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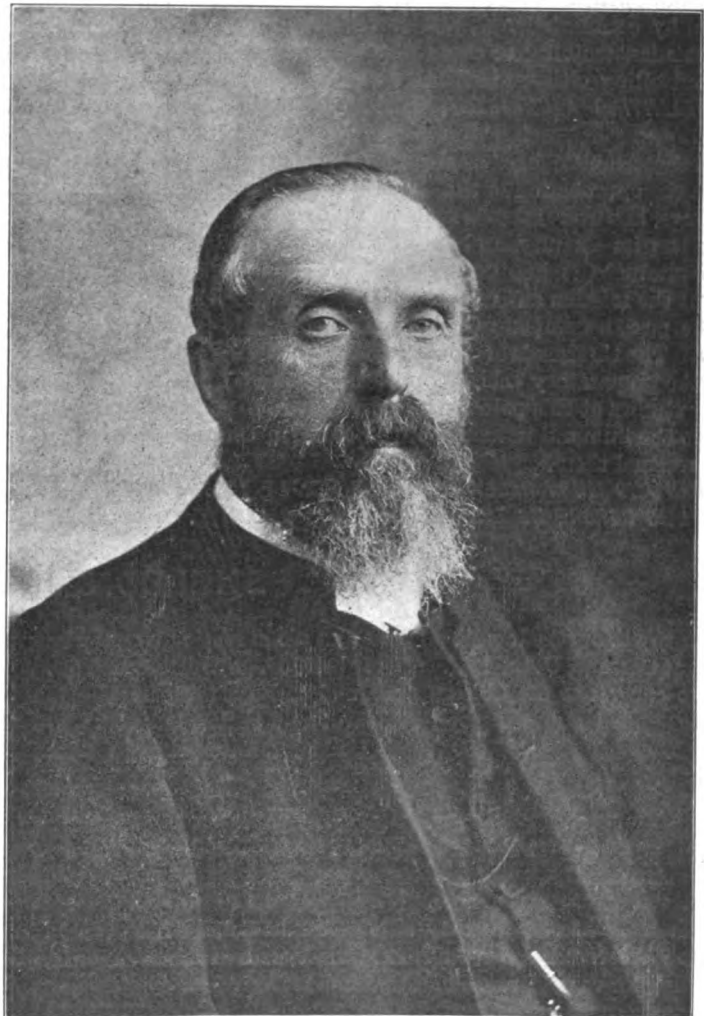
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Vol. LXX.--No. 39 NEW YORK: SEPTEMBER 28, 1899 WHOLE No. 3627

THE HOME-COMING.

Ernest Neal Lyon.

Look to the flaunting banner!
Hark the exultant bell!
And the cannon's deep-toned clamor,
What may their message tell?
Cannon and bell and banner
A common greeting bring
To heroes whom we honor,
Whose victory we sing.

From fields where the guns are sounding,
Where the shrapnel shrieks its way,
From swamps where the fever's bounding
To the death its fleshless prey,
From the beat where the sentry paces,
From the proud white ships they come
To look for the love-lit faces
That smile a "welcome home!"

Not all. O, voices calling,
Longing eyes grown dim
Columbia's tears are falling
With yours to-day for them
Who fell for a people's rising,
Who sleep while a nation wakes;
And from their blood's baptizing,
The flag new lustre takes.

All Round the Horizon

Dewey Day takes precedence in interest over the Transvaal, the Soudan, and even over the Philippines, where Admiral Dewey won his honors and added lustre to his country's fame. All New York is astir; and the remotest sections of the country are contributing to the movement. The city was never so full of strangers, and residents who usually enjoy the autumn weeks in their country homes are opening their houses now. The decoration of private houses and places of business began to be in evidence the latter part of last week, and now the whole city is a-flutter and a-blaze with flags and electric lights. But the really important feature, not only of the decorations but of the occasion is the triumphal arch with its accessories opposite the reviewing stand at the junction of Broadway, Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street.

For weeks past this arch and the columns which mark the approaches to it have been going up before the eyes of great crowds of interested observers. The marvellous rapidity with which the work has gone on has been, happily, only one factor in the interest it has aroused. It is safe to say that no public occasion in any country, in modern times, has been marked by a decoration at once so dignified, appropriate and beautiful as the group of erections which the sculptors of this city are putting up in honor of Admiral Dewey's return. The crowds who stand hour by hour watching the process of erection are not mere street loafers; they are well-dressed, intelligent men and women from all parts of the country, but also evidently many of them New Yorkers, who watch the noble work with a sympathy both patriotic and artistic.

