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The Trial of Faith.

An unexpected trial of the faith of the Christian world has suddenly fallen on the Church. We had been rejoicing in an open and effectual door in every land. The burden of the songs of the greatest Conference on Foreign Missions that was ever held, was of the hope of the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom beyond all that has been seen, of old forms of superstition passing away, and of the world's readiness for the Gospel in a marvellous degree. "Forward" was the watchword to be passed along the whole line of the advancing host, pressing on to victory through the cross. But the echoes of those songs of triumph had not died away, till the mutterings of a distant and rising storm are heard threatening to undo and utterly destroy the work of generations. Mission property destroyed, missionaries fleeing for their lives, schools broken up and pupils scattered, converts put to death, and all the work of Christ in China suddenly brought to a stand, are the tidings brought to our ears day by day, until the heart is sick with anxious forebodings.

What is to be the outcome of this fearful uprising? Who can predict the future of Christianity in China? Now we have come to a time when we are called on to walk by faith and not by sight. It is like a time in some great battle, when the rank and file do not understand the movements of the army, and can only obey the orders of the commander. The commanding general understands the situation, and with implicit faith in him the corps and divisions advance or fall back, or turn to the right or to the left according to his will. They have no will of their own in this matter. So our divine leader, the Captain of our salvation, is directing in all the movements of his Church on earth. He is more interested in his cause than any of his people, and with infinite wisdom is leading on to ultimate victory. His plans of campaign are not revealed, and all his people can do is to watch his signals and follow as he leads.

Within the last half century there was a similar trial of faith. The Sepoy rebellion in India in 1857 came upon the Christian world with equal suddenness and surprise. The cry went forth that the British rule in India was at an end, and that the Christian work of fifty years would be utterly overthrown. The blood of martyrs soaked the soil of the land of the Hindoos. With fire and sword, the fanaticism of heathenism knew no bounds. The wisest man could give no forecast of the future. It was a time of humble turning to God in this country and Great Britain, when his people bowed before him in helplessness, not knowing what a day would bring forth. But he that sitteth in the heavens was guiding in that dread calamity. The rule of the East India Company was broken, wrongs were righted, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, the storm of rebellion and bloodshed subsided, light followed darkness, and to this day the conversion of India has become more and more hopeful with every passing year.

May it not be thus in the end of this conflict in China? There may be suffering and sorrow and mourning, to be followed by an enlargement of opportunities in that great stronghold of paganism. It is a time for the exercise of faith. In these providential movements, so far beyond our control, let us hear the voice of him who says: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

In the face of present conditions, which terrify and bewilder, the whole Church of Christ needs the faith of the sea captain's child. She was asleep in the cabin when a storm burst upon the vessel, and she was awakened by the commotion and cried out in her fright. When told of the storm and the danger, she asked, "Is my father on deck?" They told her he was and was in command. "Then it will be all right," she said, and lying down, sweetly fell to sleep again. If such sublime faith in the skill of an earthly father can triumph over danger, what should our confidence be in our all-wise and loving Saviour of his people who can cause the wrath of man to praise him and the remainder thereof he can restrain! This work of saving men is his and we are only helpers. Whatever reverses may ever come in publishing the Gospel, and money and lives be lost, it is his work, to be carried on to the day of final triumph. Let the faith of every one rally under the voice of him who said: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

No Dying Cause.

Liberal thinkers seek to represent evangelicalism as waning in power, if not in the last stages of decay. They are ready to sing requiems over its departure. Some of them are not content with sad tales of its decline, but go so far as to manufacture facts by the wholesale to its detriment, even misrepresenting the dead who have been conspicuous in its propagation and defence. For instance, one of them recently in Kansas City, Mo., announced that Mr. Moody, the noted evangelist, who had been the instrument of turning thousands to righteousness through a gracious Redeemer, died of a broken heart, because he realized that he was standing for a dying cause. How any one, who makes any pretention to veracity and self-respect, could give out so utterly unfounded a statement, passes our comprehension. There is not the least basis for it. Mr. Moody was at the height of his success and glory as a Gospel preacher and worker, when the Lord called him home. He never had higher hopes in regard to the evangelical faith than at the time of his removal. He wanted to live to carry on his Christian work. He took ill in the midst of a glorious religious awakening. His was no broken heart, but a broken down constitution through excessive zeal in a cause which he loved better than life. His expiring moments were those, not of the pessimist, but of the optimist. He felt that he had been leading, not a forlorn hope, but a winning cause. The Saviour, whom he held up for human uplifting and redemption, was the source of his joy and exultation.

A Voice from the South.

An address by Rev. Dr. James A. Quarles before the Alumni of Princeton Seminary on May 8, 1900. Published by special request.

I am the honored representative of the class of 1860, of whom twenty-three have heard the Master's call to higher service; eleven are still engaged in the regular work of the ministry, while fifteen are serving in other modes of usefulness.

