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

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A SUNDAY AFTERNOON OUT-DOOR GOSPEL SERVICE IN CHINATOWN, LOS ANGELES, CAL. (See Page 103.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



WATCHING THE BOAT.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., } And his sister stood afar off, to wit on the Text: Exodus 2: 4. . . . } what would be done to him.



PRINCESS THERMUTIS, daughter of Pharaoh, looking out through the lattice of her bathing house, on the banks of the Nile, saw a curious boat on the river. It had neither oar nor helm, and they would have been useless anyhow. There was only one passenger, and that a baby boy. But the Mayflower, that brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America, carried not so precious a load. The boat was made of the broad leaves of papyrus, tightened together by bitumen. Boats were sometimes made of that material, as we learn from Pliny and Herodotus and Theophrastus. "Kill all the Hebrew children born," had been Pharaoh's order. To save her boy, Jochebed, the mother of little Moses, had put him in that queer boat and launched him. His sister, Miriam, stood on the bank watching that precious craft. She was far enough off not to draw attention to the boat, but near enough to offer protection. There she stands on the bank—Miriam the poetess, Miriam the quick-witted, Miriam the faithful, though very human, for in after time she demonstrated it.

Miriam was a splendid sister, but had her faults, like all the rest of us. How carefully she watched the boat containing her brother! A strong wind might upset it. The buffaloes often found there might in a sudden plunge or thirst sink it. Some ravenous water-towl might swoop and pick his eyes out with iron beak. Some crocodile or hippopotamus crawling through the rushes might crunch the babe. Miriam watched and watched until Princess Thermutis, a maiden on each side of her holding palm leaves over her head to shelter her from the sun, came down and entered her bathing-house. When from the lattice she saw that boat she ordered it brought, and when the leaves were pulled back from the face of the child and the boy looked up he cried aloud, for he was hungry and frightened, and would not even let the Princess take him. The infant would rather stay hungry than acknowledge any one of the court as mother. Now Miriam, the sister, incognito, no one suspecting her relation to the child, leaps from the bank and rushes down and offers to get a nurse to nurse the child. Consent is given, and she brings Jochebed, the baby's mother, incognito, none of the court knowing that she was the mother; and when Jochebed arrived, the child stopped crying, for its fright was calmed and its hunger appeased. You may admire Jochebed, the mother, and all the ages may admire Moses, but I clap my hands in applause at the behavior of Miriam, the faithful, brilliant, and strategic sister.

"Go home," some one might have said to Miriam: "why risk yourself out there alone on the banks of the Nile, breathing the miasma, and no danger of being attacked by the crocodile or the hippopotamus?" No, Miriam, the sister, more lovingly watched and guarded the child than Moses, the brother. Is he worthy her care and rescue? Oh, yes; the sixty centuries of the world's history have never had so noble a child. The arrival of my ship at any port is the loss of that papyrus boat loaded with children. Its one passenger is the crown of our history. How many a lawyer, and how many a hero, and how many a deliverer and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the firmhouses, come up out of the inconspicuous homes, come up from the banks of the Hudson, and Penobscot, and the Savannah, and the Mobile, and the Mississippi, and all the other Niles of America and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and commerce, and merchandise, and art, and science, and mechanics, and religion! It is I should ask all physicians, and attorneys, and merchants, and ministers of religion, and successful men of all professions and trades, who are indebted to their sister for good influences and peopled for an education of a prosperous start to let it be known, hundreds would

live, and if he took the rubies he was to die. For some reason the child took one of the coals, and put it in his mouth, so that his life was spared, although it burned the tongue till he was indistinct of utterance ever after. Having come to manhood, he spread open the palms of his hands in prayer, and the Red Sea parted to let two million five hundred thousand people escape. And he put the palms of his hands together in prayer, and the Red Sea closed on a strangulated host.

His life so unutterably grand, his burial must be on the same scale. God would let neither man nor saint nor archangel have anything to do with weaving for him a shroud or digging for him a grave. The omnipotent God left his throne in heaven one day, and if the question was asked, "Whither is the King of the Universe going?" the answer was, "I am going down to bury Moses." And the Lord took this mightiest of men to the top of a hill, and the day was clear, and Moses ran his eye over the magnificent range of country. Here, the valley of Esdraelon, where the final battle of all nations is to be fought; and yonder, the mountains Hermon, and Lebanon, and Gerizim, and the hills of Judea; and the village of Bethlehem there, and the city of Jericho yonder, and the vast stretch of landscape that almost took the old lawgiver's breath away as he looked at it. And then without a pang—as I learn from the statement that the eye of Moses was undimmed and his natural force unabated—God touched the great lawgiver's eyes, and they closed; and his lungs, and they ceased; and his heart, and it stopped; and commanded, saying, "To the skies, thou immortal spirit!" And then one Divine hand was put against the back of Moses, and the other hand against the pulseless breast, and God laid him softly down on Mount Nebo, and then the lawgiver, lifted in the Almighty's arms, was carried to the opening of a cave and placed in a crypt, and one stroke of the Divine hand smoothed the features into an everlasting calm, and a rock was rolled to the door, and the only obsequies, at which God did all the offices of priest, and undertaker, and gravedigger, and mourner, were ended.

