

*The*  
**CONTINENT**



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# THE CONTINENT

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## The Equilibrium of the Church

"CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL—LET US HEAR NO MORE OF THEM!"

This impatient exclamation, in the spirit of "A plague on both your houses!" is frequently the voice of moderate men when there breaks out in the church a clash between ideas old and ideas new. It is the protest of quiet-loving people against noise, wrangle and partisanship

At times, in a mood of self-consciousness, the same disgust seizes even the direct participants in the disputation, and from both extremes men penitently resolve that they will suppress their instincts, if not their conviction, and contend no more for either the liberalism or the conservatism to which their tempers incline them.

In so far as these protests and resolves are the fruit of a yearning for perfect fellowship among all those that name the name of Christ, they are wholly admirable in impulse and in outcome. But there is often in them none the less a confusion of thought which, in despising the unbrotherly conflict of two temperaments, despises also the temperaments themselves—which is despising the order of God in the world.

*Of conservative and liberal as party names the church may well pray to be forever quit, but as types of personality and types of thought the church should pray to be more and more richly endowed with both conservatism and liberalism—and it should pray, too, for the grace to make room for both.*

*For it is part of the wisdom of the Creator that everywhere in organic human society these opposed and yet complementary temperaments shall insure the equilibrium of the race—shall hold the balance even from ruinous inclination either toward the side of all things new or toward the side of all things old.*



But in God's great world machine the parts sometimes quarrel maliciously.

The liberal says the conservative is an intolerable hindrance to the spread of nobler truth and to the destruction of outworn institutions. The conservative says the liberal is an outrageous revolutionary who throws to the refuse heap the most precious inheritances of the race. Each would like to drive the other from the face of the earth.

But God with a heavenly impartiality keeps right on distributing through the world a relative equality of both types, and even while they contend with one another, they are holding, by action and counteraction, the spinning globe steady on its axis between them.

The liberal undoubtedly succeeds from time to time in ridding the world of antiquated and useless baggage, but the conservative meanwhile saves from jettison the priceless things that maintain an unchanging worth through every generation. Contrariwise, the liberal brings aboard many a new and thrilling idea of betterment for mankind, while the conservative demonstrates the worthlessness of scores of fraudulent imitations which for a time appeared to be of substantial value.

*What is therefore to be desired is not that either type should be eliminated from the life of the world—vain hope to undo what the Maker has done with so perfect a wisdom!—but that jealousy and resentment between the two should be extinguished in mutual recog-*

*nitition that each temperament has an essential contribution to make to the orderly development of human society.*

If all this is true in regard to society in the large, it must certainly be even more distinctly true of the institution which represents in the world the most important interest of mankind—the church standing for religion.

*The advance of religion through history has moved by safe paths only when the course it took was the free resultant of conservative and liberal temperaments interacting on the life of the church. And what has been in the past will be in the future; it is a law of God.*

When this can be exhibited to men objectively, clear of circumstances with which their personal interests are entangled, they can generally be impressed with its truth. For the orthodox Protestant, convincing illustrations can be drawn from the Roman Church on one hand and the Unitarian Church on the other.

The Roman Church is stagnant because it has always been dominated by conservatism unrelieved by a progressive element.

The Unitarian Church, at the opposite pole, has forfeited force and efficiency because its unrelieved passion for newness has allowed it to break vitally important connections with the organic life of Christianity in past epochs.

But sometimes it is hard to see the application of these lessons closer at home within one's own denomination or congregation. There sometimes the annoyance of being contradicted overcomes all sense of this deeper philosophy.

So the conservative wishes that the liberal would take himself off somewhere where he would be better appreciated, and the liberal wishes with secret circumspection that it were possible for him to kick the obstructing conservative far out of his way.

But neither wish has in it either Christian spirit or common sense.



*In a denomination where, as in the Presbyterian Church, the natural course of development has brought in both liberal and conservative elements, a broad Christian understanding will indulge the sincerest thanksgiving that the church enjoys in the combination of the two the certain guarantee of a progress missing nothing desirable in modern ideas nor forfeiting anything valuable in older perception of the truth.*

So far from fearing the incidental disagreements of these two tendencies, the Presbyterian should be grateful that both are alive and active in his church, and desire that neither shall overbalance the other.

Neither should the conservative denounce the liberal, nor the liberal be exasperated by the conservative; but both living together in one harmonious intercommunion should hope, by each fulfilling his own mission well, to play a man's part in that perfect vindication of all the truth in which their common Master meant both to participate.

Only one sort of man on either hand deserves to be discounted by the church—the man who to either conservatism or liberalism adds the poison which makes either deadly—hate of his brother whom he does not fully understand and disbelief in the honesty and worth of Christian thinking not patterned on his own.



