

# The Independent.

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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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## The Independent

For Table of Contents see Page 10.

### THE STILL OF THE YEAR.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

UP from the willow-root  
Subduing agonies leap;  
The purple fly and the dormouse  
Turn over amid their sleep;  
The icicle rock till eve  
Burns orange and blue aloft;  
And trickling and tinkling  
The snows decay in the croft.  
O mine is the head must hang  
And share the immortal pang!  
Winter or spring is fair;  
Thaw's hard to bear.  
Heigho! my heart's sick.  
  
Sweet is cherry time, sweet  
A shower, a bobolink;  
Sweet is the trillium-blossom  
Sits under her leaf to think;  
But here in the vast unborn  
Is the bitterest place to be,  
Till striving and longing  
Deliver the earth and me.  
What change inscrutable  
Is nigh us, we know not well;  
Gone is the strength to sigh,  
Either to live or die.  
Heigho! my heart's sick.

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

### THREE DOVES.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

SEAWARD, at morn, my doves flew free;  
At eve they circled back to me.  
The first was Faith; the second, Hope;  
The third—the whitest—Charity.  
  
Above the plunging surge's play  
Dream-like they hovered, day by day.  
At last they turned, and bore to me  
Green signs of peace through nightfall gray.  
  
No shore forlorn, no loveliest land  
Their gentle eyes had left unscanned,  
'Mid hues of twilight-heliotrope  
Or daybreak fires by heaven-breath fanned.  
  
Quick visions of celestial grace  
Hither they waft, from earth's broad space,  
Kind thoughts for all humanity.  
They shine with radiance from God's face.  
  
Ah, since my heart they choose for home,  
Why loose them,—forth again to roam?  
Yet look; they rise! With loftier scope  
They wheel in flight toward Heaven's pure dome.  
  
Fly, messengers that find no rest  
Save in such toil as makes man blest!  
Your home is God's immensity;  
We hold you but at his behest.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

### A DEFENSE OF THE OTTOMAN GOVERNMENT.

BY A LOYAL SUBJECT.

It does not require an intimate acquaintance with Oriental affairs to discover the fact that the government of the Ottoman Empire is by no means a light task. Turkey possesses very important provinces in Europe, and extends its sway over immense tracts of country in Asia and Africa and the principal islands in the *Ægean*. Within these vast territories all sorts of Oriental tongues are spoken, and numerous nationalities live in peace, while the most different religions are freely practiced; and this notwithstanding there is no love lost among all these heterogeneous populations.

The Armenians love not the Greeks, the Greeks detest the Bulgars, the Bulgars and Albanians have a horror of the Serbs, and so on. In the midst of all these hostile elements the Turks exercise a salutary influence. For more than four centuries and a half they have known how to make themselves feared and respected, and every temporary diminution of their power has been marked by troubles and bloody struggles on the spot where there has been a lessening of their restraining influence. Even the priestly guardians of the Holy Sepulcher would wage an internecine warfare were it not for the presence of Turkish soldiery; and the holy men of Mount Athos have more than once asked for the intervention of the Sublime Porte to settle their differences and pacify their intestine strife. The other day a sanguinary quarrel took place in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher between the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Greeks, who dispute about the right of entrance to a staircase leading to the Garden of Gethsemane. Without the intervention of the Turkish troops, there is no doubt that this quarrel would have developed into a frightful massacre.

Contemporary history could furnish many examples of the pacifying influence exercised by the Osmanlis on the numerous rival races and communities which inhabit Turkey and which, worked upon and excited from abroad under the guidance of the political ambition of the time, strew with thorns the excessively arduous path of the Turks in administration.

Placed between the manifold and perilous duties of policeman for the various and rival populations of Rûmelia and Anatolia, guardian of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus and member of the European system, harassed by the incessant exigencies of the great Powers and the turbulent impatience of the small Balkan States, with everything to be done in a country which has had to suffer cruelly from war and invasion, the Ottoman sovereign and Ottoman statesman must show uncommon adroitness and suppleness in order to prevent conflicts.

