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EMPEROR WILLIAM'S VISIT TO CONSTANTINOPLE—THE IMPERIAL LANDING-PLACE AT THE DOLMA-BAGTCHE PALACE.

WITH PORTRAITS OF SULTAN ABDUL HAMID, DJEVAD PASHA (THE TURKISH ESCORT OF THE IMPERIAL PARTY), AND EMPEROR WILLIAM II. (SEE PAGE 843.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



IMPROVEMENTS IN HEAVEN.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Rev. 21: 1,

And I saw a new heaven.

THE stereotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James's translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven, and translate it into modern phrase, we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October.—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one, and the twelve manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainments,—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, dogologies; a place of wonderful architecture,—behold the temples! a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life,—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash-whipped, and galled and unblanketed, and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the Book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature,—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness,—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arborescent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth, during the last fifty years, has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job, and David, and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peaceful revolution, and year by year, and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment, it is changing, and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immensity was the park all around about this great residence; but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came, all through this vast country of immensity, inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other, and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side; and then St. John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

That brings me to the first thought of my theme—that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last hundred, or five hundred, or thousand years, I remember there are sixteen hundred millions of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into heaven during the last five hundred or thousand years! If New York should gather in one generation a million population, if London should gather in one generation four million population, what a vast increase! But what a mere nothing as compared with the five hundred million, the two thousand million, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city! Of course, all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes as straight into heaven as ever the light sped from a star; and that is one reason why heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the great multitude of children in it. Put five hundred million children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven must

run up! Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit, and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of two thousand persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about two thousand people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject, and wondering which one of the two thousand people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a life-boat which will go out to a ship sinking with two thousand passengers, and get one off in safety, and let nineteen hundred and ninety-nine go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth entered it, as compared with the present population of that great city!

Again: I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man forty or fifty years to study one science, or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for forty or fifty years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul and immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraphy! What must heaven learn, with all these advantages, in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Doctor James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health; and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy; and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect; and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again: heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it! If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have known, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them. Have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of your acquaintance, and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for five hundred or a thousand years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages, and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved! Suppose Paul, the apostle, were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the apostles. Suppose Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert M'Cheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle; but heaven has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city,

or a village that has so improved in society in the last hundred years as heaven has improved.

But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes! but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and he never changes.—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; glorious then, and glorious now, and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has within the last seventy years; for the most of you within forty years, within twenty years, within five years, within one year; in other words, by the accessions from your own household. If heaven were placed in groups,—an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels, and then a group of your own glorified kindred,—which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparison, but it would not take you long to choose. You would say "Give me back those whom I loved on earth; let me enter into their society,—my parents, my children, my brothers, my sisters. We lived together on earth, let us live together in heaven." Oh, is it not a blessed thought that heaven has been improved by its society,—this colonization from earth to heaven?

Again: I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good-cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul, it now rejoices over a hundred or a thousand. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity, and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven; but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day,—at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all these modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence,—and we see only the secular relation; but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world,—that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us, do they not take the news back? Do the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, go back unfreighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city, and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place,—some one who had recently seen your family and friends,—you would rush up to that man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you, to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life; to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be,—news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

But the vivacity and sprightliness of heaven will be beyond all conception when the final victories come in, when the church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in heaven it will be when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of serfdom is broken, when the last wound of earthly pain is healed, when the last sinner is pardoned, when the last nation is redeemed! What a time there will be in heaven! You and I will be in the procession; you and I will thrum a string in that great orchestra. That will be the greatest day in heaven since the day when

the first block of jasper was put down for the foundation, and the first hinged swung. If there is a difference between heaven now and heaven as it was, the difference between heaven as it is and heaven as it is now! Not a door stuck fast, but rolling on and rolling up, and rolling up and rolling up, forever.

Now, I say these things about changes in heaven, about the new improvements in heaven, for three reasons. First, because I find that of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about which you have been thinking, praying, and talking many years. Now be patient. I see why you would want to go to a gallery if some of the best pictures to be taken away this week or next week, but if some one tells you that there are other beautiful pictures to come—Kensetts, Raphaels, and Rubens; masterpieces to be added to the gallery you would say, "I can afford to wait. The place is improving all the time." Now, I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching heaven and leaving this world. Not one glory to be subtracted, but many glories added. Not one angel will be gone, not one arch gone, not one of your glorified friends gone. By the long process the music will be better, the process will be longer, the rainbow brighter, the coronation grander. Heaven, with magnificent addenda! Why will you complain when you are only waiting for something better?

