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THE WORLD'S
GREATEST PREACHER

THE LATE REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

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PASSED FROM EARTH
APRIL 12, 1902

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE

LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR

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"THEY PATTED THE BABY"

ELLEN M. STONE

MME. TSILKA

LIFE IN CAPTIVITY

MISS STONE TELLS HER STORY OF CAPTIVITY

The Rescued Missionary Welcomed Home After Her Perilous Experience Among the Bulgarian Brigands

WHEN Miss Ellen M. Stone, the missionary who was held as a prisoner for nearly half a year by brigands on the Bulgarian border, reached New York on the steamer *Deutschland*, on April 10, a large gathering awaited her, and she was greeted with a cordiality which showed how deep an interest the American people have taken in her case. It was evident at a glance that the terrible experience she had endured had left its impress, for the face, though bright and smiling, still bore traces of care and lines of suffering.

In an interview, she told the story of her life among the brigands:

"When they captured us," she said, "they told us, 'we took you for money. We will release you when the ransom is paid.' We would have been treated badly if it had not been for the little baby, born in the mountains during our captivity and whose presence seemed to spread a veil of safety over us. A few days before we were ransomed, the leader of the brigands said: 'There's a bullet for you and one for Mme. Tsilka and the baby, if the ransom is not paid within a certain date.' But God delivered us out of the hands of the enemy. What was done with the ransom money I don't know. Whether it was used for political purposes in Macedonia, I can't state. All I know is that the brigands got it.

"Our capture was totally unexpected. Our party of ten was traveling through the country, in broad day-light. We had taken every precaution, although we had no guards. Suddenly, men seemed to spring up from behind the trees and rocks. They shouted, 'Dour!' which means 'Halt!' We stopped, and were taken captive. The brigands asked if there was a married woman in our party. It was not their original intention to capture Mme. Tsilka. They had planned to take Mme. Oosheva and myself. Mme. Oosheva is a Bulgarian lady, a widow, well on in years. But she was quite ill on our journey, and when the brigands saw her feeble condition they abandoned the idea of making her a prisoner. That is contrary to their way of doing business, to burden themselves with captives who are ill and may die on their hands. They try to keep their prisoners in as good condition as possible, so as to return them safe and in good health when their ransoms are paid. They took Mme. Tsilka, and we were carried off into the mountains. They treated us kindly for a time. We were served with meals regularly, and sometimes had a better quality of bread than the brigands themselves. I caught a very bad cold, and this seemed to displease them very much. I also fell in a cave, and wrenched my knee. As they were eager for the money, and it was necessary to return me in good condition, they took these incidents very much to heart.

"Mme. Tsilka and I often wondered if the outside world knew anything about us, and what was being done to have us liberated. The brigands occasionally hinted of the rumors about us being dead, but further than that we knew nothing. We were kept in secret

places and always traveled at night. When I wrote my letter, seeking ransom, I wrote because they forced me to do so, threatening me with a loaded rifle.

"When baby Helen was born, the event caused a sensation in the brigand camp. The men would come and look at the baby. They would pat its fingers. When the baby was only three days old I carried her on a board over the mountains.

"On the last day of our captivity, we started as usual

spoke Greek and others Albanian. Several of them dressed like Turks, looked like Turks, talked like Turks, and I have no doubt they were Turks. As to their names, if they ever called each other by their right names, we would not know it.

"I mean to write the full story of our capture and release, and I shall also lecture: but in the four years I have lived and labored in Salonica, I have come to think of it as the real field for my work, and I am going back there. I do not fear that my experience will ever be repeated. For a time I shall go to my home in Chelsea, Mass., where my mother, now ninety-three years old, is waiting to welcome me."

There was considerable mystery concerning the negotiations with the bandits, while Miss Stone was yet a prisoner, but this has been dispelled by Mr. William E. Curtis, an American in Constantinople, who took a leading part in the negotiations. Mr. Curtis explains the matter in a letter, in which he says that when Mr. Leishman, United States Minister at Constantinople, took charge of the negotiations, after the recall of Consul-General Dickinson from Bulgaria, he opened communication directly with the brigands. He chose the Rev. W. W. Peet, Treasurer of the American Bible Society at Constantinople, the Rev. John H. House of Ohio, in charge of the American Missions in Macedonia, and Chief Dragoman Garguilo, interpreter of the American Legation at Constantinople, as a committee, and despatched them to the scene of Miss Stone's capture. Dr. Peet carried the ransom money, \$65,000, and the brigands knew it. Dr. House was soon in communication with Miss Stone, who was then at a village called Razlag. She wrote him, advising him to pay the ransom. Her captors, she said, insisted that it be paid before they set her free. Minister Leishman knew, from the history of similar cases, that such a demand was customary, and he believed firmly that the brigands would keep their pledged word. Dr. House too, advised compliance. The brigands themselves indicated how and where the money should be delivered, and their wishes were carried out. They released the captives immediately.