Peace, however, reigns in the Ottoman Empire since the direction of affairs has been placed in the hands of Sultan Abdul Hamid; and God knows the difficulties unceasingly cropping up, the innumerable political, territorial, administrative and financial questions, created and bequeathed by the last war, with which this sovereign, who has gained the sympathies of all, has had to cope. Now it is Greece which puts forward exaggerated pretensions, and then Montenegro; then Serbia is ready to fall upon Bulgaria, etc., etc.

The patient efforts, the sagacity and foresight displayed on these dangerous occasions by the Ottoman Emperor are really prodigious. In the midst of the political occupations and preoccupations of which these few lines give but a feeble idea, it can be imagined how difficult it was to provide for the administrative and industrial regeneration of the country; and yet, notwithstanding, never since Turkey came into existence, have such great reforms been undertaken and carried out.

The question of the construction of railways, which languished for many years, and which was thought to be surrounded by insuperable difficulties, has been solved. A German company has undertaken to construct the railway from Scutari to Angora, and eventually from Angora to Bagdad, and has pushed on the works with great activity; the same may be said for another company, which at present is making a line to Brusa in Asia Minor, the ancient capital of Turkey.

Similar concessions have been granted to other companies, Belgian and English, for the making of railways connecting the ports of the Black Sea and the Syrian coast with the interior of Asia Minor. To these industrial enterprises are to be added a long series of concessions for the working of mines and construction of ports

which will infallibly contribute to the development of the prosperity of the country. In this connection there are already to be observed very reassuring symptoms. Production and commerce have considerably increased. The exports from Turkey to the United States, which at the beginning of Abdul Hamid's reign, in 1876, were only of the value of 200,000 Turkish liras, amounted last year to 900,000 liras. This proportional increase is about the same for the majority of the countries with which Turkey is in commercial relations.

One of the questions which have been the object of the Sultan's lively solicitude is the intellectual development of his subjects. A well-conceived and extensive program of reform in public instruction has been applied in all the provinces of the Empire, resulting in the establishment of more than two thousand primary and secondary schools. The instruction, which till recently was of the most primitive kind, has been completely modified and systematized. It greatly resembles that in use in French schools.

With the object of forming an educated and intelligent bureaucracy the Sultan has founded on his own initiative the college for civil officials which is on the model of the Free School of Political Science in Paris. This establishment has worked creditably for more than twelve years, and several of the scholars who have completed their studies there occupy high offices.

The Law School has also been founded by the Sultan, to be an establishment whence in future the judges of the courts of the Empire will be chosen.

Another reform of the greatest value is that which extends the benefits of secondary instruction to Mussulman women. Until Sultan Hamid's reign there were no young girls' schools worthy of the name. By the Sultan's express orders four girls' schools have been founded; and they have nearly the same program as the Lyceum, with music and needlework in addition. The results have been marvelous. The German Empress visited the schools when in Constantinople, and she was struck by the admirable results that have been obtained.

If it is true that the greatest hope of a country must always come from within, then the political strength of Turkey has kept pace with her material and intellectual growth. The qualities of Sultan Hamid as a ruler joined to his virtues as a man have created one sentiment in the hearts of the diverse peoples of the Empire—love and esteem for the sovereign. Goodness, humanity and charity such as he daily displays have caused him to secure a strong hold on the affection of the great mass of the people. Frequently one hears it said of him: "He is our father"; after all the proudest title that any ruler can hope to attain.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

### A CHRISTIAN TO BE COPIED.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

WHILE some good people are overpraised, there are others who hardly get their dues. One of these too much neglected worthies is Barnabas, the "Son of Consolation," or "Son of Exhortation," as some Bible scholars prefer to render it. How seldom do we hear his name mentioned either in the pulpit, or the prayer-meeting, or anywhere else! Yet to my fancy he is one of the very noblest of the New Testament heroes. As a blind person may detect the presence of a rose by its fragrance, so this good man's character exhales a peculiarly sweet perfume of godliness to those who will study it. He was just the sort of Christian needed in all our churches in these days. The Bible is very chary of eulogies; but it does not hesitate to call him "a good man and full of the Holy Spirit." In three or four vital points he is a Christian to be copied.

