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NOW.

Richard R. Wightman.

'Tis a time for chivalrous deeds,
Sore and many are the needs
Of a host too weak to fight,
Struggling in the rayless night
Of a reasonable despair.
Are you one to heed and care?
Read you with admiring heart,
Of the stern heroic part
Martyrs played in ages when
Kings were dogs and men were men?
Scorching flesh has lessened fast,
But think you the day is past
For a bold and strength-backed threat
'Gainst the evils cursing yet?
Man, you're daft, if in your soul
Aught of virtue has control,
And you wend your neutral way
Satisfied to mope and pray.
Wit and grit are in demand;
Right with might must rule the land.
Close to your hand there lies a field
Of endeavor that will yield
Fruit whose blush shall never fade,
While a reckoning is made
Of man's love to fellow man,
Manifest in deed or plan,
Born to banish pain and wrong,
And to barter sigh for song.
Gone's the past; the future years
May find you drenched in sorrow's tears.
Then to your work! No sloth allow.
Do your noblest in the now!

All Round the Horizon

As this paper is going to press, one of the most important battles of the war is being fought in South Africa. A crisis in the present stage of the war operations has been reached and the expected attack on Ladysmith has begun. The eighteen thousand Boers hope to crush the twelve thousand British by a supreme effort. If pluck and determination could win the day, the Afrianders might hope for victory. But the superior artillery training of the English tells heavily in their favor.

So far the honors seem to be about equal. The two British victories though brilliant and inspiring were fruitless as to results: for the superior numbers of the Boers forced General Yule to a hasty retreat. And the loss to the English has been heavy, especially among the officers. It may be a long war and evidently will prove a most sanguinary one. The world is not yet through admiring the courage and daring of the Boers in successfully resisting the most skillful soldiers of the present time.

The strict censorship over press dispatches prevents the public from obtaining much war news. It is worth our consideration to observe how emphatic the English Generals are about this; when a few months ago, this country burned with indignation over a few stringent measures along the same lines which were proposed by General Otis in the Philippines.

Few persons in the United States have anything but the vaguest of ideas concerning the size of the territory in which the war is being

carried on. Roughly speaking, that part of South Africa which is affected is about as long as the distance from the seaboard to the Mississippi and as wide as from the Great Lakes to the Ohio.

Is the war in South Africa an unnecessary war? Is it not rather the direct result of the constant strife that has always existed in frontier countries between the old and the new—the spirit of the nineteenth century against an obsolete, semi-civilized state? The march of civilization has never been a peaceful one. The survival of the fittest is the law of nations; and "might is right," a foundation of all international law.

But does it follow that that foundation is sound and just? That is a problem for wise men to puzzle out. History would seem to confirm an affirmative answer. Certainly civilization and power are closely joined. Might is that quality that seems to be possessed by the fittest. And that the English have the superiority of force and numbers and skill no one can dispute. Granted that, does the fact that they represent an advanced civilization give them the right and justice of the struggle? Will their victory be a moral triumph as well as an overpowering conquest? There are many Outlanders in the Transvaal, Americans as well as British, who would answer these questions with an emphatic yes; and be honest in their opinions as well.

President McKinley's remarks during the recent campaign in Ohio have removed any doubts as to his future policy. Our usually cautious President has been so emphatic in his declarations that his worst enemies can no longer accuse him of indecision. "We are on a gold basis and we mean to stay there." "Peace will come and we shall be able to give to those people in the Philippines a government under the undisputed sovereignty of the United States." Words could hardly be more emphatic and decided. It seems there will be no begging the question in the future, as there was three years ago by the Republican party.

The Alaskan boundary question has again come before the public. Canada offers as a compromise to agree to arbitration, provided Pyramid Harbor be granted her outright. She in return will concede the States much of the disputed gold country, but stipulates that she must have a seaport before she can agree to arbitrate. Pyramid Harbor is on a branch of Lynn Canal, an invaluable position for a strong British naval station. The new proposal seems to meet with small favor at Washington. Whether the United States can ever obtain all she now claims is a matter of much doubt. Certainly with the example of the Venezuelan Arbitration before her she can hardly hope to effect more than a compromise. The present modus vivendi would seem to offer a temporary relief; and why there is need of such haste in deciding the question it would be difficult to

explain. The fisheries modus has been in force for ten years and may last a hundred.

