

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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"WITH GRATEFUL HEARTS WE GREET THE MORN THAT USHERS IN THANKSGIVING DAY."

# THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



## A WEDDING PRESENT.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,  
on the Text: Joshua 15: 19,

Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.

THE city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir, as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means, without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils, I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocket-book. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint-hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly-cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him, "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I am not satisfied with the portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery siroccos; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows!" Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable; for George II. cries out, "Who is this Hogarth?" Take his tumpory out of my presence," Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely indolent." Walter Scott, fumbling around the mustard, trying to write, says to his daughter, "Oh, take me back to my room, there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says, "I

live the life of a galley-slave: when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph, says, "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery at the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no farther than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you can not find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him to business; care drags him back. Take your stand at two o'clock at the corner of the streets and see the agonized physiognomies. Your high officials, your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers, and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, many of them are tossed everywhere. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only fifty thousand dollars left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says, "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future, and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God! we have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his Shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his body-

guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel-blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup-bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the King's banquet. Men say, "Look at that odd fellow with the worn-out coat;" the angels of God cry, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry, "Get off my front steps!" the door-keepers of heaven cry, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon thee." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water-springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring-water, and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives, and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poor-house cry out, "Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!" I looked around and said, "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man leap as a hart, and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a juiceless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moment said, "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

'Tis religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live;  
'Tis religion can supply  
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb, on the wedding-day of his daughter, wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land;" not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O, God! my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven.

It is very fortunate that we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office, or store, or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song, and looked at their raptured faces, and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out, "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay." And it would take angelic violence to put

us out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to for an entertainment sometimes creep around it and look through the door; or through the openings in the fence we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, the not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My spreads out both wings and claps the triumph at the thought of those who triumph. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of light! nether springs of light! upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine, "Thou hast given me a south land," which is in the midst of the thicket shall lead them to living fountain water." Oh, Saviour divine, roll in our souls one of those anticipated treasures! Pour around the roots of parched tongue one drop of that life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternity. Hear it! They are never sick of it not so much as a headache, or rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The habitant never says, "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to far world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They die there. You might go through all outskirts of the great city and find no place where the ground was broken in a grave. The eyesight of the redeemer never blurred with tears. There is life in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is sanna on every lip. How they must see us as they look over and look down at us, and say, "Poor things, away do in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they say, "Good, he is coming!" And when stand around the couch of some one whose strength is going away, they shake our heads forebodingly, they say, "I'm glad he is worse; he has been there long enough. There, he is due home! Come home! Come home!" Oh, it could only get our ideas about that world untwisted, our thought of heaven from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said, "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said, "To-day, Florence." "To-day? so soon? I am so glad!"

I wish I could stimulate you with thoughts, O Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming, rolling on with the shining wheels of the day, and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer-stroke striking off another chain of labor. Better scour the deck and coil rope, for harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Narrow" to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Man of the world! will you not to make a choice between these two nations, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, this glorious land which thy Father of thee, running with eternal water-courts. Why let your tongue be consumed thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs; comfort here and glory hereafter?

You and I need something better than this world can give us. The fact is it cannot give us anything after a while. It is a changing world. Do you know that even the mountains on the back of thousand streams are leaping into the valley. The Alleghanies are dying. The dew with crystalline mallet are hammering away the rocks. Frosts, and show, and lightnings are sculpturing Mount Washington and the Catskills. Niagara every year is digging for itself a quicker plunge. The sea all around the earth its shifting shores is making mighty changes in bar, and bay, and frith, and promontory. Some of the old sea-coasts are midland now. Off Nantucket, a few feet below low-water mark, are now the stumps of trees, showing that waves are conquering the land. Part of Nova Scotia are sinking. Ships to sail over what, only a little while ago, was solid ground. Near the mouth of

FRANCE'S TIME OF PERIL.

The Ministry Overthrown and the Republic Threatened by the Dreyfus Revelations—A Capital Under Military Law.

LETTERS from Paris indicate that the French capital is still greatly excited over the Anglo-French crisis and the Nile question. So general has been the public perturbation that, for a time, even the absorbing Dreyfus case seemed to be

leader, with courage equal to the opportunity. Patriotic statesmen see the danger which has come up suddenly, amid the turmoil and the complications of the quarrel over Fashoda, and the withdrawal of the Marchand expedition; and which has been further increased by the start-



M. BRISSON, Ex-Premier.



GENERAL CHANOINE, Ex-Minister of War.



