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READING THE BIBLE BY THE LAST RAYS OF THE SETTING SUN. SEE PAGE 768.

## THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



## THE HOUNDED REINDEER.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } As the hart panteth after the water brooks,  
on the Text: Psalms 42: 1, . . . . } so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

DAVID, who must some time have seen a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the brightness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself; "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.'"

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh yes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for the Raquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runaway' with rifle loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the Hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, a though it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its

antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidity impregnated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pods and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall Street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and, instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement: you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound! Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of

God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and come up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's Word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropically, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between here and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignity, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it. So if there were no noble stuff in your make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breechloader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvanean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is

in anticipation of the next world, and they could express their own feelings in words of the Baroness of Nairn at the close of her long life, when asked if she would like to live her life over again:

Would you be young again?  
So would not I;  
One tear of memory given,  
Onward I'll hie;  
Life's dark wave forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would you plunge once more,  
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now  
Retrace your way?  
Wander through stormy wilds,  
Faint and astray?  
Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smile around us shed,  
Heavenward, away!

Yes, for some people in this world there seems no let-up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, the Earl of Northborough's hounds, and the Duke of Devonshire's hounds, and Queen Victoria possesses eight thousand five hundred dollars a year to her Master of Buckhounds. All of them put together do not equal a number or speed, or power to hunt do the great kennel of hounds of which Trouble and Anxiety are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all this pursuit of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—G-O-D, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D, the God for whom David longed, and the God whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon Lake, and try to cool its profing and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less than, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embosoms all distress, his arm, it wrenches off all bondage, his hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christ, atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future; it is right with God, all right with man, all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons, "Here are three vases, and one is of gold, another of amber, and another of glass. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having first choice, chose a vase of gold, on which was written the word "empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of the court said the vase of gold. The poet said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because the letter of the name of God outweighed the universe.

For him I thirst; for his grace I beg; his promise I build my all. Without him I cannot be happy. I have tried this world, and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, it evanescent a world. I am not a predicted witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in my comfortable livelihood, blessed in my hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God and my body, unless it be lost at sea, cruciated in some conflagration, will not be down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. I, to many has been a disappointment, I to many has been a pleasant surprise, a yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my Friend and ever-pres-

elp, I should be wretched and terror-ricken. But I want more of him. I ve thought-over this text until with the energies of my body, mind and ul, I can cry out, "As the hart panteth ter the water brooks, so pap'teth my ul after thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ make this God ur God and you can withstand anything d everything, and that which affrights hers will inspire you. As in time of an rthquake when an old Christian woman as asked whether she was scared, an-ered: "No, I am glad that I have a od who can shake the world;" or, as in nancial panic, when a Christian mer-ant was asked if he did not fear he ould break, answered: "Yes, I shall eak when the fiftieth Psalm breaks in e-fifteenth verse: 'Call upon me in the y of trouble; I will deliver thee and ou shalt glorify me.'" Oh, Christian en and women, pursued of annoyances d exasperations, remember that this nt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in l cry, will soon be over! If ever a elp looks ashamed and ready to slink t of sight it is when in the Adirondacks eer by one tremendous plunge into Big pper Lake gets away from him. The appointed canine swims in a little way, t, defeated, swims out again and cringes h humiliated yawn at the feet of his mas-

And how abashed and ashamed will your earthly troubles be when you have ashed into the river from under the rone of God, and the heights and depths eaven are between you and your pur-ers! We are told in Revelation 22: 15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude re is a whole kennel of hounds outside e gate of heaven, or, as when a master as in through a door, his dog lies on e steps waiting for him to come out, so e troubles of this life may follow us to e shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs, l owned dogs, that I would not be egrined to see in the heavenly city. me of the grand old watch dogs who e the constabulary of the homes in sitary places, and for years have been e only protection for wife and child; ne of the shepherd dogs that drive lk the wolves and bark away the flocks m going too near the precipice; and ne of the dogs whose neck and paw ndseer, the painter, has made immortal. ould not find me shutting them out from e gate. But all those human or brutal nds that have chased and torn and erated the world, yea, all that now bite e worry or tear to pieces, shall be ro-ited. "Without are dogs!" No place e for harsh critics or backbiters or e spoilers of the reputation of others. lwn with you to the kennels of darkness d despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting e long chase is quieted in still pastures, d "there shall nothing hurt or destroy in e God's holy mountain."

Oh, when some of you get there it will e like what a hunter tells of when push- g his canoe far up north in the winter d amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, ehe thought, from any other human e-its! He was startled one day as he rd a stepping on the ice, and he cock- e the rifle ready to meet anything that e near. He found a man, barefooted d insane from long exposure, approach- g him. Taking him into his canoe and dling fires to warm him, he restored d and found out where he had lived. d took him to his home, and found all e village in great excitement. A hun- d men were searching for this lost rn, and his family and friends rushed e to meet him; and, as had been agreed e his first appearance, bells were rung, d guns were fired, and banquets spread, d the rescuer loaded with presents. ll, when some of you step out of this e wilderness, where you have been chilled d torn and sometimes lost amid the ice- lgs, into the warm greetings of all the e sages of the glorified, and your friends h out to give you welcoming kiss, the e-its that there is another soul for ever eed will call the caterers of heaven to ead the banquet, and the bell-men to e hold of the rope in the tower, and e while the chalices click at the feast, and e bells clang from the turrets, it will e e scene so uplifting I pray God I may e e-ire to take part in the celestial mer- riant. "Until the day break and the e sows flee away, be thou like a roe or a e hart upon the mountains of Bether."

