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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
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MARTIN LUTHER.
Who Posted His Ninety-five Theses on the Door of the
Church at Wittenberg, Oct. 31, 1517.

Northwestern Christian Advocate.

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Editorial.

A DILATORY WORLD'S POLITICAL CONGRESS.

We regret now to see one little sign of that which we have dreaded from the beginning, with respect to the settlement of the world's controversy with China. As large as this Chinese issue is, the powers have others among themselves and it has not been difficult to see that if some influential nation should propose a general international congress to which all troublesome questions could be brought for debate and treaty, the suggestion would be accepted, if for no other reason than that such an international congress means delay as to China, whereas an early decision must be embarrassing to some of the powers and particularly to those that wish to come out of the struggle with increased material interests in China.

France has been growling for thirty years about her loss of Alsace and Lorraine to Germany. Russia has wanted that which Peter the Great called "A window toward the West," a port on some northern sea or bay. Austria wants a better port leading to the Mediterranean and is willing that Greece or Turkey shall be despoiled to that extent, even if not of more territory in Macedonia or Thessaly. Greece is not content with the present position with respect to Crete. France has large solicitudes with respect to southern China, her possessions in north Africa and her desire to cheat Morocco out of a right of way, perhaps, to the Sahara and to her West Central African colonies. Great Britain might find considerable to say about her interests in northwest India, in the Siam region also, as well as many things to secure her future in South Africa, where her troubles are not ended, either with respect to the boers or some menacing influences in Europe. France might like to get such a congress to advise England to vacate Egypt, as France declares England promised to do long ago. Russia might relish a deed of all Manchuria and further north China from the powers. The kinglylets of the Balkan regions might profit by a bit of advice in their behalf from the powers to Turkey, while various and many other questions are conceivable that might make such a congress seem natural and incidentally serve to delay the submitted questions for two or three years. That delay might so tire out all contestants and appellants that evil-doers would escape and fair-dealing governments lose all patience.

We have dreaded such a congressional suggestion, and one

little indication of the antecedent proposal has now fallen from some diplomatist's pen. In the event of the congress the United States doubtless will stay away on the plea of non interest in general. That decision would leave us free to treat with China alone, if China should care to treat with us, which might be very uncertain. We fear that she would not and that our open issues with her would drag longer than if the debate were with the Turk. Every thing points to the value of more prompt measures at Washington so that if the world's congress is called, we can afford to wait a decade for the dilatory and dreadfully slow political congress to drag its slow way along. However, the congress would be better than war and no nation would dare to declare war within a decade of the close of its session.

COAL ROYAL OPERATORS "BARONS" ONLY.

The great strike just ended, in a part of Pennsylvania alone, together with the startling figures attaching to it, suggests the magnitude of the coal needs and supply of the world. This Pennsylvania strike lasted only thirty-nine days, yet it cost the strikers \$4,000,000 in lost wages, it cost the "operators" or proprietors, \$4,000,000 in syndicated profits, and cost the railways that should carry the coal \$2,000,000—a total of just about \$10,000,000. This large sum cannot, of course, take account of the dozen lives that were lost pending the excitement, nor the vast sum of divorce of good will and actual increase of bad will between the operators and the men who actually dig the coal out of the earth. Exhaustive history cannot afford to omit all estimate of forces of the kind thus set in motion when 140,000 men become strikers and when their families, numbering about four times as many more, have been involved in a struggle as intelligent, well-defined and dignifiedly debatable as this one certainly was. In a word, we believe that the men were substantially right and that their impeachment of the immense mining capital was clearly defensible. These facts were born of the excellent unions to which the miners adhered, their discipline, obedience to intelligent leadership, and general amenability to the influence of the kind of unions we have advocated, and with which every business, firm, trust, syndicate or company should treat as with organized men who seek only reasonable increase of wages or amendment in working conditions. That better era, that desirable species of union and that dual respect from employer and employed are sure to come. Dollars as well as men must continue to seek employment, and he who soon and solicitously writes an improved constitution for the ripening republic of labor will closely resemble a deserving apostle among grateful men.

