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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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

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THE CORONATION OF QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND—THE PAGEANT AT AMSTERDAM. SEE PAGE 783

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



THE GRANDMOTHERS.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: II. Tim. 1:5, . . . dwell first in thy grandmother Lois.

IN this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine; but a little wine, and only as a medicine. And if the wine then had been as much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of to-day, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain-comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are reminiscing the follies of the present, if we put them on the witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

Timothy, the young minister, visited this country in 1776 and he says of woman's diet in those years: "If a premium was offered for a woman most destructive to health, none could be devised more efficacious for that end than that in use among these people." But I miss our lobster salad at meals. Everybody talks about the immorality of modern society and how woman's beauties have gone down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the captain of a British regiment in our Revolutionary War wrote in 1782 in his "Book of Amorous Women," saying: "They are tall and well proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are de-

crepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and their style of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down-stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tearfully over the family record half-way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round and God is in the room. May her last days be like those lovely autumnal days that we call Indian Summer!

Is it not time that you and I do two things—swing open a picture-gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks, and then to persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed, and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children; I am not talking about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after his arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population in a century, your descendants will be over three hundred, and by two centuries over fifty thousand, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands

of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the person of their descendants, in the Senates, the Parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking-houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice. I am talking of grandmother Lois.

The only way to tell the force of a current is to sail up stream; or the force of an ocean wave, by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force. Let us come up to it from the eternity side, as if it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi River away up at the top of the continent starting from the little lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and White and the Yazoo Rivers pour in, and all the States and territories between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains make contribution. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is after all one great river of power rolling on and rolling for ever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it?

Will not mothers intensify their prayers? Had they not better elevate their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought by the natives to decide the world's continuance. An angel with robe spun from zephyrs is once a century to descend and sweep the hem of that robe across the granite, and when by that attrition the column is worn away they say time will end. But by that process that granite column would be worn out of existence before mother's influence will begin to give way.

If a mother tell a child he is not good some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds that there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and have expired. If a mother promises a child a reward for good behavior, and after the good behavior forgets to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years further on. If a mother cultivate a child's vanity and eulogize his curls and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes and call out in

his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer. But, on the other hand, a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and says, "Child, give that ten-cent piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century, some George Muller building a whole-lage of orphanages. If a mother sit alone every evening by the trundle-bed of child and teach it lessons of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie and the virtues of industry and kindness and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone and the child has gone and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing, as a result of those trundle-bed lessons, flaming evangelists, working reformers, seraphic Summerfield weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefield emancipating Washingtons.

Good or bad influence may skip a generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second, and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Parental influence right and wrong, may jump over a generation, but it will come down further or as sure as you sit there and I stand here. This explains what we often see—some man or woman distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for penuriousness, or you see some young man or woman with a bad father and a hard mother come out gloriously for Christ, and make the Church sob and shout and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and whisper over the matter, and say, "How is this, such piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look with a clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old fashioned name of Jemina or Betsy or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is the old grandmother, or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to survive a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grant mother Lois. In beautiful Greenwood Cemetery there is the resting place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoke among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the grandsons when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her widowed soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that succeeding generations have been blessed:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

This day my only son left me in bitter wrings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affections over him. He has been with me but a short time, and I'll have I'm afraid he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow's son, "the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat my petition. Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not the danger of the sea that distresses me; it is not the hardship he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit but every symptom of captivity to Satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and in connection with this being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane his name, and break his Sabbath; men who often live and die like beasts,

are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many orders hast thou shown me; thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; and this wonder to the rest. I'll convert, regenerate and establish a sailor in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with thee; glorify thy Son and extend his kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon thee. Many hands try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me thy precious word, on which thou causedst me to hope in a day when thou saidst to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them." Only let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in thy hand as to all temporal things.

Wait for thy salvation. Amen. With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Thune? And all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the ruling power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day sit up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell some of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be "Where is grandmother?" They will wait for her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so far over with years once and there so faint, so dim of eye through the blindness of earthly tears and now her eye as clear as Heaven, so full of aches and pains once and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and in there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here. I just see her.

