

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

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"OFF FOR THE WAR"—THE YOUNG RECRUIT'S GOOD-BYE. (See page 506.)



THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



A Helpful Religion.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Psalms 20: 2, . . . . . Send thee help from the Sanctuary.

If you should ask fifty men what the church is, they would give you fifty different answers. One man would say, "It is a convention of hypocrites." Another, "It is an assembly of people who feel themselves a great deal better than others." Another, "It is a place for gossip, where wolverene dispositions devour each other." Another, "It is a place for the cultivation of superstition and cant." Another, "It is an arsenal where theologians go to get pikes and muskets and shot." Another, "It is an art gallery, where men go to admire grand arches, and exquisite fresco, and musical warble, and the Dantesque in gloomy imagery." Another man would say, "It is the best place on earth except my own home." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

Now, whatever the church is, my text tells you what it ought to be: a great, practical, homely, omnipotent help. "Send thee help from the sanctuary." The pew ought to yield restfulness for the body. The color of the upholstery ought to yield pleasure to the eye. The entire service ought to yield strength for the toil and struggle of every-day life. The Sabbath ought to be harnessed to all the six days of the week, drawing them in the right direction. The church ought to be a magnet, visibly and mightily affecting all the homes of the worshippers. Every man gets roughly jostled, gets abused, gets cut, gets insulted, gets slighted, gets exasperated. By the time the Sabbath comes he has an accumulation of six days of annoyance, and that is a starveling church service which has not strength enough to take that accumulated annoyance and hurl it into perdition. The business man is down in church headachey from the week's engagements. Perhaps he wishes he had tarried at home on the lounge with the newspapers and the slippers. That man wants to be cooled off and graciously diverted. The first wave of the religious service ought to dash clear over the hurricane decks, and leave him dripping with holy and glad and heavenly emotion. "Send thee help from the sanctuary."

In the first place, sanctuary help ought to come from the music. A woman dying in England persisted in singing to the last moment. The attendants tried to persuade her to stop, saying it would exhaust her and make her disease worse. She answered, "I must sing; I am only practising for the heavenly choir." Music on earth is a rehearsal for music in heaven. If you and I are going to take part in that great orchestra, it is high time that we were stringing and tuning our harps. They tell us that Thalberg and Gottschalk never would go to a concert until they had first in private rehearsal, although they were such masters of the instrument. And can it be that we expect to take part in the great oratorio of heaven if we do not rehearse here?

But I am not speaking of the next world, or of our duty to set all the world to music. We want not more harmonious and more artistic expression, but more music in our church music. The English Dissenting churches far surpass our American churches in this respect. An English minister told me that people will go to more services, and attend four times as many as we do, of two thousand people. I do not know what the reason is. Of course you have heard of singing at a royal court. I had the opportunity of preaching the anniversary of the battle of Marston, and when they uttered their voices, a sacred awe fell upon me. It was surely overwhelming, and then in the evening of the same day an Agricultural Hall, many a hundred voices lifted in doxology. It was like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of

many thunderings, and like the voice of heaven.

The blessing thrilled through all the laboring throng, and heaven was won by violence of song.

Now, I am no worshipper of noise, but I believe that if our American churches would with full heartiness of soul, and full emphasis of voice sing the songs of Zion, this part of sacred worship would have tenfold more power than it has now. Why not take this part of the sacred service and lift it to where it ought to be. All the annoyances of life might be drowned out by that sacred song. Do you tell me that it is not fashionable to sing very loudly? Then, I say, away with the fashion. We dam back the great Mississippi of congregational singing, and let a few drops of melody trickle through the dam. I say, take away the dam, and let the billows roar on their way to the oceanic heart of God. Whether it is fashionable to sing loudly or not, let us sing with all possible emphasis.

We hear a great deal of the art of singing, of music as an entertainment, of music as a recreation. It is high time we heard something of music as a help, a practical help. In order to this, we must have only a few hymns. New tunes and new hymns ever Sunday make poor congregational singing. Fifty hymns are enough for fifty years. The Episcopal Church prays the same prayers every Sabbath, and year after year, and century after century. For that reason they have the hearty responses. Let us take a hint from that fact, and let us sing the same songs Sabbath after Sabbath. Only in that way can we come to the full force of this exercise. Twenty thousand years will not wear out the hymns of William Cowper, Charles Wesley, and Isaac Watts. Suppose now each person in an audience has brought all the annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days. Fill the room to the ceiling with sacred song, and you would drown out all those annoyances of the last three hundred and sixty-five days, and you would drown them out forever. Organ and cornet are only to marshal the voice. Let the voice fall into line, and in companies, and in battalions, by storm take the obduracy and sin of the world. If you cannot sing for yourself, sing for others. By trying to give others good cheer, you will bring good cheer to your own heart.