Another reason why I speak in regard to the changes in heaven, and the new improvements in heaven, is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and pressing good people. I see very well you have not much taste for a heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active forty or sixty years it would be a shock to you suddenly and forever; but here progressive heaven, an ever-accumulating heaven, vast enterprise on foot before the throne of God. Aggressive knowledge, aggressive goodness, aggressive power, aggressive grandeur. You will have to come and sit down on the bank of the river of life in everlasting patience. O busy men, I tell you heaven where there is something to do. That is the meaning of the passage, "rest not day nor night," in the language of resting.

I speak these words on the change in heaven and the new improvements in heaven, also, because I want to cure you of the delusion that your departed Christian friends have gone into duress and silence and unconsciousness. They are in a stirring, picturesque, radiant, accumulative scene. When they left bodies they only got rid of the last dance. They are no more in Oakwood, Laurel Hill, or Mount Auburn, than in holiday attire, having seated you at a banquet, can be said to be in a closet, where you have left the old apparel that was not fit to wear to the banquet. A soldier cannot use a sword until he is unshathed it; and the body of you departed was only the sheath of a blade, and glittering spirit which God has added and is swaying in the heavenly triumph. According to what I am telling you present, your departed Christian friends did not go so much into the company of the martyrs, and the apostles, and the prophets, and the potentates of heaven into the company of grandfather, grandmother, and the infant sister tarried just long enough to absorb tenderest affection and all the home comforts. When they landed it was not as you in Antwerp, or Hamburg, or Havre, standing up a strange wharf, looking at strange faces, asking for a stranger. They landed amid your glorified relatives who were waiting to greet them.

Oh, does not this bring heaven near? Instead of being far off, it comes close just now, and it puts its arms around your necks, and we feel its breath on our faces. It melts the frigid splendor of the celestial heaven into a domestic scene comes very close to us. If we had choice in heaven, whom would we see? Rather than look at the great potentates of heaven we would meet loved ones. I want to see Moses and Paul and Joshua; but I would a great rather see my father, who went

years ago. I want to see the great heroes, Deborah and Hannah and Sam; but I would rather see my father than to see the archangel.

I do not think it was superstitious when, Wednesday night, I stood by a death-bed within a few blocks of the church where I preached, and on the same street saw one of the aged Christians of the city going into glory. After I had talked with her I said to her, "We have loved you very much, and will always cherish your memory in the Christian home. You will see my son before I die, and I wish you would give him my love." She said, "I will, I will;" and twenty minutes she was in heaven—the best words she ever spoke. It was a message to the skies. If you had a choice between riding in a heavenly chariot and occupying the grandest palace on earth, and sitting on the throne next to the throne of God, and not seeing your departed loved ones; and on the other hand, dwelling in the humblest abode in heaven, without crown or throne, without garland, and without music, yet having your loved ones around you, you would choose the latter. These things because I want you to know that it is a domestic heaven, and consequently it is all the time improving. Every day that goes up makes it a brighter place, and the attractions are increasing month by month and day by day; and heaven, so much more of a heaven, a thousand times more of a heaven, than it used to be, will be a better heaven yet. Oh, I say this to glorify your anticipation!

Later heaven one day. It is almost as if I enter the temples of worship, where there are no worshipers. I walk down the street, and there are no passengers going into the orchestra, and I find the instruments are suspended in the banalities of heaven, and the great organs of music, with multitudinous banks of pipes are closed. But I see a shining one, a gate, as though he were standing guard, and I say, "Sentinel, what does this mean? I thought heaven was a populousity. Has there been some great sweeping off the population?" "You do not hear the news?" says the sentinel. "There is a world burning, there is a great conflagration out yonder, and heaven has gone out to look at the conflagration and take the victims out of the fire. This is the day for which all other years made. This is the Judgment! Tomorrow all the chariots, and the cavalry, and the mounted infantry rumbled and galloped down the sky." After I listened to the sentinel, I looked off to the right, and I saw that the wind of air were bright with a blazing fire. I said, "Yes, yes, this must be the Judgment;" and while I stood there I saw the rumbling of wheels and the rattling of hoofs, and the roaring of the engines, and then I saw the plumes and banners, and I saw that all heaven was coming back again—coming to the wall, coming to the end of the multitude that went off in the morning was augmented by a vast multitude caught up alive from the earth, a vast multitude of the resurrected of the Christian dead, leaving the tombs and the abbeys and the mausoleums and the graveyards of the earth. Procession moving in through the gates. And then I found out that it was fery Judgment Day on earth as it is in Heaven, and I cried, "Doors of heaven, shut the gates; all who have come in! Door-keepers, shut the gates, lest the sorrows and the plagues of earth, like bandits, should come up and try to plunder the City!"