1. He was a native of the island of Cyprus, which was renowned for the worship of Venus, and the very name "Cyprian" is still a synonym of impurity. But as the brightest light is kindled on a point that comes out of a bed of charcoal, so this light-bearer of the Gospel came out of a very dark region of debauchery and idolatry. His original name was Joseph; but another name was given him after his conversion to Christ. They christened him Barnabas, the Son of Consolation. That is a name to be proud of, and it comprehends a vast deal; it signifies a helper of the weak, a guide to the wandering, a comforter of the sad, a succor of the perishing, with an eye to discover misery and a hand to

relieve it. My old friend, William Arnot, has well said that this name bespeaks a fine character. "To possess consolation is to give it, not to give it is to possess it. The more of it you have, the more you may give; and the more you give to others, the more you retain for your own use. This circle, when it is set agoing moves perpetually, like the sea giving out its waters to the sky, and the sky sending back the boon by the rain and the rivers to the sea again." The power of this man laid in the same quality that characterized nearly all those first converts to Christianity, and that was their superabounding sympathy. Their sharing with each other of the good things and their "breaking of bread" together from house to house were tide-marks to show how high the flood of love was rising in their hearts. "Communism" is a very ugly word as it is often spelled by demagogues and by the Devil; but there is a genuine communism of heart and Christly sympathy that is sorely needed in many of our churches in order to keep them from degenerating into exclusive social clubs. Barnabas, if in New York or Brooklyn or Boston now, would likely be found in a mission church for the half or the whole of every Sabbath. He would show us how to bridge the chasm between wealth and poverty, and between Christian culture and city heathenism. On many an evening during the week, he would be found beside the squalid bed of sickness, or amid the swarming outcasts of the slums. The secret of power with General Booth and his Salvationists is their personal sympathy with the wretched and the wrecked. When the members of our churches become "sons of consolation" in the broadest sense of the word, bestowing not merely their dollars, but their time, their presence and the sympathy of their hearts upon the unchristianized masses we shall have a primitive and pentecostal revival. Personal sympathy is worth more to the poor, the suffering and the neglected than silver and gold. Pulpits speak only for an hour or two and then only to those who fill pews before them; it is by *sermons in shoes*—and plenty of them—that the suffering and the sinning only can be reached. The curse of too much of what passes for Christianity is its selfishness.

2. There is another plume in the coronet of Barnabas. He was the father of systematic beneficence. We are told that having land he sold it, and brought the money and laid it at the Apostles' feet. Having given his heart to Christ, he consecrated a goodly portion of his property to his Master's service. Some others of the new converts may have done this as soon as he; but he is the first one mentioned. He is, therefore, to be regarded as the pioneer in that long procession of systematic givers which reaches on to our times, and numbers in its ranks the Nathanael Ripley Cobbs and James Lenoxes and William E. Dodges, and many other bountiful stewards of the Lord; and not only they who gave of their abundance, but every conscientious Christian who gives according to his means—however humble—and gives spontaneously. Barnabas did more than fling loose money into Christ's treasury. He sold real estate and contributed the proceeds. That looks as if there were real self-denial in the transaction, and that the man would stand a pinch for Christ's sake. When he was converted, the work reached not only the bottom of his heart, but the bottom of his pocket.

Now, in this respect, this Cyprian convert is worthy of imitation; for the prevailing sin of the day is self-indulgence. It is eating like a canker into the life of many of our churches. It hankers after rosewater preaching in rosewood pulpits, and leaves its pew empty on unpleasant Sabbaths. It robs Christ's treasury in order to fare sumptuously and to keep up a showy turn-out. It is ready to deny Jesus Christ, but not to deny self. Barnabas heads the line of a genuine apostolic succession. In its ranks are the hard-toiling seamstress and washerwoman who drop their hard-earned dollar into the collection plate; in its ranks also is the mission school teacher who sallies off in a driving storm to carry his Gospel loaf to the group of hungry children. Those educated girls who went South to teach ragged Freedmen their alphabet and their B-bble belong to this same high peerage of divine nobility. Brethren, let us pray for more Barnabases and Dorcas, and for more of the *grace that pinches!* The conversion that never lowers a man's pride and never empties a man's pocket is a pious sham.

