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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Welcome and forgiveness

WHAT an eloquent story such a picture as this conveys! Here, clearly, is the culminating chapter in the career of a wanderer, who has strayed far from home and friends, but who, after many vicissitudes, has turned his face toward the old roof-tree at last. A soldier or a sailor, he may have been, for there were many such lads who—having cut

fully known. Thousands have been redeemed from a slavery worse than death itself. Many have been led to renew the dear old home associations, and not a few (like the subject of the picture), have gone home, footsore, weak and weary, but right with God and glad at heart, despite all humiliation, to be back in the old dwelling, every nook of which is so well remembered, and to hear the fond familiar voices in trembling

accents welcoming them, whom they had perhaps mourned as dead, or given up as among the "missing" whose fate may never be known.

When such a wanderer returns, there is joy in the home which cannot be described. It is like the joy unspeakable which moved the father's heart at the return of the prodigal. A great pity and an all-embracing, generous, forgiving love, go out toward the wanderer. His mean garments, worn shoes, his wan, pinched face and thin limbs, and all the evidences of suffering and privation, are in painful contrast with the comfort and abundance of the home, which to his eyes now appears like a veritable palace with all that is needed to make one happy. If the artist had portrayed a case of this character in actual life, and from personal observation, he could hardly have been either more artistically faithful or realistically true. All the love and pity of friends go out to the unfortunate one who has come back to the fold. And if earthly friends are thus kind and forgiving, how much kinder is our Heavenly Father, who welcomes back the sin-sick, repentant child. He is nigh unto them that be of a broken heart (Ps. 34: 18), and He bindeth up their wounds



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

their unmistakable impress on thousands of lives hitherto unblemished. Such was the condition found in the camps by many of the workers of the Christian Commission. Mere lads in uniform were fast being reduced to the level of the worst elements around them. Vice fascinated and allured on every side, and they yielded. How many of these pitiful cases were searched out by the zealous evangelists, and the men led to forsake their sinful lives and accept Christ, may never be

(Ps. 147: 3). His is a pity and love deeper and broader than that of an earthly father, and however wayward the child may have been, He has no pleasure in the death of the erring one, but desires rather that he should return from his ways and live (Ezek. 18: 23), and for all who do repent and accept the invitation there is the Divine promise: "If thou turn to the Lord thy God and shalt be obedient to His voice (for the Lord thy God is a merciful God), He will not forsake thee" (Deut. 4: 32).

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., | Streams in the desert.
on the Texts: Isaiah 35: 6; Psalms 104: 32, | He toucheth the hills and they smoke.

MY first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalaya, or the Pyrenees, or the Sierra Nevadas poured through canals and aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American barrenness will be made an apple orchard, or an orange grove, or a wheat field, or a cotton plantation, or a vineyard—"streams in the desert." My second text means a volcano like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park or of California. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke!"

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more am I impressed with the divine hand in its construction, and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more am I thrilled with the fact that it is all to be irrigated, glorified and Edenized. What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Capitol Hill said to the American Senate in regard to the centre of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific Coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts and cactus, of shifting sands and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts or these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is." What a mistake the great statesman made when he said that! All who have crossed the continent realize that the States on the Pacific Ocean will have quite as grand opportunities as the States on the Atlantic, and all this realm from sea to sea to be the Lord's cultivated possession.

Do you know what, in some respects, is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the "Mount of the Holy Cross." A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significant, so unmistakable, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances that you gradually make out after your attention is called to them. So a man's face on the rocks in the White Mountains. So a maiden's form cut in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the moving clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity. But the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado, you cry out: "A cross! A cross!" Do you say that this geological inscription just happens so? No! That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human device, or an accident of nature, or the freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set up at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and he hung it there over the heart of this continent to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the Cross on which our Immanuel died. The clouds were vocal at our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at his martyrdom, why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the Crucifixion?

First, consider the immensity of this continental possession. If it were only a

small tract of land, capable of nothing better than sage-brush, and with ability only to support prairie-dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and affluence no one can imagine, unless, in immigrant wagon or stage-coach, or in rail train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it.

I supposed in my boyhood, from its size on the map that California was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Nevada on one side, or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other—California, the thin slice of land, as I supposed it to be in boyhood. I have found to be larger than all the States of New England and all New York State and all Pennsylvania added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. And then all those new-born States of the Union, North and South Dakota, Washington, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Each State an empire in size.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated heaps of dry sand, and the 'Bad Lands' of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within twenty-five years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmers' plough or miners' crowbar. By irrigation, the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven, in what are called the rainy season, will be gathered into great reservoirs, and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that Territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years, are now rich as Lancaster County farms of Pennsylvania, or Westchester farms of New York, or Somerset County farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great hydrological basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the down-pour of rain as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana, and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs, and refresh their land whenever they will.

