LIBRARY OF THE UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK

The New-York Evangelist.

VOLUME LIX.---NO. 19. NEW-YORK: MAY 10, 1888. WHOLE NO. 3033

THE FOOT-PRINTS OF GOOD MEN.

Off the Front Porch, May 1, 1888.

When Robinson Crusoe discovered a foot-print in the sands of his lonely island, he could not more certainly conclude that a man had been there, than we can infer that good men have lived in a community by certain moral and religious traces which we who come after them may discover in the homes and habits of the people.

One day last Winter as I was walking over the freshly-trodden snow of the sidewalk in this city, I picked up an old copy of the "Missionary Herald," together with some "Doctrinal Tracts," on which was written the name "Rev. M. M. Post," as though they had just come through the post-office. So recently had these pamphlets been dropped there upon the newly-fallen snow, that for the moment I felt as though I must rush forward around the corner, or into an adjoining house, to overtake the venerable father and pastor whose name they bore. But closer observation soon showed me that the papers had just been dropped from the overloaded hand-cart of a man who was engaged in transferring some material from the old family residence near by. This is not the only trace I have found of this good man who was for so many years the pastor and Presbyterian bishop of this city.

Rev. M. M. Post came to this spot in the wilderness in 1829. Two years later he organized a Presbyterian church, which has continued to the present time, though since the troubles of 1837 and 1838, the one church has been two, and so continues. Tradition here describes Dr. Post as a guileless and saintly man, who though not a great preacher, was great in goodness. The general estimate of the man is shown by the remark of a rough, ungodly man, who said to some of his companions one day some time after Dr. Post's death, "Well, Logansport has one representative in heaven any way, whether we ever have another or not; we've got one there, that is certain, and that's Mr. Post. He is there sure." And not one in the large gang of roughs was disposed to dispute the assertion.

Dr. Post gave four sons to the Christian ministry, two to the Congregational denomination, and two to the Presbyterian, one of these last serving here only for a little time, and then entering upon the higher ministry of heaven.

Last Sabbath it was my privilege to spend the day with my Alma Mater, Wabash College. There too it seemed to me I was continually tracing the footprints of the good men who have finished their work here and gone to their reward. Indeed this State is dotted all over by the footsteps of good men, who planted here the beginnings of religious and educational institutions. We boys in College used to tire of the oft-repeated story of the men who years ago kneeled in the snow, and by prayer laid the foundations of Wabash College upon their faith in God. But the further we get from that scene, the more solemnly impressive and important it seems to us, and worthy of being repeatedly described. None of those men can be found at Wabash now, but "their works do follow them"—follow them in this world, and follow them in the eternal world. Indeed the stamp which these men put upon the educational interests and public school system of this State, will not be wholly lost as long as the State itself exists.

As I entered Crawfordsville some weeks ago for my first visit in many years, I began to look for familiar land-marks and faces. But no one seemed to recognize me, and nothing was familiar, until I sauntered into the College campus, and then how those stately old trees seemed to me like friends of old, unchanging and unchangeable! I greeted them with many a caressing look and thumping heart-throb, and with their opening buds and the sighing of the Spring breezes through their branches, they seemed to speak to me audibly, and assure me of their remembrance and continued friendship. Is there any such thirty acres of magnificent forest trees in all the country? Not with a College set in the midst thereof! As I sauntered on among the towering sugar-maples, the hickory, the oak, the ash, the elm, and the beech trees, thinking of their stateliness and their beauty, I spied, away off in their midst across the campus, a moving form as familiar as they, and almost as stately among men as they among forest trees, and soon I met my old friend and preceptor, Dr. Tuttle, whose benign greeting was as pleasant and unchanging as had been that of his companions, the forest trees.