Her Life for Others.

Among the many bright young patriotic spirits who died during the present year, we reckoned that of Reubina Hyde, daughter of Mrs. Ellen Hyde, of North, Director-General of the Women's National War Relief Association. Miss Valworth died on the morning of the 1st, at the Presbyterian Hospital, in New York City, of fever, contracted while discharging the duties of nurse in a contagion ward in the detention hospital at Camp Wikoff. She was very successful in her noble and self-imposed duty while she felt the approach of the malignant disease, until the last patient, on the road to recovery, was sent to the ward closed.

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

Differences of Opinion as to the Cuban Debt and the Fate of the Philippines.

CABLE despatches from Paris assert that the Joint Peace Commission is making slow progress. Differences of opinion, as between the Americans and Spaniards, have already developed, but nothing has occurred to mar the harmony or interfere seriously with the negotiations.

The first meeting of the Joint Commission was held in the Quai d'Orsay (Ministry of Foreign Affairs), but no work of any importance was done, because of the non-arrival of the chief secretary of the Spanish Commission. The next meeting was on Oct. 7. In the interval, the two bodies met separately, at their respective hotels, and discussed certain points which were almost certain to demand the fullest attention from the Joint Commission.

In the intervals of more important business, the American Commissioners drove in the Bois de Boulogne, went sight-seeing in the city, or passed a quiet day indoors with their families at their headquarters in the Hotel Continental, Rue de Rivoli. On Sunday nearly all the American members went to church. On another occasion they were entertained at dinner, at the Hotel Ritz, by Mr. D. O. Mills, the American millionaire.

The Spanish Commissioners are stopping at a private house in the Rue Pierre Charron, near the Champs Elysees. Senor Montero Rios, the President of the Spanish body, is reputed to be very wealthy. He wears the insignia of the Order of the Golden Fleece. He has repeatedly declined to receive any salary for services when it was offered by the Spanish Government. Senors Abarzuza, Cerco, and Villarrutia, three of the Commissioners, speak English fluently. Senor Garnica does not, although being a distinguished authority on international law, he is one of the most important Spanish representatives.

One of the most gorgeous apartments at the Quai d'Orsay has been assigned to the use of the Joint Commission. It is a magnificent chamber, decorated in the gorgeous style of the Louis XIV. period, the Salle des Fetes and Gallerie Chambre being connected by large alcoves, draped with heavy red-silk portieres, the furniture also being upholstered in red and gold. A large table occupies the centre of the room, while a buffet with light refreshments stands on one side. From the deep windows one obtains a fine view of beautiful gardens, the walks bordered with fine statues.

Before settling down to the task of concluding a treaty of peace, the Commissioners of both countries were presented by their Ambassadors to the President of the French Republic. Senor Leon y Castillo performed this office for the representatives of Spain, and General Horace Porter, United States Minister in Paris, for the Americans. The occasion, though formal, was cordial. Whatever the issue of the negotiations, the citizens of the United States will always remember that the sister republic showed an evident desire to facilitate the speedy and satisfactory conclusion of the treaty of peace.

One version of the proceedings is that it has already been made clear during the negotiations that the United States recognizes no responsibility on its part to assume the Cuban debt. Furthermore, certain Paris newspapers assert that our Commissioners have refused to accept a concession of sovereignty, which, if accepted, would be held by Spain as involving responsibility for the debt. It is understood, the same Paris authority says, that

our representatives have disclaimed any intention on the part of this government to exercise control over Cuba, except for pacification, with the ultimate view of Cuban self-government, as was originally proclaimed to the world in the resolution of intervention. In view of the American attitude, Spain's delegates asked for an extension of time, that the home government at Madrid might be consulted. There has been some likelihood of Spain urging that the main questions at issue, especially that affecting the Cuban debt, should be submitted to arbitration. This, however, is regarded as only a remote possibility. Spain probably wishes to arouse European sympathy on the ground that she is being crushed by our refusal to assume the Cuban debt. That debt is guaranteed by the customs revenues of the island, and Spain's contention is that the government which controls the customs should be responsible to the creditors. As that debt, or the greater part of it, was contracted on account of the war expenditures of the home government, it is not quite clear why it should not be borne by Spain. At the same time, it is not improbable that an agreement may be reached whereby the bonds issued by various Cuban municipalities for local improvements and similar purposes, may not be repudiated, such expenditures



SEÑOR GARNICA.



