

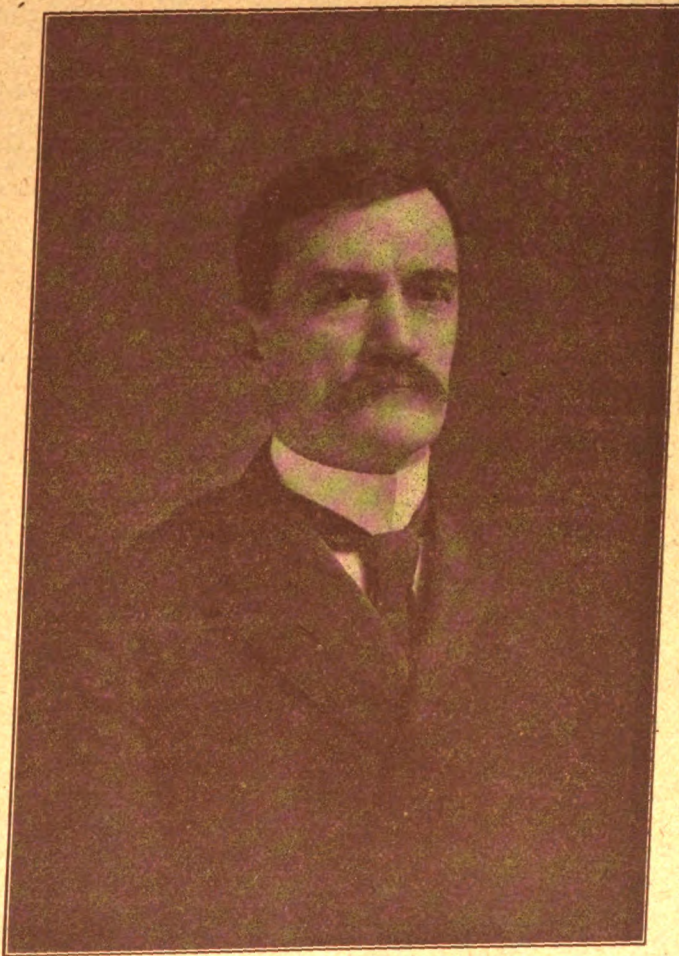
May 17

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER

M H Mallory
47 Lafayette St
X

GENERAL ASSEMBLY



JAMES D. MOFFAT, D.D.

President Washington and Jefferson College
Retiring Moderator of the General Assembly

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1906

Vol. LXXXIV, No. 20

Established in 1823

Whole No. 4332

THE SONNET COMMANDMENTS.

By John B. Opdycke.*

No other gods before Me shall obtain;
No graven image shalt thou serve or make,
Lest great Jehovah all thy line forsake:
Nor shalt thou take His holy name in vain.
From work upon the Sabbath day refrain,—
Nor child, nor servant shall its purpose break;
To father and to mother honor take
That length of days in God's land thou mayst gain.
No murder, no adultery must oppress
Thy soul; thou shalt not steal, nor shalt thou bear
False witness 'gainst thy neighbor, nor ensnare
Through covetousness, aught he doth possess.
Such is the Law which all men must obey,
To realize within the fuller day.

THE FIRST.

Each man contains within himself a shrine
Where dwells a god whom he must needs revere;
The mystery of His being doth incline
His heart to worship false gods or sincere.
Perhaps 'tis Moloch, Deity austere
Of all the realm of awful cruelty,
To whom he bows in homage and in fear;
Or bestial Baal may his choice idol be.
If in possession he may think to see
That power which seems true happiness to give
To Mammon will he turn submissively,—
For god of gold devotedly to live.
But mark ye, men, as each one onward plods,—
"Before Me thou shalt have none other gods!"

New York,

*Copyright, May 1, 1906.

Earthquake, Fire and Wind

One Lesson of a Great Calamity.

EARTHQUAKE, fire and strong wind are among the most fearful and terrifying of natural phenomena. The prophet Elijah witnessed them all in Mount Horeb without fear, but few men have equal courage. There is no experience more unsettling than an earthquake. I can compare it to nothing else than the sudden descent of a vessel into the trough of the sea. It seems as if the foundations of all things were giving way, and the globe was falling to pieces; one feels utterly helpless, and the mind is unable to suggest anything but to run, yet which way to run it is impossible to tell. Alarm is mingled with despair, and when the earthquake is violent and repeated, reason is often temporarily dethroned.