Oh, was not Miriam, the sister of Moses, doing a good thing, an important thing, a glorious thing when she watched the boat woven of river plants and made water-tight with asphaltum, carrying its one passenger? Did she not put all the ages of time and of a coming eternity under obligation when she defended her helpless brother from the perils aquatic, reptilian, and ravenous? She it was that brought that wonderful babe and his mother together, so that he was reared to be the deliverer of his nation, when otherwise, if saved at all from the rushes of the Nile, he would have been only one more of the God-defying Pharaohs; for Princess Thermutis of the bathing-house would have inherited the crown of Egypt; and as she had no child of her own, this adopted child would have come to coronation. Had there been no Miriam there would have been no Moses. What a garland for faithful sisterhood! For how many a lawgiver, and how many a hero, and how many a deliverer and how many a saint are the world and the church indebted to a watchful, loving, faithful, godly sister? Come up out of the firmhouses, come up out of the inconspicuous homes, come up from the banks of the Hudson, and Penobscot, and the Savannah, and the Mobile, and the Mississippi, and all the other Niles of America and let us see you, the Miriams who watched and protected the leaders in law and commerce, and merchandise, and art, and science, and mechanics, and religion! It is I should ask all physicians, and attorneys, and merchants, and ministers of religion, and successful men of all professions and trades, who are indebted to their sister for good influences and peopled for an education of a prosperous start to let it be known, hundreds would

testify. God knows how many of our Greek lexicons and how much of our schooling was paid for by money that would otherwise have gone for the replenishing of a sister's wardrobe. While the brother sailed off for a resounding sphere, the sister watched him from the banks of self-denial.

Miriam was the eldest of the family; Moses and Aaron, her brothers, were younger. Oh the power of the elder sister to help decide the brother's character for usefulness and for heaven! She can keep off from her brother more evils than Miriam could have driven back water-fowl or crocodile from the ark of bulrushes. The older sister decides the direction in which the cradle boat shall sail. By gentleness, by good sense, by Christian principle she can turn it toward the palace, not of a wicked Pharaoh, but of a holy God; and a brighter princess than Thermutis should lift him out of peril, even Religion, whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. The older sister, how much the world owes her! Born while yet the family was in limited circumstances, she had to hold and take care of her younger brothers. And if there is anything that excites my sympathy, it is a little girl lugging round a great fat child and getting her ears boxed because she cannot keep him quiet! By the time she gets to young womanhood she is pale and worn out, and her attractiveness has been sacrificed on the altar of sisterly fidelity, and she is consigned to celibacy, and society calls her by an unfair name; but in heaven they call her Miriam. In most families the two most undesirable places in the record of births are the first and the last: the first because she is worn out with the cares of a home that cannot afford to hire help, and the last because she is spoiled as a pet. Among the grandest equipages that sweep through the streets of heaven will be those occupied by sisters who sacrificed themselves for brothers. They will have the finest of the Apocalyptic white horses, and many who on earth looked down upon them will have to turn out to let them pass, the charioteer crying: "Clear the way! A queen is coming!"

Let sisters not begrudge the time and care bestowed on a brother. It is hard to believe that any boy that you know so well as your brother can ever turn out anything very useful. Well, he may not be a Moses. There is only one of that kind needed for six thousand years. But I tell you what your brother will be—either a blessing or a curse to society, and a candidate for happiness or wretchedness. He will, like Moses, have the choice between rubies and living coals, and your influence will have much to do with his decision. He may not, like Moses, be the deliverer of a nation, but he may, after your father and mother are gone, be the deliverer of a household. What thousands of homes to-day are piloted by brothers! There are properties now well invested and yielding income for the support of sisters and younger brothers because the older brother rose to the leadership from the day the father lay down to die. Whatever you do for your brothers will come back to you again. If you set him an ill-natured, censorious, unaccommodating example, it will recoil upon you from his own irritated and despoiled nature. If you, by patience with his infirmities and by nobility of character, dwell with him, in the few years of your companionship, you will have your counsels reflected back upon you some day by his splendor of behavior in some crisis where he would have failed but for you.

