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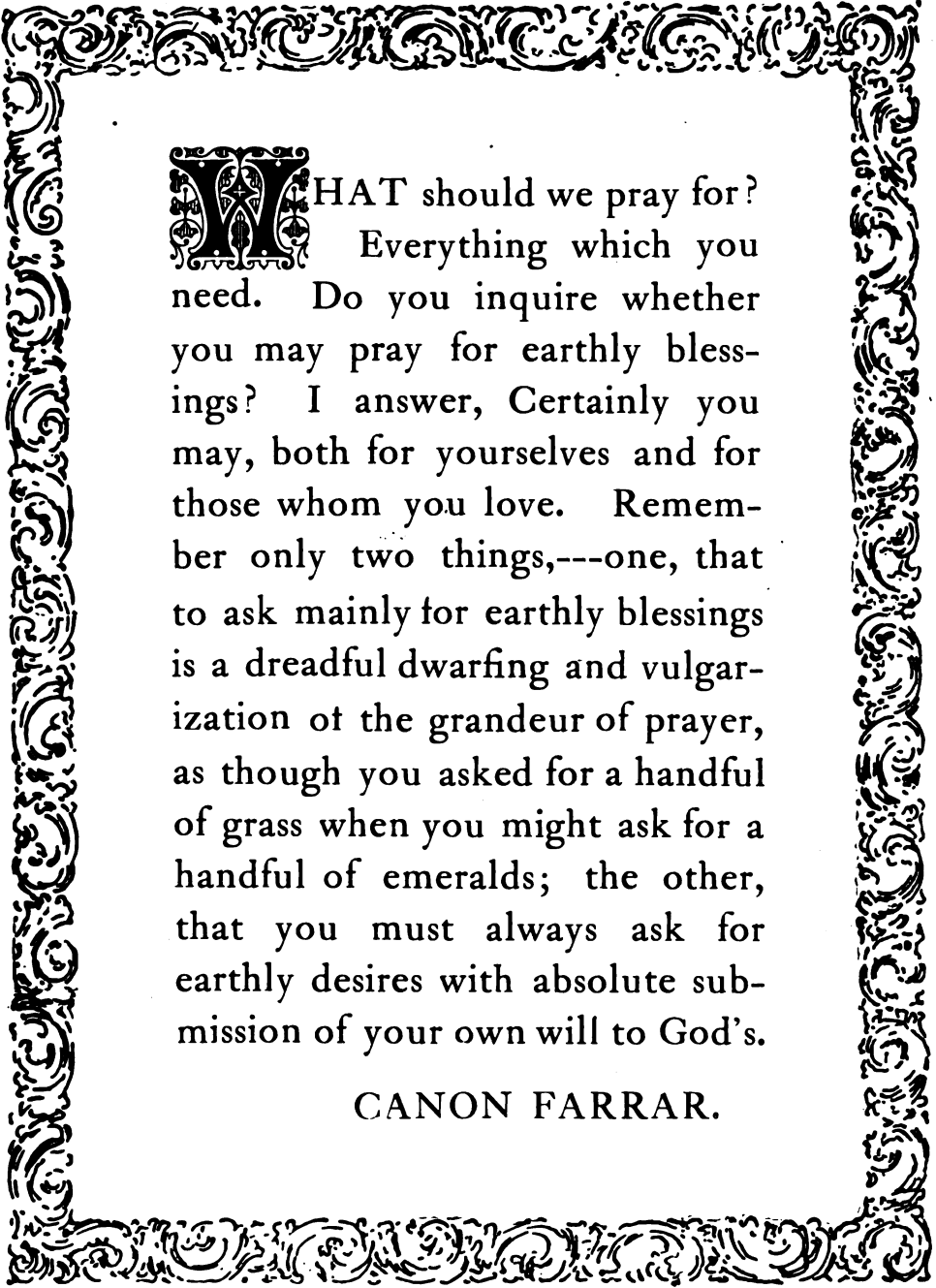
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JUST FOR FUN.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE—IN THE MISSION FIELD

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WHAT should we pray for? Everything which you need. Do you inquire whether you may pray for earthly blessings? I answer, Certainly you may, both for yourselves and for those whom you love. Remember only two things,---one, that to ask mainly for earthly blessings is a dreadful dwarfing and vulgarization of the grandeur of prayer, as though you asked for a handful of grass when you might ask for a handful of emeralds; the other, that you must always ask for earthly desires with absolute submission of your own will to God's.

