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PHOTO-COLORTYPE CO., CHICAGO, N. Y.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT

A Sermon by...

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Cradle of the Twentieth Century



Text: I.Chron. 12: 32:

The children of Issachar,
which were men that
had understanding of the
times to know what Israel
ought to do.

GREAT tribe, that tribe of Issachar. When Joab took the census, there were 145,600 of them. Before the almanac was born through astrological study, they knew from stellar conjunctions all about the seasons of the year. Before agriculture became an art they were skilled in the raising of crops. Before politics became a science they knew the temper of nations; and whenever they marched, either for pleasure or war, they marched under a three-colored flag—topaz, sardine, and carbuncle. But the chief characteristic of that tribe of Issachar was that they understood the times. They were not like the political and moral incompetents of our day, who are trying to guide 1898 by the theories of 1828. They looked at the divine indications in their own particular century. So we ought to understand the times; not the times when America was thirteen colonies, huddled together along the Atlantic coast, but the times when the nation dips one hand in the ocean on one side the continent, and the other hand in the ocean on the other side the continent; times which put New York Narrows and the Golden Horn of the Pacific within one flash of electric telegraphy; times when God is as directly, as positively, as solemnly, as tremendously addressing us through the daily newspaper and the quick revolution of events, as he ever addressed the ancients, or addresses us through the Holy Scriptures. The voice of God in Providence is as important as the voice of God in typology; for in our own day we have had our Sinait with thunders of the Almighty, and Calvaries of sacrifice, and Gethsemans that sweat great drops of blood, and Olivets of ascension, and Mount Pisgahs of far-reaching vision. The Lord who rounded this world six thousand years ago, and sent his Son to redeem it near nineteen hundred years ago, has yet much to do with this radiant, but agonized planet. May God make us like the children of Issachar, "which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do."

The grave of this century will soon be dug. The cradle of another century will soon be rocked. There is something moving this way out of the eternities, something that thrills me, blanches me, appalls me, exhilarates me, enraptures me. It will wreath the orange blossoms for millions of weddings. It will beat the dirge for millions of obsequies. It will carry the gilded banners of brightest mornings, and the black flags of darkest midnights.

What may we expect of it, and how shall we prepare for it, are the momentous questions I propose now to discuss. As in families, human nativity is anticipated by all sanctity, and kindness, and solemnity, and care, and hopefulness, so ought we prayerfully, hopefully, industriously, confidently to prepare for the advent of a new century. The nineteenth century must not treat the twentieth on its arrival as the eighteenth century treated the nineteenth. Our century inherited the wreck of revolutions and the superstition of ages. Around its cradle stood the armed assassins of old world tyrannies; the "Reign of Terror," bequeathing its horrors; Robespierre, plotting his diabolism; the Jacobin Club, with its wholesale massacre; the guillotine, chopping its beheadments. The ground quaking with the great guns of Marengo, Wagram, and Badajoz. All Europe in convulsion. Asia in comparative quiet, but the quietness of death. Africa in the clutches of the slave trade. American savages in full cry, their scalping knives lifted. The exhausted and poverty-stricken people of America sweating under the debt of three hundred million dollars, which the Revolutionary War had left them. Washington just gone into the long sleep at Mount Vernon, and the nation in bereavement, Aaron Burr, the champion liberator, becoming soon after, the Vice President. The government of the United States only an experiment, most of the philosophers and statesmen and governments of the earth prophesying it would be a disgraceful failure. No poor foundling laid at night on the cold steps of a mansion, to be picked up in the morning, was poorer off than this century at its nativity. The United States Government had taken only twelve steps on its journey, its constitution having been formed in 1789, and

most of the nations of the earth laughed at our government in its first attempts to walk alone.

The birthday of our nineteenth century occurred in the time of war. Our small United States navy, under Captain Truxton, commanding the frigate *Constitution*, was in collision with the French frigates *La Vengeance* and *L'Insurgente*, and the first infant cries of this century were drowned in the roar of naval battle. And political strife on this continent was the hottest, the parties rending each other with pantherine rage. The birthday present of this nineteenth century was vituperation, public unrest, threat of national demolition, and horrors national and international. I adjure you, let not the twentieth century be met in that awful way, but with all brightness of temporal and religious prospects.