For more than a quarter of a century, Dr. Tuttle has held his place and done his work worthily as the President of Wabash College. Here in this campus has grown up a group of fine substantial buildings, very largely as the result of President Tuttle's financial policy and executive ability. Only one member of the faculty remains who was here when Dr. Tuttle came some twenty-six years ago, namely, Prof. John L. Campbell, who, eminently practical as well as scholarly, gives the lie to the proverbial thought that the College Professor is dry and juiceless. Wabash has more students in attendance than in any other year of her history, with possibly one exception. Her standard of scholarship is kept high, and while this has the effect of purging her ranks somewhat, yet there is noted a gratifying tendency to a permanent increase in the number of students who take the full classical course. It may well be doubted if there is a better or safer place for the development of a scholarly manhood anywhere in the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, aye, or east of them either, than here at Wabash.

I found the whole community at Crawfordsville in the midst of a very deep religious interest. Mr. Mills had spent a week with them after his work at Indianapolis. Every church in town has been engaged in the union meetings, and Pastor Cuningham of Centre Church stated in his morning sermon that there was not a home nor an office in the place but had felt the influence of the meetings. The Session of Centre Church received application for membership from seventy persons last Friday, and the probabilities are that well nigh a hundred will be received. Other churches will receive a like increase.

It seems especially happy that Pastor Cuningham, who came to us from the United Presbyterian Church a year ago, should be so greatly blessed in his work at the close of his first year in the pastorate of old Centre Church. It is now twenty-one years since any such deep, religious interest has stirred Wabash College and the churches of Crawfordsville. How vividly can some of us recall the scenes of the revival there in 1867, when Drs. Little and Cheever (now in glory) led the Christian workers, and Profs. Mills and Hovey and Thomson (all in glory now) inspired everybody by their prayers, and old Father Johnston (also gone to his reward) both prayed and worked! Decisions were made then which changed the whole earthly course of many a young man, and decided eternal destinies. Doubtless like decisions have recently been made. What a blessing is an earnest revival of religion in a college!

As I have thus been led to trace the footprints of good men who are gone from the earth, I am led also to note that other good men now living are making their foot-marks, which shall guide and keep the generations to come. We are wont to think of the trail of the serpent that is over the earth, but this is not the only path that can be traced. The saints have been here, and other saints are here to-day, and eventually they "shall inherit the earth."

D. P. PUTNAM.

THE LESSONS OF THE LILIES.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Our Master found His texts in the fields and by the wayside. During the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount, He points to the flowers that adorned the landscape, and says to His auditors "Consider the lilies of the field, how *they* grow." What particular species of flower He indicated, the botanists of Palestine are not agreed about. Very probably it may have been the "Huleh-lily," which Dr. Thomson describes as a gorgeous mingling of purple and white, with three petals meeting in a canopy worthy of any monarch. This species of lily Dr. Thomson says that he found in the fields of Galilee.

There are several practical lessons in spiritual growth to be learned from the lilies. The first one is that the flower grows by the action of the vital principle within it. A bit of white marble is the same thing to-day that it was a century ago; there is no life there. But there is a subtle, mysterious agent or principle in the lily, which slowly lifts it from the earth, and expands into an exquisite cup of white and gold. Life is never self-produced. The first lily was created by God; all the rest have been its propagated successors. Spiritual life is never self-originated. It begins with the entrance of the Lord Jesus Christ into a converted soul; that is Regeneration. He that hath the Son of God, *hath life*. Paul meant just this when he said "I live, yet not I; it is *Christ that liveth in me*." This is a profound mystery; but there is not a true Christian on the face of the globe, but has a certain measure of the Lord Jesus in his inmost soul. Our only anxiety need be whether we really have Christ within us; but if sure of that, then we may dismiss anxiety just as the lilies do, and grow just as they grow, without any worry. Some Christians distress themselves needlessly. We are not required to furnish the *growing power;* the Spirit of Christ furnishes that. The mariner is not required to furnish the wind; he has but to set his sails to the breeze, and his ship swims onward. Faith is receiving the Christ-life into the soul; while that divine life is there, growth may go forward. Precisely this did the Master teach, when He said "If ye *abide in Me and I in you*, ye shall bear much fruit."

2. There is a second fact about the growth of the lily, that must not be lost sight of by any child of God who desires to grow in grace. The lily grows not only by its inward principle of life, but by the help of its surroundings. Put a lily into an exhausted receiver, and it dies for want of air; put it into a dark cellar, and it dies for want of light; send it to Greenland, and it dies for want of warmth; stick it into a dry sand-bed, and it dies for want of moisture. All these, air, light, warmth, moisture, are indispensable. When these conditions are fulfilled, observe how busily the flower assimilates into itself the required particles out of the atmosphere, out of the soil, out of the sunshine, and out of the raindrops. A similar provision is made for us, that we may develop and enlarge in our Christian lives. The Word of God is our light; we must open our souls, and let it enter in and illuminate. God's Book is soul-food also; all the strongest Christians have been, and are, huge feeders on the Bible. Christ's love is "shed abroad" in our hearts—as sunshine is shed abroad in a garden—and that supplies warmth. The gift of the Holy Spirit, which cometh down like the dew and the rain, supplies the moisture. And so "God giveth the increase." But if we refuse the Word and utterly neglect it; if we shut our souls against Christ, and quench His Spirit, we are cast out and withered. All growth is at an end. Brother, if you are declining in godliness, if you are losing the joy, the strength, the sweetness, and the fragrance of the Christian life, it is entirely your own fault. It is not possible for us to create spiritual life, but it is possible for us to produce spiritual death.

3. Those lilies which spring up among the marshes of Lake Huleh (or Merom), grow from the mud, and yet they grow *clean*. Pure as a lily, is a proverb. We inherit a very foul, depraved nature, and live in a very dirty world, but Jesus Christ can give us purity of heart. Then comes purity of living. There must have been rare loveliness in the flowers, which our Lord described as surpassing the royal attire of Solomon. Before all of us Christ sets an ideal, which we are to aim after; it is "the *beauty* of holiness." Our prayer should ever be that the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us. Jesus enjoined upon all His disciples to study Him, to learn of Him, and to imitate Him as their model. A Christian is the representative of Christ; how all-important, then, that we should make our Christianity attractive! The lives of such men as William E. Dodge and Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, are the most eloquent sermons in behalf of the religion of the Bible. All the solid piety is not as *attractive* as it might be. There are thousands of honest Christians who would be wonderfully improved, if they would add a little more of the beauty and the sweetness of the lily to their characters. An attractive Christian is the one who hits the golden mean between pliant laxity and sanctimonious severities. He is strict, but not censorious; sound in heart, and yet mellow as one who dwells in the sunshine of Christ's love. He understands how to do right in the right way.

Look at the lilies, said the Master. Our neighbors will look at us, and with sharp eyes also. They expect to discover moral beauty in the conduct of those who profess to be followers of the All-Perfect Saviour. A follower of Jesus ought to be worth looking at. Short-lived at best is any human life; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. Death is but the transplanting of the Christian. "My Beloved is gone down into His garden to *gather His lilies*."

IT IS DRAWING THE COLOR LINE.

To the Editor of The New York Evangelist:

In your issue of April 19th appeared a letter from Rev. H. N. Payne, entitled "Is it Drawing the Color Line?" in which he says "It will surprise many to learn that nearly all the ministers and thoughtful men of color are in favor of the plan of separate Presbyteries and Synods for whites and blacks, with a common General Assembly."

I do not wish to call in question this statement; but if it be true, certainly a very decided change has taken place in the sentiments of the colored ministers since the meeting of the Synod of Atlantic last November. At that time the feeling, as developed by an informal discussion of the subject, was very strongly opposed to such a step. No one who was present and heard the remarks which fell from the lips of the brethren, could avoid this conviction.

I am also unable to reconcile brother Payne's statement with the fact that so far as I am informed through "The Africo-American Presbyterian," only a single colored Presbytery thus far has endorsed the movement. In its last issue it gives an account of the meetings of two of these Presbyteries. In one, no action whatever was taken; and in the other (the Presbytery of Yadkin) we are told that "After a lively and interesting discussion, which developed *considerable divergence of views*, the paper [favoring separate Presbyteries] was withdrawn." The italics are mine.

