

# HOME MISSION MONTHLY

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

**I**T now appears that five-eighths of all the land of the globe belongs to Great Britain, Russia, the United States and Brazil. As to the ultimate position of the United States among the nations of the earth in the extent of domain, it is estimated that Great Britain will stand first, Russia second, and the United States third.

It is not to be expected that we can make of the people who inhabit our new dependencies a race of the energy and sturdy endurance which characterize the Anglo-Saxon. A summer which lasts from January to January, a soil which gives a bounteous yield without heavy toil, a life which can be sustained without that struggle from which is born determination, strength of will, power of body, and mastery of circumstance, does not tend to build up a race like that which has made our American republic what it is. But accepting the conditions of climate and ancestry, we can at least do for these races that which shall make this present life better worth the living, and insure a future heritage of blessing.

THERE is warning as well as commendation in the comment on America made by an eminent foreign divine in his first sermon after his return to England. He declared that the thing which most startled him in the United States was the "power of the secular spirit and the weakness of the Christian Church. Men were devoted to money and money-getting in a way and to a degree," which greatly astonished him and which one could hardly imagine. The vivacity, intellect and energy, the boundless resource, high hope and confidence of the American race, were, however, highly eulogized, as well as

the readiness of rich Americans to build and endow educational institutions.

To picture the real need of those among whom our schools are located it is necessary to tell unpleasant facts, sometimes: "I trust that you will remember the neuralgic character of the people's feelings," writes a teacher, "and will shield the mission workers from the ban under which they would be placed were it known that 'she done writ a piece for the paper about us.'"

WE wonder how many people know where Nome is? Perhaps ignorance is quite excusable when it is remembered that a year ago there were only about 50 people at this point, yet Dr. Sheldon Jackson, on his recent annual trip to Alaska, found there a town of 5,000 people. This large number, it is almost needless to say, have been attracted by the rich gold finds. It seems to be demonstrated that on the American soil of Alaska the Klondyke riches are to be duplicated. Perhaps it might be well to add, lest many readers should still be at a loss to locate this newest of American cities, that Nome is practically identical with Cape Nome, on the northwestern coast of Alaska, somewhat to the north of St. Lawrence Island, and not far from Bering Strait. Access to this new gold field is much easier than into the Klondyke region, as the trip may be made by sea.

OUR readers were aware that it was the intention that Dr. Gambell should go to St. Lawrence Island, and it was supposed in the Mission Rooms in New York that he had done so. Communication with St. Lawrence Island is necessarily so infrequent that any certainty as to the situation could not be determined until Dr. Sheldon

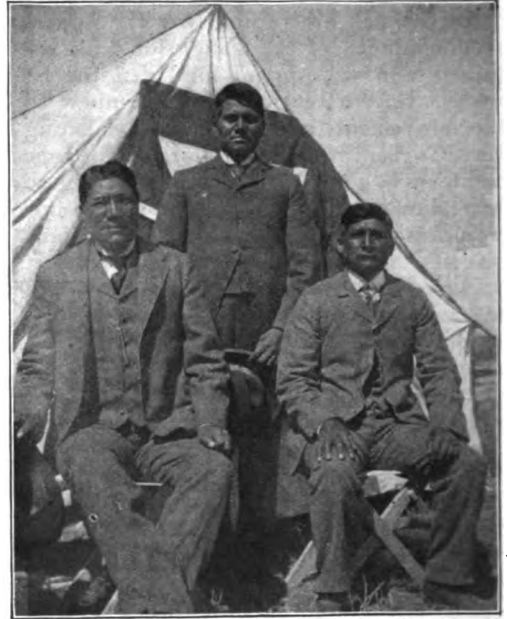
strong faith. As time went on, having gained their confidence, a goodly number were induced to give up their pagan practices and adopt more civilized customs. Their interest in what she sought to teach them led two of their number, about a year ago, to journey to the Nez Perces Indians—so many of whom have embraced Christianity under the teaching of the devoted McBeth sisters—that they might learn how these Indians worshiped God.

The Presbyterian Nez Perces became greatly interested in their Fort Hall visitors, and last summer decided to send their pastor, Rev. James Hayes, and one of his elders—both Indians—to these Bannocks and Shoshones, that they might spend a few months among them, preaching and teaching the Gospel. The money which was needed to provide for their pastor while on the trip was raised by the Nez Perces Presbyterian Indians.

The Holy Spirit blessed the preaching of the Word. The labors of Miss Frost had so well prepared the way that the work of grace was marked and powerful, and a Presbyterian church was organized.

The interest and good will of the Nez Perces Indians is now further shown in their raising some \$300 to assist these new found brethren in building a house of worship. The Synod of Utah has taken

action recommending that the Home Board



At left of group is the Interpreter of the Fort Hall Indians. In the center stands the first of these Indians legally married, and at the right is the Indian who accompanied the Interpreter on the visit to the Nez Perces. He is now an Elder in the new church.

assume the care of this "church in the wilderness."