Men have courage to fight fire. It is a familiar element. We know its uses, its power and its risks. We are accustomed to guard against its ravages, and to protect our property by insurance against it; yet fire is a terror to the individual, and such an experience as the writer passed through when the Observer building in Park Row was destroyed in 1881, is never to be forgotten. Usually fire can be subdued, but when it is accompanied by strong wind, nothing but heroic measures involving great destruction of property, can arrest its progress.

The calamity which recently overtook the city of San Francisco included the three dreadful elements, which have been mentioned—earthquake, fire and strong wind. The destruction of life was remarkably small when the area and severity of the attacks are considered. A space as large as that part of the city of New York lying between Fifty-seventh street and the Battery, was desolated. In that area, of more than fifteen square miles, only a few tall ruins, of steel-framed buildings, rise out of the devastated heaps which lately formed a beautiful and prosperous city. The entire business of the city was wiped out of existence. Three hundred thousand people

were rendered homeless. Rich and poor wandered alike, destitute of clothing and food. A wild rush was made to the parks, to the Presidio, to the water front—anywhere away from the falling buildings, the devouring fire and clouds of ashes borne by the mighty wind.

Then began a three days' panorama which has hardly ever been paralleled since time began. It surpassed in its fearful character the crimes which conquerors have committed upon subjugated cities, for the earth and the elements refused their help and became engines of destruction and ruin. Men and women, helpless and witless, hurried without knowledge or plan to any imagined shelter, only to be dispossessed by fresh alarms or advancing flames. Mothers bore their babes from falling houses, and fathers carrying a few household treasures were followed by stumbling children, all seeking through scorching, flame heated air and showers of ashes, a place of temporary respite. Women died of fright, and children were untimely born. Dismay, fear, horror, anxiety, dread—everything but despair, brooded over the inhabitants of San Francisco for three days.

But those who were responsible for the city—the Mayor, the Governor, the troops in the fort—were equal even to this desperate situation. When the story of this unparalleled disaster is calmly written, honor and gratitude will be given to the officials who rose superior to danger and fear, immediately organized succors and defences, patrolled the flaming streets, established food depots and secured supplies, sent out appeals and information at once over the whole land, and aroused the mind and heart of the entire nation to a condition never before confronted on such a scale of disaster and distress.

And equal to the calamity was the immediate and hearty response of help and sympathy. Help came first, sympathy second. While the earth was shaking and the fire blazing, and dynamite was throwing down blocks of houses to stop the conflagration in San Francisco, the Governor of Massachusetts was sending \$25,000 as a forerunner of the millions which would soon follow, the New York Chamber of Commerce was gathering funds with both hands from a generous public, the Red Cross was hurrying its messengers of aid and supply, the railroads were running special trains loaded with food and clothing free of charge to the Pacific Coast, and bringing other trains of refugees from the burning city, to a thousand places along their lines, whose doors were opened at once to receive and care for the destitute, homeless and way-worn fugitives.

The nation rose as one man to the call of humanity—the President called upon Congress for an appropriation to help the sufferers; Congress at once voted half a million of dollars, then a million, and as the needs were disclosed a million and a half, to be used under the direction of the relief authorities in San Francisco. The churches collected funds, the theaters turned their receipts into the treasury, ladies gave entertainments and children gathered pennies and gave their birthday presents to swell the charitable outpouring.

Still more—from across the seas all the nations sent sympathetic messages and offered help in such measure and degree that it was deemed needful to decline, not the sympathy or friendly feeling, but the gifts of money offered through the Government. If any nation or ruler desired to give to the city of San Francisco or its inhabitants direct, it might be done, but the National Government could not receive the gifts. Perhaps the question had better not have been raised, but no one condemns the national self-respect which dictated the decision.

The weeks have passed, and each day has but added new

isters and authors have come from the small college in such large and liberal numbers, that one is almost tempted to say sometimes:

"Alas! alas! has football become the first thing in our great seats of learning?" Some of us would almost be willing to take the rostrum in public debate with any champion of the big university on such a resolution as this:

"Resolved, That fully sixty per cent. of the great men of America have come from the small college." Yes; there are

Here are going to be met and fought out some of the great international questions of the future.

