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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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GOD IN CHRIST.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O THOU far-off, eternal God,
Within all life, beyond all thought,
We seek thee through thy worlds abroad,
Thy footsteps trace, but find thee not.
All forms of being thou dost fill,
A strange, retreating Mystery still.

Far off thou art, and yet most near!
Thou comest in Christ our souls to meet—
A Presence close and warm and dear,
A Sympathy, a Friendship sweet.
One with ourselves in him thou art:
Our Father, with a Brother's heart.

The Source of all the tenderness
That we have ever felt or dreamed;
A boundless Power and Will to bless,
Thy Life into our lives has streamed.
We grope not through the void alone;
Thou callest us, claimest us for thine own!

Into thy hand thou takest ours;
We lean our weary hearts on thine.
Our inmost thoughts, our utmost powers
Unfold within thy light divine;
And in the Spirit of thy Son
Our little lives with thine are one.

Thy mysteries deepen and increase;
Beyond our path we cannot see.
Christ is our Refuge and our Peace;
Through him we are at home with thee;
In him we know thee as thou art;
Thou lovest us with a human Heart!

BEVERLY, MASS.

OFF THE ISLE AUX COUDRES.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THE moon, Capella bright and Hercules
Silver the river's gray, uncertain floor;
Only a heron haunts the grassy shore;
A fox barks sharply in the cedar trees.
Then come the lift and lull of plangent seas,
Swaying the light, marsh grasses more and more,
Until they float and the slow tide brims o'er;
And then a rivulet runs along the breeze.

Oh, night! thou art so beautiful, so strange, so sad!
I feel that sense of scope and ancientness
Of all the mighty empires thou hast had
Dreaming of power beneath thy palace dome;
Of how thou art, untouched by their distress,
Supreme above this dreaming land, my home.
OTTAWA, CANADA.

AT END OF LOVE.

BY THE LATE PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

As one who, dying in some alien place—
Some Northern land no lavish sun makes bright—
Dreams in the silent watches of the night
How once it fared with him by other ways,
Through large blue eyes and deep, warm Southern days;
And seems once more to see things out of sight,
And hear old sounds that bring back old delight,
Yet is aware, the while, what words Death says,—

So now, at end of Love, I ponder still
On all Love's glory which was once mine own;
And sweet elusive visions come to fill
My dreams with beauty, and some long-lost tone
Thrills through the dark; but in the dawning chill
I wake, I wake—and know I am alone.

MORAL STATES OF HORSES AND MEN.

BY BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, D.D.

IN the above title the *ictus* is on men. Horses are there for illustrative value.

The colt is innocent certainly. It is frisky with gay bounds. Heels that may be vicious later are only exclamation points of ecstasy now—good for nothing as yet, but prophetically worth perhaps \$200,000, as was one whose home I lately visited.

In a few years the sole question is, How obedient can this horse become to a higher will, and how large a part of great plans? His plans are both little and perishable. That he will love his mate tenderly is not much, for the mate is not much. And his plans only embrace what grass he can eat to-day and what water he needs for the hour. But if he can carry a man a score of miles, he may help to make a bargain involving thousands of dollars, or the future relief of his kind by helping to make a railroad that shall carry a thousand men at a time, or save a life in peril, or even help win a battle for a nation of millions.

Hence comes the question of perfect submission to the higher will of man. For this end he is sometimes shackled, thrown, bitted most bloodily, ridden full tilt against a haystack or wall, till all the mighty force of his own will goes out only as directed by the higher will. How he answers! At the word go he starts at once. He does not choose his own direction, or gait, or speed. See him fly, he knows not whither or wherefore! He tries to clear any fence or ditch you ride him at; he leaves all judgment of its possibility to his rider. He puts in his best endeavors till his eyes glare, till his nostrils are pits of blood, till he drops dead when still at full gallop. The heart of the driver nearly breaks with that of the horse, the mind and the instrument are so nearly one. I should call that a holy horse. Certainly he is consecrated, submissive, devoted to the best possible ends.

Of course, this is good for him as well as the man. He is cared for tenderly, more so than most men. He has a man or two for his servants and ministering spirits. He is immensely happier than he could be wild on the prairie. He has companionship that is divine to him. Go to the stable, he salutes you; stand in the stall, he kisses you; lead him out, he can hardly stand still; spring on his back, nobody's physical ecstasy can be greater. More—he loves you, you love him. He works into high plans, even as high as the salvation of a world when he carries an itinerant on his circuit.