M. MANAU, Of Court of Cassation.

forgotten, and the deliberations of the Spanish American Peace Commissioners were unheeded. Now that the Fashoda incident has been adjusted, and the feeling against England quieted down, interest in Dreyfus has revived, and the public are looking forward eagerly to the next development in the remarkable case. There are many conflicting reports in circulation relative to the action of the Court of Cassation, before which the case may come for a re-hearing. It is now said that, in recognition of the intense public feeling on the subject, the court will sit with open doors, instead of "in camera" (behind closed doors). According to one of the Paris daily newspapers (La Liberte) which claims impartiality, of the fifteen members of the Court of Cassation, with whom rests the decision, five are opposed, while

ling revelations of corruption in the army, as disclosed by the developments of the Dreyfus case. One of the anomalies of the situation is that the tone of the Parisian press is more urgently in favor of shielding the army and saving its reputation, than of doing justice and averting national dishonor.

Extensive precautions, both municipal and military, were taken by the prefecture of police for the opening of the Chamber of Deputies. No gatherings were allowed in the streets; any groups forming were dispersed at once, and persons refusing to go were arrested. Infantry and mounted guards were distributed throughout the Place de la Concorde, while police and guards were on the bridge which leads immediately to the entrance of the Chamber, and along the Champs Elysees, and other

When the day of assembling arrived, the streets were crowded, and it soon became clear that the multitude would make trouble, unless controlled. Mobs swept through the streets, shouting for the army and against the Jews; and when the police tried to interfere, they were rudely handled. When the Chamber opened, there was a tremendous uproar, and a strong demonstration against the Ministry. General Chanoine, Minister of War, forced his way through the Chamber to the tribune, and in a heated address resigned the war portfolio. He then left the Chamber. At the next sitting, the Chamber refused to sustain the government, and the members of M. Brisson's Cabinet quitted the hall in a body. They proceeded to the Elysee and tendered their resignations to the President of the Republic. Thus was accomplished the overthrow of the second Ministry by the present Chamber, which was elected only a little over five months ago. France, in passing through the storm, has several times come perilously near the rocks. The Melne Cabinet was the first to succumb, and now that of M. Brisson, after many attempts at temporizing, has foundered on the shoals. General Chanoine's resignation was, of course, entirely owing to the Dreyfus case. It may be mentioned, in this connection, that the latest report is that the government will bring the exiled officer back to Paris, to face his accusers. Just

what substantial foundation there may be for such a rumor, or indeed whether it is the purpose to give Dreyfus a rehearing at all, remains to be seen. If France is strong enough to set all other considerations aside, and do justice in this matter, which vitally affects the future life and well-being of the republic, it will, indeed, be a wholesome and encouraging sign. But the feeling that the army must be shielded and protected at all hazards, is uppermost in many quarters, and may work successfully against those who are striving and praying that justice and truth may be victorious.

OUR ORPHANS IN OORFA.

MISS CORINNA SHATTUCK'S work among the Armenian orphan children, in Oorfa, is progressing favorably, as is shown by the following letter which she has sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD:

I gratefully acknowledge the check for \$5, representing contributions by CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, sent August 17. We desire to open another industrial department for our boys, and I will appropriate this toward the enterprise, which we think will be tailoring. The boys are growing so rapidly we must all bend our energies to supporting their needs and creating fresh industries.

Twelve of our boys now in the high school are all eager, earnest pupils. Others are crowding on in lower grades till soon we shall have no very little ones left. The month of September was exceedingly hot. With low supply of water for the city and famine prices of wheat, we rejoiced in the blessing of health. Our children remained well, obedient, and happy in their vacation work. About forty-five were at some trade; the shops in the city supplying employment to quite a number. Our little shoemakers, who have been working at the trade for two years, are doing well and can earn their way. All are eager for study. Three of our boys are at college; two at Aintab and one at Tarsus Institute. Another, preparing for college, while working at his trade, spends his odd minutes in study, begging for help in his English and other studies. You would be interested in the way children settle into quiet corners all about the different yards for morning study; also their eager attendance when in evenings we light up and assemble the older ones for our extra hour of study. The younger ones, about twenty-five, remain in the mother's room, play little games and engage in a few kindergarten occupations. You will rejoice with us over the retirement of one large boy, who came to us densely ignorant, wayward, and untruth, causing us more trouble than all the others. But who has now mastered his trade, and is one of our reliable "big boys," presiding at the loom.