The city campaign, though much discussed by the papers, apparently meets with general indifference and apathy. It seems strange that this should be so; for both parties have unusually strong tickets in the field, and both are working most industriously to persuade the general public that the city is in great danger from the diabolic machinations of the rival political organization. The truth is that decent citizens are tired of campaigns which are conducted on the dirt throwing plan. And the present one seems to have become mainly a slanging match between Platt and Company and Croker and Company as to which stand for the more corrupt politics. The public reads what both the chiefs say of each other, and has not a particle of doubt that both are telling the truth. Is such a state of politics one that calls out the enthusiasm or earnestness of patriotic voters? Is it not rather a matter with which honest men do not care to soil their reputations?

A striking example of the sickening condition of our present municipal politics is seen in the Nineteenth Assembly District. On the one hand is Mr. Mazet, who is known to all as a thorough Platt man; on the other a candidate of the Citizens' Union, who while professing to stand for good government is running flat footed as a Tammany candidate. Of course Mr. Stewart will vote with Tammany if he reaches the Legislature. How else could he explain his present position? And unless the unexpected happens, Perez M. Stewart will be the next Assemblyman from the Nineteenth district.

Five hundred descendants of Matthew Grant, constituting the family of American Grants who were prominent in founding the old town of Windsor, Conn., held a reunion in that home of their fathers on October 27. The formal exercises being held in the Congregational Church, which the day's program described as the "Oldest church in America." In the absence of Ulysses S. Grant of San Diego, Cal., the Vice-President, the Rev. Roland D. Grant D.D. of Concord, N. H., presided, and the Hon. Roswell Grant of East Windsor Hill, who occupies the Grant homestead, delivered the address of welcome.

Of all our worthy Grants, none have attained to the eminence of the General who brought our war to a happy close. Like Lincoln, he was noted for his reticence when in full career. Neither was given to prophecy, and hence the following quotation, which we find in The Sun, is very notable as coming from General Grant. It is a passage from his second inaugural address, when having urged the need of San Domingo, or at least the best harbor of that island, as a naval and commercial convenience and even necessity, he justified the recommendation in these striking terms, which bear directly on great questions now in

HOME DEPARTMENT.

A SLUMBER SONG.

FOR THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

Henry van Dyke D.D.

Furl your sail my little boatie,
Here's the harbor, still and deep,
Where the dreaming tides, instreaming,
Up the channel creep.
See the sunset breeze is dying,
Hark, the plover landward flying,
Softly down the twilight crying
"Come to anchor little boatie
In the port of Sleep."

Faraway, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;
Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep sea trawling,
In the darkness rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling;
"God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!"

Not for you, my little boatie,
Is the tide and weary sea,
You're too slender and too tender,
You must rest with me.
All day long you have been straying
Up and down the shore, and playing,
Come to port, make no delaying!
Day is over, little boatie,
Night falls suddenly.

Furl your sail, my little boatie,
Fold your wings, my tired dove,
Dews are sprinkling, stars are twinkling
Drowsily above.
Cease from sailing, cease from rowing;
Rock upon the dream-tide, knowing
Safely o'er your rest are glowing,
All the night, my little boatie,
Harbor-lights of love.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

HOW YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.

Samuel Sloan, the great railway magnate, struck the right keynote in the following words which appeared in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*:

"I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of the centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea. It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the wisdom of the Bible and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truth, and he cannot go far wrong in his every-day life.

"Fortified by a sound, moral self-training, the young business man of to-day will never know the real bitterness of failure, and the lives of those who go down in the struggle for existence will be to such a young man a perpetual wonder."—*American Messenger.*

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.

FOR THE LITTLE MEN.

Susan Teall Perry.

Uncle Everett took the tape measure from mamma's work basket "to get the dimensions of Ted's new trousers," he said. Ted did not know what the long word meant, but when he saw the pleased look on his uncle's face, he was sure it must mean something very complimentary.

Grandmamma smiled and readjusted her glasses as she looked at the little fellow arrayed for the first time in his new suit.

"You are a little man now, Teddie," she said, and Ted felt very important. What little boy does not feel important the first time he puts on trousers?

But Miss Minerva, who had come to make mamma's new black silk dress, laughed, exclaiming, "O, dear me, how dreadfully diminutive they are!" and Teddie knew by her look that that long word meant nothing compli-

mentary. Miss Minerva had a way of taking people down, especially little men and women.

Ted's sister Clara, two years older than he, led him to the long mirror in the parlor, where he could see himself in his new suit. How pleased he was, and how he strutted about with his hands in his pockets!

"You'll never look like a girl again, Teddie dear," Clara said. Teddie's hair was very thick and curly, and some not very discerning persons had asked him if he was a girl or a boy.