Mr. Curtis, in his letter, says the abductors are actually known, and that the plot was carried out by agents of the local committee of Macedonian revolutionists in Samakov, Bulgaria. The object, primarily, was believed to be to obtain funds to carry on the revolutionary movement against Turkey, and secondarily to punish the missionaries for remaining neutral and refusing to contribute to the Macedonian cause. There is no evidence to implicate the present Macedonian party leaders at Sofia. He believes, however, that the plot was submitted to and approved by the predecessors of these leaders, and that Boris Saroff, ex-President of the Macedonian National Committee, was privy to the conspiracy. He adds that the opinion prevails in Constantinople, that the United States will demand indemnity and reparation from Bulgaria.



ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK OF ELLEN M. STONE
The Missionary who was Captured by Bulgarian Brigands

to travel by night. We traveled about an hour, when there was a commotion in the band. We stopped in the dark road, but in a few minutes we heard the command to proceed. I heard the order given to go back with the horses, but even then I did not realize that the brigands had turned us loose, until they were out of sight and beyond hearing. We looked around, and found that there were only two men left with us. Then they led us to a little town, and we were told that our ransom had been paid and we were free. We lifted our hearts to God in thankful prayer.

"Some of the brigands wore Turkish costumes; some

T. DE WITT TALMAGE AT 25

IN HIS 45TH YEAR

AS REGIMENTAL CHAPLAIN, AT 56

DR. TALMAGE IN HIS 60TH YEAR

TAKEN IN HIS 65TH YEAR

ONE OF HIS LATEST PORTRAITS, AT 70



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His Glorious Life-Work Ended

Dr. Talmage Passes Away at His Washington Home After a Painful Illness—The Record of a Noble Christian Life

AFTER a painful illness, lasting several weeks, America's best beloved preacher, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, passed from earth to the life above, on April 12, 1902. Ever since his return from Mexico City, where he was prostrated by a sudden attack which rapidly assumed the form of cerebral congestion, he had lain in the sick chamber of his Washington home, surrounded by his family and cared for by the most skillful physicians. Each day brought its alternate hopes and fears. Much of the time was passed in unconsciousness; but there were intervals when, even amid his sufferings, he could speak to and recognize those around him. No murmur or complaint came from his lips: he bore his suffering bravely, sustained by a Higher Power. The message had come which sooner or later comes to all, and the aged servant of God was ready to go; he had been ready all his life.

Occasional rallies took place, raising hopes which were quickly abandoned. From April 5 to 12, these rallies occurred at frequent intervals, always followed by a condition of increased depression, more or less augmented fever and partial unconsciousness. On Saturday, April 12, a great change became apparent. On the previous evening there had been a slight improvement, and the doctors, at the morning consultation, were gratified to note that this had continued, although they declined to encourage expectations of recovery.

The Last Scene

The change came Saturday forenoon. For many hours the patient had been unconscious. As the day wore on, it became evident that he could not live through another night. All of Dr. Talmage's family, his wife, his son, the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, of Chicago; Mrs. Warren G. Smith and Mrs. Daniel Mangam, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Allen E. Donnan, of Richmond; and Mrs. Clarence Wycoff and Miss Talmage, were gathered in the chamber of death. Dr. G. L. Magruder, the principal physician, was also in attendance at the last. The loved ones gathered around the bed on which the great preacher lay, and soothed his last moments with kind ministrations. It was a scene too sacred to be described. At 9.25 o'clock P.M., the soul took flight from the inanimate clay and the spirit of the world's greatest preacher was released.

