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WELCOMING OUR SICK HEROES HOME FROM CUBAN BATTLE-FIELDS.

1. MARCHERS OF THE 71ST NEW YORK MARCHING UP BROADWAY.—2. THE HOSPITAL TENT.—3. WELCOMING THE TROOPS AT THE LONG ISLAND CITY FERRY.—4. BREAKING CAMP AT MONTAUK.

## THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



## THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } A man that hath friends must show  
on the Text: Proverbs 18: 24, . . . . . } himself friendly.

**A**BOUT the sacred and Divine art of making and keeping friends I speak—a subject on which I never heard of anyone preaching—and yet God thought it of enough importance to put it in the middle of the Bible, these writings of Solomon, bounded on one side by the popular Psalms of David, and on the other by the writings of Isaiah, the greatest of the prophets. It seems all a matter of hap-hazard how many friends we have, or whether we have any friends at all, but there is nothing accidental about it. There is a law which governs the accretion and dispersion of friendships. They did not “just happen so” any more than the tides just happen to rise or fall, or the sun just happens to rise or set. It is a science, an art, a God-given regulation.

Tell me how friendly you are to others, and I will tell you how friendly others are to you. I do not say you will not have enemies: indeed, the best way to get ardent friends is to have ardent enemies, if you get their enmity in doing the right thing. Good men and women will always have enemies, because their goodness is a perpetual rebuke to evil; but this antagonism of foes will make more intense the love of your adherents. Your friends will gather closer around you because of the attacks of your assailants. The more your enemies abuse you the better your coadjutors will think of you.

The best friends we have ever had appeared at some juncture when we were especially bombarded. There have been times in my life when unjust assault multiplied my friends, as near as I could calculate, about fifty a minute. You are bound to some people by many cords that neither time nor eternity can break, and I will warrant that many of those cords were twisted by hands malevolent. Human nature was shipwrecked about fifty-nine centuries ago, the captain of that craft, one Adam, and his first mate running the famous cargo aground on a snag in the river Hiddekel; but there was at least one good trait of human nature that waded safely ashore from that shipwreck, and that is the disposition to take the part of those unfairly dealt with. When it is thoroughly demonstrated that some one is being persecuted, although at the start slanderous tongues were busy enough, defenders finally gather around as thick as honey bees on a trellis of bruised honeysuckle.

If, when set upon by the furies, you can have grace enough to keep your mouth shut, and preserve your equipoise, and let others fight your battles, you will find yourself after awhile with a whole cordon of allies. Had not the world given to Christ on his arrival at Palestine a very cold shoulder, there would not have been one-half as many angels chanting glory out of the hymn-books of the sky, bound in black lids of midnight. Had it not been for the heavy and jagged and tortuous Cross, Christ would not have been the admired and loved of more people than any being who ever touched foot on either the eastern or western hemisphere. Instead, therefore, of giving up in despair because you have enemies, rejoice in the fact that they rally for you the most helpful and enthusiastic admirers. In other words, there is no virulence that can hinder my text from coming true: “A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.”

It is my ambition to project especially upon the young a thought which may benignly shape their destiny for the here and the hereafter. Before you show yourself friendly you must be friendly. I do not recommend a dramatized geniality. There is such a thing as pretending to be *en rapport* with others, when we are their dire destructants, and talk against them, and wish them calamity. Judas covered up his treachery by a resounding kiss, and caresses may be demoniacal. Better the mythological Cerberus, the three-

headed dog of hell, barking at us, than the wolf in sheep's clothing, its brindled hide covered up by deceptive wool, and its deathful howl cadenced into an innocent bleating. Disraeli writes of Lord Manfred, who, after committing many outrages upon the people, seemed suddenly to become friendly, and invited them to a banquet. After most of the courses of food had been served he blew a horn, which was in those times a signal for the servants to bring on the dessert, but in this case it was the signal for assassins to enter and slay the guests. His pretended friendliness was a cruel fraud; and there are now people whose smile is a falsehood.