When Londonderry, Ireland, was besieged many years ago, the people inside the city were famishing, and a vessel came up with provisions, but the vessel ran on the river bank and stuck fast. The enemy went down with laughter and derision to board the vessel, when the vessel gave a broadside fire against the enemy, and by the shock was turned back into the stream, and all was well. Oh, ye who are high and dry on the rocks of melancholy, give a broadside fire of song against your spiritual enemies, and by holy rebound you will come out into the calm waters. If we want to make ourselves happy, we must make others happy. Mythology tells us of Amphion, who played his lyre until the mountains were moved and the walls of Thebes arose; but religion has a mightier story to tell of how Christ in song may build whole temples of eternal joy, and lift the round earth into sympathy with the skies.

I tarried many nights in London, and I used to hear the bells, the small bells of the city, strike the hour of night—one, two, three, four, and among them the great St. Paul's Cathedral would come in to mark the hours, making all the other sounds seem utterly insignificant as with mighty tone it uttered the hour of the night, every stroke an overmastering boom. My friends, it was intended that all the lesser sounds of the world should be drowned out in the mighty tongue of congregational song beating against the gates of heaven. Do you know how they mark the hours in heaven? They have no

clocks, as they have no candles, but a great pendulum of hallelujah swinging across heaven from eternity to eternity.

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heavenly King Should speak their joys abroad.

Again I remark, that sanctuary help ought to come from the sermon. Of a thousand people in any audience, how many want sympathetic help? Do you guess a hundred? Do you guess five hundred? You have guessed wrong. I will tell you just the proportion. Out of a thousand people in any audience there are just one thousand who need sympathetic help. These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of the young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died at thirty-seven; Richelieu at thirty-one; Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight; Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at thirty-seven. Cortez conquered Mexico at thirty; Don John won Lepanto at twenty-five; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four; and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work comes before thirty. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer-meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers who have plenty of fault-finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise for twenty excellences. What does the brain-racked, hand-blistered man care for Zwingle's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustine's "Retractions?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Doctor Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

While all of a sermon may not be helpful alike to all, if it be a Christian sermon preached by a Christian man, there will be help for everyone somewhere. We go into an apothecary's store. We see others being waited on; we do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine; we know our turn will come after awhile. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully, before the sermon is through, we shall have the divine prescription. I say to young men who are going to preach the Gospel; we want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity. What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Doctor South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

People will not go to church merely as a matter of duty. There will not next Sabbath be a hundred people in this city who will get up in the morning and say: "The Bible says I must go to church; it is my duty to go to church, therefore I will go to church." The vast multitude of people who go to church, go to church because they like it, and the multitude of people who stay away from church, stay away because they do not like it. I am not speaking about the way the world ought to be; I am speaking about the way the world is. Taking things as they are, we must make the centripetal force of the church mightier than the centrifugal. We must make our churches magnets to draw the people thereunto, so that a man will feel uneasy if he does not go to church, saying: "I wish I had gone this morning. I wonder if I can't dress yet and get there in time. It is eleven o'clock; now they are singing. It is half-past eleven; now they are preaching. I wonder when the folks will be home to tell us what was said, what has been going on." When the impres-

sion is confirmed that our church architecture, by music, by social service, by sermon, shall be made the most attractive places on earth, then we will have twice as many churches as we have now, twice as large, and then they will accommodate the people.

