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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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"TO HIS KIN THE POET CALLS."

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

If the rushing of the years
Could be silenced in our ears,
And the hurry of the race
Stayed but for a little space,
We should wonder at the sound
That would lap the glad world round:—
Voices of the powers that bide
Stedfast in Time's flowing tide,
Edicts of the Kings of thought
With undying virtue fraught!
Then, among the legion noise,
Like a flight of heavenly joys,
Every wind would greetings bear
From the four ways of the air,—
Greetings from the homes of song
Sundered wide, deserted long!

To his kin the poet calls,
Spite of seas or mountain walls,
Or of Time that in his course
Beats with century-heaving force.
Tho in alien tongues they sing,
Thought unfurls the selfsame wing;
Poet-peers their peers shall meet,
And the youngest bard may greet
Him who was his spirit's sire,
Who with scroll and antique lyre,
Full a thousand years before,
Taught the Muses' sacred lore!

So shall lone Arabia's seer
Omar's salutation hear;
Greets them both some voice from far,
Loosed beneath the northern star,—
One whose minstrel harp complains
In some banquet hall of thanes!

Thus they meet—fraternal souls!
Homer's song through Mantua rolls;
Virgil's voice hath Dante heard;
Dante's voice hath Milton stirred;
Never yet, in Persian vale,
Sang the hidden nightingale,
But a clear responsive note
From a region far would float;
Shared be those garden sweets
By glad Hafiz and by Keats!

Never sound of war's alarms,
Never flash of sunlit arms,
But there comes an answering peal,—
Answering glint of lifted steel!
While a voice, in tears imbathed,
From some crag with mist enswathed
(Highland crag to Rounceval!)
Chants the soldier's death and pall.

To their kin all poets call;
But unheard their greetings fall;
For the rushing of the years
May not cease within our ears,
And the hurry of the race
May not stay a little space

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.

THE HONEY OF GOD'S WORD.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A SINGULAR incident in old Hebrew history illustrates the sweetness and light that flow from God's blessed Word. Jonathan was leading the army of Israel in pursuit of the Philistines, and King Saul had forbidden the troops to taste of food during the march. When the troops reached a forest where the bees had laid up their abundant stores, several honeycombs were found lying upon the earth. Jonathan—not having heard of the royal edict—put forth the rod in his hand and dipped it in a honeycomb, and put it to his mouth, "and his eyes were enlightened." Refreshment came to his hungry frame and enlightenment to his eyes, which were dim with faintness and fatigue.

What a beautiful parable this incident furnishes to set forth one of the manifold blessings of God's Word! In the superbly sublime nineteenth Psalm David pronounces that Word to be sweeter than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. In the same passage he declares that "it is pure, enlightening the eyes." Again the Psalmist says: "The entrance of Thy Word giveth

light." It is not the careless reading, or the listless hearing of the Book, but its entrance into the soul which produces this inward illumination. There is a sadly increasing ignorance of the Scriptures; when read publicly in the sanctuary thousands give but little heed with the ear and none at all with the heart. They do not take the vitalizing, Heaven-sent truth into their souls as Jonathan took the honey into his system.

But when the Word is partaken of hungrily, and the Holy Spirit accompanies it, there is a revelation made to the heart like that which the poor blind boy had after the operation of a skillful oculist. His mother led him out-of-doors, and, taking off the bandage, gave him his first view of sunshine and sky and flowers. "Oh, Mother," he exclaimed, "why did you never tell me it was so beautiful?" The tears started as she replied: "I tried to tell you, my dear; but you could not understand me." So the spiritual eyesight must be opened in order that the spiritual beauty and wisdom and glory of the divine Word may be discerned. Many a poor sinner has never found out what a glorious gospel our Gospel is until he has swallowed the honey for himself. Dr. Horace Bushnell voiced the experiences of many of us when he said:

"My experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries and reveals depths even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the Spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meanings and glorious truths."

The most growing Christian never outgrows his Bible; in that exhaustless jewel-mine every stroke of the mattock reveals new nuggets of gold and fresh diamonds.

Even as a mental discipline there is no book like God's Book. Nothing else so sinews up the intellect, so clarifies the perceptions, so enlarges the views, so purifies the taste, so quickens the imagination, strengthens the understanding, and educates the whole man. The humblest day laborer who saturates his mind with this celestial schoolbook becomes a superior man to his comrades—not merely a purer man, but a clearer-headed man. It was the feeding on this honey dropping from Heaven which gave to the Puritans their wonderful sagacity as well as their unconquerable loyalty to the Right. The secret of the superiority of the old-fashioned Scottish peasantry was found in that "big ha' Bible," which Burns described as the daily companion at every ingle-side. Simply as an educator the Scriptures ought to be read in every schoolhouse, and there ought to be a chair of Bible instruction in every college. As the honey strewed the forests for Jonathan and his soldiers to feed upon, so the loving Lord has sent down his Word for all hungering humanity, high or humble; as the sunlight was made for all eyes, this Book was made for all hearts.

