

**EVELAND, BISHOP WM. P.**

Bishop William P. Cereia  
D.D.  
Manila, P.I.

Board of Foreign Missions  
1000 Avenue, New York

Bishop Winiam P. Escobar  
D. D.  
Manila P. I.

Bishop William P. Evenden  
S. D.

Manila, P. I.

Bishop William D. Coville  
D.D.  
Manila, P.I.

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JAN 10 1882

Bishop William J. Eveland  
D.D.

Wm. Va., F. A.

Bishop William P. Eveland  
D.D.

Manila, P.I.

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FROM WILLARD D. PRICE, SECRETARY PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT  
BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
ONE-HUNDRED-FIFTY FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

William Perry Eveland, Missionary Bishop of South Asia, met death on July 24th near Mount Holly Springs, Pa. in an extraordinary accident. He set out for a little fishing expedition on the banks of a stream which runs practically through the town of Mount Holly Springs, carrying with him a steel fishing rod. In some way the rod came in contact with a poorly insulated high tension electric wire near the Reading Railway. When the Bishop did not return by nine o'clock, searching parties were sent out. These continued throughout the night and the next afternoon the body was found in the high weeds that border the stream.

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Early this year Bishop Eveland returned to this country to attend the General Conference at Saratoga, where he gave some very enthusiastic accounts of the progress of Methodism in the Philippines and throughout Malaysia. He decided to spend the summer at Mount Holly Springs, 11 miles south of Carlisle, which is Mrs. Eveland's old home. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Eveland, and his children.



William Perry Evland was born in Harrisburg, Pa., February 12, 1864. In early boyhood he was thrown upon his own resources. At the age of twenty-two the converting influences of the Holy Spirit reached him. After two years at Pennington Seminary, he entered Dickinson College, where he was graduated in 1892 with Phi Beta Kappa rank and the valedictory honor. He became a member of Central Pennsylvania Conference in 1891. From the pastorate he was twice called aside (1896-8 and 1905-12) to educational work, first as Director of Tome Institute, and later as President of Williamsport Dickinson Sem. His alma mater gave him the Ph.D. for work accomplished in 1896, and later conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the General Conference of 1912 he was elected Missionary Bishop for Southern Asia with residence at Manila.

# Bishop William Perry Eveland.

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From the *Morning Press* of Bloomsburg, Pa., where Bishop Eveland had one of his greatest pastorates, we learn that the bishop intended leaving on Tuesday, July 25, to join the annual Explorers' Camp at Pine Grove, near by, a camping organization, composed of leading Central Pennsylvania men, with which he had been identified for years and years and which is said to be the oldest organization of the kind in the state.

A more ardent fisherman old fishermen in this section have never met. A new steel rod, which he wanted to try out, was the instrument that led to a shocking death by electrocution. He intended fishing in Mountain Run, which leads from the dam to Yellow Breeches Creek, near Mount Holly Springs, his wife's home, and when he left the house at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon it was with the intention of returning in an hour. He did not return. As night fell, a search was instituted, but without results. A general alarm was given. About sixty of the men of the town turned out and searched the whole district thoroughly during the night. They drained part of the stream and dragged the rest, but without result, through all the morning. At that time it was feared that an operation which Bishop Eveland underwent about a week before at Williamsport, when he had some of the cartilage removed from his nose, had resulted in a hemorrhage and that he had been overcome by weakness.

The mystery of his disappearance was cleared up, however, when the boys came upon the body lying in a secluded place under a Philadelphia & Reading culvert, which passes over the creek at the point he was fishing. His one hand was burned to the bone and there were burns on other parts of his body. Strung under the culvert were two high tension wires and one of these, due to a heavy storm, broke and touched with the tip of his steel rod, with the result that he got the full force of the current in his body.

It was the irony of fate, says the *Morning Press*, that he should have braved the hardships of life in the Far East, that he should have narrowly escaped capture by the German raider, the Emden, and figured in the defense against an Indian mutiny, to have met his death in so strange, yet so horrible, a manner.

He was a son of poor parents, and very early in life he learned the candy-making trade. He followed that occupation for some years, and up until the time that he was converted in a revival meeting. Then he decided that he had been called to the ministry. He was twenty-eight years of age when he graduated from Dickinson College, where he was an honor student and one of the most prominent men Dickinson has ever turned out athletically. Not only was he a star football player, but he was later coach of the team.

Referring at length to Bishop Eveland's career and his remarkable record, the *Morning Press* records how Mrs. Eveland and he spent four years in the Far East and had returned home on a furlough. With Mrs. Eveland he expected to return to his work in the Philippines about the first of November. It was from General Conference that he came directly here, reaching Bloomsburg, July 3. That week was one of pleasure, with many happy reunions, a fishing trip near Arbutus Park included. From here Bishop and

Mrs. Eveland went to Eaglesmere, where he addressed a Conference, and then to Williamsport, where he underwent a slight operation for adenoids. He then went to Mrs. Eveland's home for a few days' rest before beginning a speaking tour in behalf of his work.

Both his parents are dead and he has no living brothers or sisters.

\* \* \*

Dr. A. Lawrence Miller, pastor at Bloomsburg, has this estimate:

"Bishop William Perry Eveland was a man among men. He made friends easily and bound them to him as with bands of steel. He had the heart of a brother, the soul of a Christian, the mind of a scholar, the tongue of a teacher. He was a helpful preacher, a devoted pastor. To him work was a joy and service an opportunity. He was a close student of men and books, a great administrator of the pastoral office, an able bishop, carrying his white-hot enthusiasm over his widely extended parish. To him sudden death meant sudden glory. The sorrow of earth because of his going is matched by the joy of heaven because of his coming."

\* \* \*

Bishop Eveland's long-time friend, the able and genial Richard H. Gilbert, D.D.

has a lengthy characterization of his friend:

"Startling beyond words was the announcement of the sudden demise, attended by truly tragic circumstances, of my friend and brother, William Perry Eveland. A shock sudden and severe thrilled me as I read the unwelcome tidings. \* \* \*

"He was ever a man, clean of lip, vigorous of thought, keen of wit, warm in sympathy, genial in manner, and earnest of purpose. His fondness of literature and delight in good books made him to me a choice companion, and our occasional exchange of dainty bits of choice verse, pregnant of lofty and ennobling sentiment, make a memory that is now enhanced by the sense of loss experienced incident to his deplorable decease. \* \* \*

"And now he has gone; young, vigorous, buoyant, hopeful, capable; with enlarging vision and increasing powers, and we wonder why. Ah, 'tis sad; but faith triumphs over reason and we may say in meek submission, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' And taking the Christ's words to Peter, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' we are content to bow our heads and say in His own wonderful words, 'Thy will, O God, be done'."

# Ancient Cities of Scripture and Babylonian Languages.

Our Old Testament Scripture is for the most part in the Hebrew language. Scholars of the last century compelled the Assyrian and Babylonian languages to give up their secrets. The Hebrew language is related to these languages as being one of the same family, namely, the Semitic. Book after book has appeared whose one purpose has been to show the light which has been thrown upon the Old Testament by the finds in the Assyrian and Babylonian languages. Every Biblical scholar is grateful for this light, be it great or small.