On this greatest occasion of Ted's life, his good mamma allowed him to sit up an hour later, and when he went to bed the new trousers were hung on the back of a chair near the window where he could see them the first thing in the morning.

You may be very sure he awoke very early, and jumped out of bed without delay to get into his new garments and go out doors to play with the boys. But lo and behold, the precious trousers were not to be seen! Everybody in the house was aroused and search for the missing property was begun. Poor Ted! Those were his only trousers, and he lived in a small village where nobody sold boy's clothes. There were two stores on the main street and there seemed to be everything else for sale in them, but the one thing Ted wanted that morning was not there.

You may be sure it was no easy matter for Ted to put on dresses like a girl again, after having been presented to the boys and all his friends as a really and truly boy. But he must either return to those old despised garments, that had been rolled up in a bundle to be carried to Mrs. Murphy's three-year old boy, or go to bed and stay until his mamma could go to town and buy him another pair of trousers. Of the two evils, Ted chose what he considered the less, and went back to bed.

Before Uncle Everett ate his breakfast he made a hand-bill and tacked it on the outside of Ted's door, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen—A pair of new Scotch tweed trousers, belonging to Ted Grant. Any one returning the same, or giving any information regarding them, will be liberally rewarded." Then he went into Ted's room and sat down on his bed and talked in such a way that even Teddy couldn't help laughing. Uncle Everett was always particularly fanny when the children were troubled, that kind of fun that cheered their little hearts and made them forget their trials.

Hours went by and the missing article was not found. Papa said it could not have strayed away, because clothes were never known to walk off without somebody inside of them, and how could the trousers have climbed down from the chair back and run away? There was but one solution to the mystery. They must have been stolen. But there certainly had been no burglars in the house or other things would have been missing. Who could be the thief? that was the question before the house.

It was not a bit pleasant for a boy like Ted to lie in bed in the day-time when other boys were having fun and Mike, the gardener, was raking the leaves into great piles. Ted had expected to help Mike with his own little rake, and let the school boys, as they went by, see him in his new suit.

It was a sad state of affairs, to be sure, and the big tears came into Ted's eyes as he peeped through the window curtain and saw Mike at his work. As he looked he heard Mike call out all at once, "Hurrah, hurrah; if here isn't the little chap's trousers in this pile of leaves!" and sure enough Mike had them on his rake and held them up high in the air.

"Sure and indade how did they ever get out of the window and into that pile of leaves I raked up last night? Begorra, I'm afraid that

it is bewitched they are," and Mike looked almost frightened.

But papa solved the mystery. In front of Ted's window was a large tree where some tame squirrels had their nest. They often ran on to the roof of the porch to get the nuts Ted threw out to them. Ted had stuffed his pockets with chestnuts, of course—who ever heard of pockets with nothing in them? The squirrels had found it out, of course, how could chestnuts be so near and squirrels not know it? They had skipped across the window sill when Ted was asleep, had dragged the trousers out of the open window, and after rifling the pockets of the chestnuts had dropped the trousers into the leaves. There were the marks of the squirrel's little teeth about the pocket holes.

Mamma soon darned these, however, and Ted with great delight put on his recovered property.

"We must 'reward Mike liberally,' you know," said Ted. "That's what Uncle Everett promised in his notice, and Mike found them all right."

Mamma smiled and said, "I'll tell you what will reward Mike just to his mind, Ted; there is a big fat pumpkin pie on the pantry shelf; you may carry it out to him to take home for his dinner."

"Ah!" said Mike, as he took the pie from Ted's hands, "I'm that glad, that I can't be after half telling you, that I was the one to find the missing property and get the liberal reward. But those squirrels are mighty knowing creatures, Ted, and you had better not leave your trousers near the open window again, when your pockets are full of chestnuts."

TRUTHFULNESS.

Begin by training your boy to tell the truth. Use every motive of shame and praise to inspire him with this courage. Teach him to scorn to tell a lie. Explain to him the value of a promise; explain it to him with solemnity. Tell him that a gentleman, a man of honor, never, for any consideration, breaks his word. Teach him this by example as well as precept or your words may play upon his ear and never reach his heart. Truth and honesty then are the fundamental parts of a great character, and these qualities can most effectually be taught in childhood.—*Miss Edgeworth.*

A MISSION ROMANCE.

"Is it worth our while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend one raw December night in 1856.

"Perhaps not," answered the other, "but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker. "I suppose we can stand it."

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents, but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a bright-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia. "Work thrown away?" grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's Word, and we are told that it shall not fall on the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by, who stopped in by accident, tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbian