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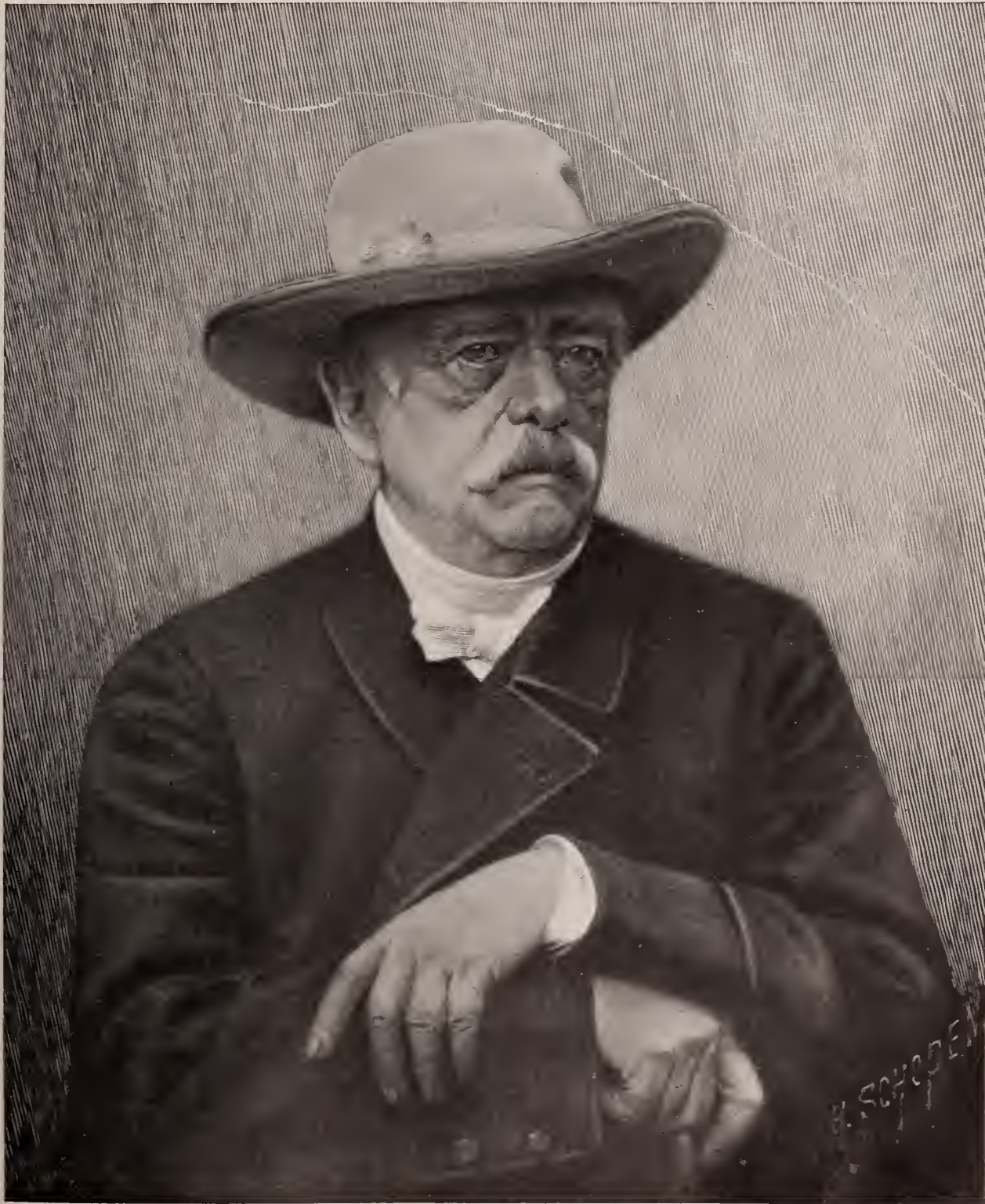
By T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

✻ The Man who Made an Empire ✻

Closing Scenes in the Career of Prince Otto von Bismarck, Soldier, Patriot, Statesman—His Faith in God and a Future Life.



THE LATE PRINCE OTTO EDOUARD VON BISMARCK. *From a Recent Photograph.*

and Gravelotte. And then came the German Empire, with William the First as emperor. And with it came Germany—a Germany not only of princes and officers and soldiers; of cannon and crowns and fortresses, but of the German people, from the emperor to the agricultural laborer; from the duke to the artisan, and all represented in a German Parliament, which the "mailed hand" is learning to regard as a greater power than itself.