Now, do we not need a strong and distinctively Christian force of our own fostering? We do most assuredly, but it must be abreast of the times. A weak, struggling, half-starved school will not fill the need. It must be a drawing card. Our matchless climate is certain to attract students from the sterner States. The College Board can well afford to be very generous just now with Occidental College. If the friends of Christian education will open their eyes wide enough, and open their hearts, an open their purses, they can mark out for Occidental a glorious future. Far-seeing men like O. T. Johnson and Lyman Stewart are seeing this. It is no ordinary investment. I do not believe there is a denominational institution in the whole United States that has a more promising future than Occidental College. It is in the strictest, truest, most literal sense of the word an "opportunity." So let not the friends of Christian manhood and Christian culture forget that word—when their ship comes home.

Pasadena, Cal.



THE CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

By Ethelbert D. Warfield, LL.D.

ONE of the strongest arguments in favor of the so-called "small college" is that it is an American institution developed out of American needs. The great defect of the so-called universities in this country is that they have been produced by imitating certain foreign institutions without at the same time developing the system of which the European university is the capstone. In short, the English university presupposes the English "public school," and the German university, the "gymnasium." It is open to question whether the "public school" and the "gymnasium," unlike each other and unlike anything in America, are not the most valuable educational elements in their respective systems.

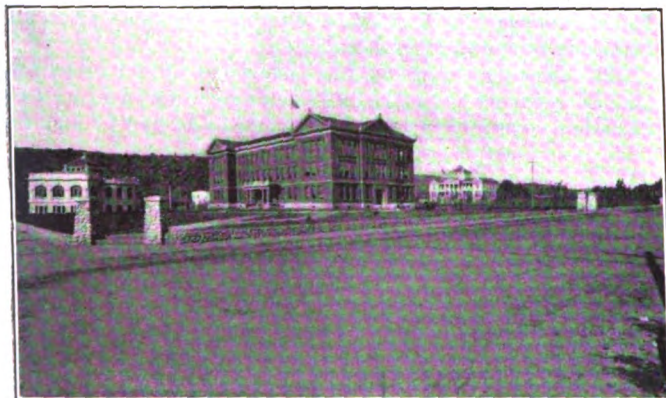
The American college is the answer of American thought and experience to the question: "How shall we make useful men of our youth?" It is a bigger question that the university undertakes to answer: "How shall we make scholars and professional men?" It lays its first emphasis on life—on character—with a wide outlook on usefulness in this world and a high uplook toward heaven. Hence it was natural that the college should have been begun by the various religious bodies, and is right that it should be perpetuated by them.

When we say the "small college" we need not put too much emphasis upon the word "small." A college like a town must not be too small. A too-small town is sure to have serious drawbacks. It takes public spirit, men of energy and women of consecration in sufficient numbers, to make life rich and resourceful. But on the other hand, the overgrown city lacks unity and cohesion. Our college must be like the Athens of Pericles, or the Florence of Lorenzo, rich in self-conscious purpose and vital in intellectual force.

The first thing the careful parent should ask is: "Is the college life sound, inspired by definite and high ideals?" These ideals must be intellectual, social and religious. There can be no real educated manhood without these three elements, and they must be fused in due proportion. The moment that any educational institution declares that it has no concern with any of these elements it places itself outside the true limits of a training place for youth. For mature men, formed in social and religious opinions, a highly specialized institution offering specific intellectual training is, on the other hand, the proper thing.

What we claim for the college is that with an adequate faculty of from twenty to fifty scholars, with an adequate student body of from two to four hundred students, with definite ideals of sober and sincere social and religious life, it affords an ideal training for youth in the time of life when habits of thinking, feeling and acting are being formed. The daily recitation, carefully followed up—not the "cram" for rare examinations; the student life in dormitories under the wholesome oversight of responsible teachers—not the widely scattered boarding house life of the great city; the morning prayers and Sunday service in the college chapel—not the careless indifference which holds that an educational institution has no concern in the religious life of its students. These are some of the habit-forming influences which count in college life.

At Lafayette I count the college chapel thronged at 7.50 every morning with students bathed and breakfasted and



VIEW OF THE CAMPUS.

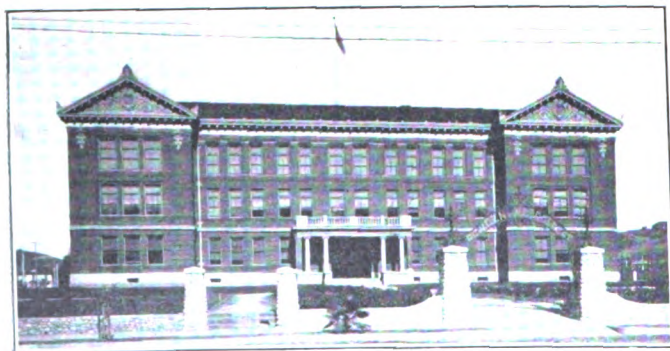
Library at left, Hall of Letters in the center and Academy at the right.

not a few who would be willing to venture out and take the positive side of that debate. And yet, here is a cultured man of wealth and grasp and influence who says calmly and dispassionately:

"I don't believe in the small college."