The illustrative value is indicated. How different it might have been had he been a persistent asserter of his own will. Likely the will would have been broken, but with it the spirit, and he reduced to daily contention with evil men, put to carts he could not break, fed so poorly that he could not rebel, and associated in the meanest tasks with men without natural affection even for horses. Such a life of rebellion is comfortless, purposeless, ending in a death hardly regrettable.

For men there seem to be four general moral states. Every accountable being is in one of them; many have been in all. The first is innocence resulting from ignorance. The child howls for its mother, makes the father walk the floor all night, incurs great expense for nurses and paregoric, steals another child's playthings, is greedy as a pig, pugnacious as a dog, strikes its own mother, but does not in all this commit sin. It does not know any better. This is innocence.

Later the child finds out that there is law—of gravitation by tumbles and bumps; of peril by burnt fingers; of parents by metes and bounds; of schoolmaster, of the social and civil state, he comes to a new Mt. Sinai every day. If he defies these laws, takes the punishments that come from infraction, endures the partial poisonings of his body, the lowering of his social scale and the general discount on his whole life, then he is depraved. His moral state is that of a sinner, a willful breaker of law, a sower to the flesh, a reaper of corruption.

But if, as he comes to know these laws, he gradually bends his will to the obedience of them, if he really compels the law in his members that is opposed to the law recognized by the mind to serve this higher law of the spirit, he is in a state of virtue. He daily faces his regular battle and wins. He takes to himself the whole armor of God, leaves no unguarded place, and is uniformly victorious. He never feels that he does it in his own strength; he knows that he does not. He gladly sees that it is God working in him to will and to do of

his good pleasure, and is immeasurably thankful for help and victory.

But no one thinks this is the highest state of man. Tho the victory is sublime, and the strength acquired divine, it is not the best thing. There remaineth a *rest* for the people of God. This perpetual warfare has not reached the peace that passeth all understanding.

This fourth state comes when man's whole, desire impulse and nature are in harmony with all God's ends and laws. The fight is over. He no sooner sees God's law than his whole being approves it that it is perfect, and there is no revulsion from it in all his being. This is holiness. This is God's state. There is no revulsion from the right; that is, from law in him. His perfect nature not only keeps the law, but is the law. The holy Christian not only accepts God's wish and law, but has no struggle about it, no semi-rebellion from it. He is at peace. If his goods are spoiled by enemies and persecutors he takes it joyfully; if men say all manner of evil against him falsely because of Christ, he rejoices and is exceeding glad. If he is counted as sheep for the slaughter, or even killed all the day long, he looks up for his crown of glory. He is no longer his own; having been bought with a price, he writes himself down a slave of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the slave of fellowmen for Jesus' sake, to be used, sold or killed for him whose he is. It is not so much the law of God that he thus obeys as that law embodied in himself. It is harder to sin than to do right, because he goes against his own nature as well as exterior law in doing wrong.

Is this too high an ideal? No ideal can be too high. Nothing less can give a life of rest and peace.

How can it be attained? The state of virtue is no small fight. Paul did not so represent it, either for himself or others. Of himself he says: "I keep my body under lest I become a castaway."

Of others he says: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood merely, but with principalities and powers, against the rulers of spiritual wickedness in high places." And Christ says: "Agonize to enter into the strait gate, for many shall merely seek to enter and not be able." How may we go from such struggle to such peace? We desperately cry:

"How can I my destruction shun?
How can I from my nature run?
Answer, O Lord, for me."

Ask the horse. It is simply giving up our will; not to stop resisting merely, but to begin gladly doing the will. God does the rest. Some of the laziest, most useless people I ever knew thought themselves holy. Perhaps they did not resist what God did to them, but they did nothing for him that I could see. When I as their pastor tried to interpret the will of God to them in matters of benevolence, more work and less speech, they would not let God's cause ride them to the utmost of their ability. I may have been wrong and they right in the interpretation of the divine will; but it did seem to me that when God was anxious enough to have certain work done to come himself to do it, he would be glad to accept any obedient faculties and will to help.

