

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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Our War With Spain—Havana Harbor, Showing the Punta and Morro Forts.

Also Portraits of Commodore Schley, Brig. Gen. N. A. Miles and Commander Howell. (See Page 390.)



# THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



## A BRAVNY RELIGION.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., ( These that have turned the world  
on the Text: Acts 17: 6 . . . . . ) upside down are come hither also.



HERE is a wild, bellowing mob around the house of Jason, in Thessalonica. What has the man done so greatly to offend the people? He has been entertaining Paul and his comrades. The mob surround the house and cry, "Bring out those turbulent preachers! They are interfering with our business. They are ruining our religion! They are actually turning the world upside down!"

The charge was true: for there is nothing that so interferes with sin, there is nothing so ruinous to every form of established iniquity, there is nothing that has such tendency to turn the world upside down, as our glorious Christianity. The fact is, that the world now is wrong side up, and it needs to be turned upside down in order that it may be right side up. The time was when men wrote books entitling them "Apologies for Christianity." I hope that day has passed. We want no more apologies for Christianity. Let the apologies be on the part of those who do not believe in our religion. We do not mean to make any compromise in the matter. We do not wish to hide the fact that Christianity is revolutionary, and that its tendency is to turn the world upside down.

Our religion has often been misrepresented as a principle of tears, and mildness, and fastidiousness; afraid of crossing people's prejudices; afraid of making somebody mad; with silken gloves, lifting the people up from the church-pew into glory, as though they were Bohemian glass, so very delicate that with one touch it may be demolished forever. Men speak of religion as though it were a refined imbecility; as though it were a spiritual chloroform, that the people were to take until the sharp cutting of life were over. The Bible, so far from this, represents the religion of Christ as robust and brawny—ransacking and upsetting ten thousand things that now seem to be settled on firm foundations. I hear some man in the house say, "I thought religion was peace." That is the final result. A man's arm is out of place. Two men come, and with great effort put it back to the socket. It goes back with great pain. Then it gets well. Our world is horribly disordered and out of joint. It must come under an omnipotent surgery, beneath which there will be pain and anguish before there can come perfect health and quiet. I proclaim, therefore, in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ—**REVOLUTION!**

The religion of the Bible will make a revolution in the family. Those things that are wrong in the family circle will be overturned by it, while justice and harmony will take the place. The husband will be the head of the household only when he is fit to be. I know a man who spends all the money he makes in drink, as well as all the money that his wife makes; and sometimes sells the children's clothes for rum. Do you tell me that he is to be the head of that household? If the wife have more nobility, more courage, more consistency, more of all that is right, she shall have the supremacy. You say that the Bible says that the wife is to be subject to the husband. I know it. But that is a husband, not a masculine caricature. There is no human or divine law that makes a woman subordinate to a man unworthy of her. When Christianity comes into a domestic circle, it will give the dominancy to that one who is the most worthy of it.

As religion comes in at the front door, mirth and laughter will get out of the back door. It will not huddle the children's feet. John will laugh just as loud; and George will jump higher than he ever did before. It will steal from the little boys neither ball nor bat nor hoop, nor tree. It will establish a family altar. An flag will hover over it. Ladders of light and hand reach down to it. The glory of Mexico will stream upon it. The books of

remembrance will record it; and tides of everlasting blessedness will pour from it. Not such a family altar as you may have seen, where the prayer is long, and a long chapter is read, with tedious explanation, and the exercise keeps on until the children's knees are sore, and their backs ache, and their patience is lost, and for the seventh time they have counted all the rungs in the chair; but I mean a family altar such as may have been seen in your father's house. You may have wandered far off in the paths of sin and darkness; but you have never forgotten that family altar where father and mother knelt, importing God for your soul. That is a memory that a man never gets over. There will be a hearty, joyful family altar in every domestic circle. You will not have to go far to find Hannah rearing her Samuel for the temple, or a grandmother Lois instructing her young Timothy in the knowledge of Christ, or a Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus gathered in fraternal and sisterly affection, or a table at which Jesus sits, as at that of Zaccheus, or a home in which Jesus dwells, as in the house of Simon the tanner. The religion of Jesus Christ, coming into the domestic circle, will overthrow all jealousies, all janglings; and peace, and order, and holiness will take possession of the home.