People are too prone to think of Bismarck as "a man of blood and iron." The truth is that his greatest achievement, the mighty monument of his fame, the instrument which, humanly speaking, will fashion and complete his work of German unity, is the Reichstag, the Congress, the Parliament of the German people, where the baron and the farmer rub elbows; where State lines are obliterated; where representatives speak as German freemen, and not as Prussians, or Hessians or Bavarians; where the aspirations of the masses find utterance, and where even the emperor has to plead for the means to maintain his camps and his navy. Bismarck's motive in creating this great instrument of popular power and guardian of the people's rights—the German

Parliament—may not have been that of a Washington or of a Gladstone, in their work of nation-building, but Bismarck knew that without some great central authority representing and reflecting the will of the great German people, his work would

(Continued on page 635.)

Must not
the world,
ourselves
at home in
believed
to the end of
would not
the dress-
address-

These words
are writ-
by Otto
Bismarck,
one of the
greatest
men whom
the cen-
tury has
known. His
life is a
tragedy.
He was
born at
Mittel-
hausen,
Prussia,
in 1815.
He was
a soldier,
a states-
man, and
a patriot.
He was
the first
to unite
Germany
into one
nation.
He was
the first
to give
Germany
a consti-
tution.
He was
the first
to give
Germany
a parlia-
ment.
He was
the first
to give
Germany
a great
empire.
He was
the first
to give
Germany
a future
life.

He was the tool and ally of the Hapsburgs, into the family of German States, and at the time came to strike a blow at France, for the first time in history, all the strength of a united people wielded with irresistible force the sword of Sedan

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Honesty Eulogized.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: 1. Timothy 6: 9:

They that will be rich fall into a temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.



HAT is the Niagara Falls over which rush a multitude of souls, namely the determination to have the money anyhow, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character, and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak to-day about the ruinous modes of getting money.

In all our city, state and national elections large sums of money are used in bribery. Politics, from being the science of good government, has often been dragged into the synonym for truculency and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clenched, and with its ichorous knuckle it taps at the door of the court-room, the legislative hall, the congress, and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters, and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slippers page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket, and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official, the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and the victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons, who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe, and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz foretells the crushing blows of God's indignation, declaring, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

It is no light temptation. The mightiest have fallen under it. Lord Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England, founder of our modern science, author of "Novum Organum," and a whole library of books, the leading thinker of his century, so precocious that when a little child he was asked by Queen Elizabeth, "How old are you?" he responded, "I am two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign;" of whose oratory Ben Jonson wrote, "The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end;" having an income which you would suppose would have put him beyond the temptation of bribery—thirty-six thousand dollars a year, and Twickenham Court, a gift, and princely estates in Hertfordshire—yet under this temptation to bribery, falling flat into ruin, and on his confession of taking bribes, giving as excuse that all his predecessors took them, he was fined two hundred thousand dollars—or what corresponds with our two hundred thousand dollars—and imprisoned in London Tower.

The black chapter in English, Irish, French, and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific Mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for \$31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed H. M. A. Whithophel forsook David and Jud. kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in Revelation, with seven heads and ten horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down after him.

The lobbies of the Legislatures of this country control the country. The land is drunk with bribery! "Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dollars, because

every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the Dark Ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility. A cad of Smyrna had a case brought before him on trial. A man gave him five hundred ducats in bribery. The case came on. The briber had many witnesses. The poor man on the other side had no witnesses. At the close of the case the cad said: "This poor man has no witnesses, he thinks: I shall produce in his behalf five hundred witnesses against the other side." Then pulling out the bag of ducats from under the ottoman, he dashed it down at the feet of the briber, saying, "I give my decision against you." Epaminondas offered a bribe, said, "I will do this thing if it be right, and if it be wrong, all your goods cannot persuade me."

The President of the American Congress during the American Revolution, General Reed, was offered ten thousand guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied: Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your King he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the forces of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they would only sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted, need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult. There are men at Albany, and at Harrisburg, and at Washington, who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole. They are incorruptible men, and they are the few men who are to save the city and save the land.

Meanwhile, my advice is, keep out of politics unless you are invulnerable to this style of temptation. Indeed, if even you are naturally strong, you need religious buttressing. Nothing but the grace of God can sustain our public men, and make them what we wish. I wish that there might come an old-fashioned revival of religion, that it might break out in congress and the legislatures, and bring many of the leading Republicans and Democrats down on the anxious seat of repentance. That day will come, or something better, for the Bible declares that kings and queens shall become nursing fathers and mothers to the church, and if the greater in authority, then certainly the less.

