

Evangelist.

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PELHAM
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OUR NEW GOVERNOR.



So far as in me lies I shall see that every branch of the Government under me is administered with integrity and capacity, and when I deal with any public servant I shall not be very patient with him if he lacks capacity, and short, indeed, will be his shrift if he lacks integrity. . . . If we promptly punish men who misbehave, and sternly refuse to let any consideration either of political or personal friendship be treated as an offset to wrongdoing, it is not very difficult to secure that honest administration which is indispensable if our Republic is to endure.



There is one thing, one test, on which I shall insist in every public officer with whom I ever have anything whatsoever to do, and that is rigid honesty. I feel that the two great principles for this Nation nowadays are these: First, to uphold the National honor abroad, and, second, and even more important, to insist upon the highest standard of honesty at home. As for the course that I intend to pursue, it will be modelled upon those very ancient rules of conduct which you will find in the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. And loyal though I shall be to the principles for which I stand, the party principles, there are one or two rules of conduct that stand above any party principles, and they are included in the command, Thou shalt not steal, nor shalt thou let any one else steal if thou canst help it.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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All Round the Horizon.

Peace and Prosperity! Such is the prospect that rises before us with the opening of the New Year. It is all the more welcome because of the anxieties of the year that is past. When the war began we were by no means sure how it would end. Many of our good people were badly frightened. Those living on the seaboard looked out for the appearance of a Spanish fleet. Even the harbor of New York was sown with torpedoes lest the enemy should steal in by night and we should find them some morning anchored off the Battery! Yet in four months of active warfare the dreaded foe has not only disappeared from our Southern coasts, but we may almost say, from all the seas and oceans of the world.

The brevity of the contest is one of our special reasons for gratitude. War at the best is a terrible alternative from peace. But if it must come the shorter the better:

"If when done 'twere well done,
'Twere well 'twere done quickly."

Now it is all over. The treaty of peace is signed, and only awaits confirmation by the Senate at Washington, and by the Cortes in Madrid, when the two nations, whose previous relations had been so painfully interrupted, will be no longer enemies but friends!

Few events in history are more striking to the imagination than that which transpired in Havana on the first day of this week, when the Spanish authorities formally delivered up the city to the army of the United States. Painful as it must have been to the proud Castilians, they bore it with the stern dignity with which brave men face the terrible chances of war, while on the part of our own troops nothing could be more honorable than their generous bearing at the moment of surrender. There was no wild cheering—loud and long—but a respectful silence in the presence of their fallen enemies, as of men who knew that this fate might have been their own.

But with all the restraint on one side and the other, it could not but be a thrilling moment when the Spanish flag came down from the Morro Castle, over which it had floated for centuries. The garrison is now embarking as fast as ships are ready to transport them, and in a few weeks all will be again on the soil of their native country, which they will not care to leave again. There are no more worlds to conquer; no other hemisphere far down in the West, to be discovered as the seat of foreign dependencies, to take the place of Mexico and Peru; of Chili and Brazil.

But now that the United States has taken possession of Havana, its work is not finished; it is only just begun. To drive out the Spanish army was not the hardest task that could be set before our American invaders: after that was done, they had still left an enemy more deadly

than the Spaniards in the yellow fever—which comes regularly every year, and has been a perpetual terror in Cuba, like the plague in the populous but uncleaned cities of Asia.

So prompt was our government to recognize this danger that hardly had our troops been encamped in the suburbs of Havana, before experts were sent down to study the conditions of the city which made the Yellow Fever so constant a visitor and so fatal. The problem was "to destroy the destroyer" by stamping out the Causes that might come here and there, but that it should be no more a regular visitor of Havana than of New York. For this perilous duty the President selected the best man in the country, Colonel Waring, who undertook it as a duty, and was so eager to search out all the causes of the pestilence, that he exposed himself, and inhaled the poison, and had hardly been brought back to New York before he died, a sacrifice to humanity, and to his country as truly as if he had fallen in battle!