The career of usefulness, unparalleled in its extent in this or any former time, which to the sorrow of millions in all lands is thus closed forever, began seventy years ago in a small farmhouse in the New Jersey village of Boundbrook. Eleven children, five girls and six boys, had already been born to the godly farmer, David Talmage and his wife Catharine, when on Jan. 7, 1832 their twelfth and youngest child, to whom they gave the name of Thomas DeWitt, first saw the light. From his earliest years he was familiar with the spectacle in the life of his parents of high principle and sterling piety, combined with industry, frugality and self-sacrifice. It was a large family to be reared on the small farm, and the struggle became harder from year to year for the conscientious father and mother, as their sons developed talents which called for a college education. Their distinguished son, being the youngest, witnessed the heroic fortitude with which they toiled and denied themselves that one of his brothers after another

might be fitted for an honorable career, and he bore filial testimony in after years to their devotion and parental solicitude. Grief mingled with their joy when John, their eldest born, gave himself to missionary work in China, and bade them farewell to go out in the service of the Master to whom they had consecrated him in his infancy. They were past mid-life when their youngest son was ready for college, but they did not shrink from taking up the burden again, for his sake. He chose the profession of the law, and after graduating from the University of the city of New York, he spent a year in perfecting his legal training. But his parents had never ceased to pray that he might become a minister of the Gospel, and at length their prayers were answered. In 1853, at the age of twenty-one, he entered the College of New Brunswick to prepare for his ministerial career.

empty parsonage, that he had been too poor to furnish, carpeted and upholstered and filled with every convenience for a minister's abode. The generosity of his people who had done this as a mark of their appreciation and esteem, made a deep impression on him. They soon learned, however, that a continuance of their relations could not be hoped for. Other churches affording larger spheres of labor were importuning him to become their pastor. At the close of his third year at Belleville a call of exceptional urgency was made to him from Syracuse, N. Y., which he felt it his duty to accept, and his beloved church reluctantly gave him up to a wider usefulness. But the Syracuse church speedily found that it must yield too, to the same irresistible force of attraction which had won the services of the brilliant young preacher. Philadelphia beckoned

him with the offer of a city pulpit. He settled there in 1862, and from the beginning won the ear of the populace. The church was crowded by delighted throngs, to whom the freshness of his thought, the wealth of his vocabulary and the pertinence and force of his illustration were a revelation. For nearly seven years he labored in the Quaker City, with continually increasing popularity and success.

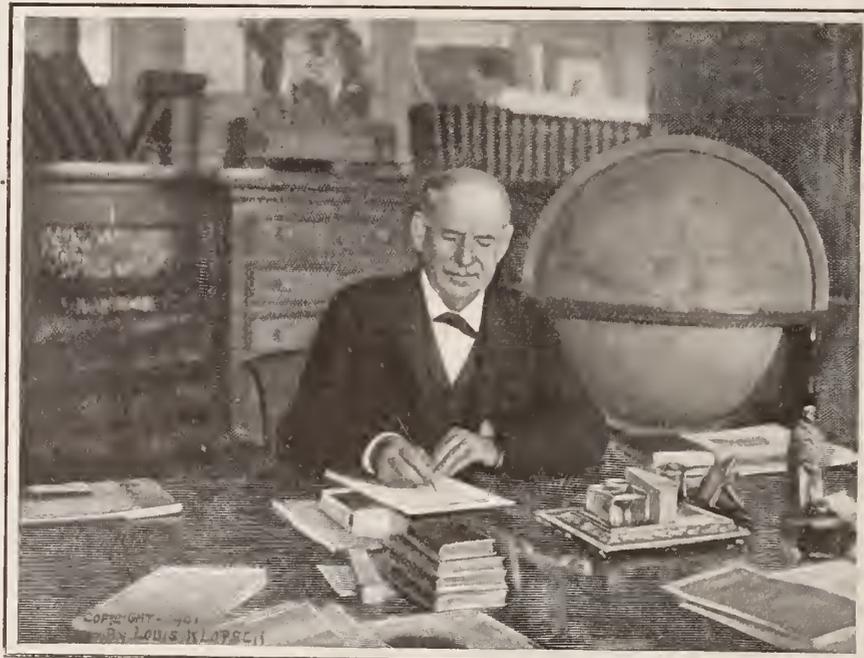
Called to Brooklyn

It is, however, with the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., that Dr. Talmage's name is chiefly associated. The receipt of three calls, almost simultaneously, near the close of his seventh year in Philadelphia, seemed to him an indication of a Providential summons to a new scene of labor. They came from San Francisco, Chicago and Brooklyn. It was characteristic of the man that he chose the church which needed him most. The call from Brooklyn bore only seventeen signatures, but it was unanimous, for there were no more members in the church roll. The church building was large; it stood among a teeming population, but its influence had dwindled to nothing. In March, 1869, Dr. Talmage preached his first sermon there.

