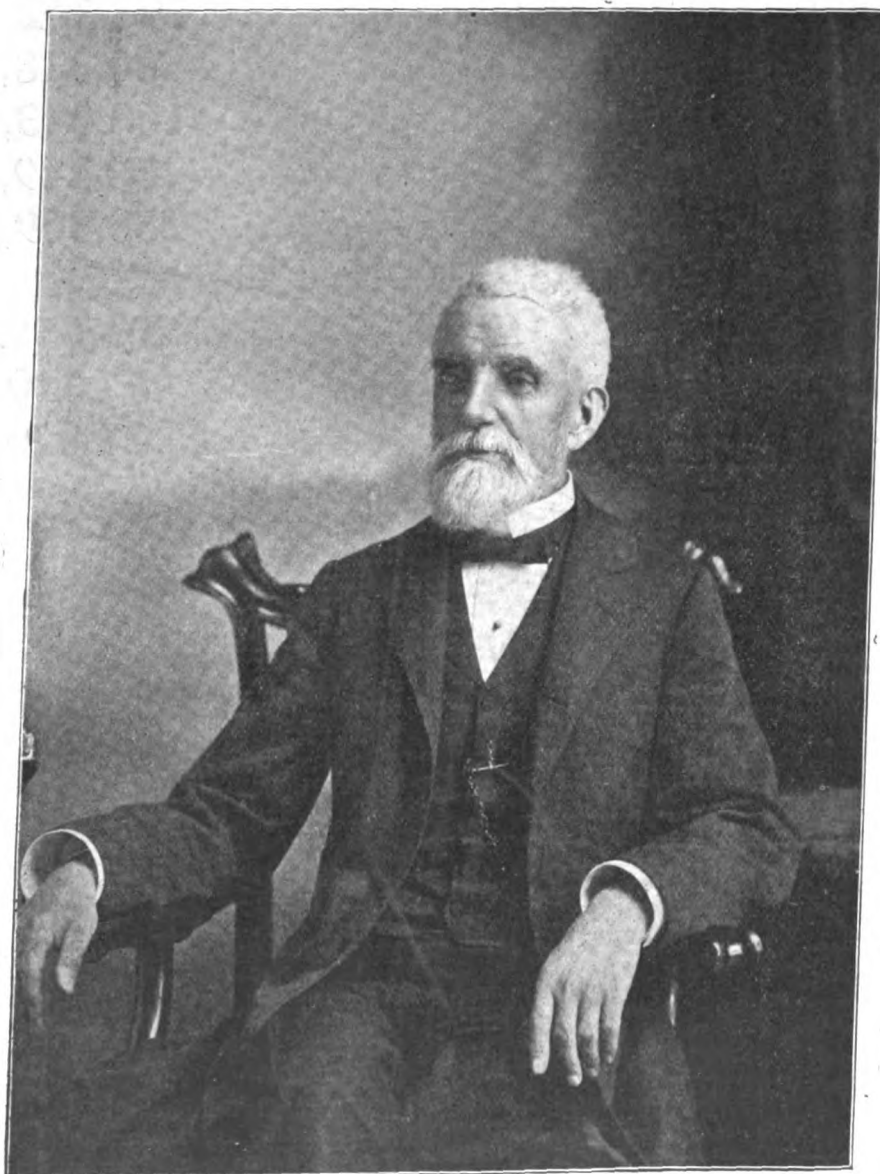


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# The Evangelist.

C. R. Gillett  
Pelham Manor  
N. Y.



**The Late Rev. JOHN GILLESPIE, D.D.**  
Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

# The Evangelist.

IN ESSENTIALS UNITY IN NON-ESSENTIALS LIBERTY IN ALL THINGS CHARITY

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## All Round the Horizon.

The civilized world was startled last Thursday evening by the announcement of the death of the President of the French Republic. A self-made man like Cousin, Duruy, Meissonier, Brunetiere and many Frenchmen of recent distinction, Felix Faure rose from the humblest beginnings to the chief-magistracy of his country, by the inevitable force of a true manhood capable of noble acts. His marriage was of a chivalrous character most creditable to the man, and he was amply rewarded, for Mrs. Faure has been to him a noble wife, equal to all the demands of his changes of fortune. M. Faure was eminently a man of executive ability—revealed through all his career as tanner, merchant, deputy, minister and president. He was not a mere leader of the élite, but a man whose qualities of force, gentleness and kindness appealed alike to aristocracy and democracy. He was an ideal president of sci-

entific and educational bodies, but above all he shone in visits to hospitals and philanthropic institutions. He always found the right word in the gatherings of workmen and was fully up to the exigencies of such occasions as the visit of the Tzar. His death is not likely to influence the present political situation, as the President of France is rather the master of ceremonies of the nation than the leader of its politics.