They who obtain something like a monopoly of transporting the coal over which men quarrel are often largely responsible for strikes, hot angers and human revolt against work. Until recently many thousands in India starved to death within a relatively short distance of overflowing harvests. Time brought the railway and the prompt transportation of food which made even distribution almost synonymous with universal harvests. They who fix their own excessive charges for carrying coal are public enemies substantially. They usually masquerade during strikes as unemployed railroads, but they really so own or control the mines that the latter cease to produce beyond a certain small percent of the possible mining output of the willing earth. This strategy makes possible the double moral fraud of the pretense that the consumers' demand for coal justifies an increase of freight charges, and so terrorizes the miners, at the opening of winter, that they consent to lessened wages if only that they may work and keep their families from starvation. The legislature that really wishes to cure these grounds for piracy *can do it*. That legislatures in mining states do not cure the evil by laws sufficiently drastic, practically demonstrates the blighting fact that the mines and the railways settle the legislative voting question and neutralize all immediate dangers to them

spirits until she became sullen and morose. One day her French teacher, an old woman, said to her: "What ails you, my child?" "I am so ugly and stupid," she replied, "that it puts me in perfect despair." Upon this the teacher put in her hand the bulb of a plant. It was coarse and scaly and stained with earth. "That is you," said the teacher. "Plant it and take care of it." She took the bulb and put it in the earth and faithfully watered it, until at last there emerged from its unsightly shell an exquisite Japanese lily—bright omen, as it proved, of the unfolding of her own character. In some such way as this the soul that fully commits itself to the gentle hand of Christ will be changed into his image from glory to glory.

All the experiences of life, however adverse, conspire to this end. The outcome will be the tranquil mind. Past mistakes and sins do not disturb our peace. We are forgiven, because Christ died. This is what Christianity means. We learn to be quiet in the thick of present troubles, just as one who moves gently and fearlessly about in the midst of a swarm of bees escapes unscathed. It is not that the cat scratches the child. Rather, the child scratches itself against the cat's claws. We may handle the troubles of life so deftly and peacefully as to disarm them of half their sting.

The Christian learns not to worry about coming tasks and pains. We know that as our days, so shall our strength be. If we fully commit ourselves to the service of God, we shall take each approaching duty as a matter of course. Some people use up so much energy in overcoming their reluctance to undertake obvious Christian duties that they have little strength left for the actual performance of them. We learn to live by the day. We take up our work piecemeal. We know that what comes is ordered by a wise and loving Father. We are not so much concerned with the amount that we achieve as to fill the day full of useful and methodical toil. We remember all the time that our Master hires us to work, not by the piece, but by the day. What part we are to have in his large plan we leave to him. He removes from the Spirit its hot thirst for recognition. We reckon our work

"Too great for haste, too high for rivalry."

Anything really worth achieving seems to require more than one lifetime. We are content to sow that others may reap. Success and suffering are organically related to each other. If you succeed without suffering, it is because somebody else suffered before you. If you suffer without succeeding, it is in order that somebody else may succeed after you. For so he giveth to his beloved sleep. The soul that he sustains, he moulds into perfect peace, because it trusts in him.

"He fixed thee 'mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This present thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest.
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed."

THE ANTHRACITE COAL STRIKE SETTLED.

The following statement has been issued by President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers:

TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA,
HAZLETON, PA., Oct. 25.

To the Miners and Mine Workers of the Anthracite Region:

After carefully canvassing the entire strike situation, we, your officers, district and national, have concluded that your victory is so nearly complete that no good end can be served by continuing the strike longer. The contest has been in progress for thirty-nine days and the companies employing you have, with few exceptions, signified their willingness to pay the scale of wages formulated by the Scranton convention of Oct. 12 and 13.

After careful inquiry we are satisfied that each mine employe will actually receive an advance of ten percent on the wages formerly paid. In the Schuylkill and Lehigh regions the largest companies have agreed that the sliding scale shall be suspended, and that wages shall remain stationary at ten percent until April 1, 1901, thus removing one of the fulcrums of which you have complained for many years.

The companies agree, in their notices, to take up with their mine employes all grievances complained of. We would, therefore, advise that when work is resumed committees be selected by the mine employes, and that they wait upon the superintendents of the companies and present their grievances in an orderly, business-like manner and ask that they be corrected.

Your attention is respectfully called to the fact that the laws of the state of Pennsylvania provide that miners should be paid semi-monthly upon demand; we should therefore advise that each mine employe serve notice on the companies that he expects to be paid his wages twice each month, as provided by law.

As there are some few companies who have neither posted, notified nor signified, in any other manner, their willingness to pay the ten percent advance in wages and suspend the sliding scale, we would advise that unless the men employed by such companies receive notice before Monday that the advance will be paid, they remain away from the mines and continue on strike until the companies employing them agree to the conditions offered by the other companies; and the employes of the companies who have offered the advance of ten percent and abolished the sliding scale are hereby authorized to resume work on Monday morning, Oct. 29, and to be prepared, if called on, to contribute a reasonable amount of your earnings for the maintenance of those who may be compelled to continue on strike.

One hundred and fifty thousand miners reported for work Monday.

The Higher Life.

DAY BY DAY.

