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THE O. T. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. VIII.—

STEPS.—Marah. To this day that spring is found, bearing the same name, and having the same acrid taste. It was a striking emblem of the disappointing pleasures and the bitter woes of this present world, which many a Christian pilgrim has to find out by painful and unpalatable experience, and to go thirsting for many days before he will cease hewing out cisterns and hunting up wells unsanctified and unsweetened by the grace of God. Jesus alone is the Tree of Life and the Plant of Renown, which can effectually clarify and flavor our present existence and be a savor of life unto life.

Elim. The Lord of the country has provided many of these oases, in the sanctities of a Christian home, the society of Christian friends, the Sabbath with its repose, the sweet hour of prayer, the service of song in the house of the Lord. Do we not sometimes almost hear the splash of fountains in the shade and the rustle of foliage—nay, feel above our heads the waving of the palms of anticipated victory?

Rephidim—which means (being interpreted) simply Resting-places. The Christian's pilgrimage is not to be a forced march. God permits him to halt and rest upon his staff, to look about him and prepare for the future while he reviews the past. We allude not so much to Sabbath days as to Sabbath hours, seasons of soul-stillness and simple contemplation, a pause and breathing time, a mere abiding under the shadow of God, where the soul (as plants in the night season) will grow and strengthen, as never in the heat and burden of the day.

After Egypt—the Amalekites. There are foes peculiar to every stage of our way. Their name is legion. Down from the mountains of Pride, up from the swamps and caverns of Sensuality, out from the forests of Bewilderment and Gloom, across the level plains of Ease and Pleasure, they pour upon us. The eye of an imaginative faith can see their gleaming squadrons and solid cohorts advancing, each under its distinctive standard. On one dark flag is inscribed "Despondency." There is one of crimson, and on it written "Anger." There is one of golden color, and the name thereon is "Covetousness, which is idolatry." There are gay and silken banners, which float over the battalions of Voluptuousness and Sloth. Woe unto to him who goeth not up (as Israel went out of Egypt) "harnessed." In the sixth of Ephesians, we have a complete list of this celestial armor: Truth our hauberk, Righteousness our breast-plate, Faith our shield, Hope our helmet, the Gospel our greaves and sandals. An angel could not be more invincibly and brightly armed. And the great weapons of our warfare are the Sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, and the battle-axe and battering-ram of Prayer.

This last—**All-Prayer**, as the Apostle calls it—is more than half the battle. This was the special lesson taught to Israel by its fight with Amalek. The strategic point of that day was the hill where Moses wrestled with God for victory, with arms upheld by Aaron and Hur. And Israel acknowledged it by the memorial altar inscribed "JEHOVAH-NISSI, The Lord is my Banner."

And He is ours. The early Fathers thought they found in Moses' attitude the prophetic symbol of the Cross. But whether so designed or not, by this sign we conquer! In Joshua leading the forces in the valley and in Moses interceding on the hill, we have the two-fold type of Christ, the Captain of Salvation. By His death-grapple with our spiritual enemies, we are conquerors; by His ever-living in-

tercession for us on the heights of heaven, we are more than conquerors.

But the next encounter of Israel was a ray of sunlight on their path. It was with the Kenites, a tribe of the Midianites, whose chieftain, Jethro, has sheltered Moses in his exile. This beautiful narrative (Exodus 18) presents a suggestive and lovely type of the *Communion of Saints*. It was a season of affectionate greetings, confidential disclosures, and frank and wise counsel; just the kind of sweet and serious talk, concerning the things belonging to our peace and the progress of the kingdom which are times of refreshing to Christian pilgrims. Nay, it was a veritable love-feast; and a striking reminder of that Ordinance which is not only the sign and seal of Union to Christ our Head, but of *Communion*—of the vital, tender and eternal tie which unites us to one another as His members.