The names of the four most ancient cities of Scripture are Babel, Erech, Acad and Kalneh. They are found in Genesis X. Are there any secrets in these names? Does the Babylonian language give any clue to these secrets, if, indeed, secrets be enshrined in them? These are questions which we will attempt to answer. But first it is quite necessary to make clear that ancient names in Scriptures contained significant meanings. One needs but recall some of these names. Philologists have given the secrets of the names of Adam, Abraham, Isaiah and many others. These scholars may be right. Right or wrong, the attempts are interesting. The name Peniel is very

BY WILLIAM WALLACE MARTIN.

lonian begin with "E." For example, E-Kur, the temple of Bel; E-mah, the temple of Adab; E-Zida, temple of Nabu. This word E-reck would then mean the temple of Reck or Ruk. If now we can find out the significance of Ruk, we have the enshrined meaning of the word. There is the word Ruach in Hebrew, which has its corresponding word of similar sound and meaning in the Babylonian. The Hebrew Ruach and the Babylonian Ruk would be the same, and the meaning of each is the "spirit." In the first chapter of Genesis we read that the "spirit of God" moved on the face of the waters. When man built temples and the spirit of God was therein they called the building E-Ruk, the temple of the spirit; and the city where the temple stood received the same name.

The third city mentioned in Scripture is Accad. The word is compounded of A-Kad. This word follows in its formation such words as Jotham, Yah-Them, Jehovah, is perfect. The name of God, Yah, is a first significant in Semitic words of this formation, and the second significant gives an attribute. A very ancient name for God among the Baby-

named along the Babel have, each of them, meanings which indicate a lofty conception of God. These words indicate that men of that far-off age had a temple of God, also knew God as the Mighty One and as the Perfect One. Time and its pitiless destructions have removed away these cities; we are only partially certain of their locations. But language has kept for us their name; and the decipherment of these long dead languages has given us the means to reach that faith in God which inspired those men who first built cities and laid foundations for abiding civilizations. The day is gone by when a scholar can be tolerated in his arrogant assertions that for these times Babel can only mean "confusion." The day is at hand when scholars must declare that to men of that time and in these cities, Babel could only mean "Gate of God."

## EUROPEAN WAR COST.

Up to August 1, the second anniversary of the start of the great war, the direct money cost to all the belligerents will have reached fifty-five billion dollars, according to estimates made in New York.

The direct cost does not include the losses by destruction of property, by the disorganization of civilian industry, by the death and crippling of workers, and by enervating human sickness and misery.

### BRITAIN'S EXPENSES GREATEST.

The money spent is apportioned approximately as follows:

Great Britain (including colonies)	\$1,500,000,000
Belgium (mostly advanced by Allies)	500,000,000
France	5,500,000,000
Russia	11,500,000,000
Serbia	350,000,000
Italy	2,500,000,000
Portugal	100,000,000
Montenegro	10,000,000
Japan	(slight)
<b>Total, Entente Allies</b>	<b>\$36,960,000,000</b>
Germany	\$11,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	6,000,000,000
Bulgaria	150,000,000
Turkey	600,000,000
<b>Total, Central Powers</b>	<b>\$18,750,000,000</b>
<b>Grand total</b>	<b>\$55,710,000,000</b>

The war is now costing all belligerents more than 110 million dollars a day. This is divided among the principal nations as follows: Great Britain, 30 million dollars (official figures); France, 17 million dollars; Russia, 18 million dollars; Italy, 8½ million dollars, Germany, 23 million dollars, the lesser powers making up the balance.

Great Britain is the only power which is paying part of the capital cost of the war out of current income. Germany is compounding her debt by not taking in taxes enough to cover all her interest charges.

## MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
She is a dear and rare land—  
This native land of mine

No men than hers are braver—  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver  
And freely die to save her,  
And think my lot divine

She's not a dull nor cold land  
No! She's a warm and bold land  
Oh! she's a true and old land—  
This native land of mine

Could beauty ever guard her,  
And virtue still reward her,  
No foe would cross her border,  
No friend within her pine!

Thomas Davis in New York Free Press  
London

## A GREAT BIBLE CLASS AND CHURCH

(Continued from page 4)

for lectures, special sermons and addresses which come to him from churches and various sources far outnumber the time he can afford from his busy parish. The church is very happy. The congregations fill the large audience room and the Sunday School has increased very much during the present year. It is a very common thing for a class to be received into the church. We present the cut of the large men's class hoping that other churches may believe they can have one also, and go after it. Any church desiring to hear about the men's movement in this church can secure speakers from the Lincoln Bible class, or Dr. Blackford will go as often as time will permit to tell the story of the movement.

## BISHOP EVELAND CROWNED

In the last issue of the Northern we gave our readers a look at Bishop William Perry Eveland, D. D., LL. D., and announced in a brief editorial that he was to be one of the speakers at the coming Institute of the Central New York Conference Epworth League. Having heard and read great things about him and his work in Southern Asia, high was the expectation of a rich treat for all who contemplate attending the gathering. Instead, however, of being able to sit at his feet and drink in information and inspiration from such a leader, thinker and worker, we are plunged into sorrow and mourning in common with the Methodist Episcopal Church at large. During his residence in Manila and his administration of the work in Southern Asia he manifested great qualities of head and heart. By his brotherliness and sympathetic attitude towards all, especially the missionaries under him, he won a very high place in their esteem and affection. His death will be deeply felt, and just at this juncture—at the beginning of a new quadrennium in reality—will be an irreparable loss.

We read only last week an article from his pen in the recent number of the Methodist Review, on "When Men Prayed." It breathed a humble faith, yet mighty, in the efficacy of the Gospel of Christ to save from sin, and to breathe into the soul of the believer the power and spirit of prayer. It was at a Central Conference, of Southern Asia, held at Jubbulpore, over which Bishop Eveland presided. We cite him:

"Prayer was the big thing about the Conference \* \* God took a hand and led the first speaker to sound a clear, deep spiritual note. All that followed was pitched to the same key. As we listened we felt ourselves being taken up into a lofty place from which our eyes could look out upon the widening Kingdom of our Lord that this missionary work was establishing. \* \* Everywhere there were signs that the old order changeth, and as speaker followed speaker, each seeming to tell a more marvellous tale than those who had preceded him, we found our hearts crying 'What hath God wrought!' \* \* The outstanding result of the Conference is the vision that came to all of a Father's God, salivating our souls and our hearts yearning to bring these people to see in Jesus the Savior that they need. There were times when it seemed as though He stood beside us and compelled us to share in His compassionate love and longing to save."

But the good Bishop is no more. Scarcely in the midst of his meridian manhood, having hardly reached his perihelion, courageous, hopeful, consecrated, capable, beloved, he has been transferred to higher service above.

We think the words of the Quaker poet, Whit-

tier, written to the memory of another, especially appropriate to Bishop Eveland:

"Unnoted as the setting of a star

He passed; and sect and party scarcely knew  
When from their midst a sage and seer withdrew  
To fitter audience, where the great dead are  
In God's republic of the heart and mind,  
Leaving no purer, nobler, soul behind."

Following is a brief biographical sketch of this great and gifted man:

William Perry Eveland, Missionary Bishop of South Asia, met death on July 24th near Mount Holly Springs, Pa., in an extraordinary accident. He set out for a little fishing expedition on the banks of a stream which runs practically through the town of Mount Holly Springs, carrying with him a steel fishing rod. In some way the rod came in contact with a poorly insulated high tension electric wire near the Reading Railway. When the Bishop did not return by nine o'clock, searching parties were sent out. These continued throughout the night and the next afternoon the body was found in the high weeds that border the stream.