He whose plans are infinite and has strength correspondent may set us to run through a troop or leap over a wall, but he always proportions the strength to the task. Paul said I can do all things through Him who strengtheneth me. We may have the measureless joy of victory if we will let God plan largely and help mightily.

DENVER, COL.

THE POETRY OF WHITTIER.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE poetry of Whittier differs from that of other American poets in several particulars, which will probably be better understood by those who are to come after us than they have yet been by ourselves, and which will determine his ultimate place among nineteenth-century poets who have expressed themselves in the English tongue. It differs from that of his contemporaries, who alone are worthy of consideration in a serious estimate of our verse, in that it is the natural expression of his individual genius—his simple, native speech, not a studied literary exercise—and that from first to last it has concerned itself with the life of his countrymen. Why he was born a poet we can no more tell from what we know of his parentage and environments than why Burns was;

is dried by summer heat. Perhaps she might be described by the ordinary expression that "she had nothing in her." She went back from her mother-in-law, and from the hopes of Israel, and the faith in Israel's God, and the knowledge of better things; she went back to marry, doubtless, among the heathen, and die forgotten in the tents of her people, worshipping, perhaps, with vain yearnings of remorse, Chemosh, the obscene idol of Moab's sons. Showers of kisses she could give, and floods of tears; but the deep heart she gave not, for she had no deep heart to give.

But when Orpah had set her face once more to the hills of Moab Ruth's temptation to go back with her must have been even stronger. Why should she stay alone with the poor and sad Naomi? Her name meant "rose"; why should the rose of Moab bloom upon the sapless thorn of a broken life? Why should she not return to the songs and the dances, and to fresh bridal with heathen youths in the purple hills? And very potent in youth is the influence of near example. "Behold, thy sister is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister-in-law."

But Ruth was no half convert, no shallow-hearted nature, content with mere tears and kisses. And so, in love and faith, led sweetly to religion by natural affection, she made the harder and the nobler choice; and she answered in words which set themselves to their own sweet music: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

There was true love, and sincerity of heart, and nobleness of purpose! "It is not a story of romantic love between a maiden and her lover. It is the story of a woman's love for a woman, and, strangely as it would sound in the ears of our wits, the story of a young wife's passionate and devoted love for her mother-in-law." Who would have thought to find a spirit so finely touched to fine issues in a maiden of wild and accursed Moab? But the accent of sincerity can never be mistaken; and when Naomi saw that the choice of Ruth was made, she spoke no further word to shake her purpose.

So the two came back to Bethlehem on its sylvan hills; and when the villagers heard it they came thronging round her after these long years of absence, and the women (for the word is feminine in the original) said, whether in the accents of pity or of reproach we know not: "Is this Naomi?" Naomi? No! That name sounded to her, in her loneliness and bereavement, like an echo of dead voices and departed joys. It meant "sweet" or "pleasant," and now all the roses of her youth were dead, and her joys had vanished like last year's snow. "Call me not Naomi" ("sweet"), said the childless mourner; "call me Mara" ("bitter"), for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Eternal hath brought me home again empty. I went out with a husband and two young sons; I come back a childless widow, with a widowed child."

But life, tho there be much sorrow in it, is not all sorrow. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." It was the time of barley harvest at Bethlehem, and there were sheaves of barley on the golden uplands, and the green valleys stood so thick with corn that they laughed and sang. The reaping of the East is rough; many ears are not cut, and many fall to the ground. Hence in every harvest-field there are always as many women gleaners as there are men reapers; and among these women gleaners who glean for the farmer come the women of the poor to glean also what they can; and something was always left for them, according to the tender and merciful provision of the Mosaic law. Now "by that unseem Providence which men nickname Chance," Ruth had been guided to the fields of Boaz, a wealthy kinsman of her dead father-in-law; and there the fair woman of Moab gleaned, "sick at heart amid the alien corn." And Boaz came, proud and happy, into his golden cornfields. This joy of harvest furnishes a scene which poets have often described. It is described by Homer, the oldest of the Greek poets: the reapers with the sharp sickles in their hand, the sheaves falling in the swathes; the boys grasping them in their arms; the farmer standing looking on in silence, glad at heart, leaning on his staff; the women preparing the ox and the white barley for the reapers' dinner underneath the oak. It is described by our present poet-laureate in his touching story of "Dora," where she takes an orphan boy to try to touch the heart of his grandfather, and makes a little wreath of the flowers which grow in the corn, and

"Went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field,
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child.
And her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark."