That so beautiful and so elaborate a scheme of decoration should be destined to perish almost with the occasion which calls it into being seems unfortunate, but this is not the

first time. It is the story of the White City in miniature: the best powers of our best artists given as to a sacred cause, and the money of the people poured out as water, that the heart of the public should for a brief time be satisfied with beauty. Who shall say that money or genius were given in vain? As beauty born of murmuring sound passed into the face of Wordsworth's Lucy, so the silent beauty of the White City passed into the *morale* of a whole people. It is impossible for any profound observer not to recognize that a change has passed over the spirit of the American people, which can be traced, not to the exhibit of the products or of the customs of this and other countries, but to the conception of beauty embodied in the Court of Honor and elsewhere—the conception that Beauty, Truth, Freedom are a trinity which agree in one. So the beauty and the symbolism of the Dewey arch with its chaste and stately accessories are not temporary, however briefly they may stand before the public eye. They will pass into the heart of the people and raise in some permanent way the standard of the people's life.

As we write the words, the "extras" are announcing in monster capitals, "DEWEY HERE!" The Olympia reached Sandy Hook at 5 49 this (Tuesday) morning, and a new gladness is diffused all through the city, that our hero has come safely home. For there is no spot in the United States that is not proud and glad to call itself Admiral Dewey's home, as there is no heart so cold as not to warm with gratitude that he has been preserved from all the dangers and perils of the year and a half now ended.

The popular desire for a public idol is an outburst of that strongest human instinct by which men are led to combine for victory or convene for worship. It is sometimes a little grotesque in its expression, but it is always sincere and imposing. Looking at the Dewey arch, a flower of a day, one sees the crystalline emotion of a mighty people evoked by an experience of sacrifice, heroic endeavor and patriotic fervor, stimulated by military enthusiasm and sanctified by deepest sorrow. All the graver elements of social and religious sentiment are there enshrined. And down in the Bay there is another efflorescence, equally ephemeral, yet expressive of a permanent attitude of the public mind and heart. The light footed plaything of an Englishman sits challenging the sportsman's pet on this side of the sea to a trial of qualities that, however superficial now, are to affect the evolution of the world's marine for years to come. International comity is in league with the splendid enthusiasms roused by the yacht race. And the feeling that brings the crowds to pay homage to the newest foreign creation and the latest champion in the contest, is older than the Greek Olympiads and will outlast the pyramids of Egypt.

The news that Admiral Dewey will be most deeply interested in after his ten days at sea will doubtless be that from the Philippines.

The week has been one of more activity than has recently been the case. On Friday last an attack was made upon a railway train, which was derailed. The Filipinos were driven back after casualties on both sides. On Monday came the news of the taking by the Filipinos of the gun boat Olympia, an unimportant little craft about the size of a tug boat, coupled however with the prophecy attributed to General Otis that the surrender of the insurgents is not far off. It is officially announced that Sulu Island is to raise the American flag and that other islands in the Archipelago are of like mind, though needing a little time to adjust themselves to the situation. Meanwhile the home-coming and the forth-faring of troops goes on.

The expectation of a positive utterance from last Friday's meeting of the British Cabinet has not been made good. The word has gone to Sir Alfred Milner to temporize and the question of the Transvaal is postponed to another Cabinet meeting. Meanwhile troops are being hurried to Africa, the President of the Orange Free State has protested against the massing of British troops on his borders, and Mr. Chamberlain has announced that they are fools who suppose him to be anxious for war. The number of fools appears to be large.

Assuming that, whether foolish or not, the inevitable outcome of the situation is war, it is certainly the policy of Great Britain to gain as much time as possible, and it is the policy of the Boers to fight—if fight they must—without delay. A few weeks will suffice to double the British forces in South Africa; they will add nothing to the strength of the Transvaal—for though at this writing the decision of the Orange Free State has not been publicly announced, there is little doubt that it will be on the side of the sister Republic. As to the moral strength which comes from the sympathy of onlooking nations, the Transvaal has it now, and Great Britain can afford to do without it, so long as the government has the sympathy of the British people, and that it appears to have. There was a rather disreputable attempt to stop an unimportant anti-war demonstration in Trafalgar Square last Sunday, which culminated in a riot of no particular importance.