Again: Christianity will produce a revolution in commercial circles. Find me fifty merchants, and you find that they have fifty standards of what is right and wrong. You say to some one about a merchant, "Is he honest?" "Oh! yes," the man says, "he is honest; but he grinds the faces of his clerks. He is honest; but he exaggerates the value of his goods. He is honest; but he loans money on bond and mortgage, with the understanding that the mortgage can lie quiet for ten years, but as soon as he gets the mortgage, he records it and begins a foreclosure suit, and the sheriff's writ comes down, and the day of sale arrives, and away goes the homestead, and the creditor buys it in at half-price." Honest? when he loaned the money he knew that he would get the homestead at half-price. Honest? but he goes to the insurance office to get a policy on his life, and tells the doctor that he is well, when he knows that for ten years he has had but one lung. Honest? though he sells property by the map, forgetting to tell the purchaser that the ground is all under water; but it is generous in him to do that, for he throws the water into the bargain.

Ah! my friends, there is but one standard of the everlasting right and of the everlasting wrong, and that is the Bible; and when that principle shall get its pry under our commercial houses, I believe that one-half of them will go over. The ruin will begin at one end of the street, and it will be crash! crash! crash! all the way down to the docks. "What is the matter? Has there been a fall in gold?" "Oh no." "Has there been a new tariff?" "No." "Has there been a failure in crops?" "No." "Has there been an unaccountable panic?" "No." This is the secret: The Lord God has set up his throne of judgment in the Exchange. He has summoned the righteous and the wicked to come before him. What was 1837? A day of judgment! What was 1857? A day of judgment! What was the extreme depression of two years ago? A day of judgment! Do you think that God is going to wait until he has burned the world up, before he rights these wrongs? I tell you, Nav! Every day is a day of judgment.

The fraudulent man piles up his gains, Lord above bond, United States security above United States security, emolument above emolument, until his property has become a great pyramid; and, as he stands looking at it, he thinks it can never be destroyed; but the Lord God comes, and with his little finger pushes it all over. You build a house, and you put into it a rotten beam. A mechanic standing by

says, "It will never do to put that beam in: it will ruin your whole building." But you put it in. The house is completed. Soon it begins to rock. You call in the mechanic and ask, "What is the matter with this door? What is the matter with this wall? Everything seems to be giving out." Says the mechanic, "You put a rotten beam into that structure, and the whole thing has got to come down." Here is an estate that seems to be all right now. It has been building a great many years. But fifteen years ago there was a dishonest transaction in that commercial house. That one dishonest transaction will keep on working ruin in the whole structure, until down the estate will come in wreck and ruin about the possessor's ears—one dishonest dollar in the estate demolishing all his possessions. I have seen it again and again; and so have you.

Here is your money-safe. The manufacturer and yourself only know how it can be opened. You have the key. You touch the lock, and the ponderous door swings back. But let me tell you that, however firmly barred and bolted your money-safe may be, you can not keep God out. He will come, some day, into your counting-room, and he will demand, "Where did that note of hand come from? How do you account for this security? Where did you get that mortgage from? What does this mean?" If it is all right, God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Be prospered in this world. Be happy in the world to come." If it is all wrong, he will say, "Depart, ye cursed. Be miserable for your iniquities in this life: and then go down and spend your eternity with thieves, and horse-jockeys, and pick-pockets."

You have an old photograph of the signs on your street. Why have those signs nearly all changed within the last twenty years? Does the passing away of a generation account for it? Oh no. Does the fact that there are hundreds of honest men who go down every year account for it? Oh no. This is the secret: The Lord God has been walking through the commercial streets of our great cities; and he has been adjusting things according to the principles of eternal rectitude.

The time will come when, through the revolutionary power of this Gospel, a falsehood, instead of being called exaggeration, equivocation, or evasion, will be branded a lie! And stealings, that now sometimes go under the head of percentages and commissions, and bonuses, will be put into the catalogue of State-prison offenses. Society will be turned inside out and upside down, and ransacked of God's truth, until business dishonesties shall come to an end, and all double-dealing; and God will overturn, and overturn, and overturn; and commercial men in all cities will throw up their hands, crying out, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither."

The religion of Jesus Christ will produce a revolution in our churches. The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep. It seems as if the church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself; and if we hear of want, and squalor, and heathenism outside, we say, "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets, and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate, and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks. Suppose there were a great war; and there were three hundred thousand soldiers, but all of those three hundred thousand soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents, or scouring their muskets, or cooking rations. You would say, "Of course, defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations, or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the church. It is making a dividing-line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew rents, come to the main audience-room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad, and your shoes

are not good enough. If you want to go to heaven, you will have to go by the way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become the kitchen, where the church does its sloppy work. There are hundreds and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that, even on bright and sunny days, are not half full of worshippers; and yet they are building mission chapels, because, by some expressed or implied relation, the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience-room.