The winter looks dark. Wheat will not be cheaper till "the latter rains" of March and April. The widows look pale and pinched. "Bread" is the cry, or rather "work to earn our bread." We are making efforts to get the embroidery work upon some permanent basis as merchandise, also the handicraft making and other industries of the girls.



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS.

(It is now guarded by troops in view of the prevailing excitement.)

the remaining ten are in favor of revision. M. Manau, the "procureur" of the court, is a strong partisan of revision.

These are critical days for the republic. The friends of empire are plotting silently, and only await an opportunity to overthrow the fabric of popular government, and place France once again under an imperial ruler. It is fortunate for the republic that its enemies have no strong

connecting avenues. Mounted reserves were stationed in the Tuilleries Gardens. Every measure necessary for the preservation of the peace was adopted, and especially with a view to holding back any crowds that might converge upon the Chamber. Barriers were erected and reserves, who remained out of sight, were kept in readiness, night and day, for sudden emergencies.

St. Croix River is an island which, in its movements of the earth, is slowly but certainly rotating. All the face of the earth is changing—changing. In 1831, an island springs up in the Mediterranean Sea. In 1866, another island comes up under the observation of the American consul as he looks off from the beach. To earth all the time changing, the columns of a temple near Bizoli show that water has risen nine feet above the level it was when these columns were put down. Changing! Our Colorado River, is vaster than the Mississippi, flowing through the great American desert, which was then an Eden of verdure, has now dwindled to a small stream creeping down through a gorge. The earth, that was once vapor, afterward molten rock, and cooling off through the ages, plants might live, and animals might live, and men might be changing all the while, crumbling, now breaking down. The sun, burning down gradually in its socket. Changing! an intimation of the last great change to come over the world even indelible into the mind of the heathen who has never seen the Bible. Hindoos believe that Brahma the creator, once made all things. He created the water, and he then moved over the earth, out of it lifted the land, the plants, and animals, and men on it. Out of his hand went the sun. Out of his hand went the fire. Out of his hand went the air. Then Brahma laid down to sleep for four thousand three hundred and thirty million years. After that, they say, he will wake up, and then the world will be destroyed, and he will make it again, bringing up land, bringing up waters upon it; then lying down again to sleep for four thousand three hundred and twenty million years, then waking up to destroy the world again—creation and demolition following each other, under three hundred and twenty sleeps, one of these slumbers four thousand three hundred and twenty million years. Brahma will wake up and die, and the universe will die with him—an intimation, though very faint, of the great change to come upon this physical earth spoken of in the Bible. But while Brahma may sleep, our God never slumbers nor sleeps; the heavens shall pass away with a noise, and the elements shall melt in fervent heat, and the earth and all things that are therein shall be burned up. Well," says some one, "if that is so, the world is going from one change to another, then what is the use of my toiling for its betterment?" That is the question on which I want to guard you. I do not want you to become misanthropic, and to look upon a great and glorious world. If Christ should afford to spend thirty-three years for its redemption, then you can afford to toil and pray for the betterment of the nations, and for the bringing on of that glorious time when all people shall have the salvation of God. While, therefore, I want to guard you against misanthropic notions in respect to this subject, I present to you, I want you to take this right home with you: This world is a foundation to build on. It is a changing world, and it is a dying world. The changing scenes and the changing sands are emblems of all earthly expectation. It is very much like this day through which we have passed. To many of us it is a time of storm and darkness, then sunshine, and then darkness, then afterward a time of sunshine, now again darkness and storm. Oh, build not your hopes upon an uncertain world! Build on God, Conqueror in Jesus. Plan for an eternal residence at Christ's right hand. Then, come peace or health, come joy or sorrow, life or death, all is well, all is well, the name of the God of Caleb, and the laughter, Achsa. I this day offer the "upper springs" of unfading and everlasting rapture.

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