HEART HUNGER.—My heart and my flesh crieth out after God, exclaimed the Psalmist in a burst of longing, just as the homesick child, the dear faces, familiar and trusted, temporarily removed from sight, cries out for father and mother. As David did, so do we, in the mid-tide of traffic, in the whirl of eager days, in the stillness of the night-season, in the shadows of our grief, and in the ecstasy of our gladness, long for God. When His presence is with us, a conscious blessing, then are we uplifted above our enemies round about. Then, it makes little difference whether there be frictions and irritations in our earthly lot, or whether all is calm. We can accept the divine appointments. Absence from God is the deepest Gethsemane into which a human soul can enter. Absence from God for eternity would be the deepest distress which could be meted out to a creature of God. How sweet it is when one of God's children, having meat to eat which only they share who receive their portion daily at the mercy-seat, is able to minister to others, because so wonderfully strengthened and assisted from above. Those who have never known the Christian's want nor the Christian's supplies, may talk foolishly of what they do not understand, and a blind world may applaud. But many an humble follower of Jesus can give in testimony that he has feasted in the banqueting house of the Most High, and the banner over his head has been love.

GREAT BRITAIN is fortunate in having outspoken Christian men in high official positions. Mr. Gladstone reads the morning prayers at the chapel near his home; Lord Cairns, Lord High Chancellor during Lord Beaconsfield's administration, often conducts a religious service in neglected quarters, while Lady Cairns plays the melodeon and leads the music; and Baron Hatherly, Lord High Chancellor during Mr. Gladstone's previous administration, was for thirty years a Sabbath-school teacher in Westminster, and it is said of him: "Busy as he ever was, in the requirements of a profession which is supposed to afford little leisure for duties at church and school, he never allowed such professional duties, to hinder his attention to those which fell to his lot as a member of the Church of Christ."

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER, one of the highest authorities, says of Darwinian evolution: "There is, between the whole animal kingdom on the one side, and man, even in his lowest state, on the other, a barrier which no animal has ever crossed, and that barrier is—*language*. By no effort of understanding, by no stretch of imagination, can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of any thing which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose."

Objects to be Sought in Education.

IN the education of the young, two distinct objects need to be kept in view. One part of education is the discipline of all the individual powers, physical, mental and spiritual. Another part is the providing the future man or woman, of whom the child is but the prophecy, with available resources against the coming day of need. Each of these parts is important, the one not less so than the other. Trained skill makes the difference between the raw recruit and the accomplished soldier. The man with resources, as contrasted with the man who is minus the same, is as the capitalist to the pauper. Take two boys or girls of equal native capacity. Give the first every advantage of good books, good teachers, and a good home, and give the second none of these, and shall the tilled ground not bring forth its crops of grain, while the fallow shall have nothing to show but weeds and a barren waste? Short-sighted and ignorant parents sometimes murmur at the requirements of the classroom. "Why," they exclaim, "must my child learn these long lessons? Why study this language which he will never speak, or that literature which will not assist him in business or on the farm? Why must we pay our hard-earned dollars to teach our sons and daughters things which they will never put to any practical use?" Why? Simply because the only practically wise thing a man can do for his children in these days, is to so sharpen their minds, stimulate their ideas, and cultivate their talents, that they shall be able to compete on fair and equal terms with others in the great world markets. Perhaps the laboriously-learned Latin and the grinding at the higher mathematics may cease when the diploma has been earned, but the power which came through the toil and the grind will never be lost. It is the disciplined will, the logical faculty which has become almost automatic, the strengthened memory, the accustomed attention, the quick perceptiveness, and the flexible intellect, which each and all enable men and women to be better farmers, housekeepers, merchants, professional workers and citizens than else they could be. We used to write it as an axiom in our copy-books, that Intelligence is the Life of Liberty, and in the American school-house, with the Bible guarded within its precincts as an animating force, is the vital principle of our republic.