3. There is a third star in the crown of our model-man Barnabas. He was not only a son of consolation and the pioneer of unselfish benevolence, but he was also the first city missionary and the first foreign missionary that we read of. Into gorgeous and idolatrous Antioch he went as the herald of the Gospel; and he carried that Gospel through the streets with such power that "much people was added to the Lord." He needs assistance, and be-thinks him of Saul, and hastens off to Tarsus after him. As Sir Humphrey Davy discovered and developed Michael Faraday, so Barnabas first brought out the fiery vigor and indomitable zeal of the man who was yet to become the chiefest of the Apostles. Henceforth for a time Barnabas and Saul are linked in missionary labors, as we now associate together the names of Moody and Sankey. They both begin and carry on the most effective kind of Christian work, and that is by *personal effort*; the converts whom they made were the earliest who ever bore the name of "Christians." From Antioch they depart on a foreign mission to Cyprus, and in his native island

we lose sight of our faithful Barnabas. He had built his monument and written his name among the immortals.

There is some encouragement in endeavoring to copy this pioneer in good works, because he was not an entirely sinless character. We are told that there arose a contention between Paul and Barnabas, and probably, as in most quarrels, both may have been somewhat to blame. Barnabas was not therefore one of the inimitable "pieces of perfection." I sympathize with my dear brother Spurgeon, who always fought shy of "the holiness people" who trumpeted their own sinlessness. He once dismissed three of his gardeners because they professed to be perfectly holy, and yet "came late, went away early, and spoiled his shrubs." He said: "I have now got three sinners, and they manage my garden beautifully." Probably Barnabas made no higher profession of perfection than did his glorious coworker, Paul. He was simply a "good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." What divine grace made him it can make each of us, if we empty ourselves and seek to be filled with the Spirit. It does not help us much to name our churches after the Apostles; but we may strive to copy in our lives such a servant of Christ as Barnabas. The need of the hour is not for more geniuses in the pulpits, but for more personal consecration among the masses of Christ's followers.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

### THE POSTHUMOUS ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD,  
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS died at Valladolid, May 20th, 1506, the victim of bitter disappointment:

"A falcon towering in her pride of place  
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed."

Or more truly, it might be said that a flight of vulgar crows had worried this strong falcon to the death. It was a pitiable sight. In the uttermost neglect "the Admiral of Spain," the "Viceroy of the Indies," the Discoverer of America, lay dead. No one paid any heed to it. No mention of his death found its way to the Court where he had loved to bask; no gossip of it into Peter Martyr's letters, wherein his discoveries had found so large a place. June was half gone before a record of the town, having occasion to allude to him, woke in the recorder the memory that "The said admiral is dead." The time had come for rest. In the dark cloister of some convent it was time to lay him down with the Church's sweet and simple lullaby, "*Requiescat in pace!*" It was time for the chroniclers to record that

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

But his restless spirit asked no repose of death, and prayed not even for repose of body when the soul had fled. His longing turned not to his native land, as so many world-weary hearts have turned in death. There was no desire

"Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth."

He panted still for that far land whither he had sailed upon his deathless voyage. He asked of Spain but temporary refuge for his bones. Yonder, beyond the sunset seas; yonder where he still believed that he had tracked the declining sun to the very portals of the dawn, he wished to mingle his dust with the golden sands. His was

"A fiery soul which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,  
And o'er informed the tenement of clay.  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high  
He sought the storms."

And as "wild ambition loves to slide, not stand," he never found contented foothold on the earth. His death was but the signal for fresh voyages—so that the appropriate inscription for his tomb was: *Emigravit.*

This longing was a weakness. He longed for such an epitaph as Christopher Wren found in his great cathedral, on which is written: *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*; an epitaph which has, indeed, been written for his soul, if not graven over his mortal dust. How much more worthy is the inscription on Shakespeare's tomb:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here.  
Blessed be he that spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Those bones in their narrow heritage have made all Stratford their memorial, while if they had been dragged to Westminster Abbey by some mistaken monarch seeking to do them honor, how much less homage would they receive to-day. We have a horror of desecrated graves, be the excuse what it may. From that empty tomb in Henry VII's chapel in Westminster, where for a time England's greatest ruler slept, to those opened by the most pious hands, we feel a varying but inevitable shrinking. But the relics of saints and martyrs, real and fraudulent, carried about from one end of Christendom to the other, had doubtless robbed Columbus's mind of this natural sentiment. Even he, however, no doubt would have shrunk from giving his body piecemeal to the various islands of his discovery. Yet if it was not repugnant to his mind to see the saints divided to the four corners of the earth, why should he not have left morsels of his mortality to the scattered cities of the springing New World? Robert Bruce directed his heart

to be carried to the Holy Sepulcher. He might have left his weary feet and their shackles to Spain; his heart to Hispaniola; his brain to that far shore which he had but touched upon. What would he have sent to this great Protestant Republic which is the noblest monument of his work? No blessing, it is to be feared.

