

Impressions of Yosemite.

Dr. H. W. Kellogg Describes His Trip to the Great Valley of California.

Yosemite is doubtless the best-known natural wonder, with Niagara excepted, that we possess in America. Its fame is world extensive. It is more familiar to the European than to many Americans. All foreigners expect to see Yosemite when they leave home, though some of them miss it because they cannot reach it in a day from New York, and among the first questions they ask an American in Europe, "Have you seen Yosemite?" This is partly due to the real merit of its wonders and sublimity, and partly due to the enterprise of the Californian advertiser. All honor to the men who have been able to bring such a sublime sight to the attention of the world!

A general description of the valley will answer. It is about eight miles long and one mile and a half wide. Its floor is four thousand feet above the sea. Its walls are of gray granite, nearly vertical, rising from 3000 to 6000 feet above the valley—thus being from 7000 to 10,000 feet above the sea. These walls are rugged, rising in columns, arches crowned with

tempting to climb, and of his death. A Berkeley professor had, just 30 years before that very day, come into the valley the first time with the great LeConte, and many times since they stood together on these lofty pinnacles, charmed with the sublimities. It was the favorite school-house of the great and good man. He now looked directly down upon the camp where his companion lay dead. The discourse he delivered upon the appropriateness of the place and of the death of his companion and upon the immortality of man will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him.

As the story was told me a new suggestion came to me, which relieved the oppressiveness of first thought of man's insignificance, and in its stead there came an emphasis of man. It is evidence of man's greatness and worthiness that he is capable of appreciation of this handiwork of the Almighty. Here was a man who for 30 years had lived among these wonders, ever with an open mind and an appreciative soul, capable of receiving as a gift—as a benefaction—the work of God. He stood here to see, wonder, adore, and grow happy. He saw the hand of the Great Father, and listening, he heard Him speak. This ability is something greater than the emotion of his great assembly. An appreciative spirit alone explains and justifies all the tremendous work. So man is more valuable than the mighty things Yosemite did for him. The valley indeed, is suggestive of a vast cathedral. You are enclosed within walls gorgeously adorned under the illumination of the sun by day and the moon by night. A cathedral majestic, well-arched and with its dome fretted with stars. How insignificant is the work of Michael Angelo, St. Peter's seems only a trifling. I have never felt sense of the appropriateness of the lines of the poet as here:

Not to the domes whose crumbling arch and column
Attest the nobleness of mortal hand;
But to the fane, most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as wonder,
Whose quiescent lamps the sun and moon
Supply, eternally, its organ, thunder,
Its music, winds and falls, its organ, thunder,
Its dome, the sky.

There amid solitude and shade, to wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon
The sod,
And by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

But what is a cathedral without a worshiper? For what is it constructed, but that it might make vivid the ideas of God? Ideas of greatness, care and love. Some years ago Phillips Brooks spent the Sabbath in the valley, was asked to preach. He consented on Saturday, but when the congregation had assembled on Sunday morning in the chapel, and the services had reached the point of the sermon, the reverend gentleman arose and said:

"I promised to preach a sermon here to-day, but to the reverend mind this valley is a sermon, before which the sermonizing of men must sink into insignificance. I can think of but one text of scripture appropriate to this place and occasion, and that text is, 'Be still and know that I am God.' That is a text which preaches its own sermon. Let us close the services."

It puts a real live soul to the test under the impression of this sublime music, which God made. It takes a strong man even to endure the test. But what of that spirit which is able to respond to all the appeals of the indignant God? In what such worth is to be prized. And oh, what a surge the soul stings when God moves on it with such power and richness. Is there a feeling of which the soul is capable that is brought forth by a melody not awakened from deepest paths and solemn fear to highest ecstasies? It is only from the soul of man that God can bring forth such music.