The transformation that followed seemed magical. Every service was crowded. Within a year, it was decided to erect a new edifice capable of seating three thousand. Dr. Talmage's first sermon was from the text, "Come ye to come in," but it seemed an inaptitude, for the people came in such numbers that many were compelled to stay out. Two years afterward, on a Sunday morning in December, 1872, Dr. Talmage looked from the window of his house and saw his beloved church "put ting on red wings of fire," a lurid mass of conflagration

A Greater Tabernacle

Undismayed by the destruction of their church, the congregation soon began to build a still larger structure which would seat five thousand. Although the completed edifice was the largest church-building of its denomination in America, it was never large enough to hold the crowds who came to listen to the now-famous preacher. The regular hearers alone were nearly sufficient to fill the building, and their number was augmented by hundreds from New York, by many from other States, and even by transatlantic visitors, who had read his sermons printed in their home journals. For fully fifteen years the church had uninterrupted



DR. TALMAGE AT HIS EDITORIAL DESK IN THE BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK

The reports of his tutors were not encouraging. There was no question as to his orthodoxy; there was no doubt about his oratorical power; but he set the recognized laws of sermonic science at defiance, and with bold originality said the thing that was in him in current phraseology and in his own way. "You must change your style," one of his teachers said to him, "otherwise no pulpit will ever be open to you." But a change was not possible to the budding genius, and to the end of his life he was a law to himself and his utterances were unlike those of any other preacher. The truths were the same, but their presentation was picturesque, daring and peculiarly his own.

His First Pastoral Charge

At the close of his college course he accepted an invitation from a church at Belleville, N. J., to which he ministered with mutual satisfaction for three years. He used to relate with grateful recognition the kindness of the people to their young minister, and often described his surprise and delight when, after a brief vacation that they had suggested to him, he returned to find the

prosperity, which was rudely broken on October 13, 1880, by the complete destruction of the second Tabernacle by fire. A third Tabernacle was built, still larger than its predecessors. It was finished in 1891, and its dedication was a great public occasion. Large delegations, drawn from every section of the Union, came, bringing congratulations.

It was a grand and beautiful temple of worship, rich in ornamentation, vast in seating capacity and perfect in acoustics. "I never could sing a note or raise a tune," Dr. Talmage would often say; yet the music, the strains of the great, deep-toned \$30,000 organ mingling with the mighty swell of voices, led by Peter Ali's silver cornet, was the finest imaginable. Three years later, when a series of meetings were held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in Brooklyn, the State, the city and the clergy of the neighborhood united in recognition of the eminence Dr. Talmage had achieved. He was overwhelmed with verbal congratulations and good wishes, and telegrams, letters and cable dispatches came from illustrious personages here and beyond the seas. It was, however, the closing scene in his long succession of Brooklyn triumphs, for on the following Sunday, May 13, 1894, a fire broke out in the church at the close of the morning service, and the fine building in a few hours became a pile of smoking ruins.

The Third Conflagration

"It is one of those mysteries that will never be revealed this side of eternity. Our beloved church is gone; but we will trust in God." These were the words uttered by Dr. Talmage, sitting in his home in Brooklyn, bowed down by the burden of his great and sudden disaster. His Tabernacle, the pride of the city, and the largest Protestant church in America, lay in ashes, and he, with hundreds of others, had barely escaped with his life. That beautiful temple of worship, upon which all the loving care, the art and the sacrifices of a great congregation had been lavished, had been wiped out as though it had never existed. Cause for deep gratitude, however, remained in the fact that not a life had been lost. Dr. Talmage, himself, was almost the last to leave the flaming building. At the last moment he turned and, apparently dazed by the confusion and the roar of the conflagration, would have gone back to the platform, but friends conveyed him, safe and unhurt, to the outer air, where he was greeted as one snatched from the very jaws of death. There were many other narrow escapes.

Bowed down under the weight of this new affliction, Dr. Talmage, at the urgent suggestion of his friends, went abroad for a time. Before leaving for the West, he wrote the following communication to his flock and to the friends of his ministry everywhere:

"This church has again been halted by a sword of flame. The destruction of the first Brooklyn Tabernacle was a mystery. The destruction of the second a greater profound. This third calamity we adjourn to the Judgment Day for explanation. The home of a vast multitude of souls, it has become a heap of ashes. Whether it will ever rise again is a prophecy we will not undertake. God rules and reigns and makes no mistake. He has his way with churches as with individuals. One thing is certain: the pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle will continue to preach as long as life and health last. We have no anxieties about a place to preach in. But woe is unto us if we preach not the Gospel! We ask for the prayers of all good people for the pastor and people of Brooklyn Tabernacle."