Men and women need resources of various kinds. Many arts and sciences should be mastered, if only in their alphabets, with a view to the brightness, beauty, and entertainment of maturity. The little fellow of ten may prefer to spend all his out of school time in fun and frolic. Possibly he may regard every half-hour subtracted from marbles, top and ball as so much lost time. Yet the mother who shall oblige him to practice on the violin, or to learn to use his pencil in sketching nature in her fair outlines and picturesque details, will be recognized by him in future as a benefactor. Arrived at years of discretion, every human being is better and happier for tastes, aptitudes and abilities over and beyond the routine duties of his profession or trade. As occupations which dignify and beautify life, many things which have no utilitarian value are really of priceless worth.

One need never expect to crowd a quart into a pint measure, nor to see a pumpkin develop into a rose. But an honest pint is more respectable than a shallow quart, and a pumpkin has its legitimate place and its essential uses as certainly as the pride of the garden has both. Every being possessed of reason and dowered with immortality, has a right to the best possible preparation for life, its cares, duties, trials and pleasures. Every father, mother and teacher who have

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Rev. Prof. A. B. Van Zandt, D.D.

Address of Rev. Prof. D. D. Demarest, D.D., at the
Funeral of Dr. Van Zandt.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—An important part in the services on this sad occasion was unexpectedly assigned to me only a few hours ago. I am to say a few words about the life-work of my colleague, as performed in the different fields of labor which have been occupied by him. Of his character as a man, a Christian, preacher, pastor and professor, others will speak.

Abraham B. Van Zandt was born in Albany County, N.Y., in the year 1816, and had consequently at the time of his death reached the age of sixty-five years. Soon after he had made profession of his faith in Christ he felt that he was called to serve his Master in the holy ministry. By the kindly and liberal help of the elder brother, who survives him, he was enabled to leave the work that had been marked out for him, and to enter on the course of study required, preparatory to the sacred office. He was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, in the year 1840, and then spent two years in the study of theology at Princeton Seminary. It is to be mentioned to his credit that by teaching, while a student in college, he earned the means to meet his expenditures while in the college and subsequently while in the theological seminary.

Being a member of the Presbyterian Church in Schenectady, he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Troy in the year 1842, and in the same year was ordained to the ministry and installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Matteawan, Dutchess County, New York.

Before the close of the year the Reformed Dutch Church of Newburgh, N. Y., presented to him an urgent call, which, after much hesitation, he was finally induced to accept. God's blessing attended his work at Newburgh, and he had the pleasure of gathering a large, influential and prosperous congregation. At the end of six years of service the state of his health imperatively demanded a removal to a milder climate, and Providence then opened the way to his settlement in the Presbyterian Church at Petersburg, Virginia, where he continued eight years. His ministry there must have been a remarkably pleasant as well as successful one. He loved to refer to those eight years as a specially happy portion of his life. He had the confidence and warm friendship of the leading ministers in the Presbyterian Church in the South, and retained them to the last. Not a few of those brethren were accustomed to visit him when they came to the North on their annual vacations, and the arrival of any one of them at his house was always a signal for great joy.

In the year 1855 the congregation, which had been accustomed to worship in the Ninth Street Church, New York City, in connection with the Collegiate Church, resolved on a separate and independent organization, and they believed and hoped that with God's blessing on the labors of A. B. Van Zandt as their minister, if they could secure him, they would succeed. They therefore extended a call to him, which he accepted. He was an eloquent and popular preacher among them, a faithful and sympathizing pastor, and was wise and diligent in all forms of work. His church was rapidly increasing, and there was every indication of speedy and complete success, when the financial storm of 1857 came and swept away all the men in whom reliance could be placed for the pecuniary resources needed for carrying on the enterprise. Owing to no fault of the pastor the enterprise had to be abandoned. I saw much of him in those days, as he was accustomed to visit Hudson, where I was then settled, and I well remember what sorrowful days they were to him.

But Providence had for him another and an important field of labor. He was called to the ancient Dutch Church of Montgomery, Orange Co., N. Y., which he served from 1859 to 1872, a period of thirteen years. This was in some respects a laborious charge, but he unshrinkingly performed the duties to which he was called. He often expressed his satisfaction in being called to succeed so wise and faithful a minister as Rev. Dr. Robert P. See. His plans of pastoral work commended themselves to his judgment, especially those followed by him in personal attention to the young, and in training them in Catechetical and Bible classes.