My charge also to parents is, remember that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle, and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the ten cents or the orange which you will give them. There is a great difference between rewarding virtue and making the profits thereof the impelling motive. That man who is honest merely because "honesty is the best policy" is already a moral bankrupt.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life, steer clear of bribery all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private life, and of public life, will come up for public reprehension.

We cannot bribe death, we cannot bribe sickness, we cannot bribe the grave, we cannot bribe the judgments of that God who thunders against this sin. "Fie!" said Cardinal Beaufort, "he? Can't death

be bribed? Is money nothing? Must I die, and so rich? If the owning of the whole realm would save me, I could get it by policy or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be bribed then; he will not be bribed now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribe-taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it in the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie, a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall over the wrist, clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. The bribe is an everlasting possession. You take it for time, you take it for eternity.

Another wrong use of money is seen in the abuse of trust funds. Nearly every man during the course of his life, on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of others committed to his keeping. He is, so far, a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor, or he is the collector for a business house, which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is treasurer for a charitable institution, and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city or the state or the nation, and taxes and subsidies and salaries and supplies are in his keeping.

It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is centered and multiplied confidences. On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of dependents, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act commits theft, falsehood, perjury, and becomes, in all the intensity of the word, a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing-machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own heart's blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency! What is the matter? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs.

How often it is that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock-gambling rapids of Wall Street! How often it is that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed taking them out of the savings bank and from trust companies and administrators, turning old homesteads into hard cash, and then putting the entire estate into the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has ten thousand ramifications. There is not a city that has not suffered from the abuse of trust funds. Where is the court-house, or the city hall, or the gaol, or the post-office, or the hospital, that in the building of it has not had a political job? Long before the new court-house in New York City was completed, it cost over \$12,000,000. Five million six hundred and sixty three thousand dollars for furniture! For plastering and repairs, \$2,370,000. For plumbing and gas works, \$1,231,817. For awnings, \$23,553. The bills for three months coming to the nice little sum of \$13,151,108.39. There was not an honest brick, or stone, or lath, or nail, or foot of plumbing, or inch of plastering, or ink-stand, or door-knob in the whole establishment.

That bad example was followed in many of the cities, which did not steal quite so much because there was not so much to steal. There ought to be a closer inspection, and there ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Lest a man shall take a five-cent piece that does not belong to him, the conductor on the city horse-car must sound his bell at every payment; and we are very cautious about small offences, but give plenty of opportunities for sinners on a large scale to escape. For a boy who steals a loaf

of bread from a corner grocer to keep his mother from starving to death, a price but for defrauders who abscond with a million of dollars, a castle on the Rock, or, waiting until the offence is forgiven, a castle on the Hudson!

Another remark needs to be made—that is that people ought not to go to places, into business, or into positions where the temptation is mightier than their character. If there be large sums of money to be handled, and the man not sure of his own integrity, you have right to run an unseaworthy craft through a hurricane. A man can tell by the of weakness or strength in the presence of a bad opportunity whether he is safe place. How many parents make an awful mistake when they put their children in banking houses and stores and and factories and places of solemnity without once discussing whether they can endure the temptation! You give your boy plenty of money, and have no account of it, and make the way down very easy, and you may put upon the pressure that he cannot stand. There are men who go into positions of temptation, considering only that they are lucrative positions.

An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell, but the owner finally consented to sell to him until he could raise one crop. The abbot sowed acorns—a crop of a hundred years! And I tell you, a man, that the dishonesties which he plants in your heart and life will seem very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you in horrible darkness, overshadow all men and all eternity. It will not be a crop of two hundred years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I address many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so entrusted, but I charge you with the presence of God and the word careful; be as careful of the property of others as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate, or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property, they put in an investment, and away it all goes, and cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the market is shaken, and the press denounces and the Church thunders expulsion.

You have no right to use the property of others except for their advantage, without consent, unless they are minors. If they consent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame; you did the best you could but do not come into the delusion which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession, therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn duty that God has given you.

A blustering young man arrived at a hotel in the West, and he saw a man on the sidewalk whom he supposed to be a laborer, and in a rough way, as not having a right to address a laborer, said to him, "Carry this trunk upstairs." The man carried the trunk upstairs and came down, and then the young man gave a quarter of a dollar which was changed and instead of being twenty-five cents was worth only twenty cents. The young man gave his card to the laborer and said, "You take this up to Governor Grimes; I want to see him." "Ah," said the laborer, "I am Governor Grimes." "Oh," said the young man, "you excuse me." Then the Governor said, "I was much impressed by the letter you wrote me asking for a certain office, and I had made up my mind to give it to you; but a young man who swindle a laborer out of five cents to swindle the Government of the State he got his hands on it. I don't want to see you again. Good morning, sir."