For myself, as a colored minister, I desire to say, and to say it with all the emphasis possible, that I am totally, absolutely opposed to the proposed plan; and for the following among other reasons:

First, because it would be a concession to a wicked and anti Christian caste prejudice, and therefore wrong. Brother Payne professes to believe otherwise, and yet, in speaking of the first of the two plans referred to in his article, namely, the absorption of colored Presbyteries and Synods into the existing Presbyteries and Synods of the Southern Church, his language shows that so far as the Southern Church at least is concerned, that is precisely the difficulty. He says: "This of course is the most natural and easy way to make one Church out of the two. It would also seem the way contemplated by our organic law when it defines Presbyteries and Synods. But natural and easy as it seems, reunion on these terms is an *impossibility*. Not only do many in our own Church think it would be unwise and undesirable, but it would be opposed by the whole Southern Church. Our Southern brethren, whether rightly or wrongly, feel that they can do the work committed to them, neither happily nor successfully if considerable numbers of colored men are associated with them as co-presbyters. Hence they will never consent to such association." Is not this "drawing the color line" Besides, brother Payne cannot be ignorant of the fact that the first suggestion of separate Presbyteries and Synods came from the Southern Church. In the majority report of the Committee to whom certain overtures were referred on organic union, at their last Assembly, we read: "And further, we insist that the colored brethren without our bounds shall be organized into separate Congregations, Presbyteries, and Synods." Can any sane man have a doubt as to the motive underlying that demand? If it were not for caste prejudice, would it ever have been thought of? The sentiment of the Southern people as to contact with negroes, except as servants, is well known. They themselves make no attempt to conceal it. Is this feeling right or wrong? Is it Christian or anti Christian? The question is not as to what motives may influence our Northern brethren should they yield to such a demand, but as to the character of the demand itself, viewed in the light of its history and of the spirit which inspired it.

If this demand for separate Presbyteries and Synods, as coming from the Southern Church is wrong, no motive on our part, however praiseworthy, or blindness on the part of the negro himself in desiring such a separation—if he does desire it—can justify us in yielding to it. Say what we will, the question, in its last analysis, is simply a question of caste prejudice; and the Church ought at least to have the honesty and the courage to meet the issue squarely, and not attempt to evade it, as is being done by so many. The claim that it will be of advantage to the negro, is a mere subterfuge, and an afterthought, brought forward for the purpose of influencing the colored ministers and elders, and of diverting attention from the real point at issue. Every one who has carefully followed this discussion, knows that *the* thought is not what is most advantageous to the negro, but what will most conciliate the South—that is, what will most conciliate Southern prejudice. What our next Assembly will do in the matter I do not know; but what it ought to do, with the bare, naked issue before it, is not a matter about which there can be much doubt. If it follows the spirit and teaching of the Great Head of the Church, it will stand where it has stood for the past twenty-five years; and if the South is not willing to join hands and unite on the principle which recognizes in Christ Jesus neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, our duty is to wait until it is ready. Organic union is a good thing, but it is by no means the most important thing. It is better to do right than to be organically united with any branch of the Church. I do not believe in compromises. Let the right be done, though the heavens should fail. If the Church is willing to say that the prejudice against the negro, out of which this demand for separate Presbyteries and Synods has originated, is right, then let it vote for organic union on the plan proposed. But if it is unwilling to indorse this prejudice, let it say so by voting it down.