In the year 1872 he was chosen by the General Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late lamented Prof. Berg. In the midst of his labors and usefulness in this important office, and at a time when the Church seemed least able to spare him, he has been called away from the service to the reward. We shall see his face no more. His work for the Church and Seminary is finished.

In the autumn of 1872 the first symptoms of the painful and distressing malady that has taken his life ap-

peared. In December of that year a very thorough and successful surgical operation was performed, and after a few weeks he resumed work in which it pleased God to continue him for three more years. Then the disease reappeared, and about March 1st of the present year he was obliged to finally discontinue lecturing to his classes. The months that followed were months of weakness and of suffering, continuous, at times great, but not often excruciating, suffering that was borne with patience. When satisfied that there was no hope of recovery, he set his house in order, and arranged his temporal affairs, so that his mind should not be burdened with them. Yet while he was waiting for the summons to depart, he did not lose interest in anything that concerned his family, the community, the church, or country, and this was to one visitor at least, a very pleasant feature in his case.

When Dr. Van Zandt was elected Professor, it was expected that he would not only prove himself an able teacher of theology, but also a wise counsellor and true yoke-fellow, working in harmony with his colleagues in carrying out plans for the most efficient training of the young men under their care. This expectation has been realized. The members of the faculty have been as one in their judgments on important questions of instruction, policy, and discipline that have come before them during the last nine years.

Of Prof. Van Zandt as a preacher, I will only say that he preached Christ and Him crucified, that he placed it on the consciences of the students to do the same, and that he was strong in his condemnation of what he considered the prostitution of the pulpit. As a professor, he aimed to teach what God has said in His Word, rather than to elaborate a philosophical system. But on his character as minister and professor, I will not enlarge. This will be set forth by others.

In conclusion, let me for myself, and in behalf of my colleagues make this request. Brethren, pray for us. We have received a solemn admonition. Pray that we may heed it. Our junior in office, has gone before us to give an account of his stewardship. It may not be long before the work of some one of his surviving colleagues will come to an end. Pray for us that we may do our work with all our might, and do it better than we have done it before, and as realizing that the Master stands at the door. Pray for us, that this stroke with which our Seminary has been visited, may, through God's grace, be made fruitful of blessing to us who remain, to the students who here receive instruction, and to the Church which we all love and serve.

Brazilian Women.

THE life of the Indian woman, so far as we have seen it, seems enviable in comparison with that of the Brazilian lady in the Amazonian towns. The former has a healthful out-of-door life. She has her canoe on the lake or river and her paths through the forest, with perfect liberty to come and go; she has her appointed daily occupations, being busy not only with the care of her house and children, but in making farinha or tapioca, or in drying and rolling tobacco, while the men are fishing and turtle-hunting; and she has her frequent festa-days to enliven her working life. It is, on the contrary, impossible to imagine anything more dreary and monotonous than the life of the Brazilian *senhora* in the smaller towns. In the northern provinces, especially the old Portuguese notions about shutting women up and making their home life as colorless as that of a cloistered nun, without even the element of religious enthusiasm to give it zest, still prevail. Many a Brazilian lady passes day after day without stirring beyond her four walls, scarcely ever showing herself at the door or window, for she is always in a slovenly *deshabille*, unless she expects company. It is sad to see these stifled existences. Without any contact with the world outside, without any charm of domestic life, without books or culture of any kind, the Brazilian *senhora* in this part of the country either sinks contentedly into a vapid, empty, aimless life, or frets against her chains, and is as discontented as she is useless.