But in war when a soldier falls in the ranks another steps into his place, and the work of Colonel Waring was immediately taken up by General Greene, who completed the task of making a thorough survey of the city—not only along the Prado and the fashionable streets, but in all the by-ways and narrow passages, and the wharves, where the wretched drains pour their filth into the bay. A single extract from his report will be quite sufficient:

"For more than 300 years the people of Havana have discharged all their house drainage into cesspools. These are placed sometimes under the kitchen, but more frequently in the *patio*, or open courtyard, which is usually found in the centre of each house. They vary in size from three to ten feet in diameter, and in depth from four to eight feet. They are usually closed on top by a heavy stone, with an iron ring for lifting it. The duty of cleaning these cesspools rests primarily upon the tenant, and secondly upon the landlord, and the city designates certain people who alone are authorized to clean and disinfect them and remove the contents at night. While the sanitary regulations on this subject are quite elaborate, they are seldom enforced, and the work is done in the most filthy manner, the contents being frequently dropped on the floors and halls of the house as they are being removed. Sometimes they are not cleaned for periods as long as five years. The cesspool being open at the bottom, the liquid contents drain off through the limestone, or coral rock, which underlies Havana, and gradually find their way to the waters of the bay or the Gulf, the capacity of absorption of this coral rock being stated to be about one inch vertical per day.

"It will be several years before any system of sewerage can be completed and put in operation, and one of the first steps toward the sanitation of the city will be the appointment of a competent Board of Health to draw up health ordinances suited to this locality, and then have them enforced by the police with the utmost rigor. The present condition of the cesspools, particularly in the crowded houses of the poor, is the most fruitful source of yellow fever and other diseases in Havana."

Can all these impurities, which are the sources

HEAVEN—A LOCALITY.

A Sermon preached on Christmas Day in the Madison Square Church by the pastor, Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

"Have this mind in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man."—Philippians, 2: 5, 6, 7.

We have made use here of the revised reading, both as being more accurate and more expressive.

There are so many ways in which the Lord's entrance into the world at Bethlehem can be taken and considered that the preacher never feels himself at loss for a theme at this recurrence of the great annual festival of the church. Only it must be stated that if we who preach are going to be entirely exempt from perplexity of the sort, it must be because we accept this Bethlehem Redeemer in his divine infinitude. It is small work preaching every 25th of December on the birth of a small Christ. It is small work and it is tiresome work. And by a small Christ I do not mean small in his body but small in his meaning, finite in the reaches of his life, and only a man in his genius and mission. If this little Christmas Jesus is only a man-child, then we are under pretty heavy contract in trying to expatiate upon him effectively every winter solstice: it taxes the original fecundity of the pulpit and loads still more heavily the devout forbearance of the pew.

But if, on the contrary, it is a God-child that we are concerning ourselves with, then we are on a circumference that never returns into itself again and we can go on preaching Christmas sermons until time gets tired and the world grows old.

My interest this morning in Christ's advent into the world lies in the fact that it rubs out so much of the distance that is ordinarily thought of as separating the world we live in and the world he came from. The children can understand what I mean by that if I say to them this: There is a little red world off in the sky quite by itself that we call by the name of the planet Mars. In certain respects, it is much like the world that we live upon. People have been studying it carefully these last years with their telescopes, and some queer and interesting discoveries have been made. It has been imagined that there may be people living up there. Still when we have closed up our telescopes and look away into the sky and see that little red dot shining so small and silently all by itself, it seems so fearfully far away that we come to think it is not exactly a real thing after all. We see it in a bright clear evening, but it might about as well be a picture for all the real effect it produces upon us or all the real interest we feel in it. You will have to throw some sort of a bridge across, or run some kind of a telephone wire, before the little round world up there will begin to be a thing that will denote much to you or that you will have much care for. Thoughts work mostly at short range. It is not easy to be greatly interested in a thing a hundred thousand miles away. Indeed a thing is never quite real to us so long as it is a hundred thousand miles away. But if we could get a piece of that Mars close by, so as to be able to see it and handle it, everything so far as relates to your feelings about it would be instantly changed. You know there are what we call falling stars, blazing stones sometimes go flying through the air, (you have yourselves seen them occasionally in the evening,) and fall to the earth and sometimes fall with such tremendous speed and power as to bury themselves several feet under ground. Some have thought that these falling stars are simply bits of some old planet, (like Mars, for instance,) that has crushed itself into fragments by running against some other planet. But however that may be, supposing that some one of you boys could get hold of one