And then we think away from the adaptation and harmony of man and God's wonderful creations to the purpose of God in creating. When He was forming the Yosemite did He not have man in view? If not, why then did He make it? What a useless thing to carve the earth into definite shapes of beauty if there be no spirits to admire and adore God, why then please man. To please him that He might complete him. It was all made for man—all of it. And without intelligent spirits it is meaningless. It is a blunder. Man is the interpreter and he is the interpretation of God's world. Another great man died a few weeks ago, a man whose death will make posterity the ages to come. It was Professor John Fisk. Not many years ago he told us in his own beautiful way how the whole truth burst upon his mind "that man was the goal toward which all creation had been bending from the beginning. That the whole purpose of the Almighty was to finish the character of a man in love." For this end creation has been struggling through the ages.

As I came to the hotel one evening after a whole day of reveling in these glories and sublimities, filled with enthusiasm and delight, a telegram was put into my hand which told me that my boy was sick and for me to come home. Five days were between me and that little darling. Oh, how everything faded away into insignificance. The gorgeous valley sank into darkness and was lost. What was a world of such scenes to the demands of love? I would rather have been by the side of that child for a moment than to have owned all the valleys and mountains of creation. As I felt, so must God feel. We are the objects of his love. We are more to him than all worlds. Some time we shall understand, we cannot now the worth of love and the majesty of man. These scenes of God's creation help us in the attempt.

H. W. KELLOGG.

Begone, Dull Care.

London Answers.

A Drotwich barber was just finishing lathering a customer and was talking volubly, as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "there's no carelessness allowed by our employer. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined sixpence, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a shilling."

Then, picking up a razor and brandishing his razor, he added: "But I don't care a rap today. I've just won a sovereign."

NO DREAD OF CRITICISM

CONGREGATIONALISTS IN ENGLAND SYMPATHIZE WITH IT.

Dr. Forsyth, of Cambridge, Says It Is Met With Fairness and Courage Perplexities Will Disappear.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—Two years ago this Fall there was held in Boston an International Congregational Council, the object being to bring the best thought and the best methods of English Congregationalism into actual, living contact with the Congregationalism of the United States. Many were the men of distinction attending from this side, and on both sides of the ocean the gathering attracted wide attention. Unusual ability marked the speeches and essays, and there were occasions when feeling ran very high. But the only occasion when the emotions of this great assembly were so much stirred to allow of the conventional discussion was when a paper had been read on "The Ultimate Seat of Evangelical Authority." This subject, tame and dull though it may seem to the uninitiated, is vital to Christian faith. The lay mind wonders what it can tie to in these days of changing creeds, and there are thousands of ministers who are troubled in the same way, and this essay, it was expected, would indicate at least some of the reasons.

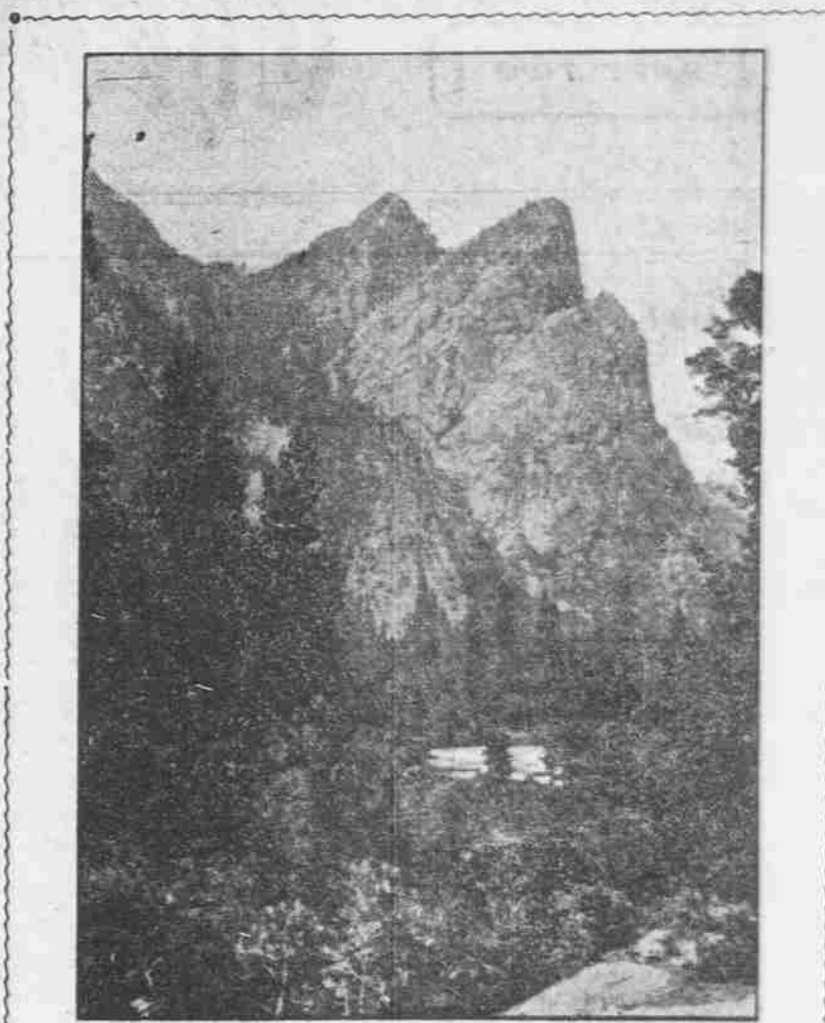
Dr. Forsyth, of Cambridge, who was selected for this task not only because of his established scholarship, but because, dwelling continually in the atmosphere of one of the great English universities, he would be likely to know all that was freshest on the subject and to treat it in that broad scientific spirit which the universities of England never fail to inculcate.