Before you begin to show yourself friendly you must be friendly. Get your heart right with God and man, and this grace will become easy. You may by your own resolution get your nature into a semblance of this virtue, but the grace of God can sublimely lift you into it. Sailing on the river Thames two vessels ran aground. The owners of one got one hundred horses, and pulled on the grounded ship, and pulled it to pieces. The owners of the other grounded vessel waited till the tides came in, and easily floated the ship out of all trouble. So we may pull and haul at our grounded human nature, and try to get it into better condition: but there is nothing like the oceanic tides of God's uplifting grace. If, when under the flash of the Holy Ghost, we see our own foibles and defects and depravities, we will be very lenient, and very easy with others. We will look into their characters for things commendatory, and not damnatory. If you would rub your own eye a little more vigorously you would find a mote in it, the extraction of which would keep you so busy you would not have much time to shoulder your broadaxe, and go forth to split up the beam in your neighbor's eye. In a Christian spirit keep on exploring the characters of those you meet, and I am sure you will find something in them fit for a foundation of friendliness.

You invite me to come to your countryside and spend a few days. Thank you! I arrive about noon of a beautiful summer day. What do you do? As soon as I arrive you take me out under the shadow of the great elms. You take me down to the artificial lake, the spotted trout floating in and out among the white pillars of the pond-lilies. You take me to the stalls and kennels where you keep your fine stock, and here are the Durham cattle and the Gordon setters; and the high-stepping steeds, by pawing and neighing, the only language they can speak, asking for harness or saddle, and a short turn down the road. Then we go back to the house, and you get me in the right light, and show me the Kensetts and the Bierstadts on the wall, and take me into the music-room and show me the bird-cages, the canaries in the bay window answering the robins in the tree-tops. Thank you! I never enjoyed myself more in the same length of time. Now, why do we not do so with the characters of others, and show the bloom and the music and the bright fountains? No. We say, “Come along, and let me show you that man's character. Here is a green-scummed frog-pond, and there's a filthy cellar, and I guess under that hedge there must be a black snake. Come, and let us for an hour or two regale ourselves with the nuisances.”

Oh, my friends, better cover up the faults and extol the virtues; and this habit once established of universal friendliness will become as easy as it is for a syringa to flood the air with sweetness, as easy as it will be further on in the season for a quail to whistle up from the grass. When we hear something bad about somebody whom we always supposed to be good, take out your lead-pencil, and say, “Let me see! Before I accept that baleful story against that man's character, I will take

off from it twenty-five per cent. for the habit of exaggeration which belongs to the man who first told the story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent. for the additions which the spirit of gossip in every community has put upon the original story; then I will take off twenty-five per cent. from the fact that the man may have been put into circumstances of overpowering temptation. So I have taken off seventy-five per cent. But I have not heard his side of the story at all, and for that reason I take off the remaining twenty-five per cent. Excuse me, sir, I don't believe a word of it.”

But here comes in a defective maxim, so often quoted: “Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire.” Look at all the smoke for years around Jenner, the introducer of vaccination; and the smoke around Columbus, the discoverer; and the smoke around Martin Luther, and Savonarola, and Galilee, and Paul, and John, and tell me where was the fire! That is one of the satanic arts to make smoke without fire. Slander, like the world, may be made out of nothing. If the Christian, fair-minded, common-sensical spirit in regard to others predominated in the world we should have the millennium in about six weeks, for would not that be lamb and lion, cow and leopard lying down together? Nothing but the grace of God can ever put us into such a habit of mind and heart as that. The tendency is in the opposite direction. This is the way the world talks: I put my name on the back of a man's note, and I had to pay it, and I will never again put my name on the back of any man's note. I gave a beggar ten cents, and five minutes after I saw him entering a liquor store to spend it. I will never again give a cent to a beggar. I helped that young man start in business, and lo, after a while, he came and opened a store almost next door to me, and stole my customers. I will never again help a young man to start in business. I trusted in what my neighbor promised to do, and he broke his word, and the Psalmist was right before he corrected himself, for “all men are liars.” So men become suspicious and saturnine and selfish, and at every additional wrong done them they put another layer on the wall of their exclusiveness, and another bolt to the door that shuts them out from sympathy with the world.