First, let us put upon the cradle of the new century a new map of the world. The old map was black with too many barbarisms, and red with too many slaughters, and pale with too many sufferings. Let us see to it that on that map, so far as possible, our country from ocean to ocean is a Christianized continent—schools, colleges, churches and good homes in long line from ocean beach to ocean beach. On that map Cuba must be free. Porto Rico must be free. The archipelago of the Philippines must be free. When we get those islands thoroughly under our protectorate, for the first time our missionaries in China will be safe. The atrocities imposed on those good men and women in the so-called Flowery Kingdom will never be resumed, for our guns will be too near Hong Kong to allow the massacre of missionary settlements.

On that map must be put the Isthmian Canal, begun if not completed. No long voyages around Cape Horn for the world's merchandise, but short and cheap communication by water instead of expensive communication by rail train, and more millions will be added to our national wealth and the world's betterment than I have capacity to calculate.

On that map it must be made evident that America is to be the world's civilizer and evangelizer. Free from the national religions of Europe on the one side, and from the superstitions of Asia on the other side, it will have facilities for the work that no other continent can possibly possess. As near as I can tell by the laying on of the hands of the Lord Almighty, this continent has been ordained for that work. This is the only country in the world where all religions are on the same platform, and the people have free selection for themselves without any detriment. When we present to the other continents this assortment of religions and give them unhindered choice, we have no doubt of their selecting this religion of mercy, and kindness and goodwill, and temporal and eternal rescue. Hear it! America is to take this world for God!

On the map which we will put on the cradle of the new century we must have very soon, a railroad bridge across Behring's Strait, those thirty-six miles of water are not deep, and they are spotted with islands capable of holding the piers of a great bridge. And what, with America and Asia thus connected, and Siberian railway, and a railroad now projected for the length of Africa, and Palestine, and Persia, and India, and China, and Burniah intersected with railroad tracks, all of which will be done before the new century is grown up, the way will be open to the quick civilization and evangelization of the whole world. The old map we used to study in our boyhood days is dusty, and on the top shelf, or amid the rubbish of the garret; and so will the present map of the world, however gilded and beautifully bound, be treated, and an entirely new map will be put into the infantile hand of the coming century.

The work of this century has been to get ready. All the earth is now free to the Gospel except two little spots, one in Asia and one in Africa, while at the beginning of the century there stood the Chinese wall, and there flamed the fires, and there glittered the swords that forbade entrance to many islands and large reaches of continent. Bornesian cruelties and Fiji Island cannibalism have given way, and all the gates of all the continents are swung open with a clang that has been a positive and glorious invitation for Christianity to enter. Telegraph, telephone and phonograph are to

be consecrated to Gospel dissemination, and instead of the voice that gains the attention of a few hundred or a few thousand people within the Church walls, the telegraph will thrill the glad tidings and the telephone will utter them to many millions. O, the infinite advantage that the twentieth century has over what the nineteenth century had at the starting!

In preparation for this coming century we have time in the intervening years to give some decisive strokes at the seven or eight great evils that curse the world. It would be an assault and battery upon the coming century by this century if we allowed the full blow of present evils to fall upon the future. We ought somehow to cripple or minify some of these abominations. Alcoholism is to-day triumphant, and are we to let the all-devouring monster that has throttled this century seize upon the next without first having filled his accursed hide with stinging arrows enough to weaken and stagger him? When will we learn that we must educate public opinion up to a prohibitory law, or such a law will not be passed, or if passed, will not be executed? God grant that all State and National Legislatures may build up against this evil a wall which will be an impassable wall, shutting out the alcoholic abomination. But while we wait for that, let us, in our homes, in our schools, and our churches, and on our platforms and in our newspapers, persuade the people to stop taking alcoholic stimulant unless prescribed by physicians, and then persuade physicians not to prescribe it if in all the dominions of therapeutics there may be found some other remedy.