*Marion Harland at Her Desk*  
From a Photograph Taken Specially for The Continent

## Some Glimpses of Marion Harland

### Helper-at-Large to American Womanhood

BY CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

**I**N FEW women of America are so many persons affectionately interested as in Marion Harland. Oftentimes it seems to those who keep in closest touch with her work that there is no other woman in the land who has a connection so tender and helpful with anything like so many other lives. More than one thousand letters find their way to Marion Harland every week and every one is answered. But this great list of correspondents is only a small part of her steady audience; for her daily newspaper work, which she does under contract for *The Philadelphia North American*, is syndicated by that paper and printed from ocean to ocean, so that every day many hundreds of thousands of readers turn to Marion Harland's department with the certainty of being cheered and helped on their way.

Marion Harland comes of Puritan stock on her father's side and of old Virginia stock on her mother's. Her father, Samuel Pierce Hawes, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1799. The old Pierce homestead in which he was born is still standing. It was built in 1640 by one of his ancestors, who had migrated to the New World only ten years after the pilgrim fathers landed from the Mayflower. Samuel Hawes was fatherless from his birth and his mother began early to equip him to make his own way in the world. He went to work when he was 14, and two years later his employer removed to Richmond, Virginia, taking Samuel, his favorite clerk, with him. There Samuel spent the remainder of his days. The young lady whom he married was a Miss Judith Smith, whose father was a descendant of Captain John Smith and master of a fine old ancestral estate named Olney, on the Chickahominy, five miles from Richmond.

The third child of Samuel Hawes and his young wife was baptized Mary Virginia, and she it was who later adopted the pen name of Marion Harland and developed a gift of literary expression which enabled her to share with a very wide circle the pleasantness of the life in which she spent her impressionable young years.

Mary Virginia was a very small child indeed when she began

making up stories for her own entertainment; and only a slip of a girl when she began writing them and trying to get them printed. The struggle for recognition was a great deal more disheartening then than it is now. This particular young literary aspirant sometimes received back her stories sent to magazines, and sometimes heard nothing at all from them for years. In 1853 *The Southern Era* offered a prize of \$50 for the best temperance serial of a given length. Mary Virginia determined to try for it. "But so faint and few were my expectations of seeing my bantling in print, that I went off to Boston for the summer without intimating to anyone the audacious cast I had made." She had been with her Massachusetts cousins for six weeks when her mother sent her a copy of *The Southern Era* containing what she said in a letter by the same mail promised to be the best serial it had published.

Mary Virginia opened the letter first and tore the wrapper from the paper carelessly, to encounter, in what we now call "scareheads," an announcement of her story—"Kate Harper," by Marion Harland. As she learned later, the editor after advertising vainly for the author's address had published the story without waiting for it. Mary Virginia wrote home that night to her father, telling her secret and begging that it be kept between themselves. In that year she began to write the first book which she ventured to offer for publication. It was called "Alone," and she was rather badly snubbed by the publisher when she tried to enlist his interest in it. Her father, however, believed in the book and published it at his own expense. In these days that would be almost certainly a foolish indulgence in parental pride; for a book on which a publisher will not risk sufficient money to put it before the public is little likely to sell well enough to repay the author for publishing at his own expense. In those so different days of five and fifty years ago, conditions were such that Mr. Hawes was justified in his expenditure and the book went creditably.

In unconscious imitation of Charlotte Bronte, who began "Jane Eyre" while "The Professor" was plodding his weary round from

publisher to publisher, Miss Hawes had begun another book about the time "Alone" was turned over to the tender mercies of the publisher who contemned it. On the afternoon she wrote the last word of this second story she was conscious of a weary, headachy feeling, due to her excitement and exhaustion, and to the fact that she had not been out of the house for two days. So she went to her room and bathed and dressed for a round of calls; which she proceeded to make—keeping on the shady side of the street, for it was in September when the South always experiences its most cruel heat.

"The sun was setting," she records, "when I stood in front of my mirror on my return and laid aside bonnet and mantle. It struck me suddenly that I was looking rather well. I wore what we knew as a spencer of thin, dotted white muslin. It would be a 'shirt-waist' today. It was belted at what was then a slim waist above a skirt of changeable silk, in which there were faint green reflections among shimmering pinks."