Let us see how his dying wish was satisfied. Much new light has recently been shed upon the controverted question of his earlier and later burial places, and the story is a strange and striking one.

It is probable, tho not absolutely certain, that at his death his body was at once temporarily interred in the Franciscan Convent of Valladolid. His enemies were in possession in the New World; for a time at least his bones must remain in Spain. The old story is that here the body remained till 1513, seven years after his death, and that then it was removed to Seville by the order of King Ferdinand. It was an improbable story from the first. King Ferdinand was at best an unlikely person to do so thoughtful and gracious an act. It is now thought that the removal was made probably by his son, Diego, previous to his sailing to the West Indies on June 9th, 1509; that is, within three years of his death. In the meantime, Diego had prosecuted his claims, and partly through an influential marriage with Maria de Toledo, niece of the Duke of Alva, recovered a large part of them. So the body was laid in state in the Carthusian vaults in the convent at Seville. Here his brother Bartholomew and his son Diego were also to be buried in after years.

The famous distich,

"A Castilla y a Leon  
Nuevo mundo d'ó Colon."

is said to have been inscribed by King Ferdinand upon a monument erected here. This story, accepted by Irving, is rejected by modern scholars, whose view is well expressed by Mr. Winsor, who says: "Such an inscription was never thought of till Castellanos suggested it in his '*Elegias*' in 1588."

There was no capacity for government in the Columbus family. Diego failed only less signally than his father had done, and died crushed and worn out February 23d, 1526. He was succeeded, after a long struggle carried on by his widow, by his son Luis, in 1536; but Luis did not proceed to his government till 1540. In the meantime a cathedral had been long in process of erection, and thither it was intended to transfer the remains of the great Admiral. According to the records of the convent they were surrendered for the purpose of removal in 1536. This was, no doubt, coincident with the compromise of the Government with Luis, and was long accepted as the date of removal. The royal order was not signed, however, till June 2d, 1537. Still there were delays and further orders of August 22d, 1539, and November 5th, 1540; and the removal seems to have actually taken place in 1541. There is nothing to fix the time when the body was laid in the cathedral of San Domingo nor any contemporary record of the spot where it was laid. The first distinct statement that the body was in the cathedral, known to us, is of the date 1549. Not till 1655 is anything said of the spot, and then it is not named. A record of 1676 says that it was on the right of the altar, and another of 1683 speaks of "a leaden case in the sanctuary at the side of the platform of the high altar . . . according to the tradition of the aged in this island." A hundred years sufficed to turn things completely around. Like everything else in Spanish America the burial place of Columbus suffered a revolution. The tomb was now located on the left, or "Gospel" side of the altar.

During all this time there was known to be a corresponding coffin of lead in a sarcophagus of stone on the "other" side, whichever that might be, reputed to contain the body or bodies of other members of the family, spoken of with varying degrees of error. This being so it apparently made little difference in the general confusion of relics common to Romish cathedrals which was which. And while the uninstructed might not know which was right and left, as, like so many mundane things, it depended on which way you looked at it, when the matter crystallized into "Gospel" and "Epistle" sides it was fixed. So when the Spanish half of the island passed to France, at the ratification of the treaty of Basle (July 22d, 1795), and the Spaniards wanted to take the remains of the great Admiral with them, the "Gospel" side was the one opened.