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nonsense of early foreboding and pessimistic declarations of the failure of grain crops appears, for, hereaway at any rate, the signs are for crops above the average, the uncut wheat and rye droop their heads in fine proof of fullness, while the harvested fields in the crowding of heaped-up shocks bears eloquent testimony to the multiplied thousands of bushels to be hereafter threshed out. Oats, why they are "a cure for sore eyes," so rank and full. Every nerve of the true Scotchman would tingle at the promise of the almost illimitable supply of the "porridge" he loves so well! "But the corn crops ruined." "Not on your life!" Here and there are, to be sure, bad spots, where late planted corn suffered seriously, and only in a few favored places did it appear to meet the requirements of the old saying, "When corn's knee-high on the Fourth of July the crop will be good," but how it has fairly jumped during the past two weeks! Why I know acres upon acres where 'tis near five feet high and with multiplying "tassels" waves its protests against the croakers! Just give God and the sun a fair chance and see if when "huskin'-time" comes God and nature have not "made good!"

But what I aim at in this skit is especially to emphasize not merely the glory of the season in the present and prospective fruitfulness of it, but to emphasize the beauty of it. And O how I wish I could command the poetic genius of a Wordsworth or the delineating power of a Bierstadt, in order to do justice to the occasion. Failing in that wish let me, in such phrase as may come, endeavor to hint at the joy I have experienced through the spring and summer in frequent trips through and around the eastern section of the dear old Keystone state. It has been my great privilege to have seen not a few of the world's beauty spots, the famous show places in this country and Europe, but I do not hesitate to risk my reputation as an observer (and one not destitute of love of beauty and art) by averring that here we have scenery that dares challenge comparison with the best! O the glory of the verdure that just now clothes the fields, gardens, valleys, hills and mountains! O the witchery of the reflected shadows in the placid waters of stately rivers and unruffled lakes! The wealth and wonder of it all surpasses comprehension, and laughs defiance at adequate description. The finished artistry of the Great Creator is forever provocative of both amazement and delight. To merely instance the single item of color. What a bewildering variety in greens; from the deeply dark riches of the shapely pines to the bright zinnober shades of the locusts, while the silvery shimmering of the willows, as the breeze coquettes with their drooping and slender limbs, flashes a new tint and adds to the charm. Nor are the multiplied intermediate shades, presented by the variety of bushes that skirt the roadways, banks of ferns and the now flowering sumacs, to be omitted from the audit; while a sweeping glance over the more level stretches of territory, where fields challenge admiring attention incident to their play of color, running the entire scale from the dun of the new-ploughed ground up to the gleaming gold of the ripened wheat, the lighter yellow of the rye, the brilliant green of the springing buckwheat, shading through the bluish green of the burdened oats to the dense and rich green of the commanding corn. And of one and all two words are true, rank and lush! And for that we are chiefly indebted to the abundant moisture of the season. Words just as seemingly extravagant could easily be used regarding the wild flowers. Their growth has been rapid; their beauty of bloom unusual; their variety suggestive of the inexhaustible riches of the infinite Creator. And all this

frame; while the distant sky, now vying an Italian firmament. In the richness of its blue, anon flecked with clouds whose whiteness suggests the snowflakes of heaven, bends in loving benediction over all. Strangely callous the heart and stupid the mind that unresponsive to such appeals can ignore the constant challenge to reverence and praise. Nor is the countryside, flanked with rolling hills or towering mountains, alone thus glorious; for increasing pride in caring for humble village properties, the adornment of the front-yards and gardens of the smaller towns, while the manifest endeavor to utilize all that nature and art in intelligent combination can produce in suburban and semi-urban sections, all blend in an effective illustration of a growing determination to duplicate, so far as possible, rural charm in an urban environment. Witness the increasing number of hedges, the choice and care taken of shade trees, together with the growing interest in window flower-boxes and veranda decoration in the use of floral urns and shapely vases and, beyond all, the variety and beauty of trailing vines and clinging ivy, and the larger cultivation of choice flowers and plants in numberless gardens, and then seeing the splendor of the season in all these, say if this scribe is over-enthusiastic in this challenge to the beauty and glory of summer! Thank God for it all; God grant us increasing power to see and appreciate it all!

Berwick, Pa.

### MEET ME IN HEAVEN!

By the Rev. Joseph Wardle  
(82 years young)

I am so glad that I am growing old. I was eighty-two years old May 1, 1916. Each day brings me nearer Heaven, and I have blessings now that I never enjoyed before.

After I had prayed at "Billy" Sunday's meeting at Philadelphia, an old soldier rushed up to me and said: "I must shake hands with you. It is the greatest sermon I ever heard."

"Yes, 'Billy' Sunday preached a great sermon," I replied.

"But it was not what 'Billy' Sunday preached but what you said in prayer, 'I am so glad I'm growing old', that struck me. I am now a changed man. Hallelujah!"

The old soldier had shaken hands with God.

I envy no young man. I have safely passed precipices where 1,000 have fallen over. I do not want to try life over.

I graduated at Garrett Biblical Institute in 1861 with Bishop Fowler and Dr. Chadwick.

Oliver, Frances Willard's brother, called on me at college and called me a walking ghost and said I would not live five years, and then would be in heaven.

"I have always greeted the Inevitable with joy and am ready for old age and death," I said. "There is a crown on every cross, a sunrise in every tomb, and I hear marriage bells when death invites to God's palace."

I am not rich, but am sending treasures each day and asking everybody to meet me in heaven.

Presidents Grant, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson have answered "Yes" to my question, "Will you meet me in Heaven?" Many of my darlings are in heaven and I am looking daily over the Lamb's Book of Life and see there recorded these promises and rejoice. Yonder hosts are calling, loved ones beckoning, God and His Son welcome to eternal sunshine, Cross, Glory, and Reunions. Meet me there. Yours for heaven. Pray for me.

When God is with us and in us we are always equal to our task.

## BISHOP EVELAND

**W**ILLIAM PERRY EVELAND, missionary bishop of Southern Asia, whose sudden death occurred on July 24, near Mount Holly Springs, Pa., brought sorrow to the hearts of his many friends throughout the Church. Our notice last week was brief, as we did not know the details of his death, except as reported by the daily press. He set out for a little fishing expedition on the banks of a stream which runs practically through the town of Mount Holly Springs, carrying with him a steel fishing rod. In some way the rod came in contact with a poorly insulated high tension electric wire near the Reading Railway. When the bishop did not return by nine o'clock, searching parties were sent out. These continued throughout the night, and the next afternoon the body was found in the high weeds that border the stream.

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The funeral services held July 28 at the residence of the late Charles H. Mullin, father of Mrs. Eveland, at Mount Holly Springs, were in charge of Dr. A. S. Pasick, superintendent of Harrisburg District. Bishop Wilson, Bishop John E. Robinson, Bishop Oldham, and Dr. Harry Farmer delivered addresses. The interment was in the cemetery at Mount Holly Springs, the services there being participated in by seven members of the Central Pennsylvania Conference.

