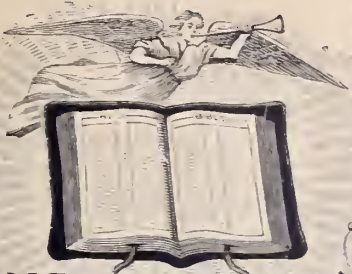


CHRISTIAN HERALD



AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

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•• Easter Morning ••

"AWAKE AND SING YE THAT DWELL IN THE DUST." (Isaiah 26: 19.)

Easter morning; budding flowers;
Light is dawning, life is ours!
The Sun of Righteousness ariseth

With healing in His wings.
Music from on high surpriseth
Earth with heavenly things.

Like an echo, all nature sings;
From far below the cadence rings;
Christ is risen, to-day rejoice!

Angels listen to human voice.
Resurrection—all is well
In our world—Immanuel!

—MARION WILLIAMS.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



THE FIELD OF BLOOD.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Acts 1: 19, Aceldama, that is to say, the field of blood.

THE money that Judas gave for surrendering Christ was used to purchase a graveyard. As the money was blood-money, the ground bought by it was called in the Syriac tongue, "Aceldama," meaning "The field of blood."

Well, there is one word I want to write to-day over every race-course where wagers are staked, and every pool-room, and every gambling saloon, and every table, public or private, where men and women bet for sums of money, large or small, and that is a word incarnated with the life of innumerable victims—Aceldama.

The gambling spirit, which is at all times a stupendous evil, ever and anon sweeps over the country like an epidemic, prostrating uncounted thousands. There has never been a worse attack than that from which all the villages, towns, and cities are now suffering. While among my hearers and readers are those who have passed on into the afternoon of life, and the shadows are lengthening, and the sky crimson with the glow of the setting sun, a large number of them are in early life, and the morning is coming down out of the clear sky upon them, and the bright air is redolent with spring blossoms, and the stream of life, gleaming and glancing, rushes on between flowery banks, making music as it goes. Some of you are engaged in mercantile concerns, as clerks and book-keepers, and your whole life is to be passed in the exciting world of traffic. The sound of busy life stirs you as the drum stirs the fiery warrior. Others are in the mechanical arts, to hammer and chisel your way through life, and success awaits you. Some are preparing for professional life, and grand opportunities are before you; nay, some of you already have buckled on the armor. But, whatever your age and calling, the subject of gambling about which I speak to-day is pertinent.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said: "No, I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by the evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in a famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first book keeper, though receiving a salary of only four thousand dollars, was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars a night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying: "That society is good for the deterring of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil," not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. This evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risk of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ, but the principle is the same. The raffling and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not ranking unless stakes are put up, while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards, or dice, or billiards, or a ten pin alley. The man who bets on horses, or elections, or battles, the man who deals in "rancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transaction without founding on but dependent upon what men call "luck" is a gambler.

Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money, or time, or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Bazaars for the founding of hospitals, schools, and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time, or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuels," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

This crime is no newborn sprite, but a

wicked. Look out for the agitation that, like a rough musician, in bringing out the tune plays so hard he breaks down the instrument! God never made a man strong enough to endure the wear and tear of gambling excitements.

A young man having suddenly inherited a large property, sits at the hazard tables, and takes up in a dice-box the estate won by a father's lifetime's sweat, and shakes it and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim, kicking him out, a slaving fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat, and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to ruin, and no preacher's voice, or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career.

The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within; and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread, and though you fasten him seven times around with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path heaven-high Bibles, tracts, and sermons, and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the

fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. The pert gamblers have their accomplice and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with plates so that doublets come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by the honest men who have come into the play, and this account for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy when they began, at the end are found to be miserable, haggard wretches, that were not now be allowed to sit on the doors of the house that they once owned.

In a gaming-house in San Francisco a young man having just come from mines deposited a large sum upon the table, and won twenty-two thousand dollars, the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes on the countenances of all. Slowly cards went forth. Every eye is fixed upon a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul! Foul!" but the keeper at the tables produce their pistols, and uproar is silenced, and the bank has ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you think this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent ruthless ploughshare through hundred families, until the wife sat in rags, the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices, or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. He has lost all charms for the gambler. The name are the children's caresses and the wife's devotion to the gambler! He dreads the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win, and something to lose; an excitement to drive the blood faster, fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gambler. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul. All his endearments are consumed in the fire of his passion.

