuley Water Street Mission of New York City, leader. Every phase of the subject