But neither the Greek nor the English picture is lovelier than this old Hebrew picture of the worthy and upright Boaz coming into his field, and saying to his reapers, in the pious simplicity of that day, "The Eternal be with you," and they answering, "The Eternal bless thee"; and

his seeing the maiden of Moab and asking who she is; and their telling him of her diligence and maiden modesty; and his bidding them protect her, and give her some of their bread and parched corn; and his speaking kindly to her, and telling her that he had heard all her pathetic story, and bidding her to reap only in his field; and how, in the humbleness of the downtrodden womanhood in the East, she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground before him; and how he blessed her; and how he told his young men to let her glean even among the sheaves, and harm her not; and how she gleaned till even, and was then able to beat out a bushel of barley from her gleanings; and how Naomi was glad, and Ruth continued with the reapers of Boaz till the end of the harvest; and how those few words of kindness and those few ears of corn brightened for those two poor women their hearts and hopes.

The rest of the tale tells how, by an innocent device of Naomi—in which all is perfectly pure and innocent if we do not import into it our own more artificial and modern notions—Boaz was reminded of his duty as *goel*, or next of kin, to redeem the inheritance of the dead Elimelech, and to marry the widow of his son. We are told the quaint Old-World customs which accompanied the declension of this customary duty by a yet nearer kinsman, on the ground of poverty, and probably also because he did not care to wed a Moabitess; and how Boaz then took the duties of *goel* upon himself, and married Ruth, pleased with her beauty and virtue and modesty and faith. And Ruth had a son, and the women of Bethlehem blessed Naomi, and told her that her daughter-in-law, who loved her better than seven sons, had borne a son to cherish her gray hairs; and Naomi "took the child, and laid it in her bosom, and became nurse to it, and they called his name Obed; he is the father of Jesse, the father of David."

On father and mother and child and aged grandmother the curtain falls; and they remind us of another family—a Holy Family—more than one thousand years thereafter, when a virgin of that house bare a son, and wrapped him in swaddling bands, and laid him in a manger, and called his name Jesus—i. e., Savior—because he should save his people from their sins.

We need not linger long to draw the lessons suggested by this "small sweet idyl" amid the noise and bloodshed of the period of the Judges, this green oasis in the wilderness of the history around it, looking yet more and more green as it recedes into the distance. From battles of the warrior, with their confused noise and garments rolled in blood, it is pleasant to turn to this little domestic story, to see the stately figure of Boaz as he comes to the field where Ruth bends above the fallen ears, to hear the nuptial blessing, to see the little babe, who is the destined father of Israel's kings to be, laid in Naomi's loving arms. In all countries, in all ages, human nature is the same, and there are loving hearts, and home is home. In this fierce age there were women like Deborah, that mother in Israel, that ancient prophetess, under her palm at Lapidoth, rebuking warriors, and firing the courage of laggards, and thundering forth the peans of battle; there were women like Jael, capable of inviting into her tent the weary, defeated general of the foe, and taking in her right hand the nail and in her left the workman's hammer, and dashing it into his temples as he lay in unsuspecting sleep. But we turn from Jael, we turn even from Deborah, to the pure, sweet woman of Moab. Weary of the storm of carnage which makes life a battle of blood, we turn to this star of home. Ah, let our inner life be like the home of Ruth, a peaceful place! Whatever storms may sweep the sea of our life, there, in our home relations, let "birds of peace sit brooding on the charmed wave."

Young women, if you are faithful and loving daughters and sisters in your early days; if you love, cherish and obey your parents; if you keep "the spell of home affection" alive in your hearts; if, whether you sink or soar, you are still "true to the kindred points of Heaven and home," then all may have good hopes of you. These holy forms, these Heaven-appointed ties, will keep your hearts pure; faith in all things high shall come naturally to you, and even tho you slip you shall not utterly stain or lose your souls. Learn, then, first, from the story of Ruth, the sanctity and sweetness of the pure, virtuous, unstained domestic life.