Now I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class, is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is Maker of them all. Mind you that I say that mission chapels are a necessity, but that way churches are now conducted; I may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise and break down the gates of the Church that have kept back the masses; and will be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede to heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston in which, it is said, there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper, and said it was so at all; "they were elegant people, a highly-conditioned people that went there. Then I laughed outright; and when I laugh, I laugh very loudly. "Those people," I said, "are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches." Now, ambition is not to preach to you so much as it seems to me that you must be far sumptuously every day, and the marks of comfort are all about you. You do not need the Gospel half as much as do some who never come here. Rather than priding myself on a church in front of which there shall halt fifty splendid equines on the Sabbath day, I would have my church up to whose gates there shall come a long procession of the suffering, and the stricken, and the dying, begging for admittance. You do not need the Gospel so much as they. You have great things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny, are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel for God's sake give it to them!

Revolution! The pride of the church must come down. The exclusiveness of the church must come down! The national boastings of the church must come down! If monetary success were the chief idea in the church, then I say it is the present mode of conducting financial affairs is the best. If it is to see how many dollars you can gain, then the present mode is the best. But if it is the saving of souls from sin and death, and bringing the mighty populations of our cities to the knowledge of God, then I cry, Revolution! It is coming fast. I feel it in the air. I hear the rumbling of an earthquake that shall shake down, in one terrific crash, the arrogance of our modern Christianity.

The sea is covered with wrecks, and multitudes are drowning. We come at the church life-boat, and the people begin to clamber in, and we shout, "Stop! stop! You must think it costs nothing to keep a life-boat. Those seats at the bow are one dollar apiece, these in the middle fifty cents, and those seats in the stern two shillings. Please to pay up, or we flounder on a little longer till the mission boat, whose work it is to save you poor wretches, shall come along and sink you up. We save only first-class citizens in this boat."

The talk is, whether Protestant churches or Roman Catholic churches are coming out ahead. I tell you, Protestants, the truth plainly; that until your churches are as free as are the Roman Catholic cathedrals, they will beat you. In our cathedrals the millionaire and the beggar kneel side by side. And, until that comes in our churches, we cannot expect the favor of God, or permanent spiritual prosperity.

Revolution! It may be that, before the church learns its duty to the masses, it will scourge it, and come with the whip of omnipotent indignation, and drive the money-changers. It may be that it is to be a great day of upsetting boats; that time shall come. If it must come



### GENERAL BOOTH'S WELCOME.

The Salvation Army Leader Warmly Greeted East and West—Ovations in Seattle, Washington, New York and Other Cities.

Lord God, let it come now! In that future day of the reconstructed Church of Christ, the church-building will be the most spirit and cheerful of all buildings. In the light of the sun strained through painted glass, until an intelligent auditor looks green, and blue, and yellow and copper-colored, we will have no such things. The pure atmosphere of heaven will sweep out the fetid atmosphere that has been kept in many of our churches boxed up from Sunday to Sunday. The day of which I speak will be a day of great revivals. There will be such a revival as there was in the parish of Shotts, where five hundred souls were born to God in one day; such times as were seen in this country when Edwards gave the word, when Tennent preached, and the field thundered, and Edward Payson prayed: such times as some of you remember in 1857, when the voice of praise and praise was heard in theatre, warehouse, and blacksmith-shop, and every engine house; and the auctioneer's cry of "a half, and a half, and a half" was drowned out by the adjoining prayer-meeting, in which the people cried: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

Those days of which I am speaking, the services of the Church of God will be more spirited. The ministers of Christ, instead of being anxious about whether they are going to lose their place in their congregation, will get on fire with the theme, and so the living truth of God upon an aroused auditory—crying out to the heavens, "It shall be well with you!" and to the wicked, "Woe! It shall be ill with you." In those days the singing will be very different from what it is now. The music will weep, and wail, and chant, and triumph. People then will not be afraid to open their mouths when they sing. The man with a cracked voice will sing of "Windham," and "Ortonville," and "Old Hundred." Grandfather will sit in the place for his grandchild in the hymn-book; or the little child will be spectacles for the grandfather. Hosanna will meet hosanna, and together go climbing to the throne; and the angels will sing; and God will listen; and the gates of heaven will hoist; and it will be as when the two seas meet—the wave of earthly song mingling with the anthems of the free.