So satisfactory was the reflection the young lady faced, that she felt loath to remove her dainty finery without making a visit to someone else; so she decided to call on a Mr. Howison, who had once been her tutor and of whom she was very fond. Half a square from the Howisons' door she recalled that the young clergyman who was supplying Dr. Hoge's pulpit while that gentleman was abroad, and whom she had heard preach on the Sunday previous, was staying at the Howisons'. Now, divinity students had played rather a conspicuous part in Mary Virginia's life, she having over twenty blood relatives who had the right to prefix their baptismal names by the word "Reverend"; and, as she frankly records, "I had no especial fondness for the brand. Furthermore, three callow clerics and one full-fledged had already invited me to share parsonage and poverty with them. For all I had one and the same reply. It might be my predestined lot, as certain anxious friends began to hint, to live out my earthly days in single blessedness; and, if the ancient anti-race suicide apostles were to be credited, then to lead apes in Hades for an indefinite period. I would risk the terrors of both states sooner than take upon me the duties and liabilities of a minister's wife. Upon that I was determined."

Remembering this, Mary Virginia determined that if the youthful "supply" were hanging around anywhere, she would walk on unconcernedly and postpone her call. But he was nowhere in sight, nor did he show up during the half hour she stayed. When she arose to go Mr. and Mrs. Howison proposed walking home with her. Just outside the gate they espied a tall figure striding up the street, swinging his cane in very unclerical style. This was Edward Terhune, whom Mary Virginia had tried not to meet—and whom she married two years later.

The description of the courtship, once it was in full swing, is full of quaint and curious interest for us now. It seems that in Virginia in those days, young people were very shy about having their fondnesses known. Engagements of marriage were never announced. During those months that young Mr. Terhune supplied Dr. Hoge's pulpit, he was a frequent caller at the Hawes home, but never allowed it to be suspected that Miss Mary Virginia was more to him than any other member of the hospitable household. She tells, delightfully, how they used to manage on the evenings when he was one of three or four other young men calling at the house. At 10 o'clock he withdrew. Few were bold enough to loiter later when the privileged habitue of the house showed so plainly that the family kept early hours. He had made but a few rounds of the block when the shutters of the front parlor window were closed, the signal that the course was clear for a return.

Thus the courtship was kept up while the young lover stayed in Richmond; and when he went to a charge of his own at Charlotte, he sent his letters to Mary Virginia addressed to her brother, so as to disarm the suspicions of the vigilant post office gossips. Up to the day before their wedding, not even the servants in the Hawes household suspected what was about to take place; but on the day before that set for the ceremony, which was to be very quiet, Miss Hawes followed the old Richmond fashion and with her bridesmaids drove from house to house and left cards upon acquaintances who were not bidden to the ceremony. There was a wedding journey to Washington; and when they returned, they settled down to the life of a country pastor and his wife at Charlotte, a rambling hamlet with one main street, irregularly lined with public and private buildings. Their life here was rich in sweet associations that they cherished all through the future years.

The phase of this time which many thousands of housewives will particularly appreciate is the effort of the minister's young wife to learn something of housewifery. Her abject dependence upon ill-trained servants and inexplicit cookbooks is responsible for a great deal of helpfulness to the women of the whole country, because she set herself determinedly to the mastery of housewifery

and of cooking in particular. And though, she says, the number of her failures would shock a frugal housewife into hysterics, she learned surely if slowly; owing much more to a warm hearted, kindly, practical neighbor than to her quintet of cookbooks, which the neighbor declared to have been written by old maids or by women who never kept house. "To my certain knowledge," the neighbor went on, "Miss Leslie," by whose directions the minister's bride had been making many a failure, "has boarded in a Philadelphia hotel for twenty years. Make your own cookbook! I do. When I get up a tip-top practical recipe, one that I have tried for myself and proved, I write it down in my own everyday language." The foundation of "Common Sense in the Household" was laid in the manuscript recipe book begun at that sagacious neighbor's instance. The publishers, in whose hands that first cookbook of Marion Harland has reached the million mark, confessed frankly to her after ten editions had sold in as many months, that they had accepted the work solely in the hope that she might give them a novel at some subsequent period. Even her husband shook a doubtful head over the scheme, but she never had one doubt. "My husband," she says, "found me gloating over a copy of 'Common Sense' a week after it was published. 'I verily believe,' he said wonderingly, 'that you take more pride in that book than in any of the rest you have written.' I answered confidently, 'It will do more good than all of them put together.'" This book was published fifteen years after Mrs. Terhune had her first struggles with housewifery. When the young couple had been five years in Charlotte there came an invitation to take charge of the First Reformed church in Newark, New Jersey. In April, 1861, after two years in their new northern home, Mr. and Mrs. Terhune were at Richmond on a visit to their dear ones when Sumpter was fired on. They had planned to leave Richmond for home on Tuesday afternoon. At noon on the previous Saturday, Mr. Terhune asked his wife if she would not like to prolong her stay with her relatives, adding significantly: "We do not know how long it may be before you can go South again. There is thunder in the air." She replied that if trouble was coming it was clear that their place was not there but at home. "I was in my room getting ready for our last walk among scenes endeared to us by hosts of associations," she says, "my husband standing by, hat in hand, when a terrific report split the brooding air and rent the very heavens. Another and another followed. We stood transfixed, without motion or speech, until we counted, silently, seven. It was the number of the seceding States! 'The fort has fallen,' broke in one breath from our lips, and simultaneously: 'The Lord have mercy upon the country!'"