Let us also learn here a lesson of hope and resignation. How hard seemed the lot of poor Naomi! The lot of an Eastern woman, before the light of Christ illuminated the whole destiny of womanhood, was nearly always hard, always more or less subordinate and dull; but on Naomi the misfortunes of life had fallen blow on blow. She had lived in days of anarchy; she had felt the pangs of famine; she had known the bitterness of exile; her husband had died in that heathen banishment; her sons had married the daughters of the stranger; her sons had died; she had been left in the neglected poverty of Oriental widowhood; one of her daughters-in-law deserted her. Most bitter of all to a Jewish woman, it seemed that she would die childless; the name of her husband, the name of her family would be obliterated. Not from her, it seemed, could ever come the heritage of the promise that the Messiah should spring from her, in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. It all looked to her like the doom of unfaithfulness, the doom of sin. Well might the stricken woman say, in humble

penitence, as she came back forlorn and helpless to her native town: "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara." And yet, after all, she was quite mistaken when she thought that God too was calling her Mara. Nay, all the while he was preparing for her, both in the near present and in the far future, a blessedness beyond all that she had ever expected.

May not we too take courage in the hour of sorrow and affliction? In the darkest hour of midnight the sun is still there, still where it was; it is but our hemisphere which is turned away from his brightness; and the earth, tho we feel it not, is still rolling swiftly eastward toward the glowing dawn.

And then, see the end of the Lord. Little as we may believe it, it is yet eternally true, as Christ promised: "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time" (tho, in truth, it may be with persecutions) "and in the world to come eternal life." The promise is fulfilled in a thousand different ways. Sometimes it is fulfilled quite literally, as it was to Ruth, who, by her faithfulness, by her great self-sacrifice, not only gained wealth and home and honor, and a happy married life, but was privileged even to be the ancestress of her Lord. Sometimes it is not fulfilled literally, but more than fulfilled in reality and spirit, as it was, for instance (among thousands who might be named), to St. Francis Xavier, who, tho in the eyes of men he might have seemed to be living a most hard and tried and afflicted life, writes of himself as often scarcely able to give adequate expression to his thankfulness for his own abounding and superabounding happiness.

So Ruth found it. She found it in the path of purity, in the path of holiness, in the path of self-sacrifice.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE REVISION OF THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION BEFORE THE PRESBYTERIES.

BY PROF. BENJAMIN B. WARFIELD, D.D., LL.D.

THE General Assembly at Portland having submitted to the presbyteries a long series of overtures, proposing the changes in the Westminster Confession which were suggested in the final report of the "Committee on Revision of the Westminster Confession," appointed by the Assembly of 1890, the presbyteries will find themselves this year burdened with the very serious and nice task of considering these overtures, estimating their value, and passing upon them as proposed amendments to the Confession of Faith. This duty will press all the more heavily upon the presbyteries inasmuch as the Assembly has transmitted the overtures for their consideration and action, practically without recommendation on its part. We may deplore, we may censure, the apparent carelessness as to matters of such vital importance which of necessity attends the submission to the presbyteries of so numerous a body of overtures proposing changes in the Church's creed, without searching and full consideration of the proposed changes in detail. We may regret and disapprove the precedent which is thus set of the Assembly practically shifting its duty of deliberation and recommendation upon the shoulders of the presbyteries. But the present situation produced cannot be avoided; the neglect of the Assembly fairly to face the difficult and laborious duty of testing and trying the overtures, devolves upon the presbyteries the whole duty, which by law they were only to share with the Assembly. As the autumn meetings of the presbyteries approach, every serious-minded presbyter will be addressing himself to this task. And perhaps it may not be out of the way for one of them to do some of his thinking in public, and to set done here some of the plainer and broader facts, at least, which emerge on an attentive review of the amendments proposed to the Confession.

It is a plain fact, then, which early forces itself upon the recognition of one who sets himself to attain a just appreciation of these proposed overtures, that the most of them are of very small moment, not to say even trivial. The substitution of "condemnation" for "damnation," as the proper expression of the desert of sin; the substitution of "divine justice" for "the justice of his Father," as the designation of that which Christ satisfied, while the statement is allowed to stand that Christ "was given by the Father for" his people, and "his obedience and satisfaction accepted in their stead"; the alteration of the word "elect" in one passage out of a score to "sinners"; the omission of the assertion that Christian men should take oath when lawfully required thereto; the striking out of the designation of civil magistrates as "nursing fathers"—these, and such changes as these, can scarcely be thought of such importance as to justify what must be called, when such trivialities are proposed, tinkering with a venerable and venerated document. We may differ as to whether we should esteem the present form of statement or that proposed to replace it preferable; for my own part, I think most of these trivialities also mistakes, and I should prefer the statement of the Confession. But how can we differ in esteeming them altogether unnecessary?

