

FAITH HOPE LOVE



THE WESTMINSTER

OUR FOUNDATION - THE WORD OF GOD
OUR PURPOSE - TO UPBUILD THE KINGDOM

A Thought For Weather Watchers

BY H. H. BARSTOW

A thought has been singing its message to me,
Like the song of a bird in the night :
My sleep since I heard it is dreamless and free,
My spirit unharassed and light :—

*The sunset across the blue heavens may fling
A forecast of foul or of fair :
But whatever to-morrow, to-day I will sing,
For God will not fail to be there.*

FORGETTING THE THINGS THAT ARE
BEHIND AND REACHING FORTH UNTO
THE THINGS THAT ARE BEFORE ++

THE WESTMINSTER. PHILA. & NEW YORK

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The Westminster

A NEW SERIES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL

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THE WESTMINSTER is published weekly by THE HOLMES PRESS, INC., 214-218 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., to which all remittances should be made payable. The price of subscription is \$2.00 a year, in advance. Receipts for subscription are indicated by date of expiration on the address label. In accordance with the almost universal wish of subscribers, the paper is continued until a specific order to stop is received. For advertising rates or space, address Kimball & Patterson, advertising managers, Temple Court, New York, or THE WESTMINSTER, 214-218 S. Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Entered as second-class matter, March 31, 1904, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

BE SURE TO READ

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A Look at the World.

AN INTERPRETATION.

The Chaos in Russia.

From the turmoil in Russia as yet only two things emerge as clear: the breakdown of the autocracy and the bewilderment of the multitude. As was pointed out last week, the situation is complicated beyond measure by the meeting of conflicting interests. With the giving away of the power of the Czar for the moment chaos comes again. When first the news came of the great series of concessions the feeling was one of overwhelming thankfulness. But almost simultaneously was heard the noise of the contending hosts, of mobs and massacres, of multitudes crazed with joy, and of irreconcilable factions which refused to be appeased.

Pobyedonostseff.

One would hesitate to accept the reforms at their face values were it not for the resignation of Pobyedonostseff, but his withdrawal indicates the genuine character of the rescript. He was procurator of the Holy Synod, teacher, friend and confidential adviser of His Majesty, and for years the most powerful man in the empire. He at least is absolutely sincere, and none doubts his devotion to the truth as he sees it. Among the multitude of base, venal and time-serving men he has stood alone in his single-hearted devotion to a cause which he believes Divine. His book, "The Reflections of a Russian Statesman," is a confession of faith, of the faith which he instilled into the soul of his Imperial pupil. In it he discusses the issues of our day, and nowhere else can one find more cutting criticism of all which we call value, and esteem as the bulwarks of civilization. The press, popular education, science, the trial

by jury, modern laws, spirit of reform, and, above all, representative government he regards as manifestations of the malady of our age, and that is sheer atheism, irreligion and selfishness. To him the two Divine bulwarks which alone can protect humanity are the Russian-Orthodox Church and the autocratic power of the Czar. The Church is valued precisely because it does not submit to reason, and it is glorified because its priests do not attempt to preach nor to instruct the people. The images, the ritual, and, above all, the music are the Divinely appointed means for the promotion of true religion, and the Russian people are to be praised because they worship an unknown God, who yet reveals himself to them in the tides of religious feeling excited by the traditional worship. And in like fashion the power of the Czar is Divine because it is not defended by reason, but belongs, like religion, to the unreasoning part of man making its appeal to the spiritual nature which is deeper than our consciousness. When men desert these deep sources of authority they cannot be trusted, but are miserably deluded. Russia has then a Divine mission, to save the Russian people by the autocracy and the Orthodox Church from the fell disease which is afflicting the other peoples of the world. The author even prophesies (the book was written in 1898) and declares that Parliamentary Government will never be set up in Russia.

The Struggle.