The American Board, the oldest of our missionary organizations for foreign work, will hold its ninetieth annual meeting in the Union Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., next week, beginning at 3 o'clock of Wednesday, October 3, when the Rev. George C. Adams D.D. of San Francisco is expected to preach. The sudden death of Dr. Lamson, the President of the Board, last summer was felt to be a great blow. The Vice-President of the Board is Mr. D. Willis James, well-known as a Presbyterian layman of this city. It will, we suppose devolve upon him to call the Board to order and preside until Dr. Lamson's successor is elected. We are sorry to add that the Board's treasury is behind, or was at the close of its fiscal year, to the amount of about \$88,000.

CHRISTIANITY IN OUR COLLEGES.

Robert E. Speer.

"The man who would show to common minds," said President Dwight of Yale, early in the century, "the connection between the colleges and the interests of the Church, would be a benefactor to his species." The uncommon minds which conceived the great colleges of this country perceived their connection. They founded these institutions in the name and for the interests of the Church. "Dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our ministers shall lie in the dust," is the language of the founders of Harvard, in describing their motives, and the motto of the university still is, "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." Even still the Chicago University is laid by the foundations of a great Church, and draws its endowment from appeals to a member of that Church. Our colleges grew out of Christianity.

And Christianity profits or suffers as the colleges favor or oppose. From godless colleges godless men will go out to make a godless society. When Christianity loses the colleges, she loses the springs from which flows the most powerful influence in America; and she gains these springs when she wins the colleges. "The universities of Prague and Wittenberg, of Basle and Lausanne, of Oxford and Cambridge, of Strasburg and St. Andrews were the birthplace of the Reformation." And almost every great movement, Christian movement, of our own country has sprung or derived support from the schools.

It is a matter for the supremest rejoicing, accordingly, that Christianity is steadily strengthening its hold upon our universities and colleges. Once they were the hotbeds of vice and infidelity. Now the proportion of Christian believers and clean men is greater in them than in any other section of the population. Last year, wholly outside the regular curriculum work of the colleges, twelve thousand men were enlisted in classes for voluntary Bible study, and more than three thousand in the systematic study of missions, while of the 108,768 students in the five hundred institutions from which reports are available where College Young Men's Christian Associations are in existence, 28,674 are members of the associations, and 47,128 are members of the church.

The organized Christian life of our colleges has approved itself to those who know it, as an every way admirable thing. Some object to it on the ground of its doctrinal narrowness. The Young Men's and Young Women's Associations require as a condition of active membership, membership in some evangelical church. On this ground the Young Women's Christian Association has not yet been able to establish itself in our leading women's colleges. I have heard the opponents of the evangelical basis of organization for college religious societies advance all their arguments. And they simply amount to a dissolution of the foundations of a Christian Church, built on the confession, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." There is more of this invertebrate religious sentiment in the women's colleges than in the men's. The secondary question of a systematic theological scheme the students in the universities are willing to defer, but there is a clear apprehension of the fundamental necessity of something robust and real, the vitality of the divine historic Christ and the sovereignty of his present lordly claims over life.

There are others who object to the Young Men's Christian Association in our colleges, because they say the Christian men are unmanly, goody-goody, too professionally religious. There used to be more of this talk than there is now. Perhaps here and there there is

justification of it still. But usually those who use it beg the whole question. Their conception of manliness is such that a Christian man can't be manly. When the manly man must drink and be able to swear and know more of the seamy side of life than the man would want his mother to know he knew, of course the clean, fine man, who despises this sort of thing, is unmanly.

It is certainly true that there are namby pambies in every set of men. There are plenty of them among the "sports" in college. And of the two, a pious Miss Nancy is at least a little preferable to a dirty man, who is unmistakably dirty but rather dubiously a man. Out of ten times that the pretext of unmanly goody-goody is advanced as justifying abstention from the Christian fellowship of our colleges, nine times it can safely be called sheer false nonsense, to the one time it might be justifiable and true. And in the latter case how manly is the man, and how worthy and sincere are his Christian sympathies and convictions, if he does not rather turn in to redeem from their abasement the richest relationships of college life? "When I went to Yale some years ago," said a friend, "I was warned against the Dwight Hall men, and told they were a set of chumps. I soon found, however, that there are two kinds of chumps; the chumps who are chumps, and the chumps who the chumps say are chumps." It is better not to speak so harshly or to call names, but it is true also that speaking of our colleges broadly, the truest manhood in them, the most popular, the cleanest and purest is Christian.