Then followed dark days indeed for the young wife and mother in the northern city, waiting and watching with anxious heart, knowing that her own kinsfolk were in the Southern army, fighting against all that was held right and sacred by the people of her adoption. She does not dwell much on those sad days in her autobiography, but passes on to tell of the circumstances that led up to their leaving Newark many years later and going abroad. This they did because she had developed a severe pulmonary trouble which the physicians declared could not be checked. They united in their opinion that she had not three months of life left to her under the most favorable circumstances. She tells how near she came in the lassitude of those days to drifting out, just from sheer lack of will to live on; and how tenderly and tactfully her husband inspired her with new determination. They lived abroad for two years and then returned to this country full of health and energy. In 1893 she and her big boy, Bert, made the trip to the Holy Land, which each of them has so pleasantly described in books.

Marion Harland's activities have been manifold and various, and she has discharged them every one with high honor and distinction. As a wife she lived for more than fifty years in such exquisite relationship as seldom falls to the lot of ordinary mortals because ordinary mortals cannot make for themselves extraordinary happiness. As a mother she has been idolized beyond almost any mother I ever knew; and today—at nearly four score—she is the dearest comrade of every one of her three children, with them in everything that they do, and not a whit older in spirit than the youngest of them. The dear husband and father went Home a few years ago. He was a living benediction. In the Homeland he is still very near, because he had not far to go when he entered its portals. When I heard that he was Within, all I could think was: "How glad the Blessed who are there must be to welcome him." As a neighbor and as a friend, Marion Harland has been just what one might expect. She has not only the overflowing spirit of affectionate eagerness to help, but she has the warm Virginia way of expressing it. She helps every creature she comes in contact with. Her days are full of blessedness, and all her ways are peace.

One might write on and on about her, indefinitely. But "good wine needs no bush." No one could speak of her as she has spoken, in all that she has done, for herself.

"It is not literature!" cried a friend of hers, recently, deploring the busyness of the gifted pen with answering people's appeals for direction.

"No," Marion Harland answered, "but it is influence." And she thanks God for the opportunity.

She is a woman of brilliant mind, of scholarly attainments, of exquisitely refined literary style and high literary ideals. But over and above her every other ideal is her ideal of service, as God wills. She does the thing appointed, and by the way she does it, she makes it great.

To have known her, for fifteen years as I have, is to have glimpsed the finest possibilities of human nature striving to approximate the Divine.

## HIS SERVANTS ARE YE

BY BELLE GRAY

### CHAPTER IV.

#### DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP

WHEN Zeke had been safely conducted from the church poor Milly, now thoroughly unnerved, permitted herself once more to be led to the altar. She and Sally again knelt.

"Ask and ye shall receive," whispered Sally; "and remember he says that if earthly fathers bestow good gifts upon their children, how much more will our Father in heaven give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. John the Baptist said: 'I indeed baptize you with water but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'

"O God," prayed the earnest girl, "grant that this blessed child may be baptized with thy Holy Spirit. She is penitent, Lord; she agonizes at thy throne of grace. Send a sign; O we beseech thee, send a sign! Let thy Spirit descend like cloven tongues of fire! Let her glorify thee in the words that thou mayest see fit. O heavenly Father, help her to make a complete, a complete surrender."

The air of the room was thick and close; the heat was oppressive. Many voices were uplifted in an unearthly gibberish that sounded like the babblings of the insane. People crowded around Milly, praying and exhorting. The preacher and Mrs. Baker were among the number, and it was when Mrs. Baker's shrill voice was dominating the others that something in Milly's brain seemed to snap, and she jumped to her feet as if propelled by a galvanic shock.

A spot of red glowed in each rounded cheek, her eyes were bright with the fever of delirium, as scream after scream issued from her writhing lips. After the screaming came unintelligible sounds resembling those she had heard proceeding from the lips of the others. Faster and faster grew the gibberish. The "Holiness people," thinking she had received the supreme gift, drew closer around her, and when she sank back exhausted in Sally's arms they congratulated her with kisses and embraces.