Don't snub him. Don't depreciate his ability. Don't talk discouragingly about his future. Don't let Miriam get down off the bank of the Nile and wade out and upset the ark of bulrushes. Don't tease him. Brothers and sisters do not consider it any harm to tease. That spirit abroad in the family is one of the meanest and most devilish. There is a teasing that is pleasurable and is only another form of innocent railery; but that which provokes and irritates and makes the eye flash with anger is to be reprehended. It would be less blameworthy to take a bunch of thorns and draw them across your sister's cheek, or to take a knife and draw its sharp edge across your brother's hand till the blood spurts, for that would damage only the body; but teasing is the thorn and the knife scratching and lacerating the disposition and the soul. It is the curse of innumerable households that

the brothers tease the sisters, and the sisters the brothers. Sometimes it is color of the hair, or the shape of the features, or an affair of the heart. Sometimes it is by revealing a secret or by a suggestive look, or a guffaw, or an "Ah! Tease! Tease! Tease! For mercy's sake quit it." Christ says: "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Now, when by teasing, make your brother or sister hate, you turn him or her into a murderer or murderess.

Don't let jealousy ever touch a sister's soul, as it so often does, because the brother gets more honor or more meanness than Miriam, the heroine of the text, struck by that evil passion of jealousy. She had possessed unlimited influence over Moses, and now he marries, and only so, but marries a black woman from Ethiopia; and Miriam is so disgusted and outraged at Moses, first because he married at all, and next because he practised miscegenation, that she is driven into a frenzy, and then begins to tear her hair, and gets white as a corpse, then whiter than a corpse. Her complexion is like chalk, the fact is, she has the Egyptian leprosy. And now the brother whom she had defended on the Nile comes to her rescue in a prayer, brings her restoration. Let there be room in all your house for jealousy to sit or stand. It is a leprous abomination. Your brother's success, O sister, is your success. His victories will be your victories. For while Moses the brother led the vocal music after the crossing of the Red Sea, Miriam the sister, with sheets of shining brass uplifted and clattering in the sun, led the instrumental music, clapping the cymbals till the frightened neigh of pursuing cavalry he was smothered in the wave, and the Egyptian helmet went under.

How strong it makes a family when the sisters and brothers stand together and what an awful wreck when they disintegrate, quarreling about a father's will and making the surrogate's office horrible with their wrangle! Better, when you were little children in the nursery, to have your playhouse marionettes had a dentally killed each other fighting across your cradle, than that, having come to the age of maturity and having in your veins and arteries the blood of the same father and mother, you fight each other across the parental grave in the cemetery.

If you only knew it, your interests are identical. Of all the families of the earth that ever stood together, perhaps the most conspicuous is the family of the Rothschilds. As Mayer Anselm Rothschild was about to die, in 1812, he gathered his children around him—Anselm, Solomon, Nathan, Charles, and James—and made them promise that they would always unite on 'Change. Obeying that injunction, they have been the mightiest commercial power on earth, and at the raising or lowering of their sceptre nations have risen or fallen. That illustrates how much, on a large scale and for selfish purposes, a united family may achieve. I suppose that instead of a magnitude of dollars as the object, it be doing good and making salutary impression, and raising this sunken world, how much more nobling! Sister, you do your part, a brother will do his part. If Miriam lovingly watch the boat on the Nile, Moses will help her when leprous distasteful strike.

When father and mother are gone—and they soon will be, if they have not already made exit—the sisterly and fraternal love will be the only ligament that will hold the family together. How many reasons for your deep and unflinching affection for each other! Rocked in the same cradle; bent over by the same mother's tenderness; toiled for by the same father's weary arm and aching brow; with common inheritance of all the family secrets, a with names given you by parents who started you with the highest hopes for your happiness and prosperity, I charge you, be loving and kind and forgiving to the sister; see that the brother never wants a sympathizer, the brother will see that the sister never wants an escort. If the sisters of a household knew through what terrific and damning temptation their brother goes in city life, they would hardly sleep nights, in anxiety for his salvation! And if you would make a conspiracy of kind words and gentle attentions and earnest prayers, that would save his soul from death and hide a multitude

side of sins. But let the sister dash off in one direction in discipleship of the world, and the brother flee off in another direction in dissipation, and it will not be long before they will meet again at the high gate of Despair, their blistered feet in the hot ashes of a consumed lifetime. As! that brothers and sisters, though living together for years very often do not know each other.

