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EIGHTEEN-NINETY-EIGHT.

Hail! New-born Year, in the Cradle of Time!
The Guardian Angel of Hope and Love,

In tenderest blessing bends above,
While the old year dies with the midnight chime.

Wake! Glad New Year and with lavish hand,
Spread joy and happiness over the land.—James Clarence Harvey.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Household Cares.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Luke 10: 40.

Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore, that she help me.



UNDER is a beautiful village homestead. The man of the house is dead, and his widow is taking charge of the premises. This is the widow, Martha of Bethany. Yes, I will show you also the pet of the household. This is Mary, the younger sister, with a book under her arm, and her face having no appearance of anxiety or care. Company has come. Christ stands outside the door, and, of course, there is a good deal of excitement inside the door. The disarranged furniture is hastily put aside, and the hair is brushed back, and the dresses are adjusted as well as, in so short a time, Mary and Martha can attend to these matters. They did not keep Christ standing at the door until they were newly appared, or until they had elaborately arranged their tresses, then coming out with their affected surprise as though they had not heard the two or three previous knockings, saying: "Why, is that you?" No. They were ladies, and were always presentable, although they may not have always had on their best, for none of us always has on our best; if we did, our best would not be worth having on. They throw open the door, and greet Christ. They say: "Good-morning, Master; come in and be seated." Christ did not come alone; He had a group of friends with him, and such an influx of city visitors would throw any country home into perturbation. I suppose also the walk from the city had been a good appetizer. The kitchen department that day was a very important department, and I suppose that Martha had no sooner greeted the guests than she fled to that room. Mary had full confidence that Martha could get up the best dinner in Bethany. She seems to say: "Now let us have a division of labor, Martha, you cook, and I'll sit down and be good." So you have often seen a great difference between two sisters.

There is Martha, hard-working, painstaking, a good manager, ever inventive of some new pastry, or discovering something in the art of cookery and house-keeping. There is Mary, also fond of conversation, literary, so engaged in deep questions of ethics she has no time to attend to the questions of household welfare. It is noon. Mary is in the parlor with Christ. Martha is in the kitchen. It would have been better if they had divided the work, and then they could have divided the opportunity of listening to Jesus; but Mary monopolizes Christ while Martha swelters at the fire. It was a very important thing that they should have a good dinner that day. Christ was hungry, and he did not often have a luxurious entertainment. Alas! if the duty had devolved upon Mary, what a repast that would have been! But something went wrong in the kitchen. Perhaps the fire would not burn, or the bread would not bake, or Martha scalded her hand, or something was burned black that ought only to have been made brown; and Martha lost her patience, and forgetting the proprieties of the occasion, with her weatrow, and perhaps, with pitcher in one hand and tongs in the other, she rushed out of the kitchen into the presence of Christ saying, "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?" Christ soiled not a word. If I were so long, I should rather have his smiling than anybody else's blessing. There was nothing acerb. He knew Martha and almost worked herself to get him something to eat, and Mary was a world of tenderness into the bargain, as he seems to say: "My dear sister, do not worry; let the dinner be ready, and your sister Martha, Martha, Martha, do not trouble about anything is needful." Mary is a young pin that kitchen door I have often seen a great many household duties.