SEÑOR MONTERO RIOS.

having been for the benefit of Cuba, and not for Spain. The Commissioners do not see fit to disclose to the public the actual proceedings, and make reports to their respective governments only. It is certain, however, that the American Commissioners have made no concessions, notwithstanding the eloquence of the Spanish representatives, and especially the powerful pleading of Senor Abarzuza. Verbal discussion, which the Spaniards seem to prefer, is avoided by the Americans, who conduct their side of the negotiations almost exclusively in writing, in order to escape verbal entanglements and misunderstanding. Regarding the Philippines, it is said that our Commissioners have a definite policy, which will be announced in due time, and as it does not contemplate the retention of the entire archipelago (according to the Paris journals), it may prove acceptable to Spain, and thus remove what was feared would be the most serious stumbling-block in the way of the Commission.

THREE STEPS.

There are but three steps to heaven: out of self, into Christ, into glory.

OUT of myself, dear Lord, Not for my joy to live; Let me not seek my own, But good to others give.

Out of self, Into the blessed Christ, O, let me gladly come. To know, to serve him here, With him on earth at home.

Into Christ, Then, with the last of earth, But one more step is given— Into thy glory, Lord, The place prepared in heaven.

Berlin, Mass. —PHEBE A. HOLDER.

The Stone Transformed.

A BLOCK of stone had a friend, called the chisel. The stone complained, "You use me very badly, my friend." "No," said the chisel, "I only do as I am bid." "Ah," sighed the stone, "I do wish you would let me alone." The chisel began, by the aid of the hammer, to cut away at the stone, which again complained, "Why," said the chisel, "don't you know what's to become of you?" "I wish," said the stone, "I was like that beautiful statue over there in the corner; it is beautifully carved, and rests there quiet and peaceful, while I am being constantly ill-used." "True," said the chisel; but you should know that it has passed through the same process that you are now undergoing. You cannot be at rest like that statue until you are properly prepared; and the kindest thing I can do for you is to be unkind, and cut and carve you about as much as possible." When the chisel had done its work, and the block of stone had thus become transformed into a beautiful statue, it was very grateful to its friend, the chisel, for all it had done.

The Complaining Milestone.

Once upon a time, a coach, which very often passed a certain milestone, stopped and said, "Aren't you tired of standing there so long?" The milestone retorted, "Aren't you tired of running about so much?" "But," said the coach, "you see nothing of life, while I run about and see all that's going on." "Well," said the other, "you couldn't move unless you were drawn. All your movements are owing to a power stronger than your own. Besides, I have heard that coaches get robbed sometimes, or overturned. I am quite content to be a milestone, usefully employed in pointing out to travelers their whereabouts, and how far they are from their journey's end."

The Poor Stone-Breaker.

A minister once stopped by the roadside, where a man was breaking stones. "Ah, my friend," said the minister, "you get through your work more quickly than I do with mine: for, you must know, I'm in the same line of business that you are." The man looked up and said, "I see what you mean, sir. You are trying and trying to break stony hearts, and I am breaking these stones one after another. I think the reason you don't succeed is because you don't go to work as I do." "How's that?" asked the minister. "Why," said the man, "you see, sir, I go down on my knees to break these stones." Yes, the poor stone-breaker was right: the only way to break hard hearts is to go down on our knees, and intercede with God for them.

The Peace Cross.

The Peace Cross, on Mount St. Albans, overlooking Washington, was unveiled Oct. 24, in the presence of a large and distinguished company of clergymen, laymen, statesmen and business men, and a notable concourse of people. President McKinley giving the signal, at which the falling folds of the American flag revealed the stately monument of pure white marble. The Cross was raised by the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, to mark the foundation of the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, which will soon be erected on Mt. St. Albans, to commemorate the first general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held in the National Capitol, and the great events of the historic year, 1898. The ceremonies were simple, but impressive. After the anthem by a choir of 150 trained voices, Bishop Dudley read a responsive Scripture lesson, the President joining in the responses: Rev. Dr. Dix, the second lesson; Bishop McLaren, the Apostle's Creed, Collects for the day, for peace, for the President, for the unity of God's people and for missions, Bishop Satterlee made a brief address of welcome, to which the President as briefly responded, raising his hand as he finished as a signal for the unveiling. Bishop Doane, delivered an address, and Bishop Whipple gave the closing prayer. A great educational institution is to be built in connection with the Cathedral.