Doubtless he regards the mobs and outbreaks as fulfillments of his forecasts. Nor can one be confident of the issue. At a great price and through centuries of struggle our ancestors, English and American, purchased this freedom, and we their descendants, free born, take it as the natural right of all men. But when autocracy for time immemorial has had free course and been infamous, when human nature has been deformed by a power not its own, but claiming a divine prerogative, when the rising impulse to manhood is checked and the forces of our age are dammed up by men of the creed of Pobyedonostseff and of his weak-willed scholar, then when at last the opportunity comes, how can we imagine that men will pass at once from oppression to freedom, from slavery to liberty, from the status of Russian subjects of the old régime to the position of members of a self-controlled constitutional monarchy? The dam gives way and the mass released sweeps all before it.

The Hope.

God forbid. The only way to peace is the middle way of compromise. The new constitution gives standing ground. The cowed autocracy cannot go back. Such revolutions know no turning. Were the Emperor to revoke his concessions his throne would pay the penalty. Nor is it of prime impor-

TWO BOYS.

BY ELEANOR MARLETT.

One can see strange sights at Atlantic City in the season, perhaps out of the season, too. America turns itself loose on the thoroughfare of that city, and that also is a strange sight. City thoroughfares are terra firma avenues, with hovels, homes, stores, shops, palaces and poverty's abodes on either hand scattered along, while this "Boardwalk" thoroughfare is high up above the earth on piles, and there are little shops scattered along upon one side of it and the beach and ocean stretch away on the other. There is an occasional pavilion for those who watch the bathers, and four great piers which reach out into the ocean offer varied inducements of the pleasure sort to the endlessly passing throng. A few great hotels approach almost to the "Boardwalk." And from their porches also one can see strange sights and hear strange sounds. I sat on one of them one September afternoon, enjoying the sunshine and warmth, and half dreaming, when a shrill voice came up from the sand with terrible distinctness, "Go to hell with you," and I looked over the railing to learn the cause of the profane oburgation and the evident anger. There were two boys down there, both newsboys with evening papers, glaring at each other like wild animals and all ready to fight. They would have been matched illy, for one was not more than seven years old and the other was almost twice his size. The big boy had evidently been the aggressor, and the little one the swearer. Tough was written all over him. Young, poor, out for such pennies as might be in his day's work, coming from what sort of a home only a matter for conjecture, intense, weazen, touched on all sides by the wickedness of life, he had already begun to walk the road which makes, out of one who follows it far enough, crook, and menace for our city life. A prison waits somewhere for such boys unless rescued before they have become too hardened.

The older boy was a bully. He had teased the little one past all endurance. He had himself endured and smarted under just such treatment when he was little: and doubtless still had bigger boys above him now who were endlessly cruel to him. It brought to mind the verse which describes this nagging atrociousness of life in reverse order with a flea for its inspiration:

"The smallest fleas have smaller fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
And smaller fleas on backs of these,
And so *ad infinitum*."

The little boy had passed the enduring point in his anger, and yet did not dare to strike the big one, and his rage flamed out in the worst profanity he knew. Then the older boy looked this way and that, made sure he was not seen; he did not look up to where I was watching; knocked off the little fellow's cap, kicked it under the Boardwalk and sent his papers, which he snatched, scattering after, and made off, leaving misery and madness behind him. Sneak was written all over that act. Bully and sneak; that is what he was. What he will be I cannot tell, boys are that queer. Some little boy saints make awful sinners; some big boy sinners make wonderful saints. The good little boys do not all die young, in spite of the Sunday-school books, and the bad big boys do not all go to the gallows. But I thought of this particular one, if that boy grows to manhood he will be domineering, brutal, overreaching, dishonest and guilty of sins that will not bear the daylight. I was probably hard on him, but I hate sneaks, and if ever there was sneak written all over