Alexander, the Great, made an imperial banquet at Babylon, and though he had been drinking the health of guests all one night and all next day, the second night he had twenty guests, and he drank the health of each separately. Then calling for the cup of Hercules, the giant, a monster cup, he filled and drained it twice, to show his endurance; but, as he finished the last draught from the cup of Hercules, the giant, he dropped in a fit, from which he never recovered. Alexander, who had conquered Sardis, and conquered Halicarnassus, and conquered Asia, and conquered the world, could not conquer himself; and there is a threatening peril that this good land of ours, having conquered all with whom it has ever gone into battle, may yet be overthrown by the cup of the giant evil of the land—that Hercules of infamy, strong drink. Do not let the staggering, and bloated, and embruted host of drunkards go into the next century looking for insane asylums, and almshouses, and delirium tremens, and dishonored graves.

Another thing we must get fixed is a national law concerning divorce. There are thousands of married people who are unhappy, and they ought never to have been wedded. They were deceived, or they were reckless, or they were fools, or they were caught by a dimple, or hung by a curl, or married in joke, or expected a fortune and it did not come, or good habits turned to brutality, and hence the domestic wreck. But make divorce less easy and you make the human race more cautious about entering upon life-time alliance. Let people understand that marriage is not an accommodation train that will let you leave almost anywhere, but a through train, and then they will not step on the train unless they expect to go clear through to the last depot. One brave man this coming winter, rising amid the white marble of yonder Capitol Hill, could offer a resolution upon the subject of divorce that would keep out of the next century much of the free-lovism and dissoluteness which have cursed this century.

Another thing that we need to get fixed up before the clock shall strike twelve on that night of centennial transition is the expulsion of war by the power of arbitration. Within the next three years we ought to have, and I hope will have, what might be called "a jury of nations," which shall render verdict on all controverted international questions. All civilized nations are ready for it, Great Britain, with a standing army of 210,000 men; France, with a standing army of 580,000 men; Germany, with a standing army of 600,000 men; Russia, with a standing army of 900,000 men; Europe, with standing armies of about three and a half million men; the United States proposing a standing army of 100,000 men. What a glorious idea, that of disarmament! What an emancipation of nations and centuries! The Czar of Russia last summer proposed it in world-resounding manifesto. Disarmament! What an inspiring and heaven-descended thought! In some quarters the Czar's manifesto was treated with derision, and we were told that he was not in earnest when he made it. I know personally that he did mean it. Six years ago he expressed to me the same theory in his palace at Peterhof, he then being on the way to the throne, not yet having reached it. His father,

Alexander III., then on the throne, expressed to me in his palace the same sentiments of peace, and his wife, the then Empress, with tears in her eyes, said, in reply to my remark "Your Majesty, there never will be another great war between Christian nations." "Ah! hope there never will be. If there should be another great war I am sure it will not start from this palace."

What a boon to the world if Russia at Germany and England and the United States could safely disband all their standing armies and dismantle their fortresses, and spike the guns! What uncounted millions of dollars would be saved, and more than that, what complete cessation of human slaughter! What an improvement of the morals of nations! What an adoption of that higher and better manifesto which was set to music and let down from the midnight heavens of Bethlehem ago! The world has got to come to this. Will not make it the peroration of the nineteenth century? Are we going to make a present of the twentieth century of reeking hospitals and dying armies and hemispheric graveyards? Do you want the hoofs of other cavalry-horses of the breasts of fallen men? Do you want other harvest fields gullied with wheels of gun carriages? Do you want the sky glaring with conflagration of other homesteads? Ah! the nineteenth century has seen enough of war. Make the determination that no other century shall be blasted with it.

During the first half of this century we expended eight million dollars to educate the Indians, and four hundred millions to kill the. According to a reliable statistician, during the century we have had the Crimean war, which slew seven hundred and eighty-five thousand and cost one billion seven hundred million dollars; and our American civil war, which slew million men, North and South, and cost billions of dollars, digging a grave trench from Barnegat Lighthouse, N. J., to "Lone Mountain" cemetery at San Francisco. And you must add to these the Zulu war, and the Austro-Prussian war, and the Danish war, and the Italian war, and the Americo-Spanish war, the Franco-Prussian war, and the China-Japan war, and the war of 1812, and the Napoleon and other wars. What a record for this boast Nineteenth Century! It has called out all the realms of Diabolus in grand parade, Satan viewing them from platform of fire, as the demons in companies, and regiments, and brigades, have passed with banners of fire ariding on horses of fire, keeping step to the r of the grand march of hell. In the name of the God of nations, let the scroll of blood put upon the shelf, never to be taken down.

