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THE ORIGIN OF THE NEW YORK CHURCHES.

THE religious history of New York, as expressed in its Church worship, begins with the ministrations of the Dutch Reformed Church attendant upon the early settlement of the country. The Protestant religion of the Hollanders had cost them something in their prolonged struggle with Spain, and they valued it accordingly. The clergyman and the schoolmaster—a species of missionary lay reader at the outset, “consoler of the sick,” he was

organization and services to the present day. It was now thought time to build a church. A plain wooden building was erected, which, some years after, was characterized by the navigator De Vries as “a mean barn,” while he urged the new Governor (Kieft) to undertake something more suitable to the proprieties and in accordance with the opportunities of the place. A subscription was set on foot, but made little progress till, at a propitious mo-



OLDEST VIEW OF NEW AMSTERDAM, FROM THE BESCHRYVINGEN VAN VIRGINIA, 1651.

called, did duty for both—were provided by the Company. The Rev. Jonas Michaelius, who came in 1628, was the first regular minister in the island. His parish—the entire population—numbered 270 souls, the little flock gathering in the upper room of the horse-mill at the summons of the Spanish bells, recently captured at Porto Rico. It might be thought the preacher enjoyed an easier task than those who have since succeeded him in their encounter with the wickedness of a great city; but he had his discouragements even then to complain of at home, in the “ungodliness of the Indians, devilish men who serve nobody but the devil.” The Rev. Everardus Bogardus came next, in 1633, with Governor Wouter Van Twiller, the successor of Peter Minuit, as Director-general of New Netherland, and with him Adam Roelandsen, schoolmaster, who was placed in charge of a church school, which continues its

ment, at the marriage entertainment of the daughter of Dominie Bogardus, “after the fourth or fifth round of drinking,” the paper was pushed about among the guests—the leading men of the town—by the director, who himself set a liberal example, and “all, with light heads, subscribed largely, competing with one another.” The narrator of this incident—the author of the “Representation of New Netherland”—adds that, “although some of these wedding guests repented this liberality when they got home, they were nevertheless compelled to pay—nothing could prevent it.” An inscription on a stone in the new building read, “In the year of our Lord 1642, William Kieft, Director-general, caused the congregation to build this church,” or, as it is less ambiguously rendered by Dr. De Witt, “has this congregation caused this temple to be built.” So, the Church of St. Nicholas, the

THE HOME-PULPIT.

WINTER, AND HOW TO MEET IT.

SERMON, BY THE REV. DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

"Pray ye that your flight be not in the Winter."—ST. MATT. XXIV. 20.

THE inhabitants of an ancient city were here told that they must flee for their lives! Such flight would be painful even in the flush of springtime, but superlatively aggravating in cold weather, and so the Lord Jesus gives the advice of the text: "Pray ye that your flight be not in the Winter." We have had a few shrill, sharp blasts already, forerunners of whole regiments of storms and tempests. No one here needs to be told that we are in the opening gates of the Winter. This season is not only a test of one's physical endurance, but in our great cities is a test of moral character. A vast number of people have by one Winter of dissipation been destroyed, and for ever. Seated in our homes on some stormy night, the winds howling outside, we imagine the shipping helplessly driven on the coast, but any Winter night, if our ears were good enough, we could hear the crash of a thousand moral shipwrecks. There are many people who come to our city on the 1st of September who will be blasted by the 1st of March. At this season of the year temptations are especially rampant. Now that the long Winter evenings have come, there are many who will employ them in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in Christian work, in the strengthening and ennobling of moral character, and this Winter to many of you will be the brightest and the best of all your lives, and in anticipation I congratulate you. But to others it may not have such effect, and I charge you, my beloved, look out where you spend your Winter nights.