It is more than light; for it is an *enlightener*. Not only does it reveal the grandest, sublimest and most practical truths, but it improves and enlarges the vision. It makes the blind to see, and the strong sight all the stronger. Who of us that has been sorely perplexed about questions of right and wrong and been puzzled as to our duty, has not caught new views and true views as soon as we dipped our rod into this honeycomb? Once when I was sadly perplexed about the question of changing my field of labor—which would have changed the whole current of my life—a single text of Scripture instantly decided me; and I never repented the decision. Poor Cowper, harassed and tormented, found in the twenty-fifth verse of the third chapter of Romans, the honey which brought light to his overclouded soul. John Wesley made the most signal discovery of his life when he thrust his rod into this verse, "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death." Even Paul had not learned his own sinfulness until "the commandment came" and opened his eyes. It is this heart-revealing power of the Book that makes it so invaluable in both pulpit and inquiry room.

Ah, there is many a one among my readers who can testify how the precious honey from Heaven brought light and joy to his eyes when dimmed with sorrow. The exceeding rich and infallible promises were not only sweet, they were illuminating. They lighted up the valley of the shadow of death; they showed how crosses can be turned into crowns, and how losses can brighten into glorious gains. When I am in a sick room I almost always dip my rod into the honeycomb of the fourteenth

chapter of John. It brings the Master there with his words of infinite comfort. One of my noblest Sunday-school teachers so fed on this divine honey that on her dying bed she said: "My path through the valley is long, but 'tis bright all the way."

Nothing opens the sinner's eyes to see himself and to see the Savior of sinners like the simple Word. The Bible is the book to reveal iniquity in the secret parts. If a young man will dip his rod into this warning, "look not on the wine when it is red," he may discover that there is a nest of adders in the glass! If the skeptic and the scoffer can be induced to taste some of that honey which Christ gave to Nicodemus, he may find Hell a tremendous reality, to be shunned, and Heaven a glorious reality, to be gained.

Brethren in the ministry, I am confident that our chief business is not only to eat hugely of this divine enlightening honey, but to tell people where to dip their rods. A distinguished theological professor said to me: "If I should return to the pastoral charge of a church, I should do two things: I would make more direct *personal* efforts for the conversion of souls and I would spend no time on the rhetoric of my sermons. I should *saturate my mind with Bible truth*, and then deliver that truth in the simplest idiomatic English that I could command."

The honey from Heaven lies abundant on the ground. May God help us to show it to the hungry, the needy and the perishing!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LAW AND LIBERTY.

BY CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D.

THE Gospel teaches not only the prince and the autocrat, but the yeoman to write *I* with a capital; and the letter is capitalized because there is first a sense of self-capitalization. I do these things; not something back of me, but *I*; not simply something working through me, but *I*. I mold my own ~~purpose~~; I create my own behavior; I determine my own act. In this feature lies the fact of personality; in it roots the possibility of morality. I am no automaton. I am not a puppet jumping to the pull of the strings. My act is *my* act. Christianity has leavened with that idea all classes of our population. Everybody knows it. Only a few used to know it; now everybody knows it. It is in the experience of that that all true humanity begins in us. Without it we are brutes. Without it we are simply a fine type of machine. With it we begin to become men.

When, however, Christianity has taught us all this, unless she goes a long step further with us and teaches us another and supplementary lesson, she has only damned us by her enlightenment, and, by exalting us, has only made the material of momentum with which to cast us down in a more precipitous plunge into the depths, the darkness and the teeth-gnashing of a social, political and universal hell. There are certain invaluable lessons which are being taught us by anarchical outbreaks both at home and on the other side of the water; such events constitute an important stage in the curriculum of our education. There are some ideas that we can gather from a bomb, if sufficiently remote from it when it explodes, that are not to be so readily or incisively acquired in any other way. It clears the air, clarifies our philosophy, takes certain of the kinks out of our thinking, the sentimentality out of our religion, and sends us groping after the eternal foundation of things with an earnestness of pursuit with which, perhaps, all the ardor of the pulpit and of the press would be powerless to inspire us.