Your speaker has come from the land of the sun, where the solar Zeus sits upon a higher throne than here, and dispenses light and heat with a more generous liberality. He has come from the State, where the white man first made a permanent settlement on the soil of the original thirteen colonies; he has come from the Valley of Virginia, through which the Shenandoah moves peacefully to the Potomac, and which is stocked with the best blood of the middle classes from Germany, France and Northern Ireland. He has come from the country where Sam Houston, the hero of San Jacinto, was born, and Bishop Taylor, the no less heroic missionary to Africa; where Gibbs devised the noiseless sewing machine, and the founder of the Seminary at Chicago, in a blacksmith shop of logs, still standing, conceived the reaper; where the Shorter Catechism is the milk of the babes, and at the same time the cud which the ruminators chew. He has come from the picturesque village of Lexington, where the Virginia Military Institute for sixty-one years, and the Scotch-Irish Washington and Lee University for 151, have shed "sweetness and light" over all the southland. He has come from this last venerable seat of learning, founded by Presbyterian piety, endowed by George Washington, presided over by George Junkin and Robert E. Lee, and the Alma Mater of Archibald Alexander, the first professor of Princeton Theological Seminary. He has come from a house, shaken by shot and shell in '64, that sits between the graves of the knightly Lee, the cavalier Episcopalian, and Stonewall Jackson, the Puritan Presbyterian.

Generously selected as the only Southerner present of the class of '60, he brings to this banquet the olive branch. Not forgetting the angry stream that for years raged between us, filled from the veins of the heroes that wore the blue and the gray, he has come, not in penitence, but in faith, in trust renewed and affection deepened; not to utter words of passive submission but of positive gratitude, that our country was not dismembered in '65, and that the flag, under which, and for which, his great-grandfather fought in '76, still waves over him and his children, while he prays that its protecting folds may be the ægis of his children's children till it is furled, if even then it need be, in "the Parliament of nations, the Federation of the world."

As a Presbyterian of the Southern branch of the host that marches to the step of Calvin and Knox, he has come to salute with loving admiration this noble band of Alumni, who represent the grand old

Mother Church of our country's Presbyterianism. As one of the ipso-factoed signers of the Declaration and Testimony, around which the furious fight of '65 to '70 raged, and as a believer still in the principles of that document, he has come to say that he thought then, and thinks now, that it should never have caused the division of his native Synod of Missouri; that it was an evil day when we allowed the Potomac and Ohio to divide us; that the Kingdom which is not of this world should not be cleft by the things which are of this world. He has come to express the belief that he, who prayed that his people might be one, would be gratified to see this breach in Zion healed, and to utter the wish that some speaker from the South may, in the not distant future, stand here in his place to greet you from the North, not only as brethren with one Lord, one faith, one baptism, but as one in the organic life which throbs in sympathy from Maine to Mexico, from Florida to Alaska.

He has come to proclaim his belief in a universal Eirenicon, which shall embrace not only the whole Presbyterian family, but all of evangelical Christianity as well. Great changes have occurred since forty years ago we conjugated the species of Kal and discussed sub and supralapsarianism. The mountains have sunk, the valleys risen, and the rivers fallen; the old boundaries that seemed as high and broad and unsurmountable are less and less conspicuous. May they fade into a memory, so far as they serve to chill the warmth of Christian sympathy, or operate as a hindrance to efficient and universal co-operation. These lines, however, need not be obliterated; an army for greatest efficiency must be organized into differentiated sections. Let the lines be, but let them not be barriers, but bulwarks for the various phases of the truth. Let the bitterness of Marah be sweetened by the olive; let Ephraim no longer envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim; and let the ark rest in peace on the highest hill-top of successful effort, as the dove brings to its open window the token of a renewed and quickened world.

Finally, he has come to bare this gray head of his and to kneel in observance at the feet of our Alma Mater. He whose fame for accurate, reverent scholarship and successful indoctrination has grown with the century, until she stands in all the annals of Christendom without a superior, and, as we fully believe, *prima inter pares*. As he humbly, gratefully crowns her venerable and venerated head with the laurel, he would reverently place a wreath of immortelles upon the grass-worn beds, where sleep the ashes of his honored teachers—Charles Hodge, Addison Alexander and A. T. McGill, and water with his tears the new made grave of William Henry Green: *clara et venerabilia nomina*.

On June 5 Antwerp was visited by clouds of dragon flies. There were literally millions of them, and in one street their bodies were piled so deep that wagons had difficulty in moving.

Philadelphia's Mail Service.

Postmaster Thomas L. Hicks, of Philadelphia, has just issued a very interesting comparison of statistics of the local office, showing the increase of work in that department in keeping pace with the growth of the city. The statement reads:

"A careful study of the comparative statement of the operations of the Philadelphia postoffice for the fiscal years ended June 30, 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900, will show that during the period covered by the statement the free delivery service has been extended from seventy-five to one hundred and thirty square miles of territory—nearly 75 per cent. The number of buildings served by free delivery has increased from about 225,000 to 300,000—about 33 1-3 per cent. The number of people served has increased from about 1,000,000 to 1,300,000, in about the same proportion as the buildings have increased. The number of pieces of mail handled during the same period has increased from 1,820,000 to 2,000,000 pieces daily, only about ten per cent. To meet the increase in the service rendered the force of clerks has been increased from about 680 to 700, nearly twelve per cent.

"In 1893 there were in the service at Philadelphia 867 carriers, covering about seventy-five square miles of territory and serving less than 1,000,000 people, whereas to-day there are 903 carriers serving the entire population of Philadelphia county, some 300,000 buildings, and covering a territory of 130 square miles.

"This at first would indicate to the minds of some that the carriers in the Philadelphia service were now being overworked, but in view of the fact, as has been stated by a prominent postal official, that the average daily per capita amount of mail served by the Philadelphia carriers is to-day less than it is in any of the large cities, together with the fact that all our carriers are performing their service within the eight-hour schedule, instead of making over-time, as formerly, the true situation indicates that the Philadelphia carriers, as a rule, while performing a greater average service than formerly, are rendering much better service to the public."

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