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THE BUGLER SOUNDING "CHURCH" ON SUNDAY MORNING, IN AN AMERICAN MILITARY CAMP. (See Page 591).

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



ONE LIFE ENOUGH.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Job 2: 4 . . . All that a man hath will he give for his life.

THAT is untrue. The Lord did not say it, but Satan said it to the Lord when the evil one wanted Job still more afflicted. The record is: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils." And Satan has been the author of all eruptive disease since then, and he hopes by poisoning the blood to poison the soul. But the result of the diabolical experiment which left Job victor proved the falsity of the Satanic remark: "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Many a captain who has stood on the bridge of the steamer till his passengers got off and he drowned; many an engineer who has kept his hand on the throttle valve or his grip on the brake, until the most of the train was saved, while he went down to death through the open draw-bridge; many a fireman who plunged into a blazing house to get a sleeping child out, the fireman sacrificing his life in the attempt, and the thousands of martyrs who submitted to fiery stake and knife of massacre and headman's axe and guillotine rather than surrender principle, proving that in many a case my text was not true when it says: "All that a man hath will he give for his life."

But Satan's falsehood was built on a truth. Life is very precious, and if we would not give up all, there are many things we would surrender rather than surrender it. We see how precious life is from the fact that we do everything to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident. Life is precious. Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to repeat it: they would like to try it over again. They would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and from thirty to twenty. I propose for very practical and useful purposes, as will appear before I get through, to discuss the question we have all asked of others, and others have again and again asked of us. Would you like to live your life over again?

The fact is, that no intelligent and right-feeling man is satisfied with his past life. However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with it. What is success? Ask that question of a hundred different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, "Success is a million dollars;" another will say, "Success is world-wide publicity;" another will say, "Success is gaining that which you started for." But as it is a free country I give my own definition, and say, "Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child." Do what God calls you to do, and you are a success, whether you leave a million dollars at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes fifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and that in the death column. But whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your life.

We have all made so many mistakes, stumbled into so many blunders, said so many things that ought not to have been said, and done so many things that ought not to have been done, that we can suggest at least 75 per cent of improvement. Now, would it not be grand if the good Lord would say to you: "You can go back and try it over again. I will, by a word turn your hair to black, or brown, or golden, and smooth all the wrinkles out of your temple or cheek, and take the bend out of your shoulders, and exortate the stiffness from the joint, and the rheumatic twinge from the foot, and you shall be

twenty-one years of age, and just what you were when you reached that point before. If the proposition were made I think many thousands would accept it.

That feeling caused the ancient search for what was called the Fountain of Youth, the waters of which, taken, would turn the hair of the octogenarian into the curly locks of a boy, and however old a person who drank at that fountain, he would be young again. The Island was said to belong to the group of Bahamas, but lay far out in the ocean. The great Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, fellow-voyager of Columbus, I have no doubt, felt that if he could discover that Fountain of Youth, he would do as much as his friend had done in discovering America. So he put out in 1512 from Porto Rico and cruised about among the Bahamas in search of that fountain. I am glad he did not find it. There is no such fountain. But if there were, and its waters were bottled up and sent abroad at a thousand dollars a bottle, the demand would be greater than the supply; and many a man who has come through a life of uselessness, and perhaps sin, to old age would be shaking up the potent liquid, and if he were directed to take only a teaspoonful after each meal, would be so anxious to make sure work he would take a tablespoonful, and if directed to take a tablespoonful, would take a glassful.

But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of age to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother, and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and your father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a cluttered-up place this world would be—a place filled with miserable attempts at repairs. I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alert for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man of mid-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or in the teens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted "Oh, pshaw!" You would be blase at thirty, and a misanthrope at forty, and unendurable at fifty. The most inane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life.

Besides that, if you took life over again you would have to take its deepsadnesses over again. Would you want to try again the griefs and the heartbreaks and the bereavements through which you have gone? What a mercy that we shall never be called to suffer them again! We may have others bad enough, but those old ones never again. Would you want to go through the process of losing your father again, or your mother again, or your companion in life again, or your child again?