When things go wrong at a gambling table they shout: "Foul! foul!" On all the gaming-tables of the world it is out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul!"

"Gift stores" are abundant throughout the country. With a book or knife, sewing-machine, or coat, or carriage, they goes a prize. At these stores people get something thrown in with their purchases. It may be a gold watch, or a set of silver, a ring, or a farm. Sharp way to get unsalable goods. It has filled the land with fictitious articles, and covered our population with brass finger-rings, and despoiled the moral sense of a community, and is fast making us a nation of gamblers.

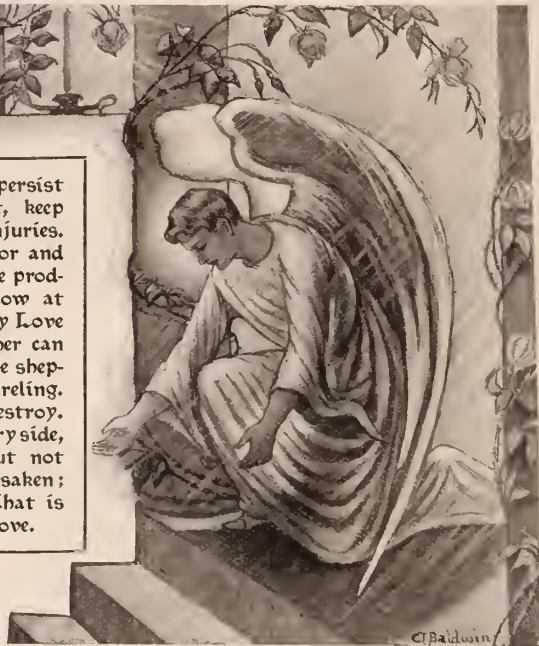
The Church of God has not seemed willing to allow the world to have all the advantage of these games of chance. A church bazaar opens, and toward the end it is found that some of the more valuable articles are unsalable. Forthwith, the conductors of the enterprise conclude that they will raffle for some of the valuable articles, and, under pretense of anxiety to make their minister a present or please some popular member of the church, exciting persons are dispatched through the room, pencil in hand, to "sell shares," or perhaps each draws for his own advantage, and scores of people come home with their trophies, thinking that it is all right, for Christian ladies did the embroidery and Christian men did the raffling, and the proceeds went toward new communion set. But you may depend on it, that as far as morality is concerned, you might as well have won by the cross of the billiard hall or the turn of the dice-box. Do you wonder that churches be lighted, or upholstered by such processes that come to great financial and spiritual decrepitude? The devil says: "I help to build that house of worship, and I have as much right there as you have;" and for once the devil is right. We do not read that they had a lottery for building the church at Corinth, or at Antioch for getting up an embroidered surplice for St. Paul. All this I style ecclesiastical gambling. More than one man who destroyed can say that his first step on the wrong road was when he won something at a church fair.

The gambling spirit has not stopped for any indecency. There transpired in Maryland a lottery in which people drew for lots in a burying-ground! The mod-

ONLY Love like Christ's can persist in unselfish service. Persist, keep on, press forward. Forget injuries, forgive neglect. Stand at the door and knock. Keep the door ajar for the prodigal. Set a candle in the window at midnight for the wanderer. Only Love can do these miracles. The mother can watch longer than the doctor; the shepherd will endure longer than the hireling. Pity will spare when the law will destroy. What is it that is troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed but not despairing; persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed—What is it? It is faith that works by Love.

haggard transgression that comes staggering down under a mantle of curses through many centuries. All nations of the earth, both barbarous and civilized, have been addicted to it. But now the laws of the whole civilized world denounce the system. Enactments have been passed, but only partially enforced, and at times not enforced at all. The men interested in gaming houses, and in jockey clubs, wield such influence by their numbers and affluence, that the judge, the jury, and the police officer must be bold indeed who would array themselves against these infamous establishments. The House of Commons of England actually adjourns on Derby Day that members may attend the races; and in the best circles of society in this country to-day are many hundreds of professedly respectable men who are acknowledged gamblers.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster-cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears deals out his pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings. This sin works ruin, first, by providing an unhealthy stimulant. Excitement is pleasurable. Under every sky and in every age men have sought it. We must at times have excitement. A thousand voices in our nature demand it. It is right. It is healthful. It is inspiring. It is a desire God-given. But anything that first gratifies this appetite and hurls it back in a terrific reaction, is deplorable and



THE MESSAGE OF EASTER.