The thing that is calculated to alarm us is not the anarchism that is technically known as such. The real ground for alarm lies in this, that in what we know as anarchists—that is to say, in the men who make a business and profession of lawlessness—there is exhibited, ripe and gone to seed, the same tendency that in a germinal condition is diffused throughout an exceedingly large element of our population. The anarchism we may well fear most, is the unfledged, the ungraduated anarchism; the leaven of lawlessness that has not yet arrived at the stage of parading under a red flag, publishing carnage and manufacturing dynamite. Anarchists do not begin by being anarchists. First the blade, and not till some considerable time after, the full corn in the ear. John Jones obstructing a cable road is not in the same class with Rudolph Schnabel throwing a dynamite

mite bomb. But John belongs to the same school as Rudolph, and by carrying his studies far enough will receive from the college of lawlessness the same clean diploma of graduation as Rudolph. Union laborers mauling and breaking the bones of non-union laborers are not anarchists even as the bud is not the blossom; but give the bud time and favoring circumstances and it will blossom and become it by being more and more just exactly what it was already while only a bud. And so of any other violation of law, be that violation more or less brutal, it has some of the essence of anarchy inhering in it. To break one law is in the direction of wanting and trying to be rid of law altogether. There is as much of the essence of sea water in a single drop of the ocean as in all the Atlantic. That is one principal reason why it is so profitable to study anarchists; they simply exhibit on a magnified scale the same animus that is present in a quiet way and in mild proportions in thousands and hundreds of thousands of people that would feel themselves outrageously insulted if they were classed in the same category with Herr Schnabel and Herr Most.

The gist of our difficulty lies in this, that under the patronage of Christianity we have learned one lesson without yet having thoroughly acquired its counterweight. We have learned the superb lesson of our self-energizing power without earnestly feeling that prior to the act, in which that power issues, the track is already laid and spiked and ballasted upon which, before God, the act is bound to run. We are free to act, and that we know; but as moral creatures we are not free (using the word in its higher sense) to determine the direction which our act shall take; and that lesson we have only half learned. We can make our act, but the instant we presume to draw the line that our act shall move upon, we are mutinying against the eternal, have stepped into the domain of license already, and the spirit of license is the genius of anarchism. The lines are drawn. We are born into an administration of law. That is what law means—drawn lines. "Free but bond servants." If we are true to our make we are locomotives on the railway, had the locomotive but the power to move itself. Moral liberty is self-energy clinging to the rail and sliding along an unobstructed track. Self-energy jumping the rail, thumping on the ties, and going over the embankment, is license, lawlessness, anarchy. The smallest disobedience is anarchy, young anarchy, anarchy in the green. Conscience is the flange with which we rim into the irons. The irons are there, there before Sinai, there before the granite was hot that cooled into Sinai. "Free but bond servants." There is no true liberty but such as consists with the most scrupulous bond-service. Here is where individually, socially and politically we need toning up.

But have we, as moral beings, not the right to choose what we will do? Yes, we have the right to choose what we will do when we choose to do what is right. Yes, "choose," if we are disposed to call that choice. But the fact is that the finer the type of integrity the smaller will be the margin of choice. We are free, but free as the lightning is which flashes for a thousand miles, but true always to the electric wire that was set for it to run upon. We need to think of it that the most glorious freeman of history, the Lord Jesus Christ, allowed himself absolutely no option, no narrowest margin on either side of the unswerving track of his heavenly Father's will. We pray, "Thy will be done." What becomes of margin and option and all this matter of choice if we begin making the prayer of our lips the law of our life?

We are on the margin of a great matter here and can only graze the edge of it. When we look out into nature the first thing that impresses us is its fidelity, its faithfulness to the statutes that were enacted for it. The astronomer can tell to a second the time of an eclipse that will transpire ten thousand years forward of us. Science does nothing but detect the decalog conformably with which nature does its work. Nature never sins, never slips from the wire, never jumps the track; and the perfection of her beauty and the splendor of her harmony is a picture of what society would be if men were as true to duty as are the flowers and the tides, and if communities swept through their orbits with the fidelity of the constellations; for there is not a word we speak, an act that we perform, an aim that we cherish, that has not pertaining to it a law as inflexible and as divine as that to which the grasses cling in their growing, the seas in their pulsing, and the stars in their marching and counter-marching.

There is a good deal said about self-government, autonomy, individual sovereignty, and other euphemistic foolishnesses that are as false to fact as they are flattering to personal conceit. There is no greater lesson we can learn than that it is not in man to make laws but to obey laws. Sovereignty, like the sky, is overhead. Sovereignty, like the Two Tables, slips down out of the highs. The soul is as full of moral laws as the body is of nerves and the air of sunbeams. They are all shot from the Sun of Righteousness. There is a great moral system, if we had but the eyes to see it, the sublime counterpart of the system astronomic and cosmic; and for a man to beat out into a track of his own, is much the same as for the planet Mars to jump its celestial orbit or for the sun to scatter off its dependent planets, strike across lots, and go pounding against the busy worlds that sweep the remoter spaces.