Will it not be grand if on the first day of the twentieth century the Last Will and Testament of the nineteenth century shall be open and it shall be found to read: "In the name of God, amen. 1, the dying century, do make this, my Last Will and Testament. I give a bequest to my heir, the twentieth century peace of nations; swords, which I direct to be beaten into plowshares, and spears, which may be turned into pruning hooks; armories, to be changed into school houses, and fortresses, be rebuilt into churches; and I order that greater honors be put on those who save life than upon those who destroy it. This Last Will sign, seal, and deliver on the thirty-first day, December, in the year of our Lord, nine hundred, all the civilized nations of earth at all the glorified nations of heaven witnessing.

But what we do as individuals, as churches as nations, as continents, we must do very soon, if we want the transition from century to century to be a worthy transition; for I hear the trumpets of the approaching century a the clattering hoofs of the host it leads on.

The other night, while thinking of this subject, as to the way in which we ought to meet the new century, so near at hand, I fell into sort of dreamy state, in which the chronology of events seemed obliterated, and I saw Pennsylvania avenue two processions, which seemed to meet each other as this century goes out and another comes in. As near as I could tell in that dreamy state, it was the last night of the century, and I saw the spirits of the mighties in American history passing down the marble steps of the Capitol on yonder hill, moving through that memorable Pennsylvania avenue. There they come, the departed members of the Supreme Court of our nation, led on by Chief Justice Marshall. There come the distinguished men of our national legislature, in which are Webster, and Clay, and Benton, and Calhoun, and Preston, and C. Win, and Edward Everett, and John Quincy Adams, and Samuel L. Southard, and Rufus Choate, and others—some great for statesmanship, others great for wit, others great for eloquence, others great for courage. They pass through the avenue. Yonder I see the funeral pageants of Senators and three President Banners draped in gloom, tossing black plum

ollowing tossing black plumes. Catafalques, each drawn by eight white horses, while minutes boom. Yonder a nation in ears follows the victims of the exploded "Princeton," the slain secretaries of State and Navy. Presidential inaugural processions, accompanied by vanished music that has returned, the lips gain on flutes and cornets long ago rusted, and now repolished, and I hear the beating drums, which silent for many years are again sounded, greeted by the huzza of hundreds of thousands of voices. Many decades hushed, and again resonant. Regiments of the army of American Revolution followed by regiments of the army of 1812, and regiments of the army of 864. They have come up from the encampments in the tomb to take part in this great parade in honor of the century on this night passing away.

As that long and brilliant procession, vanished, but now a resurrected and remarchaled host, passes before that reviewing stand, I see no other procession coming from the opposite direction to meet this. They are the Presidents, the Senators, the legislators, the judges, the philanthropists, the deliverers of the twentieth century. They come up from the schools, the churches, the farms, the cities, the homesteads of the continent. Their cradles were rocked on the banks of the Alabama, and the Delaware, and the Oregon, and the Androsoggin, and the Potomac, and the Hudson. They have just as firm a tread, just as well-cult a brow, just as great a brain, just as noble a heart, just as high a purpose, just as sublime a courage, passing in procession one way through that avenue as the other procession passes the other way. Yea, the men coming out of the twentieth century in some respects surpass those coming out of the nineteenth century, for they have had better advantage, and will have grander opportunities, and will take part in higher achievements of civilization and Christianity. What a meeting on this midnight twelve o'clock, the two processions of the eighties of the two centuries! Uncover all heads and bow reverently in prayer. Thank God for the good done by the procession coming out of the past, and pray to God for good to be done by the procession coming out of the future. But halt, both processions! Halt! Halt! Break ranks! Back to your ironies, ye mighties of the nineteenth century, and enjoy the reward of your fidelity! Back to your homes, ye mighties of the twentieth century, your Presidential mansions, your editorial-rooms, your stupendous responsibilities, and do the work for the twentieth century! Farewell, and tears for the one procession! Hail, and welcome to the other procession!