of those blazing rocks that have tumbled down, say from Mars, and could knock off a piece, (after it had gotten cool,) a piece small enough so that you could handle it, bring it close to your eye and feel of it; and then finally by examining it sharply could find the word "Mars" written on it. Then how do you suppose you would feel when you went out in the evening and looked up into the sky and saw that red star, that little blushing world that your little stone chip fell down from? It might still be a good ways away, but you would look at it with big, interested eyes and would have no doubt but that it was a real thing. You would know that it was there and you would be as sure of it as you are that the earth you live on is here.

Still a sliver of rock is not much, even if the word "Mars" is written on it. And so supposing instead of its being a rock that slips down, blazing hot, into your door-yard, it is a letter addressed to you, post-marked "Mars," stamped "December, 1897," for unless their postal facilities are a good deal nimbler than ours, it would require at least a year to reach you. If only a stone dropped down all you would know about Mars would be that it was made out of stone; but if a letter came down, written in such a way that you could read it, you would know that there was somebody up there. Mars is beginning to be interesting, you see; and when you went out in the evening and looked up to the beautiful world you would wonder what sort of people they were there, what they were doing and whether they were much like us. It is no nearer than it was before, but it is coming to mean a great deal to you.

Still a letter is nothing but paper and ink and envelope and postage stamp. It is better than the stone that tumbled down and that you knocked a piece from, but supposing instead of sending a letter, the man up there in Mars, or the boy who was going to write it, came himself. I do not know how, but never mind now. It was thought once that people could never get across the Atlantic, but they can, and perhaps we shall get across to Mars sometime, or they get across from Mars here. But the point is, supposing someone should come down from there, baggage and all, and you should look at his trunk or his grip-sack and find a "Mars" label on it, printed "Inter-Stellar Express Company," so that you would know it was not sent from Jersey or California, but from Mars; and how wonderfully interested you would be in him and how, when you had looked him over, you would rush out of doors, if it were evening when he arrived, and look away off to the little red world shining up there in the sky from which the stranger had just arrived. And although so far away, how real it would be to you! Real? Real as your own bed-room or door yard.

Now it is in some such way that we have to be assisted before we can become interested in any far-away place that we have never visited; we cannot feel such a place to be real till some real token has reached us from the place. And that is one of the reasons that the coming into the world of Jesus of Bethlehem has always meant so much to people. It has helped to make real to them the place that he came from. Those of us that are younger and those of us that are older can think and sing and pray a good deal about heaven without its denoting enough to us to make our meditation of any particular value. The boy can imagine that that ruddy little star up in the evening sky is a world solid and actual as the one we live on, but it would never quite seem so to him till he could close his hand upon a gritty little pebble that had slipped down from that world into his own pocket. We always want something real to lean on and to tie to. It is, therefore, that we help not only the children, but ourselves by making a great deal of the fact that the Jesus who appeared in Bethlehem did not begin here in the same

way that other children do, but that He came here from outside; from another world; a sort of divine immigrant; like those that begin life the other side of the Atlantic and come and live here later on. If you see a Frenchman arriving by steamer at the dock, you may know nothing of the France from which he comes, but he is so definite a thing himself that you know his country must be so also. He is so real that it gives your thoughts of France something fixed and solid to cluster around.