What remained of the worldly goods and titles of the great Admiral had gone through many hands. The male line became extinct in 1578. The succession passed first to the Portuguese family of Portugal, descended from Isabella, daughter of Diego; then in the ninth generation, in 1764, to James Edward Stuart, great-grandson of James II of England, through the illegitimate Duke of Berwick; and finally, in 1790, to Maniano de Larreatigui, a descendant of Diego's son, Christopher, of Basque blood. This was the then Duke of Veraquas, and he undertook the cost of the removal. The chapter of the cathedral assented to the removal, and the Captain-General of Spain, Gabriel de Arista, undertook it. It was done in haste. The time was not suited to mortuary investigation, nor were historic doubts familiar features of San Domingan thought. The Gospel side of the altar was examined, a satisfactory casket found, the remains were put in a casket of lead, gilt, and the cortege sailed for Cuba.

Arrived at Havana these remains were dealt with in a manner at last worthy of the wishes of the Admiral. All was done with military magnificence, an oration was delivered by Caballero, and the casket consigned to its final resting-place with Spanish pomp.

Nearly another hundred years had slipped by, when, in 1877, it became necessary to make some repairs in the cathedral at San Domingo. Upon the right of the altar in the course of the repairs the vault was opened, and a leaden case containing human bones was discovered. It appeared from the inscriptions that these bones were those of Don Luis. After a time search was made on the left or "Gospel" side of the altar where a vault was found empty. Where then was Diego? for it was well known that the three had been buried in these vaults. Further search revealed the fact that, separated from the vault, on the side toward the wall of the building, by a six-inch wall, there was another vault, and in it a leaden case. In this case were found bones, dust, a leaden bullet, two iron screws which fitted the holes of a small silver plate found in the case. This casket bore on the outside, on the front and two ends, the letters C. C. A. Upon the top of the casket was an inscription much abbreviated, which has been interpreted to mean "Discoverer of America, first Admiral." The inside of the case on the underside of the lid contained another abbreviated inscription, which has been interpreted as "Illustrious and renowned man, Christopher Columbus." The small silver plate above referred to bore an inscription, part of which is supposed to mean "A part of the remains of the first Admiral Don Christopher Columbus, discoverer." The theory is that this is the casket which, after repeated removals between the years 1509 and 1541, found a resting-place in the cathedral of San Domingo.

Considerable pains were taken in making the investigations to avoid occasion of suspicion. The discovery was announced by the Bishop, and the news was naturally seized upon and widely published. Alphonso XII of Spain at once appointed an envoy, Senor Prieto, of Havana, to go to San Domingo and co-operate with the resident consul in a thorough investigation. The envoy had already published a pamphlet upon the subject. In March, 1878, he prepared and forwarded to the Captain-General of Cuba an official report, in which he declared against the authenticity of the lately discovered remains. From that time to this there has continued no little controversy upon this point. One of the explanations offered is that the remains were really those of Christopher Columbus, the son of Diego, and that the inscriptions have been tampered with. The general tendency until quite recently has been to share the Spanish opinion that the whole affair was gotten up, and that no mistake was made in the transfer to Havana. Recent investigations, especially those just published by Rudolph Cronan, have caused the pendulum to swing back the other way; and it is probable that the very decided opinion expressed in President Adams's paper, recently read before the American Historical Society, will be widely accepted in this country. It is one of those questions, however, in themselves of little importance, around which gathers a strong historical interest, and in certain minds a strong sentimental interest. The indifference which pervades even clerical minds in Roman Catholic countries, on such questions as authenticity of relics throws a suspicion around the alleged discovery; while, on the other hand, the fact of the want of early records, the hurry of removal of 1795, and the uncritical character of all those connected with it, render all reliance upon anything which falls under suspicion in connection with the removal to Havana very unworthy of historical confidence.

Such is the present condition of the problem. History has settled the claims of the various places in Italy, Corsica and even England, for the birthplace of Columbus in favor of Genoa. It remains yet to determine where he is buried, or where at length he shall find a permanent resting-place. If we were inclined to moralize we should be tempted to suggest how fitting it would be, as one of the penalties of historic justice, that he should forever remain upon that island which has seen, perhaps, the worst results of his incapacity. At Havana his dust would repose in the midst of unwelcome scenes; but it would be surrounded still by circumstances which he helped to mold, and his body would be in the midst of what he so long bore the penalty of in life—Spanish incompetence in the New World.

Nowhere whither his errant footsteps, or his tossed-about body has gone, has he hitherto lighted upon a scene which has justified the splendid dreams which he cherished prior to his first great voyage.

EASTON, PENN.