Besides that, would you want to risk the temptations of life over again? From the fact that you are here I conclude that, though in many respects your life may have been unfortunate and un consecrated, you have got on so far tolerably well, if

nothing more than tolerable. As for myself, though my life has been far from being as consecrated to God as I would like to have had it, I would not want to try it over again, lest next time I would do worse.

Why, just look at the temptations we have all passed through, and just look at the multitudes who have gone completely under! Just call over the roll of your school-mates and college-mates, the clerks who were with you in the same store or bank, or the operatives in the same factory, with just as good prospects as you, who have come to complete mishap. Some young man that told you that he was going to be a millionaire, and own the fastest trotters on the turnpike, and retire by the time he was thirty-five years of age, you do not hear from for many years, and know nothing about him until some day he comes into your store and asks for five cents to get a mug of beer.

You, the good mother of a household, and all your children rising up to call you blessed, can remember when you were quite jealous of the belle of the village, who was so transcendently fair and popular. But while you have these two honorable and queenly names of wife and mother, she became a poor waif of the street, and went into the blackness of darkness forever. Live life over again? Why, if many of those who are respectable were permitted to experiment, the next journey would be demolition. You get through as Job says, by the skin of your teeth. Next time you might not get through at all. Better go forward than backward, even if we had the choice. The greatest disaster I can think of would be for you to return to boyhood in 1898. Oh, if life were a smooth Luzerne or Cayuga Lake, I would like to get into a yacht and sail over it, not once, but twice—yea, a thousand times. But life is an uncertain sea, and some of the ships crash on the icebergs of cold indifference, and some take fire of evil passions, and some lose their bearings and run into the Goodwin Sands, and some are never heard of. Surely on such a treacherous sea as that one voyage is enough.

Besides all this, do you know, if you could have your wish and live life over again, it would put you so much further from reunion with your friends in heaven? You are now, let us say, twenty years, or ten years, or one year off from celestial conjunction. Now, suppose you went back in your earthly life thirty years, or forty years, or fifty years, what an awful postponement of the time of reunion! It would be as though you were going to San Francisco to a great banquet, and you got to Oakland, four or five miles this side of it, and then came back all the way to Baltimore to get a better start. No; the wheel of time turns in the right direction, and it is well it turns so fast. Three hundred and sixty-five revolutions in a year and forward, rather than 365 revolutions in a year and backward.

But hear ye! hear ye! while I tell you how you may practically live your life over again and be all the better for it. You may put into the remaining years of your life all you have learned of wisdom in your past life. You may make the coming ten years, worth the preceding forty or fifty years. When a man says he would like to live his life over again because he would do so much better, and yet goes right on living as he has always lived, do you not see he stultifies himself? He proves that if he could go back he would do almost the same as he has done.

If a man eat green apples some Wednesday in cholera time and is thrown into feverish cramps, and says on Thursday: "I wish I had been more prudent in my diet; oh, if I could live Wednesday over again!" and then on Friday eats apples just as green, he proves that it would have been no advantage for him to live Wednesday over again. And if we, deploring our past life, and with the idea of improvement, long for an opportunity to try it over again, yet go on making the same mistakes and committing the same sins, we only demonstrate that the repetition of our existence would afford no improvement. It was green apples before, and it would be green apples over-again.

Besides that we have all these years been learning how to be useful, and in the next decade we ought to accomplish more for God and the Church and the world than in any previous four decades. The best way to atone for past indolence or

past transgression is by future assiduity. Yet we often find Christian men who were not converted until they were forty-five, as old age comes on, saying: "My work is about done, and it is time for me to rest." They gave forty years their life to Satan and the world, a fragment of their life to God, and they want rest. Whether that belongs to comedy or tragedy I say not.

My hearers, the mistakes of youth never be corrected. Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity passed the third sandth part of a second has by one I reached the other side of a great eternal. In the autumn when the birds migrate you look up and see the sky black with wings, and the flocks stretching out many leagues of air, and so to-day I will up and see two large wings in full view. They are the wings of the flying youth. That is followed by a flock of three I dred and sixty-five, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four, and they are the flying hours, and each of these is followed by sixty, and these are the flying minutes. Where did this great flock start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well agunning for the quails that whistled in the meadows, or the robins in last year caroled in the sky, as to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life. Do not say: will lounge now and make it up afterward." Young men and boys, you can make it up. My observation is that those who in youth sowed wild oats, to those of their short life sowed wild oats, that those who start sowing Genesee wheat always sow Genesee wheat.