I say to the young men who are entering the ministry, we must put our force, more energy, and into our services more vivacity, if we want more people to come. You look into a court of any denomination of Christ. First, you will find the men of large common-sense and earnest look. The tone of their minds, the piety of their hearts, the holiness of their lives, them for their work. Then you will find in every church court of every denomination a group of men who utterly weary you with the fact that such semipreciousness can get any pulpits to preach in. These are the men who give fornication about church decadence. Frogs croak in running water; always croak. But I say to all Christian workers, to all Sunday-school teachers, to all evangelists, to all ministers of the Gospel, we want our Sunday-schools, our prayer-meetings, and our church gatherings, we must freshen up. The simple fact is, the people are tired of the humdrum of religionists. Religion is the worst of all humdrum say over and over again, "Come, Jesus," until the phrase means absolutely nothing. Why do you not tell a story which will make them come in five minutes? You say that a Sunday-school teacher, and all evangelists and all ministers must bring the illustrations from the Bible. Christ, when he preached. The most of that was written before Christ's time, where did he get his illustrations? drew them from the lilies, from the ravens, from salt, from a candle, from a bushel, from long-faced hypocrite gnats, from moths, from large gate, small gates, from a camel, from a needle's eye, from yeast in the bread, from a mustard seed, from a net, from debtors and creditors. His illustrations were so easy and so standable. Therefore, my brethren, if you and I find illustrations for a religious subject, one is a Bible illustration and the other is outside the Bible, I will take the Bible cause. I want to be like my Master, Jesus, who crossed to a hill, Christ saw the city of Jerusalem. Talking to the people about the conspicuity of Christian example said: "The world is looking at you. Be careful. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." While he was speaking the divine care of God's children flew past. He said, "Behold the heavens. Then looking down into the valley, he covered at that season with flowers said, "Consider the lilies." My brethren, Christian workers, what is the use of our going away off in some obscure part of history, or on the other side of the globe to get an illustration, when the heavens are full of illustrations? We should we go away off to get an illustration of the vicarious suffering of Christ, when as near as Bloomington, two little children were walking on the rail-track, and a train was coming, but they were on a bridge of trees, and the little girl took her brother down, and she went down through the trestle, and she came down gently as she could toward the water, and she was so careful and lovingly and cautiously that he might not be hurt in the water, he might be picked up by those who were standing near by. While doing that, the train struck her, and hardly enough to get her body was left to gather into a casket. What was that? Vicarious suffering. Like Christ, Pang for the Woe for others. Suffering for the Death for others.

What is the use of our going away off to find an illustration in past ages, during the great forest fires in Massachusetts, riding on a mail-carrier on horseback, riding over a hundred miles, saw an old man on the roadside, dismounted, helped the man on the horse, saying: "Now get up and get away." The old man got up, but the mail-carrier perished. Christ dismounting from the gallop of heaven to put us on the way of sacrifice, then filling back into the sacrifice for others. Pang for



others. Death for others. Vicar-  
 ifering.  
 I remark, that sanctuary help  
 come through the prayers of all  
 The door of the eternal store-  
 hung on one hinge, a gold hinge,  
 e of prayer, and when the whole  
 ay hold of that door, it must  
 en. There are many people  
 their first Sabbath after some  
 reavement. What will your pray-  
 or them? How will it help the  
 that man's heart? Here are peo-  
 have not been in church before  
 ears: what will your prayer do  
 n by rolling over their soul holy-  
 s? Here are people in crises  
 temptation. They are on the  
 despair, or wild blundering, or  
 suicide. What will your prayer  
 them in the way of giving them  
 to resist? Will you be chiefly  
 about the fit of the glove that  
 to your forehead while you  
 Will you be chiefly critical of  
 ric of the pastor's petition? No,  
 thousand people will feel, "that  
 for me," and at every step of the  
 rains ought to drop off, and tem-  
 n ought to crash into dust, and ju-  
 deliverance ought to brandish  
 pets. In most of our churches  
 three prayers—the opening pray-  
 is called the "long prayer," and  
 ng prayer. There are many peo-  
 spend the first prayer in ar-  
 heir apparel after entrance, and  
 e second prayer, the "long pray-  
 shing it were through, and spend  
 rayer in preparing to start for  
 The most insignificant part of  
 gious service is the sermon. The  
 portant parts are the Scripture  
 and the prayer. The sermon is  
 an talking to a man. The Scrip-  
 n is God talking to man. Prayer  
 lking to God. Oh, if we under-  
 grandeur and the pathos of this  
 of prayer, instead of being a dull  
 we would imagine that the room  
 of divine and angelic ap, ear-