In the first place, I have to remark that at this season of the year evil allurements are especially busy. There is not very much temptation for a man to plunge in on a hot night amid blazing gaslights, and to breathe the fetid air of an assemblage, but in the cold nights Satan gathers great harvest. At such times the casinos are in full blast. At such time the grogshops in one night make more than in four or five nights in Summer. At such times the play-bills of low places of entertainment seem especially attractive, and the acting is especially impressive, and the applause especially bewitching. Many a man who has kept right all the rest of the year will be capsized now, and though last Autumn he came from the country and there was lustre in the eye and there were roses in the cheek and elasticity in the step, by the time the Spring hour has come you will pass him in the street and say to your friend: "What's the matter with that man? How differently he looks from what he looked in September." Slain of one Winter's dissipation. At this time of the year there are many parties. If we rightly employ them, and they are of the right kind, they enlarge our socialities, allow us to make important acquaintance, build us up in our morals, and help us in a thousand ways. I can scarcely think of anything better than good neighborhood. But there are those entertainments from which others will come beset in character. There are those who by the springtime will be broken down in health, and though at the opening of the season their prospects were bright, at the close of the season they will be in the hands of the doctors, or sleeping in the cemetery. The certificate of death will be made out, and the physician, to save the feelings of the family, will call the disease by a

Latin name. But the doctor knows, and everybody else knows, they died of too many parties. Away with all these wine-drinking convivialities. How dare you, the father of a family, tempt the appetites of the young people? Perhaps at the entertainment, to save the feelings of the minister or some other weak temperance man, you leave the decanter in a side room, and only a few people are invited there to partake; but it is easy enough to know when you come out, by the glare of your eye and the stench of your breath, that you have been serving the devil.

Men sometimes excuse themselves and say, after late suppers it is necessary to take some sort of stimulant to aid digestion. My plain opinion is that if you have no more self-control than to stuff yourself until your digestive organs refuse their office, you had better not call yourself a man, but class yourself among the beasts that perish. At this season of the year the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land send out circulars asking the pastors to speak a word on this subject, and so I sound in your ear the words of the Lord God Almighty: "Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips." Rejoice that you have come to the glad Winter months that remind you of the times when in your childhood you were shone on by the face of father, mother, brothers, sisters, some of them, alas! no more to meet you with a "Happy New Year," or a "Merry Christmas." But again and again have we seen on New Year's Day the sons of some of the best families drunk, and young men have excused themselves by the fact that the wine-cup has been offered by the ladies; and again and again it has been found out that a lady's hand has kindled the young man's thirst for strong drink, and long after all the attractions of the holiday have passed that same woman crouches in her rags and her desolation and her woe under the uplifted hand of the drunken monster to whom she had passed the fascinating cup on New Year's Day. If we want to go to ruin let us go alone and not take others with us. Can we not sacrifice our feelings if need be? When the good ship *London* went down the captain was told that he might escape in one of the lifeboats. "No," he replied, "I'll go down with the passengers." All the world applauded his heroism. And can we not sacrifice our tastes and our appetites for the rescue of others? Surely it is not a very great sacrifice. Oh, mix not with the innocent beverage of the holiday feast the adder, the poisons of adders. Mix not with the white sugar of the cup the snow of this awful leprosy. Mar not the clatter of the cutlery of the festal occasion with the clank of a madman's chain. Pass down the street and look into the pawnbroker's window. Elegant watch, elegant furs, elegant flute, elegant shoes, elegant scarf, elegant books, elegant mementoes. You sometimes see people with pleased countenance looking into such a window. When I look into a pawnbroker's window, it seems to me as if I had looked into the window of hell! To whom did that watch belong? To a drunkard. To whom did those furs belong? To a drunkard's wife. To whom did those shoes belong? To a drunkard's child. I take the three brazen balls at the doorway of a pawnbroker's shop, and I clank them together, sounding the knell of the drunkard's soul. A pawnbroker's shop is

only one of the eddies in the great torrent of municipal drunkenness. "Oh," says some one, "I don't patronize such things. I have destroyed no young man by such influences. I only take ale, and it will take a very great amount of ale to intoxicate." Yes; but I tell this assem-