It was soon after this that Dave came forward and touched her gently on the shoulder.

"It's time you an' me was a-goin', Milly," he said. "I promised yer maw ter get ye back 'for dark, an' it's purt' nigh sundown now."

The others allowed the boy to lead her out of the church. In silence he untied the mule, hitched him to the buggy, and seated himself beside Milly.

She was still trembling and giving vent to dry sobs, for the fountain of her tears seemed exhausted. The boy, unrebuked, took the pins from the crushed hat, straightened out the crumpled roses with his rough hands and tried to arrange the girl's disordered hair. Then he replaced the hat and, taking his handkerchief, began to wipe the tearstains from her cheeks. Her shoulders still shook convulsively, and from time to time she wrung her soft, childish hands with a despairing movement pitiful to witness.

They reached the bridge. Slowly they drove through the encircling mass of tender green. When they came to the region of gnarled cypress trees, Milly's tears burst out afresh.

"There, there, Milly! Don't cry, sweetheart; don't cry!" pleaded Dave. "It's all right; it's all right. Ye didn't know whut ye was a-doin' up there 'mongst all them tongues. Ye've got away now. Ye're with Dave, an' he'll take keer o' ye. I didn't go up an' try ter git ye away, like Zeke done, 'cause I knowed 'twan't no use. But it's all right now."

"It ain't thet, Dave," whispered Milly. "But — I got religion new, ye know; an' I'd oughter be blad, but somehow—I ain't."

The boy's face grew stern. "'Tain't religion, Milly, whut them

people hev got. I don't know jest how 'tis. I ain't never read the Book 's much 's I oughter. But maw reads it an' talks to us about it; an' I've thought about Him when I've been a-plowin' in the field, or a-choppin' the cotton. It just seemed, Milly, 's if he'd say: 'Go an' do yer work, Dave. Do it the best you kin. Don't never cheat no one, ner be lazy ner mean; an' it 'll all come out right. An' I'd feel 's if he was all aroun' me, in the blue sky, an' the green growin' things, an' the pretty flowers. Seems ter me that the religion whut counts, Milly, is that thet does its best ever' day, an' teaches the little children ter pray ter him an' love him, like our maw done ever' night before she tucked us in ter sleep.'

When Dave had ceased speaking, Milly drew herself away from his arm. Without replying, she turned her head and looked out at the green of the trees and the blue of the sky beyond.

The boy was strangely wise. He did not venture another remark.

They drove silently along. Her girlish brows were knit; her soft lips moved almost unconsciously; her hands stirred restlessly in her lap. She was trying to call her thoughts away from the things of this earth. She strove to regain the tumult of religious excitement that had exalted her only a short time before. But the call was in vain, the ecstasy was gone, and in its place a dull, dead, cold blackness had settled down upon her.

Before they had reached the end of the bridge, the sun had sunk below the horizon; and now the filmy clouds near the sky line, which the setting sun had tinted with tender pink and delicate lilac, appeared a dark, somber gray. The twilight, of short duration in this flat, hill-less country, was hard upon them.

Dave whipped up the mule. He had escorted Milly to various meetings and "sings" before; but never had they stayed out so late as this, and he feared Mrs. Whitson's disapproval. It was almost night when they drew in sight of the little house. Mrs. Whitson hurried out to meet them, her face drawn and anxious.

"Ye're late, Dave," she began in rather severe tones. Then she looked at the girl:

"Why, Milly, daughter, whatever is the matter?"

But Milly jumped quickly from the buggy and ran to the house. Bolting the door of her little room, she flung herself on her knees beside the bed on which she had laid out her innocent finery only a few hours before.

"O God, make me want ter be good, an' give up everythin'," she sobbed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The days that followed were hard ones for the poor child. She spent most of her time on her knees, for it seemed to her distorted imagination that the blessing she had gained at the meeting was fast slipping away from her. She prayed most earnestly, but only to feel that a hard, impenetrable wall was forming between her and her Creator. At last she decided that he would not hear her prayer because she was not willing to give up all things to him.

She loved Dave best of all, therefore she must give him up. And so she refused to see him when he called; and at last wrote him a pitiful little note, in which she said that she must give him up, because she loved him too much; and that he must never, never, never come to see her again, unless he wanted to kill her outright. And the boy had too much native gentleness to press his suit at such a time.

Yet the giving up of Dave did not relieve her spiritual anguish. She neglected her household duties in order that she might read her Bible the more; but her brain was so confused that she could not realize the blessed promises contained in the precious Book. Sometimes it seemed to her that she was already lost past all re-

(Continued on page 1738)