We may suppose that a great many of our imaginings about heaven are mistaken and visionary and certain to be proved such when we ourselves reach heaven; but if the idea of heaven is to be of any service to us before we reach there, there will have to be even here enough of the real about it to give our thoughts and anticipations at least a sure footing; and that sure footing we get when we distinctly contemplate the Child of Bethlehem and the Man of Galilee as a Being who came out of the heavenly world in order to visit a little while in our earthly world. Heaven is just as real as this Child was real that came to the earth from heaven. We need not complain that that does not reach a great way nor give us any considerable amount of definite knowledge about the heavenly world. Neither does the rock fallen down out of the sky give the boy any considerable amount of definite knowledge about the planet Mars, but it does give him the safe starting point for his thoughts about Mars to run out from. At least—and this is the important point—it prevents Mars from being to him merely a word, simply a name given to something that might just as well be nothing so far as all effect upon his sentiments or upon him personally is concerned.

I am not one of those who think there is great danger in materialising these things. You cannot read the Apocalyptic description of the new Jerusalem without feeling that, with its walls and gates, its avenues and mansions, it will be as substantial an affair as the original Jerusalem. When we try to spiritualize matters beyond a certain point, we get into the region where the ordinary polarities do not work and no data are left us from which to calculate our mental latitude and longitude. It is with ideas something as it is with a balloon which requires to have a certain amount of solid weight before a rudder can be rigged up that will be good for anything to steer by. A world that is simply a spirit world is not a world that we can either think about with any safety or that we are qualified to have any particular interest in. There is no warrant in Scripture for thinking that the more unlike this earth you imagine a thing to be, the more heavenly it is. Christ was somewhere before he was here, and there is no ground for supposing that that "where" is essentially unlike any other where. Human choirs will not become angelic choirs by undertaking to sing falsetto.

Heaven is undoubtedly a locality. The first Paradise which was certainly an exceedingly commendable Paradise, was a locality and there has been in the meantime no such change in the constitution of our nature as to indicate that a Paradise that is not local would be any improvement upon the original. All such Scriptural expressions as the "New Heaven," and the "New Earth," fall directly into line with what we are here saying. That does not make it necessary for us to suppose that the earth and the heaven by which the present ones are to be replaced will not show an advance over the ones first established: but though the earth be "new," it is going to be "earth" still; and though the heavens be "new" they are going to be the "heavens" still. God does not discard his types; his initial movements are infinitely wise and he never ceases to respect them. One of the discoveries made by geologists is that the texts which God laid down for himself in establishing the earth he has continued to stand by. The

animals and flowers that are produced to-day are true to the biological principles that asserted themselves in the animals and flowers that appeared during the creative week. But what geology teaches us in one way, astronomy teaches us in another way and shows that away out in the celestial spaces stretching so far beyond us that it would take a flash of light a thousand years to jump the interval, things are made in the same way and work in the same way that they do here. In all the wide area covered by astronomy, and the still wider area covered by spectroscopy there is no sign of God's getting tired of the law of things as it obtains in regions nearer home. So that put heaven where you please, if you put it anywhere, everything is in favor of its being structurally a good deal like what we are familiar with here. One might about as well part with his identity at death as be thrust into a realm that is structurally distinct from the one we are used to.

We are not conjuring up any theory of the heavenly world—we are simply trying to conform with the suggestions of an enlightened sense, and with the intimations of a Bible interpreted simply, and in that way avoid the necessity of conjuring up theories.