CANON FARRAR.

399 A YEAR

BIBLE HOUSE

NEW YORK

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CHRISTIAN WORK

Weekly---Continuing the Christian at Work.

Volume 63

New York, Thursday, September 9, 1897.

Number 1595

[For Terms see Page 441.]

WITHOUT waiting for the action of any political convention, the Citizens' Union, on behalf of its own membership of 25,000 citizens and also of 102,000 other citizens, has nominated Dr. Seth Low, president of Columbia University, for the first Mayor of the Greater New York. With a promptness which is simply admirable and which bespeaks his hearty accordance with the policy of the Citizens' Union, Dr. Low has accepted the nomination, and the issue is before the people.

It was fitting and proper that the nomination should be made and accepted without any conference with any political organization whatever. To have done otherwise would have put the Citizens' Union and its nominee under a suspicion of having entered into a "deal" involving the bartering or surrendering of the mayor's great prerogatives under the new charter into the hands of the spoilsmen. This is not only what the friends of good government do not want, it is what they would not put up with. But happily the straightforward course of the Citizens' Union has removed all doubt on this score. The right man has been nominated in the right way. The non-partisan organization that has effected this, the method by which the result was secured, and the nominee, are all simply ideal. Every right minded man who does not desire the election of a Tammany mayor will cast his vote for Seth Low at the mayoralty election. Especially is the duty of Republicans most clear. As Mr. McKinley was supported by Democrats, and so the city was carried for him, although he was probably one of the last men they would have chosen to support, so now, and more emphatically so, it becomes the duty of all Republicans having at heart the best interests of the city to support Mr. Low, wholly regardless of what any Republican boss or any Republican convention may do or say. If the Democrats could support a Republican candidate for President from patriotic motives, surely the Republicans cannot now afford to display a less exalted example of patriotism by withholding their support of a representative reformer who is the candidate of the best men of both the great political parties, and who is himself a lifelong Republican devoted to the cause of municipal reform. It is fitting to recall the fact, just here, that on strictly defined party issues the Democrats have a majority in this Greater City of some seventy thousand votes: indeed, no man has been elected Mayor of New York since the war as a Republican. This fact emphasizes two points: first, that the Democrats in the Citizens' Union are entitled to full recognition of patriotism in accepting for the second time the nomination of a Republican for the mayoralty; and secondly, considering that Mr. Low cannot possibly be elected without the hearty support of the Reform Democracy, it becomes doubly imperative for all the Republican friends of good government to give Mr. Low

their hearty, united support. With these elements combined, as in the previous mayoralty contest, Mr. Low will be elected and the triumph of the cause of good government for the city assured.

It is encouraging to know that the end of the great miners' strike seems to be in sight. The National Executive Board of the United Mine Workers have agreed to recommend to the miners a proposition from the Pittsburg operators for a straight price of sixty-five cents a ton, to continue in force until the end of the year. A delegate convention of all miners who have suspended work will meet in Columbus during the present week to act on the recommendation. President Ratchford and the other members of the board say there is not the slightest doubt that the miners will approve the recommendation. The proposition provides for a revival of the joint conferences for the adjustment of prices. The operators are pledged to meet with the miners prior to the termination of the agreement and determine the rate of wages for the next year. Both the members of the Miners' Executive Board and the Operators' Committee are pleased with the outcome of the conference, and feel that public sentiment will sustain their action, as it undoubtedly will. And the strike might have been prevented in the first place had both parties shown the proper spirit. Experience is a dear teacher, but in the end her lessons are well learned.

