

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

NO. 1: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.

VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 35.

W. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE GREAT BIBLE CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD, MASS. (See Page 683.)

1. MR. D. L. MOODY. 2. REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. 3. REV. GEO. H. C. MACGREGOR. 4. MR. IRA D. SANKEY. 5. THE NORTHFIELD AUDITORIUM.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



DIVINE EVOLUTION.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Romans 1: 22, 23:

Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things.



THIS is a full-length portrait of an evolutionist who substitutes the bestial origin for the Divine origin. I showed you last week that evolution was contradicted by the Bible, by science, by observation, and by common sense; that the Bible account of the creation of man and of brute and of the world, and the evolutionist's account collided with each other, as certainly as two express trains going in opposite directions at sixty miles the hour, their locomotives meeting on the same track. I showed that all the evolution scientists, without any exception, were pronounced infidels; that evolution was a heathenism thousands of years old; that such men as Agassiz and Ilugh Miller and Farraday and Dawson and Dana had for that doctrine of evolution unlimited contempt. I showed you that their favorite theory of the "survival of the fittest" was an absurdity and an untruth, and that natural evolution was always downward and never upward, and that there had never been any improvement for man or beast or world except through the direct or indirect influence of our glorious Christianity. And in the closing part of that sermon I told you I was not a pessimist, but an optimist, that instead of it being eleven o'clock at night it is half past five in the morning.

Now, I go on to tell you, it seems to me that evolutionists are trying to impress the great masses of the people with the idea that there is an ancestral line leading from the primal germ on up through the serpent, and on up through the quadruped, and on up through the gorilla, to man. They admit that there is a "missing link," as they call it, but there is not a missing link—it is a whole chain gone. Between the physical construction of the highest animal, and the physical construction of the lowest man, there is a chasm as wide as the Atlantic Ocean. Evolutionists tell us that somewhere in Central Africa, or in Borneo, there is a creature half-way between the brute and the man, and that that creature is the highest step in the animal ascent and the lowest step in the human creation. But what are the facts? The brain of the largest gorilla that was ever found is thirty cubic inches, while the brain of the most ignorant man that was ever found is seventy. Vast difference between thirty and seventy. It needs a bridge of forty arches to span that gulf.

Besides that, there is a difference between the gorilla and the man—a difference of blood globule, a difference of nerve, a difference of muscle, a difference of bone, a difference of sinew. The horse is more like man in intelligence, the bird is more like him in musical capacity, the mastiff is more like him in affection. That eulogized beast of which we hear so much, represented on the walls of cities thousands of years ago, is just as complete as it is now, showing that there has not been a particle of change. Besides that, if a pair of apes had a man for descendant, why would not all the apes have the same kind of descendants? Can it be that that one favored pair only was honored with human progeny? Besides that, evolution says that as one species rises to an other species, the old type dies off. Then how is it that there are whole kingdoms of chimpanzee and gorilla and baboon?

The evolutionists have come together and have tried to explain a bird's wing. Their theory has always been that a faculty of an animal while being developed must always be useful and always beneficial, but the wing of a bird, in the thousands of years it was being developed so far from being any help must have been a hindrance until it could be brought to practical use away on down in the ages. Must there not have been an intelligent

will somewhere that formed that wonderful flying instrument, so that a bird five hundred times heavier than the air can mount it and put gravitation under claw and beak? That wonderful mechanical instrument, the wing, with between twenty and thirty different apparatus curiously constructed, does it not imply a divine intelligence? Does it not imply a direct act of some outside being? All the evolutionists in the world cannot explain a bird's wing, or an insect's wing.

So they are confounded by the rattle of the rattlesnake. Ages before that reptile had any enemies, this warning weapon was created. Why was it created? When the reptile, far back in the ages had no enemies, why this warning weapon? There must have been a divine intelligence foreseeing and knowing that in ages to come that reptile would have enemies, and then this warning weapon would be brought into use. You see evolution at every step is a contradiction or a monstrosity. At every stage of animal life as well as at every stage of human life, there is evidence of direct action of divine will.

