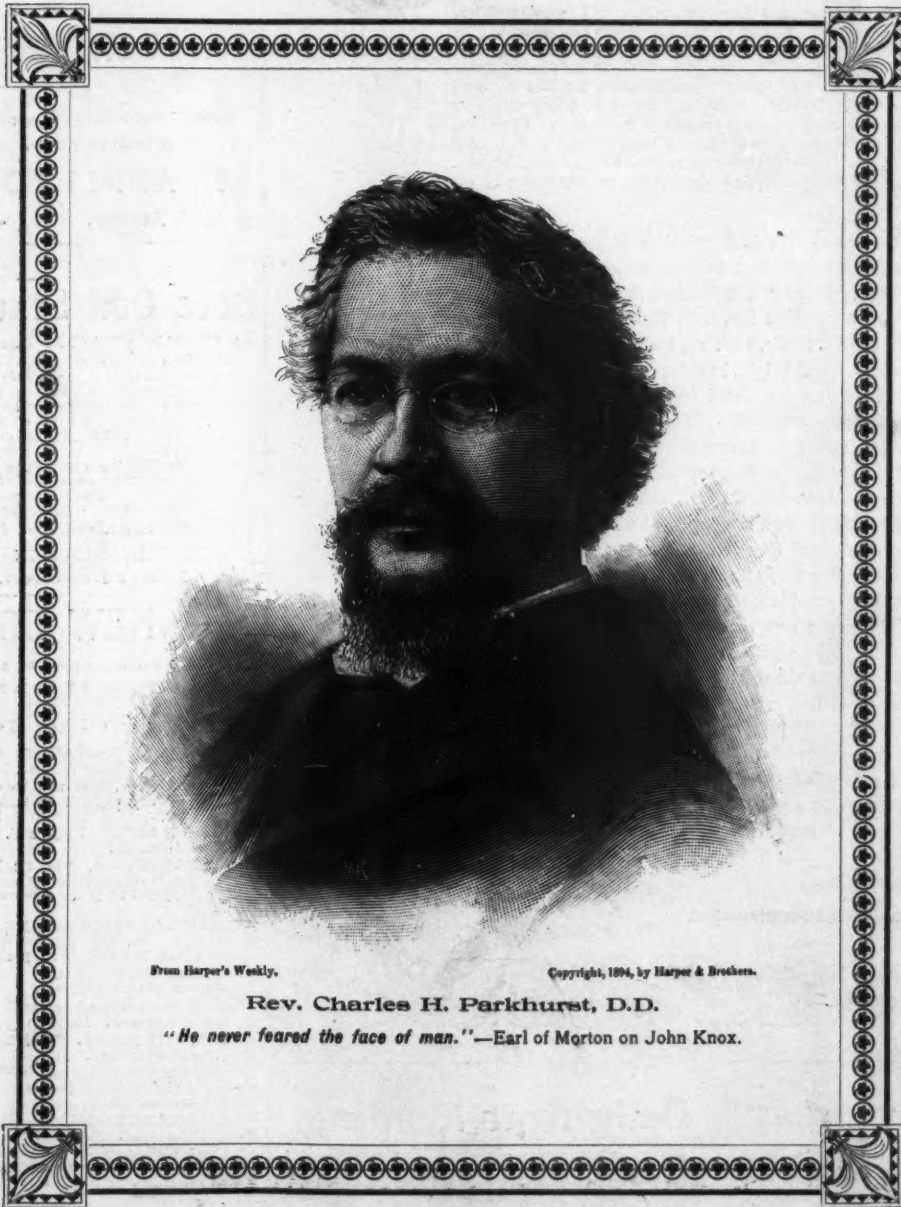


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Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

"He never feared the face of man."—Earl of Morton on John Knox.

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A LAST WORD BEFORE THE BATTLE.

LETTER FROM DR. PARKHURST.