It is another plain fact that those few of the proposed changes which are of more importance are not entirely

satisfactory. Sometimes it is in the language in which they are expressed that they are unsatisfactory. I cannot understand how any one can consider the new chapter, "Of the Gospel" well written, from a literary point of view. In other cases the unsatisfactoriness arises from the obscurity or incompleteness of the doctrinal statement. This is the fault, for example, with the new chapter "Of the Work of the Holy Spirit," the English of part of which (for example, of its Section 2), moreover, is simply unendurable. In other cases it is due to what seems a studied effort to blunt the edge of the clear and precise statement in the Confession of what is most surely believed among us, the result being to lower or confuse our statement of the truth. Such changes are the insertion of the words "by his Word and Spirit" into vii, 3, by which the discrimination between common and efficacious grace is confused; the change of the assertion of "inability" in ix, 3, to the assertion of "indisposition" to "spiritual good accompanying salvation"; the omission of "and these only" in x, 1, and the change by which the assertion of man's passivity in the act of regeneration is extruded in x, 2; the changes making way for the doctrine of "the essential Christ" in x, 3 and 4; and the like. Men may differ again as to how and why the more important changes are not satisfactory. But I do not see how a careful student, who holds intelligently to the general Reformed doctrine, can rise from a study of these overtures with any other conviction than that they are unsatisfactory, and may not without serious loss be intruded into the context of the chaste, simple, direct, clear and precise statements of the Confession.

Still another plain fact obtrudes itself upon our recognition. It is the conviction of many that the manner in which these overtures have been transmitted to the presbyteries, is attended by a fatal flaw in legality. I myself share this conviction. The Form of Government, as recently amended, requires that before such overtures shall be transmitted to the presbyteries they shall first be submitted to a committee of the Assembly, constituted in a special manner—one requirement being that not more than two members of it shall be from the same synod. This was not complied with in the present case. On this point there may possibly be difference of opinion. What I cannot see how there can be difference of opinion upon, is this: That, since many believe that the submission of these overtures, in the present manner, disregards the requirements of The Form of Government, it is undesirable to press these overtures through presbyteries and Assembly. If they were very important; if they relieved the Church from serious errors in its Confession of Faith; if they brought vast improvements in doctrinal statement; if they saved the conscience of the Church from the further propagation of gross error for truth, the case might be different. But all this is obviously the reverse of the truth. The question takes this form: Shall these many trivial and few somewhat important but very unsatisfactory changes be pressed through in the face of a strong conviction in the minds of many that the whole movement has fallen into illegal lines? I can understand, I say, how men may contend that the illegality does not exist; but I cannot understand how they can doubt that the enactment of these changes (or any of them) in the present circumstances, would be likely to become the source of further difficulty and embarrassment. I do not understand how they can contend that the enactment of such changes, in these circumstances, is either necessary or desirable.

There are some further plain facts connected with the agitation of the question of revision during the past three years, which, it seems to me, must also make themselves felt in the minds of earnest students of the present situation. One of these is that this long debate seems to have made it clearly manifest that the amount of revision for the Confession desired by the Church at large, is very inconsiderable indeed. There has been a vast deal of revision talk all through the Church, some of it wild and unintelligent enough. A few have made their voices heard from the American Dan to Beersheba, not only as desiring, but demanding a very fundamental revision. But the progress of the debate has brought out the fact clearly that the Church at large holds intelligently by the faith of its fathers, the faith of its Confession. Many careful observers think that the sole point in which there is any very widespread desire for revision concerns the clearing of the "elect-infant" clause, in x, 3, from the possibility of such misinterpretation as would make it imply the assertion of the damnation of some dying in infancy. Certainly the long debate has shown that the amount of revision desired by the Church at large is very small.