First, there is the trial of non-appreciation. That is what made Martha so mad with Mary. The younger sister had no estimate of her older sister's fatigues. As now, men bothered with the anxieties of the store, and office, and shop, or coming from the Stock Exchange, they say when they get home: "Oh, you ought to be in our factory a little while; you ought to have to manage eight, or ten, or twenty subordinates, and then you would know what trouble and anxiety are!" Oh, sir, the wife and the mother has to conduct at the same time a university, a clothing establishment, a restaurant, a laundry, a library, while she is health-officer, police, and president of her realm! She must do a thousand things, and do them well, in order to keep things going smoothly; and so her brain and her nerves are taxed to the utmost. I know there are housekeepers who are so fortunate that they can sit in an arm-chair in the library, or lie on the belated pillow, and throw off all the care upon subordinates who, having large wages and great experience, can attend to all of the affairs of the household. Those are the exceptions. I am speaking now of the great mass of housekeepers—the women to whom life is a struggle, and who, at thirty years of age, look as though they were forty, and at forty look as though they were fifty, and at fifty look as though they were sixty. The fallen at Chalons, and Austerlitz, and Gettysburg, and Waterloo are a small number compared with the slain in the great Armageddon of the kitchen. You go out to the cemetery and you will see that the tombstones all read beautifully poetic; but if those tombstones would speak the truth, thousands of them would say: "Here lies a woman killed by too much mending, and sewing, and baking, and scrubbing, and scouring; the weapon with which she was slain was a broom, or a sewing-machine, or a ladle." You think, O man of the world! that you have all the cares and anxieties. If the cares and anxieties of the household should come upon you for one week, you would be fit for the Insane Asylum. The half-rested housekeeper arises in the morning. She must have the morning repast prepared at an irrevocable hour. What if the fire will not light; what if the marketing did not come; what if the clock has stopped—no matter, she must have the morning repast at an irrevocable hour. Then the children must be got off to school. What if their garments are torn; what if they do not know their lessons; what if they have lost a hat or sash—they must be ready. Then you have all the diet of the day, and perhaps of several days, to plan; but what if the butcher has sent meat unmasterable, or the grocer has sent articles of food adulterated, and what if some piece of silver be gone, or some favorite chalice be cracked, or the roof leak, or the plumbing fail, or any one of a thousand things occur—you must be ready. Spring weather comes, and there must be a revolution in the family wardrobe; or autumn comes, and you must shut out the northern blast; but what if the moth has preceded you to the chest; what if, during the year, the children have outgrown the apparel of last year; what if the fashions have changed. Your house must be an apothecary's shop; it must be a dispensary; there must be medicines for all sorts of ailments—something to loosen the croup, something to cool the burn, something to poultice the inflammation, something to silence the jumping tooth, something to soothe the earache. You must be in half a dozen places at the same time, or you must attempt to be. If, under all this wear and tear of life, Martha makes an impatient rush upon the library or drawing-room, be patient, be lenient! Oh, woman, though I may fail to stir up an appreciation in the souls of others in regard to your household toils, let me assure you, from the kindness with which Jesus Christ

met Martha, that he appreciates all your work from garret to cellar; and that the God of Deborah, and Hannah, and Abigail, and Grandmother Lois, and Elizabeth Fry, and Hannah More is the God of the housekeeper! Jesus was never married, that he might be the especial friend and confidant of a whole world of troubled womanhood. I blunder: Christ was married. The Bible says that the Church is the Lamb's wife, and that makes me know that all Christian women have a right to go to Christ and tell him of their annoyances and troubles, since by his oath of conjugal fidelity he is sworn to sympathize. George Herbert, the Christian poet, wrote two or three verses on this subject:

"The servant by this clause / Makes drudgery divine; / Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws, / Makes this and the action fine."

A young woman of brilliant education and prosperous circumstances was called down-stairs to help in the kitchen in the absence of the servants. The door-bell ringing, she went to open it and found a gentleman friend, who said as he came in: "I thought that I heard music; was it on this piano or on this harp?" She answered: "No; I was playing on a grid-iron, with frying-pan accompaniment. The servants are gone, and I am learning how to do this work." Well done! When will women in all circles find out that it is honorable to do anything that ought to be done?

Again, there is the trial of severe economy. Nine hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to it—some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. This is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make five dollars do the work of seven. A young woman about to enter the married state said to her mother: "How long does the honeymoon last?" The mother answered: "The honeymoon lasts until you ask your husband for money." How some men do ogle out money to their wives! "How much do you want?" "A dollar!" "You are always wanting a dollar. Can't you do with fifty cents?" If the husband has not the money, let him plainly say so. If he has it, let him make cheerful response, remembering that his wife has as much right to it as he has. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household, she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk; and there is a panic every few weeks! This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economics, this life-long attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts innumerable housekeepers. Oh, my sister, this is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Beside that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robe they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill-country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that. It will not be so great a change for you to have a chariot in heaven if you have been in the habit of riding in this world. It will not be so great a change for you to sit down on the banks of the river of life, if in this world you had a country-seat; but if you have walked with tired feet in this world, what a glorious change to mount celestial equipage! And if your life on earth was domestic martyrdom, oh, the joy of an eternity in which you shall have nothing to do except what you choose to do! Martha has had no drudgery for eighteen centuries! I quarrel with the theologians who want to distribute all the thrones of heaven among the John Knoxes, and the Hugh Latimers, and the Theban Legion. Some of the brightest thrones of heaven will be kept for Christian housekeepers. Oh, what a change from here to there—from the time when they put down the

rolling-pin to when they take up the sceptre! If Chatsworth Park and the Vanderbilt mansion were to be lifted into the Celestial City they would be considered uninhabitable rookeries, and glorified Lazarus would be ashamed to beg, going in and out of either of them.