It is a striking fact that the seven elections of French presidents, so rapid as they perforce were by reason of the French system, and so calm as they have invariably been, have been real selections. The election of M. Emile Loubet to the French presidency is one more good score for the system. Born in the department of Drome, in 1838, he studied for the bar. After considerable professional success, he became mayor of the city of Montelimar where he practiced, then general counselor of department, deputy in 1876, senator in 1885, secretary of the Senate in 1887, member of the Tirard ministry, then president of the Senate, and now President of the Republic. President Loubet is a moderate republican of the school of Gambetta. There is nothing in him of that spirit of negative politics—destructive and utopian criticism—which characterizes the Radicals. His executive ability has made him chairman of some of the most important Parliamentary committees, dealing with the most difficult problems of modern political life. Though a man of strong principles he is not a doctrinarian. His aim is good politics resting upon an empirical basis. He has contributed to some of the most important reforms of the last twenty years. There is no reason to doubt that notwithstanding the frothy agitation of anti-Semites and their allies, M. Loubet's election is regarded with great satisfaction all over France. The events of the past few days have much to say for the stability of the Republic.

The Spanish Cortes assembled on Monday, and after pronouncing a eulogy on the late President of the French Republic refused to refer to a special Committee the bill providing for the cession of the Philippines to the United States. At this writing no action has been taken upon the treaty, the first session of both Chambers having been mainly spent in a futile attempt to fix upon certain Generals and upon Government the responsibility of the disastrous outcome of the war. On the same day, Monday, our House of Representatives passed the bill appropriating \$20,000,000 to Spain for the Philippines, with none of those "riders" which at one time or another have been proposed as conditions of its passage.

Continued hostilities in the Philippines appear to show, not that the natives as a whole are opposed to being governed by the United States, and therefore that to carry on the effort to put down insurrection is a high handed act of tyranny, but simply that the methods of

warfare of the insurgents being what they are it may prove to be a simple act of humanity for General Otis to adopt more vigorous measures. Aguinaldo has learned that his men will not face American soldiers in the open field, the nature of the country affords him every facility for guerilla warfare, and he is entirely indifferent to the fact that such warfare necessarily exposes to fire and bullet, the defenceless inhabitants of the small villages thickly scattered through the jungle. The truest mercy will be to bring the matter to a decisive issue, and this General Otis will no doubt do as soon as he has received the necessary re-enforcements. The transport Grant is expected to reach Manila on March 4th, bringing eighteen hundred regular troops. By that time the insurgents will probably find themselves short of ammunition, and a combined and determined attack of army and navy will no doubt result in such a victory as will quell the insurgents. Once the insurrection is quelled the Filipinos will not be long in learning that the United States government is their friend, not their foe.

It may indeed be necessary to continue warlike demonstrations in other parts of the archipelago for some time after Aguinaldo and his forces are reduced to terms. It is not possible that the authorities of the other islands should not have misunderstood the motive which has governed the acquisition of the islands by the United States, and should not ignorantly dread the new order. Their natural and inevitable attitude will be that of opposition. It is a case where the sharpest measures are the truest kindness. Admiral Dewey has a large task before him; but the government will give him the means to accomplish it. A large re-enforcement is to be sent to him, so that he may send a number of gun-boats simultaneously to as many islands; not necessarily to fight the natives, but to maintain order while they are learning what is the character of the new rule. This is especially necessary with regard to those cities where Spanish garrisons were maintained. Their withdrawal would naturally tend to misrule. It will not, however, be the policy of our government to displace any existing municipal governments when these willingly accept the rule of the United States. Only those who offer resistance will need to be taught who is master.

Reports from Cuba are gratifying, particularly as to health conditions. Cleanliness is having her perfect work. The official returns of the Marine Hospital Service just made public show the almost incredible fact that for many years past there had not, until within a few weeks, been fewer deaths in Havana than one hundred in every one thousand—one in ten, in every year!—and that in that time two consecutive days had never passed without a death from yellow fever. The contrast of the reports dated February 6th from Havana, and January 28th from Santiago is, as the French would say, "siezing." Not a death from yellow fever in

## SPRINGS OF WATER.

A Sermon Preached in the Madison Square Church  
February 12, 1899, by the pastor, Charles H.  
Parkhurst, D.D.

*Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.*—Matthew 5 : 3.

Which is the first sentence in our Lord's great introductory sermon. And not only so, but we shall limit ourselves to the *initial word* of that sentence, "*Blessed.*" It is interesting and important to notice that this first word in Christ's opening discourse is the same that is used to describe the last act which he performed before his final disappearance from his disciples over Olivet: *Blessed are the poor in spirit*; "And it came to pass while he *blessed* them he was parted from them and carried up into heaven": closing therefore, like a piece of music, on the tone with which it begins.

It is noticeable that, although the word "*blessed*" occurs with such marvellous frequency in all parts of the Bible and sometimes in pulpit discourse, one encounters it very rarely in ordinary conversation even among Christian people. Perhaps there is at present less of the experience that that word in Bible times used to call for, or possibly we have some other term now that answers the same purpose. The word happiness denotes somewhat the same condition of feeling that blessedness does, and yet I believe the word happiness nowhere stands in the Bible. We are using it continually but the Bible does not use it at all. It has seemed to me that in this singular turn-about in the use of terms there must be something worth examining into. If our word "*happiness*" denoted a quality of enjoyment that was essentially and necessarily evil, that might suffice to account for its non-appearance in Scripture; but that hardly seems to be the case.

Although the word happiness does not occur in the Bible, yet the adjective "*happy*" is found in a few instances—six times, I think, in the New Testament. Yet even in each of those six there is this singular fact to be mentioned that the Greek word that is translated by our word "*happy*" is the same that in all other cases is translated by the word "*blessed.*" For example, we have in John xiii. 17 the verse, "If ye know these things *happy* are ye if ye do them": and yet the Greek word there rendered "*happy*" is exactly the same that in our text and in the New Testament generally is rendered "*blessed*"; showing that the alteration in the English word is due not to any variation in the original Greek, but to a whim of the translator. So in Acts xxvi. 2, "I think myself *happy*, King Agrippa": the word in the Greek is the one regularly translated "*blessed.*" Romans xiv. 22, "*Happy* is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." James v. 11, "We count them *happy* which endure." First Peter iii. 14, "If ye suffer for righteousness' sake *happy* are ye." First Peter iv. 14, "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ *happy* are ye." In all these six cases the word "*happy*" is put to represent a Greek word that everywhere else in the New Testament is translated by "*blessed.*" And if you turn to the revised reading, you will be interested to discover that in most of these exceptional cases the word "*happy*" is left out and the word "*blessed*" put back in its place. For example, it stands in the revised reading: "If ye know these things *blessed* are ye if ye do them." So, "We call them *blessed* which endure." "If ye are reproached for the name of Christ *blessed* are ye."

In trying now to find out all that there is in this matter it will be to our interest and profit to discover, if we can, what a Greek writer intended to have understood when he used the

Greek word that is translated into English as "*blessed.*" The Greek word is "*Makar,*" and in its earliest use it seems to have been applied only to the gods, as "*Makarior theoi,*" "*the blessed gods*"; indicating therefore a condition and an experience that is off from the plane of ordinary life, and distinctly elevated above it. It came in time, however, to be more generally applied and to be used of human enjoyment, but not of such enjoyment unless it was of an exceptional and exalted kind. By the Greeks the dead were called "*blessed,*" such application of the term intimating that blessedness was too fine a gift to be conferred upon man so long as he is detained in this world and only then to be received by him when he has entered the heavenly mansion prepared for him or, as the Greeks would say when he has arrived at the "*Islands of the Blest.*" This gives some inkling as to the tone of idea that was in a Greek writer's mind when he made use of the word. Primarily predicated only of the divine, when its application was extended to man it was thought of as coming to him only from a divine source, as belonging to him in his divine relations, and as having its grounds only in that which is deeply rooted and in that which is eternal. There was no suggestion of soberness or of awe in it, it denoted enjoyment, delight, but of a kind that had in it an element of stability, that did not come and go at the impulse of shifting circumstance, but that was, in the words of our hymn, "*eternal, sacred, sure.*"

The impression that we have thus gained of the meaning of "*blessedness*" will help us now to appreciate better the meaning of the word "*happiness,*" the difference between happiness and blessedness, and why it is that the word "*happiness*" does not occur in the Bible. The word "*happiness*" is the same as the word "*happen,*" which in its first syllable is a Welsh term meaning luck, chance. That same idea is preserved when we say, for example, "I met my friend on the street not by any pre-arrangement, but merely *happened* upon him:" which means that, although we met, any one of a thousand inconsiderable circumstances might have prevented our meeting.