This fixed fact of locality is a great help to us. It instantly possesses all this matter of the heavenly with the steadying feature of the real—the real as opposed to the visionary; the real as opposed to the indefinable. We cannot make a map of heaven, but it is a good deal to suppose that it could be mapped. Undoubtedly we can spoil things by over-materializing them, but also we can just as certainly spoil them by over-spiritualizing them. We are made of body and spirit, and every earthly situation and every heavenly situation we need to construe with reference to just that duality in our nature, and we suppose that duality will always continue. It was not dust that made Adam Adam, nor was it the divine in-breathing into that dust that made Adam Adam; it took dust and Deity both to make him and to make you. No Scripture writer is clearer or more emphatic on this matter than St. Paul; it was one of the marvelous features of that all round man that he was jealous of the equilibrium intended to subsist between his spirit and his body. His thoughts ran high, his spiritual experience was transcendent, but he was just as sure that it took body to make him as he was that it took spirit to make him. He evidently was not particularly enamored of the body he had, and the probability is that it was in some important respects rather of an unprepossessing and uncomfortable misfit; but, willing as he was to dispense with that body, it was only with the definite understanding that he was to have an improved one in its place; he felt flesh, bones, nerves and blood corpuscles to be an essential element to his personality. Hence the emphasis which he laid on the matter of the resurrection and the *new body*. Now resurrection and the new body—all of that means heavenly locality; it means a place where the body is to be as distinctly as the existence of an *earthly* body presupposes a place. We put heaven out of all intelligible and therefore out of all helpful relation to ourselves and our activities when we omit from our conception of it all those elements that present experience and activity can frame into. We might as well stop talking or thinking about heaven altogether, as to subscribe to an inconceivable heaven; and the only heaven that is *not* inconceivable is a heaven that in its structural features is a prolongation of the earth we are living in now; a region that is somewhere and that could be put down in parallels and meridians in the universal atlas, if ever that atlas were to be produced and published.

Perhaps it will be said that there is in our generation tendency enough toward materialization without using our pulpit to the end of

stimulating materialization. Undoubtedly there is no call upon us to materialize more than is already being done the *earthly* life this generation is living. But it is not the earthly life we are taking account of just now. Undoubtedly as things are going at present, it is the body by all odds that is in the ascendant. But I am disposed to believe that if we materialized the heavenly world more, we should be less tempted to overdo the materialization of this world. In other words, there would be less of the animal in our lives here if we did not pitch the realities of the heavenly world in so spiritual a key as to embarrass all thought about heaven and discourage all interest in it and all care to go there. This is not said in the interests of an immoral heaven, but in the interests of an interesting heaven.

The easy reading of the New Testament references to these things makes it clear that Christ and those who were imbued with His Spirit handled such questions in an exceedingly commonplace way; by which certainly I do not mean that they treated the heavenly world carelessly or superficially, but that they pronounced heavenly realities with the same intonation that they did earthly ones. They had only one set of terms for the two, one complexion of feeling for the two. They were always in earnest, but no more so in treating future realities than in treating present ones. St. Paul seemed to feel that it was all part of one scheme. I believe that considerable of the solemnity that ordinarily prevails at a funeral is due to the absence, in the minds of those present, of fixed and definite points for reflection to attach itself to. Undoubtedly the grief incident to earthly parting forms a very large element in the case, but apart from that there is a certain hopeless indecision of mind, a certain vacant interrogativeness, which is as distinct from the spirit in which Paul contemplated death as the dreary drift of a cloud is distinct from establishment upon visible foundation. On such an occasion there may be no lack of Christian faith, but all the possibilities in the case are not fulfilled even by faith, if by faith we understand only devout bewilderment.