The result exceeded expectation. Dr. Forsyth's command of his subject was masterly in the extreme. He went all around it and all through it. He was so liberal toward higher criticism and yet so tenacious of what he held to be the still unshaken and essentially imperishable message of the gospel that he carried the judgment of both the humorous and the advanced. When his great treatise concluded, an unusual thing occurred, considering that it was a gathering made up so largely of ministers, for nobody felt like saying anything. Hearts were so moved that lips became dumb. The expected discussion went over by default. Handkerchiefs were in requisition for thousands of wet eyes, yet the feelings had not been directly appealed to in the

a spurious kind of optimism which is afraid to face the facts of the religious situation." In this statement his exact words are given, but he explained afterwards that what he meant by "the facts of the religious situation" was that higher criticism was in the air, that both religious thought and life were sure to be affected by it for good or ill, and that if religious teachers, instead of denouncing or belittling the conclusions of eminent Bible scholars, would look further into them and meet them in the spirit of courage, tempered by information and fairness, the perplexities of the ordinary mind would be relieved and its shaking faith re-established on a more sure foundation.

Properly to estimate Dr. Forsyth as a representative of English Non-Conformity the reader should know that the religious denominations included in that term embrace a good round half of the church-going people of the United Kingdom. The figures of church year books for 1900 show that the Church of England provides sittings in its different places of worship for a few more than 7,000,000 persons. But the allied bodies who are outside of that fold, like Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, provide sittings for very nearly 8,000,000. These figures were disputed at first, but a committee appointed to look into them by the church diocesan convention make a report which does not disturb them to any serious extent. At the very least Non-Conformity gives sittings room in its places of worship for 800,000 more than the state church, and from this the reasonable claim is made, and does not seem to be successfully refuted, that in its relative allegiance to what is called the established church and the churches of dissenters and Non-Conformists, England is pretty evenly divided, with a chance that Non-Conformity may have the advantage. In politics the Non-Conformists are overwhelmingly Liberal. So, at least, they were while Gladstone remained on the scene. But since the Liberal party has had divided leadership, and especially since the South African War became a dividing issue, their political standing is a rather mixed one, so much so that a great many of them scarcely know themselves where they belong.

Upon the subject of politics and the war even Dr. Forsyth was in perplexity. This just now is a delicate subject with the Congregationalists of England. Between Congregationalist missionaries in South Africa and leading Congregational ministers at home there has been a heated and bitter controversy, and the badinage of strong words still goes on. The former, of course, justify the war, whereas at first nearly all the latter strongly condemned it. At the beginning, when feeling was not so high and there was a chance for peaceful settlement, Dr. Forsyth, in common with most of his brethren, took strong grounds



THREE BROTHERS.