A Tour Around the Globe

He visited Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, India and Great Britain, and preached to large audiences in many cities. During his absence, a series of interesting letters of travel from his pen appeared in the pages of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and on his return to the United States he published an account of his journeyings in a volume entitled, *The Earth Girdled*, which was very widely circulated. He now devoted himself almost exclusively to his editorial duties on THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to which he had been a regular weekly contributor since 1878, becoming editor-in-chief in 1890. For twenty-four years, his weekly sermons have appeared in these pages with unflinching regularity. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of this journal, was his most intimate friend and associate for many years. He had syndicated Dr. Talmage's sermons since 1885, furnishing them regularly every week to over 3,000 newspapers. It is estimated that the total number of weekly readers reached by the syndicate and through other channels, was not less than twenty million souls, an audience far more vast than has ever been addressed by any other writer or preacher in the world, ancient or modern. Eternity alone can reveal the remarkable spiritual results of this ministry of the press. In twenty years or more, thousands of letters have been received by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in which the writers declared that the sermons, often read in remote places, far from the point of preaching, have brought them to the "parting of the ways," and led to a spiritual transformation in their lives. In many lonely, out-of-the-way localities, where Gospel privileges are few and far between, the sermon by Dr. Talmage in this journal has come like a heaven-sent blessing, brightening and glorifying the entire week. It has been read, in lieu of a service, in hundreds of rural cottage homes, in schoolhouses, barns, and sheds; in pastorless chapels and in out-door gatherings under the trees, and has been divinely blessed as a means of bringing many out of darkness into the light; in military camp, in barracks and in the trenches;

on shipboard; in the hospitals and in the rooms of invalids and shut-ins all over the globe. It was in very truth, a world-wide ministry, with its auditors numbered by the millions.

Visiting the Czar

During the two years following the burning of the third Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr. Talmage varied his literary work by frequent preaching and lecture tours, and an occasional visit abroad. He had a big, warm heart



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DAVID TALMAGE CATHARINE TALMAGE
The father and mother of the great preacher

and generous impulses, and he was interested in various philanthropic movements, some of them of wide scope. His love of such work was fostered by his experience in 1892, when he visited Russia with Dr. Klopsch on "a mission of bread," first sending on ahead the steamship *Leo*, laden with 50,000 sacks of flour, the gift of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD readers to the starving Russian peasants. While in St. Petersburg, the Americans were summoned to Peterhof, the imperial summer residence, where they were presented to the Czar Alexander, the Empress, Czarevitch Nicolas (the present Emperor), and other royalties, and received, in behalf of the American people, the imperial expression of Russia's gratitude for the aid bestowed. Dr. Talmage often



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THE THIRD TABERNACLE, BURNED 1894

referred, with kindling eye, to this Russian welcome, and he spoke many a kindly word for the young Czar. In later years, with voice and pen, he greatly helped the cause of Armenian, Cuban and Puerto Rican relief, and the India famine work, and, a few years ago, the Chinese relief work. He was a member and active worker in a number of charitable organizations, but in these, as in all others of the same character, he invariably kept in the background. He is one of the incorporators of the Bowerly Mission of New York, the pioneer of American rescue missions.

His Washington Pastorate

In 1895 Dr. Talmage accepted for a time a pastoral call from the First Presbyterian Church in Washington, which is known as "The Church of the Presidents," many incumbents of the White House having worshiped there in former years. His church was crowded to the doors; but urgent calls from other quarters were multiplying, and he finally decided, though not without reluctance, to give up local pastoral work, and devote himself exclusively to wider evangelization. The passing years served to increase his fame, and the announcement of his preaching was always sufficient to attract a vast audience. His personal mail was probably the largest of any man in America outside of public

office. There were thousands who wrote to him, asking advice in spiritual things, and laying their hearts bare to one whom they regarded as bearing a divine mission, and "speaking with authority."