My second reason for objecting to the plan is that there is nothing in the nature of the work which makes such a separation necessary. In either case, whether among the whites or blacks, the work is essentially the same, that is, the winning of souls to Christ, the training of men for life here, and for the greater life beyond. The Gospel to be preached is the same. Human nature is the same. Whites and blacks are alike under condemnation, and equally in need of a Saviour. How the meeting of colored and white ministers together in the same Presbyteries and Synods at most only once or twice a year, and for a day or two at a time, can affect the work unfavorably, I am utterly unable to see. The colored ministers certainly will do nothing to oppose any measure for the advancement of the work among the whites, and if the whites are as deeply interested in the advancement and elevation of the negro as is alleged, they will certainly do nothing to retard the work among them. As a matter of fact, we know that it will affect neither unfavorably. In the State, for example, the work among the colored people has in no way suffered from its connection with a mixed Presbytery; neither has the mixture had an unfavorable effect upon the work among the whites. What is there, then, in the Southern whites, that would make such very different results? The fact is, there is nothing. The Southern white man is precisely the same as the Northern white man, with the exception of his prejudices; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, even in these the difference is so slight as to be scarcely appreciable. There is just as much prejudice, I am sorry to say, in the Northern Church as in the South, as there is in the Southern Church. Aside from the simple fact of meeting as equals on the floor of the Presbytery, there is no more consideration paid to a colored minister in the Northern Church in the South, than there is in the Southern Church. I speak from experience. Therefore, for the Assembly to vote in favor of setting the colored people apart, would be not only a concession to Southern prejudice, but an encouragement of existing prejudice within its own ranks.

We are now approaching the first centennial of our Assembly, and we are calling for large gifts by which to signalize the event—one million dollars for the Board of Ministerial Relief, &c.—which is all right; and I trust the response may be such as to reflect credit upon the whole Church. But in addition to these pecuniary offerings, in what better way could we close this century's record, or more fittingly convey our gratitude to God, than by expressing anew our purpose and determination to stand by His inspired Word in its righteous opposition to all invidious distinctions? Instead of this, however, it is proposed to make the approaching meeting the occasion of introducing distinctions which we have before refused to recognize. As I love the old Church, I pray God it may be saved from the shame of such an act!

FRANCIS J. GRIMKE,
Pastor Laura-street Presbyterian Church.
101 Hogan Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

WILL PRESBYTERIANISM THRIVE IN NEW ENGLAND?

By Rev. Donald Macdougall.

Presbyterianism in New England reminds one of a small rivulet starting from a hidden source, and making its way gradually, feebly, and with uncertainty, over the rocky surface of its uncultivated bed. In every direction it sees the large rivers flowing freely and calmly, and sometimes with a great deal of splash and tumult. Mustering up all the pride of its ancestors, its little bosom it swells, and it says "I'll be somebody one of these days." Keep up courage, little rivulet; those large bodies of water were once as small as you are now. The old Pilgrim soil of New England is very favorable for the growth of Presbyterianism, only it needs a great deal of cultivation to adapt it to this comparatively new kind of foreign seed, which, when planted, must be tenderly watched and cared for.

There are hundreds, nay, thousands in New England, natives both of this country and of lands across the ocean, whose early days were spent in learning the Bible and the Westminster Catechism, the bases of Presbyterianism, at their mothers' and fathers' knees. As these little ones have grown up to manhood and womanhood, they have left their fathers' homes in the other States and across the water, and have come to New England to found their homes and better their condition, which is the most is unprepossessing and comfortless. With the seeds of Presbyterianism planted early in their hearts, they have tenaciously clung to that form of Church government, and they have no other. It has been, and is now, a great problem how to reach these people *religiously*. The Congregational Church has, in measure, failed to do so. It may have been a difference, it may have been difference in methods; but the fact still remains, that in all the New England cities there is this large mass of non-church-goers, whose early training and later Church preference entitle them to a seat in the Presbyterian Church.

The Presbyterians in New England are divided into two classes. Those who upon come to this section of the United States, and finding no churches of their own denomination, have, rather than lose their hold on religion, united themselves with churches of other denominations—the Congregational chiefly. These are the living, true Christians. It is not our aim to disturb them. But that class which has sunk into a state of religious indifference, which ofttimes develops into antagonism, and which only the Holy Spirit can conquer, those are the ones among whom we are to labor.

Some one has wisely said "You can raise people to any height, if you only make the steps short enough." The opportunity has come; the door stands open, and Presbyterianism must take the field, or leave thousands of its own children uncared for. It is therefore our duty as a Church, to gather up these loose threads, and weave them into a strong web of Presbyterianism. People have been brought together, churches have been organized, energetic, educated men chosen as pastors, and the work is going on. In some cities church lots have been secured; in others church buildings partially erected, and in one or two instances a church home has been completed, and has been dedicated to God.

