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

deuss their fraud or their disaster, and were presented with their features and their biography. But where one such famous firm sinks, five hundred unknown no sink with them. The great steamer goes down, and all the little boats are swallowed in the same engulfment. Gambling is gambling, whether in stocks or bad-stuffs, or dice, or race-horse betting. Ecstasy at the start, but a raving bin, and a shattered nervous system, at a sacrificed property, and a destroyed state at the last. Young men, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, buy no base-ball games or yacht-racing, have no faith in luck, answer no mysterious circulars proposing great income for small investment, drive away the buzzards that hover around our hotels trying to entice strangers. Go out and make an honest living. Have God on your side, and be a candidate for heaven. Remember all the paths of sin are banked with flowers at the start, and there are plenty of helpful hands to fetch the gay charger to your door and hold the stirrup while you mount. It further on the horse plunges to the bit a slough inextricable.

The poet Hesiod tells of an ambrosia and a nectar, the drinking of which would make men live forever, and one sip of the honey from the Eternal Rock will give you eternal life with God. Come off the malarial levels of a sinful life. Come and live on the uplands of grace, where the vineyards sun themselves. "Oh, taste, and see that the Lord is gracious!" Be happy now and happy forever. For those who take a different course the honey will turn to gall. For many things I have admired Percy Shelley, the great English poet, but I deplore the fact that it seems a great sweetness to him to dishonor God. The poem "Queen Mab" has in it the indignity of the Deity. Shelley was impious enough to ask for Rowland Hill's Surrey chapel that he might denounce the Christian religion. He was a great glee against God and the truth. But he visited Italy, and sailing one day in the Mediterranean with two friends in a boat which was twenty-four feet long he was coming toward shore when an hour's squall struck the water. A gentleman landing on shore through a glass saw many boats tossed in this squall, but all but one of the occupants were washed up to the beach, one of them the poet. A funeral pyre was built on the sea shore by some classic friends, and the two bodies were consumed. Poor Shelley! He would have no God while he lived, and I fear had no God when he died. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the

WHERE IT IS ***
ALWAYS SUMMER.**

Beautiful Bermuda and its Bowers of Bloom—Gunpowder and Lilies—Coraline 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 Jamestown. 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 hideth the white coraline houses which peep here and there from bowers of green foliage and gay blossoms. The climate is

on their way rejoicing. Their sides are perpendicular walls, often thirty feet high, and covered with festoons of brilliant



BERMUDA ISLANDS, FROM GIBBS' HILL LIGHTHOUSE.



"ANGEL FISH" POOL.

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 famous powder was taken. Now, Bermuda sends us the fruits of peaceableness, the best onions and potatoes that early New York markets receive, and—pretty thought and fact—at Easter time, the little islands which sent us shiploads of Easter lilies.

One of the 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 out-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 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

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, 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 inhabited 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 which ships came to grief, where pirates 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 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



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 hard, 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 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 delicacy.

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 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 Gibbs Hill Lighthouse, 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.



GROUNDS OF THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE.

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