### APPRECIATIONS OF BISHOP EVELAND

Bishop Eveland was a thorough student; fond of literature; an earnest preacher; greatly loved pastor; strengthening all his charges; an educator, impressing his personality on all pupils; an administrator, forceful and far-visioned, never losing faith in himself or his cause. A prodigious worker, the Church has lost a host.—*Emory M. Stevens, Huntingdon, Pa.*

William Perry Eveland, for so the members of Central Pennsylvania Conference called him, was very popular among his brethren, not alone because of his charming social qualities, but more because of his trained powers and loyalty to the calls of the Church, which he eagerly answered. With delight and hope we noted the change his missionary labors wrought in his Christian experience, which was manifestly enriched and rounded out. To every task and duty, Bishop Eveland gave himself with unwonted zeal and an abandon of physical strength and mental and moral force. His coronation was swift and sure. Greatly beloved was he.—*Horace Lincoln Jacobs, Williamsport, Pa.*

Bishop Eveland was a lovable brother—clear of intellect, affable, but courageous—of sterling integrity, and wise administrator. My twenty-eight years of closest intimacy confirm this estimate.—*Joseph H. Price, Carlisle, Pa.*

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tion price of their dailies. If these great papers would eliminate all color, cheap humor, and outlandish "art" from their Sunday edition, the ethical and æsthetic improvement would be even greater than the saving of paper.

A tax ferret (or more delicately speaking, an expert accountant) remarked the other day that there were just 125 methods men had devised to sequester their money or obviate the payment of a just tax. And yet the government at Washington still lives, and the poor man foots the bills.

A congressman can always secure applause by ordering it inserted parenthetically at any part of his printed and franked speech he chooses. To glance over one of these deliverances in the congressional record one would think their representative had difficulty in breaking through the furore caused by his remark just uttered. He may be able to frank his speeches, but hardly with perfect frankness.

## The Hides

### A LITTLE LESSON

FOR weeks and months during the construction of the peace and war groups on the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Indianapolis, Ind., workmen were busy with derrick and ropes swinging into place great rough blocks of stone. They piled them in apparent confusion. Those who knew said that those rough stones were to furnish, when finally shaped, the most beautiful stone carving of any magnitude in the world. Then carpenters were engaged housing in these gigantic piles, and soon they were hid from the public gaze. All winter workmen crawled like ants over those stones, and with mallet and chisel chipped, chipped away. The public had almost forgotten to be curious about what was going on behind the screen, when, one spring day, the board inclosure was pulled down and

Mr. John C. Burg, who has been Dr. Harris' secretary and right-hand man throughout most of his administration, leaves with Dr. Harris to assist him in his new work. Mr. Burg is one of that new type of college man whose activity is felt in the affairs of the city as well as those of the university, and Chicago will feel his loss as well as that of Dr. Harris.

The trustees have elected Thomas F. Holgate to be president of the university *ad interim*. To assist him, a council of deans and secretaries of the eleven different schools of the university was formed.

Dr. Holgate has been dean of the college of liberal arts since 1902. He was acting president of Northwestern in 1904-06. He is well known as a professor of mathematics and has written "Elementary Geometry," and is the translator of Reye's "Geometry of Position." Dr. Holgate is well known not only to the alumni of the university, but to the community as well, and his leadership will be cordially followed.

The war department has ruled well in ordering all college men at the military camps home in time for the opening of the fall term. To interfere with the course of education of a thousand men would be disastrous, and in addition thwart the program of preparedness.

Nothing will please Methodists more than the acceptance by Bishop Nicholson of the presidency of the Dry Chicago Federation. For a bishop to lead in a general campaign against vice or social injustice is worth far more to the denomination than an equal expenditure of force within the channel of the Church

## of All Time

August 20, 1916. Lesson Text: Acts 19:23-41

US—ACTS 19:23-41  
Standard Bible\*

is filled with the confusion with one accord into the Gaius and Aristarchus, 1's companions in travel, minded to enter in unto ples suffered him not. the Asiarchs, being his and besought him not to the theater. 32 Some ing, and some another:

is not only that we will have our trade discredited, but that the temple of the great goddess Artemis will fall into contempt and that she will be degraded from her majestic glory, she whom all Asia and the wide world worship!"

The answer to this was a riot. As one man the excited crowd rushed to the great

## Bishop Eveland

"There were no earthward ends to ground the wires between that assembly and God." So wrote Bishop EVELAND in the current number of the Methodist Review. By a strange coincidence many read that sentence on the very day when the news was telegraphed from Mount Holly Springs, Pa., that by the grounding of the earthward end of a "live" wire the man who wrote it had received his summons to the presence of his Maker.

The tragic circumstances of his taking off, with a sketch of his life, and an account of the funeral, are printed elsewhere (page 25). Bishop Eveland was so young, just turned fifty-two, and his activities thus far so confined to the limits of his Annual Conference and to his mission field, that the denomination at large knew less about him than about most of those whom it calls Bishop. Yet that there was rare human quality in this faithful, earnest, diligent servant of Christ is proved by every step in his career.

The future educator was so poor in his orphaned boyhood that he lacked all the "advantages" of education. Before he was in his teens he was earning his living, and his wiry body was inured to labor long before he thought of cultivating his mind. It was at a revival meeting in Cumberland Street Church in Philadelphia that his clear call came. Mrs. MARGARET VAN COTT, an evangelist known through all this seaboard region for her prevailing prayer

and persuasive exhortation, carried his defenses by storm and brought the strong young man to his knees at a Methodist altar. There burst in upon him a vision of his duty to preach, and that, to his practical mind, meant preparation. Thanks to our system of Conference schools the doors of Pennington stood invitingly open. His awakened mind made easy work of the curriculum. He completed the college preparatory course in such short order that the principal, jealous of the standing of the seminary, withheld the diploma, refusing to acknowledge that the four-year course could be galloped over in two. But "Perry Eveland," as everybody called him, had done the work and passed onward and upward into Dickinson College, diploma or no diploma. At Carlisle it was the same story—he was the best football player and the best scholar in his class and was graduated with the valedictory honors at the mature age of twenty-eight.

Then alternated pastorates and professorships for several years. He gave good account of himself as pastor in the Central Pennsylvania churches, and he was the head of the Jacob Tome Institute at Port Deposit, Md. (1896-1898), and of Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport (1905-1912). His own self-conquests fitted him to be an unusual helper of youth, mentally and spiritually, and he seemed marked for much larger educational responsibilities when in 1912 the General Conference, by one of those lightning decisions which it sometimes reaches, designated this preparatory school teacher as Missionary Bishop of Southern Asia.

The demands of the new work disturbed many of his lines of growth, and shattered almost all the grooves of his experience. He was accustomed to success, but he had worked hitherto in limited fields, at home, among friends, and upon ground with which he was thoroughly familiar. The election thrust him out into a remote mission field, and one presenting the most diverse and perplexing problems, not only missionary, but political and social, including some springing from the great war which troubled even that distant island area. Yet Bishop Eveland gave himself to his task with the same singleness of purpose that marked him in the class rooms and upon the playing fields of Pennington and Carlisle, in his pastorates and in the administration of his schools. He had to work in his own way. Some of his fellow workers who had been long in the field were at times impatient because he could not immediately see with their eyes and lead them out upon a large program to unprecedented con-



WILLIAM PERRY EVELAND, PH.D., D.D.