## AMONG THE ITALIAN VAUDOIS.

How the Religious Exiles are Laboring to Spread the Gospel in the Homes of the Italian Peasantry.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

**N**OW that the American people have made personal acquaintance with that exceedingly interesting people, the Waldenses, through their colony in North Carolina, which was described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD some months ago, it may be well to report what their fellow-countrymen are doing in their own home land. During my residence in Italy, I have seen a great deal of their noble work for God, and have watched with deep sympathy their patient toil in Christ's service. The same ingenious methods of winning the confidence of the people, the same gentle, persistent efforts to shed light in the dark souls around them, and the same self-sacrificing spirit which they displayed in past centuries are to be seen now in these humble, faithful Christians.

Few people know what Italy owes to the Waldenses. Their earnest, faithful work in propagating the Gospel among the peasantry has been lost sight of in the terrible story of the sufferings they endured in the Swiss valleys. But they are workers, as well as sufferers, and have ever been so. Their work has been so quiet, so unobtrusive, that to Christians in other lands the name of the Waldenses, or the Vaudois, as they are sometimes called, suggests only the brave fortitude of a people persecuted, but never crushed. To one, however, who has mingled with the Italian people, the name calls up associations of faithful service, pure Gospel teaching and kindly assistance to the poor in Christ's name, which will never be fully known in this world.

The past record of this little band of confessors is a history of heroism. From

not destroy them. It was their hideous sufferings at that time which drew from the poet Milton his cry:



THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH HOUSE.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold; Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old, When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones, Forget not; in thy book record their groans Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans The vales redoubled to the hills, and they To Heav'n.

But even the intensity of their tortures

At this time, in 1827, two Englishmen, Dr. Gilly and General Beckwith, the latter a man of ample fortunes, and both possessed of great abilities, went among them, and having roused interest and raised money in Great Britain for the aid of the persecuted church, devoted themselves to elevating and educating the Waldenses to something like their former standing. For thirty years these two indefatigable workers labored among their chosen people, providing schools, found-

ing a college, fitting pastors for service, and restoring churches. The two Englishmen always kept in view the possible emancipation of Italy, and the work that the Vaudois would then be able to do in carrying Protestant truth among the Italians. To fit the Waldensians for this missionary work, many of the theological students were sent to Florence to learn the Tuscan tongue, and on their return the language was introduced into the schools in the valleys.

As a result of this foresight, when the advanced policy of Carlo Alberto gave the statute of liberty to the people in 1848, it found the Vaudois ready to profit by their freedom. The Act for the emancipation of the Waldenses followed closely upon the statute, and then their work began in earnest. Its first-fruits was a fine church built in Turin; its next another in Genoa. In 1859 the opportunity came when the foreign rulers were driven from Lombardy, Tuscany and Parma, and the Bourbons from Naples, and at once the Waldenses pushed forward and established churches in Florence, in Milan, in Naples, in Leghorn and elsewhere. Again, in 1866, when Venice shook off the Austrian yoke, and in 1870, when the Italian troops entered Rome, the Vaudois were not slow to follow them. Ever since then their work has gone on. They have established schools, nurseries, dispensaries, Bible classes, churches, and have been indefatigable in their efforts to bring to the people of Italy the



A VAUDOIS VILLAGE IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

the years 1100 and 1120, the dates of the catechism and their confession of faith, down to 1848, when the statute giving them civil and religious liberty was granted by Carlo Alberto, they were subjected to prolonged and cruel persecutions by the Church of Rome. Again and again did fire and steel invade their valleys, and again and again were they repulsed by the sturdy mountaineers. Sometimes these seemed overwhelmed, crushed, destroyed, but the seed of their faith was always cherished by a few followers of Christ, and with each abatement of persecution the trampled flower of Protestantism again lifted its head. Even their actual expatriation from their Piedmontese homes in the seventeenth century and their exile into Switzerland and Wurtemberg did

would not loosen the hold of the Piedmontese upon their ancient creed, and this period of darkness was followed later by the "Glorieuse Rentree" to their own valleys under the leadership of Henri Arnaud.

This gleam of light was, however, of short duration. The Romish Church would not so readily yield up to what it called heresy any of those it considered its flock. More persecutions followed, and finally it seemed as if the work of extermination was nearly accomplished. Centuries of tyranny had crushed the hope from the sufferers. Their spirit was broken, their ancient courage was well nigh gone, and with expectation of freedom, desire had failed, their religious life had become dull and cold, and education was at a low ebb.

light of the Gospel.

In Italy a state of society exists that is almost incomprehensible to Americans. The tyranny which existed there for centuries has borne its legitimate fruit in impaired morals and debased intellects, and two or three decades of liberty have not sufficed to counteract the effect of centuries of despotism. Especially among the women the standard of intelligence is exceedingly low.

It has been difficult, up to the present time, to arouse in them any love for spiritual things, any interest in religious gatherings. In order to reach them in any way, the church must appeal to the lower side of their natures in the hope, by thus doing, that they may possibly touch the spiritual side.