with Christ, so Jesus goes ahead, and he  
 says, "Mary, follow." Through the church  
 gates set heavenward how many of your  
 friends and mine have gone? The last  
 time they were out of the house they  
 came to church. The earthly pilgrimage  
 ended at the pillar of public worship, and  
 then they marched out to a bigger and  
 brighter assemblage. Some of them were  
 so old they could not walk without a cane  
 or two crutches: now they have eternal  
 juvenescence. Or they were so young  
 they could not walk except as the maternal  
 hand guided them: now they bound with  
 the hilarities celestial. The last time we  
 saw them they were wasted with malarial  
 or pulmonic disorder: but now they have  
 no fatigue, and no difficulty of respiration  
 in the pure air of heaven. How I wonder  
 when you and I will cross over! Some  
 of you have had about enough of the thump-  
 ing and flailing of this life. A draught  
 from the fountains of heaven would do  
 you good. Complete release you could  
 stand very well. If you got on the other  
 side, and had permission to come back,  
 you would not come. Though you were  
 invited to come back and join your friends  
 on earth, you would say, "No, let me  
 tarry here until they come:  
 I shall not risk going back: if  
 a man reaches heaven he had  
 better stay here."

Oh, I join  
 hands with  
 you in that up-  
 lifted splen-  
 dor.

In Frey-  
 bourg, Switz-  
 erland, there  
 is the trunk of  
 a tree four  
 hundred years  
 old. That tree was plant-  
 ed to commemorate an event. About ten miles  
 from the city the Swiss  
 conquered the Burgundi-  
 ans, and a young man  
 wanted to take the tidings  
 to the city. He took a tree  
 branch and ran with such  
 speed the ten miles, that  
 when he reached the city  
 waving the tree branch  
 he had only strength to  
 cry, "Victory!" and  
 dropped dead. The tree  
 branch that he carried  
 was planted, and it grew  
 to be a great tree twenty  
 feet in circumference,  
 and the remains of it are  
 there to this day. My  
 hearer, when you have  
 fought your last battle  
 with sin and death and  
 hell, and they have been  
 routed in the conflict, it  
 will be a joy worthy of  
 celebration. You will fly  
 to the city and cry, "Vic-  
 tory!" and drop at the feet  
 of the great King. Then  
 the palm branch of the  
 earthly race will be plant-  
 ed to become the out-  
 branching tree of everlasting rejoicing.

"When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,  
 And pearly gates behold,  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?"

**Christian Work at a Railway Station**  
 A good work, worthy of imitation, is  
 being done at the Grand Central Station,  
 in Cincinnati, by Miss Buxton, who be-  
 longs to the Elizabeth Gamble Deaconess  
 Home. Her duties are to watch for inno-  
 cent and ignorant strangers who come  
 from the trains, to pilot country girls seek-  
 ing work to respectable lodging-houses, and  
 to look out for the old, the feeble and those  
 who fall ill. She helps mothers over-  
 burdened with babies and baggage, and  
 often shares her own room with a wife  
 who has impulsively run away from her  
 husband or young girls who have aimless-  
 ly drifted to the city, and thus has effected  
 many reconciliations and saved many  
 homes from shipwreck. This work, begun  
 as an experiment, has proved a success  
 in the true sense of the word, and is  
 indeed obedient to the divine command:  
 "Love ye, therefore, the stranger."

**A CENTURY OF  
 CHRISTIAN EFFORT.**

**Trinity Church, Newburgh, and Its Long  
 Record of Zealous Work for Souls—Rev.  
 F. C. Iglehart, the New Pastor.**



ONE of the most successful  
 churches outside of the  
 great cities of New York  
 State is Trinity Methodist  
 Episcopal Church, New-  
 burgh, N. Y., of which the  
 Rev. Ferdinand C. Igle-  
 hart, D. D., has just been appointed as  
 the pastor. It is one of the oldest churches  
 in the New York Conference. The class  
 from which it grew was organized in 1786,  
 or soon after the Methodists of the United  
 States became a separate ecclesiastical  
 body.

Trinity Church was organized in 1808.  
 Its first building was erected in 1808, its  
 second in 1834-35, and the present church  
 was built in 1860-61. It is fourteenth  
 century Gothic, with a tower and spire 180  
 feet high. The main auditorium is very  
 large, and there is a Sunday School room  
 that seats 600. The chapel contains parlor,  
 class-rooms, kitchen, study, etc. In the

lightful blending of "things new and old"  
 in them. There is choice thought, ex-  
 pressed in language that the plain people  
 can understand, and presented in a way  
 that holds the attention, arouses and  
 thrills the hearers, and inspires in them a  
 desire to reach a higher standard of  
 Christian living.

