

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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• • Sick Soldiers Hear the Gospel • •

The Great Camps Breaking up and the Invalid Troops Going Home—The Christian Commission Work Goes on.

There is a prospect of an early break-up in several of the great military home camps, established after the close of the war. It is welcome news

to the thousands of soldiers of them from the camps, and to the thousands of weak soldiers who are suffering from the effects of the war—fever, dysentery, and other ailments. It is a relief to the loved ones of the soldiers to whom they are going home, and to the country at large, where the sick and wounded are being cared for. It is a relief to the country at large, where the sick and wounded are being cared for. It is a relief to the country at large, where the sick and wounded are being cared for.



THE CONVALESCENT SOLDIER.

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Meantime, affairs at the camps themselves are perceptibly improving. Malarial and typhoid fever still claim many victims, however. Many of the sick have been removed from the camps and sent to hospitals, while the convalescent have been allowed to go home on extended furloughs. In a number of cases, generous individuals or relief organizations have undertaken to care for several convalescents. A typical instance is the magnanimous offer of Miss Helen Gould who is now sheltering, nursing and caring for over one hundred soldier patients in hospitals or homes at her own expense. The Women's National War Relief Association has received a number of offers of a like character from different quarters, the writers doubtless having been stimulated by Miss Gould's example.

Gospel work continues at all the Camps, both inland and seaboard, and most encouraging spiritual results are reported. The Christian Commission announces that its evangelistic

work is fairly under way at the new Camps that have been opened since the practical abandonment of Camps Alger and Chickamauga, and that Mr. Moody and his associates purpose continuing their efforts, as long as there is an opportunity of preaching to the soldiers. There is a constant demand for Testaments and other religious literature, and thousands of our Vest-Pocket War Testaments are now

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(Continued on page 725).

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



ENEMIES OVERTHROWN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } Let God arise, let his enemies be
on the Text: Psalms 68: 1, } scattered.

A PROCESSION was formed to carry the ark, or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings, and started for Mount Zion, all the people chanted the battle hymn of my text, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel, and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle hymn and the battle shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldiers, named the "Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing enemies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley Castle, and it was taken. He ordered Sir Ralph Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of the "Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying at Marston Moor, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasselled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle, and only to be used on general training day, but more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling its story of battles, for my text hangs in the Scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but still as keen and mighty as when David first unheated it. It seems to me that in the Church of God, and in all styles of reformatory work, what we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard, and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity, depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after awhile that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we put the name of some one who betrays the cause and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are to get the victory all along the line we must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they throng their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army was ever tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." But God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American revolution is to free America, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan, it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Von Moltke."

Waterloo was won for the English, be-

cause not only the armed men at the front, but the worshipers in the cathedrals at the rear, were crying "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington."

The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop M'Ilvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God telling him to come on if he dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for anyone to calculate the numbers of times that the name of the Almighty God and of Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what he thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. Among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who two days before had fallen under a flash of lightning, while boasting, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow, and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid, under the same lightning flash.

Years ago, in a Pittsburg prison, two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and, as he was uttering it, he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue, he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan county, in New York State, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died, and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge.

Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer! that he is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain, that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep their tongues quiet to avoid the horrible

conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips.

Still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club-rooms, out through busy exchanges where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and crackling billiard-balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth a seething, boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship-captain curses his crew, and the master-builder his men, and the hack-driver his horse; and the traveler the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the railroad. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of this land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women, and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digestor." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler." It is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"Essence of Perdition," "Conscience Stupefier," "Five Drachms of Heart-ache," "Tears of Orphanage," "Blood of Souls," "Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy," "Venom of the Worm that Never Dies?" Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and anyone can understand it. "Sour mash!" That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. "Sour mash!" One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, good people, who are only a little under tone in health, and wanting some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra, that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others, to drown their troubles, submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered and bruised and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entrenched and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate, and elect, and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side

they have enlisted the mightiest power of the centuries. And behind stand all the myrmidons of the world, Satanic, Apollyonic and Diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this Bastille of decanters or capture Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while prove of all human agencies of reform would utterly despair if we had it else. But what cheers me is that the best troops are yet to come. Our artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all heaven on our side. Now "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of great cities. Ever and anon there are the newspapers explosions of society that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; "for such things," Christ "were more tolerable for Sodom a morrah" than for the Chorazins and saidas of greater light. It is no use in our cities to see men in high tions with two or three families, or ladies willing solemnly to marry the swine of society, if they be wealthy Bible all aflame with denunciation; an impure life, but many of the Army ministry uttering not one point-blank against this iniquity lest some old time throw up his church pew. Many organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by what put yearly in the grinding-mill of iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one professing in the courts that she had plied the infernal market with one hundred and fifty victims in six months for five hundred newspapers in Atlanta to swing open the door of this lazar of social corruption! Exposure come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the same sin from the prison to the court morning by morning, it is full if we do not want high American I become like that of the court of XV., to put millionaire Lotharios a Pompadours of your brown-stone p into a van of popular indignation drive them out of respectable as tions. What prospect of social purification can there be, as long as at watering-places it is usual to see a woman of excellent rearing stance simper and giggle and roll up her sideways before one of those first satyrs of fashionable life, and on the room floor join him in the dance maternal *chaperon* meanwhile be from the window on the scene? Men are made in heaven, they say. No matches for the brimstone indicate opposite region.

The evil is overshadowing all our peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities and are relegated to the realms of larly, and few efforts are being against them. God bless the "V Cross" movement, as it is called—ganization making a mighty assault this evil! God forward the tracts of subject distributed by the religious societies of the land! God help you in the great work they are doing, ing to start their children with pure ciples! God help all legislators in attempt to prohibit this crime!

But is this all? Then it is only a tion of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of human arms, human pens, human human talents are not sufficient. I to look up. I listen for artillery rum down the sapphire boulevards of he I watch to see if in the morning there be not the flash of desecrated scimitars. Oh, for God! Does it seem time for his appearance? Is the time for all Christian lands to cry out "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered?"

I got a letter asking me if I did think that the earthquake in one of cities was the Divine chastisement that city for its sins. That letter answered by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible impurities, the world long ago have cracked, open crevices trans-continental, and taken all our cities so far under that the top of our church spires would be five hundred feet below the surface. It is of the mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world

OUR NEW HAWAIIAN DOMAIN.

The Islands and the People that Have Now Come Under Our Flag—A Dying Race—Our Missionary Work in Hawaii.

NOW that the Hawaiian Islands have become really our own, both by gift of the people there who have controlling influence, and are responsible for law and order, and also by action of the Congress of the United States, we shall feel a renewed interest in them. Many Americans will look to those islands as a possible place for business undertaking, and undoubtedly quite a large number will venture to make their home in that advanced outpost of our national civilization.

The history of the islands is long and interesting, even though not a word had been committed to writing until after the advent of white men within the present century. That history has already become familiar to many readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. One of the most striking characters in the whole history is that of the first king. The long name of five syllables is quite easy when you once get hold of it. Pronounce the first syllable, *Ka*, with the broad sound of *a* as in *ah*, or as if it were spelled *Kah*. Then divide the remainder of the word into two parts, which are simply the same repeated, namely, *me* and *ha*, giving the sound of long *a* in English, and *a* the same broad

the little islands, scattered through three hundred miles of sea, one country, and

ans. They are a race of swimmers. The legends of olden times relate most remarkable exploits in swimming long distances. And within the memory of present times, is the daring feat of riding a surf board on the crest of incoming breakers. Balancing themselves most adroitly



A HAWAIIAN OCEAN KINDERGARTEN.

thanks to the civilization brought in by American missionaries, and British and American visitors and residents, they have remained united ever since the day of that conqueror. Hawaii's policemen are

decked with the badge of authority. It is plain that they are very personable people. In fact many of the native Hawaiian race are shapely and pleasing in figure. In the olden time, chiefs and their wives were particularly so. Even the last king, Kalakaua, though said not to be a pure Hawaiian, and scarcely of the royal line, was in appearance "every inch a king."

Hawaiians have necessarily ceased to be the ruling people in their own islands, just as the ancient Angles did long ago in England. Yet they still

on a kind of long plank, these men, and even women, would stand in such a way as to hold their perilous craft just right to catch the motion of the surf, and be borne triumphantly toward shore, much faster, it is said, than a horse could gallop on land. But the era of shipping and civilization has pretty nearly banished that daring sport from Hawaiian recreations. Our illustration shows youngsters sporting themselves just where the ocean breaks over a reef. On the hither side, the water is still, but beyond, where in a tranquil day they can play safely, the waters extend outward toward the vastness of the mighty ocean.

In a peculiar sense the Hawaiians are a dying race. Not only must individuals pass away, but the race as a whole has rapidly been dying out. Wars, physical disorders, and contact with continental races have diminished them to one-tenth of their former number. But we may hope that a regular and stable government, with good hygienic and moral instruction properly enforced, may save a remnant to the population of the future.