Just at the present moment the man who is most talked about in New York is not the Mayor, nor any political Boss, but a minister of the Gospel, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the pastor of the Madison Square Church, who for two years past has fought against misrule and corruption in every form, showing how vice and crime in this city were protected by the very powers that were "ordained" to destroy them. When he undertook such a holy crusade, his first step provoked an outcry—not only from open enemies, but from timid friends, many of whom shook their heads and thought that a minister was "going out of his sphere," and "sacrificing his dignity," by descending to such a warfare; who stood aloof from a conflict in which their white robes might be stained. But nothing daunted by coldness and indifference, and full of the courage of manhood in its prime, the young pastor entered upon the conflict with a determination and persistence that were truly heroic, the result of which we hope to see in the overturning of the coming week. When a man has fought such a good fight, everybody

likes to look into his manly face, and therefore we have put it on our first page, with the following from his own pen, which is his last call to every man to do his duty in the conflict that is now to begin:

To the Editor of *The Evangelist*:

I am happy to respond to your request, but must ask you to allow me to be brief.

The present campaign is distinctly a moral one. It is not evangelical, but it is religious, because it is founded upon the Ten Commandments as emanating from the divine Lawgiver. Righteousness as opposed to unrighteousness makes out the entire issue. What this community wants first of all is more of the fear of God as He has come to expression in the Decalogue. That we Presbyterians do not consider to be the whole of the matter, but it is the first half, and it is the fundamental half. The love of God as expressed in redemption is nothing without the holiness of God as set forth in His law.

The Baptist had to precede the Redeemer. Paul was an immense Christian because he had first been a colossal Jew.

No matter how far an evangelical system runs up into the sky, it has to start with a subterranean basis of conscience, and now is a capital time to appeal to conscience. It is the puzzle of my life why all the pulpits of our city are not doing it. And when I speak of an appeal to conscience, I am not thinking about conscience in the abstract, nor about the conscience of men who lived and died four thousand years ago, nor about the social or political condition of times that preceded the Flood. The wickedness that occasioned the Lord's drowning of the earth in the days of Noah has not a tittle of the sensitive meaning for us that the wickedness now current in our midst has, which is just as full of the potency of social and national and universal overthrow as was the corruption that occasioned the Deluge and wiped out antediluvian history.

The present is a moment of crisis, municipal and national, and, as I look at the matter, it is treasonable to all the interests we hold most

dear to allow this crisis to be passed and the issue reached without our having employed the best of our powers, private and public, secular and religious, lay and clerical, to the end of securing an issue that shall be to the purification of our atmosphere and to the sending forth through the community a tone of clarion distinctness that shall take the languor out of men's consciences, and the irresolution out of their determinations and actions.

Yours very sincerely,

C. H. PARKHURST.

All Round the Horizon.

One interest takes precedence of every other in the minds of the people, not of this State only, but of many States: how will the New York elections go! Will the great metropolitan city purge herself of corruption, rid herself of the incubus which has pressed almost to death the moral sense of the people? Will the State do away with race track gambling and its attendant crimes? Every thing else sinks into comparative insignificance in view of these questions.

That this is so is due, so far as New York city is concerned, to the energy, boldness, and self-sacrifice of one man—him whose portrait appears on the front page of this number. It is a little more than two years and a half since Dr. Parkhurst preached a sermon revealing something of the iniquitous conditions prevailing in this city. The ferment he then aroused did not go on working of itself. If he had been content to do as many a reformer before him has done, nothing would have come of that sermon or of any number of such sermons. But he followed up his pulpit utterances with untiring, persistent, thorough work. For a time he worked almost alone, or worse than alone, for though a few loyal friends stood by him—chiefly young men with no public influence—the good people of the city were slow to rally round him. The majority even of his brother ministers, though they approved of his principles, blamed his methods, and thousands of moral and religious people turned their back upon him, because the facts he made public shocked their sense of propriety.

And while his natural allies were hesitating or half-hearted, his natural enemies were a unit and unscrupulous. They travestied his utterances, impugned his motives, misrepresented his acts, threatened his safety. For months this Christian citizen endured a martyrdom which men of a less sensitive temperament, a less fiery zeal for righteousness and