He could not tell me. Then I made up my mind that the three X's were an allegory, and that they meant thirty heartbreaks, thirty agonies, thirty broken up households, thirty prospects of a drunkard's grave, thirty ways to perdition. Three X's. If I were going to write a story,



THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL.—BASS-RELIEF OF N. LAPRETZKI, PROFESSOR IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS AT ST. PETERSBURG.

bly there is not a drunkard in Brooklyn or New York that did not begin with ale. Three X's—I do not know what they mean. Three X's on the brewer's dray, three X's on the door of the gin shop, three X's on the side of the bottle. Three X's. I asked a man. He could not tell. I asked another what is the meaning of the three X's.

the first chapter I would call Three X's and the last chapter I would call the pawnbroker's shop. Oh, beware of your influence. Let not your flight to hell be in the Winter.

The Winter season is especially full of temptation, because of the long evenings allowing such full swing for

evil indulgences. You can scarcely expect a young man to go into his room and sit there from 7 to 11 o'clock in the evening, reading Motley's "Dutch Republic," or John Foster's essays. It would be a very beautiful thing for him to do, but he will not do it. The most of our young men are busy in factories, in banking-houses, in stores, in shops, and when evening comes they want the fresh air, and they want sight-seeing, and they must have it, they will have it, and they ought to have it. Most of the men here assembled will have three or four evenings of leisure on the Winter nights. After tea, the man puts on his hat and coat, and he goes out. One form of allure-ment says, "Come in here." Satan says, "It is best for you to go in; you ought not to be so green; by this time you ought to have seen everything," and the temptations shall be mighty in dull times such as we have had, but which, I believe are gone; for I hear all over the land the prophecy of great prosperity, and the railroad men and the merchants, they all tell me of the days of prosperity they think are coming, and in many departments they have already come, and they are going to come in all departments; but those dull times through which we have passed have destroyed a great many men. The question of a livelihood is with a vast multitude the great question. There are young men who expected before this to set up their household, but they have been disappointed in the gains they have made. They cannot support themselves, how can they support others? and, to the curse of modern society, the theory is abroad that a man must not marry until he has achieved a fortune, when the twain ought to start at the foot of the hill and together climb to the top. That is the old-fashioned way, and that will be the new-fashioned way if society is ever redeemed. But during the hard times, the dull times, so many men were discouraged, so many men had nothing to do—they could get nothing to do—a pirate bore down on the ship when the sails were down and the vessel was making no headway. People say they want more time to think. The trouble is, too many people have had too much time to think, and if our merchants had not had their minds diverted many of them would long before this have been within the four walls of an insane asylum. These long Winter evenings, be careful where you spend them. This Winter will decide the temporal and eternal destiny of hundreds of men in this audience.

Then, the Winter has especial temptations in the fact that many homes are peculiarly unattractive at this season. In the Summer months the young man can sit out on the steps, or he can have a bouquet in the vase on the mantel, or, the evenings being so short, soon after gaslight he wants to retire anyhow. But there are many parents who do not understand how to make the long Winter evenings attractive to their children. It is amazing to me that so many old people do not understand young people. To hear some of these parents talk you would think they had never themselves been young, and had been born with spectacles on. Oh, it is dolorous for young people to sit in the house from seven to eleven o'clock at night, and to hear parents groan about their ailments and the nothingness of this world. The nothingness of this world! How dare you talk such blasphemy? It took God six days to make this world, and He has allowed it six thousand years to hang upon His holy heart, and this world has shone on you and blessed you and caressed you for these fifty or seventy years, and yet you dare talk about the nothingness of this world. Why, it is a magnificent world. I do not believe in the whole universe there is a world equal to it, except it be heaven. You cannot expect your children to stay in the house in these long Winter evenings to hear

