

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

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## ... Europe Mourns the Dead Empress ...

THE Austrian Empress, slain at Geneva by an anarchist assassin, has been laid at rest, and the latest tragedy in the House of Hapsburg passes into history. It is for Europe perhaps the most tragic event of the century. The killing of that amiable, kindly, excellent woman, herself a bereaved mother, burdened with sorrows that only a mother can know, is those crimes, which touch the heart of mankind, and cause all different ranks to be merged in deepest sympathy. Poor and rich in America and Europe, for the stricken Emperor, who committed the cowardly crime, everywhere interest in the tragedy continues to be intense and nations are wondering what steps will be taken to protect their rulers against the class of assassins who, almost in one generation, have laid low two Presidents of the United States, a Czar, the late President, and the late Empress of



Austria. No death of one who wore a crown ever evoked more sincere tributes of grief and respect. The aged Prince Luitpold, who for twelve years has ruled Bavaria as king without a crown, and who, even with his weight of eighty years, is one of the pillars of the German Empire, fainted by the coffin of his illustrious relative. The German Emperor joined the funeral procession, and the poorest of the populace mingled with rulers and princes in mourning for her whom they had all learned to love and revere. During the forenoon, kings, princes and grand dukes from the German states, Russia, Italy and Greece arrived to do honor to the dead Empress. At 1 P. M. the German Kaiser was met at the station by the bereaved Emperor; the two drove to the Hofburg, and William II. placed on Elizabeth's coffin two wreaths for himself and wife. At 4 P. M. the great funeral car, drawn by eight black horses, and preceded and followed by a long

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EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF.

THE LATE EMPRESS ELIZABETH.

THE MONT BLANC BRIDGE AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

At a spot on the bank of the lake, on the further side of this bridge, the Empress was slain.

# THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



## Enough Better than Too Much.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: I. Chron. 20: 6, 7:

"A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand, and six on each foot: and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

**M**ALFORMATION photographed, and for what reason? Did not this passage slip in by mistake into the sacred Scriptures, as sometimes a paragraph utterly obnoxious to the editor gets into his newspaper during his absence? Is not this Scriptural errata? No, no; there is nothing haphazard about the Bible. There is no use for giants now except to enlarge the income of museums. But there were many of them in olden times. Goliath was, according to the Bible, eleven feet four and a half inches high. Or, if you doubt this, the famous Pliny declares that at Crete, by an earthquake, a monument was broken open, discovering the remains of a giant forty-six cubits long, or sixty-nine feet high. So, whether you take sacred or profane history, you must come to the conclusion that there were in those times cases of human altitude monstrous and appalling.

David had smashed the skull of one of these giants, but there were other giants that the Davidean wars had not yet subdued, and one of them stands in my text. He was not only of Alpine stature, but had a surplus of digits. To the ordinary fingers was annexed an additional finger, and the foot had also a superfluous addendum. He had twenty-four terminations to hands and feet, where others have twenty. It was not the only instance of the kind. Tavernier, the learned writer, says that the Emperor of Java had a son endowed with the same number of extremities. Volcatus, the poet, had six fingers on each hand. Maupertuis, in his celebrated letters, speaks of two families near Berlin similarly equipped of hand and foot. All of which I can believe, for I have seen two cases of the same physical superabundance. But this giant of the text is in battle, and as David, the stripling warrior, had despatched one giant, the nephew of David slays this monster of my text, and there he lies after the battle in Gath, a dead giant. His stature did not save him, and his superfluous appendices of hand and foot did not save him. The probability was that in the battle his sixth finger on his hand made him clumsy in the use of his weapon, and his sixth toe crippled his gait. Behold the prostrate and malformed giant of the text: "A man of great stature, whose fingers and toes were four and twenty, six on each hand and six on each foot: and he also was the son of a giant. But when he defied Israel, Jonathan, the son of Shimea, David's brother, slew him."

Behold how superfluities are a hindrance rather than a help! In all the battle at Gath that day there was not a man with ordinary hand and ordinary foot and ordinary stature that was not better off than this physical curiosity of my text. A dwarf on the right side is stronger than a giant on the wrong side, and all the body and mind and estate and opportunity that you cannot use for God, and the betterment of the world is a sixth finger and a sixth toe, and a terrible hindrance. The most of the good done in the world, and the most of those who win the battles for the right are ordinary people. The "Swamp Angel" was a big gun that during the Civil War made a big noise but muskets of ordinary calibre and shells of ordinary belt did the execution. President Tyler and his Cabinet go down the Potomac one day to experiment with the "Peacemaker," a great iron mortar was brought with its thunder-toned noises. The gunner touched it, and it explodes, and leaves Cabinet Ministers dead on the deck, while at that time, if up and down our coasts, were cannon of ordinary bore, able to be the defence of the nation, and ready at the first touch to speak to duty. The curse of the world is big guns.

Clear back in the country today there are mothers in plain apron, and shoes fashioned on a rough last by a shoemaker

at the end of the lane, rocking babies that are to be the Martin Luthers and the Faradays and the Edisons and the Bismarcks and the Gladstones and the Washingtons and the George Whitefields of the future. The longer I live the more I like common folks. They do the world's work, bearing the world's burdens, weeping the world's sympathies, carrying the world's consolation. Among lawyers we see rise up a Rufus Choate, or a William Wirt, or a Samuel L. Southard, but society would go to pieces tomorrow if there were not thousands of common lawyers to see that men and women get their rights. A Valentine Mott or a Willard Parker rises up eminent in the medical profession; but what an unlimited sweep would pneumonia and diphtheria and scarlet fever have in the world if there were not for ten thousand common doctors! The old physician in his gig, driving up the lane of the farm-house, or riding on horseback, his medicines in the saddle-bags, arriving on the ninth day of the fever, and coming in to take hold of the pulse of the patient, while the family, pale with anxiety, and looking on and waiting for his decision in regard to the patient, and hearing him say, "Thank God, I have mastered the case; he is getting well!" excites in me an admiration quite equal to the mention of the names of the great metropolitan doctors of the past or the illustrious living men of the present.

Yet what do we see in all departments? People not satisfied with ordinary spheres of work and ordinary duties. Instead of trying to see what they can do with a hand of five fingers, they want six. Instead of usual endowment of twenty manual and pedal addenda, they want twenty-four. A certain amount of money for livelihood, and for the supply of those whom we leave behind us after we have departed this life, is important, for we have the best authority for saying, "He that provideth not for his own, and especially those of his own household, is worse than an infidel;" but the large and fabulous sums for which many struggle, if obtained, would be a hindrance rather than an advantage.

The anxieties and annoyances of those whose estates have become plethoric can only be told by those who possess them. It will be a good thing when, through your industry and prosperity, you can own the house in which you live. But suppose you own fifty houses, and you have all those rents to collect, and all those tenants to please. Suppose you have branched out in business successes until in almost every direction you have investments. The fire bell rings at night, you rush upstairs to look out of the window, to see if it is any of your mills. Epidemic of crime comes, and there are embezzlements and absconding in all directions, and you wonder whether any of your bookkeepers will prove recreant. A panic strikes the financial world, and you are like a hen under a sky full of hawks, and trying with anxious cluck to get your overgrown chickens safely under wing. After a certain stage of success has been reached, you have to trust so many important things to others that you are apt to become the prey of others, and you are swindled and defrauded, and the anxiety you had on your brow when you were earning your first thousand dollars is not equal to the anxiety on your brow now that you have won your three hundred thousand.

"Well," says somebody, "such overloaded persons ought to be pitied, for their worriments are real, and their insomnia and their nervous prostration are genuine." I reply that they could get rid of the bothersome surplus by giving it away. If a man has more houses than he can carry without vexation, let him drop a few of them. If his estate is so

great he cannot manage it without getting nervous dyspepsia from having too much, let him divide with those who have nervous dyspepsia because they cannot get enough. No! they guard their sixth finger with more care than they did the original five. They go limping with what they call gout, and know not that, like the giant of my text, they are lamed by a superfluous toe. A few of them by charities bleed themselves of this financial obesity and monetary plethora, but many of them hang on to the hindering superfluity till death; and then, as they are compelled to give the money up anyhow, in their last will and testament they generously give some of it to the Lord, expecting, no doubt, that he will feel very much obliged to them. Thank God that once in a while we have a Peter Cooper, who, owning an interest in the iron works at Trenton, said to Mr. Lester: "I do not feel quite easy about the amount we are making. Working under one of our patents, we have a monopoly which seems to me something wrong. Everybody has to come to us for it, and we are making money too fast." So they reduced the price, and this while our philanthropist was building Cooper Institute, which mothers a hundred institutes of kindness and mercy all over the land. But the world had to wait five thousand eight hundred years for Peter Cooper!

I am glad for the benevolent institutions that get a legacy from men who during their life were as stingy as death, but who in their last will and testament bestowed money on hospitals and missionary societies; but for such testators I have no respect. The probability is that if such a one in his last will by a donation to benevolent societies tries to atone for his lifetime close-fistedness, the heirs-at-law will try to break the will by proving that the old man was senile or crazy, and the expense of the litigation will about leave in the lawyer's hands what was meant for the Bible Society. O ye over-weighted, successful business men, whether this sermon reach your ear or your eyes, let me say that if you are prostrated with anxieties about keeping or investing these tremendous fortunes, I can tell you how you can do more to get your health back and your spirits raised than by drinking gallons of bad-tasting water at Saratoga, Homburg or Carlsbad: Give to God, humanity, and the Bible ten per cent. of all your income, and it will make a new man of you, and from restless walking of the floor at night you shall have eight hours' sleep, without the help of bromide of potassium, and from no appetite you will hardly be able to wait for your regular meals, and your wan cheek will fill up, and when you die the blessings of those who but for you would have perished will bloom all over your grave.