Now that same idea of chance lurks in our word "*happiness*"; it denotes enjoyment, and it may be enjoyment of an exceedingly worthy and delightful kind, but enjoyment that is more or less a creature of chance, that comes without our having had any very sure grounds for expecting that it would come, and that, consistently enough, may go without our very distinctly realizing why it should go. It is almost as good while it lasts as though it were a good deal better, but has inhering in it that element of instability that makes it to be in effect a little less good than it really is. It reminds one in this respect of the difference between springs that lie near the surface of the ground and those that lie down in the earth's more difficult and hidden places. Those that are at the top may yield water that is fairly refreshing and that will slake the thirst; and then, too, such springs are easily gotten at. One has to delve but a little way before striking them. A very small fall of rain will fill them and set them flowing copiously. But then a very short season of drought will dry them and there is no telling when it will rain *again.* There is a good deal of the accidental, of the "*hap*" about them, and it is not very much to be able to say of a thing only that it is good as long as it lasts. It keeps one wondering how long it will last, and from wondering how long it will last we soon find ourselves fearing that it will not last a great while, and that bruises badly the edge of the enjoyment even while it *does* last.

On the other hand there are, as you know, springs that care nothing about the weather; that

are neither swollen by a downpour nor wasted and dried by a season of drought. Sometimes it takes considerable time to find them. They may come to the surface in very out-of-the-way places. In instances they make no exhibit of themselves at all at the surface and men dig for them and bore for them, sometimes to a depth of thousands of feet. The theory is that away up among the hills somewhere—the hills may be at an immense distance—there are stored great natural and inexhaustible reservoirs of water, and that by boring down to enormous depths great subterranean passage-ways are struck that connect with these mountain supplies, so that at the mouth of the shaft there is certain to be not only an abundant flow, but a flow that has all the pressure that comes from the mountainous height at which the reservoir is located; and not only that, but issues with a flow that is constant, never wastes, never grows tired, flows when it rains and flows when it does not rain; flows when it is summer and also when it is winter; flows when the sun shines, and just as steadily and copiously when there is no sun. The situation in that case is one, then, that eliminates all uncertainty. There is in it no ingredient of the fortuitous; there is nothing about it that can be said to "*happen.*" The sources of supply are put beyond the reach of influences that fluctuate. One does not need to consult the weather-forecast in order to be able to know what to expect; and when he slakes his thirst with what is so generously furnished it is with no pathetic presentiment of a time when the liquid generosity will become dried and his thirst go unsatisfied.

Now because there are these deep springs and these artesian wells is no reason why men should muddy or fill up the springs that are shallower, and that run only half the time and that are liable any day to stop running at all: but at the same time there is a distinct difference between the value of the two, and sterling sense will always conduct itself with a recognition of that difference. So it is of the two sources or springs of enjoyment and comfort that are set for the irrigation of our personal life. A man need not be an ascetic in order to be a Christian. Starving the body does not fructify the soul. A man need not expect to live in a mansion by and bye *because* he lives in a hut or buries himself in a cave here. It is exactly the surface mercies and the precarious comforts of life that Paul nevertheless commends when he says to Timothy that "Every creature of God (i.e. everything which God has made) is good and nothing to be refused" provided, of course, it is gratefully received.

And still there remains exactly that difference between the two sorts of human comfort that has been stated and that has been illustrated by the artesian well and by the surface spring that lies close up under the turf: one sort is anchored to the eternal hills and the other comes and goes with the fluctuation of circumstance. We are ambitious for comfortedness and joyousness of mind: we are made in that way; God made us in that way; but a joy is not a whole joy unless it contains the seeds and promise of permanency. A vessel is not yet fairly at sea unless it is so far out that even at low tide there is a wide margin between its keel and the rocks. I am constantly encountering people who have been struck by an ebb-tide. There are a great many of them. Almost every one knows more or less what they mean. Sometimes it comes in the shape of a loss of money; at other times it comes in the form of breaking health, or the loss of a dear friend or a home that is ruined or some crushing disappointment. The life prior to the infliction of the blow may have been a cheery one, and the person in question may have supposed that his gladness had even a religious ingredient in it,

and that his brightness of face and buoyancy of spirits was somehow a part of his Christian experience and of his joy in the Lord. But the blow comes, the tide goes out, his vessel thumps upon the rocks and he awakens to the discovery that what he had supposed to be a blessed and joyous confidence in the things that are eternal was no more than a precarious dependence upon unstable circumstance that is as liable to be unkind to-morrow as it is to be indulgent to-day.