Oh! is it not high time that we should take the morals of the Gospel right beside the faith of the Gospel? Mr. Froude, a celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it become that a strictly honest tradesman hardly hold his ground against competition. You can no longer trust the

MINERS STIRRED BY THE GOSPEL.

An Eastern Pastor's Evangelistic Trip in the Sierra Nevada and Its Results.

BY REV. W. J. PECK, M. A.



NE of the aggravations of travel in the Sierra Nevada is being compelled to hasten through in a few days where you long to take months. The noble sloping mountains seem bound to hold you a willing captive. The streams lure you with their songs. The aerial shelves tempt you to a prolonged climb from the high pass to the highest crest. As we hurry on, invisible fingers of nature's artists are pulling us back as much as to say in reprimand of haste: "Is this the way you look at what it took ages to build?"

Most tourists visiting California just miss the best of it all by not making a detour from the railroad into the very heart of the Nevadas, giving a visit to Job and Lake Tahoe, and realms where miners and lumbermen roam. This pass,

Here, where God has done his noblest work, he is forgotten. My guide said they had no Sunday, and had not heard the Gospel for two years. A dance house was the only public building in the village. The proprietor was busy branding his cattle on a Sunday, but said I could hold service in the hall. The service was announced on placards in the saloons. At the appointed time, miners, roughly-dressed log-men, guides, women and children were seated on rough boards and on the platform. A miner's voice in rich bass helped to sing "Coronation," and broke down in the last verse. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Nearer My God to Thee" were sung with a right good will. How the miners can sing! Their work in the deep grades may add to the timbre and sweetness of their voices. I never heard anything heartier! The story of "The Prodigal Son" called out comments, as did the sermon, proving that following Jesus broadened, lengthened, deepened, and made life high and holy. After the benediction an old miner from Lowell, in the old Bay State, said he was the "Prodigal Son." He had been mining away from God, and was in the lowest grade where he was lost. With tears streaming down his furrowed face, pathetically he said:

"Parson, I have been mining from God in low grades of sin. I am in the dark. I am a lot's soul. Do you think Jesus will

...le you buy is the thing which it pre- s to be. We have false weights, false m- sures, cheating, and shoddy every- w- e. And yet the clergy have seen all th- grow up in absolute indifference. My hundreds of sermons have I heard in- gland on the divine mission of the cl- y. on bishops, and on justification, an- the theory of good works, and verbal in- sation, and the efficacy of the sacra- m- s; but, during all these thirty won- der- ful years, never one that I can recol- lect on common honesty."

...ow, that may be an exaggerated state- ment of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities right along the faith of the Gospel.

...hearer, what are you doing with the fraudulent document in your pocket? To the hearer, how are you getting along with that wicked scheme you have on foot? Is that a "pool ticket" you have in your pocket? Why, O young man, what are you last night practising in copying your employer's signature? Where were you last night? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? You had a Christian ancestry, perhaps, and you have had many prayers spent in you to go overboard. For livingstone, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders, and he said that once of his ancestors, one of the Highlanders, one day called his family around him. The Highlander was dying; he was lying on his back, and his children were around his death-bed. He said:

"No, my lads, I have not done all through our life as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man all the line, and I want you to understand your herit good blood. You have no excuse for being wrong. My lads, be honest."

I'm glad some one has set to music that piece in August, 1881, when a young girl saved her death a whole rail- road of passengers, and you remember about West in that season a stormy night a hurricane blew down a railroad bridge.

A fight train came upon it and crashed into the ruin, and the engineer and conductor perished. There was a girl living in her father's cabin near the disaster, and she heard the crash of the freight train, and she knew that in a few moments an express train was to pass. She lighted a lantern and clambered up on the one beam of the wrecked bridge to the main bridge, which was a steeple work, and started to cross.