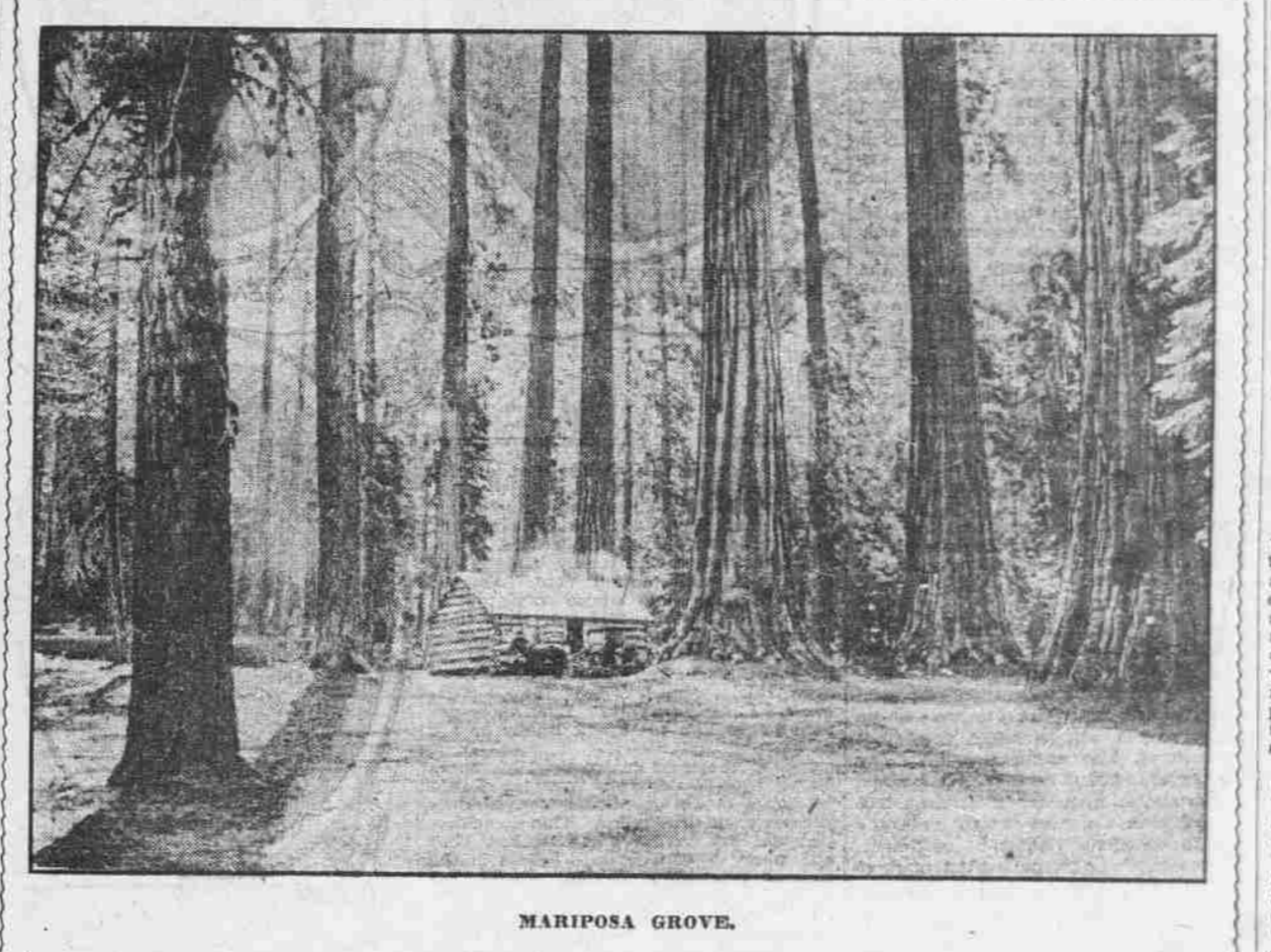
he could not think that the poor pay offered was the chief discouragement. He rather found the chief reason in that prevalent religious dullness of which he had before spoken.