In one of the New England towns, no sooner was the church home completed, than it filled immediately, and it has now become self-sustaining.

Yes, dear friends, that is what we need in New England: *church homes* for those who are poor, neglected, and perishing. As soon as these can be obtained, the Church will grow strong, and become self-sustaining. Just now we need money with which to build our churches, and unless we can have it, there is no use trying to organize churches in New England. *Presbyterianism will not thrive and bloom in a hired hall.*

The Presbyterian Church as a whole, can, with but little effort, extend a helping hand to this neglected New England home field (we thank it for what it has done in the past), and the Board of Church Erection, keeping step with the Home Board, can aid in planting here and there throughout New England neat, inexpensive churches, which will not only delight the Master to look upon, but will shelter and gather into His fold many a wandering and lost soul—souls of men grown old in sin, souls of women whose womanhood is only a name, and souls of little children, upon which not yet sin has left no stain.

It will be a happy day throughout New England, and, when the little Presbyterian rivulet finds its resting-place in the broad channel of a deathless, consecrated church home.

Taunton, Mass., May 2, 1888.

REV. ISRAEL WARD ANDREWS, D.D., LL.D.

The news of the death of Dr. Andrews, late President of Marietta College, has been a personal grief to a great many of his pupils and friends. Since his graduation at Williams in 1837, he has been a teacher. This has been his life-work for half a century. He has been, as tutor, professor, and President, nearly all that time connected with Marietta College. He began to teach there in January, 1838, and closed his work there in 1888. He was Marietta's first tutor. At the close of that year, 1838-9, he became Dr. D. Howe Allen's successor as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a Chair which he held until 1855, when he was elected President, as the successor of the Rev. Henry Smith, D.D., LL.D., and held this position until 1886, when he resigned. He was at the time of his resignation third in the list of College Presidents, President Chapin of Beloit College, and President Anderson of Rochester University only being his seniors in office. After resigning the Presidency of the College, he became Putnam Professor of Political Economy, a position to which he brought eminent qualifications.

From his election as tutor to the time of his death, he was a devotee to teaching as his work in life. From first to last he displayed the steady glow of an enthusiasm which made his recitation room a place of help and joy to his students. The appliances of his department at first were small, but he had the high art of making the most of what he had. In the pure mathematics he shone, but not less in the department of physics, if we take its aids into the consideration.

His appearance as a young man, almost fresh from College, comes up in memory. Not demonstrative, he was cordial. Very earnest in pressing his classes in their work, his kindly heart won many a young man "to do his best." He seemed to be in frail health, and was twice compelled subsequently to go to a milder climate during the Winter. His duties were done in the class-room by Dr. T. S. Pinneo, now of Greenwich, and the late Rev. Dr. Milo J. Hickok of Scranton. Gradually his health became more robust, and few College officers have been able to accomplish more in the service of a struggling institution than he. His early associates were remarkable men: President Linsley, Dr. Allen, President Smith, Prof. Maxwell, and Dr. John Kendrick; and yet in their companionship of labor he was by no means overshadowed. His students soon found in him the quality of thoroughness and clear expression. The topics of the class-room were clarified by his power of precise statement. Whilst he did not deal much in over-colored praise, the earnest student felt happy in his quiet approbation. In the large range of studies which fell to his lot as a teacher in a new and struggling College, he was really able in all, and in some he was great. This was true in Mathematics and Philosophy.

As an administrator in College, he excelled. He loved order, yet while he disliked "the crimes of college life," he was continually toning down the penalties. To some he may have seemed sometimes severe, but those who knew him best, well knew how gentle was the hand that held the rod.

From the first of his connection with the College, he was also prominent in all educational work of a more general nature. The public school had no wiser or more earnest friend, and the same was true of other public institutions. For many years he was a trustee of Lane Seminary.