By the statement put forth at the Pension Office it appears that the number of pensioners on the roll for June 30, the end of the last year, was 983,528. This total is simply prodigious and amazing: it breaks all records, and establishes the fact that now, thirty-two years after the close of the civil war, the number of pensioners is larger than at any preceding time, although the ravages of death among the survivors of the war are now becoming so great. In other words, the influx to the list still exceeds the increasing outflow. The war closed in 1865. At this last year of hostilities the number of pensioners on June 30 was 85,986. A year later it had risen to 126,722. Thenceforward the increase was steady, yet moderate, until 207,495 was reached in 1871. Two years later, in 1873, what then appeared to be its maximum was attained, June 30 showing 238,411; for the following year it fell to 236,241, this being the first decrease in a dozen years. The next June there was a falling off to 234,821; the next, to 232,137; the next to 232,104; the next, to 223,998. Then came the "arrears" and other pension acts, with the result that in 1879 the record for June 30 rose to 242,755, and each succeeding June from that time has shown an increase, larger or smaller, up to the one just past. In 1883 the number had grown to 303,658; in 1887, to 406,007, while in 1890 it passed the half-million mark, reaching 537,944. Thereafter it took prodigious bounds, influenced largely by the Disability Pension act; the increase was nearly 140,000 [the figures were 676,160] in 1891, to be surpassed by an increase of nearly 200,000

regarding success with suspicion, or at least with searching scrutiny? I conclude that the last thing we should desire for those whom we love is rapid and startling success. "Deliver us from premature success," should be our prayer; "let it come, if at all, as our nature is strengthened to receive it and secured against its dangerous influences." A sudden gleam of its false lights may send us along a fatal course and land us in a quagmire. When Charles XII. of Sweden set out on his audacious career he gained a brilliant victory over the Russians at Narva; that was, strictly speaking, his ruin; it launched him upon a series of brilliant but ineffectual victories, which brought no good to Europe and infinite harm to Sweden. From her great king's "successes" Sweden has never yet, and now perhaps never can, recover. Happy king and happy country if her forces had been routed at the beginning and the king had been sent home to govern and develop his country! The world teems with ruined lives which were started on their path of ruin by a delusive Narva! "From our victories, good Lord, deliver us; from our misleading successes and alluring accidents of luck, good Lord, deliver us; from the beckoning fingers, and the fancied plaudits, and the visionary crowns, good Lord, deliver us!" These are requests which should be added to our litanies. And—*magnis componere parva*—have I not seen an artist ruined by a first picture injuriously accepted in the Academy? Oh, woful fortune! The Academicians were sleepy, or they were deluded by a name, or a vacant place wanted filling and the frame chanced to fit. And our unhappy friend was determined in his course as an artist, seeing already the magic letters R.A. dancing after his name. Cruel success! Started on that perilous career, he paints no more Academy pictures, but paints and paints his poor soul out on canvases that no mortal eye can desire, the unhappy sport and dupe of fortune. "Ruined by success" is the epitaph to place upon his hapless tomb. Could not the kind wind of adversity have chilled the fatal output and saved the *man* by nipping the artist in the bud?

Far better was that overthrow of Edyrn, son of Nudd, Sparrow-hawk, traitor and oppressor, whom, after a brief and dangerous success, Geraint, the Prince, overthrew. It was from this defeat that he rose to really live.

And rising up, he rode to Arthur's court,
And there the Queen forgave him easily;
And, being young, he changed and came to loathe
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself
Bright from his own dark life, and fell at last
In the great battle fighting for the King.

LONDON, England.



The Rainbow About the Throne.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

A VERY common source of error is a distorted view of the character of God. Some persons take a very one-sided view of him, and a simple attribute is taken for God himself. For example, there are some who fix their eyes alone on the divine love, and when they preach, they only exhibit a Being of infinite and unmixed compassion. There is no cloud of holy wrath against sin in their azure sky, and no place for a hell in their rose-water theology. A whole class of solemn Bible-truths they consign to the waste basket.

Another type of theologians, with equally distorted vision, can see only the divine attribute of justice and holy abhorrence of sin. When a man of this type preaches, he makes his hearers listen only to the incessant thunderings of Sinai; and before their eyes he presents only a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." His half-truth becomes seri-

ous error; he may awaken sinners, but he does not make Christians. He has a Sinai, but no Calvary.