If this has not seemed clear to any, it is probably due to another plain fact which requires immediate and careful notice. It is that the circumstance that the Confession of Faith has been under discussion has been made the occasion by every one who is with us but not of us to proclaim his divergencies from the Confession, and to arraign even the most fundamental doctrines of our system. The ethical situation thus arising has begun to become very strained. Some have even declared that they had professed to accept the Confession for system of doctrine without having read it. Others, despite the fact that it is a typical Calvinistic document, and that the terms of Reunion declared that it was accepted in

the Reunited Church, in "the historical, i. e., the Calvinistic" sense—have declared that in professing to accept it for system of doctrine, they did not accept its Calvinistic system. Others have publicly repudiated their acceptance of it. Others have assaulted and even vilified its formative and fundamental doctrines. This has gone far enough for a small party to have been revealed whose zeal for "comprehension" and "Christian union" has led its adherents to attack the very right of the Presbyterian Church to exist, as a separate body, bearing its witness to what it believes to be the truth of God. If an important and acceptable body of proposed amendments to the Confession has not resulted from the three years' agitation of revision, this agitation can show a sufficient body of these other fruits—doctrinal confusion, ethical hardening, general disintegration. The Church has been very patient of all this. Is it to go on endlessly?

I cannot think that a serious-minded man, looking over the present situation, can fail to conclude that the agitation concerning creed-alteration has gone on long enough. I cannot see how such an one can fail to begin to fear that if this agitation be further protracted, these antisciptural and anticonfessional utterances, sporadic and confined to few as they are, may come to assume that they have acquired privilege in the Church. This would be an evil—in its ethical even more than in its doctrinal aspect—which cannot be overestimated. Has not the time come, then, for the presbyteries, in refraining from voting upon the present overtures, for such reasons as were set forth in the former portion of this paper, to proceed also one step further and overture the General Assembly to arrest the agitation for the revision of the Confession altogether, and to reaffirm the Church's hearty devotion to its present Standards of Doctrine, to which Standards every office-bearer in the Church has voluntarily subscribed, and to which, having subscribed, he ought to remain faithful?

PRINCETON, N. J.

THE CHOLERA SHIP "NORMANNIA."

BY D. W. FISHER,
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MY son and I, through an agency at Rome, on July 3d, obtained a very superior room on this ship to sail from Southampton, August 28th. Two or three days before this latter date the London newspapers announced the outbreak of cholera in Hamburg, and we immediately went to the offices of the line in London and made inquiry whether the "Normannia" would sail, and whether she would carry steerage passengers. The answer at first was persistent that nothing was known. Finally my son succeeded in gaining an interview with the head manager of the Hamburg American line, and a telegram was sent to the Hamburg office inquiring whether there would be any steerage passengers, and whether money paid for passage would be refunded. The day before sailing from Southampton a messenger from the Cockspur Street office brought me a written abstract of a reply to the telegram, and it said as unequivocally as language can express it that the ship had then sailed from Hamburg, and that there were no steerage passengers, and no money would be refunded. At the office in Leadenhall Street they showed the telegram in full to my son, and they allowed him to take a written copy of it. In the meantime he had given up the option of a room on the "Umbria," and we thought that we had done well because of the absence of steerage passengers. Nearly every cabin passenger who embarked at Southampton was verbally assured at the London offices that there would be no steerage. So they all declare.

The ship does not come up to Southampton, but passengers are carried down several miles on a small steamer to meet her. When the English passengers boarded her, imagine, if you can, their amazement and fear upon seeing her crowded with steerage passengers—482 of them! The first cabin passengers numbered 266, and the second 222. There must have been about 350 of the crew—a grand total of nearly 1,300 souls. The "Normannia" is one of the greatest of the ocean steamers, about 525 feet long, and registering about 10,000 tons; and she was crammed with people up to her capacity. It is not for me to pronounce judgment upon the dastardly deception which caught so many human beings in a deathpit as rats are taken in a trap. We leave that to be done by the civilized world.

We crossed the Atlantic in six days. On the way over the news crept abroad that a man had died of diabetes in the first cabin. I have carefully and deliberately weighed all that has transpired as to this case, and I am of the decided conviction that his disease was no other. He was almost dead with it when he came on board, and according to all reports, he drank heavily. He may have had a slight diarrhoea. Another man died suddenly in the second cabin. We know now that he had cholera in some form. Two or three children also sickened in the steerage. The more thoughtful, altho the presence of cholera was not made known, began to fear the worst had happened.