Few men in literary life retained their intellectual vigor so long. Even those who knew him best could detect no diminution in the force of his eloquence, and no dimming of the lustre of his splendid periods, though he had turned seventy. His last sermons were every whit as brilliant as those he composed when in his prime. His eye was as clear, his voice as flexible and resonant, and his step as elastic as though he were not nearing that border-land "where burdens are laid down." Those last few golden years were, in some respects, the happiest of his life. Though they were busy years, they still left him some leisure. In the summer, which he usually passed at his beautiful country home at Easthampton, Long Island, he did an immense amount of literary work. He was a most agreeable host, and could recall with photographic fidelity scenes and events long passed, delighting his guests with such reminiscences. He was the personal friend of many leading Americans of the preceding half century, and his recollections of Presidents, statesmen, authors and other eminent people were full of interest.

Dr. Talmage's Doctrine

Dr. Talmage's doctrine was of the old-fashioned, orthodox type, but it fell with new attractions from his eloquent lips. He believed in a Bible "inspired from lid to lid," and many times during his career, he came to the front as a defender of the integrity of the Book of Books. He repudiated the "higher criticism," as a menace to the old religion, and denounced as impious the doubts concerning miracles and inspiration. His famous attack on Ingersoll created a continental sensation twenty years ago. He scored the brilliant infidel in a series of sermons full of vigorous philippics. Often he chose as a target for his oratorical batteries the foibles and besetting sins of society, and he never spared his ammunition. He poured out broadsides on Wall Street, the saloons, gamblers, low politicians, and all who came within the range of his criticism. His forceful denunciation of popular vices was equalled only by his ability to move his audience to tears of sympathy, when he chose to appeal to the emotions. No preacher in a century could describe in such moving language the charms of home, the mother's love for a wayward child, the delights of rural life, or the simple faith of the believer in Christ and heaven. He was unquestionably, within a certain wide range, the most vivid and picturesque speaker the American pulpit has ever known, and his sermons and writings alike were Turneresque in literary color and expression. He was always in his best vein when facing a sympathetic assemblage in the great cities. He has frequently spoken before 10,000 persons, and his great audiences at the Academy of Music, New York, in the Chicago Auditorium, and in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, have rarely been equalled in point of numbers. He delighted, too, in an audience of farmers. Such gatherings never failed to comprehend his homely doctrines. He used to say that he had long since "lived down" the frills and non-essentials of religion "At twenty," he would explain, "I believed several hundred things; at fifty, I believed about a score, but now, with clearer vision, as I grow older and come nearer the close of the journey, I hold only to three things as vital—that God our Father loves us far better than we know; that Jesus Christ, his Son, is our Redeemer and Saviour, and that I am a sinner, enriched by his grace, though all unworthy."

The Power of His Mighty Pen

All his life he was inordinately fond of religious literature. Even in childhood, he would read Scott's Commentaries—a bulky volume—when he was too small to sit upon a chair, and had to use a stool instead. If he could have mastered even a single foreign language, he would probably have become a missionary like his brothers; but he had no knack of acquiring strange tongues, so he stuck to the plain Anglo-Saxon, and to such purpose that his sturdy utterances have been translated into nearly a score of foreign languages. When he visited Athens in 1890, he was presented to Queen Olga, who told him that she "had the pleasure of reading his sermons in her native Greek, in her own capital, in the columns of a weekly publication." Through such means he doubtless reached much vaster audiences in foreign lands than any missionary could ever hope to reach. When he was making his round-the-world trip, he found his sermons read in so many places that he afterwards used to say: "I felt on that trip as though I was making a round of pastoral calls."

As an editorial writer, Dr. Talmage was versatile and prolific, and his weekly contributions on an immense variety of topics would fill many volumes. His writing was as entertaining and pungent as his preaching, and full of brilliant eccentricities—"Talmagisms" as they were called. He coined new words, and invented new phrases. If the topic was to his liking, the pen raced to keep time with the thought. It was the same with his sermons. Once conceived in the busy brain, the committing to paper was swift and exciting. Still, with all this haste, nothing could exceed the scrupulous care he took with his finished manuscript. He once wired from Cincinnati to his publisher in New York, instructions to change a comma in his current sermon to a semicolon. He had detected the error while reading proof on the train.

