

Frank Leslie's
SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., EDITOR.

VOL. XVI.—No. 2.

AUGUST, 1884.

\$2.50 PER ANNUM.

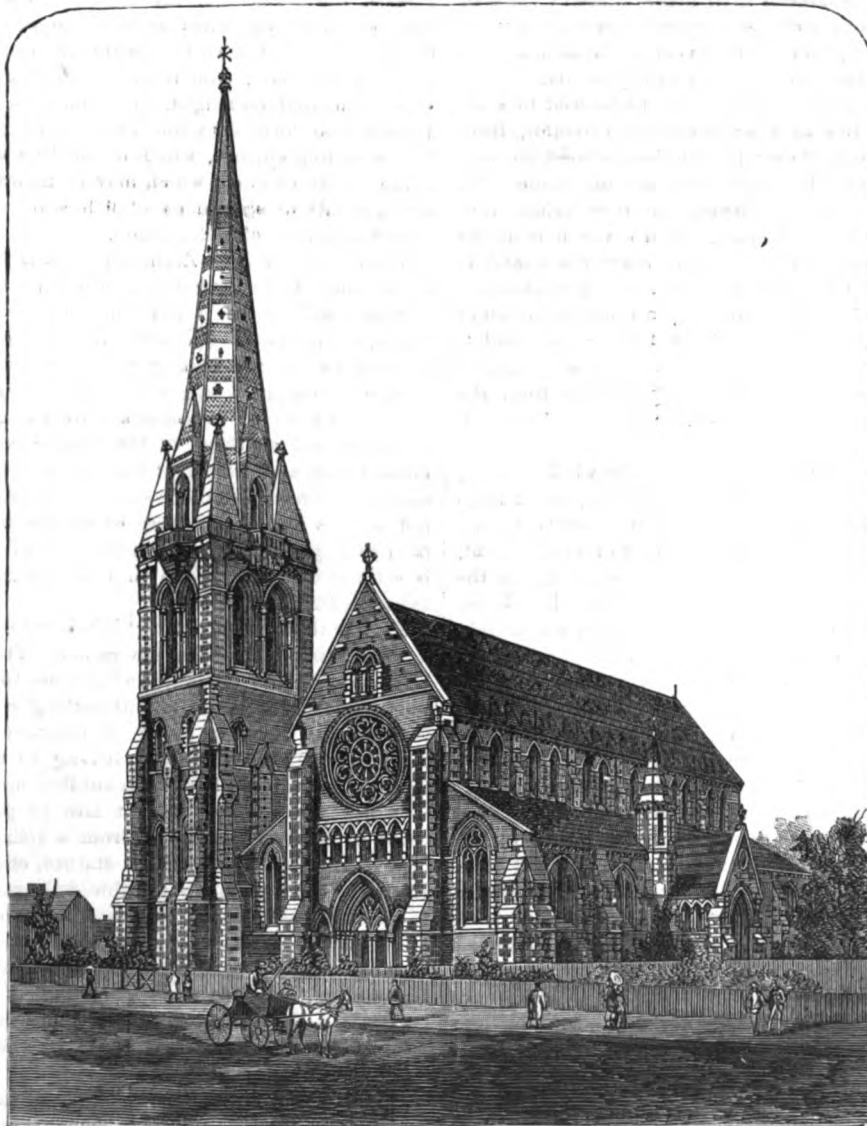
NEW ZEALAND AND THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK PEMBER, D.A., OXON.

The writer of this paper was for six years a resident in Canterbury, and wishes to give here his impressions and reminiscences of that remarkable country—a country which in the short space of thirty-four years has attained a development and solidity which has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its original founders. It has been suggested, however, that any detailed account should at least be prefaced by some slight description of the whole colony at large, a suggestion which we are the more ready to fall in with, as there are some characteristics of parts of New Zealand, notably the North Island, which are not found in her southern neighbor, and which are, perhaps, of more vivid interest to the general reader. It has been long since agreed upon by scientific men that New Zealand was originally a part, together with Tasmania, of the great Australian continent; and

the native population, while bearing their own differences of physique, of customs, of dialect, are all of the same family. The separation of Tasmania from the continent, and of New Zealand from both, must be ascribed to volcanic action. We cannot speak of a single fact concerning its history prior to the year 1640, on which occasion it

was visited by Tasman, and from whom it received its present name. Whether the great Dutch navigator tried to introduce any civilization into the fierce and cannibal aborigines or not, we are left to conjecture; but we know a little more about the visit which Captain Cook paid the islands some 120 years afterward, and of the benefit which he was socially, at any rate, to the benighted natives. He visited them a second time in 1772, and stocked the country with pigs, fowls and fruit-trees, as well as distributing such ordinary and



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL, CANTERBURY, NEW ZEALAND.

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keep the soul, heart and body pure; must be obedient to the law, and keep themselves free from whatever defiles. They have always been tolerant and free from interference with political matters or the secular rulers. It has been considered by the Buddhists as a high act of consecration and of very great merit to erect a temple, and the amount expended in this way seems almost fabulous. In all these temples there are images of Buddha, and in many places colossal bronze images of admirable proportions, which

rank high as works of art. There are not only large images of Buddha, but thousands of small gilded images. The reverence for idols and images is fast passing away, and even now the bonzes dispose of them, to be taken away, when they get short of money. These large statues are generally in a pleasant garden, surrounded with flowers, shrubs, and trees, all kept in perfect order and the place made attractive. A bonze has an altar near, and is always ready to receive offerings and to take gifts from travelers.

THE HOME-PULPIT. IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"Wherefore doth a living man complain?"—LAMENTATIONS III. 39.

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. No, I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?" Solomon, in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing, that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters, he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair, and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes." Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out, in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!" How are we to decide the matter righteously and intelligently. You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament, it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him, he will say "No." How are we then to get the

question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Ay," and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have misfortune and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me: "Is life worth living?" I answer, It all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark, that a life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in the country are the millionaires, and next to them, those who have half a million. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn that is so anxious to make money as those men who have piled up fortunes year after year, in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement-houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire-bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a Marine Bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harpstrings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall Street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or more probably they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones. Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper and gold, and silver and zinc, and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles and they open their picture-galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne

before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation, and then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting, fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the next six months will be the two men nominated for the Presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and diatribe and malediction are gradually filling up now, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth; and they will be rolled in it, and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men to-day struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can be slandered and abused cheaper than that! Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is for its darkness, who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices, and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society. Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime. Making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary; but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you get your wealth, if you only get it. Perhaps you got it by failing four or five times. It is the most rapid way of accumulation in this country. That is the quickest way to get in social position. Those who fail only once are not very well off, but by the time a man has failed the second time he is comfortable, and by the time he has failed the third time he is affluent. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start

in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and are trying to make an honest living? How quick it will get you into high social position. What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money, how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop. There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year and every month and every hour, which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on, pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine-cellar against wine-cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living. A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil, is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament. God gave me that. But here I am in the afternoon of the nineteenth century at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed edifice. I must put it to the very best uses and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others. Here is a world which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect human or angelic could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me, a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old Book among the family relics, a Book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by of perusal, joins to the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plan intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe all-wise and all-beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture I want him.

The old Book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me. Here, I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it, and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me." That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavor, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not

care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words: "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire in olden times there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm and very rough, and hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in Winter and work the farm in Summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua-maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The Winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears

in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife, "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the ministry, stands in a pulpit widely influential, and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of

the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropy are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old. Of the two daughters, when the war broke out, one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick, and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that



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every time Christ thought of her He said as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benedictions all along the way. But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying: "Come; mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram saying, "Come; mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son and the clergyman and the senator and the merchant and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother, taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the



THE CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION, ST. PETERSBURG.—SEE PAGE 150.

causet one question: "Don't you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a Christian life is always worth living. I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad Peter Cooper, making glue for a living and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living, as she sent out one son to organize Methodism, and the other son to sing his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leese was worth living as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then, when the war broke out between France and Germany, went to the front, with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm, standing one night in the hospital, pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wound, he rushed toward the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my liebe mutter." Major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy. Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living, the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her, and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre in London offered her a hundred dollars a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted. But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds here to-day. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despise the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life, if rightly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity"!

