

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 43.

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

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE POOR OF HAVANA GATHERING ON O'REILLY STREET TO RECEIVE THEIR BREAD ALLOWANCE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., The disciples went away again unto the Text: John 20: 10, their own home.

CHURCH within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorway of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life over-arches and undergirds all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's motlier made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel-piece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then he gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the great social mechanism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon our staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again: brothers, sisters, husband, and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bows are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and tusk, and growled panther at panther; and, mid air, iron beaks plunge, till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the River Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem.

While the pulpits have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equaled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange-blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have had homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then, there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time, and then kneel down and commend yourselves to him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer-meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and some times of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at night-fall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when

you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: that once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points; what are the weak points, if I may call them; so, of your companion, and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretted by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience exhausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross his temper; but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the war-whoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said,

The kindest and the happiest pair Will find occasion to forbear; And something, every day they live, To pity, and perhaps forgive.

I advise, also, that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spend the most of his nights away from home, of choice, and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the cashier. If the wife throw the cares of the household into the servant's lap, and then spend five nights of the week at the opera or theatre, she may clothe her children with satins and laces and ribbons that would confound a French milliner, but they are orphans. It is sad when a child has no one to say its prayers because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel; but the jaws of social dissipation are swallowing down more little children to-day than all the monsters that ever crawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

I have seen the sorrow of a godless mother on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said, "If I had only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not; it was a dry, blistering tempest—a scorching simoom of the desert. When she wrung her hands it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their sockets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had, in wild terror, grasped a coiling serpent with her right hand. No tears! Comrades of the little one came in and wept over the coffin; neighbors came in and the moment they saw the still face of the child the shower broke. No tears for her. God gives tears as the summer rain to the parched soul; but in all the universe the driest and hottest, the most scorching and consuming thing is a mother's heart if she has neglected her child, when once it is dead. God may forgive her, but she will never forgive herself. The memory will sink the eyes deeper into the sockets, and pinch the face, and whiten the hair, and eat up the heart with cultures that will not be satisfied, forever plunging deeper their iron beaks. Oh, you wanderers from your home, go back to your duty! The brightest flowers in all the earth are those which grow in the garden of a Christian household, clambering over the porch of a Christian home.

I advise you also to cultivate sympathy of occupation. Sir James McIntosh, one of the most eminent and elegant men that ever lived, while standing at the very height of his eminence, said to a great company of scholars, "My wife made me." The wife ought to be the advising partner in every firm. She ought to be interested in all the losses and gains of shop and store. She ought to have a right—she has a right—to know everything. If

a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There are some things which he does not want to trouble his wife with; but if he dares not tell her, he is on the road to disaster. On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. My woman who could have endured nuptial dom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by household management. There are a thousand vexations of the day around the house, or the register or the table, or in the study or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour. Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather of the factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or the odry aroma. Your gains are one, your losses are one, your joys are one, your sorrows are one. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is very sad thing when a wife is not content unless her husband has what is called "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a certain amount of money for doing nothing. It is, I believe, a "genteel business; there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the banking of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the clock, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that will set him, going down in the machinery, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They stop a few hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains that go very slowly and very heavily, and there are the accommodation trains that go on toward destruction, and they stop often and let a man get out who he wants to. But genteel idleness is like a press train; Satan is the stoker, and Satan is the engineer; and though one may be out in front of it, and swing the lantern of "danger," or the lantern of "warning," it makes just one shot into destruction, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—splash! crash! There are two classes of pleasure of destruction: first, those who do nothing to do; secondly, those who do something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. Your behavior in the domestic circle comes a mere matter of calculation; the care you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. He who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury. Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The light from hell that puts out that light, keeps you in the blackness of darkness for ever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree on nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendorous house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take

What One Earnest Woman Did . . .

Mrs. Almira S. Steele's
Consecrated Work
Among the Needy Chil-
dren of the South.