The education of women is little regarded in Brazil, and the standard of instruction for girls in the public schools is low. Even in the private schools, where the children of the better class are sent, it is the complaint of all teachers that they are taken away from school just at the time when their minds begin to develop. The majority of girls in Brazil who go to school at all are sent at about seven or eight years of age, and are considered to have finished their education at thirteen or fourteen. The next step in their life is marriage. Of course there are exceptions. Some parents wisely leave their children at school, or direct their instruction at home, till they are seventeen or eighteen years of age, and others send their girls abroad; but usually, with the exception of one or two accomplishments, such as French or music, the education of women is neglected, and this

neglect affects the whole tone of society. It does not change the general truth of this statement that there are Brazilian ladies, who would be recognized in the best society as women of the highest intelligence and culture; but they are the exceptions, as they inevitably must be under the present system of instruction, and they feel its influence upon their social position only the more bitterly.

Indeed, many of the women I have known most intimately here have spoken to me with deep regret of their limited, imprisoned existence. There is not a Brazilian *senhora* who has ever thought about the subject at all who is not aware that her life is one of repression and constraint. She cannot go out of her house, except under certain conditions, without awakening scandal. Her education leaves her wholly ignorant of the most common topics of a wider interest, though perhaps with a tolerable knowledge of French and music. The world of books is closed to her, for there is little Portuguese literature into which she is allowed to look, and that of other languages is still less at her command. She knows little of the history of her own country, almost nothing of that of others; and she is hardly aware that there is any religious faith except the uniform one of Brazil. She has probably never heard of the Reformation, nor does she dream that there is a sea of thought surging in the world outside.

Their amusements are as meagre and scanty as their means of instruction. Among my own sex I have never seen such sad lives as became known to me there—lives deprived of healthy, invigorating happiness, and intolerably monotonous—a negative suffering, having its source, it is true, in the absence of enjoyment rather than in the presence of positive evils, but all the more to be deplored because so stagnant and inactive.—*A Journey in Brazil.*

Midsummer Housekeeping.

ONE great trial of midsummer housekeeping is the presence of flies. The house may be kept from morning till night in an Egyptian darkness, every crumb may be swept up, not a grain of sugar nor a drop of stickiness may be left anywhere, yet the flies arrive, and their name is legion. Bars in the windows and doors of fine, invisible netting, will exclude them, but the intruders once in, fly-traps are of little avail. For every poisoned or prisoned fly ten or twenty mourners or sympathizers present themselves, and the matron may as well be patient under the annoyance. In fact, it is not worth while to fret over the transient trials of midsummer. The season is ripe, glowing and fervid, and soon it will have passed away.

A worse trial than flies some people find in summer visitors. Good and hospitable as the hosts may be, they find their strength overtaxed by a continual round of guests. To a lady who has several well-trained domestics to carry on her work company is a boon rather than a burden, but when one is struggling on with one inefficient or sullen girl, or with nobody at all, it is rather alarming to have the afternoon boat or the evening train, bring a family of visitors from the city, perhaps uninvited, or but half invited. Alas! cooking and washing and ironing are hot work. The least the visitors can do is to make themselves as little troublesome as possible, and when next winter comes try to return the attentions received in a spirit not grudging or churlish.

Women who do their own work often feel greatly exhausted after the preparation of a meal, and find that they cannot eat the good things they have cooked. To lie down for ten minutes in a shaded chamber and then to drink a cup full of cold tea is almost a specific against this dreadful feeling of goneness. Even to change the calico dress, bathe the flushed face and smooth the hair is often a great relief.

Daughters should see to it that mothers do not take more than their share of the heavy household work at this season. If a pleasure jaunt or pic-nic is proposed it is never mother who is first to offer herself to be one of the party. She will make the cake, pack the lunch-basket, prepare the dainty sandwiches, and sit up late to finish Miss Fannie's new lawn, or to do the linen suit over that it may be fresh and fair, but she is always ready to be counted out of the good times. The daughter who loves her mother truly will take her turn in staying at home and letting the kindest, best friend in the world have her share in rest and recreation.

AUNT PHEBE.

In the good time coming "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together." They do now, but they keep a good eye on each other. The lion wants the lamb for his special purpose, and the lamb takes good care, lest he trusts the lion too far. Evidently there is more lamb than lion, and it is difficult to tell which is the lamb and which the lion. The "good time" is only "coming."

T. B. B.