

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

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VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 19.

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NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



BARTOLOME MASSO, THE "WASHINGTON OF CUBA," FIRST PRESIDENT OF FREE CUBA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE FIELD, SECURED ESPECIALLY FOR "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD." (See page 111)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



THE SHEIK'S DAUGHTER.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., } Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro
on the Text: Exodus 3: 1, . . . } his father-in-law, the priest of Midian.



In the southeastern part of Arabia a man is sitting by a well. It is an arid country, and water is scarce, so that a well is of great value, and flocks and herds are driven vast distances to have their thirst slaked. Jethro, a Midianite sheik and priest, was so fortunate as to have seven daughters; and they are practical girls, and yonder they come driving the sheep and cattle and camels of their father to the watering. They lower the buckets and then pull them up, the water splashing on the stones and chilling their feet, and the troughs are filled. Who is that man out there sitting unconcerned and looking on? Why does he not come and help the women in this hard work of drawing water? But no sooner have the dry lips and panting nostrils of the flocks begun to cool a little in the brimming trough of the well, than some rough Bedouin shepherds break in upon the scene, and with clubs and shouts drive back the animals that were drinking, and affright these girls until they fly in retreat, and the flocks of these ill-mannered shepherds are driven to the troughs, taking the places of the other flocks. Now that man sitting by the well begins to color up, and his eye flashes with indignation, and all the gallantry of his nature is aroused. It is Moses, who naturally had a quick temper anyhow, as he demonstrated on one occasion when he saw an Egyptian oppressing an Israelite and gave the Egyptian a sudden clip and buried him in the sand, and as he showed afterward when he broke all the Ten Commandments at once by shattering the two granite slabs on which the law was written. But the injustice of this treatment of the seven girls sets him on fire with wrath, and he takes this shepherd by the throat, and pushes back another shepherd till he falls over the trough, and aims a stunning blow between the eyes of another, as he cries, "Begone, you villains!" and he hoots and roars at the sheep and cattle and camels of these invaders and drives them back; and having cleared the place of the desperadoes, he told the seven girls of this Midianite sheik to gather their flocks together and bring them again to the watering.

O, you ought to see a fight between the shepherds at a well in the Orient as I saw it in December, 1890. There were here a group of rough men who had driven the cattle many miles, and here another group who had driven their cattle as many miles. Who should have precedence? Such clashing of buckets! Such hooking of horns! Such kicking of hoofs! Such vehemence in a language I fortunately could not understand! Now the sheep with a peculiar mark across their woolly backs were at the trough, and now the sheep of another mark. It was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. An old book describes one of these contentions at an eastern well when it says: "One day the poor men, the widows and the orphans met together, and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water-side. Daji came up and stopped them all, and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up and accosted him by a suppliant manner saying, 'Be so good, Master Daji, as to let my cattle drink. They are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock. Have compassion on me. Grant my request, and let them drink.' Then came another old woman and addressed him: 'O, Master Daji, I am a poor weak old woman as you see. Time has dealt hardly with me. It has a mad its arrows at me, and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress. These sheep are all that I possess. Let them drink, for I live on the milk that they produce. Pity my forlorn state. I have no

one to tend them. Therefore grant my supplication and of thy kindness let them drink.' But in this case the brutal slave, so far from granting this humble request, smote the woman to the ground."

A like scrimmage has taken place at the well in the triangle of Arabia between the Bedouin shepherds and Moses championing the cause of the seven daughters who had driven their father's flocks to the watering. One of these girls, Zipporah, her name meaning "little bird," was fascinated by this heroic behavior of Moses; for however timid woman herself may be, she always admires courage in a man. Zipporah became the bride of Moses, one of the mightiest men of all the centuries. Zipporah little thought that that morning as she helped drive her father's flocks to the well, she was splendidly deciding her own destiny. Had she stayed in the tent or house while the other six daughters of the sheik tended to their heids, her life would probably have been a tame and uneventful life in the solitudes. But her industry, her fidelity to her father's interest, her spirit of helpfulness brought her into league with one of the grandest characters of all history. They met at that famous well, and while she admired the courage of Moses, he admired the filial behavior of Zipporah.