You must see those women of the early part of the nineteenth century and those of the eighteenth century, the answer of those prayers is in your welfare to-day. O bless all the aged women up and down the land and in all lands! What a happy thing for Pomponius Atticus to say when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the first discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Find the place for them in the hymn-book. Never be grieved if they prefer styles of apparel which are a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her when she is gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back. Timothy, don't forget your mother Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother Lois. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Passing on the coronets. Make religion an inheritance from generation to generation. Others, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the others following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence. Do not shall look down upon you from the heights of an endless future. I know Martin Luther was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter saying, "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for us." Yes, I go further and say, It is a hard world for women. Ay, I go further and say, It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their souls and souls in the hand of Christ, shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the face? That is the pallor on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the light on the warm forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

HELP FOR PATRIOTS.

How the League for Social Service Proposes to Assist in Bettering Society.

MANY of our readers secured supplies of the pamphlets which, as announced in these columns at the beginning of the year, were being issued by the Evangelical Alliance as aids to better government. Dr. Josiah Strong, who was then Secretary of the Alliance was the prime mover in the enterprise, and he soon found that the effort was so helpful and so thoroughly appreciated, that it deserved undivided attention. He therefore resigned his office and has organized a new Society which has taken the name of the League for Social Service. The object of the League is "to educate public opinion and the popular conscience, from the enlightening and quickening of which, must come every needed reform, whether moral, political, industrial, or social, and to afford a medium through which an aroused public sentiment can be brought to bear quickly and effectively on legislation." In a word it aims to aid the Christian to become a better citizen by supplying him with information and to show him how to make his influence felt.

The Bible doctrine that righteousness exalts a nation while sin is a reproach to any people, lies at the base of the League's work. It is safe to assume that in every community there are men desirous of good government, preferring clean living and anxious to suppress vice and public iniquity. Yet these men are sometimes hopeless of reform, or do not know the extent of the power they have at their disposal. The League, therefore, besides trying to arouse the conscience of the citizen, will endeavor to show him how he can influence his fellow-citizens and how he can aid in purifying the moral atmosphere of his city. Every patriotic Christian citizen must be in sympathy with such an effort and give a hearty god-speed to the League that is making it.

Three methods have been adopted by the League to effect this object. The first is the issue of such pamphlets as have been already described. They are so small that they may be put in an ordinary business envelope, and they are written in a terse, vigorous, pointed style, which commands attention. They deal with the ordinary duties of the citizen. The following titles will show the character of the series: No. 1. *The New Patriotism*, by Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.; No. 2. *The Co-Operative City*, by Prof. John R. Commons, Ph.D.; No. 3. *Good Citizenship—What It Is*, by Bishop F. D. Huntington, LL.D.; No. 4. *The Church and Present Problems of Citizenship*, by Rev. Washington Gladden, LL.D.; No. 5. *The Duty of a Public Spirit*, by Pres. E. Benj. Andrews, LL.D.; No. 6. *A Citizen's Manual*, by L. T. Chamberlain; No. 7. *Duties of American Citizenship*, by Hon. S. B. Capen; No. 8. *The Value of a Vote*, by Dean George Hodges, D.D.; No. 9. *The Ruler of America*, by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D. The pamphlets, of which these are the first of a series which will include abstracts of the laws of the different States and other useful information, are issued post-paid at 35 cents the hundred.

As the pamphlets are of no political party nor of any religious denomination, nor are designed to promote the interests of any class, but simply to help citizens to influence others in the cause of good morals and pure government, they are invaluable in States where Christian men are standing together against impurity and corruption. They will be translated into various languages, so as to be useful to immigrants who have not yet learned English.

Another method adopted by the League is a bureau of information which will indicate the latest sources of information

regarding present-day problems, whether religious, moral, philanthropic, industrial, social, or civic. Thus enabling the citizen who has to argue in support of his principles, to gain access to the facts which will fortify him against sophists. The third method is a lecture bureau



SECRETARY WM. H. TOLMAN.

which will arrange lecture courses and secure lectures on social problems.