This is no morbid or unfair presentation of the case. How much of the pressure of our life we throw upon supports that are liable any day to give way we never realize till they *do* give way. We need not infer from that that there is error in the ministries that we allow to be rendered us by life's transient amenities. We should show ourselves neither philosophic nor Christian by declining to enjoy a landscape that is beauteous in summer on the ground that it is certain to become bleak in winter. You can bless God for the flower that blossoms at the roadside in June, although you may know that no flower will be there next December. Indeed by affecting to make light of the uncertain mercies that come to us and stay but a little while, we are certain to put ourselves a little farther beyond the reach of mercies that may come to us and stay a great while and always. One of the saddest things that parents ever say about a child that God has loaned to them only a few years and then taken back is that they are afraid that God did it to punish them for having loved the child so passionately: as though any gift—most of all such a gift—if only cherished with a heart that is at the same time mindful of the blessed author of the gift could have any other effect than to make real and dear the unseen world out of which it is come and the unseen hand by whom it was bestowed.

The mischief done us by the evanescent benefits of life is not due to the enjoyment they afford us or to the comfort we take in them but to our failure at the same time to let those benefits attach our regards to Him from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift. I suppose we quite frequently think of the sun in the sky as brightening our life because of the direct shining of its beams into our eye. But its direct beams do not shine into our eye: our eye is not constructed to receive its immediate effects. But every piece—even the most transient—of the furniture with which nature is filled picks up each its own shattered beam of sunshine and tosses it toward us, so that our eye is not hurt by it. Everything so fluctuating as even the waving blades of grass or the drifting clouds bend back toward us the light that the sun had hurled upon them, so that just as certainly when we look upon the ground as when we look toward the zenith we are brightened by the light that comes from afar and are wrapped around with the investiture of the sun's own fellowship.

In the same way all the comforts of life, even the vacillating and evanescent ones, are designed to be fluctuating revelators of the permanent greatness and goodness of God: and any man who tries to disdain the comforts of life that stay but a little while, in order that he may get nearer to those that may permanently abide, is cutting himself off from one means of access to those that *do* permanently abide. While this has been said only for the purpose of correcting any morbid or ascetic disdain which our line of thought this morning might seem to encourage as toward the commonplace and shifting mercies of life, yet you see it brings us about, only over another route, to the fact that after all our final comfort and dependence must be upon supports that never can give way, and that our deep thirst must be slaked from springs that we know never can run dry.

There exists in many quarters the pathetic but idle philosophy which maintains that man is to such degree the plaything of circumstance and that his whole experience is so wrought out of the material that drifts in upon him adventitiously, that there is no such thing as comfort and joyous tranquillity apart from the encouragement that comes from outward and favoring conditions. However true that may be to a man's own theory of life, and however true it may be to his own experience of life—so that when his friend dies or his health fails or his property goes, poison or a pistol is his only remaining solace—yet it is historically untrue. If it were necessary to go back into the old centuries in proof of the fact, we might say that in all the life of St. Paul there were no hours in which he was in such a condition of elevation and of glad quietness of soul—that had hard work in which to find terms for its own expression—as the hours into which the rays of light falling upon him from outward circumstance were the most dim and meagre.

But the fact that we have in hand depends for its trustworthiness upon no testimony quoted from other generations or from remote longitudes. I venture the assertion that there is no man or woman here this morning who has ever had an experience of gladness that was unmingled and of inward quietness that was absolute, that does not remember that such experience came not when the outward world was fullest of light but emptiest of it! While as already intimated, there is a revelation of God's comfort and deliverance that is made over to us along the line of the greater or less mercies of ordinary life, there is also a revelation, and very often a far finer one, that comes from the cessation or the interruption of those benefits. The trouble is not with the benefits but with our manner of placing them, ranging them in such a way that instead of their standing in God's light God stands in their shadow, so that their disappearance is the only way of facilitating God's appearance.