Now, supposing that you have, by a Divine regeneration, got right toward God and humanity, and you start out to practice my text, “A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.” Fulfill this by all forms of appropriate salutation. Have you noticed that the head is so poised that the easiest thing on earth is to give a nod of recognition? To swing the head from side to side, as when it is wagged in derision, is unnatural and unpleasant: to throw it back, invites vertigo; but to drop the chin in greeting is accompanied with so little exertion that all day long, and every day, you might practice it without the least semblance of fatigue. So, also, the structure of the hand indicates hand-shaking: the knuckles not made so that the fingers can turn out, but so made that the fingers can turn in, as in clasping hands; and the thumb divided from and set aloof from the fingers, so that while the fingers take your neighbor's hand on one side, the thumb takes it on the other, and pressed together, all the faculties of the hand give emphasis to the salutation. Five sermons in every healthy hand urge us to hand-shaking.

Besides this, every day when you start out, load yourself up with kind thoughts, kind words, kind expressions, and kind greetings. When a man or woman does well, tell him so, tell her so. If you meet some one who is improved in health, and it is demonstrated in girth and color, say: “How well you look!” But if, on the other hand, under the wear and tear of life he appears pale and exhausted, do not introduce sanitary subjects, or say anything at all about physical condition. In the case of improved health, you have by your words given another impulse towards the robust and the jocund; while in the case of the failing health you have arrested the decline by your silence, by which he concludes: “If I were really so badly off he would have said something about it.” We are all, especially those of a nervous temperament, susceptible to kind words and discouraging words. Form a conspiracy against us, and let ten men meet us at certain points on our way

over to business, and let each one say, “How sick you look!” though we should start out well, after meeting the first hearing his depressing salute, we would begin to examine our symptoms. After meeting the second gloomy accosting we would conclude we did not feel quite well as usual. After meeting the third our sensations would be dreadful, and after meeting the fourth, unless we suspected a conspiracy, we would go home and go to bed, and the other six persons would be a useless surplus of discouragement.

My dear sir, my dear madam, what do you mean by going about this world of disheartenments? Is not the supple heart and trouble and misfortune enough to meet the demand without your running a factory of pins and spikes? Should you plant black and blue in the world when God so seldom plants the plenty of scarlet colors, plenty of yellow, plenty of green, plenty of pink, but seldom a plant black or blue. I never saw a black flower, and there's only one and there a bluebell or a violet; but blue is for the most part reserved for the sky, and we have to look up to see it, and when we look up, no color can do harm. Why not plant along the path of others the brightnesses instead of glooms?

Do not prophesy misfortune. If a man must be a prophet at all, be an Ezekiel, and not a Jeremiah. In ancient times prophets who foretold evil were despised, for they were divinely directed; but the prophets of evil in our time are generally false prophets. Some of our wearisome people prophesied we would have a summer of unparalleled heat. It has been a very comfortable summer. Last year all the weather prophets agreed in saying we should have a winter of extraordinary severity, blizzard on the heels of blizzard. It was the mildest winter I ever remember to have passed. Indeed, the autumn of the spring almost shoved winter, out of the procession. Real troubles have heralds running ahead of their sorrowful chariots, and no one has any authority our time to announce their coming. I do myself up with hopeful words and desist. The hymn once sung in our churches unfit to be sung, for it says:

“We should suspect some danger near,  
Where we possess delight.”