And then the reaping of the harvest is so different. There is grandfather's reaping. He has lived to old age because his harvest has been good. His eyesight for this world has got somewhat dim, but his eyesight for heaven is radiant. His hearing is not so acute as it once was, and must bend clear over to hear what his little grandchild says when she asks what he has brought for her. But he easily catches the music rained from the pernal spheres. Men passing in the street take off their hats in reverence, and when say: "What a good old man he is! Seventy or eighty years, all for God! for making this world happy. Splendid! Glorious! Magnificent!"

Old yonder is a man very old at five years of age, at a time when he ought to be buoyant as the morning. He got his habits on him very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire with alcoholism, on fire with evil habits, out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and fall deeper. His swollen hands in his bare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the street, the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God. He is sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and finds apparitions of what he might have been and what he will be. He started life as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, and there he is a bloated carcass, waiting for the shove of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Invest of wild oats! "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

To others life is a masquerade ball, and as at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of kings and queens or mountebanks, or clowns at the close put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life is on, they trip merrily over the flannel-gemmed hand is stretched to gentleman, gleaming brow bends to gleam of brow. On with the dance! Flurry and laughter of immeasurable merry-making. But after awhile the guor of death comes on the limbs, blurs the eyesight. Lights lower, hollow with sepulchral echo. Music dened into a wail. Lights lower, the maskers are only seen in the light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in

vats of cemeteries. Lights lower, M's gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Si caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in place of death glide jealousies, envies, reuings, lust, despair, and death. Stench of mp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn gauds will not half cover the ulcerated feet. Choking damp, chilliness. Feet sti Hands closed. Voices hushed. Eyes sh Lights out.

invite you to quit all that and begin a ne life. Roland went into battle. Charle rne's army had been driven back by h three armies of the Saracens, and Rol ar almost in despair took up the trumpe and blew three blasts in one of the m tain passes, and under the power of the three blasts the Saracens recoiled m led in terror. But history says that wh he had blown the third blast Rol ar's trumpet broke. I take this trumpe of the gospel and I blow the first le: "Whosoever will." I blow the secd blast: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found." I blow the third bla: "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break. It was haed down by our fathers, to us, and we will hand it down to our children, that aft we are dead they may blow the trumpe lling the world that we have a par-dog God, a loving God, a sympathetic Go and that more to him than the throne on which he sits is the joy of seeing a pregal putting his thumb on the latch of s father's house. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, oh, house of Israel?"

Young man, as you cannot live life o again, however you may long to do so, e sure to have your one life right. The is some young man who has gone aw from home, perhaps under some litde ite or evil persuasion of another, and his arents know not where he is. My sorro home! Do not go to sea! Don't go -night where you may be tempted to go. Go home! You father will be glad to see you; and your mother—I need not tellou how she feels. How I would like to ke your parents a present of their wa rd boy, repentant and in his right mi. I would like to write them a letter, and ou to carry the letter, saying: "By the blessing of God on my sermon I intro-duc to you one whom you have never see before, for he has become a new creare in Christ Jesus." My boy, go hom and put your tired head on the bosn that nursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

Young Scotchman was taken captive in ttle by a band of Indians, and he leaed their language unadopted their habits. Years passed on, but theld Indian chieftain nev forgot that he ld in his posses on a young man who did not be ng to him. W l, one day m tribe of India, came in sight of the Scch regiments fro whom this youg man had ben captured, and the old India chieftain sai "I lost my son in battle, and I kw how a fa-the feels at the loss of a son. Do you think your fa-the's yet alive?" The young man sai: "I am the on son of my fat: I hope he is still live." Then said the Inon chieftain, "Because of loss of my son this wo is a desert. You go Return to your coun-try. Revisit your fath-er, at he may rejoice when he sees the sun rise in the morning and the trees blossom in le spring." So I say to you, young ma captive of waywardness and sin: Your father is waiting for you. Your moer is waiting for you. Your sisters are aiting for you. God is waiting for you. Go home! Go home!

* The Hermit Nation *

Strange Customs of Dress and Social Duties in Korea where the Missionaries are Successfully Laboring.