When she stepped and it would have been a leap. Amid all that horror the lantern went out. Crawling sometimes, and sometimes walking over the slippery rails, and when she trestle work, she came to the side of the river. The train was due in a few minutes. She was one mile from the telegraph station, but fortunately the train was late. With cut and thrust feet she flew like the wind. Coming to the telegraph station, panting with almost deadly exhaustion, she had strength to shout, "The bridge is down!" when she dropped unconscious. She could hardly be resuscitated. The message was sent from that station to the next station, and the train halted, and that night that brave girl saved the lives of hundreds of passengers, and saved many homes from desolation. But every day is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every day is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes are being led by the power of temptation coming on and sweeping down toward perdition, raging and terrific. God help us to stop the train! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep, and the lightning that surrounds it, it would fall three thousand feet; and two thousand feet more into these clear waters. Clear as crystal they greet the sunrise and reflect the gorgeous sunset.



VERNAL FALLS.

a mile and a half from the level of the Pacific shows other craggy shelves to be conquered; and he finds that—

The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert
airs,

When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

More impressive than these lofty peaks was a bit of the old miner's trail of 1849. It runs through a profound forest and over rugged and dangerous mountain slopes. I procured a saddle-horse and rode over it for many miles. I found some of the way almost impassable, and had to dismount and lead the horse along the edge of a deep ravine where some boulders had fallen into the path. Trees of good size are growing in that trail where nearly fifty years ago the first emigrants went seeking new homes in the California valleys. Over that way the miners went for gold. Now the target of the Indian, now dying of exposure to the bitter weather, they pushed their ways over treacherous ravines and craggy walls where they had to take the wagon wheels off and let them down by ropes.

Looking off to the East, we saw a trench, or chasm, extending for forty miles, forming the granite basin of a high-water lake. It is Lake Tahoe, as the Indians called it; meaning "high water." Its shimmering waters are 6,200 feet above the sea, and if a plummet were dropped from the highest spire of the snowy range that surrounds it, it would fall three thousand feet; and two thousand feet more into these clear waters. Clear as crystal they greet the sunrise and reflect the gorgeous sunset.



"EL CAPITAN," YOSEMITE.

ever find me? Is there hope for a feller like me?"

I found that all the saloons had been closed, and the saloon-keepers were at the service. While singing the hymns many of the miners were visibly affected, as the service carried them back to boyhood days.

The big trees and the fine falls of the Yosemite have made the Nevadas a tourist's paradise; but for sunsets, come to Tahoe! After service with the miners we saw one never to fade from memory. The sky was clear where the sun was setting, and large patches of cloud looked like wild animals hurrying along.

Down in these low grades, two and three thousand feet below the sunlight, it is so hot that cooling rooms are provided for the workmen. They are small rooms, but ample for ten or twenty men to cool off and rest. Cold air, as at Virginia City, is forced down into these rooms. Indeed the granite rooms are very refreshing after traversing, as I did for a mile, the hot, lateral tunnel. These miners are

royal good fellows, mostly Americans. I never received a rebuff from one of them in speaking to them of Jesus. They always were glad to hear of him, and would ask me to come again, and often wanted me to mess with them. The minister of a mining camp is amply repaid, and if worthy wins deep affection and respect. What wider field of usefulness could a consecrated soul wish than this? A pulpit in a cooling room of a mine on the three thousand foot grade is as near heaven as any in the land.

Begging for War Testaments.

Thousands of Them Sent to the Camps and Many of Them Forwarded to Our New Colonies.

DEMANDS for our vest-pocket War Testament for the troops in camp and at the front, and also for the Navy, are steadily increasing. During the week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has sent through the Christian Commission 1,000 of these beautiful Testaments for our troops and sailors in the Philippines, 1,000 to Santiago de Cuba, and 1,000 to Porto Rico. They will be distributed in those colonies through the Christian Commission workers and the field representatives of the Y. M. C. A., all of whom are laboring zealously and harmoniously under the direction of the Christian Commission, of the which Evangelist D. L. Moody is the head.

We have also sent many hundreds of Army chaplains and evangelists in the camps at Chickamauga, Tampa and Key West, and to Camp Cuba Libre at Jacksonville, where they have been distributed by faithful agents to the "boys in blue," who were about to leave for the front. Among those who have acted as distributors are Rev. H. Allen Tupper, Jr., of Montclair, N. J.; Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, Md.; Ira D. Sankey, the well-known Gospel singer; Rev. Dr. L. W. Munhall, evangelist; Rev. C. G. Wright, Secretary E. W. Sheffield, Y. M. C. A., and a number of army and navy chaplains.

All contributions to the War Testament Fund are applied by us to sending these Testaments to the troops and sailors. One dollar will supply ten Testaments.

The following contributions to the Fund have been received during the week:

Table listing names and amounts of contributions to the War Testament Fund, including names like Stratton, A. E., Swift, Mrs. Martha, and various other donors with their respective amounts.