## THE MINISTER AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

### II.

I COME to the third suggestion concerning the duty of the minister in the fulfillment of his divine commission to proclaim among men the divine message of "peace on earth, good will to men." He should seek to build up permanent institutions of help. The Church is designed to save civilization, not to save souls from civilization—lifting them from earth to Heaven. It is to build up a kingdom of Heaven here on earth. There is great dan-

ger of obtruding too constantly the higher and supernatural elements of religion upon men who are not yet familiar with the human side of it; just as tho we were to subject a student leaving the preparatory school to the senior examinations as a condition of his matriculation in the lowest class of the college, or make a critical thesis upon a school of painting the only condition of admission to a picture gallery.

We need a church opened every day, and wise provisions for week-day contact with the people we would elevate and save.

When shall we have numerous, easily accessible and attractive *cafés*, public parlors, libraries, picture galleries, in the very heart of the communities most needing them; lectures and art lessons for the benefit of ambitious young people; people's palaces, concert and lecture halls, where, at the expense and under the direction of society at large, and in harmony with the loftiest moral standards of the Church, there may be provided every night scientific, literary, historical, biblical and art lectures, and entertainments varied, recreative, instructive and uplifting?

When will the architecture of tenement houses be improved? When will the *Familistere* and social palace of Guise in France, projected and carried on so successfully by M. Godin, be reproduced in our own land, where the love of man for man expresses itself in a splendid structure, with all the comforts of life, with kindergartens, playgrounds, schools of every grade, halls for lectures and concerts, and every other aid to the ennobling and refining of the people?

The good Samaritan bound up the wounds of the man hurt by the thieves. He did well. He took him to an inn near by, where the poor man might be cared for; and this was well. But "greater works than these" may be done, and are being done to-day; for is it not better to have a hospital than an inn? And would it not be still better if thieves were suppressed by force, or if by public institutions of learning, good homes, and the radical methods of the true Church, their characters were changed? or, better still, if by wise training in youth they were prevented altogether from becoming thieves?

The minister must consider carefully and discuss freely the relations and responsibilities of the so-called fortunate or wealthy classes. Viewed in all lights and relations, it is not certain that wealth is of real and permanent advantage to its possessor. It may be, it is easily possible for it to be more harmful than useful. But wealth has certain advantages. It relieves its possessor from all anxiety concerning the personal comfort, present and prospective, of himself and family. It guarantees every advantage to his physical life, the wisdom and skill of the best physicians, wide travel, change of air and scenery, and all the healthful influence of physical environment. It gives literary and educational advantages, books without limit, conversation with scholars and specialists, who often feel honored by the opportunity. Foreign libraries, drawing rooms, picture galleries, are ready with their treasures, when he chooses to avail himself of them. Wealth gives him social standing, which ministers to self-respect, and affords that inward complacency which comes to him who knows that he is respected.

But wealth has great perils. These the minister should thoroughly know. Physical perils, for example. A pampered body soon becomes a diseased body, and both intellect and conscience are likely to suffer from it. Children of wealth may be brought up in indolence, self-indulgence and dissipation. The very neglect which often comes from the claims of society and heavy business interests; transforms what would otherwise be opportunity for good, into greatest peril. Children of wealth are often trained with false views of others, and especially of those who lack this world's goods. They easily form a habit of patronizing the poor. Now and then a sense of superiority leads to the careless treatment of them, or to a raillery at their expense, to which the rich companion would not be subjected; an habitual feeling of indifference, perhaps a mild contempt. They talk about poor people as tho they were a lower class of society, forgetting that there are just two classes of society—first, the noble and refined, rich and poor; and second, the low and coarse, rich and poor.

The children of the rich are in danger of becoming nothing more than bejeweled, white-fingered tramps in society. Girls in parlors, elegantly dressed, may be ignorant of the very rudiments of literature, science, art, and even of morals and religion. Familiar with the conventionalities of society, given to frivolities, indolence and a contempt for those whom they are trained to regard as their inferiors, they become really more pitiable than the coarse girl of kitchen or factory. These things the minister should know, and both in public and in private speak with fidelity.