The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over four hundred lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corralled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them. Under the same processes the Ohio, the Mississippi, and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better, and great basins will be made to catch the surplus of waters in times of freshet, and keep them for times of drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are to be fertilized is no new experiment.

It has been going on successfully hundreds of years in Spain, in China, in India, in Russia, in Egypt. About eight hundred millions of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to be waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie-dog, lands enough to sup-

port whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. Here and there exceptional lands may be stubborn and refuse to yield any wheat or corn from their hard fists, but if the hoe fail to make an impression, the miner's pickaxe will discover the reason for it, and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. God speed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the senatorial commissions, and the capitalists and the new settlers and the husbandmen, who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent! "Streams in the desert!"

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent, I must remark it is not an immensity of monotony or tameness. The larger some countries are, the worse for the world. This continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their sceptre! They are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds, while the old ship bears on its way through the ages!

That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half-mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man or beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth, these are its white pillars! Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains! Yonder is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride, one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted the national standards, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with stars and stripes! Yonder are the Three Brothers, four thousand feet high; Cloud's Rest, North and South Dome, and the heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder-storm!

No pause for the eye, no stopping-place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and water-fall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks the water comes down. The Bridal Veil Falls so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of these slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heavens. Yonder is Nevada Falls, plunging seven hundred feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. My two visits there made upon me an impression that will last forever. Go in by the Moneida route as we did this summer and save 250 miles of rail-roading, your stage-coach taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and sublime as the Yellowstone Park itself. After all poetry has exhausted itself concerning Yellowstone Park, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make, and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the

geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over a thousand years growing! In places earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes of the geysers tossing its boiling waters feet in the air and then descending swinging rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke." Caverns of tired walls large enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of ottopse, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate tints, turning the hills into a Luxembourg or a Vatican picture-gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as a Bryant poem it was named after, Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the L'fellow heroine it commemorates.

Wide reaches of stone of interminable colors, blue as the sky, green as the age, crimson as the dahlia, white as snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circle angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites in stalagmites. Here and there are perfumed growths, or the dead trees and vegetables of other ages, kept through a cess of natural embalment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling a child making a first attempt to crawl from its mother's lap, and not far off foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in struggle with his keeper.

But after you have wandered along geysere enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more interesting to see, you suddenly come upon a peroration of all majesty and grandeur the Grand Canon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into eternities. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. A cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow rivers.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before forged its first cannon. Gibraltors, Sebastopols that never can be taken. Thrones on which no one but the Lord of heaven and earth ever sat. Four waters at which the hills are baptized while the giant cliffs stand around sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human eyes the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisels and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were clinging with their lightning strokes, and stones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and the last Testament written on the rocks.

Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Here are all colors of the wall of heaven, neither sapphire, nor the chrysolite, nor the emerald, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates: twelve pearls, wanting. If spirits born from earth to heaven could pass by way of this canon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering as would only be from glory to glory. A cent through such earthly scenery which the crystal is so bright, would fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

Standing there in the Grand Canon of the Yellowstone Park for the most part we held our peace, but after awhile flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade of the rainbows at the foot of it! The waters congealed and transfixed with

ns of that day, what a place they make for the shining feet of a of quick and dead! And those s look now like the crowns to be his feet. At the bottom of this anion is a floor on which the na- the earth might stand, and all up n these galleries of rock the na- heaven might sit. And what re- tion of archangels' trumpet there e through all these gorges and ese caverns and over all these

Why should not the greatest of days the world shall ever see close e grandest scenery Omnipotence

the sweep of the American contri- sailing up Puget Sound, its shores that for fifteen hundred miles a row would touch the shore before touched the bottom. On one of is I said: "This is the Mediterranean erica." Visiting Portland and and Seattle and Victoria and ousness and Vancouver and other t the northwest region I thought li: "These are the Bostons, New Charlesstons and Savannahs of the coast. But after all this summer's ing, and my other journeys west- other summers, I found that I had ly a part of the American contri- Alaska is as far west of San co as the coast of Maine is east of at the central city of the Amer- continent is San Francisco.