There are many housekeepers who could get along with their toil, if it were not for sickness and trouble. The fact is, one-half of the women of this land are more or less invalids. The noontain lass, who has never had an acle or a pain, may consider household toil inconsiderable, and toward evening she may skip away miles to the fields and drive home the cattle, and she may until ten o'clock at night fill the house with laughing racket; but oh, to do the work of life with worn-out constitution, when whooping-cough has been raging for six weeks in the household, making the night as sleepless as the day—that is not so easy! Perhaps this comes after the nerves have been shattered by some bereavement that has left desolation in every room of the house, and set the crib in the garret, because the occupant has been rushed into a slumber which needs no mother's lullaby. Oh, she could provide for the whole group a great deal better than she can for a part of the group, now the rest are gone! Though you may tell her God is taking care of those who are gone, it is mother-like to brood both flocks; and one thing she puts over the flock in the house, the other wing she puts over the flock in the grave.

There is nothing but the old-fashioned religion of Jesus Christ that will take a woman happily through the trials of home life. At first there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage-hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home.

But after awhile the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The receipt for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness; and all the ingredients come down from heaven, and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less six hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

How great are the responsibilities of housekeepers! Sometimes an indigestible article of food, by its effect upon a king, has overthrown an empire. A distinguished statistician says of one thousand unmarried men there are thirty-eight criminals, and of one thousand married men only eighteen are criminals. What a suggestion of home influences! Let the most be made of them. Housekeepers by the good they provide, by the couches they spread, by the books they introduce, by the influences they bring around their home, are deciding the physical, intellectual, moral, eternal destiny of the race. You say your life is one of sacrifice. I know it. But my sisters, that is the only life worth living. That was Florence Nightingale's life; that was Payson's life; that was Christ's life. We admire it in others; but how very hard it is for us to exercise it ourselves! When, in Brooklyn, young Dr. Hutchinson, having spent a whole night in a diphtheritic room for the relief of a patient, became saturated with the poison and died, we all felt as if we would like to put garlands on his grave; everybody appreciates that. When, in the burning hotel at St. Louis, a young man on the fifth story broke open

CUBA NEEDS OUR HELP.

Thousands of Non-Combatants Perishing of Starvation—Our Government Urges a Relief Movement and "The Christian Herald" Acts.

AFTER many delays there seems to be at last no doubt of autonomy being granted to Cuba. Captain-

nals. These changes in connection with other events, have given rise to the impression that Spain is paving the way

results. There is much suffering in both camps: in that of the Spanish, from fever and other ailments, and in the patriot camp, from hardship and privation. But the suffering of the troops in the field is far exceeded by that of the multitudes of unfortunate non-combatants, who have been victims of this protracted war. Many who have escaped have come to American ports, a number of them to Florida, where they are now living in a condition of abject poverty. Those who remained in Cuba are even worse off, the supply of food having failed in consequence of Weyler's ruinous policy of preventing cultivation of the land, or the sowing of crops.

The condition of the non-combatant population of Cuba is indeed pitiful. Their terrible privations have aroused the sympathy of the world. In a recent proclamation, President McKinley has set before the American people the sad condition of affairs in that unfortunate island, where many thousands of the peasantry are suffering for the bare necessities of life, while hundreds have already died of starvation. In consequence of the stringent laws of the last military administration, all tillage of the ground was prohibited and for several seasons there has been neither sowing nor reaping. Famine has inevitably followed, and unless help comes speedily from our hospitable shores, the famine will claim more victims in Cuba than either fire or the sword. We are assured on reliable information that the true facts concerning the suffering in Cuba, if published, would be infinitely worse than anything that has yet appeared on the subject, or which the imagination of the reader might conceive.

Secretary Sherman, Senator Hale, of Maine, and other leading statesmen, have supported the President in laying the essential facts concerning Cuba's distressed condition before the country and pleading with rare eloquence for American aid for Cuba. This matter they have laid before the nation wholly regardless of the political questions that are now pending between this country and Spain. It is a question of humanity, exclusively. They have set the question before our people: Shall these Cuban peasants, who are practically at our very doors, be permitted to perish miserably of want while we have abundance? Spain, already impoverished, can do nothing. Europe views their fate with total unconcern. They look appealing to the United States for help in their extremity. Our Government itself, through its Chief Executive and other high officials, warmly advocates their cause, and it is announced that our Consul-General in Cuba will personally supervise the distribution of all relief funds contributed, and that all United States Consular officials in Cuba will assist in the same work, thus placing it practically under government auspices.

In view of the urgent presentation of the cause of Cuba by these high officials, and of the many requests that have come to us, by mail and otherwise, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will receive and acknowledge all contributions that may be sent to it for the cause. Such contributions will be duly forwarded to our Consul-General in Havana for distribution in the field. It is hoped that with the cordial co-operation

of our readers, much misery may be relieved and many deaths averted. As a beginning to the Fund, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has forwarded its own contribution of \$1,000 to Consul-General Lee, at Havana. Let the friends of Cuba, all over the Union, send in their offerings, and the New Year will bring to the unfortunate people of that once beautiful but now war-swept and desolate island, that alleviation and comfort in their affliction which the old year has denied them. At this season of universal benevolence and good feeling, when our hearts warm toward all men, let us not forget Cuba, suppliant and prostrate, at our feet. Let us reach out a succoring and uplifting hand in His name.