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Bishop Eveland, successful as a pastor, and successful as a teacher, was diligently pursuing the route to success in the work to which the Church unexpectedly drafted him. Death laid a swift and mysterious hand upon him when he was barely articleed as a missionary apprentice. Such was his ambition to vindicate the judgment of the Church in his election, so eager was he to ascertain and follow the Lord's will, and so amenable was he to the



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## The Portal



If American Methodism should ever raise an Ebenezer ("stone of help"), it could not find a worthier monument than the old school threshold which heads this page. It is, perhaps, a better monument even where it stands, for it is still in use, and the sign manual—perhaps we should say sign pedal—is being engraved more deeply with the foot-falls of every passing school-boy generation. Going back to the early days of Methodism in New England, it reminds the Church that in those days of feebleness and poverty the fathers did not shrink from heavy sacrifices in order that schools might be provided in which their children could have the best of intellectual training, coupled with careful religious nurture. That old school door was in every sense the portal of life to hundreds of New England youths. Once within it they learned what men had discovered of the material world and its laws, but from teachers who were as familiar with the world of the spirit they gained also light and inspiration for the larger life of the unseen and eternal verities. That has been characteristic of all our schools.

the Continent in order to gather information. His emphatic conclusion is that by aiding the sufferers American Christianity will be setting in motion the greatest of all peace movements. It "is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It will strengthen America with every nation that shares her bounty. It will put our country in a position to make friendly overtures, and the gratitude will be the best insurance against future attacks.

How can the churches aid? They can aid as churches by continuing to send their money to Dr. G. M. FOWLER, Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, who will transmit it promptly and in full to any one of the many trustworthy relief agencies. Or Methodists may join with others in the leadership of community campaigns in behalf of the war sufferers. One cry which will come with special appeal to many in America is that of the French Protestant churches, the successors of the historic Huguenot societies, which find themselves prostrate. In order to maintain the very existence of French Protestantism through this terrible time \$150,000 is needed, and there is no place from which it can come except American Protestantism. When French Roman Catholicism is drawing its first long breath of reviving strength in many years, it is no time for the Protestant lands to allow the French Church which survived Saint Bartholomew to perish of starvation.

There is danger that America, with its three thousand millions of increased wealth, largely due to a prosperity born of Europe's pangs, will neglect to bring its title into the storeroom. Three hundred millions would not be more than our debt. Yet those who have the figures sting us with the stinginess with which we have hoarded the gains of the war business.

If we are to fulfill our plain duty, and ward off the scorn of the world, we ought to send relief in unprecedented volume. If the local churches, as such, are not organized for such cooperative work, is it not possible

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When he first came to the Willamette valley in Oregon, he visited Salem, the capital. When he saw Willamette University just across the street from the State House, he said, "That is the most beautiful sight I have seen in many a day." The center of education and the center of government so close together impressed him.

Such a remark of course drew me to Mr. Hill, literally. I sought him the next day in Portland. He warmed my heart by saying "I will help you." And, then, for ten minutes he talked to me of his belief in Christian education, as to its ability to produce national and world leaders who would be men of character. I shall never forget the impressive, earnest way in which he declared that the world is going to need in the future greater trained men, with greater character, and that the Christian college was the institution that would produce them.

Several months later he said to me that he would give Willamette University \$50,000; and when the happiness began to shine out of my face, his own face, ordinarily grave, lighted up with joy as he told me of his satisfaction in giving to Christian education. It was my personal privilege to receive from Mr. Hill a draft for the \$50,000, which was the first money pledged and paid by him for Pacific Coast colleges.

At another time, in his office in Saint Paul, Mr. Hill talked to me for half an hour about education and his personal gifts to that cause. At that time, with evident happiness, he said, "I have sixteen colleges on my list to which I have given large sums." It was easy to tell where his heart was most interested, for face and voice gave full evidence that education, Christian education, was one of his delights.

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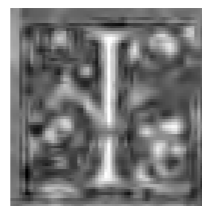
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# Philippine Observer

DECEMBER, 1916

MARVIN A. RADER, EDITOR



## FOR THE HONOUR OF "THE SERVICE"

William Perry Eveland, Bishop of the Philippine Islands, a Man amongst men; true, noble, thoughtful, just, kind, beloved, high minded, judicious; a Christian gentleman and a scholar. We lost him the other day; rather God took him. We can never forget him. He has been much in our thoughts, more since going away even than before. Thought of him stirs the best within us and makes us want the guidance of God, to Whom he belonged, and for Whom he lived.

A year ago in the fulness of health, with no thought that he would hear the summons to "Higher Service" before the year was done, Bishop Eveland sent out to his friends this beautiful verse. Read it. Study over it. Make his ideal your ideal; his purpose your purpose. As you stand on the threshold of a new year determine before God to keep your record clean and to do your duty as a follower of Jesus Christ!

### FOR THE HONOUR OF "THE SERVICE"

(II Cor. VI. 3)

'That "Reproach may not Fall on 'The Service!'  
Lord! 'tis for this we gird our armour on  
Knowing the heights Thy Soldier-Saints have won  
The song of the "March of the Passions"  
One song that's breath'd in our Right of Set,  
With faithful mages, sov'igns, Sages and Seers  
But Vision takes, Ideals grow true, the whole  
Of Life low mized, beset in Pleasure or in Pain  
So we our Captain's Honour guard with care  
The Shield of Faith, the Spirit's trenchant sword,  
The Armoured Mail of Righteousness, with Prayer  
We gird upon ourselves, trusting that Word  
And Love of Thine vibrant with Power may nerve us  
To keep "Reproach" from falling on "The Service"



## WILSON RE-ELECTED

The triumph of Woodrow Wilson in the election last month in the States was considerable of a surprise to many people in the Philippine, and incidentally to many people in the States. Every indication for weeks before the election pointed to the election of Mr. Hughes. The old saying 'As goes Maine so goes the nation' pointed toward the triumph of the Republican party. It was the first time a man has been elected president in recent years who did not carry New York State.

1. The vote was exceedingly close. Not in our time has there been such an equal division. This is the first time since the civil war a Democratic candidate has been successful following a Democratic administration. What is the explanation of it?

There may be many more reasons than those given below but we are sure that two of the principle reasons are found in the following facts

The country is prosperous. Americans and other folks as well are not apt to change leaders as long as financial conditions are favorable. America has seldom been more prosperous than now. The *increase* in national wealth last year amounted to more than P20,000,000,000. "Let well enough alone" has a great weight with many people.

2. The Roman Catholic political organization came out a little while ago in opposition to President Wilson because of his Mexican policy. They wanted to get back into power in Mexico and felt there was little chance through Wilson. The fair-minded independent voter resented this ecclesiastic interference in political affairs, and there is no doubt multitudes switched their votes to support the President.

3. The greatest reason for Wilson's triumph however is to be found in the fear that the election of Mr. Hughes might involve the country in war not only with Mexico, but perhaps with Europe or Japan. Leaders of the Republican party have been a little more pugnacious in their speeches and have created this alarm.

Mr. Wilson has studiously determined that America should not go to war as long as there was a chance to keep out of it. President Wilson has taken the position that every means should be tried to maintain peace before resorting to force. He was willing to endure insult after insult rather than strike back. He could have gone to war at almost any time the past three years. The national honor has been assailed and insulted over and over again. But would going to war bring relief? After the war is over what satisfaction for one side to say to the other "I punched your nose. The issue must still be reasoned out and the terms if they are just to humanity will have to be based on justice and not on brute or physical force.

**The world must come to see that physical force is the weapon of the savage and must be discarded by the civilized man and nation.**



## Personal

Governor Whitman attracted a large gathering to hear him at Chautauqua, N. Y., last Thursday.

Dr. J. O. Randall, of Philadelphia, will have charge of the evangelistic meetings during the Huntington Beach (California) Epworth League Institute.