WHAT may be accomplished by a single earnest life, devoted to the spiritual and intellectual uplifting of its fellows, the world has already seen in the careers of such noble souls as Spurgeon, Cullis, Muller and Armstrong. These men, through their marvelous faith in God and his promises, and the force of their spiritual natures, were made instrumental in influencing countless thousands of lives. Many godly women, too, whose hearts have been touched by the same missionary fire, have done glorious work in similar fields. To their energy and devotion is due the foundation of many worthy homes and training institutions, whose beneficiaries are chiefly drawn from the needy and neglected classes.

One of the pioneers in this latter class of Christian work, is Mrs. Almira S. Steele, of Chattanooga, Tenn. Mrs. Steele is a New Englander, having been born in Chelsea, Mass. She belonged to an influential family, and received a superior education. She became Principal of the Shurtleiff Grammar School at Chelsea, and afterward of the Beechmont School at the same place. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Steele and her daughter went South. In 1880 she began her missionary career under the

should be confined to the churches and schools. She was advised to make an effort to interest the people of Chattanooga on the subject. So she endeavored to do so by calling a meeting of citizens, which was attended by both Northern and Southern white men who gave her a most courteous hearing. It was quite clear, however, that she would have to trust to her own resources and the sympathy of Christian friends, rather than to official cooperation, in the work she proposed to undertake. She would receive but little encouragement from the tax-payers.

Soon after this event, she severed her official connection with the Association

white. In November, 1885, all three buildings were burned down, and the circumstances were such as to give rise to suspicions of incendiarism, although nothing was ever found out. This misfortune, however, did not daunt Mrs. Steele. The disaster brought her new friends and offers of assistance. Mayor Sharp, of Chattanooga, stood by her nobly, and public sympathy began to turn to her side. Besides, her daughter, Mrs.



THE "HOME FOR NEEDY CHILDREN," CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Prince, who inherited a sum of money, voluntarily placed her little fortune at her mother's disposal. Mrs. Steele, through the kindness of two business men of Chattanooga, was enabled to raise some \$6,000 additional. A substantial brick building was erected at a cost of \$15,000, with sufficient accommodations for 250 children.

This structure (which is shown on this page), is now the scene of the work which was begun and carried on under so many disadvantages and discouragements. There are at the present time under Mrs. Steele's care 157 children, black and white. From the beginning of her work in Chattanooga to date, she has educated and trained 683 children, a majority of whom are now occupying useful and respectable positions. On these lowly lives the wholesome Gospel training, no less than the practical education received, has exercised a powerful influence for good. The average expense of supporting and educating a child in the Home has been about \$125 a year.

The Chattanooga Home is conducted under the auspices of a responsible Board of Trustees, comprising citizens of Tennessee, Massachusetts and New York, and has among its band of workers many skilful and competent teachers. The Home is wholly undenominational. No child is rejected on account of color. The religious, literary and industrial education given to the inmates is well adapted to their

needs, and the founder looks forward with confidence to the continued support of God's people for her efforts in behalf of the destitute black and white children of the Southern States.

A Fine Record.

A Sunday School teacher for seventy-four years! Surely that is a blessed record of usefulness. David Evans, of Horeb, Jackson Co., O., who died last year at the ripe age of ninety-six, began his work as a Sunday School teacher in his native Wales, and, after 1838, continued it in this country until four years before his death, when failing eyesight compelled him to lay it down. He was born in 1801, and could read Welsh, English, and Latin before he was ten. He joined the Welsh Presbyterian Church at fifteen, and never missed attendance at Sunday School, unless prevented by sickness. We are indebted to Thomas E. Davis, of Oak Hill, O., for the above facts.