Besides that, it is very evident from another fact that we are an entirely different creation, and that there is no kinship. The animal in a few hours or months comes to full strength and can take care of itself. The human race for the first one, two, three, five, ten years is in complete helplessness. The chick just come out of its shell begins to pick up its own food. The dog, the wolf, the lion, soon earn their own livelihood and act for their own defence. The human race does not come to development until twenty or thirty years of age, and by that time the animals that were born the same year the man was born—the vast majority of them have died of old age. This shows there is no kinship, there is no similarity. If we had been born of the beast, we would have had the beast's strength at the start, or it would have had our weakness. Not only different but opposite.

Darwin admitted that the dove-cote pigeon has not changed in thousands of years. It is demonstrated over and over again that the lizard on the lowest formation of rocks was just as complete as the lizard now. It is shown that the ganoid, the first fish, was just as complete as the sturgeon, another name for the same fish now. Darwin's entire system is a guess, and Huxley, and John Stuart Mill, and Tyndall, and especially Professor Haeckel, come to help him in the guess, and guess about the brute, and guess about man, and guess about worlds, but as to having one solid foot of ground to stand on, they never have had it and never will have it. I put in opposition to these evolutionist theories the inward consciousness that we have no consanguinity with the dog that fawns at our feet, or the spider that crawls on the wall, or the fish that flops in the frying pan, or the crow that swoops on the field carcass, or the swine that wallows in the mire. Everybody sees the outrage it would be to put aside the Bible record that Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Judah, for the record that the microscopic animalcule begat the tadpole, and the tadpole begat the polywog, and the polywog begat the serpent, and the serpent begat the quadruped, and the quadruped begat the baboon, and the baboon begat man.

The evolutionists tell us that the apes were originally fond of climbing the trees, but after awhile they lost their prehensile power, and therefore could not climb with any facility, and hence they surrendered monkeydom and set up in business as men. Failures as apes, successes as men. According to the evolutionists a man is a bankrupt monkey.

I pity the person who in every nerve and muscle and bone and mental faculty and spiritual experience does not realize that he is higher in origin and has had a

grand ancestry than the beasts which perish. However degraded men and women may be, and though they may have foundered on the rocks of crime and sin, and though we shudder as we pass them, nevertheless, there is something within us that tells us they belong to the same great brotherhood and sisterhood of our race, and our sympathies are aroused in regard to them. But gazing upon the the swiftest gazelle, or upon the tropical bird of most flamboyant wing, or upon the curve of grandest courser's neck, we feel there is no consanguinity. It is not that we are stronger than they, for the lion with one stroke of his paw could put us into the dust. It is not that we have better eyesight, for the eagle can descry a mole a mile away. It is not that we are fleetest of foot, for a roebuck in a flash is out of sight, just seeming to touch the earth as he goes. Many of the animal creation surpassing us in fleetness of foot and in keenness of nostril and in strength of limb; but notwithstanding all that, there is something within us that tells us we are of celestial pedigree. Not of the mollusk, not of the rhipid, not of the primal germ, but of the living and omnipotent God. Lineage of the skies. Genealogy of heaven.

I tell you plainly that if your father was a muskrat and your mother an opossum, and your great aunt a kangaroo, and the toads and the snapping turtles were your illustrious predecessors, my father was God. I know it. I feel it. It thrills through me with an emphasis and an ecstasy which all your arguments drawn from anthropology and biology and zoology and morology and paleontology and all the other ologics can never shake.

Evolution is one great mystery. It hatches out fifty mysteries and the fifty hatch out a thousand, and the thousand hatch out a million. Why, my brother, not admit the one great mystery of God and have that settle all the other mysteries? I can more easily appreciate the fact that God by one stroke of his omnipotence could make man than I could realize how out of five million of ages he could have evolved one, putting on a little here and a little there. It would have been just as great a miracle for God to have turned an orang-outang into a man as to make a man out and out—the one job just as big as the other.

It seems to me we had better let God have a little place in our world somewhere. It seems to me if we cannot have him make all creatures we had better have him make two or three. There ought to be some place where he could stay without interfering with the evolutionists. "No," says Darwin, and so for years he is trying to raise fan-tailed pigeons and to turn these fan-tail pigeons into some other kind of pigeon, or to have them go into something that is not a pigeon—turning them into quail, or barnyard fowl or brown-thresher. But pigeon it is. And others have tried with the ox and the dog and the horse, but they stayed in their species. If they attempt to cross over it is a hybrid, and a hybrid is always sterile and goes into extinction. There has been only one successful attempt to pass over from speechless animal to the articulation of man, and that was the attempt which Balaam witnessed in the beast that he rode; but an angel of the Lord, with drawn sword, soon stopped that long-eared evolutionist.