4	S	Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. vi. 7.
5	M	Bear ye one another's burdens. Gal. vi. 2.
6	T	Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. 1 Cor. x. 31.
7	W	Give no occasion of stumbling . . . to the church of God.
8	Th	I am with thee to save thee, and to deliver thee. Jer. xv. 20.
9	F	He is able to succour them that are tempted. Heb. ii. 18.
10	S	In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall make plain thy [paths. Prov. iii. 6, R. V. (mar).]

FOR LARGER LIVES.

In heaven, they say, is undisturbed and perfect peace; and yet Along our heart strings, even there, a tremor of regret Must sometimes wander into pain, if memory survives— A grief that in this good, great world we lived no larger lives.

God moves our planet gloriously among the starry spheres, And nobler movements for our souls, through these our mortal years, In widening orbits toward himself eternally he planned. We creep and rust in treadmill grooves—we will not be made grand.

He sent us forth his children, of his inmost life a part, His breath, his being, each a throb of his deep Father heart; He shaped us in his image, suns to flood his worlds with day— Alas! we stifle down his light and deaden into clay.

Meant to be living fountains—not little stagnant pools, Stirred aimlessly from shallow depths, walled round with petty rules, Drying away to dust at last, to him we might ascend, And with the river of his life in crystal freshness blend.

To share his freedom—sons of God! there is no higher aim Can kindle another human hope to an immortal flame! It is the keenest shame of these mean, fettered lives we lead— We choose the weights that drag us down, refusing to be freed.

Yet souls that win immortal heights unclogged with self must move! The only thing that we can take from earth to heaven is love! To make us great like thee, O God! Thy spirit with us strive! Enlarge our lives to take thee in! O give us nobler lives!

—Lucy Larcom

BURDENS THAT BEAR US UP.

REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

To-day I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose the limb, it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer and, knowing now that it was God's will, because in no other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeons quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle. The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross, it is no longer a cross.

This is a secret well worth learning, for it changes all trial, pain and sorrow for him who has it. There are in everyone's lot many experiences which are not easy, many which try the spirit. It is not possible to eliminate these from our life. No alchemy of grace will change bitter to sweet, pain to pleasure, grief to joy. No strength of faith will make duty always easy or battles with temptation mere play. Every life has its discomforts, its losses, its disappointments, its adversities, its keen pangs of anguish. The love of Christ neither saves the life from trouble, nor deadens the sensibilities so there is no pain.

But when the hard and trying experience is accepted, the bitterness is taken out of it. It was this that sweetened the cup of Gethsemane for the Master. A study of his prayers that night shows the movement of his heart toward peace. "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." The secret of his victory over the sorrow is given in his words a little later: "The cup which my father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The bitterness was gone. Yet nothing had been taken from the terrible experience that lay before him. Not a drop had been emptied out of the cup. The difference was that the mind of the holy Sufferer had been brought into perfect acquiescence.

So it will be in every phase of life which has in its uncongeniality, hardship, repulsiveness, pain or cost for us; we can get the victory over it by coming to it with an acquiescent mind.

There are people we do not like—they repel us. We try to think of them as Christ does and our heart begins to yearn to help them. Then the repulsiveness is gone.

A duty is distasteful. We think we cannot do it, it is so uncongenial. We remember then that the Master has set the task for us and at once it is transformed.

We face self-denials and sacrifices which it seems to us we can

never make. As we think of them, however, we realize that Christ is calling us to enter a little way with him into his own experiences of suffering. Our shrinking is immediately changed to glad acceptance.

We come up to the edge of a great sorrow. It seems our heart will break. As we pray, however, our will sinks into God's will and we have peace. The sorrow is not alleviated, but we have acquiesced in it and the bitterness is past.

The old legend says that when their wings were brought and laid on them, the birds complained at being compelled to carry the burden. But when they had accepted them, lo, their burdens, which they so dreaded, lifted them. So it is with every burden which our Father lays upon us—when we accept it, it becomes wings.—*Selected.*

GOD'S PERSONAL CARE.

The earth and the lily springing from it hold lessons of God's loving providence and teach man the secret of tranquillity. Agassiz found a lily on the banks of the Amazon whose cup was measured by feet and not by inches; found birds so beautiful that he called them birds of paradise. But even our humble lilies of the valley and our field sparrows have wit to tell nature's overruling care. The lily's lesson is that each blossom carries an equipment of root and leaf fitting it to fully achieve those ends named beauty and sweetness. The lily does not sow and reap with man's tools, but it sows and reaps with the tools that God hath appointed for flowers. It thrusts its roots down and pumps up the sap and moisture for food and drink. It thrusts the stalk up and untwisting the sunbeam seizes upon the hue and color that it doth need. Setting up its laboratory in the roots, it dissolves the minerals as food for its strong stalk. Through the chemistry of the leaves it absorbs the gases of the air and works them into glowing textures. Using the instruments and tools given, the flower achieves its mission of tranquil yet passionate beauty, and every sweet blossom that waves and riots in the sunshine whispers that if a flower, working as a flower, can achieve its appointed end of beauty, that man, working as a man, can achieve those ends named happiness and peace.