His acquaintance was extensive at the West and East. Frequently he was in New England seeking aid for the College, sometimes to save it from bankruptcy, and more generally to enlarge its endowments and equipments. His success has been great. The books of the College will show how much it owes to his wise and persistent solicitations. It would be no unmeaning compliment for his biographer to appropriate to him in his great work for Marietta College, the inscription on Sir Christopher Wren's monument in the crypt of St. Paul's: "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" To say this, is no injustice to his noble predecessors in the Presidency.

Dr. Andrews had a pen that was fluent and pellucid. Some of his college papers, and those on the history of the part of Ohio in which he had lived half a century, as well as other historical papers, addresses, and sermons, are proofs of this. His work as a local historian was greatly esteemed in New England. His last appointment was before the New England Historic Genealogical Society at Boston. On his way home from this he was overtaken by death.

In his religious life Dr. Andrews was more than an ordinary man. His public devotions were always in harmony with his general character: quiet, brief, clear, earnest, reverent. It was so from the first, but when the great blow fell on his home, and took from him one whom all had learned to admire, he seemed to be refined into an extraordinary sweetness of character. This process was perfected by the loss of his two daughters and his only son. And these trials were borne with great fortitude and Christian resignation not by him alone. And the survivor, the only one, of this beautiful home, will have the sympathy of multitudes.

Dr. Andrews was the son of a New England clergyman, and was born at Danbury, Conn., in 1815. He was graduated at Williams College in 1837, was called to Marietta College in 1838, was connected with it fifty years, was honored with the D.D. by his Alma Mater in 1856, and with the LL.D. by Wabash College in 1876. Of his father's six sons, five became ordained ministers. One of his students in a burst of grief and affection, when he heard of his death exclaimed "Know ye not that a great man and a prince in Israel has fallen!"

We hear of preparations in London for the coming Pan-Presbyterian Council. The opening sermon in Regent Square, by Dr. Dykes, on July 3d, will be immediately followed by the first business meeting of the Council. The same evening the reception takes place at the Duke of Argyll's town residence. There will be ordinarily two meetings of the Council each day at Exeter Hall, a morning meeting from 11 to 3 for papers and discussion, and the evening meeting at 6, chiefly for addresses. On the Council Sunday, nearly all the Presbyterian pulpits in London will be occupied by delegates, and the Lord's Supper will be dispensed in Dr. MacLeod's church, Belgravia. One evening a reception will be given to the delegates by the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queen Victoria street. Arrangements have been made to facilitate visits of the delegates to Westminster Abbey and the Jerusalem Chamber, Eton College, Dr. Williams's Library, and the British Museum.

Our Book Table.

The North American Review for May puts in the forefront Mr. Gladstone's article on Col. Ingersoll's reply to Dr. Field, a very important contribution to this famous controversy. It shows that Mr. Gladstone knows his Bible better than Mr. Ingersoll, and finds reason a good weapon against rhetoric. It also illustrates a fact too often forgotten, namely, that whatever difficulties lie at the door of revealed religion, more and greater difficulties lie at the door of atheism, deism, and rationalism. What Mr. Ingersoll needs is a thorough study of Butler's Analogy, and he needs to take it in private at the feet of some Mark Hopkins, or Henry B. Smith. Scores of converted infidels, like Jacob Barker, for example, have confessed that their skepticism had been a form of intellectual vanity. Mr. Ingersoll's writings are full of the signs of this mental malady. Mr. David Dudley Field instructively states the Theory of American Government, and gives a concrete example of its operation. He traces the doctrine of equal rights, and shows that among its consequences are religious peace, the overthrow of privilege, and the fall of the right of conquest. The articles on Mr. Arnold, on Dangerous Trusts, on Germany's Right to Alsace, and on American Shipping, are well worth reading.