But says some one, "if we cannot have God make a man let us have him make a horse." "Oh, no!" says Huxley, in his great lectures in New York years ago. No, he does not want any God around the premises. God did not make the horse. The horse came of the pliohippus, and the pliohippus came from the protohippus, and the protohippus came from the miohippus, and the miohippus came from the mesohippus, and the mesohippus came from the orohippus, and so away back, all the living creatures, we trace it in a line until we get to the moneron, and no evidence of divine intermeddling with the creation until you get to the moneron, and that, Huxley says, is of so low a form of life that the probability is it just made itself or was the result of spontaneous generation. What a narrow escape from the necessity of having a God!

As near as I can tell, these evolutionists seem to think that God at the start had not made up his mind as to exactly what he would make, and having made up his mind partially, he has been chang-

ing it all through the ages. I believe that God made the world as he wanted to live it, and that the happiness of all the species will depend upon their staying in the species where they were created.

Once upon a time, there was in a natural amphitheatre of the forest a convention of animals, and a gorilla from western Africa came in with his club pounded "Order!" Then he sat down in a chair of twisted forest root. The delegation of birds came in and took their position in the galleries of the hills of the tree tops. And a delegation of tiles came in, and they took their position in the pit of the valley. And the tier of rocks were occupied by the delegation of intermediate animals, and there was a great aquarium and a canal leading to it through which came the monster of the deep to join the great convention. And on one table of rock there were five or five primal germs under a glass, and in a cup on another table of rock there was a quantity of protoplasm. Then this gorilla of the African forest with his club pounded again: "order! order!" and then he cried out, "Oh, you great throng of beasts and birds and reptiles and insects, I have called you together to propose that we move up into the human race and be beasts no longer; too long ready have we been hunted and caught and harnessed; we shall stand it no longer." At that speech the whole convention broke out into roars of enthusiasm like though there were many menageries begot by their keepers, and it did seem as if the whole convention would march right up and take possession of the earth of the human race. But an old lion, with his mane white with many years, and he uttered his voice, and when that old lion uttered his voice all the other beasts of the forest were still, and he said: "Peoples, brothers and sisters of the forest. I think we have been placed in the spheres which we were intended; I think our Creator knew the place that was good for us." He could proceed no further, for the whole convention broke out in a roar like the House of Commons when the Irish question comes up, or the American Congress the night of adjournment, and the reptiles hissed with indignation at the leonine Gambetta, and the frogs croaked their contempt, and the bears growled their contempt, and the panthers snarled their disgust, and the insects buzzed and buzzed with excitement; though the gorilla of the African forest with his club pounded, "order, order there was no order; and there was a thronging out of adderine sting, and a swing of elephantine tusk, and a stroke of bear and a swing of claw until it seemed as if the convention would be massacred.

Just at that moment, at the door of the natural amphitheatre of the forest, the curtain of the leaves lifted, and the beams and bars of the tree branches were shown back, and there appeared Agassiz, Audubon, and Silliman, and Moses. Agassiz cried out, "Oh, you beasts of the forests, I have studied your ancient records and found you always have been beasts, you always will be beasts; be contented to be beasts." And Audubon aimed his gun at a bald-headed eagle who dropped from the gallery, and as he dropped struck a serpent that was winding around one of the pillars to get higher. And Silliman threw a rock at the tertiary formation at the mamma and Moses thundered, "Every beast of its kind, every bird after its kind, every fish after its kind." And lo! the parliament of wild beasts was prorogued; it went home to their constituents, and it blew out into the night, and the lizard slunk under the rock, and the gorilla went back to the jungle, and a hungry man passing out ate up the primal germs, and a clumsy buffalo upset the protoplasm and the lion went to his lair, and the eagle went to his eyrie, and the whale went to his palace of crystal and coral, and there was peace—peace in the peace in the waters, peace in the field. Man in his place; the beasts of the earth in their places.

But, my friends, evolution is not an infidel and atheistic and absurd; it is brutalizing in its tendencies. If there is anything in the world that will make a man bestial in his habits it is the idea that he was descended from the beast. Why, according to the idea of these evolutionists we are only a superior kind of cattle, sort of Alderney among other herds. I

REDEEMING THE CRIMINAL.