California is a great State. She is great in her resources, great in her climate, great in her citizenship. Southern California especially has an outlook of unique and exceptional promise. Here is to be found the pick and flower of Eastern culture. Hither are flocking every year tens of thousands of home seekers. Our population is overwhelmingly American. From fifty to one hundred thousand people of wealth and leisure seek our climate every winter. And every year the numbers grow. We are becoming the Mecca for millions. There are safe conservative men who believe that by 1925 Los Angeles will be a city of one million people. Our possibilities are enormous. Our responsibilities correspondingly grave and weighty.

The Church here is strong, the moral tone high. Our own beloved denomination is making tremendous strides. We have the largest single organization west of the Alleghenies. Our College is entering on a new era of usefulness. Occidental unquestionably has a wonderful outlook. With an endowment of \$200,000, with John Willis Baer for president, what may not her future be? What may we not expect it to be? I know



THE HALL OF LETTERS.

not what we may expect, but I know what we do expect. We expect great things. We expect a Pacific Princeton by and by. We expect a great dynamic force for Christianity and righteousness. We expect a splendid feeder for missions—both home and foreign. We expect an intellectual and spiritual stimulus to the life of the Coast—aye! to the life of the country, for here is a radiating center. Here will be a strategic point for generating power, and scattering it far and wide. Here, too, is going to be a crucial point in the chemistry of time. The Pacific Coast is destined to be the theater of great and world-touching events in the next fifty years.

ready for the day's work, the strongest social and intellectual influence of the college. These men are studying in the classical course, seeking a broad culture, or in the schools of engineering or chemistry, preparing for professional careers, or their plans and courses may lead in other directions; but in the morning service the hymns, the Scripture lesson and the prayer emphasize their common manhood and lift them to contemplate the nobler issues of that manhood. In the future they will not forget the example, nor neglect the training they thus receive. The stream of life cuts a deep channel in four years of full flood.

So in this day, when the social side of youthful life is so highly wrought and often so wrongly directed, the sound communal life of a Christian college, with a simple and sane public opinion in which faculty and student body unite with a strong institutional loyalty which values the good reputation of the institution, not only in the world's eye, but also in heaven's, does much to form men for that much needed thing—Christian citizenship.

And when we come to the classroom, in this age of worldly-mindedness, what example is more needed than that of reverent scholarship? The man who commands respect by learning may do a work of incalculable worth by also directing men's minds to the fine dignity of a Christian life. Old Dean Swift lauded, in a line which has become the shibboleth of modern culture, "The two noblest things which are sweetness and light," but the Christian teacher has made fruitful and beautiful two yet nobler things—which I fain would have in every college professor's life, yes, and student's also—faith and fruitfulness.

Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.

WESTWARD AROUND THE WORLD.

Experiences Enjoyed and Impressions Received During the Long Journey.

By Mrs. Charlotte E. Devins.

FROM Madura we went to Colombo, taking an express train to Tuticorin, and a steamer there for a night ride to Ceylon. We left Mr. and Mrs. Chandler, Dr. Van Allen and other kind friends in Madura with sincere regret. They had been so kind and thoughtful. Nowhere else on our journey could we have been cared for better than we were there. The train reached Tuticorin about 4 p. m., and a tug took us out to the ship. The sea was a little rough, and it required some dexterity to get on board. When the tug was on the crest of the wave one person would spring on the gangplank, while the next one waited for the coming swell. The all-night trip was taken very comfortably, and without the trying accompaniments experienced by some travelers who just preceded us.

Colombo has an interesting harbor. Ships from all nations were in its waters, but what amused us most were little row-boats, looking as if they were only six inches wide, or, as one lady said, "like boards on edge, the out-rigging on one side and oars on the other to keep them from going over." It did not look as if the seats were wide enough for a person to sit down.

The next thing of interest was the tortoise shell combs worn by the men. We would call them "round combs." They are worn like a crown on the head, with the open space in front. We spent several days in the Galle Face Hotel, which has a beautiful location on the ocean front. It was cool and delightful, and the healthful breezes were just what were needed at this juncture. High temperature and large doses of quinine should always be followed by a few days of rest, with only the sound of the happy sea waves to break the quiet.

