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A MUSSULMAN SCHOOLMASTER IN SYRIA AND HIS PUPILS. (See Page 307.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



STORM-CLOUDS BRIGHTENED.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., (And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. on the Text: Job 37: 21)

WIND east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintop-sail! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after a while he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words there are a hundred men looking for storm where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry, Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-control for others, or are content for party? You can count them all upon your eyes, fingers and two thumbs.

One of the great evils of our soul, when he was rich, and he took to the earth, and to have a coffin brought in, and a coffin filled with gold, and the only relief he got for the polluted brass was to have them dug through the earth, and to be put in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins!

out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with \$40,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial-places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, and to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a paean of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven, and the prospect for the heaven of your children is mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." What does that mean? It means that the grandest blessing God ever bestowed upon you was to take your money away from you. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be enclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be enclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins!

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being beset and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years, they reached at a flash? If the last ten thousand children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those ten thousand children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter goodbys; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a prince to our harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irradiated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the

worst of it; it is my work to show you bright light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, Ivid, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen the who were physically disordered! Mo—I know he was nervous from the clip gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a ring sore, which he speaks of when says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it reads Lamentations? Paul—he had lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from this that physical disorder may be means of grace to the soul. You say I have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well, I think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more than those of the man who has an appetite three times a day and sleeps eight hours every night.

From my observation, I judge that the invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and with higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick-room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mission, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! my foot, my foot! my back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never reported one case of sickness or one of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No prurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. "The inhabitants shall never say, I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see why I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is a submergence of everything pleasant and everything doleful. If my subject were close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. You can judge best of the features of a man; those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those who judge best of the features of a man are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You are too far off. If I want to give a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They do so near the features, they can tell. Try give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demonic, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilee. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long ere the lips could not speak, looking upward, pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God exhausted himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains he made he hung around this planet, and the flowers he ever grew he has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No, this world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best that God has done.

One week of the year is called blossom week—called so all through the land, because there are more blossoms in a week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we

stand shivering and fearing to go out, and wanting to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arms of jessamine and birds of paradise. The season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic bloom—from the arctic of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and lie on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight, and best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elah, and John Milton and Bourdaloue. Keep our feet on the slippery cobble-stones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this still island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulders under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hoppers on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might reign and rejoice."

I am amazed at myself and at yourself in this infatuation under which we all rot. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. Congratulate anybody who has a right title. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

Do you see you have not made out any useful story yet. What have you proved about death? You have made out just this: that death allows us to have a perfect day, free of all aches, united forever with perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving-day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends, and their property, will find out that God is always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you do not now the bright light in the clouds?

Saved From a Life of Sin.

The Wonderfully Blessed Efforts of the Florence Crittenton Mission Reviewed at its Fifteenth Anniversary.

they are sheltered, cared for, trained to proficiency in some occupation in which they can earn an honest living, and not sent forth into the world again until it is believed that they are able, morally, as



THE RESCUE CAR, WHICH HAS TRAVELED MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES.



HOW one man, led by the influence of a little child, has been made instrumental in relieving thousands of poor, outcast women and bringing them back to the path of duty and a measure of happiness, was beautifully told at the fifteenth anniversary of the Florence Crittenton Mission, which was celebrated April 17, 1898, in the Metropolitan Temple.

well as physically, to take care of themselves. An interesting point in this connection is the testimony borne by the matrons of many homes to the effect that young mothers, who retain the care of their children, rarely turn back to evil ways after they have felt the influence of the Rescue Home associations. Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, general superintendent and organizer of the national Florence Crittenton missions, has repeatedly emphasized the moral value to both mother and child of the preservation of the natural tie. "A little child shall lead them," has been proven, in many cases, a true saying.



THE SEWING ROOM OF THE CRITTENTON "MOTHER MISSION," IN NEW YORK.

Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street, New York City. The exercises were intensely interesting, reflecting, as they did, the fifteen years' history of the mission.