"But think," he said, in further explanation, "how many other respectable and influential callings are now open to well-educated young men. Think what a change the single innovation of electrical engineering has made. The civil service, too, is all the time rising in grade, and as our Colonies extend, is all the time

Hackney Theological Institute in London. But to be an optimist one must be a thinker. He must think broadly, deeply, and at great lengths as regards the future. He must get, to at least a small extent, the view point of infinity. He must look far ahead and must not fail to distinguish the end from the beginning, even though he may not be able to trace out perfectly all that comes between these two points. And sitting that Sunday afternoon in a face to face and hearty to heart-to-heart talk with Dr. Forsyth, I was profoundly impressed that this was the kind of thinker who was before me. The conviction, too, was strengthened by the sermon I heard him preach. It was confirmed, also, by the tributes in the local papers the day following. The Daily News said, "He has been an intellectual force in a town which is the rallying place of intellect," and in another sentence it spoke volumes of praise by saying, "He has been a preacher for people who think."

His closing sermon made me the slightest allusion to the rallying place of intellect, and in another sentence it spoke volumes of praise by saying, "He has been a preacher for people who think." His closing sermon made me the slightest allusion to the rallying place of intellect, and in another sentence it spoke volumes of praise by saying, "He has been a preacher for people who think." His closing sermon made me the slightest allusion to the rallying place of intellect, and in another sentence it spoke volumes of praise by saying, "He has been a preacher for people who think."

One point in this great discourse possessed special interest. It naturally did to me, because it had been specially put in as a reply to one of my afternoon questions. But to readers in America it will also be of great interest, because it gives the view, the reasoning view, of a great thinker on the present condition of religious faith. When I asked him, "What to your mind is the most hopeful sign of the times in the religious world?" he excused himself from answering so great a question on the spur of the moment. But his sermon contained the answer, as clear cut as one could wish. "The most cheering and hopeful sign in the religious outlook," he said, "is the intense, the passionate interest in the person of Christ. There never was a time when the person of Christ exercised such a spell over so many as now. There are perhaps," he added, "not so many people now as formerly who can exactly define their religious belief, but, on the other hand, there never before were so many intelligent people who cling by faith to Christ as a living and all-satisfying personality." HENRY TUCKLEY.



MARIPOSA GROVE.

least. There had simply been a convincing, thoroughly reasoned-out demonstration, by a scholarly and masterly thinker of the most advanced type, that, despite all the concessions which intelligent faith is obliged to make to modern scientific inquiry, there still remains, as the most unique fact of all history and as the great living force of Christian civilization, the life and death of Jesus Christ. To many present this overwhelming conclusion came as a revelation; to others who, like Dr. Forsyth himself, had faced the facts and fought them out, it came only as an ex cathedra confirmation of what they knew. But upon all the effect was so profound that, as I have said, the ordinary methods of expression were paralyzed, and all that great and intelligent audience could do, representative though it was of the best minds of the Congregationalism of two continents, was to rise to its feet and sing, as with a common impulse, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

At that time Dr. P. T. Forsyth, of Cambridge, England, has been much in the thought of American church people of all denominations. So much so that they all find it hard to meet some further about him, and especially to give his views on some of the topics of the day. It is a fair presumption, too, that those who are also from the church and do not understand will be interested in Dr. Forsyth, for, of all men, he is the kind of a man to put theology and religion before these in a reasonable light. This conviction is what led me to seek an interview with this learned and influential minister, and my visit was so timed that it enabled me to hear the closing sermon of his Cambridge pastorate. After seven years in that English university town, where amid the towering scholastic emblems of the Church of England he had preached regularly in a nonconformist pulpit, with many of the dons to sit under the scintillations of his genius, Dr. Forsyth now to take charge of Hackney Theological College. This is a training school for Congregational ministers. He is decidedly advanced in his theological views, and from the fact that out of many possibilities and from amongst many clamorous applicants this thoughtful, progressive and modestly courageous man is the one upon whom the hat of promotion has fallen, it would seem as though in the Congregational circles of England advanced theological views were in favor.

Higher Criticism.