EASTER WEEK IN ROME.

A Season of Social and Spiritual Activities—Catholics Embracing Protestantism and Uniting with the Waldensian Church.

WE reached Rome before Holy Week in ample time for the celebrations. An acquaintance met us at the railway station and escorted us

in preparations for the morrow. All the Easter meats, wines, cakes, indeed, everything that is to be eaten on Easter Sabbath, must be in readiness. The cakes are



THE PONTE ROTTO, A FAMOUS ROMAN BRIDGE.

to our hotel, explaining as the cab wheels rumbled over the Belgian pavement: "This pension is said to be the best in all Rome, though that may not be saying much, for Rome is not notable for good pensions. It has, however, a fine location, is owned by the Pope, has a lift, and an obliging concierge. My friend, the directeur, will provide every comfort. He will not expect you to observe the fasts, for he understands that you are Protestants."

We found Signor P.—accommodating. The other pensionnaires were Italians and French, with a sprinkling of Germans and Irish, several English people, two Russians, and a few Egyptians. Wednesday before Easter we went to St. Peter's to hear the *Tenebrae* and the *Miserere*, taking extra wraps, also a newspaper which we put under our feet to lessen the chill from the marble floor. The Pension Directeur gave us camp-chairs as he saw us depart, saying, "Keep these until after Easter, you will need them in the churches," and swinging them from our arm, we carried them easily, and were glad of their comfort, for few seats are provided in the great cathedrals. St. Peter's is the Pope's church, and the choir unexcelled. Many members of this choir are heavily bearded men, others, bald-headed. One especially sweet-voiced soprano, is called "the Pope's angel." The audience was very large. But St. Peter's is so vast, that even an immense audience will not half fill the building. The service was full of surprises. Groups of priests would chat familiarly, even jollily, within a few steps of the worshippers. They seemed as unconcerned as if in their own dwelling.

At the conclusion of the *Tenebrae*, one of the Cardinals exhibited the "sacred relics" from a loggia, far up above the high altar, under which St. Peter is said to be buried. All the people, excepting a few others like ourselves, devoutly knelt. The effect was theatrically perfect. All lights were extinguished, except the tiny myriad lamps about St. Peter's tomb, and four great candles, high up in the loggia, revealing the brilliance of the Cathedral. Below in the gloom the people knelt, and with rapt faces far down the shadowy aisles, they crossed themselves. Exquisite chimes rang out, as each relic was held in view. The relics were each set in jewelled frames, and seemed ablaze with light and color. The most absurd claims are made with regard to these so-called relics.

On Good Friday, the churches are plunged in darkness, and the Pope decrees that the faithful must now ascend the Scala Santa, (sacred stairs). The steps are thronged with all sorts and conditions of people. These are the stairs,—so they say in Rome,—that our Saviour once trod. Certain it is that these are the very steps which Luther commenced to ascend, and upon which he renounced his old faith, stood upright, and walked down, the great reformer.

The steps of marble, covered with wood for protection, were brought from Jerusalem, it is said, in the year 326, by the Empress Helena. "Indulgences" are granted at the base.

The day before Easter is spent largely

room and soon returned with the three first stanzas of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," just as we sing them now, except that in the seventh line of the second verse, he wrote "savage," which he afterward changed to "heathen." Dr. Shepley was satisfied, but Heber was not until he added the triumphant fourth stanza, beginning, "Waft, waft, ye winds his story." In 1823 Heber went as a missionary to India, where he died after three years of patient and loving service.

A Great Gathering in the Black Belt.

Seventh Annual Tuskegee Farmers' Conference—Interesting Resolutions—Booker T. Washington's Reward.

