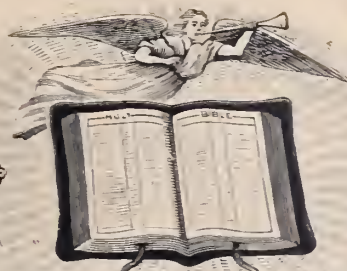


# CHRISTIAN HERALD



AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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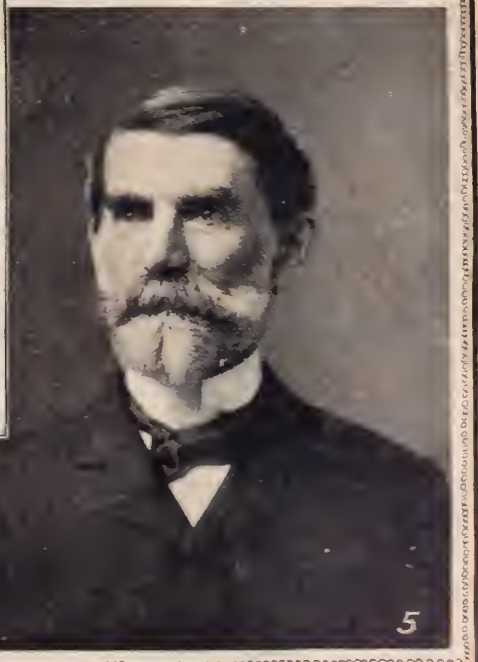
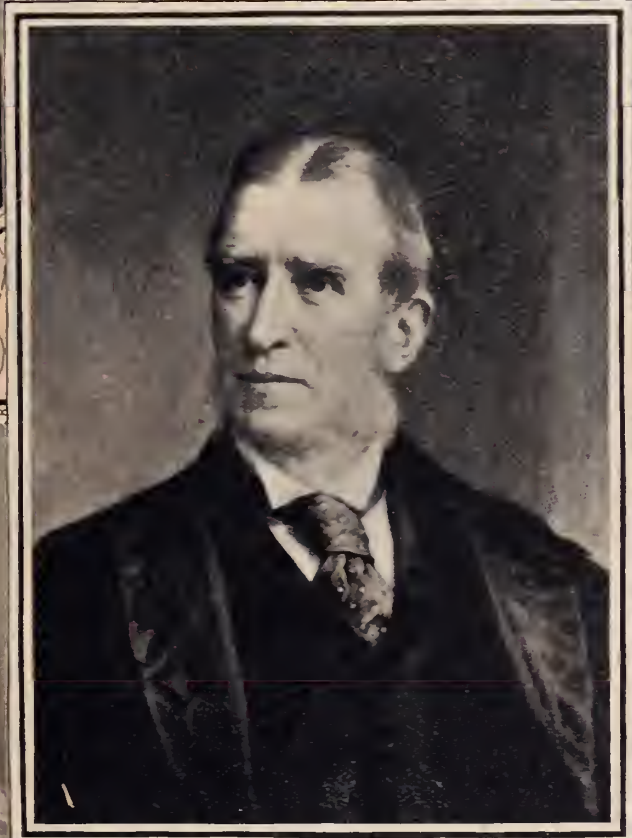
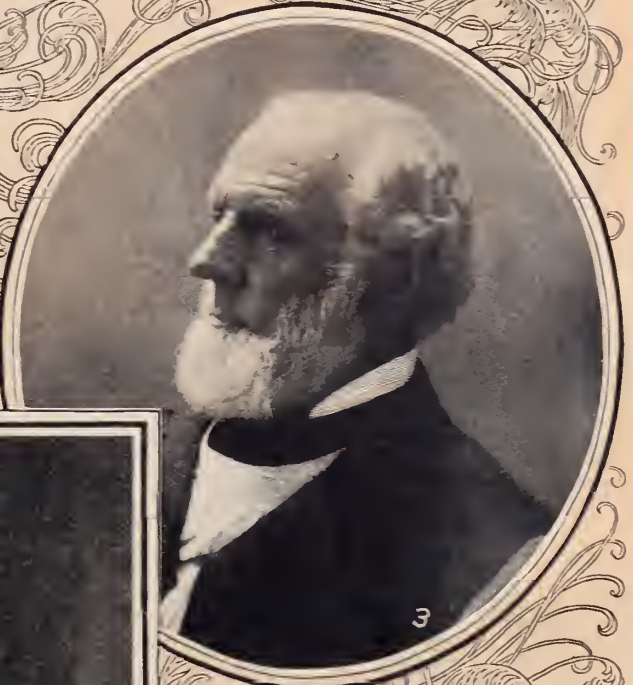
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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

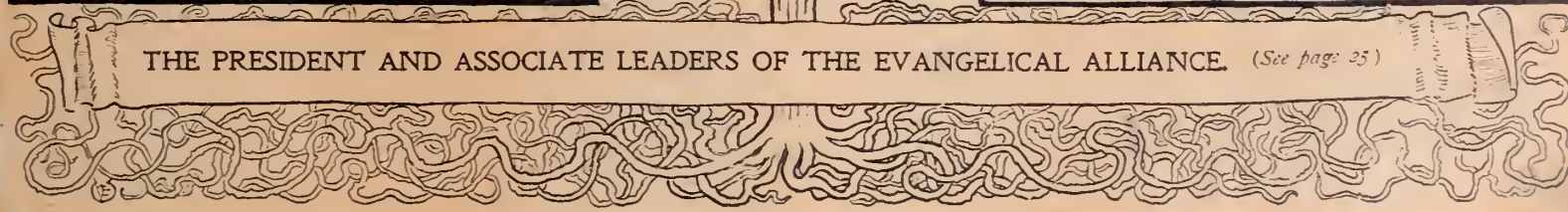
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THE PRESIDENT AND ASSOCIATE LEADERS OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE. (See page 25)





## THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



## Good and Bad Club-Houses.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DWitt Talmage, D.D., } Let the young men now arise and  
on the Text: II. Sam. 2: 14. . . . . } play before us.



HERE are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword-fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side; so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

At this season of the year the Club-houses of our towns and cities are in full play. I have found out that there is a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the club-house. In the one case it may become a healthful recreation, like the contest of the twenty-four men in the text when they began their play; in the other case it becomes the massacre of body, mind, and soul, as in the case of these contestants of the text when they had gone too far with their sport. All intelligent ages have had their gatherings for political, social, artistic, literary purposes—gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club."

If you have read history, you know that there was a King's Head Club, a Ben Jonson Club, a Brothers' Club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged; a Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Jonson and Boswell made immortal; a Jacobin Club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto Club. Some of these to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. If one will write an honest history of the clubs of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, and the United States for the last one hundred years, he will write the history of the world. The club was an institution born on English soil, but it has thrived well in American atmosphere. Who shall tell how many belong to that kind of club where men put purses together and open house, apportioning the expense of caterer and servants and room, and having a sort of domestic establishment—a style of club-house which in my opinion is far better than the ordinary hotel or boarding-house. But my object now is to speak of club-houses of a different sort, such as the Cosmos, or Chevy Chase, or Lincoln Clubs of this Capital, or the "Union Leagues" of many cities, the United Service Club of London, the Lotus of New York, where journalists, dramatists, sculptors, painters and artists, from all branches, gather together to discuss newspapers, theatres, and elaborate art; like the Americas, which camps out in summer time, camping the pool with its hook and arousing the forest with its stag hunt; like the Century Club, which has its large group of venerable lawyers and poets; like the Army and Navy Club, where those who engaged in war-like service once on the land or the sea now come together to talk over the days of carnage; like the Travellers' Club, the Blossom Club, the Palette Club, the Commercial Club, the Laurel Club, the Stable Gang Club, the Amateur Boat Club, the gambling clubs, the wine clubs, the clubs of all sizes, the clubs of all kinds, clubs as good as good could be and clubs as bad as bad can be, stimulating. During the day they are compared with day forces. Here and there a sizeable man reading a newspaper, or a single man carrying a staff, or a clerk, sitting by the accounts, but when the sun is in the night folds of the natural day, then the curtain of the club-house

hoists for the entertainment. Let us hasten up, now, the marble stairs. What an imperial hallway! See! here are parlors on the side, with the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tuilleries; and here are dining halls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they cannot afford; and here are galleries with sculpture, and paintings, and lithographs, and drawings from the best of artists, Cropsey, and Bierstadt, and Church, and Hart, and Gifford—pictures for every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid; shipwreck, or sunlight over the sea; Sheridan's Ride, or the noonday party of the farmers under the trees; foaming deer pursued by the hounds in the Adirondacks, or the sheep on the lawn. On this side there are reading rooms where you find all newspapers and magazines. One blackball amid ten votes will defeat a man's becoming a member. For rowdiness, for drunkenness, for gambling, for any kind of misdemeanor, a member is dropped out. Brilliant club-house from top to bottom. The chandeliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the social prestige, a complete enchantment.

But the evening is passing on, and so we hasten through the hall and down the steps and into the street, and from block to block, until we come to another style of club-house. Opening the door, we find the fumes of strong drink and tobacco something almost intolerable. These young men at this table, it is easy to understand what they are at, from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice, or of moving the "chips." They are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between twelve and one o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shouting on their way home. That is an only son. On him all kindness, all care, all culture have been bestowed. He is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a young married man, who, only a few months ago, at the altar, made promises of kindness and fidelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all the implements of dissipation and of quick death. As the hours of the night go away, the conversation becomes imbecile and more debasing. Now it is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamp-post, or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is not able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the club-house, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house, and they will ring the door-bell, and the door will open, and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most hellish spectacle that ever enters a front door—a drunken son. But I make a vast difference between clubs. I have belonged to four clubs: A theological club, a ball club, and two literary clubs. I got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member, or the club to which you have been invited, is a legitimate or an illegitimate club-house.

First of all I want you to test the club by its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in club life that three-fourths of the members of the great clubs of these cities are married men. That wife soon loses her influence over her husband who nervously and foolishly looks upon all evening a scene as an assault on domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world bounded on one side by his front door step, and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing

higher than his own attic, or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art, or literature, or religion, or charity, is breaking her own sceptre of conjugal power. I know an instance where a wife thought that her husband was giving too many nights to Christian service, to charitable service, to prayer-meetings, and to religious convocation. She systematically decoyed him away until now he attends no church, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consecrates evenings to the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated; but let not men sacrifice home life to club life. I can point out to you a great many names of men who are guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial as angels at the club-house, and as ugly as sin at home. They are generous on all subjects of wine suppers, yachts, and fast horses, but they are stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That man has made that which might be a healthful recreation an usurper of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair, is amazed that he ever was so unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money, when she ought to be discussing Eclipses, and Dexter, and Derby Day, and English drags with six horses, all answering the pull of one "ribbon."

I tell you, there are thousands of houses in the cities being clubbed to death! There are club-houses where membership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club, tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his history if he be still alive. The man is a wine-guzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and his home a mere name in a directory. Here are six secular nights in the week. "What shall I do with them?" says the father and the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertainment of my family, either at home or in good neighborhood; I will devote one to charitable institutions; I will devote one to the club." I congratulate you. Here is a man who says, "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says, "Out of the six secular nights of the week, I will devote five to the club-house and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squall, wishing I was out spending it as I had spent the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of ten thousand that ever gets so far on the wrong road ever stops. Gradually his health will fail, through late hours and through too much stimulus. He will be first-rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor coming in will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family, on the funeral day will only talk in religious generalities. The men who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will send flowers to the coffin-lid, and send their wives to utter words of sympathy, but they will have engagements elsewhere. They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel, and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitaph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." "No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Then give me the mallet and the chisel, and I will cut an honest epitaph: "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club-house." I think that damage is often done by the scions of some aristocratic family, who belong to one of these dissipating club-houses. People coming up from humbler classes feel it an honor to belong to the same club, forgetting the fact that many of the sons and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the last generation are now, as to mind, imbecile; as to body, diseased; as to morals, rotten.

They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it; but the wily ancestors, who earned the money by hard knocks, foresaw how it was to be, and they tied up everything in the will. Now, there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef roundly. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast that worm-eaten tug, though it drags them straight into the breakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate—the effect it has on your secular occupation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commercial successes. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a channel. If the club has advantaged you in an honorable calling it is a legitimate club. But has your credit failed? Are bargain-makers more cautious how they trust you with a bill of goods? Have the men whose names were down in the commercial agency A 1 before they entered the club, been going down ever since in commercial standing? Then look out! You and I every day know of commercial establishments going to ruin through the social excesses of one or two members. Their fortunes beaten to death with ball-players' bat, or cut amidst the front row of the regatta, or going down under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or drowned in large potatoes of Cognac and Monongahela. Their club-house was the "Loch Earn." Their business house was the "Ville du Havre." They struck, and the "Ville du Havre" went under.

A third test by which you may know whether the club to which you belong, or the club to whose membership you are invited, is a legitimate club or an illegitimate club, is this: What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now, if I should take the names of all the people in any audience and put them on a roll and then I should lay that roll back of the organ, and a hundred years from now some one should take that roll and call it from A to Z, there would not one of you answer. I say that any association that makes me forget that fact is a bad association. Now to many of the cities there are two routes, and you can take the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Baltimore & Ohio, but suppose that I hear that on one route the track is torn up, and the bridges are torn down, and the switches are unlocked? It will not take me a great while to decide which road to take. Now, here are two roads into the future, the Christian and the unchristian, the safe and the unsafe. An institution or any association that confuses my idea in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a bad association. I had prayers before I joined the club. Did I have them alter? I attended the house of God before I connected myself with the club. Since that union with the club, do I absent myself from religious influences? Which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die, a pack of cards, or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed to your lips in the closing moment, the cup of Balshazzarean wassail or the chalice of Christian communion? Who would you rather have for your pallbearers, the elders of a Christian church, or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innuendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions, those men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing, and telling vile stories, or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord took? Oh! you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, your house has never been the same place since. Your wife has never brightened up. She has not got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are, with no one to put to bed, and no one to tell the beautiful Bible story! What a pity it is that you cannot spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow! You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say, "Papa, do stay home to-night—do stay home to-night." You will never be able to wipe away from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a dissipating club-house is so great that



Sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the eyes had been closed, the undertaker had done his work, and the wife, worn out with three weeks watching, lay unconscious in the next room. Then there is a rattling of the night-key in the door, and the returned father comes upstairs, and sees the empty cradle and the window up. He says, "What is the matter?" In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

The influence which some of the club-houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men. The admission fee sits out the peevish, and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole souled, they are talented. Oh, I begrudge the devil such a prize! After a while the frank look will go out of the face, and the features will be haggard, and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye they will look down, and every morning the mother will kindly ask, "My son, what kept you out so late last night?" and he will make no answer, or he will say, "That's my business." Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befogged, and he will neglect some duty, and after awhile he will lose his place, and then, with nothing to do, he will come down at ten o'clock in the morning to curse the servant because the breakfast is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the ladder; but here goes the victim of the dissipating club-house, with staggering step and bloodshot eye, and mud-bespattered hat set sidewise on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure-hearted young man, look at him! The club-house did that. I know one such who went the whole round, and, turned out of the higher club-houses, went into the lower club-houses, and on down, until one night he leaped out of a third story window to end his wretchedness.

Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, "I am profane, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, "I drink, but never in the presence of my children." Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea-table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table, the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify himself by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

Time will pass on, and the son will be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and you will be at the tea-table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club-house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night-key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together.

The revolving Drummond light in front of a hotel, in front of a locomotive, may flash this way, and flash that, upon the mountains, upon the ravines, upon the city; but I take the lamp of God's eternal truth, and I flash it upon all the club-

houses of these cities, so that no young man shall be deceived. By these tests try them, try them! Oh, leave the dissipating influences of the club-room, if the influences of your club-room are dissipating! Paid your money, have you? Better sacrifice that than your soul. Good fellows, are they? Under that process they will not remain such. Mollusca may be found two hundred fathoms down beneath the Norwegian seas; Siberian stag get fat on the stunted growth of Altian peaks; Hedysarium grows amid the desolation of Sahara; tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Sneehattan; but a pure heart and an honest life thrive in a dissipating club-house—never!

The way to conquer a wild beast is to keep your eye on him, but the way for you to conquer your temptations, my friend, is to turn your back on them and fly for your life.

Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling against evil habits, and they want help. I have knelt beside them, and I have heard them cry for help, and then we have risen, and he has put one hand on my right shoulder, and the other hand on my left shoulder, and looked into my face with an infinity of earnestness which the judgment day will have no power to make me forget, as he has cried out with his lips scorched in ruin, "God help me!" For such there is no help except in the Lord God Almighty. I am going to make a very stout rope. You know that sometimes a rope maker will take very small threads and wind them together until after a while they become ship-cable. And I am going to take some very small, delicate threads, and wind them together until they make a very stout rope. I will take all the memories of the marriage day, a thread of laughter, a thread of light, a thread of music, a thread of banqueting, a thread of congratulation, and I twist them together, and I have one strand. Then, I take a thread of the hour of the



A CORNER IN THE OFFICES OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

first advent in your house, a thread of the darkness that preceded, and a thread of the light that followed, and a thread of the beautiful scarf that little child used to wear when she bounded out at eventide to greet you, and then a thread of the beautiful dress in which you laid her away for the resurrection. And then I twist all these threads together, and I have another strand.

Then I also take a thread of the scarlet robe of a suffering Christ, and a thread of the white raiment of your loved ones before the throne, and a string of the harp cherubic, and a string of the harp seraphic, and I twist them all together, and I have a third strand. "Oh!" you say, "either strand is strong enough to hold fast a world." No. I will take these strands, and I will twist them together, and one end of that rope I will fasten, not to the communion table, for it shall be removed—not to the pillar of the organ, for that will crumble in the ages, but I wind it round and round the cross of a sympathizing Christ, and having fastened one end of the rope to the cross, I throw the other end to you. Lay hold of it! Pull for your life! Pull for heaven!

## TO REDEEM THE CITIES.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States Initiates an Educational Movement for the Development of Christian Patriotism.

(See Portraits on First Page).



EVERY citizen who intelligently and sincerely offers the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," must wish godspeed to the movement just inaugurated by The Evangelical Alliance for the United States. Its object is to induce Christian citizens who have hitherto held

who have hitherto been indifferent. Four pamphlets of convenient shape have already been issued. They are "The Duty of a Public Spirit," by Pres. E. Benjamin Andrews, D.D.; "Good Citizenship," by Bishop F. D. Huntington, I.L.D.; "The New Patriotism," by Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., and "The Co-operative City," by Prof. John R. Commons. A fifth is in hand by Dr. Washington Gladden, and others in the same series may be expected from Hon. Carl Schurz, Prof. Woodrow, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Albert Shaw, E. L. Godkin, Prof. Jesse Macy, Prof. E. J. James, Dr. E. E. Hale, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Dean George Hodges, Bishop Millaieue, Charles Dudley Warner, and Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. It is proposed to circulate these pamphlets by the aid of the young people's Societies of Christian Endeavor, the Baptist Union, and the Epworth League. If the pastors of any State or district who are anxious to influence legislation or to secure the election of honest, conscientious men to office, would divide the territory into sections, it would be easy for the young people to reach every section and distribute the pamphlets.