A very common method of disposing of the dead was to cover the body with a glutinous wash, and then deposit it in a sitting posture in some cave on a mountain side, or on some natural shelf or niche on the side of a precipice. There offerings were frequently carried and prayers performed. Remnants of such a cave may still be seen in the mountain, where the promontory of Diamond Head approaches the sea, not far from Honolulu.

American missionaries began work in Hawaii in 1820, and with remarkable success. The force was large, able, and thoroughly united. In proportion, it was the same as if America should send to China several thousand missionaries, instead of a few score. By the end of ten years, the language had been reduced to writing, a fine literature begun, and schools widely established. At the end of twenty years, an orderly government had been well initiated, modifying and finally supplanting with regular law and citizenship, the old-time personal rule of the chiefs. At the end of forty years the islands were practically a Christian nation, with

statutes against immoralities as well made and enforced as in the United States. And although since that date many thousands of Asiatic pagans have come into the diminutive country, and adventurers of many kinds have there sought to gratify their desires and ambitions, yet the good work done by the missionaries is still strong in the high sentiments of right prevailing among Hawaiians. REV. G. N. POND.

...ist, a-jangle and racked, that there
... a need of the Divine appearance,
... ere is another reason. Have you
... ticed that in the history of this
... God turns a leaf about every two
... nd years? God turned a leaf, and
... rld was fitted for human residence.
... two thousand more years passed
... and God turned another leaf, and
... the Deluge. About two thousand
... years passed on, and it was the
... ty. Almost two thousand more
... passed by, and he will probably
... turn another leaf. What it shall
... cannot say. It may be the de-
... on of all these monstrosities of
... ide, and the establishment of right-
... ss in all the earth. He can do it,
... will do it. I am as confident as if
... already accomplished. How easily
... do it, my text suggests. It does
... God to hurl a great thunderbolt
... power, but just to rise from the
... on which he sits. Only that will
... ssary. "Let God arise!"
... be no exertion of omnipotence.
... be no bending or bracing for a
... lift. It will be no sending down
... y of the white horse cavalry of
... or rumbling war chariots. He
... ly rise. Now he is sitting in the
... ev and patience of his reign. He
... his throne watching the mustering
... the forces of blasphemy and drunk-
... and impurity and fraud and Sab-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU.
(The United States Flag was raised.)

... eaking, and when they have done
... rior, and are most surely organized.
... Al bestir himself and say: "My
... ns have denied me long enough, and
... rty of iniquity is full. I have given
... ll opportunity for repentance. This
... ation of patience is ended, and the
... the good shall be tried no longer."
... nd now God begins to rise, and what
... uins give way under his right foot.
... y not; but, standing in the full
... re and grandeur of his nature, he
... k this way and that, and how his
... ns are scattered! Blasphemers, white
... mb, reel down to their doom; and
... os who have trafficked in that which
... sts the bodies and souls of men and
... ns will fly with cut foot on the down-
... out of broken decanters; and the pol-
... er of society, that did their bad work
... rge fortunes and high social sphere,
... rtake in their descent the degraded
... of underground city life, as they
... ver the eternal precipices; and
... ld shall be left clear and clean for
... nds of humanity and the worship-
... Almighty God. The last thorn
... e off, the world will be left a bloom-
... e on the bosom of that Christ who
... nto gardenize it. The earth that
... osmarling with its tigerish passion,
... ng out its raging claws, shall lie
... w lamb at the feet of the Lamb of
... ho took away the sins of the world.
... At now the best thing I can wish for
... d the best thing I can wish for
... is, that we may be found his
... rrand undisguised and enthusiastic
... n, in that hour when God shall rise
... d's enemies shall be scattered.



THE NATIONAL DANCE AT A HAWAIIAN FESTIVAL.

... sound as before. We can show the sound
... perhaps, in the following spelling: *Kah-
... mayha-mayha*, with the accent on the syl-
... lable, *may*.
... The statue, heroic size, stands in the
... Government Grounds at Honolulu, and
... is admired by the people. Kamehameha
... I, was a native chief who had many of
... the noble traits of the best kings. He
... it was who conquered other chiefs and made

... have much influence, and hold many
... good positions. Some of the native
... policemen are thoroughly faithful and cap-
... able, and will render good service under
... the "Stars and Stripes."
... One of our photographs I have called
... "A Hawaiian Kindergarten," because in
... the water, in their plays as here shown,
... the children readily learn one of the
... national accomplishments of the Hawai-