The New Princeton Review for May is as good as usual. John S. Fiske gives a vivid portrait of Balzac, whom he calls, "after Shakespeare and St. Simon, our greatest magazine of documents on human nature." Under the title of A Political Frankenstein, Eugene Schuyler gives the first of two articles on the Bulgarian difficulties, and throws light on a question that needs it. Criticism is seen at its best in W. C. Brownell's The French Provincial Spirit. Washington Gladden on Ethics and Economics, shows clearly their relation of interdependence, how "ethics is the soul of sociology, as economics is its body." William E. Curtis narrates an Episode in Central American History. Charles G. D. Roberts discusses acutely the relations existing between Pastoral Elegies. Annie Trumbull Slosson sketches an original character in Fishin' Jimmy. Jimmy's dialect account of a sermon he heard, will undoubtedly "go the rounds." The valuable Record in this number ought to give it a special sale, and the Analytical Index ought to prick the conscience of the publishing trade.

The Andover Review for May is more Andoveresque than usual, if we combine Dr. Harris's article, Law and Grace, with the Editorials. Scholars will be greatly interested in Prof. Duff's Development of Thought in Isaiah. In the article called Tolstoi on Immortality, whilst it is denied that he is pantheistic, positivistic, or materialistic, it is clearly shown that he fails in his conception of man and of Christ. Prof. Sears penetrates the Shakespearean Controversy with his large common-sense.

The Magazine of American History for May is one of the most delightful issues of the day. The many friends of the late Mr. A. S. Barnes will read with [illegible] that beloved man [illegible] of his homes, and especially the sp[illegible] ness of his lovely face.

FROM THE FORECASTLE TO THE PULPIT. By Rev. C. J. Jones, D.D. New York: American Tract Society.

No book gives more evidence of the power of the simple Gospel to win seamen to Christ. The autobiographical part is intensely interesting. Dr. Jones had been himself a sailor, and the book shows the master-workman shaping his instrument for glorious service among sailors. The narrative is compact, clear, earnest, romantic, full of incident, and proves that truth is often stranger than fiction. The letters from converted sailors are touching, and the author's account of the great revival in the Navy in 1858, is thrilling. The method of "the still hunt" (to borrow a political phrase)—that is, the seeking of separate souls and personal dealing with them—is well described, as well as the power of preaching to assemblies. That method is good for both land and sea.

THE SEA: Its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril, and Heroism. By F. Whymper. New York: Cassell & Co.

This is a bound volume of a monthly serial, and there will be much more of it, and the more the better. It is profusely illustrated with full-page and text pictures, and means to give us the sea in all its moods and tenses. The present volume takes up men-of-war, men-of-peace, men-of-the-sea and their perils, round the world on a man-of-war, officers' life on board, mutiny, and the history of ships and shipping interests. The style is familiar, the matter interesting and picturesque, and the world to which we are introduced is strange and fascinating. We can conceive of adults as well as the young, burning the midnight oil over this book.

THE STORY OF THE GOTHS, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Gothic Dominion in Spain. By Henry Bradley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. $1.50.

"The Story of the Nations" series was a happy thought, and in almost every volume of the series, most happily executed. The present volume is carefully written, in a plain and easy style, presenting what is not found in any English book—a connected story of the Goths from their dawn to their decay. Maps, illustrations, and a good index, are the publishers' additions to the author's thorough work.

SOCIETY IN ROME UNDER THE CESARS. By William Ralph Inge, M.A. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. 1888. $1.25.

The author discusses the religion, philosophy, morality, government, society, literature, art, education, marriage, daily life, amusements, and luxury of the Romans. The tale has been often told, and especially in recent works. In this volume it is told again, and told with vigor. The book is full of lessons for the present century and our own land. We notice with pleasure, as a prime trait of the author, his power of discrimination, separating always the bad from the good, and the good from the bad.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, JOHN TYLER, AND JAMES K. POLK. By William O. Stoddard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. 1888. $1.25.

This is another volume in The Lives of the Presidents, written for youth. The narrative is bright, and the history correct.

AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. By the Rev. John Kirkwood. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. 1887.

This book contains pleasant talk about people, and pleasant descriptions of the countries travelled in.

LUNCHEON. By Thomas J. Murrey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Brother. 1888. 75 cents.

Mr. Murrey's name and the success of his other books, guarantees the value of this.

XUM