Since the first Florence Crittenton Mission, known as the "Mother Mission," was established on Bleeker Street, in New York City, the work there instituted has enlarged until fifty-two Florence Crittenton Rescue Homes in different cities of America and Japan win wandering women back to paths of purity and peace. The latest of these missions is in Roxbury, Mass., where a home has been recently established. The introduction of a new feature into this rescue work is contemplated in the proposed erection of a Florence Crittenton Rescue Home for negro girls in Atlanta, Ga.

Since the organization of the National Association a little over three years ago, the usefulness of Mr. Crittenton's chain of rescue homes has been more than trebled. The interchange of ideas and the comparison of methods at the National Headquarters at Washington has borne the fruit that might rationally have been expected, under the direction of the founder and president, Mr. Crittenton, whose hands are upheld by a board of able and devoted trustees, and who is as able a business man as he is a broad philanthropist.

During 1896, 3,000 girls were rescued; during 1897 a larger number. Reports from all the homes show that a large proportion of these girls are permanently reformed. Many of the unfortunates received into the homes are very young, and

none depart in such ignorance.

"My first girl," said Mrs. Ward, of Williamsport, Pa., at the 1897 convention, "was only fourteen. Mother Prindle was with me when she was arrested, and we went to the court and found her only a child, but they said she was very bad. We took her home with us, and she

proved to be a good, sweet girl under our influence. I went to see her the other day, and she said: 'Dear mother, I could not do wrong now. I know better.'" The experience of many matrons showed this to be the case of a great number of very young girls reclaimed from evil habits not yet fixed upon them.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are thoroughly familiar with the beautiful story of Mr. Crittenton's life surrender to rescue work into which he was divinely led by the death of his daughter, Florence.

The Huguenots' Convention.

Huguenots from America and Europe Celebrate the Tercentenary of the Edict of Nantes—A Most Interesting Event.



ONE of the most interesting events in all Protestant history was the recent celebration in New York City during Easter week by the Huguenot Society of America of the 300th anniversary of the signing of the Edict of Nantes by Henry IV. of France. The Edict of Nantes, giving, as it did, religious liberty and State recognition to Protestants, marked at the time of its promulgation the greatest advance which had yet been made in religious toleration. Coming twenty-six years later than the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, it seemed to indicate rapid strides in the liberality of French thought; but when Louis XIV. came to the throne, the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and persecution of the Huguenots began afresh.

"The emigration of the Huguenots in the seventeenth century," writes Rev. Mr. Wittmeyer, founder of the Huguenot Society of America, "largely prepared the way a century later for the overthrow of the old regime in France; it greatly enriched morally, intellectually and materially every country in which the exiles took refuge."

The most important Huguenot settlements in America were those at New Amsterdam, as New York was then known; New Rochelle, which to-day is full of interesting Huguenot landmarks; the colony at Hackensack, N. J.; a colony at Narragansett, whose records were discovered only a few years ago by Rev. Mr. Wittmeyer; the colony at New Oxford, Mass., where a monument is now being erected to the honor of Huguenot founders; colonies at Mannikin Town, Va.; at Newcastle, Del.; in Maine, Pennsylvania, and last, but by no means least, the colony at Charleston, S. C., where Huguenot descendants have preserved closer resemblance than elsewhere to Huguenot forefathers. Florida's first Huguenot settlements were stamped out by Spanish persecution.

The Church of the Holy Spirit in New York City, where the recent sessions were held, is direct descendant of a congregation of about 200 French refugees, who enjoyed the hospitality of the Dutch church on the "Bowerie" before their own house of worship was built in 1668, on "Petty-Coat-Lane"; a second and larger church was built in 1704 in King street, now Pine, and was succeeded by a third on Franklin street, which in turn gave place to the present building on Twenty-second street, where a congregation now meets under the administration of Rev. A. V. Wittmeyer.

The celebration began with Easter services at Grace Church, whose rector is a member of the Huguenot Society, followed during the week by appropriate receptions, and services, where most interesting papers bearing upon the Huguenot history were read by Edward Belleruche and A. Giraud Browning. London delegates: Rev. Paul de Felice and Monsieur N. Weiss,



THE OLD HUGUENOT CHURCH, PINE STREET, NEW YORK.

French delegates; Samuel M. Jackson, Professor Church History, New York University, and other distinguished speakers.