Dr. Iglehart was born in Warwick  
 County, Ind., Dec. 8, 1845. He graduated  
 at Asbury, now De Pauw University,  
 Greencastle, Ind., in 1867, and later re-  
 ceived the degree of D. D. from his *alma  
 mater*. He began his ministry in humble  
 parishes, but his ability was quickly noted  
 and he was sent to the church in his col-  
 lege town, Trinity Church, Evansville,  
 Ind., secured him. Delaware Avenue  
 Church, Buffalo; Central, of Newark; Park  
 Avenue, of New York, and Simpson, of  
 Brooklyn, marked his advance to a mas-  
 terful influence in the Church. Revivals  
 attended his ministry, and many souls at-  
 test the Spirit's seal upon his consecrated  
 life and work. He unites boldness in  
 speech with wise judgment. In his Sun-  
 day evening discourses his eloquent words  
 of patriotism have moved the usually  
 staid and undemonstrative congregation  
 of Trinity to its very  
 depths. Besides his pul-  
 pit labors and the pas-  
 toral care of the leading  
 church of the city, with  
 1,000 members, Dr. Igle-  
 hart has done much as a  
 platform speaker.

**Remarkable Clocks.**

In a recent issue of  
 THE CHRISTIAN HER-  
 ALD, allusion was made  
 to several remarkable  
 time-pieces, said to have  
 been probably the earli-  
 est known in Europe.  
 One was claimed to have  
 been constructed in the  
 thirteenth or fourteenth  
 century. Probably one of  
 the most unique and com-  
 plicated clocks was that  
 built by an old Jewish  
 astrologer, named Isaac  
 Harbrecht, and placed in  
 Strasburg Cathedral. Ev-  
 ery hour, three figures of  
 Oriental kings come out  
 of a niche in the side and  
 bow reverently to an im-  
 age of the Virgin. Beside  
 telling the hours of the  
 day, the clock told the  
 days of the month and  
 the phases of sun and  
 moon. It was the inten-  
 tion of the inventor that  
 it should never stop. As  
 long as he lived, it did  
 its work faithfully: but  
 the machinery was so  
 complicated, that after  
 he died nobody could be  
 found who understood  
 how to work it. After a  
 long rest of about two  
 hundred years, the clock  
 was again put in working  
 order, and many improve-  
 ments were made. It  
 now gives the time in  
 every principal city in the world, the days  
 of the week and of the month, course of  
 the sun and planets, and eclipses of sun  
 and moon, in their regular order. At noon  
 every day, figures of the twelve apostles  
 march out and bow to the image of  
 Christ, which, with uplifted hands, gives  
 them a blessing. The clock is built some-  
 what like a church, is sixty feet high, and  
 has two spires. On top of one of these  
 spires sits a cock, which crows three times  
 and flaps his wings, after which the chimes  
 play some familiar tune. In a niche on  
 one side stands a figure of Time, who  
 strikes the quarter hours from twelve to  
 one, while the four figures of Childhood,  
 Youth, Manhood and Old Age pass slowly  
 before him. On the other side an angel  
 stands turning an hour-glass.  
 Droz, a Geneva mechanic, constructed  
 a clock upon which were mounted three  
 figures—a shepherd, a negro and a dog.  
 This clock was taken to the King of Spain,  
 who was requested by Droz to take an  
 apple from the shepherd's basket. When  
 the king did so, the dog jumped up and  
 barked. The negro automaton then told  
 the king the time in French.



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—REV. F. C. IGLEHART, PASTOR.

church is an organ that cost \$5,000. A  
 handsome parsonage, whose estimated  
 value in the minutes of the conference is  
 \$20,000, stands on the lot adjoining the  
 church. The church and parsonage are  
 free of debt. For many years Trinity has  
 contributed an average of \$3,000 annually  
 to the cause of missions. The pastor's  
 salary is \$3,000, besides parsonage. The  
 number of members, not including proba-  
 tioners, is about 1,000, and the Sunday  
 School has a membership of 550.

Trinity societies and methods of work  
 are quite varied, including an Epworth  
 League, with a membership of 210; a  
 Junior League, 100; Ladies' Aid Society,  
 Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary  
 Societies, a Chautauqua Circle, etc. All  
 the interests of the church are flourishing.

Dr. Iglehart began his ministrations in  
 Trinity on Easter Sunday, and at once  
 impressed the large congregations very  
 favorably. That impression has been  
 deepened by his subsequent discourses.  
 They are richly evangelical, adhering in  
 orthodox fashion to the old Methodistic  
 standards, yet so permeated with the modern  
 progressive spirit that there is a de-