The New York State Reformatory Work for Fallen Humanity—Converting Young Offenders into Useful Citizens.



OUR readers, who have every movement for reclaiming fallen humanity, at heart, will read with interest of the work being done in this direction by the New York State Reformatory at Elmira. If any advance in civilization demonstrates the fact that Christ's spirit is permeating society and government, it is the establishment of penal institutions whose object is the reformation of young criminals. Surely if any prisoner should have the visitation of those imbued with the Master's spirit, it is the lad or the young man who by inheritance and association, has not had a fair chance to know right from wrong, but whose youth makes reformatory processes possible. Not only are such systems desirable for the benefit of the criminal, but for the benefit of society, to which, if possible, he should always be returned from prison a useful and self-supporting citizen.

The average age of prisoners received is between sixteen and twenty years. Of the 8,786 offenders admitted into the institution since its founding twenty-two years ago, only one per cent. began life in good home environments; and a heavy percentage were children of insane or intemperate parents. Yet with the curse of this inheritance and of the felony for

The purpose of the Reformatory (says the Board of Managers' report) is to train the inmates in industry, intelligence and self-control until they who have shown themselves unsafe shall become reasonably safe to go at large. Their reluctance to enter upon the prescribed training treatment must be overcome, and they must be fitted to live orderly, self-supporting lives in free society, or they should be retained in custody until that purpose is accomplished. The opportunities and privileges supplied here are unequalled in any prison establishment anywhere. They are such as would strongly appeal to a normal and better class of young men as a rare opportunity to obtain an education together with industrial training. . . The public does not know that the influence of imprisonment upon this

in free life is carefully considered. Maps, blackboard drawings, and stereopticon slides are freely used. In nature studies an aim kept constantly in mind is the leading of the thoughts of the men from the thing created to the Creator. In the



MECHANICAL DRAWING IN MANUAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT.

history course, a purpose kept steadily in view is enabling the men to appreciate the privileges and duties of American citizenship. Lecturer Chapman says:

Looking back over the year, I ask myself, "What is there to show for the work?" The answer is full of encouragement. Evidences of progress, quickening, and the power of rational self-direction are too frequent and too plain to raise questioning. Watching the men from week to week and month to month, one sees changes in the facial lines which correspond to changes within. But most of the changes are so gradual and subtle that they pass unnoticed, until one suddenly and in some unexpected way, is made conscious that a man who seemed to be unmoved and unaffected has been all the time undergoing physical, mental and moral uplifting.

The law prohibiting manufacturing in State penal institutions, threw many prisoners out of employment; and to meet this condition day classes were organized in every department of the Trades School, with the exception of the cloth-cutting, stenography and type-writing, wood-turning and machine wood-working classes, which continue to meet as before in the evenings. In addition to the classes in drawing, barbering, bricklaying, blacksmithing, tinsmithing, etc., which make up the very full complement of the Trades School studies, classes in color-mixing and stone masonry were lately organized.

The Manual Training Department (only three years old) commands particular interest. It was designed to meet the needs of men especially defective. The courts commit men to the Reformatory under the indeterminate sentence system (although maximum sentence is fixed) leaving the period of "parole" commission to be determined by the Board of Managers. To obtain parole, the Board demands that men must pass successive examinations in Trades School, and Department of Letters, and shall have a sustained perfect demeanor record for four months, upon fulfillment of which conditions they are released. It was discovered that many, after long stay and hard effort, could not bring themselves up to this standard because of deep physical and moral limitations. Hence, the Manual Training School, the "kindergarten" of the Reformatory, was inaugurated, and graded classes organized in athletics, calisthenics, clay-modeling, sloyd, mental arithmetic, sentence-building, etc. Many prisoners, who had failed in the Trades School, passed from successful examinations in this to similar triumphs in that. The gymnasium, the baths, the military drill and discipline have been important adjuncts to this as well as to other departments. One prisoner, who had made a hopeless record before his entrance into the kindergarten, has made such happy progress since that time that he is now retained as an instructor. The Year-Book, a well-prepared volume, and the photographs on this page (received through courtesy of the officials) are the product of prisoners' labor. J. B. Rathbone is President of Board of Managers; Z. R. Brockway, Superintendent; able instructors direct the different departments.