His phenomenal memory was never at a loss. He had spoken or written on thousands of topics, and he remembered almost everything he had ever preached. In preparing his twenty-volume series of sermons, he used only 500, or less than half the total number he had preached. In addition to at least 1,000 sermons, of 4,000 words each—each sermon different from the other (this vast pulpit repertoire aggregating probably 4,000,000 words)—he was the author of a number of lectures, the most popular being: "The New Life of the



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REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE

Nation," "Grumblers," "Our New Home," "Big Blunders" and "The Bright Side of Things." In his literary work, he scorned to borrow, though his own unique phrases and ideas were the prey of many petty plagiarists. Although his fame will rest chiefly upon his sermonic writings, his treatment of lighter topics was brilliant and clever. But his finest work was not among the shallows; his pen could go deeply into the secrets of the heart and soul, and such was his rare gift that with a single sentence he could move a multitude. Among the periodicals to which he contributed at various times were *The New York Weekly*, *Hearth and Home*, *The Independent* and *The Christian at Work*. About thirty volumes of his sermons have been published, twenty volumes appearing in a single series in 1900. His other works, besides those already mentioned, include *Crumbs Swept Up*, *Around the Tea Table*, *Sparks From My Anvil*, *A Thousand Gems*, *From Manger to Throne*, *Sports that Kill*, *The Wedding Ring*, *Night Sides of City Life*, *The Poetry of Life*, *Old Wells Dug Out*, *Abominations of Modern Society* and *The Earth Girdled*. Many of these are familiar to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A Pen Picture of Dr. Talmage

Here is a pen-picture of Dr. Talmage by one who knew him intimately, and had studied him closely:

"Dr. Talmage is above the medium height, and well-proportioned. His frame is large, but he is naturally rather spare in flesh. His head is of the average size, with marked evidence of intellectual power. He has light eyes and a sandy complexion. Looking into his face, you are struck with its amiability and cheerfulness. In conversation, it is always bright with animation, and at all times is a perfect mirror of his emotions. His eyes are clear, tender and observing, while his tone and manners are gentle and warm in the extreme. An invariable self-reliance and calmness and judgment in all his proceedings give him dignity and self-possession, but in these particulars there is nothing affected or studied. He is plain and unostentatious in his appearance and bearing, and mingles freely with his fellow-men. His warmth of manners and his genial flow of conversation place even the stranger at once on most agreeable terms with him; in truth, his conversational powers are little less than fascinating. He is full of noble sentiment, poetry and humor; he looks at life with his "eyes and ears wide open," and he discusses both men and topics with comprehensiveness and originality. He is never ashamed to show his feelings, never afraid to declare his opinions. Independent, out-spoken, and yet generous, tender and sympathetic, he presents in his own disposition the most manly and at the same time the most beautiful traits that adorn human character

Bold and Original Preaching

As a preacher, he has even more striking peculiarities. He is an original, terse, bold, and eloquent writer, and a fluent, impassioned speaker. He has the most complete command of language, which takes forms of expression which are not less new than graphic and impressive. His thoughts take a wide range on every subject, and they are sudden in their changes, from the solemn and sublime to the humorous

and odd. At one time he will indulge in a strain of the most touching pathos, and then suddenly introduce some humorous and grotesque illustration. His language is chaste and beautiful in the expression of the more sentimental passages, and it is most pungent and overwhelming in criticism and denunciation. He has sarcasm, irony and ridicule at his tongue's end, not less than words of exquisite poetic beauty and tenderness. All of this so mingled together, and so altered in surprises, that his audience find themselves spell-bound by the novelty of style as well as the eloquence of the orator. His voice is powerful and flexible. He can in an instant change it from tones that ring out to the capacity of the largest building, to the accent that float in soft whispers to the ear. His gesticulation is somewhat marvelous. There is not a sentence that he has not some gesture of the hand, the arms, the head, or the body to illustrate or enforce, and still it is all done with such appropriateness and gracefulness that it adds immensely to the effectiveness of his oratory. His face, too, has great mobility, and the changing expressions of eye, mouth and brow are a vivid accompaniment to his fervent words.

Many persons find it difficult to form a favorable opinion in regard to Mr. Talmage's merits as a preacher. To be sure, he puts language into unusual forms; but no preacher of the day can give a keener dissection of human motives, or make a more masterly or eloquent Christian appeal. A half hour of his earnest, original discussion will give you suggestions which will not leave you for many a day thereafter. As a man, he is somewhat of an oddity; but as a preacher, he is full of the spirit of God, and every talent and every purpose is devoted to the work for the regeneration of fallen man. If he makes you smile and weep in a breath, if he has simple sayings and whimsical ways, he is also a ripe scholar, a clear-headed philosopher, and a Christian orator. He has qualifications which enable him to reach and control the great popular heart, and his ministry is consequently one of the most marked success."