In other words, manage to keep safe all the time. The old song sung at the pianos a quarter of a century or so was right: “Kind words can never hurt.” Such kind words have their nests in the hearts, and when they are hatched it and take wing, they circle round in flights that never cease, and sportsman's nets cannot shoot them, and storms cannot ruffle their wings, and when they come flight in these lower skies of earth they sweep around amid the higher altitudes of heaven. At Baltimore, I talked in a phonograph. The cylinder containing the words was sent on to Washington, and the next day that cylinder from another phonographic instrument, when turned, gave back to me the very words I had uttered the day before, and with the same intonations. Scold into a phonograph, and it will scold back. Pour mild words into a phonograph and it will return gentleness. Society and the world of the Church are phonographs. Give them acerbity and rough treatment, and acerbity and rough treatment you will get back. A father asked his little daughter: “My child, why is it that everybody loves you?” She answered: “I don't know, unless it is because I love everybody.” “A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.”

We want something like that spirit of sacrifice for others which was seen in the English Channel, where in the stormy boat containing three men was upset, and all three were in the water struggling for their lives. A boat came to their relief, and a rope was thrown to one of them, and he refused to take it, saying: “I'm fling it to Tom; he is just ready to go down. I can last some time longer.” A man like that, be he sailor or landsman, be he in upper ranks of society or lower ranks, will always have plenty of friends. What is true manward is true Godward. We must be the friends of God if we want him to be our friend. We cannot treat Christ badly all our lives and expect him to treat us lovingly. I was recalled to a sea fight, in which Lord Nelson captured a French officer, and when the French officer offered Lord Nelson's

ld, Nelson replied, "First give me your sword, and then give me your hand." Surrender of our resistance to God must precede God's proffer of pardon to us. Repentance before forgiveness. You must give up your rebellious sword before you can get a grasp of the Divine hand. Oh, what a glorious state of things to be the friendship of God! Why, we could afford to have all the world against us and all other worlds against us if we had God for us. He could in a minute blot out this universe, and in another minute make a better universe. I have no idea that God tried hard when he made all things. The most brilliant thing known to us is light, and for the creation of what he only used a word of command. A shout of a flint a frontiersman strikes a spark, so out of one word God struck the world on Monday sun. For the making of the present universe I do not read that God used so much as a finger. The Bible frequently speaks of God's hand and God's arm and God's shoulder and God's foot, then suppose he should put hand at arm and shoulder and foot to utmost tension, what could he not make? That God of such demonstrated and undemonstrated strength, you may have for your present and everlasting friend, not a fickle and reticent friend, hard to get at but as approachable as a country mission on a summer day, when all the doors and windows are wide open. Christ said, "I am the door." And he is a wide door, a high door, a palace door, an always open door.

A four-year-old child got hurt and did not cry until hours after, when her mother came home, and then she burst into weeping, and some of the domestics, not understanding human nature, said to her, "Why did you not cry before?" She answered: "There was no one to cry to." Now, I have to tell you that while human sympathy may be absent, Divine sympathy is always accessible. Give God your love, and get his love: your service, and secure his help; your repentance, and receive his pardon. God a friend? Why, that means all your wounds medicated, your sorrows soothed, and if some sudden catastrophe should hurl you out of earth it would only hurl you into heaven.

How refreshing is human friendship; what true friends, what priceless treasures! When sickness comes, and trouble comes, and death comes, we send for our friends first of all, and their appearance in our way in any crisis is reinforcement, and when they have entered, we say: "How it is all right!" Oh, what would we do without personal friends, business friends, family friends? But we want something mightier than human friendship to meet the great exigencies. When Jonathan Edwards, in his final hour, had given the good-bye to all his earthly friends, he closed on his pillow and closed his eyes, evidently saying: "Now where is Jesus of Nazareth, my true and never-failing Friend?"