The fact that it took the seven daughters to drive the flocks to the well implies that they were immense flocks, and that her father was a man of wealth. What was the use of Zipporah's bemoaning herself with work when she might have reclined on the hillside near her father's tent, and plucked buttercups, and dreamed out romances, and sighed idly to the winds, and wept over imaginary songs to the brooks. No, she knew that work was honorable, and that every girl ought to have something to do, and so she starts with the bleating and lowing and bellowing and neighing droves to the well for the watering.

Around every home there are flocks and droves of cares and anxieties, and every daughter of the family, though there be seven, ought to be doing her part to take care of the flocks. In many households, not only is Zipporah, but all her sisters, without practical and useful employments. Many of them are waiting for fortunate and prosperous matrimonial alliance, but some lounge like themselves will come along, and after counting the large number of father Jethro's sheep and camels will make proposal that will be accepted; and neither of them having done anything more practical than to chew chocolate caramels, the two nothings will start on the road of life together, every step more and more a failure. That daughter of the Midianitish sheik will never find her Moses. Girls of America! imitate Zipporah. Do something practical. Do something helpful. Do something well. Many have fathers with great flocks of absorbing duties, and such a father needs help in home, or office, or field. Go out and help him with the flocks. The reason that so many men now condemn themselves to unaffiliated and solitary life is because they cannot support the modern young woman, who rises at half-past ten in the morning and retires after midnight, one of the trashiest of novels in her hands most of the time between the late rising and the late retiring—a thousand of them not worth one Zipporah.

There is a question that every father and mother ought to ask the daughter at breakfast or tea table, and that all the daughters of the wealthy sheik ought to ask each other: "What would you do if the family fortune should fail, if sickness should prostrate the breadwinner, if the flocks of Jethro should be destroyed by a sudden excursion of wolves and bears and hyenas from the mountain? What would you do for a living? Could you support yourself? Can you take care of an invalid mother or brother or sister as well

as yourself?" Yea, bring it down to what any day might come to a prosperous family. "Can you cook a dinner if the servants should make a strike for higher wages and leave that morning?" Every minute of every hour of every day of every year there are families flung from prosperity into hardship, and alas! if in such exigency the seven daughters of Jethro can do nothing but sit around and cry and wait for some one to come and hunt them up a situation for which they have no qualification.

Get at something useful; get at it right away! Do not say: "If I were thrown upon my own resources I would become a music teacher." There are now more music teachers than could be supported if they were all Mozarts and Wagners and Handels. Do not say: "I will go to embroidering slippers." There are more slippers now than there are feet. Our hearts are every day wrung by the story of elegant women who were once affluent, but through catastrophe have fallen helpless, with no ability to take care of themselves.

There needs to be peaceful, yet radical revolution among most of the prosperous homes of America, by which the elegant do-nothings may be transformed into practical do-somethings. Let useless women go to work and gather the flocks. Come, Zipporah, let me introduce you to Moses! But you do not mean that this man affianced to this country girl was the great Moses of history, do you? You do not mean that he was the man who afterward wrought such wonders? Surely, you do not mean the man whose staff dropped, wriggled into a serpent, and then, clutched, stiffened again into a staff? You do not mean the challenger of Egyptian thrones and palaces? You do not mean him who struck the rock so hard it wept in a stream for thirsty hosts? Surely, you do not mean the man who stood alone with God on the quaking Sinaitic ranges; not him to whom the Red Sea was surrendered? Yes, the same Moses defending the seven daughters of the Midianitish sheik; who afterward rescued a nation.

Why, do you not know that this is the way men and women get prepared for special work? The wilderness of Arabia was the law school, the theological seminary, the university of rock and sand, from which he graduated for a mission that will balk seas, and drown armies, and lift the lantern of illumined cloud by night, and start the workmen with bleeding backs among Egyptian brick-kilns toward the pasture lands that flow with milk and the trees of Canaan dripping with honey. Gracious God, teach all the people this lesson. You must go into humiliation and retirement and hidden closets of prayer if you are to be fitted for special usefulness. How did John the Baptist get prepared to become a forerunner of Christ? Show me his wardrobe. It will be hung with silken socks and embroidered robes and attire of Syrian purple. Show me his dining table. On it the tankards ablush with the richest wines of the vineyards of Engedi, and rarest birds that were ever caught in net, and sweetest venison that ever dropped antlers before the hunter. No, we are distinctly told "the same John had his raiment of camels' hair."—not the fine hair of the camel which we call camlet, but the long, coarse hair such as beggars in the East wear,—and his only meat was of insects, the green locust, about two inches long, roasted, a disgusting food. These insects were caught and the wings and legs torn off, and they were stuck on wooden spits and turned before the fire. The Bedouins pack them in salt and carry them in sacks. What a menu for John the Baptist! Through what deprivation he came to what exaltation!