To neither of these opposite types of theologians does God appear in his true and adorable attributes of infinite perfection. No such distorted view of our Heavenly Father was revealed to that solitary dweller on the isle of Patmos when he beheld a great white throne and HIM who sat upon it. "He that sat there was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like unto an emerald." Out of that throne proceeded lightnings and thunderings; yet above it hung the soft effulgence of the rainbow. Mysterious as that apocalyptic vision was, it certainly does illustrate the sublime truth that the infinite Justice of God is overarched by his infinite Mercy that crowneth its terrors as with a robe of glorious light. The glory of these divine attributes is in their perfect harmony. Separated, one would become weakness and the other would become cruelty; one would fill heaven with unrepentant rebels, and the other would consign every transgressor to a hopeless perdition. When viewed together, we "behold the goodness and the severity of God"; combined together, they have given birth to a scheme of Redemption that will be an object of adoring wonder while eternity endures.

The tender mercy of our Heavenly Father began with the beginnings of the human race, and runs on down through all history. When our forefather committed that great primal sin of disobedience, the divine mercy rainbowed the cloud of divine displeasure by the promise of a Saviour. When the gates of Eden closed behind him, gates of Gospel mercy began to open before him. Even that physical curse, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread until thou return unto the ground," hath in it the seed of many blessings. Without the toil to earn it, the bread would lose half its relish; without the fatigues of labor, sleep would lose half its sweetness. Verily, the effects of that primal curse have been so disposed that justice has ended in loving-kindness, and the sentence pronounced at the gates of Eden has gone out into multiplied blessings.

That sorrow came into this world as the bitter fruit of sin is the common faith of Christendom. Yet sorrow and suffering are not unmixed evils; affliction is often the school in which the noblest characters are formed. How often we misread what may be called permitted providences! It was a terrible trial to the ancient patriarch that his favorite son Joseph was taken from him. "All these things are against me," is the burden of his pitiful wails. While he is wailing, the caravan heaves in sight that brings to him the tidings that Joseph is alive, and he is prime minister of Egypt. What Jacob's wicked sons "meant for evil" God had turned into a blessing. A Hebrew mother once named her boy Jabez, "because I bore him with sorrow." Yet the child that was born in grief and given a sad name grew up to be the ornament of her house, and "more honorable than his brethren." His history was like the April showers, which begin with weeping clouds, and end in brilliant sunbursts, and in rainbows painted on the sky. Good friends, have not you and I often had rich mercies brought to us under a very dark pall? Yes, and some of our richest blessings have come to us when our righteous Father was punishing us for our sins. God chastises us in love; and the difference between a true Christian and a sham Christian is that one mourns over sin and the other never minds it. Blessed are they that mourn—and *mend!* Compunction of a goodly sort tends to growth in grace. There are too many dry-eyed Christians in this world. There ought to be more tears of penitence over neglects of duty to our fellow creatures and over violations of Christ's commandments; then they that sow in the tears of contrition would

reap in the joys of pardon and increased spiritual power. Those are the tears that make rainbows.

Let us go back now to the point whence we started, and look at the most wondrous way in which the justice of the holy God is overarched by his sovereign mercy—and that is in the glorious scheme of Redemption. In these times I fear that the great central doctrine of the Atonement is not presented as often and as scripturally as it ought to be. Phillips Brooks was right when he said that "the preachers who have moved and held men have always preached doctrine; no exhortation to a good life that does not put behind it some truth as deep as eternity can seize and hold the conscience." Perhaps one reason why that eternal truth of the Atonement is not oftener preached is that pulpit teachers do not fix their eyes enough upon the exceeding sinfulness and damnable of sin against a righteous God. They do not listen to the "thunderings from that throne which is like a jasper and a sardine stone." Jehovah is infinitely holy, and the "deep substrata and base of all his ethical attributes are eternal law and impartial justice." Law is as much obligated to punish transgressors as transgressors are obligated to obey law. If God should wink at sin his throne could not stand a moment.