It has been a custom in all Christian lands for people to keep watch-night as an old year passes out and a new year comes in. People assemble in churches about ten o'clock of that last night of the old year, and they have prayers, and songs and sermons, and congratulations until the hands of the church clock almost reach the figure twelve, and then all bow in silent prayer; and the scene is mightily impressive, until the clock in the tower of the church, or the clock in the tower of the city all, strikes twelve, and then all rise and sing with jubilant voice the grand doxology. But what a tremendous watchnight the world soon to celebrate! This century will depart twelve o'clock of the thirty-first of December of the year 1900. What a night that will be, whether starlit, or moonlit, or dark with tempest. It will be such a night as you and I never saw. In all neighborhoods, and towns, and cities, and continents, audiences will assemble, and bow in prayer, waiting for the last breath of the dying century, and when the clock shall strike twelve, there will be a solemnity and an overwhelming awe such as has not been felt for a hundred years; and then all the people will arise and chant the welcome of the new century of joy and sorrow, of triumph and defeat, of happiness and woe, and neighborhood will shake hands with neighborhood, and church with church, and city with city, and continent with continent, and hemisphere with hemisphere, and earth with heaven, at the stupendous departure and the majestic arrival. May we all be living on earth to see the solemnities and join in the songs and shake hands in the congratulations of that watch-night; or, if between this and that any of us should be off and away, may we be inhabitants of that land where "a thousand years are as one day," and in the presence of that angel spoken of in the Apocalypse, who at the end of the world will, standing with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, "swear by him that liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer."



Where the Cereus Blooms.

Life and Social Conditions in Mexico, the Land of Natural Wonders, Sunday Bull-Fights, Tortillas and Giant Cacti.

From a Special Correspondent.



GUAYMAS, SONORA, Mex., Nov. 10. THIS is truly the land of the "Reina de la Nocha" (Queen of the Night), as our Mexican friends poetically denominate the exquisite night-blossoming cereus, (flash-light photographs of which are at the head of this letter.) It is a great pity that one cannot see this magnificent flower at its loveliest by daylight. Its peculiarity recalls your American poet's apostrophe to the moon, which was so dull and lifeless in the day-time:

But the night revealed to me
All its grace and mystery.

The fruit of the plant is very refreshing, when found in the woods on a hot day. It is of a blood-red color, and somewhat resembles the strawberry.

Persons who have never traveled in these latitudes, have no idea of the tremendous size to which certain species of cacti attain. Lately, I saw one of the largest dimensions in the vicinity of Ortiz, on the way to the camp at Barranca, whither I went to investigate the coal mines. This giant cactus is about twenty-five feet in height, but I was told of others



A GIANT CACTUS.

not far away that have attained an altitude of forty-five feet. I confess I was unable to ascertain any useful purpose to which these mammoth plants can be put, although they make a very fine and picturesque effect in a mountain landscape. The smaller kind are serviceable in a way. Many of them are about twelve inches in diameter, and they are frequently used by travelers as a means of securing a water supply. The tender shoots are made into a sweetmeat, being cut up into pieces, about three inches square, and boiled in sugar. This delicacy they call "bisnaga."

There is a delightful freshness about some of the home arrangements here, particularly the inner courts of city residences. They are really beautiful garden spots, and pleasant and cool retreats during the heat of the day. The sweet orange tree is generally the limit of embellishment, on account of the scarcity of soil. The city itself is literally founded on rock and all earth in which plants and trees are nursed has to be carried into the town in carts.