And it is almost always the case—and some of you are aware that I am just now treading closely in the tracks of your own experience—that the drying of the springs, at which you have ordinarily drunk, have set you seeking and have put you in the way of finding, springs that are deeper and from which you feel you can draw without fear of their exhaustion. I am not eulogizing sorrow for what it *is* but for what it sometimes *does* when everything else has failed to do it. Only a morbid temperament and a diseased philosophy would venture in the presence of healthy and intelligent men to eulogize night and to speak in commendatory terms of darkness. We love the day too well and with too rational an affection to lavish our regards upon that which is directly the reverse of day. The sun is glorious and this earth of ours is one grand apocalypse when seen lying beneath the dropping baptism of the sun's light. But the universe is greater. The sun and illumined earth in all their splendor are hardly to be mentioned alongside of the wide and star-sown spaces and infinite depths in the midst of which our sun and little earth are set, and were we in perpetual sunshine we should never have known of the stars.

It is a caution, then, that we ought faithfully to take to our hearts not to confound the peace, ministered by the things which change, with the peace of God which passeth all understanding. We cannot quite consider ourselves entrenched in the strength and comfort of God unless we are still able to stand up in confidence when the ordinary supports have failed, and are still able to walk in the light—a tear perhaps in our eye but a joy in our hearts—when our path is covered with evening-shadow.

There is an aged servant of God whose influence has long been felt by this community and

whose words of unrivalled pulpit eloquence still reach to the remote quarters of our land. For half a century his confidence in the God of Israel and in the Father of our Lord and Saviour has strengthened the faith and sweetened the hope of hundreds of thousands who believe in God, but perhaps with an assurance less robust than his. A little time ago his home was invaded and his heart torn by an afflictive visitation that was as the crumbling of all the natural supports upon which his weary spirit was leaning. But no so strong and re-enforcing word ever went forth from him or from his pulpit as when standing in the presence of his beloved people, he said to them in tender assurance that nevertheless he was still strong in the same divine strength with which he had for so many years sought to strengthen them, and that the same comfort with which he had so long comforted *them* was an unspeakable solace to his own stricken heart.

There is one solemnly impressive effect in nature which is never visible to the observer except as he stands on high ground in mountain-country. Quite early in the afternoon the daylight will begin to fade from off the lowlands and from out all the deep valleys. Hour after hour the shadows will lengthen and the night mist begin to creep along the slopes of the hills. There is heard the tinkling of the bells as the cattle troop down in leisurely way from their high pasturage. With the gradual paling of the light the laborers are seen making their way homeward. Lights show here and there twinkling from the windows of the cottagers. The shadows creep up higher and higher toward the sky. Nature seems relaxing in silent and beauteous repose. It is already night, but far up on the white tops of the mountains there still lingers the play of gentle light shed from a sun that the valley cannot see and that has moved already far, far beyond the Western Gates.

#### PORT SOCIETY AT SABINE PASS, TEXAS.

Sabine Pass, by reason of recent deep water improvements, is one of the most promising seaports on the Gulf Coast. A Port Society has recently been established, and we need books, magazines, papers, tracts (in all languages,) and anything and everything that will interest the sailor when in port.

Send contributions of books or money to Thomas Ward White, D.D., Hotel Windsor, Sabine Pass, Texas.

#### THE RIVER.

Rev. 22:1,2; Ezek. 47:9; Zech. 14:8.

There is a wondrous river,  
Whose living waters flow  
As bright and clear as crystal;  
Life-giving as they go.  
Beneath the throne eternal  
Those living waters spring,  
The throne of God, our Father,  
And of the Lamb, our King.

Where'er this river cometh,  
It maketh all things live;  
And to the faint and weary  
Doth sweet refreshment give,  
And every one that thirsteth,  
Yea, all ye sons of men,  
May freely drink, and never,  
No, never thirst again.

No heat doth ever parch it,  
Nor cold its waters lock.  
It is no desert-vision  
Which doth the thirsty mock.  
Life, healing, cleansing, comfort,  
None seeketh here in vain,  
While God, its fountain fulness  
Doth still his throne maintain.

This wondrous crystal river  
May we, O Lord, behold  
Within thy holy city,  
Amid thy street of gold!  
And see, in beauty blooming,  
On that side and on this,  
The tree of life that yieldeth  
Its twelve-fold fruits of bliss.

EDWARD A. COLLIER.

KINDERHOOK, N. Y.