When, on the morning of September 3d, we entered New York harbor we were stopped, ordered to lower quarantine, and the health officer gave us plainly to understand that he regarded us as a cholera ship. In the

meanwhile the steerage people were sickening; but as we waited at quarantine, so far as we could see, nothing was doing to meet the awful emergency that was upon us. Under these circumstances the cabin passengers organized and appointed a committee, consisting of United States Senator McPherson, of New Jersey; E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*; R. M. Thompson, A. M. Palmer, F. Lange, M.D., all of New York; and R. S. Rosenthal, of Baltimore, to take charge of our affairs. We had, besides the young surgeon of the ship, Dr. Breuer, a brave fellow whom we will never forget, five physicians aboard, some of them men of distinction, and they were asked to act as a committee of sanitation; and they went through the ship and did all in their power to improve its condition. We also raised a subscription of \$116,000, to be used to get us out of our peril, one of our plans being to buy Fire Island.

One of the most dreadful features of the situation was the total lack of efficiency in the Health Department of the city. There is a very strong feeling among the passengers against the health officer, and possibly some injustice may be done to him. It is most unfortunate that when he came on board on the earlier days of the quarantine he was evidently stung by criticism, especially on shore, and perhaps also by what was said to him on the ship; and he used language which could not well do otherwise than destroy confidence in his head or heart, or in both. He reminded us of his autocratic power. He said: "If anybody sends any more communications to the New York *World* I will hold you for the full twenty days. Several letters have appeared in the New York *World* this morning, and I do not know but that I will hold the writers anyhow." We were told by another of the men connected with the Health Department that we had brought our detention on ourselves. I am myself willing to believe that this most deplorable language was not the genuine expression of the minds of these men. But think how much darker this made our situation! Our only means of help was by an appeal to the people on shore. Injudicious letters may have been written, but when we heard these words we were tossed between indignation and despair. Then a cordon of police boats was placed about us, and our telegrams and letters were no longer able to reach the shore except under Health Office control. I pretend not to sit in judgment on the case, except to say that if the means used were necessary, they should have been employed without such threats and exhibition of temper. I attribute the barbarism of our quarantine mainly to the horribly wicked deficiency of the system as administered here. It consists of anchoring out the ship as far as possible and letting things take their course. A simpler and more logical plan would be to tow her out to sea and scuttle her; then when the waters were closed above the heads of the passengers the people on shore could wake and sleep quietly! We have no real evidence that any case of cholera ever occurred among the first cabin passengers. For days before we reached port there had been no ground for suspicion as to any of the cabins. As it was, we were perfectly willing still to be quarantined in a rational way until there could be no ground for apprehension. But what occurred? It was felt that the first thing to do was to get the steerage away from the ship; but the Health Office declared that it had no boat to transfer them. Not until Senator McPherson offered his own boat was one obtained. Until Wednesday, five days after our arrival, there was no thorough official inspection of the ship or official care for the sick. Until Wednesday no disinfectants were furnished, and all that we had was a little brought with us, and a little sent down by the Hamburg Company. The dead lay, in one case, over thirty hours in the hospital side by side with the sick. If any cabin passenger should sicken he had no place where he could be treated except down in this deathpit of the ship, or by a transfer, by a tedious water trip, to the shore hospital where the steerage and crew were lying ill, until Messrs. McPherson and Thompson, after days, brought down their own little boats to lie by us with nurses and a physician.

Think of five hundred healthy people, without a sign of infection among them, left to live with nothing but a floor between them and the crew who were sickening beneath them of the pestilence! This crew was sent ashore, washed thoroughly, kept naked two hours while their clothes were fumigated, and then sent back, their bedding having been burned, to sleep on a floor that had been scrubbed and could not have been dry, and all in the interest of health! Is it strange that they sickened next day by an increased number with diarrhoea? And still we waited, too, to die, if by any possibility under such circumstances cholera could be developed! Is this rational? Is this humanity or civilization or Christianity? Can such a system survive longer?

There have been times when we had almost lost faith even in the hearts of the American people. The one panic-stricken cry that came to us from the shore was: Do not let them come near us! Then every one of us who had friends to whom it was worth while to appeal decided not to perish without at least presenting our peril. The response that came back assured most of us that our case was won. When we learned that the great officers of the National Government were thinking of us, that the Chamber of Commerce was moving, and that the press was pleading for us, in our danger we began