The higher criticism was one of the first subjects he was drawn out upon. His response was brief but explicit, and to one who knows so well as your correspondent does how many ministers and teachers are treating this subject lightly and with a certain amount of indifference, "We were never so much afraid of it here," he said, "as religious teachers in America seem to have been. Personally I am sympathetic toward the higher criticism in the main, though I realize that as it is getting now into the region of the New Testament it is a more serious matter. But I am not afraid to do it, and I wish the churches were not. Churches everywhere are suffering from

against war in his pulpit ministrations. It was looked upon then as Joseph Chamberlain's war. I wondered if that opinion of it had been revised. Dr. Forsyth assured me that, so far as he could judge, it had not; certainly not amongst Congregationalists. He admitted, however, that there had been a change in the attitude of the Congregationalist pulpit on the subject. He himself had not referred to it in his sermon for a long time. He had not felt that he could with prudence. It had become now, he said, too much of a dividing wedge in the churches. Its moral aspects had been obscured by politics and by a spurious patriotism. One could hardly now say anything against either the war itself or its methods without being classed as a traitor to his country.

With a minister before me who was just completing a seven years' pastorate in a university town, himself, too, a university man, I could not help asking what he thought of university life today as regards morals and faith. In comparison with the standards of 20 years ago, the moral standard he puts much higher. The number of students who dissipate and the number who take the course only because in certain grades of English life it is the custom to do so, are both very greatly reduced. There are nothing like the disgraced escapades there used to be. Summing up the moral improvement in a characteristic sentence, he said, "Better times are now the better form."

This as to faith. In the old meaning of that term, he could not see that there had been any improvement. "At Cambridge there are many who are preparing for the ministry. Putting those aside, as one must in judging university life by any religious test, I should say," said this careful observer, "that the boys in our universities simply reflect the conditions outside. They are no worse and no better than the society out of which they come. In some ways we are not so well off religiously as we were a generation ago. Theocracy has held its use—just as it has its grip upon the United States, and there is a corresponding dullness in religious life."

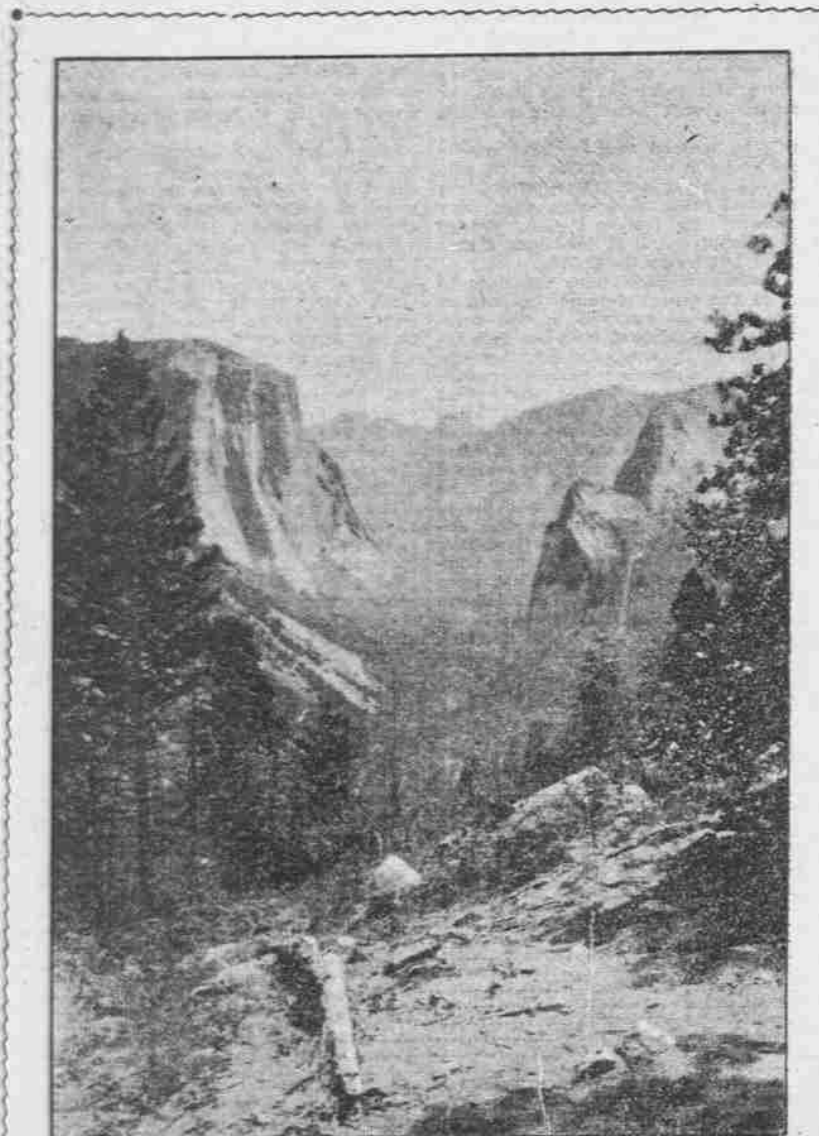
This religious dullness is evidently having its effect upon those who in other conditions would be candidates for the Christian ministry. For a long time dignitaries of the Church of England have been deploring the fact that young men were not coming forward for holy orders in anything like the number in which they formerly came. The Bishop of London accounts for this largely by the fact that church livings are so much poorer than they were, owing to the universal decline of agriculture and the consequent depreciation of land in this country. With these facts in mind, it was only natural I should ask Dr. Forsyth how it was in nonconformist circles, especially in his own denomination. There was, he said, a similar decrease in the number of men looking to the ministry as their life calling. He admitted, too, that salaries were distressingly small, and that in many country places chapels which formerly supported a pastor could no longer do it, and so were either abandoned or were trying to exist on cheap supplies. But