The Rev. W. H. Baker, pastor of Saint Paul's Church, Tacoma, Wash., is spending his vacation in Alaska, where his son-in-law, Dr. H. W. Stoughton, is sanitary officer for the government railway.

Lieutenant-Governor L. D. Dickinson, of Michigan, was the speaker at the morning service in our church at Ypsilanti, Mich., on July 23. Governor Dickinson was a delegate to the last General Conference.

Bishop Oldham is in great demand for religious institutes and conferences during the summer. He is the preacher at Chautauqua, N. Y., for Sunday, August 5, and is also giving a number of devotional addresses during this week.

Dr. E. A. White, pastor of Cory Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, O., has been elected president of Walden College, Nashville, Tenn. He has served two terms as district superintendent, and has been four times a delegate to the General Conference.

Dr. Arthur Copeland, chaplain of Auburn Prison, lectured twice at the Honoye Valley Temperance Assembly at Shinglehouse, Pa., August 1, speaking at 2:30 p. m. on "John D. Pierson, the Hero of the Little Monitor," and at 8 p. m. on "Voices from the Prison Cells."

Judge Ira Ellsworth Robinson, of Grafton, W. Va., has been nominated at the Republican primary for Governor of West Virginia. He has been Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals of his State. He is well known in Methodism as a member of the General Conference of 1912 and 1916.

Chancellor Clark A. Fulmer, of our Nebraska Wesleyan University, has handed in his resignation, to take effect one year hence. Dr. Fulmer has been at the head of this university since 1910, and splendid growth is recorded. He is an educator of unusual ability; he feels that the head of a great university should be a man of affairs.

Miss Ross, the great-granddaughter of John Ross, Chief of the Cherokee Nation, recently visited Bethlehem, Pa., and visited the graves of some of her ancestors. There are a number of Indians buried in that city. This descendant of the head of the Cherokees is now engaged in missionary work in the South.

assistants. He has announced the following selection: office secretary, Miss Ina L. Bates; research secretary, Deets Pickett; extension secretary, the Rev. Ernest D. Smith; secretary for work among colored people, Dr. J. N. C. Coggin.

Dr. W. H. Morgan, pastor of Calvary Church, New York city, is taking an active part in the Epworth League Institutes of the Northwest. He is a member of the faculty of the Puget Sound Conference Institutes and dean of the faculty of the Liberty Lake Institute. He delivered a lecture July 19, at Rose City Park Church, Portland, Ore., on the subject, "From a Puddling Furnace to a Metropolitan Pulpit."

Dr. Henry F. Cope, General Secretary of the Religious Education Association, discussed at the University of Chicago, on four successive days, July 25-28 inclusive, the general subject of "Religious Education Through the Community." He treated of the various phases of religious education through the public schools, the church, through amusement and recreational agencies, and through the community council.

The Commission on Federation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been called to meet August 9 at Tate Springs, Tenn., to select the twenty-five representatives of that Church on the Joint Commission on Methodist Unification. The members are: Bishops A. W. Wilson, E. E. Hoss and Collins Denny; Dr. Frank M. Thomas, W. J. Young and John M. Moore; President H. N. Snyder, Judge M. L. Walton and Percy D. Woddin.

The death of Mrs. Etna Curless, wife of the Rev. Homer G. Curless, pastor at Mechanicsburg, O., occurred at his former home in Blanchester, O., Tuesday, July 18. The funeral service was held Friday, July 21, at the residence of her parents in Springfield, O., conducted by their pastor, the Rev. J. W. Holland, assisted by District Superintendent Cole, the Rev. W. A. Wiant, the Rev. E. S. Weaver and the Rev. J. W. Gunn.

The Rev. and Mrs. George L. Thompson, of New York East Conference, celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of their marriage on July 26 at the home of their youngest son, Attorney John A. Thompson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., where they spend the larger part of their summers. It is of interest to note that in the little company enjoying this celebration were their eldest grandson, their eldest great-grandson, and their only granddaughter, all having the same day of the same month as their birthdays.

Lee S. Smith, of Pittsburgh, at the triennial conclave recently held at Los Angeles, Cal., by the Knights Templar, was elected to the highest position in the gift of this order, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States of America. Mr. Smith is a Civil War veteran, the son of the late Rev. Wesley Smith, of Pittsburgh Conference, and brother of the late Bishop Charles W. Smith. He is very prominent in the public life of Pittsburgh, and has served two terms as president of the Chamber of Commerce of that city.

Dr. Merritt Thomas Dutcher, who had for many years been a practicing physician in

Bishop Hughes responded to the splendid welcome expressed upon this occasion.

Bishop Leonard and his family left Seattle on July 14 to take up his episcopal residence in San Francisco, Cal. On the 23d he preached in Grace Church at the morning services and at Central Church in the evening. On July 28 a reception was given in First Church. The following representatives gave addresses of welcome: For Southern California Methodism, the Rev. Harcourt W. Peck; for the District Superintendents, the Rev. Alfred Inwood; for the University of Southern California, President George F. Roward; for the Methodist Hospital of Southern California, the Rev. Byron H. Wilson; for the laymen of Southern California, the Hon. Albert J. Wallace; for the Los Angeles Missionary and Church Extension Society, Egeron Shore; for the women of the Conference, Mrs. I. J. Reynolds; for the ministers of the Conference, the Rev. James Allen Geissinger; for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Bishop W. R. Lambuth.

## A Year's Religious Program for the Campus

By G. Franklin Ream, Religious Work Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church

While that which is called "the atmosphere" about our educational institutions has always had a decided Christian quality, and many of the teachers are strong Christian personalities, it has, nevertheless, been felt by many of our religious leaders that the total Christian impact of our schools should be made more vital, definitely constructive, and well rounded. A number of very helpful experiments have been made, and very careful consideration has been given to the matter. The Department of Religious Work in the Board of Education has prepared a program for the religious agencies and activities of the campus, and it is now being recommended to all our schools. In outline and purpose it is as follows:

### A YEAR'S RELIGIOUS PROGRAM FOR THE CAMPUS

#### THE FOUR CAMPAIGNS

#### 1. The Matriculation Week Campaign, September.

*Object:* To relate every new student to the Church, either as a regular or as an affiliated member, and to gain his favorable interest in the several religious activities which will soon seek the enlistment of students.

#### 2. The Evangelistic Campaign, November or December.

*Object:* To bring every student in the institution to the knowledge of Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and as constant moral Master in every phase of daily living.

#### 3. The Day of Prayer, February.

*Object:* To introduce the entire student body to a vital interpretation of the fundamentals of Christianity, so that a fully adequate basis for faith and living may be established.

#### 4. The Life Work Council, April or May.

*Object:* To present the claims of the Kingdom of Christ in terms of modern service and Christian opportunity, and to assist every student to find and to adopt the will of God work.

#### THE FOUR ENLISTMENTS

#### 1. The Sunday School and Bible Study Enlistment.

To enroll every student in the Sunday School and Bible Study, and to have every student engaged in the study of the Bible.

#### 2. The Church Enlistment.

To enroll every student in the Church, and to have every student engaged in the study of the Bible.

#### 3. The Life Work Enlistment.

To enroll every student in the Life Work Council, and to have every student engaged in the study of the Bible.

#### 4. The Prayer Enlistment.

To enroll every student in the Prayer Council, and to have every student engaged in the study of the Bible.

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## Bishop Eveland.