The rich have peculiar responsibilities. Where much is given, much is required. Especially should they give to home life the greatest care, spending time with their children, giving them just views of society and of duty, training them to reverence the high and holy verities of a true faith. Wealth is not a substitute for learning, learning is not a substitute for delicacy, courtesy and nobility. As mere wealth cannot give musical taste, learning cannot give conscientiousness, selfishness, love and spiritual interest; therefore, in every home is

needed religious training, and the ministry should labor to secure such faithful instruction from the parents.

The rich should come in contact with the needy and suffering, calling, grasping the hand, training their children to appreciate worth wherever it is, and to be full of the spirit of help. It does wealth good to go on foot now and then. Walter Besant, in one of his admirable stories, introduces a character who belongs to "that large school of philanthropists who would treat every painful case with half a crown and a basket of grapes, and so great is their sympathy with those who suffer that they cannot bear even to think of them, much less to talk about them." Wealth must expect to contribute to the building up and benefit of society. As Judge Tourgée says: "Society ought not to let a willing man fall into helpless poverty," and Frederick Harrison insists that "The true socialism is this: The use of capital turned to social objects, just as capital arises from social combination." Let the minister, therefore, give words of instruction as to humanity, education and political science, from the Gospel point of view.

Let him also give words of warning and reproof, showing men of wealth that it is a crime to use their great opportunities to so little advantage; and let him do this courteously, candidly and courageously. The charge is made by Judge Tourgée that the modern pulpit "preaches kindness, but it is careful not to rebuke greed"; and he boldly says: "If the Church would stop worshipping money, and let the world know that it regards the needless amassing of wealth just as unmanly and unworthy as an overindulgence of food, that would soon become as unpopular as gluttony has among people of refined taste."

The minister should have words of consolation for the rich as well as for the poor. It is vain to suppose that wealth always lives in sunshine. Tears are wept and hearts break in the palace as well as in the hovel. The death of the firstborn in the house of Pharaoh causes as great grief as the death of the firstborn in the hut on the edge of the desert. There is a time when the rich are poor. They wail out their woe by the side of the silent, who will never again give answer to the cry of their love. What are pictures and statuary and luxury when the hearse is at the door?

The true minister of Jesus Christ will never seek the cheap popularity which is gained by the wholesale denunciation of wealth and the wealthy classes. He will always distinguish between wealth well-gotten and wealth ill-gotten. Honorably inherited or honorably earned, it is a crown of honor; while the wealth which comes by fraud—well there is a stain of blood on the gold.

Were the Christian theory to prevail, we should find increasing honesty and generosity among the magnates of commerce. Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, England, says: "The law of Christ requires the tradesman, the manufacturer, the merchant, to carry on his business under the competitive organization of modern industry, as if Christ were the head of the firm. It requires the clerk, the manager, the foreman, the workman, the porter, the errand-boy, to do his part as if Christ were the head of the firm, as unto the Lord, not unto men." And well would it be if these masters of millions could believe with Ruskin: "There is no wealth but life; life with its powers of love, of joy, of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."

The minister must likewise consider and discuss the relations and duties of the so-called "poorer" classes of society. He should identify himself with them, as the Master did; visit them precisely as he visits the rich; give them the same attention; distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy, the refined and the coarse, the cultivated and the illiterate; but in his office as a minister help all as they need help. A minister in Boston, recently calling on one of the so-called humbler families of his parishioners, left a cheap printed visiting card. Calling the same afternoon in another part of the city, on a family occupying a higher social position, he left an engraved card. The families being related to each other, happened to compare the two; and both did a bit of thinking.

The minister should aim to put every family at its best, remembering the power of home, promoting by all-wise ways a love of order in life, the use of wholesome food; the formation of right habits, the cultivation of good taste, and the development of the higher social elements. Victor Hugo says: "All the nuns in the world are not worth as much as one mother in the formation of a young girl's soul. . . . All the crimes of the man begin in the vagabondage of the child. . . . The two prime functions of the State are the nurse and the schoolmaster." The minister will find in these lowly homes some of the most charming and cultivated people in the world; for often in cottages Poverty keeps house for Royalty, and there abide delicacy, taste, genius, courage and faith. It is often the case that among a company of mechanics there are more wit, brilliancy, common sense, knowledge of human nature, than may be found in more pretentious circles. The conversation in lowly homes, where the boys and girls go to high school, and