multiplying desirable openings for young men."

Should any infer from Dr. Forsyth's repeated references to "the prevailing religious dullness" that he is a pessimist, they would be greatly mistaken. No one who despairs of the religious future would leave an influential church, when he was still in the prime of life, to take up the guidance of budding theologians. It takes an optimist these days to be a teacher of theology to those who have to teach others, and that is decidedly the kind of man who hereafter will have charge of



NEVADA FALLS ON MERCED RIVER, 350 FEET HIGH, 80 FEET WIDE.



VIEW FROM ARTIST'S POINT, LOOKING EAST.

well-shaped domes and sharply carved pinnacles. Through the valley flows the Merced River, winding its course like a "silver ribbon," peacefully now that it has reached its level after its awful plunges over precipices, through gorges, roaring wildly in its chase for life.

Other rivers unite with its waters in the valley, every one of which has passed through the same frightful experience of trying to keep its existence while it gets down from the mountain tops thousands of feet to the quiet valley. The highest of these is the famous Yosemite itself, which falls 2548 feet. This is not all in a single plunge, but it is content to make three attempts at the task. And it is well that it does, for I am afraid it would lose itself in space if it did not stop to gather together its scattered parts at least twice on the way. As it is, there are times when with wind and distance it seems for a moment lost, but like the course of Providence to human sight, there is lack of continuity, but his rivers finally reach the sea. The Bridal Veil Falls, falling 300 feet, are beautiful and fascinating.

At the upper end of the valley, where the Merced River comes down, two massive falls are formed. The Nevada leaps 70 feet, springing out from the fields of eternal snow into a world of verdure and beauty. This fall is 80 feet wide. From thence the river rushes with wild impetuosity through a narrow gorge, over huge debris of boulders with a noise of "many waters and mighty thundering," and then leaping more than 80 feet again into a wider and more terrible race than before. These falls, with the cascades, form one of the grandest scenes of the valley.

We came suddenly upon the whole scene at "Inspiration Point." The eye sweeps the entire valley from west to east. Most of its mighty peaks are in view, and some of the waterfalls. The most conspicuous is Bridal Veil Falls. The impression is indescribable. It is not among the things



VIEW FROM GLACIER POINT, LOOKING EAST. STARTING FROM LEFT, CLOUD REST 6000 FEET, HALF DOME 5000 FEET, SIERRA NEVADAS, VERNAL FALLS, NEVADA FALLS.