he said these things about the mag- of the continent, and given you a cinens of some of its wonders, to know the comprehensiveness of its dominion when he takes posses- sion of this continent. Besides

the salvation of this conti- ans the salvation of Asia. are only thirty-six miles ia at the northwest. Only Strait separates us from d these will be spanned eat bridge. The thirty- s of water between these continents are not all deep have three islands, and e also shoals which will ers for bridges, and for t of the way the water is ut twenty fathoms deep. Americo-Asiatic bridge will yet span those straits ke America, Asia, Europe, erica one continent. So, e, America evangelized, ll be evangelized. Eu- king Asia from one side erica taking it from the ide. Your children will at bridge. America and d Europe all one, what ion from the pangs of ness! and the prophecies Relation will be fulfilled, shall be no more sea."

I mean literally that this Amer- continent is going to be all gospel- do. Christopher Columbus, when ashore from the *Santa Maria*, h second brother Alonzo, when ashore from the *Pinta*, and his brother Vincent, when he went from the *Vina*, took possession of ntry in the name of the Father Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan more right to this country than I your pocket-book. To hear him the roof of the temple, where he d to give Christ the kingdoms of rld and the glory of them, you suppose that Satan was a great est or that he was loaded up with eate, when the old miscreant never e an acre or an inch of ground on net. For that reason I protest something I heard and saw this r and other summers in Montana egon and Wyoming and Idaho Colorado and California. They have vistic names to many places in West and Northwest.

as you get in Yellowstone Park aornia you have pointed out to you ursed with such names as "The il Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," e evil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pul- The Devil's Mush-Pot," "The il Tea-Kettle," "The Devil's Saw- The Devil's Machine-Shop," "The il Gate," and so on. Now it is very eeded that geological surveyor or sional committee or group of dis- uged tourists go through Montana nd Wyoming and California and Color-

ado and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord, and to a Christian nation; and away with such Plutonic nomenclature! But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing-press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plough. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesi- astical technicalities. I am sick of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sym- pathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins, and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia River we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in differ- ent places. I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian Associations of America will also do part of the work. They are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Mar- quand did for Brooklyn when he made

Laid in a Hero's Grave.

One of Trooper Hoffmeister's Comrades at Camp Jewett, Tells the Touching Story of His Death and Funeral.

THERE are now over twenty con- valescent soldiers, heroes of the Cuban War, at Camp Jewett, where they are being nursed back to health and strength. This camp, as our readers already know, is THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home, at Mont-Lawn, which has been transformed into a reception camp for the invalid heroes. In these bracing October days, the convalescents may be seen sitting around the roomy porches, or strolling around the shady walks. They are great favorites with the good people of Nyack, and many delicacies are sent to them every day, through the Committee of which Mrs. G. H. Crawford is Chair- man. The camp is under the manage- ment of the Women's National War Relief Association of New York, of which Miss Helen Gould is Managing Director. That benevolent lady, who has distin- guished herself among American women by her kindness to the soldiers, is greatly charmed with the place and its surround- ings.

C. M. Atwood, one of the soldiers at Camp Jewett, and a comrade of Peter Hoffmeister (who came there in a very weak condition and died two days after arrival), has written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the following account of the death and funeral of his friend. Coming from one who knew Hoffmeister so well, it can hardly fail to interest our readers:



THE MONT-LAWN STAGE CARRYING SICK SOLDIERS FROM NYACK DOCK TO CAMP JEWETT.

the Young Men's Christian palace possi- ble. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribu- tion and effort as that would irrigate with Gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reser- voirs! America for God!

The Christian Herald in the Army

During the week the following have been received to aid in sending THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to troops in camp:

Prev. ack'd	\$927.08	Smith F. J.	1.00
Bradley, F. J.	1.00	Yonmans, Mrs. Mar-	25
Coz, Miss C. F.	25	Jon C.	25
Dodds, Elizabeth	25	Lena E. Lowell Mass	2.00
Irvine, Geo.	1.00	W. Channte, Kans.	2.00
Kalo, Mrs.	25	Steelton, Pa.	25
Moffatt, M. Dean	1.00	Subr, N. Y. City	25
Parmelee, M. E.	2.00	Total	\$938.59

"Camp Jewett, THE CHRISTIAN HER- ALD's pretty home for children, situated on Mont-Lawn, two miles north of Nyack, was the scene of the funeral of one of our country's heroes, returned from Santiago, Peter Hoffmeister, formerly a member of the band of the 16th U. S. Regulars, and an old soldier, arrived at Camp Jewett, Saturday evening, in company with the first instalment of convalescents, in a very weak condition as the result of much hardship and privation suffered during the campaign. Though so weak, his comrades little dreamed Hoffmeister was so soon to be claimed for a more endur- ing life.