Those modest flowers that, without haste, tumult or anxious worry, have toiled in their sheltered nook and extracted the whitest hue from black soil and the sweetest perfume from noxious odors, have earned the right to rebuke man for his paroxysms of effort, his fevered querulousness, his worry that wastes his life. The things about which man frets and twists are things that have never happened in his career, and happen these fears never will. As the test of flower is beauty, and the test of the bird that it soars and sings, so the test of the children of God is radiant joy, tranquil gladness and that inspiring atmosphere that betrays trust in God's all-loving providence. That which is easy for a blossom and a bird ought not to be hard for a man who bears God's image.—*Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

SOAR ABOVE THEM.

A friend once illustrated to me the difference between three of her friends in the following way: She said if they should all three come to a spiritual mountain which had to be crossed, the first one would tunnel through it with hard and wearisome labor, the second would meander round it in an indifferent fashion, hardly knowing where she was going, and yet, because her aim was right, getting around it at last; but the third would just flap her wings and fly right over. I think we must all know something of these different ways of locomotion and I trust if any of us in the past have tried to tunnel our way through the mountains that have stood across our pathway or have been meandering around them, that we may from henceforth resolve to spread our wings and "mount up" into the clear atmosphere of God's presence where it will be easy to overcome the highest mountain of them all.—*Hannah W. Smith.*

THE VICTORIOUS LIFE.

The Christian life may be viewed in many aspects; types of Christian character are various. Of every truly Christian career, however, it may justly be said that it is a victorious life. The Christian is logically a victor. For the word "Christian" denotes one called after the name of and related to the Christ; or, as we might say, a Christman. And Jesus Christ is the great conqueror of the human heart, the powers of darkness and the historic world process. Faith, which unites the soul of man vitally and dynamically with this victor Christ, is the over-

coming principle of history. The truly victorious life is triumphant in the moral sphere. Of mere physical prowess, of mechanical mastery over the forces of nature, of military domination, of political ascendancy, the Bible makes but little. In its view the greatest man is not he who takes a city, but the man who wins his own soul by mastering it. Victory is first within, thence working outward. The victor spirit resists temptation, curbs appetite, abhors that which is evil, cleaves to that which is good, delivers its fellows from satanic bondage, builds up the kingdom of God.—*New York Observer.*

NOT BACKWARD.

The sun shone bright on the meadow, but overhead soft, billowy, white masses floated in the sky and the beautiful cloud shadows chased each other across the green field. One of the children, warm and tired, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, the sun's shining here and it's all nice and shadowy back there! Let us go back where it's cool and get rested."

"Oh, if I could only go back two years!" said a lady the other day—one into whose life trouble, grief and change had come—"if I could just go back to things as they were two years ago and get rested!"

But those years were not known as restful ones when she lived in them; they were deemed full of care then, and it was only in the backward look that they seemed sweet and desirable.

"Let the shadow go back on the dial," is an old, old cry, but rest does not lie that way. Not backward to the noon or the morning, but forward lies the resting time—not in the task pushed aside or unbegun, but in the work completed. Whatever the present may hold, it is not in the turning back, but in the pressing forward that hope and comfort wait for us. Somewhere the last hurt and loss and disappointment will drop away and, having grown stronger and happier for all the struggling past, we shall begin again where all things are made new.—*Forward.*

GOLD DUST.

Lord, help me to take fewer things into my hands and to do them well!—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D.*

The highway of holiness is along the commonest road of life—along your very way. In wind and rain, no matter how it beats, it is only going hand in hand with him.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

We can live so nobly, not in despite of the great sorrows and bereavements, but because of them, that our life shall be a gospel, though we can never write or frame one with our lips.—*Robert Collyer.*

Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great love, a new spirit, the Spirit of Christ. The Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all.—*Drummond.*

"When God is mine and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss
And everlasting rest." —*Charles Wesley.*

Look into these details of daily duty—these difficulties, these self-denials—and you will find that every one of these lesser crosses, if faithfully "endured," faithfully taken up and carried, not only helps to bring the crown of life, but itself changes insensibly from a cross to a crown.—*Brooke Herford.*

The memory of a kindly word
Long, long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But when the heart is overwrought—
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well? —*Kate B. Wyming.*

The boxes that come from foreign climes are clumsy enough; but they contain spices which scent the air with the fragrance of the Orient. So suffering is rough and hard to bear, but it hides beneath it discipline, education, possibilities, which not only