And you will have to go down before you go up. From the pit into which his brothers threw him and the prison in which his enemies incarcerated him, Joseph rose to be Egyptian prime minister. Elijah, who was to be the greatest of all the ancient prophets, Elijah, who made King Ahab's knees knock together with the prophecy that the dogs would be his only undertakers; Elijah, whose one prayer brought more than three years of drought, and whose other prayer brought drenching showers; the man who wrapped up his cape of sheepskin into a roll and with it cut a path through raging Jordan for just two to

pass over; the man who with who fire rode over death and escaped in skies without mortuary disintegration the man who, thousands of years was called out of the eternities to beside Jesus Christ on Mount Tabor it was ablaze with the splendors of figuration—this man could look back the time when voracious and filthy were his only caterers.

You see John Knox preaching the nation sermon of James VI., and an iring Queen Mary and Lord Darnley public discourse at Edinburgh, and ing the French ambassador to go and call his king a murderer; John making all Christendom feel his power, and at his burial the Earl of M saying, "Here lieth a man who in h never feared the face of man." Whe John Knox get much of his schooli such resounding and everlasting ac ment? He got it while in chains p at the boat's oar in French cap Michael Faraday, one of the grea the scientific world, did not begin t turing in the university. He beg washing bottles in the experimenting of Humphrey Davy. "Hohenlinder immortal poem of Thomas Campbe first rejected by a newspaper edito in the notes to correspondents ap the words: "To T. C.—The line mencing. 'On Linden when the su low,' are not up to our standard. I is not T. C.'s forte." Oh! it is a rou to any kind of valuable success the privations and hardships of yo may on a smaller scale be the prefac introduction to usefulness and victo

See also in this call of Moses tha has a great memory. Four hu years before he had promised the d ance of the oppressed Israelites of l The clock of time has struck the and now Moses is called to the wo rescue. Four hundred years is a long time, but you see God can reme a promise four hundred years as w you can remember four hundred mi Four hundred years includes all yo cestry that you know anything abo all the promises made to them, a may expect fulfillment in our hea life of all the blessings predicted Christian ancestry centuries ago. have a dim remembrance, if any r brance at all, of your great grandi but God sees those who were on e knees in 1598 as well as those on e knees in 1898, and the blessings be m ised the former and their descen have arrived, or will arrive. While is not hereditary, it is a grand t have had a pious ancestry. So C this chapter calls up the pedigree the people whom Moses was to delive Moses is ordered to say to them, Lord God of your fathers, the G Abraham, the God of Isaac, and th of Jacob hath sent me unto you." I thought be divinely accurate, let msk What are we doing by prayer and v holly life for the redemption of the ex four hundred years? Our work n only with the people of the latter p of the nineteenth century, but with the closing of the twentieth centu the closing of the twenty-first ce and the closing of the twenty-secon tury, and the closing of the twenty century. For four hundred years, the world continues to swing until that or if it drops, then notwithstanding t influence will go on in other latitude longitudes of God's universe.

Notice, also, that Moses was cl years of age when he got this call to come the Israelitish deliverer. years he had lived in palaces as a p another forty years he had lived i wilderness of Arabia. I should not der if he had said: "Take a younga for this work. Eighty winters have posed my health; eighty summers have poured their heats upon my head. er are the forty years that I spent amo enervating luxuries of a palace, and followed the forty years of wilderness ship. I am too old. Let me off. Better man in the forties or fifties, and no who has entered upon the eighs. Nevertheless, he undrtook the worl and if we want to know whether he succ e, ask the abandoned brick-kilns of Jyp tian task-masters, and the splintered riot wheels strewn on the beach of the Red Sea, and the timbrels which Mam clapped for the Israelites passed ove the Egyptians gone under.