O my God, let me live to see that day! Let there be no power in disease, or accident, or wave of the sea, to disappoint my expectations. Let all other sight fail my eyes, rather than that I should miss that vision. Let all other sounds fail my ears, rather than that I should fail to hear that word. I want to stand on the mountainside to catch the first ray of the dawn, and with flying feet bring the news. And, oh, when we hear the clattering hoofs that bring on the King's chariot, may we all be ready, with arches sprung, and with light on the rope of the bell that is to sound the victory, and with wreaths all twisted for the way; and when Jesus descends, let it be amidst the huzza! huzza! of a world redeemed.

There and when will that revolution begin? Here, and now. In your heart at mine. Sin must go down; our pride must go down; our worldliness must go down, that Christ may come up. Revolutionary! "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." Why not now let the revolution begin? Not on Sabbath, but now! Not to-morrow, when you go out into commercial circles, but now!

Archias, the magistrate of Thebes, was singing with many mighty men, drinking wine. A messenger came in, bringing a letter, and warning him of a conspiracy to end his life, and warning him to flee. Archias took the letter, but, instead of opening it, he put it into his pocket, and said to the messenger who brought it: "Business to-morrow!" The next day he died. Before he opened the letter, the Government was captured. When he read the letter it was too late. To-day I put into the hand of every man and woman, who hears or reads these words, a message of life. It says: "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harken not your heart." Do not put away the message and say: "This business to-morrow." This night thy soul may be redeemed of thee!

THE past few months have been full of golden days to the Salvation Army in America. Since January, their great General has been here, and from the time his feet first pressed the soil of the United States, vast crowds have greeted him, and forces of darkness have given way before the onslaught of his eloquence and the renewed enthusiasm of his followers under the inspiration of his presence.

The General went from New York to Canada, from Canada to the West, and April 19th to 26th, he was in New York again, holding councils of war with officers and soldiers, storming citadels of sin in public engagements, and leading grand marches to open-air battles. That particular week of April, 1898, was indeed an occasion for a grand rally of Salvation Army forces, and one which will long be remembered in the New World's metropolis.

The first month of General Booth's visit to America was spent in Canada; on his return to United States territory, he went first to Washington. One of the most dramatic pictures ever presented in our beautiful Senate chamber was when the venerable Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army opened the Senate with prayer. Our President and Vice-President

with his two daughters. Field-Commissioner Eva Booth, who had accompanied her father from Canada, and Consul Booth-Tucker, who with her husband, Commander Booth-Tucker, received General Booth on American soil, and an aide-de-camp, mounted a temporary platform, followed by His Honor, the Mayor of the city. It was an interesting spectacle—those figures on the rough platform, the red lights of the corps' torches flashing across the dark field of humanity, as the Mayor welcomed the General to the city. The General, stately, picturesque and calm, threw his words to the uttermost fringe of the crowd.

"I am on the way to Klondike. Three years ago when I was in your city I was bound for Klondike. I am on the same road to-night. My Klondike is the Kingdom of God. What is yours?" So spoke the General in the square on the night of his reception to Seattle. The sight of that multitude of miners waiting attent on the words of the venerable speaker, is such as was witnessed many times in General Booth's northwestern campaign.

Later, at Tremont Temple, Boston, we hear Mayor Quincy commending the Salvation Army's good works in great cities, its colonization plans as inaugurated by Commander Booth-Tucker, and saying in

The direct spiritual fruits of the General's American campaign number nearly 1,500 penitents by actual count. Over one hundred and twenty meetings have been conducted, 175,000 people have attended the same; 9,400 miles have been traveled. These figures, applying to a man in the seventieth year of his age, speak for themselves.

### God Loved their Lad.

An Appeal from Across the Sea Bears Fruit in the Bowery Mission.

A LETTER, dated August 3, 1897, Lancashire, England, came to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last summer from one who in addition to his name, signed himself "A broken-hearted father." In a later letter he spoke of himself and wife thus: "Me and mother have turned sixty years." The first letter ran:

"With our prayers, and with yourself and God helping us, you may find and help our son. He is given to drink and is gone away in your country. We have read THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the last twenty years, and we trust in God you will try to see our lad. Mind, how you get about him. He is a very tender lad. I wish you to see him personally, or some of your kind helpers, and drop in on him, and not say I have written you. His name is \_\_\_\_\_, and once he was at \_\_\_\_\_, Brooklyn. I know nothing of the shop, except that it works men Sundays. But, you know best, and we leave it all in God's hands, with tears. Find him and try to get him into Sunday school or Bible class. If you receive this letter, please write to me as it will relieve us of great trouble. We put our trust in God."