General Bauer, of the Russian cavalry, when in early life wandered off in the army, and the family supposed he was dead. After he gained a fortune he encamped one day in Husam, his native place, and gave a banquet; and among the great military men who were to dine, he invited a miller and his wife who lived near by and who, affrighted, came, fearing some harm would be done them. The miller and his wife were placed one on each side of the general at the table. The general asked the miller all about his family, and the miller said that he had two brothers and a sister. "No other brothers?" "My younger brother went off with the army many years ago, and no doubt was long ago killed." Then the general said: "Soldiers, I am this man's younger brother, whom he thought was dead." And how loud was the cheer, and how warm was the embrace!

Brother and sister, you need as much of an introduction to each other as they did. You do not know each other. You think your brother is grouchy and cross and queer, and he thinks you are selfish and proud and unlovely. Both wrong! That brother will be a prince in some woman's eyes, and that sister a queen in the estimation of some man. That brother is a magnificent fellow, and that sister is a darling in June. Come, let me introduce you: "Moses, this is Miriam." "Miriam, this is Moses." Add seventy-five per cent. of your present appreciation of each other. When you kiss good morning do not pick up your cold cheek, wet from the recent washing, as though you hated to touch each other's lips in affectionate caress. Let it have all the fondness and cordiality of a loving sister's kiss.

Make yourself as agreeable and helpful to each other as possible, remembering that soon you part. The few years of boyhood and girlhood will soon slip by, and you will go out to homes of your own, and into the battle with the world, and amid ever-changing vicissitudes, and on this crossed with graves, and up steeply to climb, and through shadowy vines. But, O my God and Saviour! by the terminus of the journey be the me as the start—namely, at father's and mother's knee, if they have inherited the kingdom. Then, as in boyhood and girlhood days, we rushed in after the day's absence with much to tell of exciting adventure, and father and mother enjoyed the recital as much as we who made it. We shall on the hillside of heaven repair to them all the scenes of our earthly expedition, and they shall welcome home. The old revival hymn described with glorious repetition:

Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Brothers and sisters there will meet,
Will meet to part no more.

I read of a child in the country who was detained at a neighbor's house on a stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told him, and then looked at and saw it was so dark he did not care to go home. The incident impressed me the more because in my childhood I had much the same experience. The boy asked his comrades to go with him, but they dared not. It got later and later—seven o'clock, eight o'clock, nine o'clock. "Oh," he said, "I wish I were home!" As he opened the door the last time a blinding flash of lightning and a deafening roar overcame him. But after awhile he saw at the distance a lantern, and lo! his brother was coming to fetch him home, and the lad stepped out and with swift feet hastened on to his brother, who took him home, where they were so glad to meet him, and for a long time supper had been waiting. So may it be when the light of death comes and our earthly friends cannot go with us, and we dare not go alone: may our Brother, our Elder brother, our Friend closer than a brother, come out to meet us with the light of the promises, which shall be a lantern to our feet; and then we will go in to join our loved ones waiting for us, supper all ready, the marriage supper of the Lamb!

FREE TRAVELING LIBRARIES.

Their Educational Value to Rural Communities and Mill Districts—Missionaries Doing Good—Frontier Work—A Blessing to Children.



NY system which puts good books and current literature in free and easy reach of country people, is a benefit second only to that of public schools. Good books and periodicals are true missionaries. We who dwell in cities, with the world's daily news at our doors for a penny, and within a few steps of great free libraries, where the world's wit and wisdom may be had for the asking, can hardly appreciate the situation in country neighborhoods, where the local weekly, a few thumb-ed books here and there, and the rare blessing of a fresh magazine constitute the average equipment of literary privilege.

Recognition of this by public-spirited men and women has led to the existence of the Free Traveling Libraries, which

difficulty of getting and returning them, and not to a lack of appreciation of their value. He decided to adapt the system of traveling libraries to suit the needs of Dunn county, and secured the co-operation of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission in perfecting his plans, selecting and buying the books and interesting the people. He then purchased a library of 500 wholesome, popular books, and divided it into sixteen small libraries, each containing thirty volumes. Each library was put up in a strong book-case which had a shelf, double doors with a lock and key, a record book for loans, printed copies of the few simple rules, borrowers' blanks, and so complete a line of equipments that it could be set up anywhere on a table or shelf and managed as an independent library. While the machinery was complete enough for its purpose, it was so

simple that any intelligent person could operate it after five minutes' explanation. Mr. Stout's conditions were:

You must form local library associations of responsible people, elect a secretary to represent you in dealing with me, and a librarian to deal with you. You must agree to have the books well cared for, and to keep them in a convenient place where every resident of the neighborhood using them carefully can get them without cost. When most of the readers have read as many of the books as they wish, the library



A WISCONSIN FREE LIBRARY.

are gradually being established throughout the Union. The great systems of traveling libraries which the State of New York maintains under Mr. Melvil Dewey's guidance, show the wonderful possibilities of this new method of extending the education of the people. Systems differing in minor particulars exist in different States, and THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, having the country-dweller's interest close at heart, is glad to present, in some detail, account of the movement in one State as indicative of its operation and possibilities in all.