I believe it may truly be said that the safest place for a young man to be is in college. There are fewer dangers there and more safeguards. The friendships are more uplifting and enduring. A boy at home in any country town or city in America is less safely surrounded than a boy in a good American college. And yet they may be made safer, and especially ought the preparatory schools to be more considered by the Church. Men with gifts for influencing boys should be in some measure released by the Church from more conspicuous, but less valuable service, that they may give themselves to reaching the best life of the land at a time when it is plastic and under circumstances in which it is more open and responsive than it will ever be again.

Indeed, the Church needs to realize her responsibilities to the college and the school. As Professor Tyler wrote half a century ago, in "Prayer for Colleges," "The whole history of colleges proves that they have not been and were not intended to be secular institutions. They always have been Christian schools—a sort of religious society; and if they are to live and prosper, they must still continue to enjoy the patronage and the prayers, they must still be under the watch and care of the Christian Church and the Christian ministry." The right way to meet the obligation of which Professor Tyler wrote is not merely to comply with the letter of it, and dominate the colleges by a palsying ecclesiastical mechanism. It is to pour into them the fine spirit of true religion. As a simple matter of fact, the churches as church organizations and many colleges as such are doing comparatively nothing for the best religious interests of the colleges. The whole responsibility is borne by the students themselves, and there are abundant instances of voluntary religious activity among students receiving discouragement and chill from the official authorities. Many of our institutions conceive their function to be purely secular, and religion to lie beyond their sphere. The high specialization of college work tends in this direction by introducing into many faculties puny beings highly informed in some small

department leagues aloof from the bloody realities of life, but devoid of godly personality and the passion of living human power.

If we believe our Gospel, why should we regard as chimerical, as some do, Professor Tyler's sane and necessary suggestion of periodical revivals in college? "Why," he asked, "should not a revival occur every year, that every class as it enters may also enter the school of Christ? . . . Everything else in college is periodical. This is one of the most striking characteristics of college life. Why, then, should not special attention to the subject of personal religion be periodical? Classes enter and leave every year. Why should they not be converted every year? Why should not this be distinctly contemplated, expressly aimed at and specially provided for, like all the other regular exercises and arrangements of the institution?" There is suggestion here for candid examination on the part of those in charge of colleges founded to advance Christ's Church, and which are dealing honestly by men's minds and very curiously with men's souls.

The Christian life of our colleges is stronger and truer than ever in the past, thanks to the growing voluntary activity among Christian students, and the help of the student Christian organizations. The colleges are becoming the stronghold of Christian faith. What may they not be if the Church will hold them in her prayers, and if those who control them will act on the conviction that it will profit a man nothing to gain the whole world of knowledge or of things, and lose his own real life?

A FRENCH PROTESTANT WOMAN.

Rev. H. Merle d'Aubigne.

The work in the rue Nationale Hall of the McAll Mission has sustained a great loss through the decease of Mademoiselle Louise Maurgue.

When quite a young girl she had taught in the Sunday-school of the newly opened hall with her faithful friend, Mademoiselle Marie Taborié, whom we are still privileged to have amongst us. Her failing health obliged her to give up her class, but she never lost her interest and remained a most faithful and useful friend.

Louise Maurgue belonged to an old Huguenot family. She was a most accomplished woman and a good Greek and mathematical scholar. She had won the ladies' gold medal of the Sorbonne Faculty of Arts of the University of Paris, and reminded me in many ways of the cultured women of the sixteenth century, such as Olympia Morata. Moreover there was nothing of the blue stocking about Mlle Maurgue and she had to a remarkable degree the talent for conversation which is one of the greatest charms of a French woman. Her mother died early, as well as four of her brothers and sisters. Her father, a professor of mathematics, received pupils whom he coached for the entrance examinations to the "Ecole polytechnique," the French Woolwich, and it was Mlle Louise's duty to make the house pleasant for them.

When seven years ago her father suddenly died and her younger brother entered the ministry she said to her pastor, M. Hollard, that now her life work was done; but he answered her that the Lord would surely find some new work for her to do, and so it was.

Mademoiselle Maurgue was not strong, but what her hand found to do she did with her might. There were a few young men who had been in the habit of spending Sunday evening at her house. Was she to leave them to themselves now that she was alone, with theatres, public halls, and evil resorts of all kinds opening wide their doors to receive them?*

*It is not the custom in France to go to church on Sunday evening; only the McAll mission halls are open at that hour.