By MRS. S. L. BALDWIN.

FROM Chemulpo we set out in Sedan chairs for our long journey of twenty-six miles to Seoul, the Capital of Korea. The atmosphere was superb, clear, crisp, and dry. We had plenty of rugs, and I had Korean wadded muslim shoes over my feet, and was in a covered chair sent from Seoul for me. We each had six bearers, two extra to rest the others.

At intervals, we followed the bed of the new railroad nearly all the way. This is the first railroad in Korea, and it is to be completed next August. The road-bed is well advanced toward Seoul, and we met Mr. Phillips, of Chattanooga, who was supervising this part of the work. He is said to be the tallest man in Korea, being six feet six, and gigantic he looked among his diminutive Korean workmen. Some one has said that Korea is made up of mouptain ranges with narrow val-

leys between, and so it seems. The hills and valleys are barren of vegetation at this season, save here and there a stunted growth of pine trees. Yet, the country is far from unattractive, and in the warmer months, when clothed in verdure, must be fine. Our strong, cheery bearers made good time to the half-way town, where we met Dr. W. B. Scran-ton, medical missionary at Seoul, and took our lunch at a Japanese inn, where we were served by a Japanese woman, with no embarrassment to herself, but as one gentlemen said, "with embarrassing boldness to us."

When the river is high, this whole plain is simply an extension of the stream, and busy with boat life. Three miles beyond is the city with its 250,000 people, and back of it stand the rugged lofty mountains clear against the sky. It was most interesting to see the troops of people—mostly men—so conspicuous in their white dress, and like small white-moving specks on the distant mountain sides, filing over the vast sand plain and narrow mountain paths. We arrived at the Han River at 5 P. M., and were carried in our chairs into the broad flat boats, and soon ferried across.

The three miles remaining to the capital were quickly passed. Seoul is a walled city, and we entered at the great Southern gate—the "Gate of Honor," and were soon welcomed at the cozy Korean home of Mrs. Scran-ton, the mother of the doctor, and the first representative of the M. E. Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in this land and the founder of its work for women. Greatly and deservedly is she loved by the people, and they give her the endearing title "Mother." The work she commenced and to which she still gives her labor, now requires many hands and hearts to care for. Dr.

KOREAN INDOOR COSTUME.



MAIN GATE OF THE PALACE, SEOUL, KOREA.



A MILITARY OFFICIAL.



A PALACE COURTIER, and Australian Presbyterians.

Southern Methodists and Episcopalians are also working here, while the Greek Church has a magnificent cathedral.

Seoul is in the main a well built and fine city for the East. We saw the immense old curfew bell suspended in its pavilion. It used to be the law that when this bell was struck at eight o'clock in the evening all the men in the city must go into their houses and the women were allowed to go out and stay as long as they pleased, or until the bell was again struck, which was between one and two in the morning. If any man was found in the streets during these hours he was severely punished. The explanation of this strange custom is that men are given to plots and evil deeds in the dark, but that there is no fear of anything of the kind from the women!

The peculiar hat of the men also has a history. It was a compulsory article of dress, and the brim had to be not less than twelve inches wide to prevent the men from putting their heads close together to whisper and plot. The brim is now only about four inches wide and I believe the hat is no longer compulsory, though universal: but the women wear no hats, save now and then a close-fitting cap, and their hair is dressed very neatly in a coil at the back of the head. Boys and girls alike wear their hair in a plaited braid down the back, tied with ribbon. When a boy is to be married he pins up his hair on top of his head, puts on the tall hat which has a hole in the top for his bunch of hair, and he is a man. If he should never marry—we heard of one such case—he still wears his hair in braid down his back, puts on no tall hat, and is forever a boy. The little girls' dress is just like the boy's until she is to be married, when she puts her hair up in the pretty coil, and she is a woman. In some parts of the country some of the women when they go out wear immense wicker hats that cover the entire body, and when they sit down they are in a tent.

Our lunch was hard boiled eggs, bread and butter and tea, and meat that the woman called chicken, but which we were sure had possessed four legs and two horns. Four miles from Seoul we came to a vast sandy plain, a full mile across, bordering the Han River, and most difficult