Annual membership, which is one dollar, will carry with it the receipt of one copy of every leaflet issued during the year of membership and the use of the information bureau.

Dr. Strong is President of the League; Dr. William H. Tolman, Secretary, and Mr. Spencer Trask, Treasurer. The character of its work may be inferred from the following list of eminent persons who have agreed to serve as an advisory council: Miss Jane Ad-



DR. JOSIAH STRONG.

dams, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, R. Fulton Cutting, Miss Clara de Graffenried, Pres. H. B. Frissell, Richard Watson Gilder, Dr. Washington Gladden, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Bishop F. D. Huntington, Dr. Wm. R. Huntington, Bishop John F. Hurst, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, John H. Patterson, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, Dr. Kerr B. Tupper, and Bishop John H. Vincent.

The offices of the League are at 608 United Charities Building, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York. All further information and certificates of membership may be obtained by writing to that address.

Sick Soldiers at Mont-Lawn.

It is "Camp Jewett" now, and a Convalescent Home for the Troops.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Children's Home at Mont-Lawn, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, has been reopened and is now transformed into quarters for the sick soldiers. As already stated in a former issue, it was tendered to The Women's National War Relief Association of New York, for this purpose some time ago, Major Jewett, the owner of Mont-Lawn, generously consenting, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD granting the use of its furniture and equipment. Owing to many similar offers, it was not at first believed that Mont-Lawn would be needed; but an inspection by the Medical Staff of the War Relief Association disclosed so many advantages, that it was decided to accept it.

On October 1, the first contingent of invalid soldiers reached Mont-Lawn from New York. They included men who had fought on Cuban battlefields, and others who had been in camp at Chickamauga, Camps Meade, Tampa, Alger and elsewhere. All had been stricken with malarial typhoid fever, and, after a tedious hospital experience, were now sent to the breezy, health-giving slopes of Mont-Lawn in the hope of speedy recuperation. Weak and thin, but glad to be released from beds of illness, and to be conveyed to such delightful quarters, the soldiers sauntered about the grounds, or sat and chatted on the roomy piazzas. One poor fellow, Peter Hoffmeister, a private of the Regular Army, was clearly past human aid. Worn to emaciation, the physicians exerted their utmost skill in his case, but in vain. He lingered until Monday morning, October 3d, and then passed peacefully away.

"Camp Jewett," as the Mont-Lawn Home has been temporarily christened, in honor of its owner, will accommodate fifty soldiers, leaving ample room for house physician, nurses, housekeeper, and other necessary help. The entire management is under the control of the Women's National War Relief Association, of which Miss Helen Gould is Acting Director-General and the leading spirit. Miss Gould's noble work in behalf of the sick soldiers at the various camps is already familiar to our readers. When it was proposed to utilize Mont-Lawn, she personally visited the place, and was greatly impressed with its salubrious location and many other advantages. In the organization of the work, the choice of assistants and other details, she has taken a keen personal interest. Her generous sympathy for the sick soldiers, and her frank and unassuming manner, have won the hearts of all who meet her.

The ladies of Nyack have formed an Auxiliary Committee to assist the War Relief Association and to supply the sick soldiers at Camp Jewett with such delicacies as may be suited to their condition. Nourishing fare, sound, refreshing sleep at night, and the balmy breezes from the piney hills by day, together with excellent nursing and care, may be depended upon to aid materially in restoring the invalids to health and vigor.

AMONG THE SPANISH PRISONERS.

Mrs. Gulick, whose missionary work in Spain is well known, has been spending some weeks among the Spanish prisoners at Seavey's Island, where her command of the language made her specially useful in communicating information and in giving comfort to the sick and wounded men. They belong, she says, to a large class in Spain, down-trodden as much as Cubans, obliged to give their lives in defense of a government which they do not respect.



MR. SPENCER TRASK.