I do not retire too early. Like Moses, you may have your chief work to do after the day is over. It may not be in the high places of the field; it may not be where a strong arm and an athletic foot and a clear vision are required, but there is something for you to do. Perhaps it may be to counsel off the work you have already done; to demonstrate the patience you have been recommending all your lifetime; perhaps to stand a lighthouse at the mouth of the bay to light others into harbor; perhaps to show how glorious a sunset may come after a stormy day.

There lies dying at Haverden, England, one of the most wonderful men that ever lived since the ages of time began their roll. He is the chief citizen of the whole world. Three times has he practically been king of Great Britain. Again and again coming from the House of Commons, which he had thrilled and overawed by his eloquence, on Saturday, on Sunday morning reading prayers for the people with illumined countenance and streaming eyes and resounding voice, saying: "I believe in God our Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord."

The world has no other such man as Gladstone; the church has no other such champion to lean over. I shall never cease to thank God that on Mr. Gladstone's invitation I visited him at Haverden, and heard from his own lips his belief in the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and the obligations of the world to come. At Haverden and in the walk through the grounds I was impressed as I never before, and probably will never be again, with the majesty of nature all consecrated to God for the world's betterment. In the presence of such a man, what have those to say who profess to think that our religion is a pusillanimous and weak, and cowardly, and unreasonable affair? Mighty William E. Gladstone! Matchless William E. Gladstone!

Still further, watch this spectacle of genuine courage. No wonder when Moses scattered the rude shepherds, he won Zipporah's heart. What mattered it to Moses whether the cattle of the seven daughters of Jethro were driven from the troughs by the rude herdsmen? Sense of justice fired his courage; and the world wants more of the spirit that will dare anything to see others righted. At the time at wells of comfort, at wells of joy, at wells of religion, and at wells of literature there are outrages practised, the wrong herds getting the first water. Those who have the previous right come in last, if they come in at all. Thank God, we are here and there a strong man to set things right! I am so glad that when God has an especial work to do, he has some one ready to accomplish it. Is there a Bible to translate, there is a Wickliff to translate it; if there is a literature to be organized, there is a Shakespeare to organize it; if there is an error to smite, there is Luther to smite it; if there is to be a nation freed, there is a Moses to free it. Courage is needed in religion, in literature, in statesmanship, in all spheres; Moses to defend Jethro's seven daughters and their flocks and put to flight the insolent invaders. And those who do the brave work will win somewhere high reward. The loudest cheer of heaven is to be given "to him that overcometh."

Still further, see in this call of Moses that if God has any especial work for you to do he will find you. There were Egypt and Arabia and Palestine with their crowded population, but the man that Lord wanted was at the southern point of the triangle of Arabia, and he picks him right out, the shepherd who kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the test and sheik. So God will not find it hard to take you out from the sixteen hundred million of the human race if he wants you for anything especial. There are not only just one man qualified. Other men had courage like Moses; other men had some of the talents of Moses; other men had romance in their history, as had Moses; other men were impetuous, like Moses; but no other man had these different qualities in the exact proportion as in Moses; and God, who makes no mis-

take, found the right man for the right place. Do not fear you will be overlooked, or that when you are wanted God cannot find you.

Still further, notice that the call of Moses was written in letters of fire. On the Sinaitic peninsula there is a low thorn bush called the acacia, dry and brittle, and it easily goes down at the touch of the flame. It crackles and turns to ashes very quickly. Moses, seeing one of these bushes on fire, goes to look at it. At first, no doubt, it seemed to be a botanical curiosity, burning, yet crumpling no leaf, parting no stem, scattering no ashes. It was a supernatural fire that did no damage to the vegetation. That burning bush was the call. Your call will probably come in letters of fire. Ministers get their call to preach in letters on paper, or parchment, or type-written, but it does not amount to much until they get their next call in letters of fire. You will not amount to much in usefulness until somewhere near you find a



IN DOYERS STREET.

burning bush. It may be found burning in the hectic flush of your child's cheek; it may be found burning in business misfortune; it may be found burning in the fire of the world's scorn or hate or misrepresentation. But hearken to the crackle of the burning bush!