MRS. PRINCE.

auspices of the Woman's Home Missionary Association, her first field being at Hampton, S. C., but the disturbed condition of that section prevented satisfactory work and she was transferred to Chattanooga, Tenn. There she labored for a time as a city missionary. Her experience led her among the very poor—those who were almost wholly strangers to the social, educational, and religious advantages common to civilized communities. Her heart went out to them sympathetically, and she resolved to devote to the task of helping them, not only the rest of her life, but all the means at her disposal. Faithfully has she kept that solemn promise, and wonderfully has her work among the poor, ignorant whites and blacks of Chattanooga been blessed in consequence.

During her travels among the poor, after a visitation of yellow fever, cholera or smallpox—which claimed many victims, especially among the negroes—she found many homeless and sick little children, for whom no provision was made by the city or county authorities. Touched with pity for their condition, she consulted the American Missionary Association with reference to founding a home for them, but she soon learned that it was expected that her work, under its auspices,

and established the first of her series of Homes for Needy Children, using her own money in the enterprise, which soon absorbed all the accumulated savings of fifteen years. First, a plot of land was secured for \$795, and upon it a house was built at a cost of about \$800 more. For the want of better furniture, it was fitted up partially with dry-goods boxes for seats. Twenty children were taken and formed into classes, and the long delayed work was thus begun. It was, from the very outset, purely a work of faith, for she was resolved that there should be no begging or solicitation, and she felt that if it met with the Divine approval, it would be provided for, and that friends would be raised up in its behalf. People began to take an interest in the Home, and she received aid from many quarters unexpectedly. A second building and a third were added, and, like the first were filled with destitute children, black and



MRS. STEELE AND A GROUP OF HER TRAINED HELPERS.

the flute sounds; the dancers go down; and with one grand whirl with and the fashion and the mirth great town wheel amid the pictured sea. Ha! this is happiness. Float it smoking viands; sound it in the whirl it in the dance; cast it in the sculpture; sound it up the brilliant-way; flash it in chandeliers! pass, indeed! Let us build on the roof the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds and throw them on this pyramid, let be a throne; and then let Happiness queen, mount the throne, and stand around, and, all chalices she will say, "Drink, O queen! live!" But the guests depart, the breathless, the last clash of the hoofs is heard in the distance, the twain of the household come back the Queen of Happiness on the amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as come back, the flowers have faded, the thorns have become the smell of a house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits the gaunt Anguish, with bitten lip and eye, and ashes in her hair. The dancers who have left seem yet, like jarring thunders that rattle the glasses of the floor to rim. The spilled wine turns into blood. The wreaths have become wriggling reptiles, catch tangled in the canopy that hangs the couch. A strong gust of flames through the hall and the bedroom and the bed-chamber, in the lights go out. And from the wine-bearers come the Happiness is not in the arches respond, not in us!" And the instruments of music, mended on by invisible finger, "Happiness is not!" And the frozen lips of the break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, strikes her bony hands and groans. "It is not every night a clerk with a thousand dollars a day, only one thousand—goes to me, set up three months after the marriage—love meets him at the table sits with him at the table talks over the work of the day; love takes down the book, and reads of him our souls to save; and believe, and while they are sitting—right in that plain on the plain carpet—the self God build a throne, of flowers that perish away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of arch, amaranth on amaranth until the throne is done, the harps of God suddenly there appeared on the throne the queen so bright and brow so fair that the world it was Christian Love. And they at the foot of the throne, and, putting a crown on each head, she blessed them, saying, "Happiness is with me!" And the throne of celestial bloom withered not at passing years; and the queen on the throne till one day the marble, felt stricken in years—felt themselves led away, and knew not which to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said, "Follow me, and I show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up on wings of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in marriage, and to rejoice forever in the love of God is love.

Caring for Our Sick Soldiers. The week marks an improvement in the condition of our soldiers who have returned from Cuba and Porto Rico. The recent arrival in New York of the steamers *Ordan* and *Berlin*, a large number of soldiers, in various stages of convalescence, came to the headquarters of the Women's National Relief Association, to whose care they had been assigned. We soon sent to comfortable quarters, the work of the Association will be extended to Cuba and Porto Rico.