a boy it was over him. The boys disappeared and my September afternoon passed away, but the scene in which the boys as actors had played to a gallery of one without knowing it remained with me. There were two distinct phases of human nature shown to me that afternoon, and I confess I liked the little boy phase best. I did not like the profanity, but I do not know how much he was at bottom to blame for it. Out of what had he come? Who were his mother and father, or had he neither? What had he ever learned of purity of speech and gentleness of action? Hardly more than a baby, and out battling with the bread and butter sternness of life before his time, there was probably more, after all, in him on which Christian training might build than there was in the older boy. It was "touch and go" for all he dared with the little chappie: right out and out profanity and all, with one indignant protest against his tormentor's meanness. It was look to see that he was not seen, by the older boy, and hectoring ugliness born of his size, and a cowardly meanness that did what damage it might, and then sneaked away. I rather like a fighter that can stand for his rights, or that will stand up to the measure of his possibilities, but I hate a sneak. Scorn is too mild for him; to be tied hand and foot to a post and beaten by little boys three years old, four years old, five years old, till the little beatings make him sore from heel to head, approaches more nearly what he deserves. This is only a sketch. I am no preacher to point a moral. But, if I mistake not in my observations of life, this same episode in varying form is being enacted in many circles of life in which I have moved. The sneak and the bully are everywhere. The pretender, the cutter-under, the unfair advantage taker, the brutal dollar owner who thinks that dollars make him big enough to browbeat the little man who only owns a few dimes is in evidence to-day. And when he thinks no one sees, he kicks his smaller antagonist's cap under life's boardwalk, and scatters his papers after, and then sneaks away.

♦ ♦

The Small College Once More.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, D.D.

Is Saul also among the prophets! Such is the exclamation which is forced from us as we read in the daily press, under startling headlines, that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has discovered the opportunities which the "small college" offers the philanthropist. It seems only yesterday that Mr. Carnegie was the most cited man in America in opposition to college education. Perhaps he had not studied the matter as closely then as he has since? Perhaps he had his mind on the products of "college opportunity" rather than "college training" in that earlier time? Perhaps again he had not then learned to distinguish the university from the college graduate? Perhaps, finally, he was misquoted, misreported, misrepresented—for who opens his mouth in public in these days without running that risk?

But all things come to him who waits, and it appears that the small college has come to Mr. Carnegie *en masse*. He is reported to have said at a dinner of Stevens Institute alumni: "My secretary tells me that from small colleges I already have one hundred applications, with details and full particulars as to why money is needed." What a bureau of education Mr. Secretary's desk must be. This fine body of learning has fortunately not gone to waste. We begin to hear that this and that petition has been graciously granted, but of more importance—at least for our present purpose, if not for the institutions in question—is what we hear on the general issue:

"I have been looking considerably at small colleges recently. . . . I think that the young man who goes to a

small college has a better chance of getting a better education than one who goes to a large college."

This is an admirable opinion, and is well illustrated by a comment which followed:

"I congratulate you, gentlemen, that you have taken a profession for a future. You will not make fortunes easily, but in your professions there are higher things than grabbing dollars. You have much to congratulate yourselves upon in your particular profession. You have something that mere money-earners cannot possess, and which, mercifully, they cannot fully realize their loss in not having—education."

We suspect that the reportorial style is not always Mr. Carnegie's, but on the whole the paragraph reads excellently.

The same moral is attached to President Thwing's interesting study of a recent report of a Harvard College faculty committee on the amount of work done to meet the requirements of the Bachelor of Arts degree, which appeared in the *North American Review*, under the captivating caption: "Should College Students Study?" The Harvard committee found that the "average amount of study is discredibly small," and President Thwing states in an admirable manner the so-called university and college points of view, deciding emphatically for the latter. He does not, however, undertake to analyze the situation and show us why the university point of view should be so much the more popular at the present time with the professors and the patrons of institutions of learning. This we may well regret.

One thing only do we wish to add to these brief comments: whatever may be the reason, men of affairs like Mr. Carnegie and college heads like Dr. Thwing are notably awakening to the greater power in the small college, and yet many of the best small colleges are "hustling"—such is the universal phrase—to get out of their class and into that of the big college, and that much less worthy one—"the half-baked university." It will be a great day for American education when philanthropists like Mr. Carnegie enable some of our best small colleges—not to become bigger!—but to command the resources to do their work with the highest possible efficiency.