Yes, I greatly admire human friendships, as seen in the case of David and Jonathan, of Paul and Onesiphorus, of Homer and Goethe, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Clay and Harvey, of Erasmus and Thomas More, of Lessing and Mendelssohn, of Lady Churchill and Princess Aelia, of Orestes and Pylades, each requesting that himself might take the point of the dagger, so the other might be spared; of Epaminondas and Pelopidas, who locked their shields in battle, determined to die together; but the grandest, the mightiest, the tenderest friendship in all the universe is the friendship between Jesus Christ and a believing soul. Yet, as I have said, I feel I have only done what James Marshall, the miner, did in 1843 in California, before its gold mines were known. He reached in and poked upon the table of his employer, Captain Sutter, a thimbleful of gold dust. "Where did you get that?" said his employer. The reply was: "I got it this morning from a mill race from which the water had been drawn off." But that gold dust, which could have been taken up between the finger and the thumb, was the policy and specimen that revealed California's wealth to all nations. And today I have only put before you a specimen of the value of divine friendship, of a thimbleful of mines inexhaustible and infinite, though all time and all eternity go on with the exploration.

"THE HOUSE OF PEACE."

What an "Old Maid" did to make Helpless Old Couples Happy.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH Burnap was what most people would call an old maid. She had lived fifty-three years here below and was alone in the world. For a long time she had been



CAROLINE ELIZABETH BURNAP.

caring for her father and ministering to the needs of his declining years. When the sunset came she had a few hundred dollars in bank and faced the world in the future with only herself and her God to rely upon.

She was profoundly religious, and

who were in sin and trouble. Her great fund of common sense, united with a heart gentle as a child's, formed a partnership that made her a tower of strength to many a ship-wrecked sister on the rocky coast of the North End.

While in the midst of this work Miss Burnap came to know an old woman who had in her earlier life a good home and cultured and comfortable surroundings, who through the death of her loved ones, and misfortune in business matters, was left entirely without means. Miss Burnap sought to be of help to this good woman, but soon discovered that with all the multitude of charitable institutions (and they are legion) about Boston, there was no place open for a woman of this kind, except the poor-house. There were homes for old couples, and homes for women, but it was necessary that someone should pay a very considerable sum before they could gain admission.

It was from studying this case that Miss Burnap felt called of God to establish a home for a group of old women who had been good women, and whose past history was worthy, but who, coming to old age, found themselves stranded without friends or means. She proposed to stand between the other homes and the poor-house as a resting place for these aged saints. She rented a house, took the old lady home with her, and began her work. After a little others came and she has had sometimes as high as eleven, but ordinarily eight or nine have completed her family.

Miss Burnap has not, at any time, sought to be dispenser of other people's charity. She has never gone about taking collections, or asked anybody for help, except God. It is her home, and she is the hostess there, and these lovely old ladies, whom she gathers, are her guests. During the earlier years of her work she took in washing from people outside to

land sea-captain's home. How could such a woman go to the poor house to die? Then it was that Miss Burnap came to the rescue and took Aunt Hannah to her heart and fire-side. For several years her guest tarried in perfect peace and when, last year she entered into rest, Miss Burnap journeyed down to Maine to lay her in the old village grave-yard by her ancestors. May heaven multiply such houses of peace!

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

The Bowery Mission's New Home. Its Spiritual Work Now Conducted at No. 55 Bowery Under Cheering Auspices.

AN audience of earnest seekers after righteousness filled the beautiful hall at No. 55 Bowery, the new quarters of the Bowery Mission, on the occasion of the opening service, a few days ago. It was a memorable event, being the first public gathering in the Mission's new home, and those present, as they gazed at the spacious hall, with its rows of neat pews, its four large, light domes and its great organ at the further end, back of the platform, showed by the delighted expression on their faces, how they appreciated the change. The building is probably the finest that is used for mission work anywhere in this country. The large hall is 100 by 25 feet, and has a seating capacity of between 400 and 500.