There is a vast amount of anarchy that is inculcated and brooded at the hearthstone. Household disobedience is anarchy in its swaddling clothes. Arithmetic is a good thing, so is geography; but common sense is better, and obedience is the best of all. The greatest lesson we can learn at home or at school—the lesson that will do most toward making us robust and holy men and women—is to learn the lesson of doing as we are told to do. Bread and meat are the stuff that make our body; obedience is the stuff that will make our manhood and our womanhood. Jesus himself said: "It is my meat to do as my Father tells me." Nothing is told us as to what books he studied at home or at school, but we are told that he obeyed; and we learn from the second of Philippians that a part of the glory that belongs to him to-day in his great heavenly kingdom he has earned by being the obedient child he was in his little-boy days at Nazareth.

It means a great deal that the law given to Israel was not made by Moses, but was cut in the rock by God's finger. We win from that mode of representation a vigorous sense of the divine and eternal imperialism of law. Our legislators, even in their best moments, do not make law; and the only just and effective service they can render is to mount up into the will of God, and translate that will into terms adjusted to instant need and suited to common intelligence. There is no justice that is not as old as God, or that has in it any kingliness save what it draws down with it from the great throne. These are facts that, as freemen and bondservants of God, we want often to commune with and push, think them, feel and live them, and pronounce them, to the nerving up of our civilization, the toning and invigorating of our domestic, social and political estate; propagating among men the assurance that government is government only so far as it is a part of the majesty of God, and that crime, murder, stealing, bribery, malfeasance in office, is a kick at the Government, and in being a kick at the Government is a lunge at the great white throne and a slap in the face of the Almighty. That only will rescue us from official pervasive anarchy and deliver us from the wailings and gnashings of political perdition.

NEW YORK CITY.

WAR WHOOPS AND STEAM WHISTLES.

BY JAMES M. MAXWELL, D.D.

"PITTSBURG! All out for Pittsburg!" will be the announcement and order heard on, or about, the ides of May by the arriving participants in the next Presbyterian General Assembly. And a royal welcome will Pittsburg give them.

In no spirit of dictation, to the coming "Fathers and Brethren," concerning criticism of any degree, theology, church polity, seminary control or ecclesiastical federation do I write. On these profound themes I heartily concede to them, however learned I may be, wisdom that is Moore (more) and (Mutch) more.

The man I want to talk to by enlisting the co-operation of the clear, cold types of the cosmopolitan INDEPENDENT, is the ruling elder, commissioner, coming from a way off who is, possibly, a judge, governor, or Congressman.

No, I do not mean he is "away off" in his orthodoxy. He has been too busy all his life studying the Confession of Faith, the two Catechisms and the Form of Church Government, together with tariff, temperance, silver and other problems to have given much attention to the genesis and exodus of Western Pennsylvania. It may be he speaks the Congressional English and, if so, when he first lands amid the swarming, busy throngs, the sky-piercing buildings, the electric-car-congested streets, the roar, clatter, bang and crash of the on-going Iron city I anticipate that he will ask in considerable bewilderment, "Where are we at?"

That is what I am going to tell him, civilly and religiously. I would have him, first of all, notice where he is not "at." If he had arrived here 142 years ago, he would have seemed to himself to be nowhere in particular except at the confluence of two beautiful rivers. Then, in 1753, not a single white inhabitant would be here to greet him. Had he been so disposed and the traveling healthy, he could have made some excursions in the environs, out over the happy hunting grounds of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, Tuscaroras, Delawares, Shawnees and Mingoes. He could have called on King Shingis at the mouth of the Chartiers Creek or on Queen Aliquippa at the mouth of the Youghiogheny River. Just 142 years ago, bleak November coming, George Washington was out through here and called to see the dusky queen of the Delawares, making her a present of "a watch coat" (whatever that is!) "and a bottle of rum." Aliquippa, I am sorry to say, was not a W. C. T. U. woman, and is reported to have thought the bottle of rum much the better present of the two.

Soon after this Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent some soldiers and workmen out here to build a fort and break the reign of industrial solitude in this locality. They were very successful in the latter, but not, just then, in the former.