A fog bank is a fog-bank even though the sun shines on it. There was a crispness in Paul's faith. It was vertebrate. His confidence reached out into the dark, but it moved into the dark on fixed lines. The prospect of entering the other world never seemed to him to necessitate throwing overboard methods of expectation that had served him well prior to his departure. It is clear that whatever exchange of experience there might be between this world and the next he never anticipated being surprised, or at least bewildered by the exchange. Standing by the death bed of a friend was like going down to the dock and seeing a friend off on an Atlantic steamer, which may cost tears, but is not exactly a funeral. To one who takes the Gospel in its easiest sense—which is to say its truest sense—heaven is a place, some place. One of the bitterest elements of grief would be eliminated from the death-bed scene if it were as distinct in our hearts as it is in Scripture that death is embarkation. Select the remotest star in the universe, and if you could suddenly realize that your departed and sainted friend were there, with what overwhelming brightness your whole conception of death and the heavenly world would be transformed, enlivened and beautified. Let your own thought dwell on that for a little while and your own devout feelings play about it, and in these bright Christmas days in which, in imagination, we are again welcoming the little visitant from the heavenly world, may the Holy Spirit encourage our thoughts to move out cheerily along the line upon which that visitant came and upon which he has since withdrawn again, a sweeter and richer consciousness of the *Somewhere* of the heavenly world

spring up within us; a little of the bitterness be thereby subtracted from the bereavements that have shadowed our past, and our anticipations incline with a firmer confidence toward the City which hath foundations and toward reunion with those whose bark sped out into the night and over the sea while we stood weeping upon the shore.

HERODIAS.

By Rev. Alfred S. Myers.

"It is not lawful for thee to have her," said John to Herod. And for saying this simple word he died.

What need had Herodias to care if the hermit reformer said her union with Herod was unlawful. She knew that already. But she was in command of the situation. She had the table of dainties, the bed of luxury, obsequious servants and fawning courtiers. Why need she care? Yet even when John is shut up in prison the fact that he lives is poison to her. The music and revelry of the King's birthday do not soothe her enraged heart. She will not be happy until she tastes the sweetness of revenge.

Men are ready to go on in sin. But the man who says simply and truly what it is that they are doing and declares it to be unlawful, is the object of their bitter hatred. They may be idle, but of course they are not lazy; dishonest, but you must not call it stealing; impure, but you must not name adultery or fornication.

When the royal law has been invoked, Herodias must either repent or slay John. "It is not lawful." Those few words kill all the pleasure of her gilded feast. Why not enjoy herself? She cannot. A worm is gnawing at her heart. Why not despise that gloomy ascetic? He is in the dungeon, she in the palace. Why not disregard his speech? She cannot. It is the word of God, the voice of doom. She must obey the voice or silence it. She must either honor God's messenger or murder him.

And John? Has he nothing to say? Can he not modify his harsh utterance? His words are more suited to the wilderness than to a King's palace. How can he speak so roughly about that beautiful woman? Cannot the bright glance of her dark eye disarm him? Like Elijah before Jezebel, like John Knox before the Scottish Mary, this stern man is invulnerable before the charms of Herodias.

And for John, too, the spoken word is irrevocable. "It is not lawful!" The corridors of the dungeon below and of the palace above alike ring with the fateful sentence. It was not lawful before he spoke. It were not lawful even if he were weak enough to retract. The world kept on revolving around the sun even when Galileo retracted; and when beneath his breath he muttered, "And yet it does move," the planet swung no faster onward in its course. But the word—the word is the thing. Prisons and palaces and fortresses crumble before the word. It has been spoken. It can never be unsaid.

But now here is the gory head on a lordly dish. Nay, start not back, my lords; he will not speak. He will not rebuke your sensual revelry. His lips move not. His tongue is dumb. That voice which you have here heard reasoning of righteousness, self-mastery and judgment to come, you will hear no more. Fill your brakers high. Lift them up. Drain deep. A toast! A toast! "To the unbidden guest—the dumb prophet!"

Now, Herodias, shalt thou sleep sweetly. Take thine ease and rejoice. He that troubled thee is gone never to return.

But though the shaft of the arrow may be broken, the barbed head remains in her heart. And there is an unhealed wound. In distant Gaul and to her dying day, she shall hear the echoing cry, "It is not lawful! It is not lawful!" She shall see in ghastly dreams that pale face and those unshorn dripping locks.

Many a guilty man, many a sinful woman