Perhaps some of you will take this advice, but the most of you will not. And you will try to cure your swollen hand by getting on it more fingers, and your rheumatic foot by getting on it more toes, and there will be a sigh of relief when you are gone out of the world; and when over your remains the minister recites the words: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," persons who have been appreciation of the ludicrous will hardly be able to keep their faces straight. But whether in that direction my words do good or not, I am anxious that all who have only ordinary equipment be thankful for what they have and rightly employ it. I think you all have, figuratively as well as literally, fingers enough. Do not long for hindering superfluities. Standing in the presence of this fallen giant of my text, and in this post-mortem examination of him, let us learn how much better off we are with just the usual hand, the usual foot. You have thanked God for a thousand things, but I warrant you never thanked him for those two implements of work and locomotion, that no one but the Infinite and Omnipotent God could have ever planned or made—the hand and the foot. Only that soldier or that mechanic who in a battle, or through machinery, has lost them knows anything adequately about their value, and only the Christian scientist can have any appreciation of what divine masterpieces they are.

Sir Charles Bell was so impressed with the wondrous construction of the human hand that when the Earl of Bridgewater gave forty thousand dollars for essays on the wisdom and goodness of God, and eight books were written, Sir Charles Bell

wrote his entire book on the wisdom and goodness of God as displayed in the human hand. The twenty-seven bones of the hand and wrist with cartilages, ligaments and phalanges of the fingers made just ready to knit, to sew, to up, to pull down, to weave, to write, to plough, to pound, to wheel, to battle, give friendly salutation. The tips of fingers are so many telegraph office reason of their sensitiveness of touch. The bridges, the tunnels, the cities of the whole earth are the victories of the hand. The hands are not dumb, but often speak as distinctly as the lips. With our hands we invite, we repel, we invoke, we enwrap them in grief, or clap them in or spread them abroad in benediction. Malformation of the giant's hand in text glorifies the usual hand. Fashion God more exquisitely and wondrously any human mechanism that was contrived, I charge you to use the hand of God and the lifting of the world out of moral predicament. Employ it in sublime work of Gospel hand-shaking. You can see the hand is just made that. Four fingers just set right to touch your neighbor's hand on one side, your thumb set so as to clench it on the other side. By all its bones and joints and muscles and cartilages and ligaments the voice of Nature joins with the voice of God commanding you to shake hands.

Yea; the malformation of this giant's foot glorifies the ordinary foot which I fear you have never once thanked God. The twenty-six bones of the arch of the foot fashioned with a granite and a poise that Trajan's arch, or Stantine's arch, or any other arch cannot equal. Those arches stand where they were planted, but this arch of foot is an adjustable arch, a yielding arch, a flying arch, and ready for movement innumerable. The human foot so fashioned as to enable a man to stand up as no other creature, and leave the ground that would otherwise have to help in anchoring the body free for anything he chooses. The foot of the camel fashioned for the sand, the foot of the bird fashioned for the tree-branch, the foot of the lion fashioned for the slippery rock, the foot of the horse fashioned for the earth, but the foot of man made to climb the desert, or climb the tree, or walk on earth, or go anywhere he needs to go.

With that divine triumph of anatomy in your possession where do you walk? what path of righteousness or what path of sin have you set it down? Where have you left the mark of your footsteps? Amid the petrifications in the rocks have been found the mark of the feet of Adam and beast of thousands of years ago. God can trace out all the footsteps of your lifetime, and those you made years ago are as plain as those made in the last soft weather, all of them petrified for the Judgment Day. Oh, the foot! Give me the autobiography of your foot from the time you stepped out of cradle until to-day, and I will tell you exact character now and what are the prospects for the world to come.

That is the most beautiful foot that goes about paths of greatest usefulness, and that the most beautiful hand that does the most to help others. I was reading of three women in rivalry about the appearance of the hand. And the reddened her hand with berries, and the beautiful tinge made hers the most beautiful. And another put her hand in the mountain brook, and said, as waters dripped off, that her hand was most beautiful. And another plucked flowers off the bank, and under the bloom contended that her hand was the most attractive. Then a poor old woman peered, and looking up in her decrepitude asked for alms. And a woman who had not taken part in the rivalry gave alms. And all the women resolved leave to this beggar the question as to which of all the hands present was most attractive, and she said: "The most beautiful of them all is the one that gives relief to my necessities," and as she said her wrinkles and rags and her decrepitude and her body disappeared, in place thereof stood the Christ, who long ago said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me!" and who to purchase the service of our hand and foot here on earth had our hand and foot lacerated.