you denounce this star-lighted, sun-warmed, shower-baptized, flower-strewn, angel-watched, God-inhabited planet. Oh! make your homes bright. Bring in the violin or the picture. It does not require a great salary, or a big house, or chaste silver, or gorgeous upholstery, to make a happy home. All that is wanted is a father's heart, a mother's heart, in sympathy with young folks. I have known a man with seven hundred dollars salary, and he had no other income, but he had a home so happy and bright that, though the sons have gone out and won large fortunes, and the daughters have gone out into splendid spheres and become princesses of society, they never can think of that early home without tears of emotion. It was to them the vestibule of heaven, and all their mansions now, and all their palaces now, cannot make them forget that early place. Make your homes happy. You go around your house growling about your rheumatisms and acting the lugubrious, and your sons will go into the world and plunge into dissipation. They will have their own rheumatisms after a while. Do not forestall their misfortunes. You were young once, and you had your bright and joyous times. Now let the young folks have a good time. I stood in front of a house and I said to the owner of the house: "This is a splendid tree." He said, in a whining tone: "Yes, but it will fade." I walked around in his garden, and said: "This is a glorious garden you have." "Yes," he said, "but it will perish." Then he said to my little child, whom I was leading along: "Come and kiss me." The child protested and turned away. He said: "Oh, the perversity of human nature!" Who would want to kiss him? I was not surprised to find out that his only son had become a vagabond. You may groan people out of decency, but you can never groan them into it, and I declare in the presence of these men and women of common sense that it is a most important thing for you to make your homes bright if you want your sons and daughters to turn out well.

Alas! that old people so much misunderstand young folks! There was a great Sunday-school anniversary, and there were thousands of children present; indeed, all the Sunday-schools of the town were in the building, and it was very uproarious and full of disturbance, and the presiding officer on the occasion came forward, and in a very loud tone shouted, "Silence!" and the more noise the presiding officer made, the more noise the children made. Some one else rose on the platform and came forward, and with more stentorian voice shouted, "Silence!" and the uproar rose to greater height, and it did seem as if there would be almost a riot and the police would have to be called in, when old Doctor Beaman, his hair white as the driven snow, said: "Let me try my hand." So he came forward with a slow step to the front of the platform, and when the children saw the venerable man and the white hair, they thought they would hush up that instant and hear what the old man had to say. He said: "Boys, I want to make a bargain with you. If you will be still, now, while I speak, when you get to be as old as I am I will be as still as a mouse." There was not another whisper that afternoon. He was as much a boy as any of them. Oh, in these holidays let us turn back our natures to what they were years ago, and be boys again and girls again, and make all our homes happy. God will hold you responsible for the influence you now exert, and it will be very bright and very pleasant if some Winter night, when we are sleeping under the blankets of the snow, our children shall ride along in the merry party, and hushing a moment into solemnity, look off and say: "There sleep the best father and mother that ever made a happy new year." Arm yourself against these temptations of Decem-

ber, January and February. Temptation will come to you in the form of an angel of light. I know that the poets represent Satan as horned and hoofed. If I were a poet and I were going to picture Satan, I would represent him as a human being, with manners polished to the last perfection, hair falling in graceful ringlets, eye a little blood-shot but floating in bewitching languor, hand soft and diamonded, foot exquisitely shaped, voice mellow as a flute, breath perfumed as though nothing had ever touched the lips but balm of thousand flowers, conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy. But I would have the heart incased with the scales of a monster, and have it stuffed with all pride and beastliness of desire and hypocrisy and death, and then I would have it touched with the rod of disenchantment until the eyes became the cold orbs of the adder, and to the lip should come the foam of raging intoxication, and to the foot the spring of the panther, and to the soft hand the change that would make it the clammy hand of the wasted skeleton, and then I would suddenly have the heart break out in unquenchable flames, and the affected lisp of the tongue become the hiss of the worm that never dies. But until disenchanting, ringleted and diamonded and flute-voiced, and conversation facile, carefully toned and Frenchy.