One of the wonders of this region is the great natural salt deposit on Carmen Island, some 130 miles south of this city. This famous deposit, which is on the sea-

shore, is two and a half miles in length and is practically inexhaustible. Eighteen wagons haul salt from this vast natural storehouse daily, and it is stored in piles near the railroad, whence it is conveyed to ships and loaded for export. About forty acres of the salt field have been dug this far. There is a spring at the inland end, which floods the mine, and the water has to be pumped out before more salt can be taken. Then the wet salt is placed in piles and dried, before shipping. An analysis shows 98.25 per cent. of chloride of sodium or almost chemically pure salt. There are slight traces of iron, magnesia and lime. Much of this salt goes to the United States and a good deal to the mountainous districts of Mexico. The laborers who work in these salt fields enjoy splendid health. They are good-natured and willing, and with the exception of occasional cases of intemperance, live quiet and uneventful lives.

Nothing could be simpler than the food of the average worker's household, whether white or Indian. In the huts near here, I have seen Indian families living on the rocks happy and contented, with beans as their staple food, which with *tortillas* (the Mexican cakes), they ate with relish three times every day in the year. It would make our American home folks smile to see the kitchen arrangements in such cabins—a conglomeration of tin cans, crude earthenware, and possibly an old basket comprising the entire furniture, with Mother Earth as the bed, and the blue sky dotted with golden stars as the only covering. Yet contentment and a measure of happiness reigns even among such meagre surroundings as these.

It must not be supposed, because social conditions here are so different from those that prevail in the United States, that all

and shrimps attest his activity. The ranch laborers, too, are hearty and robust. They get two or three reales per day, and a half-bushel of corn weekly to maintain their families and are generally contented with their lot. Groups of Seris Indians come to the towns and villages to sell their wares, consisting of ornamental mats made of the brilliant plumage of native birds. These plumes are taken with the skin entire and preserved by an Indian process. Unfortunately the Seris are addicted to the



INDIAN CHILDREN OF SONORA.

liquor habit. The Tarumaris, from the higher range of the Sierra Madre are peaceable and industrious, but like the Seris would rather dispose of their products for liquor than for cash. Their clothing is simple enough, consisting of a blanket thrown over the shoulders, and another draped below the waist.

I have found the Indians themselves an interesting study. They are numerous in the immediate vicinity of Guaymas, and are mostly employed as laborers, loading and discharging ships, carrying heavy goods, driving teams, etc. Their women make good cooks and general domestics. It is not customary here for such servants to sleep in the houses of their employers, with the exception of such as are in close attendance on ladies and children. Usually, a well-to-do home requires a number of such domestics, who are hired at from three to eight dollars per month, Mexican silver. A majority of the laundresses are Indians, who take the clothing from their patrons' homes to their own cabins in the suburbs, and return them later in the



THE MAIN STREET OF GUAYMAS ON SUNDAY; BULL-FIGHTERS IN FOREGROUND.

are densely ignorant. There are country schools where the children learn rapidly. The girls are shy and reserved, while the little olive-hued boys are just as mischievous and fun-loving as boys in other parts of the world. They rarely fight and never maltreat animals. Many write prettily, and there are instances where the Indian children have excelled the others in primary studies at least.

Children here lack ambition, and manual labor and any unusual mental effort is avoided as much as possible. As soon as they can read and write, they usually consider their education finished. Work—especially that of an artisan—is beneath their dignity, and many devices are employed to enable them to live without such a degradation. Borrowing is a favorite method of getting around the difficulty of earning a livelihood.

It would not be just to say that all are thus indolent, however. There are, of course, many bright exceptions among both whites and Indians. One sees hardy Indian fishermen busily at work all day long, and the abundance of fish, oysters

week, not infrequently delaying the delivery until Sunday morning.

One of the photographs I have taken will be specially interesting to your readers as showing how Mexicans regard the Sabbath. This is the land of bull-fights, and Sunday is, above all others, the day chosen for this brutal sport. I have shown you, with the camera, the "parade" of the bull-fights at 11 A. M. on Sunday,—an hour when Christian congregations in the United States and elsewhere are raising their hearts and voices to God in prayer in the churches. Although much has been done toward evangelizing certain portions of Mexico, a great deal remains to be accomplished before this part of the vast "neglected Continent" becomes fully acquainted with the Gospel.

These impressions from an observer in this distant part of the globe may interest your circle of readers. It is a country full of new and strange surprises, beautiful as to scenery, grand as to possibilities and entertaining as to its people and their social surroundings.