"It was so good," were among the last words he uttered, in his quiet way. These words he was heard to use after the brief Sunday morning service at the Home. Before another sun had risen, the hero had passed into another world.

"Funeral services were held Monday afternoon in Camp Jewett chapel. The remains were escorted from the house to the chapel by six members of Waldron Post, G. A. R., of Nyack, and placed, draped with the Stars and Stripes, and covered with roses and maiden-hair fern, under the little pulpit. Rev. A. F. Pape, of the Nyack Lutheran Church, officiated, with the text, 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places. How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished.' Mr. Pape delivered, briefly, a most appropriate tribute to the dead soldier. As the funeral procession approached Oak Hill Cemetery, it was met by a detail of cadets of the Hudson

River Military Academy and conducted to the 'Soldiers' Plot,' where the remains of the veteran were given a military burial.

A leading preacher of Nyack, Rev. Mr. Pape uttered a committal prayer, and, as the sods were being turned on to the grave, the cadets fired a salute of three rounds.

"Among those who attended the funeral, aside from members of Waldron Post were: Mrs. E. H. Maynard, President of the Nyack Auxiliary of the Women's War Relief Association; Mrs. G. H. Crawford, of the Committee on Conva- lescents' Home; Miss Collins and Miss Maynard, the matron and nurse in charge at Camp Jewett; the late comrades of the deceased, and a number of convalescent soldiers from the Home in Central Nyack. C. M. ATWOOD."

Religious services are held in the chapel at Camp Jewett every Sunday afternoon. On these occasions, the con- valescent soldiers gladly attend, and the audience is further augmented by visi- tors from the villages nearby, and by friends who are interested in the welfare of the Camp. On Sunday, October 9, the services were conducted by Col. L. L. Robbins, a Grand Army man, and the soldiers, as well as all present, joined with enthusiasm in the singing of the beautiful Gospel hymns which the little occupants of our Children's Home have sung there for the last five summers. Interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. Robbins, Captain Joel Wilson, and Dr. Louis Klopsch. After the chapel service, supper was served in the dining-room, grace being sung before the meal.

The efficiency of the work done by the Women's War Relief Association has quickly com- manded public recognition, and many facilities for housing sick soldiers in the country have been provided. The Convalescent Home at Tarrytown; St. John's and St. Joseph's Hospitals at Yonkers; the Vassar Hospital at Poughkeepsie; the hospital at White Plains; the Convalescent Home at Summit; and the hospital at Bayonne, N. J., have each given many beds. At Irving- ington, under care of the Irving- ton Auxiliary, is Woody-Crest, Miss Gould's beautiful summer retreat for crippled children, which has been enlarged and opened as a soldier's home. At Nyack, besides Camp Jewett, is the Lana-Ac-Tela Home, in New York, as a receiving and distributing centre, is Camp Wal- worth, lent by the Salvation Army, and named for the Direc- tor-General, Mrs. Ellen Har- din Walworth. Here Dr. and Mrs. Gallant and their as-

sistants, welcome soldiers every day, pro- vide for their needs in town, get their fur- loughs and start them home, or send them to the country, as the cases de- mand. Before it had been open four weeks, 1,154 men had been received and provided for. An hour spent in Dr. Gal- lant's office is interesting. At one moment a lot of pale, sick fellows enter, and are sent to the country; at another, a party of soldiers, brown and hale, stride in to let the doctor know how much good the country air has done them, and to be started on a happy homeward journey. The youngest guest of the association, and its special pet, is an officer's baby; its grandmother, mother and its small self came all the way from Ohio to see its sol- dier father.

All sorts of work drifts into the hands of the association. Where soldiers are in their own homes, and their families are too poor to provide for them, their cases, if reported, are investigated, and if found worthy, medical attention and other relief is furnished. In every detail of the work, Miss Gould has shown warm per- sonal interest. Frank Gould, her youngest brother and her ward, has supplemented his sister's generosity with a timely gift of \$5,000.

Her tender interest in this brother, who desired intensely to offer himself for the army, had much to do with Helen Gould's first sympathetic promptings towards war relief work—a sympathy which constantly broadened and deepened when she saw how much the poor, invalid soldier boys needed help.