Church of the Resurrection, St. Petersburg.

We illustrate on page 149 the new Church of the Resurrection, which is to be built in St. Petersburg, in the place where the Emperor Alexander II. was murdered. The church was projected by the Archimandrite Ignace, and the design is by the architect Parland.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

THIS is the brightest and most beautiful of our feathered visitors. Seen among the green foliage in his scarlet and black livery, he seems to glow like a living flame, and well

deserves his popular name of "fire bird," while the French style it the "cardinal." Unlike the majority of brilliant-plumaged birds, the tanager is a good musician, and in addition to these good qualities is very readily tamed, and makes a lively and affectionate pet. He is to be found chiefly in oak groves situated near swamps. Here may be heard his warbling song, broken by a pensive call-note sounding like the syllables *chip-churr*; and here he and his companions show their beautiful colors and lively movements in their pursuit of insects, of which this bird destroys a great number. The nest is generally to be found in orchards and forests, particularly in oak groves, where the trees stand at some distance apart. It is so loosely constructed that the light shines through its interstices. The materials used in its construction are broken stalks, dried weeds, slender twigs of oak, fir, whortleberry-bushes, or like frail constituents, loosely framed and bound together with pea-vines or runners. It is quite shallow, lined with slender pine-leaves or the wiry brown stalks of the Canadian cistus, and contains about the middle of May usually four, sometimes three, seldom five, eggs, of a dull light greenish-blue color, spattered more or less thickly with purplish-brown.

The full-grown male tanager is a bright carmine, with clear black wings and tail. The female is olive green above, yellowish beneath, and tail-feathers brown, with olive-green edges. During the Autumn the young males are colored like the females, except that a few red feathers make their appearance here and there. While as yet the eggs are unhatched, the birds are extremely wary, and appear very much distressed if approached; but after the young birds appear, the male bird takes his full share, like a dutiful husband and affectionate father, in caring for them, and becomes careless of being seen.

Indeed, his attachment to his young seems very strong, as is shown by the following account taken from Wilson: "Passing through an orchard, and seeing one of these young birds, I carried it with me for about a mile to show it to my friend Mr. William Barton, and having procured a cage, hung it up on one of the large pine-trees in the Botanic Garden within a few feet of the nest of an orchard oriole, which also contained young, hopeful that the charity and kindness of the orioles would induce them to supply the cravings of the stranger. But charity with them, as with too many of the human race, began and ended at home.

"The poor orphan was altogether neglected, notwithstanding his plaintive cries, and as it refused to be fed by me, I was about to return it to the place where I found it, when, toward the afternoon, a scarlet tanager, no doubt its own parent, was seen fluttering around the cage, endeavoring to get in. Finding this impracticable, he flew off and soon returned with food in his bill, and continued to feed it until after sunset, taking up his lodgings in the higher branches of the same tree. In the morning, as soon as day broke, he was again seen most actively engaged in the same manner, and notwithstanding the insolence of the orioles, he continued his benevolent offices the whole day, roosting at night as before.

"On the third or fourth day, he seemed extremely solicitous for the liberation of his charge, using every expression of distressful anxiety, and every call and invitation that nature had put in his power, for him to come out. This was too much for the feelings of my friend. He procured a ladder, and mounting to the spot where the bird was suspended, opened the cage, took out his prisoner, and restored him to liberty and to his parent, who, with notes of great exultation, accompanied his flight to the woods."