The Graded Curriculum.

BY GEORGE L. MELTON.

I.

THE DEMAND FOR IMPROVED METHODS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

During the past few years there has been a constantly growing impression on the part of Sunday-school workers and religious educators that the methods employed in Sunday-school instruction have proved inadequate to the demands made upon them. Officers and teachers have realized that these methods were antiquated and inefficient, while the pupil has been quick to compare the training he received on Sunday with that received during the week, greatly to the disparagement of the former. So far as the pupil has been concerned, this has resulted in a lack of interest in the Sunday-school, and in too many instances, and this in the case of the brightest pupils, it has resulted in a positive disrespect for the Sunday-school and religious work generally.

It is a lamentable fact that in this most important branch of education, the religious, we are years behind the methods employed in our graded school. A glance at the report of recent Sunday-school conventions and other religious gatherings will show how strong has been the demand for a change in this matter. Three years ago, at the Denver convention, a strong effort was made to apply to Sunday-school instruction those pedagogical

principles, the observance of which has resulted in such wonderful progress in the work of our common schools. The failure on the part of the convention to grant these demands led to the organization of the Religious Education Association. In its recent convention at Toronto, the International Sunday-school Association took the step urged upon it three years before. While this falls short of what many would desire, it is most significant as showing the inevitable tendency toward thorough grading.

♦ ♦

St. Cuthbert's Preacher Reflects.

[On a later page will be found a review of *St. Cuthbert's*, by Robert E. Knowles, published by the Revell Company. With their permission we extract some of the suggestive paragraphs with which the volume is packed.]

The wonder of the reverent and the sneer of the scornful have alike been prompted by the preaching of a candidate. Something strange and incongruous seems to pervade the performance of a man whose acknowledged purpose is the dual one of winning alike the souls and the smiles of men. He seeks, as all preachers are supposed to do, the uplift of his hearers' souls, while his very appearance is a pledge of his desire to so commend himself as to be their favorite and their choice. Much hath been written, and more hath been said, of the humiliation to which he must submit who occupies a vacant pulpit as the applicant for a vacant kirk.

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One man ventured to remark that I had brought him in mind of Thomas Chalmers.

I hurriedly exclaimed, "Is that so?" in a tone which all too plainly implored him to go on.

"Yes," said he. "When ye blawed yir nose, if ma een had been shut, I cud hae swore it was Chalmers," whereupon the last state of me was worse than the first.

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God loves to surprise us, especially in happy ways; and His is a sanguine sun.

♦ ♦ ♦

Curates too often degenerate into society favorites, whose flapping tails of black may be seen as these curates ring at fashionable doors, where "five-o'clocks" within await the kid-gloved ministers of men who are supposed to be the stewards of eternal life. I had once overheard an enamelled queen of fashion declare, with much emotion, that their curate was indispensable to a high-class "at home," and even panegyricize his graceful transportation of cups of tea, however full. Oh, accursed eulogy!

Whereupon I forever swore that I would frizzle upon no such heathen altar; I vowed to be either a minister or a butler—one thing or the other—but never a Right Reverend Butler, which is a monster and a tongue-cheeked comedy to both God and man.

♦ ♦ ♦

The way to hell appeareth glorious oftentimes, but the pathway unto life is robed in shadows and its sign-post is the cross—which things are a masquerade and to be witnessed every day; for in one single day all God's great drama is rehearsed in miniature.

♦ ♦ ♦

To many a guest of God, disguised in the habiliments of gloom, we had turned a frowning face and had bidden such begone. But such guests heeded not, pressing relentlessly in upon our trembling hearth, when lo! the passing days revealed their mission; we saw the face hidden beneath the sombre hood, and prayed the new-discovered guest to abide with us unto the end. For God loveth the masquerade, and doth use it everywhere.