sure, we browse on better pasture, and have better stall and better accommodations, but then we are only Southdowns among the great flocks of sheep. Born of east, to die like a beast; for the evolutionists have no idea of a future world. They say the mind is only a superior part of the body. They say our thoughts are of molecular formation. They say when the body dies, the whole nature dies. The tomb of the sepulchre is not a milestone on the journey upward, but a wall shut us into eternal nothingness. We all are alike—the cow, the horse, the sheep, the man, the reptile. Annihilation is the even of the evolutionist. From such a selfish and damnable doctrine turn away. Compare that idea of your origin—an idea filled with the chatter of apes and the hiss of serpents and the croak of toads—to an idea in one or two stanzas which I quote from an old book of more than Demosthenic, or Homeric, or Dantean power: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and thou crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand; thou hast put all things under his feet. All sheep and oxen, and all the beasts of the field; the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth."

How do you like that origin? The lion monarch of the field, the eagle the monarch of the air, behemoth the monarch of the deep, but man monarch of all.

My friends, I like to say to you that I am not so anxious to know what was my origin as to know what will be my destiny. I do not care so much where I came from as where I am going. I am not so interested in who was my ancestor ten million years ago as I am to know where I will be ten million years from now. I am not so much interested in the prefix to my cradle as I am interested in the appendix to my grave. I do not care much about protoplasm as I do about eternasm. The "mas" is overwhelmed with the "be." And here comes in the evolution I believe in: not natural evolution, but gracious and divine—a heavenly evolution—evolution out of sin into holiness, out of grief into gladness, out of mortality into immortality, out of earth into heaven. That is the evolution I believe in.

Evolution from *evolvere*, unrolling! Unrolling of attributes, unrolling of rewards, unrolling of experience, unrolling of angelic companionship, unrolling of divine glory, unrolling of providential obscurity, unrolling of doxologies, unrolling of ribow to canopy the throne, unrolling of new heaven and a new earth in which dwell righteousness. Oh, the thought overwhelms me! I have not the physical endurance to consider it.

Monarchs on earth of all lower orders of creation, and then lifted to be hierarchs in heaven. Masterpiece of God's wisdom a goodness, our humanity; masterpiece of olive grace, our enthronement. I put one foot on Darwin's "Origin of the Species," and I put the other foot on Spencer's "Biology," and then holding in one hand the book of Moses I see our Genesis, and holding in the other hand the book Revelation, I see our celestial revelation. For all wars I prescribe the Elohheim chant of the angels. For all sulchures I prescribe the archangel's trumpet. For all the earthly griefs I prescribe the hand that wipes away all tears from all eyes. Not an evolution from best to man, but an evolution from constant to conqueror, and from the struggling with wild beasts in the arena of the amphitheatre to a soft, high, blissful seat in the King's galleries.



A CLASS IN SLOYD IN THE REFORMATORY "KINDERGARTEN."

which they were committed hanging over them, a large proportion have been released, or graduated, from the reformatory, competent workmen, able and willing to make an honest living, and many instances might be cited to show the wonderful transformation wrought in these men by the training they receive. During the present year 613 prisoners have been received, drawn from the State Industrial School at Rochester, the House of Refuge at Crandall's Island, through committals by the United States Court, and conviction of felonies by the New York Courts of Record. The total number discharged during the year was 520. The average number of inmates at one time is about 1,500—a large field, this, for true missionary work. As the number of committals increases with each year, the need for more room is greater, and the importance of making appropriation for such enlargement cannot be too strongly urged upon the Legislature.

class of offenders, if it does not accomplish their improvement and so contribute to the public security when they are released, will of necessity increase their criminal characteristics, and so increase the danger to society from them when they are again at liberty.

The reformatory is, in fact, a great school of industrial and manual training, with departments of letters, military, discipline and physical culture. The School of Letters embraces the entire reformatory population, and in it are found illiterates who can neither read nor write, and men who study with pleasure and profit percentage and its applications, history, literature, and ethics. In the ethics class, the prisoners discuss questions bearing upon social and political duties of the individual with surprising interest and discrimination. A Normal Class of thirty to forty inmate teachers who are reformed criminals assist the Director and the Lecturer. In this, as well as in all other departments, utilitarian principles govern. What will be useful to the men



A CLASS IN WOOD-TURNING.