Where doth not death lurk? Bishop William Perry Eveland, Missionary Bishop of Southern Asia, only fifty-two, in splendid health, was walking amid inspiring and sacred scenes—along the noisy little stream at Mount Holly Springs, Pa., where the mountains look down, where he had won his bride and where he had long ago established his summer cottage—he was walking under the bridge to where he knew the willows darkened the trout-abounding pools, when his steel fishing rod touched a heavily charged electric wire, and instantly he was dead.

Bishop Eveland was born in Harrisburg, February 12, 1864. He was Scotch and he was poor. But what Scotch lad does not laugh at poverty when the academy and the college call. Perry Eveland, as he was called, worked, economized, saved, studied nights, and went to Pennington Academy, got the best out of it, but only at the advanced age of twenty-four found himself with his Pennington diploma ready for college. Naturally he went to Dickenson, and here he won his sheepskin in 1892, his Master's degree the year following, his Doctorate in Philosophy three years later. That illustrates the temper of the Scot; he held on until he was thirty-two years of age, but he achieved his equipment. He was a careful and thorough student until the end.

Dr. Eveland had had but two years in the itinerancy, a minor charge near college and an important year at Danville, when he was chosen director of Jacob Tome Institute, one of the most opulent and famous schools for boys in all the East. He later had five years in the pastorate, when in 1905 he was summoned to the presidency of Williamsport-Dickenson Seminary at Williamsport, in succession to the great educator, Dr. Edward J. Gray, who for thirty-one years had given the institution a reputation far and wide.

Dr. Eveland was president until 1912, when, happening to be a visitor at General Conference the day Bishop Oldham was summoned from Southern Asia to the missionary office in New York, William Perry Eveland was providentially discovered, and, though unknown through the Church and not a member of the body, he was elected in a sense successor to Bishop Oldham, on the third ballot. His episcopal residence was fixed at Manila. He buried himself in his work and came home only on the eve of General Conference; and now when it has as it were but just adjourned, he is no longer on earth.

Bishop Eveland was comparatively unknown; therefore, he was not understood at his worth. He was the scholar, the teacher, the tactful administrator. There was no sounding symbol about him. He had the Scot's fine sense of literary values; his sermons were chaste, correct, luminous, rather than thunders and torrents. He was popular among thinkers. He aspired not to the emptiness of titles, but to the realities of actual service.

We do not know just how sagacious he was in building great programs for far tomorrows; we are not sure as to his prophetic sense. We are sure he saw clearly the world in which the day was set, and gave himself to its adjustment and mastery. He did not "ask to see the distant scene one step enough." He was a perfect gentleman, a sincere friend, a peacemaker, absorbed in detail. We sat with him at the Strong Springs Hotel for the month of May and found his conversation always keen, his normal life always on the high levels.

He was but fifty-two. He was ready. His going leaves all the problems of the Philippines heavy again on the hands of the Church.

fortunate enough to have heard him can never forget his inimitable presentation of "My Grandfather Squeers," "Little Orphan Annie," "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin and the Fodder's in the Shock," "Out of Old Aunt Mary's," "Doc Sifers," "Knee Deep in June" and "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

### Nebraska Epworth Assembly.

With blare of trumpet and everybody in line, the twentieth year of the Nebraska Epworth Assembly opened yesterday at Epworth Lake Park, Lincoln, Neb. Plenty of trees, plenty of water, plenty of good fellowship, and a program of thrillers—that's what this veteran assembly hands out this and next week. This afternoon Senator Kenyon of Iowa is speaking, tomorrow evening Dr. Gunsaulus; these are samples. President L. O. Jones has brought Nebraska a sheaf of wheat, sure enough. The CENTRAL congratulates all concerned.

### Mexico Is Suspicious.

Mexico, declared President Wilson recently, is suspicious of the United States, because she "does not believe as yet that we want to serve her." And he added that Mexico "has justification for the belief in the way in which some of our fellow citizens have tried to exploit her privileges and possessions." He announced that he was determined not to serve the ambition of those who would get possession of Mexican resources in this way, but that he would "try to serve all America, so far as intercourse with Mexico is concerned, by trying to serve Mexico herself."

We must bear all this in mind, if we would be fair to Mexico. Every candid investigator, men like Chancellor Jordan of Stanford University, who examines conditions of the border, is convinced that there is a propaganda doing its utmost to provoke war in order to reap financial benefits. Such plus the yellow journals have a heavy responsibility to answer for.

There will be no war with Mexico; our brave troops are still pouring to the border. Presently they will be coming back, we hope uninjured by the climate and privations. As for Mexico, we must help her as she is trying to rise into national and personal character.

### Bishop Hendrix.

Some of the *Advocates* of the Church, South, seem to have put all the knives in their armory on the grindstone to sharpen them for Bishop Eugene R. Hendrix, their senior bishop, on account of remarks made by him at Saratoga Springs. Their slashings are keen; their caricature artistic; but they are worthy a better cause.

Dr. James W. Lee was invited to deliver the address at the anniversary of the Board of Sunday-schools at our General Conference; Bishop Hendrix was invited to deliver the address at the anniversary of the Board of Conference Claimants. Our General Conference had just gone on record in favor of organic union. Having this in mind, and having distinctly in mind the efforts at understandings since the *Cape May Commission* in 1876, made its start at federation, and how fruitless these efforts had been, and addressing our own Church, in the course of his preferatory remarks, and speaking extemporaneously, Bishop Hendrix exclaimed:

"My brethren, do you know we have been wandering in the wilderness for forty years. Forty years—as long as Israel wandered in the wilderness, that great and terrible wilderness."

Eveland, Mrs. William Perry

see Woman's Missionary Friend, Nov. 1927, p. 402

Eveland, Bishop William Perry

see Woman's Missionary Friend, Spet. 1916, p. 318

# Bishop William Perry Eveland.

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From the *Morning Press* of Bloomsburg, Pa., where Bishop Eveland had one of his greatest pastorates, we learn that the bishop intended leaving on Tuesday, July 25, to join the annual Explorers' Camp at Pine Grove, near by, a camping organization, composed of leading Central Pennsylvania men, with which he had been identified for years and years and which is said to be the oldest organization of the kind in the state.

A more ardent fisherman old fishermen in this section have never met. A new steel rod, which he wanted to try out, was the instrument that led to a shocking death by electrocution. He intended fishing in Mountain Run, which leads from the dam to Yellow Breches Creek, near Mount Holly Springs, his wife's home, and when he left the house at 5 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon it was with the intention of returning in an hour. He did not return. As night fell, a search was instituted, but without results. A general alarm was given. About sixty of the men of the town turned out and searched the whole district thoroughly during the night. They drained part of the stream and dragged the rest, but without result, through all the morning. At that time it was feared that an operation which Bishop Eveland underwent about a week before at Williamsport, when he had some of the cartilage removed from his nose, had resulted in a hemorrhage and that he had been overcome by weakness.

The mystery of his disappearance was cleared up, however, when the boys came upon the body lying in a secluded place under a Philadelphia & Reading culvert, which passes over the creek at the point he was fishing. His one hand was burned to the bone and there were burns on other parts of his body. Strung under the culvert were two high tension wires and one of these, due to a heavy storm, broke and touched with the tip of his steel rod, with the result that he got the full force of the current in his body.

It was the irony of fate, says the *Morning Press*, that he should have braved the hardships of life in the Far East, that he should have narrowly escaped capture by the German raider, the *Emden*, and figured in the defense against an Indian mutiny, to have met his death in so strange, yet so horrible, a manner.