In the latest report of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission, the Secretary, Frank A. Hutchins, says: The Wisconsin systems appear to be unique, in that while working almost entirely for people of isolated communities, they have both local and state supervision. No recent movement for the public weal in Wisconsin has won such quick and ready sympathy as the effort to put the best of books and current literature where country people may read them freely. Most former efforts to supply farmers and people of small hamlets with free reading have failed. Public libraries need fresh books to hold their clientele, and these books must be wisely selected. Small country libraries usually get fresh books rarely, and generally uninteresting volumes. Less than five per cent. of the public libraries started in small communities have proved permanently successful. A few years ago Captain Andrew Tainter and wife, of Menomonee, Wisconsin, made an effort to provide books for the farmers of Dunn county. They founded a beautiful library in Menomonee in memory of a deceased daughter, and made it free to all residents of the county. Their library was well managed, but Hon. J. H. Stout, one of the trustees, found that a country population of 16,000 people drew less than 3,000 volumes a year. He concluded that this was due to the

though the pictures still intact, testified to loving care. Through the kindness of friends, the Commission has been able to send to the stations thousands of copies of excellent periodicals. Boys and girls in Southern Missouri have sent cherished files of their papers for the young to their little brothers and sisters in the forests of Northern Wisconsin. A file of this character will go first to the school-house, where many of its articles will be read to the school by the teachers. It will then go from family to family. In many cases, the stories of the children's papers make the bridge from the meagre reading of the school to the books of the libraries. Many children, from homes where there is nothing to read save the most elementary school-books, do not get practice enough in reading to read easily. In some communities of foreigners, the children's periodicals attract older people by the pictures, and the whole family spell out a story to learn about the picture.

In fact, the little circulating library which has for its habitation a table in a farmhouse; or a shelf in the country store, side by side with the post office; quickly becomes a potent educational factor and a centre of intellectual activity in the community, and exercises such a marked influence for good that storekeepers troubled with loafers have shown themselves ready to take some trouble, in order to have at hand such reformatory occupation for idle hands.

Employers are becoming interested in providing free libraries for circulation among employees. W. H. Bradley, President of the Tomahawk Lumber Co., has established a free library at Tomahawk, from which he sends smaller libraries to his storekeepers in outlying hamlets for the use of mill men and farmers.

Following the inauguration of the Stout Free Traveling Libraries, came Mr. J. D. Miller, who adopted Mr. Stout's plan in the main: the individual libraries were larger, and embraced German books in the case of communities where older people could not read English. In several mill districts, he established reading-rooms, and it is to be hoped that his experiment in this line will be imitated in other places. Miss Early's work in organizing traveling libraries in Chippewa County, is particularly interesting from the fact that it was done without funds and with only the help of a few friends. Our illustrations show one of her libraries, where the folks appreciated their privileges so much that they bought a small building, papered, painted, and shelved it, and with a rug, table, chairs, and curtains fitted themselves up a cosy reading-room. Mr. Budge, the librarian, living near by, receives "a compensation," says the report, "ridiculously small in money, but inestimably large if the gratitude of one's neighbors and the consciousness of benefits conferred are reckoned at their real value."



A TYPICAL RURAL FREE LIBRARY.

The Klondike Band.

When last heard from, the little party of converts, under the leadership of Captain de Soto, who are marching across the continent to the Alaskan gold fields, with the purpose of founding a Gospel mission in the mining camps, had reached Liverpool, Ohio. Gospel meetings have been held at many places along the route, and the Word has been preached to large and enthusiastic gatherings. Christian churches of various denominations have been freely opened to them, and they have received the heartiest co-operation from pastors at almost every stopping-place. Many conversions have resulted from these services and multitudes have been impressed by the "testimonies." Meetings have been held at Sewickley, Pa., and New Brighton, Pa., and Rochester, East Liverpool, Toronto, Steubenville, Cadiz, O., and other places, and the evangelistic labors of the Band have been blessed to many.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its proprietor, and also upon those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ, are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.