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Back from Scenes of Suffering

Dr. Klopsch Tells His Experiences in Cuba—President McKinley and His Advisers Deeply Interested in the Relief Work Among the Reconcentrados—The Present Condition of the Work and its Immediate Needs.

ON his return from Cuba, whither he went to personally supervise the relief work among the starving reconcentrados and to arrange for assistance, Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has

Assistant Secretary of State, briefly the condition of the American relief work on that unhappy island. After listening to me a few minutes, Mr. Adee suggested that I see Judge Day, First Assistant Secretary of State, which I did. Judge Day heard

of Cuba should be closed against us, the Spanish military would, of course, appropriate the stores on hand, and the reconcentrados must inevitably perish, as even at the present time, with ports open, they were no further than eight or ten days re-

gentlemen I repeated what I had already said to Judge Day, and replied to various inquiries bearing on the situation in Cuba, but giving no expression to any political views which I personally may have entertained, but simply reflecting the



OUR RELIEF WORK IN CUBA—DISTRIBUTING SUPPLIES TO THE RECONCENTRADOS AT JESUS DEL MONTE, HAVANA. (See page 322)

prepared the following report of his tour, which will be read with deep interest by all who have had a part in this life-saving mission:

After a month's absence in Cuba, on returning home, I visited Washington, and reported to Hon. Mr. Adee, Second

me with close attention and manifested great interest in the work. In the course of the interview, he asked:

"Dr. Klopsch, how would these reconcentrados be affected in case war should be declared?"

"I then told him that in case the ports

moved from death by sheer starvation.

"Judge Day, at the conclusion of our talk, asked me to return in half an hour, when I was summoned to the White House and introduced to the President, Members of the Cabinet, and several Senators of the United States. To these

opinions of prominent Cubans in Havana whom I had met there.

"All the gentlemen present seemed particularly interested in the present status of the relief work, and in the quantities of supplies now in the store-houses, and also

(Continued on page 322.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



The Law of Self-Sacrifice

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., } Without shedding of blood is no remission.
on the Text: Heb. 9: 22, }



JOHN G. WHITTIER, the last of the great school of American poets that made the last quarter of this century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled with Blood," "Do you really believe there is a literal application of the blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply now. The Bible statement agrees with all physicians, and all physiologists, and all scientists, in saying that the blood is the life, and in the Christian religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows their incapacity or unwillingness to look through the figure of speech toward the thing signified. The blood that, on the darkest Friday the world ever saw, oozed, or trickled, or poured from the brow, and the side, and the hands, and the feet of the Illustrious Sufferer, back of Jerusalem, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared; and if man had depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not have been a soul saved for the last eighteen centuries.

In order to understand this red word of my text, we only have to exercise as much common sense in religion as we do in everything else. Pang for pang, hunger for hunger, fatigue for fatigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, life for life, we see every day illustrated. The act of substitution is no novelty, although I hear men talk as though the idea of Christ's suffering substituted for our suffering were something abnormal, something distressingly odd, something wildly eccentric, a solitary episode in the world's history; when I could take you out into this city and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At two o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who, by their looks, show you that they are overworked. They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly toward their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system, and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drugging at business early and late? For fun? No, it would be difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases no. Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simple fact is, the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation, and wear and tear, to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread, and wardrobe, and education, and prosperity, and in such battle ten thousand men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease finds them with no power of resistance, and they are gone. Life for life, Blood for blood. Substitution!

At one o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and profound, walk amid the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light. Because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning; but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent

forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But yonder is a clear light burning, and outside on a window casement a glass or pitcher containing food for a sick child; the food is set in the fresh air. This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over, the mother is taken down. Brain or nervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing, and goes up to join the three departed ones in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large family of children through all the diseases of infancy, and got them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. Some call it consumption; some call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial indisposition; but I call it martyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps a mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought home worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again, and hopes, and expects, and prays, and counsels, and suffers, until her strength gives out and she fails. She is going, and attendants, bending over her pillow, ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but out of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words: "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life. Substitution!

About thirty-eight years ago there went forth from our Northern and Southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose. They waded knee-deep in mud. They slept in snow-banks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them cried for water as they lay on the field the night after the battle and got it not. They were homesick, and received no message from their loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the tenthousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage-day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For a principle they died. Life for Life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in the cemetery? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail train.

Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowded rail-trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says: "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." But he can not rest while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down; but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said: "I was sick and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

In the legal profession I see the same principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idiotic negro, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin and awkward. It was William H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought to be put in an asylum, rather than put to death.

The gallows got its victim, but the post-mortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public were wrong, and William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of obloquy in the Auburn court-room was the first step of the stairs of fame up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him through the treachery of American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court-room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the furious populace and the loathsome imbecile. Substitution!

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticized painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause of all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," "Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of twenty-four years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous essay on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see—John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken-heartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box nineteen thousand pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic, and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far as it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for blood. Substitution!

What an exalting principle this which leads one to suffer for another! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our religion—Christ the Martyr, Christ the celestial Hero, Christ the De-

fender, Christ the Substitute. No principle, for it was old as human nature, but now on a grander, wider, deeper, and more world-resounding scale. The shepherd boy as a champion Israel with a sling toppled the giant of istine braggadocio in the dust; but another David who, for all the armies churches militant and triumphant, the Goliath of perdition into defeat, the crash of his brazen armor like an explosion at Hell Gate. Abraham had at the command agreed to sacrifice his Isaac, and the same God just in time provided a ram of the thicket as a substitute; but there is another Isaac about the altar, and no hand arrests the edges of laceration and death, and universe shivers, and quakes, and reels, and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries tried to tell whom this substitute like, and every comparison, inspired or uninspired, evangelistic, prophetic, tolic, and human, falls short for Christ was the Great Unlike. Adam a type of Christ, because he came directly from God; Noah a type of Christ, because delivered his own family from the Melchisedec a type of Christ, because had no predecessor or successor; Job a type of Christ, because he was cast by his brethren. Moses a type of Christ because he was a deliverer from bondage; Joshua a type of Christ, because he was a conqueror; Samson a type of Christ because of his strength to slay the lion; carry off the iron gates of impossibility; Solomon a type of Christ, in the affluence of his dominion; Jonah a type of Christ because of the stormy sea in which he threw himself for the rescue of others but put together Adam, and Noah, and Melchisedec, and Joseph, and Moses, and Joshua, and Samson, and Solomon, and Jonah, and they would not make a ment of a Christ, a quarter of a Christ, the half of a Christ, or the millionth of a Christ.

When did attorney ever endure so long for a pauper client, or physician for a patient in the lazaretto, or mother for a child in membranous croup, as Christ for you, and Christ for me, and Christ for all? Shall any man or woman or child in an audience who has ever suffered for another find it hard to understand this Christ suffering for us? Shall those whose pathies have been wrong in behalf of the unfortunate have no appreciation of that one moment which was lifted out of the ages of eternity as most conspicuous when Christ gathered up all the sins of those to be redeemed under his one arm and all their sorrows under his other arm and said: "I will atone for these under my right arm, and will heal all those under my left arm. Strike me with all thy glancing shafts, O Eternal Justice! Roll me with all thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow?" And the thunderbolts struck from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and there in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds witnessing the price, the bitter price, the transcendently awful price, the glorious price, the infinite price, the eternal price, as paid that sets us free.

That is what Paul means, that is what I mean, that is what all those who ever had their heart changed mean by "blood." I glory in this religion of blood. I am thrilled as I see the suggestive in sacramental cup, whether it be of nished silver set on cloth immaculate white, or rough-hewn from wood settable in log-hut meeting-house of the wilderness. Now I am thrilled as I see altars of ancient sacrifice crimson with blood of the slain lamb, and Levitic to me not so much the Old Testament as the New. Now I see why the descending angel passing over Egypt in the night spared all those houses that had blood sprinkled on their door-posts. Now I know what Isaiah means when he speaks of "one in red apparel coming with garments from Bozrah;" and whom the Apocalypse means when it describes heavenly chieftain whose "vesture dipped in blood;" and what John, the apostle, means when he speaks of "precious blood that cleanseth from sin;" and what the old, worn-out, decaying missionary Paul means when, in my hearing, he cries, "Without shedding of blood no remission." By that blood you will be saved—or never saved at all.