The first service held in the new hall was a consecration meeting, by members of the Bowery Mission Rescue League. After half an hour of sacred song, the Scripture lesson was read by Mr. S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the McAuley Mission. Mrs. Sarah J. Bird, the mother of the Bowery Boys, whose Thursday night meetings had been discontinued during the summer months, followed with a largely attended spiritual meeting, at the close of which 400 needy men were supplied with a substantial meal. Among the rescue workers present on this occasion was a young lady evangelist, a niece of Mr. D. L. Moody. For several years past she has been engaged in evangelistic work among the prisoners in different jails in the country. At the close of the service, twenty-five men expressed a desire to abandon sin and lead a better life.

Regular Gospel meetings will be held every day in the year at the new Bowery Mission Headquarters. Like the old Mission it will be a light-house in a great and populous thoroughfare, to guide the wanderers to Christ and the Cross. Its doors will be ever open and the poor, the unfortunate and the distressed will receive a special welcome.

A Strange West Indian People.

While there is so much turmoil in the West Indies, a writer who has visited it, calls attention to a little-known member of the group, antedating our own, and to which Raynal gave the above title. It is Saba, a dot on the map just north of St. Kitts. It is accredited to Holland and flies the Dutch flag on holidays and Sundays; but the flag has in the corner a cabbage, which is the national staple and therefore has just claim to its position of dignity in the Coat of Arms. Saba's circumference is about twelve miles; population about 2,000. It rises like a mountain out of the ocean—its sheer sides reaching an altitude of 800 to 1,200 feet, before being broken by crag or slope. On the east side a break in the cliffs supplies a somewhat less perpendicular surface along which a series of giddy stairs have been cut. The cove at the foot of these steps is Saba's only port. From the top of the steps one looks outward over a magnificent view of ocean and islands; and inland to a lovely valley in the heart of this ocean mountain, which now seems to be hollow. The Sabans are farmers, fisher-folk and excellent boat-builders; they construct sloops and schooners of considerable size and slide them down the face of the cliffs or lower them by immense but primitive derricks and tackling. The inhabitants are ruddy, fair-haired, blue-eyed, hardy and stalwart mountaineers, and are the descendants of Dutch, Swedish, and Danish pirates of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who being impressed with the islet's matchless possibilities as a stronghold, settled their families here. European warships tried to take possession of Saba, but in vain. The islanders, however, eventually laid some sort of claim to a Dutch protectorate, but they pay no taxes to Holland and govern themselves after a very simple fashion. There is little litigation and less crime. They are simple honest folk in spite of pirate descent; their religion is Lutheran.



THE NEW HALL OF THE BOWERY MISSION AT NO. 55 BOWERY.

though she had lived all her life in a small country town, she had a longing in her heart, to bring good cheer and Gospel comfort to the forgotten and neglected people who abound in the slums of the large cities. Boston is the Mecca of New Englanders, and so naturally her thoughts turned towards the North End and its hive of sins and sorrows.

Miss Burnap's idea of doing mission work was quite different from that of a great many good people, who hope thereby to find for themselves a more comfortable way of getting a livelihood than hitherto. Her thought was to be a self-supporting Christian worker. She proposed to pay her own way and do what she could to carry the comfort of Christian faith which was dear to her, to those who were stumbling the lonely way without it. People of that spirit, with a missionary call, do not usually have a very hard time finding a job. So it was not long before she was immersed in the work of the North End Mission. She showed great aptitude for dealing with women

help pay her rent and get money for their food. From the very beginning she had been the cook and housekeeper of the establishment, and though now she is well past the Psalmist's three score years and ten, she still does all the cooking for the dwellers in her house of peace. Of course, she has received help from outside. People who have known of her loving work, have been glad, from time to time, to share her burdens, but it has always been in a quiet, gentle and unobtrusive way.

Her home is indeed a house of peace. Her own religion is as simple and unaffected as the fragrance of a flower, blooming forth its worship towards the sun. The whole atmosphere of the place is one of love and of peace, and year after year, some of God's choicest saints find there a sweet haven of repose.

I first came to know her because an aged sister of an old sea captain whom I knew was left, through the death of her brother, without support. She was over eighty years old and all her life had known the comfort and self-respect of a New Eng-