ENTRANCE TO THE HEADQUARTERS.

aloof from politics, to unite in an effort to secure good government. The need for such a movement is obvious to everyone who knows anything of public affairs. In many of our great cities Christian men abstain from all participation in politics. Some do not vote except in the Presidential years, and of those who do vote a large proportion never attend the primaries or make any effort to secure the nomination of honest, God-fearing men. The consequence of their indifference is that when they go to the polls they find the party tickets made up of men whom they would not employ in their business—men of notorious evil life, unprincipled, corrupt and irreligious.

Believing that in every community in the United States the majority of the citizens prefer good government to bad, the Evangelical Alliance is making an appeal to all Christian men to unite in their respective districts for the purpose of exercising a purifying influence on political life. It does not suggest their running for office, or intriguing to secure a nomination, but to induce them to exercise their rights in helping to make the nominations and to stand together in a resolute phalanx insisting on the nomination of legislators who will legislate in favor of morality and of administrative officers who will enforce the laws. If the Christian men in any city thus held together, there is no convention of either party that would dare to nominate men of bad character for any office, because they would know that every such name would be scratched at the polls and his rival would be elected. There would be no need of any change of party affiliations. The Evangelical Alliance is not moving in the interest of any political party, but is urging men of all parties to use the influence within their party that properly belongs to them as members of it. That such influence has not hitherto been generally used we know from the character of the legislation in the State Legislatures and in Congress and from the numerous scandals which have been uncovered in many of our cities.

The Evangelical Alliance is adopting a novel method to stir the conscience of Christian men in this matter. It is printing and publishing a series of pamphlets on the duty of the Christian citizen, which it hopes to get into the hands of persons

This is a work which comes legitimately within the province of the Evangelical Alliance and the fact that it has undertaken it is another proof of the value of an organization which unites the good men of all the churches without distinction of creed. The Alliance has now been doing excellent work in the United States for thirty years, and it is over fifty years since it was organized on the other side the Atlantic. The idea of such a union cannot claim nationality by birth. To an Englishman it owed its first vague inception, and to an American it owes its practical formation. In 1842 the idea of such an organization was first launched. John Angell James, the author of the famous little work which has been the means of leading thousands to Christ—"The Anxious Inquirer Directed," suggested that some kind of inter-denominational association might be arranged for mutual counsel and edification as well as for aggressive work. Thomas Chalmers, the great Scotch divine; Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the eminent Swiss historian, and other leaders endorsed the idea, and in 1845 a meeting was held in Liverpool to consider the subject. Clergymen and laymen representing twenty different denominations were present.

The meeting appointed a committee to call a representative assembly in London in the following year. The call was issued, and in the summer of 1846 the Evangelical Alliance became an accomplished fact. Eight hundred delegates, representing fifty denominations, attended, and were in session fifteen days. It was discovered that with all their mutual antagonisms, the delegates were in accord on many subjects. The Alliance was organized for the defence of religious liberty, and promoting the unity of all believers in the essentials of Christianity, and their co-operation for its progress.

The organization quickly took root in England. The American members, however, realized that membership in the parent organization would not be sufficient to cover the ground which might advantageously be occupied by the united forces of the Evangelical churches. There were problems peculiar to ourselves with which Christians ought to deal, in which European Christians were not vitally concerned. Problems like the Indian question, Mormonism, Immigration, and the attempt to desecrate the Lord's Day, were pressing, and local united action was needed. In 1867 a meeting was held in the Bible House, New York, at which an Evangelical Alliance for the United States was organized. The late Hon. William E. Dodge was elected President, and Dr. Josiah Strong, the author of "Our Country," subsequently became its secretary. On the first page of this journal are portraits of its present President, Secretary, and three of its prominent members. Other countries followed the example thus set, until now there is an Alliance in twenty-seven different lands besides the parent organization.