A great snow-storm came on a prairie in Minnesota, and a farmer in a sleigh was lost, but after a while struck the track of another sleigh, and felt cheered to go on, since he had found the track of another traveler. He heard sleigh-bells preceding him, and hastened on and caught up with his predecessor, who said, "Where are you going?" "I am following you," was the answer that came back. The fact is that they were both lost, and had gone round and round in a circle. Then they talked the matter over, and, looking up, saw the north star; and toward the north was their home, and they started straight for it. Oh, instead of imitating men like ourselves and circling round and round, let us look up and take some starry guide like Moses, and follow on until we join him amid the "delectable mountains." You say you cannot reach his character. Oh, no. Neither can you reach the north star, but you can be guided by its heavenly pointing.

REDEEMING THE SLUMS

The Work of the New York Rescue Band
—Missionaries in Chinatown—Rescue Work in Gilded Palaces of Sin.



LEADERS of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are not ignorant of the good work which is being done by the New York Rescue Band. The Band is composed of a company of Christian men and women, who are devoting their energies to rescue work among the fallen. Its members wear a badge, which is officially recognized by the police as that of persons laudably engaged in reformatory labors. The work is endorsed by the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City, and by letters of warm commendation from prominent ministers. Its field of operation is the city; its special centres of activity are the Mission in Chinatown, which comprises several departments of work, as the school for children, industrial and social club for respectable girls, and the Morning Star Mission, all at 15-17 Doyers Street; and the Home for Erring Girls, 127 West Fortieth Street.

The officers of the Band are Hon. W. H. Rowe, Jr., President; O. B. Booth, Vice-President and Superintendent of Rescue Work; S. E. Furry, Secretary and Superintendent Chinatown Mission; H. A. Gould, Treasurer. Miss M. L. Taylor, matron of the Home, and Miss A. N. Smith, missionary, conducting the work for erring girls, have the assistance of an advisory committee, composed of prominent ladies.

The Chinatown Mission reaches what is regarded as the most hopelessly depraved locality in New York. Chinatown, territorially insignificant, is crowded with every possible form of sin, from pagan worship in the Joss House, dissipation of the Chinese theatre, opera and restaurants, to the dreadful corruption of opium joints,

usually gravitate downward, but for the social and industrial opportunities which the club opens up to them. It gives them a pleasant place, where they sing, and talk, sew and read together, under direction of Christian women who do the work for love's sake.

A girl brought in from Chinatown lay dying in a hospital. "Maggie," asked the Band-worker, "Is there no one I can send for?" "My people think me dead," she whispered. Then she told the missionary her story, and the end of it was that this girl was tended in her last illness by the hands of her kindred and was buried from the home of her people, wealthy residents of New York City. One night one of the workers brought in from the street a seventeen-year-old girl. Soon after entering the Home she wrote her father that she was ready to go back to her home and her duty. She is now in a missionary institute, where she is preparing for active service in behalf of unfortunate women. These are two instances of rescued women who had been born and reared in wealth and refinement. To meet their cases, special methods of treatment are required. The most difficult branch of rescue work is not that of slums, but that of the "gilded palaces of sin," where the inmates are surrounded by luxury. It is absolutely necessary to entrust this work to missionaries of experience, tact, education and Christian ability. The Home at 256 W. Thirty-ninth Street, New York, is especially adapted to the need of this class of women. It is a modest frame building in a decent part of the town, presided over by a motherly matron and trained assistants. Since May, 1897, forty-nine girls have been received, and but four have returned to evil ways. The others have obtained positions, enabling them to support themselves, have been restored to their families, or are at the Home, working to save other girls. Workers have found much more difficulty in obtaining employment for these girls than in inducing them to seek for, and engage in, honest work.

A department of self-evident import-



GIRLS' SEWING CIRCLE IN THE STAR OF HOPE CLUB.

ance only awaits sufficient funds for its creation. It is the establishment of an industrial work-shop in connection with the Home, where necessary work for self-support could be given rescued women until outside employment is practicable. Mr. Gould states that he knows personally over two hundred erring girls, over half of whom would abandon a wrong life now, if sure of living wages and a little Christian fellowship.

There is need in the lower part of the city for a temporary shelter, without code of conditions, where any woman will be received at any hour of the night that a worker may bring her in. Many good people will be ready to assume the burden of its establishment and its support as soon as the need and value shall be known.

The Star of Hope Club is a development of the school. Its members are daughters of the worthy people of Chinatown, or girls in themselves worthy. It saves from the life of the street young women who, living in the cramped quarters of swarming tenements, would nat-