It is only when we fix our eyes upon the crystalline purity of that throne, and listen to the thunders of the divine justice, that we can understand aright and adore aright that magnificent *Rainbow of Redemption* that Christ's atoning work has thrown round about that throne. Jehovah can be just, and yet the justifier of every sinner that repents and believes on and obeys the crucified Redeemer. The atoning blood of Christ is the central fact in the gospel of grace. If we are justified, it is by faith in Jesus' blood; if we are purified, it is because that blood cleanseth from all sin; if we ever gain admission to the shining ranks in heaven, it is because we have washed our robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Paul gloried in pointing the eyes of all sinners to that resplendent rainbow of Redemption; it has been the theme of the Wesleys, the Chalmers, the Spurgeons, the Maclarens, the Moodys, and the mightiest ministers of our modern times. The man who cannot get into a holy glow in pointing the sinful and the suffering to that rainbow of atoning love, can never hold thoughtful minds under the spell of the "power from on high." Lift your eyes often, brethren, toward the great white throne, and get fresh inspiration from that bow of love that flashes like an emerald!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



Klondike at Tacoma.

By George W. Plummer.

THE Klondike—talismanic word—speak it, and the imagination conjures up golden visions of wondrous beauty, surpassing all that dreamland ever pictured to our thoughts. There, in the far distant, inhospitable clime, thousands of miles away from civilization—there, in "dark, unfathomed caves," lies the seductive allurements, precious golden drops, whose possession puts within reach all that this world can bestow. Here is the panacea for all earthly trouble—here the key to that treasure house of happiness unalloyed, which is the inheritance of few mortals.

As I write these lines only a few hours have elapsed since the iron steamship Willamette slipped her hawser from the Northern Pacific wharf, amid joyous music and loud huzzahs, and swung out into the bay, bearing away nearly a thousand men and hundreds of tons of supplies to that land of promise—Klondike. When the steamer left at midnight, she had occupied her place

at the wharf less than twelve hours, and yet within this brief space of time scenes were witnessed which baffle explanation on ordinary grounds or any rational hypothesis. Not less than 10,000 people flocked to the wharf throughout the day, curious to see the would-be millionaires and their outfits—the adventurers who are thus leaving the confines of civilization, and willing, not only, but eager to brave the hardships of a journey by sea and land, fraught with danger and vicissitudes that cannot be told or measured save by actual experience. Here and there were groups of a dozen, more or less, and in their midst stood one, the center of observation and interest, soon to bid adieu to family and friends, and perhaps—say it with bated breath, the unutterable words—*never to return*. As I wandered among them, and read in their anxious faces something of the heart conflict within, and as I thought of the universal uprising all over this country and elsewhere, affecting men of all degrees and grades and classes in society, the conviction came irresistibly to me that this is the work, not of man, but of the Almighty. His hand is in it. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Among the Willamette's voyagers from Tacoma I find represented the press, medical, legal and other professions, as well as business men in various lines, clerks and artisans of every kind; and many have left paying positions to try their fortunes in the famous Klondike gold fields. And before the month of August has expired, not fewer than fifteen vessels, steamers all but one, will have left this port with men and supplies for the same destination. It is said that such is the extraordinary demand for suitable vessels, that the only remedy is in a revival of ship building, and there is serious talk of this among our capitalists. The remarkable activity in business of every kind, and the moving of large amounts of stock in exchange for cash, seem to have inspired our people with fresh hope for the future, and with singular faith in the permanency of this new opening for trade. It is the opinion very generally expressed here, that an impetus will be given to Tacoma's growth, and that large accessions to its population must result within a year from the present movement. Our business streets are fairly alive with people, largely strangers, and one may see here and there swarthy, stalwart men coming from the stores, laden with immense packs of goods, bound for the water front. Some of these goods have lain for years upon merchants' shelves unsought and unsold until the present unprecedented demand. Orders are constantly going forward to manufacturers to replace these goods, and some idea of the far-reaching effect of the impulse given to business can be obtained by calculating that every miner provides himself with not less than \$500 worth of supplies of every sort. This would mean a value for the Willamette of \$500,000 in cargo, exclusive of horses, etc.

Tacoma possesses unusual facilities as an outfitting station, and I will say for the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested, that reliable and detailed information of every kind necessary can be obtained by addressing the secretary of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Samuel Collyer, who will respond to all applications with printed matter, etc., provided the necessary stamps are enclosed for return postage.

TACOMA, Washington.



"GREAT SCULPTOR! hew and polish us, nor let
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie.
Spare not the stroke; do with us as thou wilt;
Let there be naught unfurnished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!"