He was a son of poor parents, and very early in life he learned the candy-making trade. He followed that occupation for some years, and up until the time that he was converted in a revival meeting. Then he decided that he had been called to the ministry. He was twenty-eight years of age when he graduated from Dickinson College, where he was an honor student and one of the most prominent men Dickinson has ever turned out athletically. Not only was he a star football player, but he was later coach of the team.

Referring at length to Bishop Eveland's career and his remarkable record, the *Morning Press* records how Mrs. Eveland and he spent four years in the Far East and had returned home on a furlough. With Mrs. Eveland he expected to return to his work in the Philippines about the first of November. It was from General Conference that he came directly here reaching Bloomsburg, July 2. That week was one of pleasure, with many happy reunions, a fishing trip near Arbutus Park included. From here Bishop and

Mrs. Eveland went to Eaglesmere, where he addressed a Conference, and then to Williamsport, where he underwent a slight operation for adenoids. He then went to Mrs. Eveland's home for a few days' rest before beginning a speaking tour in behalf of his work.

Both his parents are dead and he has no living brothers or sisters.

Dr. A. Lawrence Miller, pastor at Bloomsburg, has this estimate:

"Bishop William Perry Eveland was a man among men. He made friends easily and bound them to him as with bands of steel. He had the heart of a brother, the soul of a Christian, the mind of a scholar, the tongue of a teacher. He was a helpful preacher, a devoted pastor. To him work was a joy and service an opportunity. He was a close student of men and books, a great administrator of the pastoral office, an able bishop, carrying his white-hot enthusiasm over his widely extended parish. To him sudden death meant sudden glory. The sorrow of earth because of his going is matched by the joy of heaven because of his coming."

Bishop Eveland's long-time friend, the able and genial Richard H. Gilbert, D.D.,

has a lengthy characterization of his friend:

"Startling beyond words was the announcement of the sudden demise, attended by truly tragic circumstances, of my friend and brother, William Perry Eveland. A shock sudden and severe thrilled me as I read the unwelcome tidings \* \* \*

"He was ever a man, clean of lip, vigorous of thought, keen of wit, warm in sympathy, genial in manner, and earnest of purpose. His fondness of literature and delight in good books made him to me a choice companion, and our occasional exchange of dainty bits of choice verse, pregnant of lofty and ennobling sentiment, make a memory that is now enhanced by the sense of loss experienced incident to his deplorable decease. \* \* \*

"And now he has gone: young, vigorous, buoyant, hopeful, capable, with enlarging vision and increasing powers; and we wonder why. Ah, 'tis sad, but faith triumphs over reason and we may say in meek submission, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' And taking the Christ's words to Peter, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' we are content to bow our heads and say in His own wonderful words, 'Thy will, O God, be done!'"

# Ancient Cities of Scripture and Babylonian Languages.

Our Old Testament Scripture is for the most part in the Hebrew language. Scholars of the last century compelled the Assyrian and Babylonian languages to give up their secrets. The Hebrew language is related to these languages as being one of the same family, namely, the Semitic. Book after book has appeared whose one purpose has been to show the light which has been thrown upon the Old Testament by the finds in the Assyrian and Babylonian languages. Every Biblical scholar is grateful for this light, be it great or small.

The names of the four most ancient cities of Scripture are Babel, Erech, Acad and Kalneh. They are found in Genesis X. Are there any secrets in these names? Does the Babylonian language give any clue to these secrets, if, indeed, secrets be enshrined in them? These are questions which we will attempt to answer. But first it is quite necessary to make clear that ancient names in Scriptures contained significant meanings. One needs but recall some of these names. Philologists have given the secrets of the names of Adam, Abraham, Isaiah and many others. These scholars may be right. Right or wrong, the attempts are interesting. The name Peniel is very clearly understood. It means the pres-

BY WILLIAM WALLACE MARTIN.

lonian begin with "E" For example, E-Kur, the temple of Bel; E-mah, the temple of Adab; E-Zida, temple of Nabu. This word E-reck would then mean the temple of Reck or Ruk. If now we can find out the significance of Ruk, we have the enshrined meaning of the word. There is the word Ruach in Hebrew, which has its corresponding word of similar sound and meaning in the Babylonian. The Hebrew Ruach and the Babylonian Ruk would be the same, and the meaning of each is the "spirit" In the first chapter of Genesis we read that the "spirit of God" moved on the face of the waters. When man built temples and the spirit of God was therein they called the building E-Ruk, the temple of the spirit; and the city where the temple stood received the same name.

The third city mentioned in Scripture is Accad. The word is compounded of A-Kad. This word follows in its formation such words as Jotham, Yah-Them, Jehovah, is perfect. The name of God, Yah, is a first significant in Semitic words of this formation, and the second significant gives an attribute. A very ancient name for God among the Babylonians was Ea (the same as Yah of the

named along the Babel have, each of them, meanings which indicate a lofty conception of God. These words indicate that men of that far-off age had a temple of God, also knew God as the Mighty One and as the Perfect One. Time and its pitiless destructions have removed away these cities; we are only partially certain of their locations. But language has kept for us their name; and the decipherment of these long dead languages has given us the means to reach that faith in God which inspired those men who first built cities and laid foundations for abiding civilizations. The day is gone by when a scholar can be tolerated in his arrogant assertions that for these times Babel can only mean "confusion." The day is at hand when scholars must declare that to men of that time and in these cities, Babel could only mean "Gate of God."

## EUROPEAN WAR COST.

Up to August 1, the second anniversary of the start of the great war, the direct money cost to all the belligerents will have reached fifty-five billion dollars, according to estimates made in New York.

The direct cost does not include the losses by destruction of property, by the disorganization of civilian industry, by the death and crippling of workers, and by enervating human sickness and misery.

## BRITAIN'S EXPENSES GREATEST.

The money spent is apportioned approximately as follows:

Great Britain (including colonies)	\$13,000,000,000
Belgium (mostly advanced by Allies)	500,000,000
France	8,500,000,000
Russia	11,500,000,000
Serbia	850,000,000
Italy	2,500,000,000
Portugal	100,000,000
Montenegro	10,000,000
Japan	(slight)
<b>Total, Entente Allies</b>	<b>\$36,960,000,000</b>
Germany	\$12,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	6,000,000,000
Bulgaria	150,000,000
Turkey	600,000,000
<b>Total, Central Powers</b>	<b>\$18,750,000,000</b>
<b>Grand total</b>	<b>\$55,710,000,000</b>

The war is now costing all belligerents more than 110 million dollars a day. This is divided among the principal nations as follows: Great Britain, 30 million dollars (official figures); France, 17 million dollars; Russia, 18 million dollars; Italy, \$1½ million dollars; Germany, 23 million dollars, the lesser powers making up the balance.

Great Britain is the only power which is paying part of the capital cost of the war out of current income. Germany is compounding her debt by not taking in taxes enough to cover all her interest charges.

## MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
She is a dear and rare land—  
This native land of mine

No more than hers are braver  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver  
I'd freely die to save her  
And think my lot divine

She's not a dull nor cold land—  
No! She's a warm and bold land  
Oh! she's a true and old land—  
This native land of mine

Could beauty ever guard her,  
And virtue still reward her,  
No foe would cross her border,  
No friend within her pine!



Photographs from this  
file have not been  
included but are  
available upon request.  
For more information  
please contact  
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