The second letter, dated September 13, read:

"I received your letter August 24. Glory be to God! Mind what you say to him. Kindness and a good word will have all the effect. He was brought up to it but drink took him away. Please write all particulars. I've been sick seven weeks, but now I feel better. God save the lad and bless your Bowery Mission! Do all you can. God help you save one soul."

The third was dated September 16.

"I received your kind letter this afternoon with great joy. We have been praying for him. I went to bed last night but could not rest. I got up at midnight to pray again and to write to you. All glory to God for his abundant love toward us. I cannot thank you too much for your trouble. Please find him something to do for Christ, and if not too much trouble, see him as often as you can, and have some good friends to meet him when he comes from work, and get him to some good place to pass his time.

"I am but a laborer, but I have done my best. God helping, we shall succeed. I conclude with our thanks to you and all the Mission workers. I have just turned to the place in my Bible, Luke 9:38. 'And behold a man in the company cried out, saying, Master, I beseech thee, look upon my son; for he is mine only child.'"

To this there is a postscript:

"This morning we got a letter from him, and he wrote me all about you, and the fight he had with sin and the devil, not to go to the mission; but, thanks to God, he went, and he says he has given up drink and is trying to lead a Christian life. The shops he is working in are not good for a Christian, but do your best, and God will help us. Me and mother are so happy and thankful."

Across the first letter is written in Superintendent Wyburn's hand, a simple and eloquent record like that found on many letters received by the Bowery Mission Superintendent. It was this: "Boy found, came to Mission and was saved."

### The Pew-Owner and the King.

The ownership of a rented pew puts its possessor in the position of demonstrating perfect breeding and Christian hospitality, of obeying the divine command, "Be ye kind, therefore, to strangers;" or it affords room for the display of very different qualities—as the following story shows: One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, went into a church in Holland and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty lady swept up to the pew, and seeing a stranger in it ordered him by an imperial gesture to leave it. The stranger obeyed, and going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over the lady's friends gathered around her and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely. "No. Some pushing stranger," she replied. "It was King Oscar, of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the Queen." Her mortification may be imagined.



GENERAL BOOTH OF THE SALVATION ARMY AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

- 1. GENERAL BOOTH.
- 2. COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.
- 3. CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.
- 4. COL. HIGGINS, CHIEF SEC.
- 5. LT.-COL. KEPPEL, ASST. SEC.
- 6. LT.-COL. HOLZ, SOCIAL SEC.

treated the distinguished guest with hospitable consideration; and in the many towns in which he has held campaigns, governors of states, mayors and councils of municipalities, prominent business men and clergymen of note, have welcomed General Booth, presided at his meetings and have sought to do him honor in various ways. From Washington to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, thence up the Pacific Coast to Portland and Seattle, taking in some towns on both sides of the Canadian and United States border, coming back again by Minneapolis, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston, Philadelphia, appearing on the way in many less prominent places, the General's path was one continual triumph. After he reaches his native England, he will doubtless be able to look back upon an altogether pleasant record of adjusted differences, assured conquests, and army work well ordered for future victories.

In our northwestern towns, where gold fever rages, and Yukon's magnetic attraction has drawn together all manner of men from the four corners of the earth, General Booth's journey was of telling effect and replete with incident.

"Here is my Klondike!" these were the words with which he greeted a multitude of upturned faces at Seattle, where *The War Cry* tells us there were men on the sidewalk, men peering from balconies and windows, men impeding the traffic, crowding Klondike outfit stores, all intent upon the movements of the General, when

conclusion, "from the standpoint of a municipal magistrate who is constantly studying the problems that particularly concern and affect the people of a great city, I welcome the entrance into the field of this organization, which comes under the name of the Salvation Army. I welcome it as one of the unofficial agencies in this city side by side with our municipal governments in the work of endeavoring to lift up our great cities to a higher plain of moral, social, and religious life. And let me express the wish that General Booth may be spared for many long years to continue the work which originated with him, and which it has been his privilege to see grow to such great dimensions, and to such vast beneficence all over the civilized globe."

In his New York campaign the General was assisted by the international and national staff, including such eminent leaders as Commander Booth-Tucker, Commissioner A. Nicol, Colonel J. Lawley, and the entire American Field Staff and 3,000 officers and soldiers; and great and enthusiastic audiences met the General at Memorial Hall, Carnegie Hall, the Academy of Music, the Metropolitan Opera House, and Union Square Park; prominent citizens and distinguished clergymen giving him warm and honorable greeting.

May the winds that bear him to his native England be kind and calm. And may the God, whose soldier he is, abide with and bless his children and officers, and the great and noble army he leaves in the wide battlefield of America.

*The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it, and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.*