A thousand men, Indians and French, came pouring down the Allegheny upon them, in 60 bateaux with 300 canoes, carrying 18 pieces of cannon. Dinwiddie's people concluded to go up to the Brownsville (Redstone),

and lingered for a time about the future home of the brilliant James G. Blaine. The French called the newly captured fort after the Governor-General of Canada, Du Quesne. The effort on the part of the English to change its name in honor of Lord Chatham, is a story of eight years of blood to the bridle's reins. It led to Æolus, unlocking the doors of the storm cave. Yes, worse than that. It unchained a succession of military earthquakes full of tremendous upheavals and revolutions, spoiling, before all was over, not only the Pennsylvania Iroquois' hunting grounds, but shocking all Continental Europe, Asia and Africa, and deciding that this region was to be Anglo-Saxon, not French, Protestant, not Roman Catholic. The "Iron-headed" Commander, who substituted Pitt for Du Quesne as the name of the Fort, had for his army chaplain the Rev. Charles Beatty, who, in the month of November, 1758, preached at Fort Pitt. That was the first preaching we had out here. It may interest the Assembly Commissioner to know it was not only Protestant but Presbyterian.

Mother England felt poor when she got through with this business. Braddock, the bold, blustering, brave unfortunate, had met with disaster, and there were many other losses connected with the recapture of Fort Du Quesne; so she concluded to reimburse herself by imposing duties and taxes on her colonial boys, without allowing them to make any speeches on the subject in the British Parliament.

That affront generated the flames of the Revolutionary War, ending in the Independence of the United States of America, the greatest political and religious event of modern or any other history. Does my friend from away off see now where he is "at"? Does he know that Pittsburg stands on ground made forever sacred as the American palingenesis of civil and religious liberty? Let him take off his hat, if not his shoes, for he is on hallowed ground.

I wish now to introduce my remote friend to a sort of John Baptist forerunner of all the commercial and religious wonders that he will be shown by river and by rail during his stay at Pittsburg. He is familiarly known as the Scotch-Irish pioneer; and ordinarily, in his pious moments, was a Presbyterian.

He came out here early, before breakfast, before civilization was out of bed; came in his shirt-sleeves, came to do business and, in the person of his posterity, is still at the old stand. If genius is, as Anthony Trollope has said, "A ball of shoemaker's wax on the seat on which a man sits down"—*sticking to it*, then, the Scotch-Irishman was a genius. It has been said, "he kept the Sabbath Day and everything else he could lay his hands on." A lie in both statements, *absque ulla conditione*. There, for example, was the Frenchman of the Louis XV school of politics and religion, nosing around here when the Scotch Irishman first came out. The Frenchman was planting crosses and other "popish" devices in these parts, signifying thereby that this country was in possession of the King of France. Did the Scotch-Irishman keep him hereabout? No, sir. He said to him: "Monsieur Louis Bienville de Celevon, 'What are the decrees of God?'" Hearing no satisfactory response he said: "Père Bonnacamps you may answer;" but finding "the father" a little rusty on the Westminster Shorters the Scotch-Irishman made haste to teach them that "the decrees are" that the Frenchman should go toward the Dominion of Canada, and he saw that the decrees were executed. He did not keep the Frenchman, did he?

Then how about his numerous wigwam neighbors who were courteous enough to persist in calling at the cabin of the newcomer early and often? Their calling cards were tomahawks, and the object of their visits was to get the scalps of the heads of the Scotch-Irishman's family and of the heads of their babies; so our hero went into the reception business, and his way of receiving would be considered to-day, unique. It was to shut one eye as his guest approached and look at him with the other through the sights of his rifle which rested in the loophole of his domicil, and when he was satisfied with the view he touched the trigger. The guest thus received scarcely ever declined to stay with the Scotch-Irishman always, and never go back to the wigwam any more. It came to pass, however, that notwithstanding the warmth of the Scotch-Irish pioneer's receptions a coldness sprang up and any of his native neighbors, who still occupied the ground perpendicularly, thought well of Bishop Berkeley's "Course of Empire" and started "westward."

It is clear now that the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian pioneer did not keep at least two things "on which he laid his hands"—the polite Frenchman and the surviving "Lo" of the "Untutored mind"; and I think his next act makes it plain that he did not always keep the Sabbath Day while this exportation business was being transacted; therefore, feeling his need of the benefit of clergy, he at once imported his pastor. Would you like to see a picture of the coming, and descent into the great valley of the Monongahela, of the individual who lays the distinction of being the first pioneer pastor west of the Alleghenies? Here it is: A man in the prime of life, on horseback, with his oldest daughter, still a girl, behind him, and his youngest, a child, pillowed before him, leading the way. His wife on another horse and leading a third one followed closely. On the third horse, a pack of provisions in baskets slung across the animal, secured by a strap