All contributions for Cuban relief should be sent to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.



THE CASTLE, CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.

General Blanco, the successor of Weyler, announced in the closing days of last year that Cuba would be under autonomous government by January 1st: the new ministry to begin with the new year with offices in the Captain-General's palace in Havana. It is admitted, however, that there are many who will not be satisfied, and that this new departure will by no means end the war. The Cuban leaders will be satisfied with nothing short of ab-

andon toward the final relinquishment of Cuba. It is undeniable that the Government and people of Spain are heartily tired of this long, cruel, expensive war, which has emptied their treasury and needlessly sacrificed many thousands of lives.

The tragic death of the prominent Spanish military leader, Lieut.-Col. Joaquin Ruiz, who, it is said, was shot down by the Cubans while in camp under a parole flag, is strikingly similar to the fate encountered by Gen. Maceo, the brilliant Cuban leader, who was killed by the Spaniards while under a peace flag, having been decoyed away from his command under the impression that the Spaniards wished to confer regarding peace measures. Lieut. Ruiz undertook to present the proposal of autonomy to Col. Aranguren, the Cuban leader, with the full knowledge that orders had been issued by Gen. Gomez, that all who might come with peace propositions

not based on the complete independence of Cuba, should be treated as spies. This, it is explained by the Cubans, was the cause of the death of Ruiz, and he should have been sufficiently aware of Gomez's order, since it was widely published.



A MULE TRAIN, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

solute freedom from Spanish sovereignty. This is what they are fighting for and no scheme of local representation under Spanish domination will be entertained.

On the other hand, there is an element among the Spaniards themselves which condemns autonomy as ill-advised and a distinct surrender of Spanish dignity. This element, during Christmas week while the carnival was progressing in Havana, indulged in a riotous demonstration against the United States. Streets were filled with the shouts of "Death to America! Down with Blanco!" These rioters were dispersed by the police and mounted gendarmes, after a sharp struggle and many arrests. Another change which has marked the new official control in Cuba, is the announcement by General Blanco of an amnesty granted to all Cuban political exiles. This will affect many American citizens of Cuban birth, who were expelled under preceding administrations, or who fled to escape the persecution by Weyler. The only persons excepted in this general amnesty are common crimi-



MARINA STREET, SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

In the field military operations continue with the usual activity, and with varying

the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, and plunged in amid smoke and fire, crying: "Mother, where are you?" and never came out, our hearts applauded that young man. But how few of us have the Christlike spirit—a willingness to suffer for others! A rough teacher in a school called upon a poor, half-starved lad who had offended against the laws of the school, and said: "Take off your coat directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again: "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame—he had no undergarment; and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat, there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder-blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school, and said: "Oh, sir, please don't hurt this poor fellow; whip me; see, he's nothing but a poor chap; don't hurt him, he's poor; whip me." "Well," said the teacher, "it's going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute." "Well," said the boy, "I don't care; you whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go." The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry. "Bravo!" says every man—"Bravo!" How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people!

Beautiful things to admire, but how little we have of that spirit! God give us that self-denying spirit, so that whether we are in humble spheres or in conspicuous spheres we may perform our whole duty—for this struggle will soon be over.

One of the most affecting reminiscences of my mother is my remembrance of her as a Christian housekeeper. She worked very hard, and when we would come in from summer play, and sit down at the table at noon, I remember how she used to come in with beads of perspiration along the line of gray hair, and how sometimes she would sit down at the table and put her head against her wrinkled hand and say: "Well, the fact is, I'm too tired to eat."

Some time ago, in an express train, I shot past that old homestead. I looked out of the window, and tried to peer through the darkness. While I was doing so, one of my old schoolmates, whom I had not seen for many years, tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "De Witt, I see you are looking out at the scenes of your boyhood." "Oh, yes," I replied, "I was looking out at the old place where my mother lived and died." That night, in the cars, the whole scene came back to me. There was the country home. There was the noontide table. There were the children on either side of the table, most of them gone never to come back. At one end of the table, my father, with a smile that never left his countenance even when he lay in his coffin. It was an eighty-four-years' smile—not the smile of inanition, but of Christian courage and of Christian hope. At the other end of the table was a beautiful, benignant, hard-working, aged Christian housekeeper, my mother. She was very tired. I am glad she has so good a place to rest in. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."