In Colombo we found jinnicks again. Lace men, jewelry men and jugglers hastened to claim our attention. We enjoyed several drives through Victoria Park, the Cinnamon Gardens and the native town. The United States transport Kilpatrick was in the harbor, and its band entertained us at dinner one evening. Unexpectedly "God Save the King" was heard. Conversation ceased at once, and every one rose and remained standing until its end. The "Star Spangled Banner" followed. All rose again amid a profound silence. It was really very impressive. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated with electric lights—red, white and blue; tables and chairs were set out on the green, and the ocean's hum added grandeur to the beauty.

We learned that Tamil David, the evangelist, who was in

America a few years ago, was in Colombo. Upon inquiry we found that he was in prison. We drove out to see him, but he had just been released. Then we went to the Young Men's Christian Association, and its secretary, Mr. Heib, told us that things were not really so bad as had been suggested by others. Poor judgment had caused a large debt. David's son, who was much like his father, had a school, which we visited, and at our invitation David called at the hotel in the evening, and he and Mr. Devins had a long and earnest conference. David seemed anxious to talk over all his troubles, both here and in America. He is as hopeful and buoyant as ever.

One morning we started for Kandy, and spent Sunday and two or three days in the quiet, restful Florence Hotel. Everything was extremely beautiful there. Truly, "every prospect pleases" in Ceylon. The drives are fine, and the Botanical Gardens are full of tropical growths, which grow "without any bother." We saw orchids, ferns and spices of all kinds, cloves, cinnamon, allspice, nutmeg and mace, caruimon, pepper, etc.

It is quite the thing to drive out to the river to see the elephants bathe, and, of course, we did everything which was suggested. Five great creatures lying on their sides were being scraped with cocoanut husk, and seemingly enjoyed it hugely. One big fellow would fill his trunk full of water and squirt it over himself. As soon as he saw us on the bank he ceased his play and put on a business look. He came out of the water, shambled over to us and began to trump, salaamed, stood on two feet, and again on three feet, took his keeper up in his trunk, and then to show his strength hauled a tree up the bank as easily as if it had been a straw. We fed him sugar cane, tipped his driver, and resumed our places to see the other elephants at their sport. Soon another one left his bathtub and came to us, performing as his big brother had done. We fed him and handed him a coin. Soon a third one came, and his tricks and ours were repeated.

The Mahommedan lad who guided us was quite as interesting as the elephants. When he found, after guessing, that we were from America, he proceeded to reel off American history from 1492 to 1904, as well as an American boy could do. He said that he learned it in the Handy High School. We asked him what the keepers were saying after we had given the third elephant a single coin.

"They are saying, sir," he began, with some show of timidity—"they are saying, sir, that you have given him a very slight pecuniary remuneration!" And perhaps they were justified in making that comment.

Dr. Devins addressed one little child with long hair, parted in the middle and braided down its back, as a girl, and our boy said:

"No; that is not a girl, sir. He is the same as yourself—a gentleman, sir." It was all very amusing.

In Kandy we also visited the "Temple of the Sacred Tooth," and saw Adam's footprint—about four or five feet long, showing conclusively (?) that the island of Ceylon is where Adam was banished from Eden; but what an understanding our forebear had! Sunday we worshipped with the English Presbyterian people, and were invited by one of the residents to dine with them after the evening service. It was a great pleasure to do so.

The people of Ceylon interested us greatly. They are quiet, dignified, clean and kindly. They seem ahead of the people in India in civilization. There are chunam (mortar) and brick houses, with windows, blinds and sometimes lattice work in front, more like homes than the mud huts of India. The children often wear skirts and even dresses, while many of the women wear a white waist, cut modestly low in the neck and often so short waisted as to leave a dusky zone uncovered between the waist and the skirt. They are making a move in the right direction—and more cloth is sure to follow. They may yet wear trains for the Ceylonese gentlemen to stumble over!

When we sailed from Colombo for Tuticorin the boys came out on catamarans and shouted, "die! die! die!" and when one threw a coin into the water they would dive and one would catch it before it reached the bottom. We spent a day at Madras, resting in the missionary bungalow at Royapooram. It was so clean and comfortable, so quiet and delightful that we were sorry that we did not go there on our first trip.

We next headed for Ahmednagar, riding a day and a night over a dusty, dry road. The little huts amused us, built up on poles as they are in the center of grain fields, where a man can sleep under a covering and still be on hand to protect his