The Social Side of the Man

In social life he is all vivacity, all goodness, and all himself. Whether it be eccentricity, or whether it be simply a larger share of rich, exuberant animal spirits than most ministers possess, certain it is that the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is more real and true to genuine human nature, in social life, than most of his contemporaries. He seems to go down into his own heart for a gushing, abundant spring of fellowship and love, which washes out channels to every other heart. He follows no conventional rules, he is guided by no example; but, as we have stated, he is himself. This is not because he is indifferent to the force of these rules and examples, but because he acts from a quick, impulsive, and original nature of his own. When, in the glee and enthusiasm of the moment, at a church festival, he exclaimed that he felt "like the morning star," it was not that his taste induced him to take his illustration from negro minstrelsy; but, acting on the impulse of the moment, he humorously seized upon a popular saying to express the state of his own feelings. Men of stiff propriety and starched dignity would not do or say many things that he does every day. With him, however, a free, honest, cheerful heart, is much more cultivated, and impulsive and erratic as it often is, it is given full influence and control over his actions and sentiments.

Universal Solicitude

While Dr. Talmage lay dying in his Washington home, many hundreds of telegrams of earnest inquiry were received from all parts of the Union, and some from foreign lands. Among those who made personal inquiry at the Talmage home, concerning the sufferer's condition, were the following:

Senator Fairbanks, The Bishop of Washington, Judge B. Howery, Rev. Thomas Chalmers Easton,



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THE HOUSE IN WHICH DR. TALMAGE DIED

The death-chamber is indicated by a cross

D.D., Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, Senator Fry, Rev. S. J. Nicolls, D.D., St. Louis; Mrs. Stanley Matthews, Rev. Donald C. McLeod, Rev. Asa S. Fiske, Rev. Joseph G. Kelly, Justice Brewer, Rev. Teunis Hamlin, Mr. Charles V. Herdliska, The Mexican Ambassador, Gen. J. C. Breckenridge, Rev. W. H. Milburn, D.D.; Mr. Wm. Aldin Smith, Judge Shepard, Dr. Herrick John-

son, Judge Andrew Bradley, Senator Cullom, Rev. John E. Stuchell, Rev. T. A. Nelson, Rev. G. W. Luccock, Mr. A. J. Halford, Japanese Minister and Mrs. Yakahira, Rev. E. Lawrence Hunt, Mr. John W. Foster, Senator Foraker, General Miles, Mr. S. H. Kauffmann, Senator Burrows, Admiral Watson, Mr. Henderson, Rev. Dr. Mackay-Smith, Bishop Hurst, General Corbin, Mr. Corea.

Two days before Dr. Talmage died, the Revision Committee of the General Presbyterian Assembly



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MRS. TALMAGE

forwarded to Mrs. Talmage the following resolution of sympathy:

The Revision Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, in session in Washington, April 10, 1902, having been informed that Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is seriously ill, on motion of Dr. Dickey, unanimously resolved that the Moderator of the Assembly, and the Chairman of the Committee, Rev. Dr. Henry C. Minton, in the name of the Committee, should convey to Dr. Talmage and his family the sympathy and best wishes of all the members of the Committee, and an expression of their hope that the Master will spare Dr. Talmage for continued service.

Washington, D.C., April 10, 1902. HENRY COLLIN MINTON, Moderator, and Chairman of Committee.

Amid the multitude of eulogies from the press and pulpit of two continents, which followed upon the announcement of Dr. Talmage's death, it would be difficult to select any which more aptly expresses the international estimate of his influence than that which appeared in the world's greatest newspaper, the London *Times*, which remarked: "If Wesley could feel that the world was his parish, Talmage could have said with equal truth that the world was his congregation." He had for an audience practically the whole civilized globe

The Funeral Arrangements

The funeral was arranged to take place from the Church of The Covenant, in Washington, on Tuesday April 15, at 5 P. M., the officiating ministers being the Revs. Teunis S. Hamlin, Howard Suydam, Jame Demarest, Edward Terhune and Thomas Chalmers Easton. The pall-bearers chosen were: U. S. Senator Cullom, Dolliver and Burroughs; Supreme Court Justice Harlan and Brewer; Congressman Alden Smith, Mr. Warner, Louis Klopsch, and Messrs. Branch and Lawrence, of Brooklyn. After the Washington obsequies, the remains were to be taken to Brooklyn, for final interment in the family vault in Greenwood cemetery. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD offices were closed during the services here and in Washington.

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