THE Tuskegee Farmers' Conference, of which institution our readers have had recent account, has lately concluded its seventh annual session. Over 2,000 negroes and many white people were in attendance. Besides the large Alabama contingent, delegations from Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, and Texas indicate the rapid spread of the conference idea throughout the South, and justify the noble hope and labor of Professor Booker T. Washington, its promoter. Professor Washington's opening address of earnest and practical advice bore fruit in the final resolutions and recommendations of the Conference, which emphasized the present value, and further need of such outside influences as had been effectual in stimulating educational movements in the race. Since eighty-five per cent. of the Gulf State negroes live by agriculture, agricultural training was insisted upon. Purchase of land, if only in small tracts, while land is cheap, and occupation of Government lands was recommended; and men were urged to replace, as fast as possible, the one room cabin with decent houses. Educated young men and women were reminded of their obligation to share their benefits with less fortunate fellows. Thriftlessness and extravagance, and the system of mortgaging crops were deplored, and negroes were urged to raise their own food supplies. The formation of local farmers' conferences throughout the South was recommended. Speeches and reports, encouraging and doleful, were colored by that ready wit and humor for which the negro character is well known.

A Unique Reproof.

Perhaps our readers may be interested in the following account of the novel way in which a minister called his flock's at-



THE BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

and wine, with the words: "This do in remembrance of me." And as we partook of the sacrament, side by side, with these earnest, thoughtful, staunch, true-hearted Protestants, we felt at home and that we had been with Jesus. EMMA J. GRAY.

How a Famous Hymn Was Written.

"Write something for us to sing at the service to-morrow morning."

Dr. Shepley, vicar of Wrexham, said this to his son-in-law, Reginald Heber in 1819. Dr. Shepley was to preach next day in behalf of foreign missions and he was chatting over the subject of his discourse with a few friends. Heber, already known as writer of impromptu verse, withdrew to another part of the

attention to their neglect of church duties:

When the people came into the Central Christian Church, of which many of the wealthiest citizens of St. Louis are members, Sunday evening, March 20, they saw that the pulpit was draped in mourning. There were many speculations as to the cause, but it was not known until the pastor, the Rev. Frank G. Tyrell, arose and stated at the beginning of the services that the mourning was for the vacant pews during the week of the revival meetings. He added that these absentees had promised him their support, but had not attended a meeting; therefore, he thought it proper to drape his pulpit in mourning, and he added that if the attendance was not better, the entire church would be draped. As a result of this unique move the church was soon crowded, and every one of the hitherto vacant pews occupied.

hat of betting about everything is protective of immense mischief. The most healthful and innocent amusements of betting and base-ball playing have been the occasion of putting up excited and extravagant wagers. That which to any has been advantageous to body and mind, has been to others the means of financial and moral loss. The custom is pernicious in the extreme, where scores of men in respectable life give themselves up to betting, now on this, now on that; now on this ball club, now on that. Betting that once was chiefly the accompaniment of the race-course, is fast becoming a national habit, and on some circles any opinion advanced in science or politics is accosted with the interrogation: "How much will you bet on that, sir?"

This custom may make no appeal to the lethargic temperaments, but there are in the country tens of thousands of quiet, nervous, sanguine, excitable temperaments, ready to be acted upon, and the feet will soon take hold on death. In some months, and perhaps for years, they will linger in the more polite and elegant circle of gamblers, but, after awhile their pathway will come to the fatal plunge.

Call I sketch the history of the gambler lured by bad company, he finds his way into a place where honest men never go. He sits down to his game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The cards deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who take all the tricks and both the players' soul for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up, just to interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger stakes. They begin to move nervously on the chairs. Their brows lower, and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clenched fists, and eyes like fireballs that seem to stare from their sockets, to see the first turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered curses cast back red-hot upon the heart—often in—with hysterical laugh—"Ha, ha, ha, have it!"

A few years have passed, and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game, ere he throws the first card, he sees the last relic of his wife—the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams, fiends with eyes of fire and tongues of flame circle about him with joined hands, to dance and sing the orgies with hellish chorus, chanting, "Hil, brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing like serpents, crawl into his bosom, and snuff their sharp fangs and suck up his life, blood, and coiling around his heart pierce it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than the thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Splint hulks strewn on the beach. Everlasting storms bowl you all down, tossing unwary craft into the Hell Gate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. To a gambler's death-bed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates care not nigh his dwelling. When the day comes, his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity.

As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions will look out for a moment and say, "Where goes the old carcass—dead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night, when no stars are out, and the spirits of darkness come down, whirled on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler.