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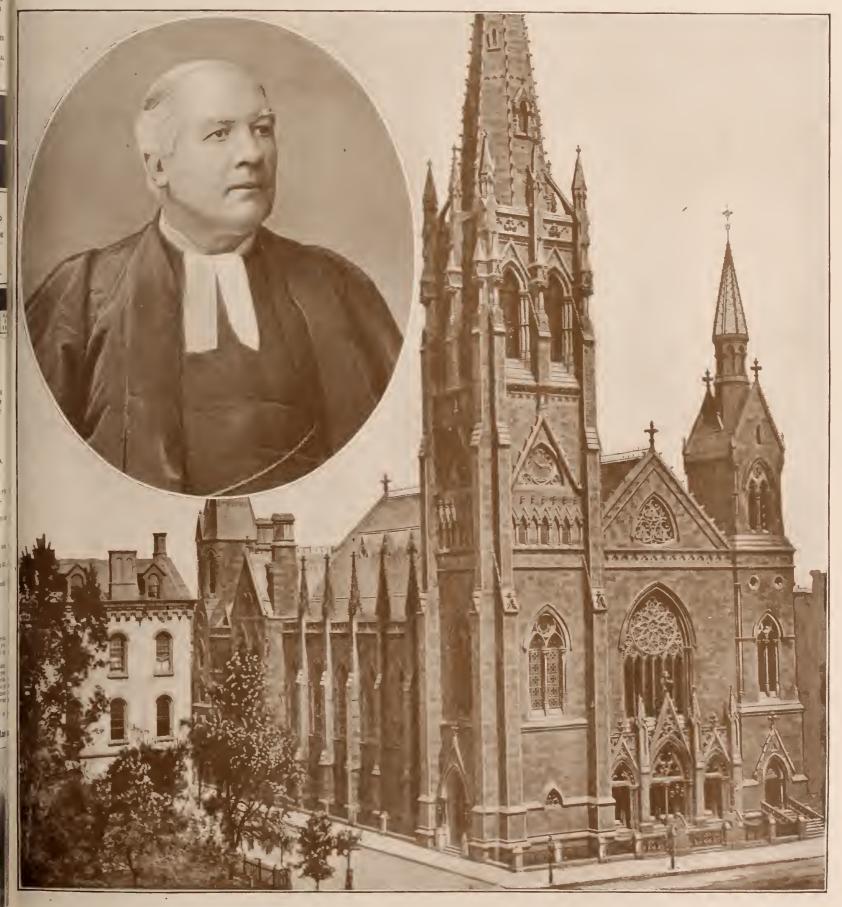
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REV. JOHN HALL, THIRTY YEARS PASTOR FIFTH AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK. (See Page 67.)



A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., 1 did but taste a little honey with the end on the Text: 1. Sam. 14: 43. . . . 1 must die.



HE honey-bee is a most ingenious architect, a Christo-pher Wren among insects; geometer drawing hexagons

and pentagons, a free booter robbing the fields of pollen and aroma, wondrous creature of God whose biography, written by Huber and whose biography, written by Huber and Swammerdam, is an enchantment for any lover of nature. Virgil celebrated the bee in his fabel of Aristatus; and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and Solomon, and Jeremah, and Ezekiel, and St. John used the delicacies of bee-manufacture as a Bible symbol. A miracle of formation is the bee; five eyes, two tongues, the outer having a sheath of protection, hairs on all s des of its tiny body to brush up the particles of flowers, its flight so straight that ticles of flowers, its flight so straight that all the world knows of the bee-line. The all the world knows of the bee-line. The hor ey-comb is a palace such as no one but God could plan and the honey-bee construct: its cells, sometimes a dormitory and sometimes a storehouse, and sometimes a cemetery. These winged toilers first make eight strips of wax, and by their antenna, which are to them hammer, and chisel, and square, and plumbline, fashion them for use. Two and two, these workers shape the wall. If an accident happens, they put up buttresses of extra beams to remedy the damage. When about the year 1776 an insect before unabout the year 1776 and years and years and years and years are the years and years are the years and years are the years about the year 1776 an insect before un-known in the night time attacked the bee-lives all over Europe, and the men who dwned them were in vain trying to plan something to keep out the invader that w. s the terror of the bee-hives of the Con was the terror of the bee-lives of the Continent, it was found that everywhere the bees had arranged for their own protection, and built before their honey-combs an especial wall of wax with portholes through which the bees might go to and tro, but not large enough to admit the winged combatant, called the Splinx Arrows

Do you know that the swarming of the by you know that the swarming of the bees is divinely directed? The mother see starts for a new home, and because of this, the other bees of the hive get into an excitement which raises the heat of the rive some four degrees, and they must die ties they leave their heated apartments, a truy tollow the mother bee and alight a trey follow the mother bee and alight of the branch of a tree, and cling to each other and hold on until a committee of two or three bees have explored the region at I to only the hollow of a tree or rock not tree it from a stream of water, and they here set up a new colony, and ply their aroun to coustries, and give themselves to the minimactine of the saccharine edite. But who can tell the chemistry of the xore of sweetness, part of it the role of the bee, and part of it the iffections.

The collection of the collecti to the tree less had been to the tree sunthing to the less that the sunthing to the less that the less that the less that the less than to a literature to the control of th this of people in all a cook elsewidam and by for oldern how. By which I be interoplation, delicious and attractive but awaging and destructive!

Corrupt literature, fascinating but death-l, comes in this category. Where one ful, comes in this category. Where one good, honest, healthful book is read now, there is a hundred made up of rhetorical trash consumed with avidity. When the boys on the cars come through with a pile boys on the cars come through with a pile of publications, look over the titles and notice that nine out of ten of the books are injurious. All the way from here to Chicago or New Orleans notice that objectionable books dominate. Taste for pure literature is poisoned by this scum of the publishing house. Every book in which a glamour is through over virtue, or in which a glamour is through over dissipnawhich a glamour is thrown over dissipa-tion, or which leaves you at its last line with less respect for the marriage institu-tion and less abhorrence for the paration and less abhorrence for the paramour, is a depression of your own moral character. The booklindery may be attractive, and the plot dramatic and startling, and the style of writing sweet as the honey that Jonathan took up with his rod, but your best interests forbid it, your moral safety forbids it, your God forbids it, and one taste of it may lead to such bad results that you may have to say at the close of the experiment, or at the close of a misimproved lifetime: "I did but taste a little honey with the rod that was in my hand, an, lo, I must die," Corrupt Interature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious

any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given at post-office windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal partitions are appropriate and conjugal gates, and in noter pariors, and conjugar perjuries are among the ruinous results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thoroughly stuffed with the modern novel she is in appalling peril. But some one will say: "The heroes are so advoitly one will say: "The heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the heroines so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so ex-quisite, and all the characters so enraptur-ing. I cannot quit them." My brother. ing. I cannot quit them," My brother, my sister, you can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate, and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that leave no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind, and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman, and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an inteligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home, or give her an independence of character that will quality her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or young woman can, by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minntes here or there every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity, and character, and influence above the foungers who read nothing, or read that which bedwarfs. read nothing, or read that which bedwarfs. See all the forests of good American literature dripping with honey. Why pick up to honeycomos that have in them the fiery bees which will sting you with an eterral poison while you taste it? One become us tor you or me decide everything for this world and the next. It was a terminal point with me when in a book store in Syr else, one day, I picked up a book acfled. The beauties of Ruskin, It was only a book of extracts, but it will all pure honey, and I was not a tested until I had purchased all his works, it that time expensive beyond an easy capacity to own them, and with what de light I went through reading his "Seven Lam, so f Architecture," and his "Stones of Venice," it is impossible for me to de-

scribe except by saying that it gave me a rapture for good books, and an everlasting disgust for decrepit or immoral books that will last me while my life lasts. All that will fast me while my life lasts. All around the Church and the world to-day there are busy hives of intelligence occupied by authors and authoresses from whose pens drip a distillation which is the very nectar of heaven, and why will you thrust your rod of inquisitiveness into the deathful carefuging of perdition?

deathful saccharine of perdition?

Stimulating liquids also come into the category of temptation delicious but deathful. You say, "I cannot bear the taste of intoxicating liquor, and how any man can like it is to me an amazement." Well, like it is to me an amazement." Well, then, it is no credit to you that you do not take it. Do not brag about your total abstinence, because it is not from any principle that you reject alcoholism, but for the reason that you reject certain styles of food—you simply don't like the taste of them. But multitudes of people have a natural fondness for all kinds of intoxicants. They like it so much that it makes cants. They like it so much that it makes them smack their lips to look at it. They are dyspeptic and they like to aid digestion; or they are annoyed by insomnia, and they take it to produce sleep; or they are trackled and they take it to produce sleep; or they are troubled, and they take it to make them oblivious; or they feel happy, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They them oblivious; or they feel happy, and they must celebrate their hilarity. They begin with mint julep sucked through two straws on the Long Branch piazza and end in the ditch, taking from a jug a liquid half kerosene and half whiskey. They not only like it, but it is an all-consuming passion of body, mind, and soul, and after awhile have it they will, though one wine-glass of it should cost the temporal and eternal destruction of themselves, and all their families, and the whole human race. They would say, "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my whole human race. They would say, "I am sorry it is going to cost me, and my family, and all the world's population so very much, but here it goes to my lips, and now let it roll over my parched tongue and down my heated throat, the sweetest, the most inspiring, the most delicious draught that ever thrilled a human frame." To cure the habit before it comes to its last stages, various plans were tried in last stages, various pians were tried in olden times. This plan was recommended in the books: when a man wanted to reform he put shot or bullets into the cup or glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day that disable of hullet each day that disable of the shot of or glass of strong drink—one additional shot or bullet each day, that displaced so much liquor. Bullet after bullet added day by day, of course the liquor became less and less until the bullets would entire less and less that the bullets would either by fill up the glass, and there was no room for the liquid, and by that time it was said the inebriate would be cured. Whether any one ever was cured in that way I know not, but by long experiment it is found that the only way is to stop short off, and when a man does that he needs God to help him. And there have been more cases than you can count when God has so helped the man that he left off the drink forever; and I could count a score of them, some of them pillars in the house of

One would suppose that men would take warning from some of the ominous names given to the intoxicants, and stand off given to the intoxicants, and stand off trom the devastating influence. You have noticed, for instance, that some of the restaurants are called "The Shades," typ-ical of the fact that it puts a man's repu-tation in the shade, and his morals in the shade, ond his prosperity in the shade, and his wite and children in the shade, and his immortal destiny in the shade. Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow." all our cities the words "Old Crow," mightily suggestive of the carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow!" Men and women without numbers slain of rum, but unburied, and this evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheek, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was eneegle. womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once glo-riously alive, but now morally dead. "Old Crow!" But alas! how many take no warning! They make me think of Cæsar on his way to assassination fearing nothing; though his statue in the hall crashed into fragments at his feet, and a scroll containing the names of the conspir-ators was thrust into his hands, yet walkscroll containing the names of the conspir-ators was thrust into his hands, yet walk-ing right on to meet the dagger that was to take his life. This infatuation of strong drink is so mighty in many a man that, though his fortunes are crashing, and his health is crashing, and his domestic interests are crashing, and we hand him a long scroll containing the names of perils

that await him, he goes straight on to physical, and mental, and moral assassinaphysical, and mental, and moral assassina-tion. In proportion as any style of alco-holism is pleasant to your taste and stim-ulating to your nerves, and for a time de-lightful to all your physical and mental constitution, is the peril awful. Remem-ber Jonathan and the forbidden honey in

Furthermore, the gamester's indulgence must be put in the list of temptations delicious but destructive. You who have crossed the ocean many times have noticed that always one of the best rooms has, from morning until late at night, been given up to gambling practices. I heard of men who went on board with enough for a European appropriate who had of men who went on board with enough for a European excursion who lander without money to get their baggage up to the hotel or railroad station. To many there is a complete fascination in games of hazard or the risking of money on possibilities. It seems as natural for them to bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for food bet as to eat. Indeed, the hunger for foot is often overpowered by the hunger fo wagers. It is absurd for those of us who have never felt the fascination of the wager to speak slightingly of the temptation. It has slain a multitude of intellect ual and moral giants, men and wome stronger than you or I. Down under it power went glorious Oliver Goldsmit! and Gibbon, the famous historian, an Charles Fox, the renowned statesman and in olden times, senators of the Unite and in olden times, senators of the Unite States, who used to be as regularly at the gambling-house all night as they were in the halls of legislation by day. Oh, the tragedies of the faro-table! I know persons who began with a slight stake in ladies' parlor, and ended with the suicide pistol at Monte Carlo. They played with the square pieces of bone with blackmarks on them, not knowing that Satzwas playing for their bones at the san time, and was sure to sweep all the stake time, and was sure to sweep all the stake off on his side of the table. State Legi

off on his side of the table. State Legilatures have again and again sanction the mighty evil by passing laws in defenor race-tracks, and many young men halost all their wages at such so-calle "meetings." Every man who voted f such infamous bills has on his hands at forehead the blood of these souls.

But in this connection some young coverts say to me: "Is it right to play care Is there any harm in a game of whist euchre?" Well, I know good men w play whist, and euchre, and other styles games without any wagers. I had a frie who played cards with his wife and cl dren, and then at the close said: "Con now, let us have prayers." I will not jud other men's consciences, but I tell youtleards are in my mind so associated with the toward and which take the conversal and which take the conversal or with the source of the control was the source of the conversal and which take the conversal and which the conversal and the conversal a other men's consciences, but I tell you'tl cards are in my mind so associated with the temporal and spiritual ruin of splent young men, that I would as soon say my family: "Come, let us have a game cards," as I would go into a menage and say: "Come, let us have a game rattlesnakes," or into a cemetery, and ting down by a marble slab, say to gravediggers: "Come, let us have a gataskulls," Conscientious young ladare silently saying: "Do you think caplaying will do us any harm?" Perhit not, but how will you feel if in the grady of eternity, when we are asked tog? an account of our influence, some no account of our influence, some nuld say: "I was introduced to games should say: chance in the year 1898, at your hot and I went on from that sport to someth more exciting, and went on down unti-lost my business, and lost my morals, a lost my soul, and these chains that you on my wrists and feet are the chains (

on my wrists and feet are the chains chagamester's doom, and I am on my ways a gambler's hell." Honey at the steernal catastrophe at the last.

Stock-gambling comes into the sacatalogue. It must be very exhilarat to go into the stock market and, depoing a small sum of money, run the chaof taking out a fortune. Many mendoing an honest and safe business in stock market, and you are an ignoramy you do not know that it is just as left mate to deal in stocks as it is to deal coffee, or sugar, or flour. But nearly the unsuspecting flies. I had a fri who put his hand on his hip-pocket said in substance. "I have there the view of the hundred and for the hundred and for the property of the hundred and for thousand." said in substance, "I have there the vice of two hundred and fifty thousand lars." His home is to-day penniless. Wit was the matter? Stock-gambling. Of c vast majority who are victimized you lar not one word. One great stock firm §5 down, and whole columns of newspays

strangers. Go out and make an hon-living. Have God on your side, and a candidate for heaven. Remember all paths of sin are banked with flowers

he start, and there are plenty of help-hands to fetch the gay charger to your or and hold the stirrup while you mount.

t further on the horse plunges to the bit

dcuss their fraud or their disaster, and ware presented with their features and the biography. But where one such factors from sinks, five hundred unknown not sink with them. The great steamer gs down, and all the little boats are WHERE IT IS & & & ALWAYS SUMMER. Beautiful Bermuda and its Bowers of Bloom-Gunpowder and Lilies--Coraline gs down, aud all the little boats are sullowed in the same engulfment. Gambig is gambling, whether in stocks or bad-stuffs, or dice, or race-horse betting. Hillaration at the start, but a raving bin, and a shattered nervous system, al a sacrificed preperty, and a destroyed slat the last. Young men, buy no lotter tickets, purchase no prize packages, be no no base-ball games or yacht-racing, he no faith in luck, answer no mysterus circulars proposing great income for sull investment, drive away the buzzards thover around our hotels trying to ento strangers. Go out and make an hon-

Homes-The Perfection of Climate.

In midwinter, a sixty-four hours' sail from New York City brings one into a summer land, a land of fruits and flowers, of the most perfect roads in the world—roads which make it a wheelman's paradise—and a land of such rest as busy people do not find in the progressive States.

The manners and customs of Bermuda resemble those of New England a century ago. We are bound to Bermuda by many natural and historical ties. Its early fortunes were interwoven with those of Jamestown, Sir George Somers founding the first settlement there in order that supplies might be produced for James supplies might be produced for James-town. In the Revolution, the sympathies of Bermuda with her sister colonies were so strong that, at a very critical moment in American history, one hundred barrels of British powder found their way from Bermuda to America, and enabled Washington to achieve his first great victory in the revolutionary war, the

almost hidethe white coraline houses which peep here and there from bowers of green foliage and gay blossoms. The climate is and covered with festoons of brilliant



BERMUDA ISLANDS, FROM GIBBS' HILL LIGHTHOUSE.

ideal, the temperature rarely exceeding 85 or falling below 50. It is curious to observe the mingling of the northern and tropical aspects—forests of native cedar, making physics of products of the second of the

tropical aspects—forests of native cedar, waving plumes of palms, the glory of the lemon, orange, and banana, all lending aid to the beauty of the islands. When Bermuda was first discovered by the English, it was in habited by hogs.

Bermudez, the Spaniard from whom it got its name, was wrecked there in 1515 en route from Spain to Cuba with a cargo of hogs. The unskilled mariners of those days told sad tales of the treacherous coast on erous coast on which ships came to grief, where pi-rates hid their gold-

bloom. Particularly attractive is the road leading to the Governor's residence. It is customary for visitors to leave cards at the Governor's residence, in response to which they are invited to his reception.

There are no beggars in Bermuda, Many negroes, Indians, and half-breeds Many negroes, Indians, and half-breeds are there, but they, like the whites, live in comfortable coraline houses that look like marble halls. There are public schools, and nearly everybody can read and write, yet opportunities for higher education are not found, and wealthy Bermudians employ private tutors or send their children abroad to be educated.

Neptune's Grotto. or "the Devil's Hole," as it is variously called, is one of the natural curiosities of the islands. It is a natural well, in which the fish, perfectly visible, are so numerous that they crowd each other. Among the inhabitants of



evacuation of Boston by the British, March 17.1776. At the quaint old town of St. George's, one is shown the exact spot from which that fa-mous powder was taken. Now, Bermuda sends us the fruits of peaceable ness, the best onions and po-tatoes that early New tatoes that early New York markets receive.

and—pretty
thought and
fact—at Easter
time, the little
islands which sent us gun-powder send us shiploads of Easter li**i**es.

One of the places which

places which all tourists seek is "Fairy-Land." near Clarence Hill, the residence of the Admiral. In the magnificent lily fields of "Fairy-Land." more than one hundred thousand lilies may be seen blooming at one time. "Fairy-Land" is the residence of an American, General Hastings late of the U. S. Army, and his wife, a niece of ex-President Hayes.

St. George's, Bermuda, is the oldest English town in America. The only English settlement outdating it was at Jamestown, whose

dating it was at Jamestown, whose site is marked by a picturesque ruin. The oldest protestant church in America is at St. George's; the communion plate was presented by William III. in 1684; the bap-

by William III, in 1684; the baptismal basin by Governor Brown of Massachusetts in 1782.

The coast of Bermuda is one of the most beautiful in the world, many travelers pronouncing its effects even more brilliant than those of the beautiful Mediterranean. Flowers



ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA, THE OLDEST ENGLISH SETTLEMENT.

en treasure, and from which doleful sounds were heard by passingships. Los Diabolos, the Spaniards called these islands. The tales that came to England of this mysterious land reached Shakespeare's ears. and so, when he wrote his "Tempest" and wanted to give his dainty Ariel a haid, uncanny task, he sent that airy spirit to "fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermuthes." When the English buccaneer, May, found these islands through shipwreck, he discovered the hogs, and shipwreck, he discovered the hogs, and also that they were the producers of the uncanny gruntings and squealings which Spanish superstition had attributed to devils. The first money of Bermuda was a hog on one face and a ship on the other.

The coraline quarries are one of the most interesting features. One finds them everywhere. If a man wants a plank for anything, he goes to the side of his yard and cuts out a slab of rock. The roadbeds are coraline rock, so firm, smooth, and porous, that in a few minutes after a rain, they are dry enough for wheelmen to go

"the Devil's Hole" are the beautiful angel fish, "so exquisite in their blue and gold, and with something so human in their mild, innocent faces, that they seem uncanny," as Julia C. R. Dorr said of them in her "Idyl of the Summer Islands." A more prosaic statement to be made of them is that they are a great table deli-

Bermuda is famous for abundance of fish,—having as many as one hundred and sixty-eight varieties. Fishing is a favorite pastime with many visitors, old favorite pastime with many visitors, old and young. So are the pleasures of navigation. Sails in and out of the coral reefs are to be had for a song, and of water there is no lack, for Bermuda is but a speck on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. Its habitable area is but twenty square miles. From Gibb's Hill Light-house, one looks down on the entire group, and what a mere speck it is "in the illimitable waste of waters that stretch away to the horizon on every side "—a waste of soft and radiant hues, of purple, and gold, and amethyst and rose. and amethyst and rose.

GROUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

way of the ungodly shall perish." Beware of the forbidden honey!