## CAROLINE WOODRUFF SCOVEL.

From time to time there has been reported in these columns the "home-going" of one after another of those prominently associated with the struggling efforts of the Woman's Board during those early years when it was taking form as an organization. No one of all that heroic band was more earnest in effort than Mrs. Caroline Scovel, whose departure from earthly scenes was recorded in our columns some months ago. The recent memorial service of the Ohio Synodical meeting brought out some such helpful lessons in connection with Mrs. Scovel's rarely beautiful character that we take unusual space in order to give extensive extracts from the tribute of Mrs. A. A. E. Taylor, of Columbus, Ohio:

Though this is a "memorial" hour, let it not be a sad hour. Rather let it be one of thanksgiving and triumph—thanksgiving for what she was, triumph for what she accomplished.

Let us thank God that Caroline Woodruff Scovel was *born*, that she lived her beautiful life among us and left us an heritage of good-

ness and beauty and grace that ought to make us better and richer because she lived.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright," says the Psalmist. Let us *mark* what it was that made her character so rich and rare.

Mrs. Scovel was a sincere Christian, she loved her Master, and rejoiced in being known as one of His followers. Her conversation was much about Him and the extension of His Kingdom on the earth.

She was a *Bible* Christian.

She often read and studied her Bible far into the night while others slept, and her mind and heart were richly stored with its truths and promises.

She was a *praying* Christian.

She *believed* in prayer. In any time of anxiety or trouble or sickness, prayer was her refuge. She would often call together a few of the women of the church, perhaps on Sunday afternoon, to pray together for some special object.

She was a *working* Christian.

You have already heard of her part in the organization of the Woman's Home Mission work, and of her activities as a pastor's wife. When her husband was called to the presidency of Wooster University, she was no less his helpmeet, but stood beside him in all that pertained to the position. Her hospitable doors were ever

open to the young men and maidens, and none entered in but to receive a benediction of cheer and courage and refinement that left an impress on the life.

The purchase and establishment of the homes for missionary children in Wooster was largely due to her energy and influence.

Mrs. Scovel's work in Wooster Presbyterial Society of which she was many years the president, was but the continuation of her beautiful missionary work in Pittsburg.

Mrs. Sue L. McMillan, now of Baltimore, but long her secretary and "true yoke-fellow" in the work, says in a recent letter:

"Mrs. Scovel was splendidly qualified to be a leader. She planned so wisely. Her vision was from the mountain-top. She magnified the work, and spoke of it everywhere with such consecrated enthusiasm that others caught her spirit."

She was also president of the Missionary Society of Westminster Church—the College Church—and for fifteen years the meetings were held monthly in her own parlors. She gave her best time and thought to careful preparation for these meetings, and her rooms were as carefully arranged as for an invited company. Always a few flowers in a vase near her Bible, sometimes but a single rose, but it served to glorify the hour, and to honor her Lord.

May we not learn a lesson here? How many of us hold our missionary meetings in the dull, dusty, half-warmed Lecture Room, or Infant Room perhaps, of the church, with little preparation for the meeting and no enthusiasm, and then wonder that so few come to the meetings, and that there is so little interest in missionary work! Open the doors of your pleasant homes, my sisters, make ready as for guests—take a little trouble if need be, it is only once a month; get some wise-hearted friend to help you arrange the program, and invite your friends by postal, or in person, if you can, and see if they will not come, and come *again*.

Mrs. Scovel was a *rejoicing* Christian. Who among us loved joy and laughter and bird-songs and flowers, and merry-hearted youth more than she? And when she knelt to pray, she said she had so much to thank God for that she had no time to ask for anything.

In speaking of her love of laughter, one day, she said there were muscles about the mouth used only for laughing, and of course God intended us to laugh, or He would not have put them there. And she did laugh, and was the center and charm of every social occasion.

Mrs. Scovel was a *loving* Christian. She spoke ill of no one. She loved her own church, and the hymns of the church, specially the *praising* hymns, those that *exalted Christ*.

"Jesus the very thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast,"

was one of her favorite hymns. This hymn, with others, was sung at the "Memorial Service" in Wooster. It has been my privilege to read the minutes of that Memorial Meeting, and I wish I could make you see the picture that I saw as I read. The dear missionary women gathering in those familiar rooms, the

same table, the closed Bible on it, the vase of flowers near—the vacant chair draped with smilax, eloquent of loss and absence. One clear, true voice reading comforting passages of Scripture, another leading in a fervent prayer. The hymn before mentioned was sung, then some tender resolutions prepared by a committee were read and adopted in silence, all standing. "One sweetly solemn tho't," was sung softly in the back parlor,—a few letters were read from absent friends, and then tributes of touching affection poured out from the hearts of those who loved her, until the incense and the sweetness, like the "precious ointment," filled all the rooms. The hushed but triumphant notes of "Jerusalem the Golden" turned all thoughts to the "Heavenly City," where she lives, radiant, glorified, crowned—and silently each passed out to her home, sorrowing that she should see her face no more.

In that Heavenly Home do you think she *forgets* the work she loved here? As one has said, "Do you think Moses will forget to speak



REV. JAMES HAYES,  
Native Pastor of Nez Perce Indians.

of the bush, and Samuel of the little temple chamber, and Peter and John of their boats on the still lake, and Paul of the Damascus road, and Matthew of his tax-table, and the poor woman of the wayside well, when they are met above?"

*She does not forget*, and if she could speak to you to day from "the heights that she has gained" I am sure she would urge you to renewed effort—to perseverance, and to greater joy in the service—for *the work that you are doing is immortal*.