Oh, what a beautiful thing it is to see a young man standing up amid these temptations of city life incorrupt while hundreds are falling. I will tell your history. You will move in respectable circles all your days, and some day a friend of your father will meet you and say: "Good-morning; glad to see you. You seem to be prospering; you look like your father for all the world; I thought you would turn out well when I used to hold you on my knee; if you ever want any help or any advice, come to me; as long as I remember your father I'll remember you. Good-morning." That will be the history of hundreds of these young men. How do I know it? I know it by the way you start. But here's a young man who takes the opposite route; voices of sin charm him away. He reads bad books, mingles in bad society. The glow has gone from his cheek and the sparkle from his eye, and the purity from his soul. Down he goes, little by little. The people who saw him when he came to town while yet hovered over his head the blessing of a pure mother's prayer and there was on his lips the dew of a pure sister's kiss, now as they see him pass cry: "What an awful wreck!" Cheek bruised in grogshop fight. Eye bleared with dissipation. Lip swollen with indulgences. Be careful what you say to him, for a trifle he would take your life. Lower down, lower down until, outcast of God and man, he lies in the asylum, a blotch of loathsomeness and pain. One moment he calls for God and then he calls for rum. He prays, he curses, he laughs as fiends laugh, then bites his nails into the quick, then puts his hands through the hair hanging around his head like the mane of a wild beast, then shivers until the cot shakes, with unutterable terror, then with his fists fights back the devils, or clutches for serpents that seem to wind around him their awful folds, then asks for water which is instantly consumed on his cracked lips. Some morning the surgeon going his rounds will find him dead. Do not try to comb out or brush back the matted locks. Straighten out the limbs, wrap him in a sheet, put him in a box, and let two men carry him down to the wagon at the door. With a piece of chalk write on the top of the box the name of the destroyer and the destroyed. Who is it? It is you, oh, man, if, yielding to the temptations of a dissipated life, you go out and perish. There is a way that seemeth bright and fair and beautiful to a man, but

the end thereof is death. Employ these long nights of December, January and February in high pursuits, in intelligent socialities, in innocent amusements, in Christian work. Do not waste this Winter, for soon you will have seen your last snow-shower and have gone up into the companionship of Him whose raiment is white as snow, whiter than any fuller on earth could whiten it. For all Christian hearts the Winter nights of earth will end in the June morning of Heaven. The river of life from under the throne never freezes over. The foliage of life's fair tree is never frost-bitten. The festivities, the hilarities, the family greetings of earthly Christmas times will give way to larger reunion and brighter lights and sweeter garlands and mightier joy in the great holiday of Heaven!

THE FAITH OF IRAN.

Of a sum total of less than 100,000 Zoroastrian worshippers, thinly scattered over various parts of the world, about one-half, or 48,397, were shown by the census of 1881 to reside in Bombay. These are said, not without truth, to form the "salt of the community." Their numbers very inadequately represent the influence which they have consistently exerted on the side of civilization. They are foremost in promoting education; their charity is unbounded and cosmopolitan; they have led the way toward female enfranchisement; they set a bright example of loyalty to the British Crown, and of zeal for all European improvements.

The actual prosperity of Bombay is largely due to Parsee enterprise. Until forty years ago the whole trade of the port passed through their hands. They founded banks and companies; they floated costly undertakings. A Parsee capitalist established, in 1854, the first steam cotton mill in the "Manchester of the East." Parsees were among the first and most successful railway contractors in India; shipbuilding originated in Bombay with a Parsee of Surat, the founder of the Wadia family; Bombay-built ships owed their reputation entirely to Parsee constructive ingenuity and skillful workmanship. Above all, the commercial morality of this stirring people has always maintained its high standard.

Parsee millionaires of a generation or two ago, among whom Sir Jamshedji Jijibhai was foremost, though far from isolated, derived the bulk of their fortunes from trade with China.

Of the new opportunities, however, offered by the Treaty of Nankin in 1842, and by the introduction of steam navigation, Jewish firms both at Bombay and Calcutta were quick to take advantage; and the profits of opium-selling now mainly flow into their coffers. Parsee merchants, too, suffered severely through the "share mania" ensuing upon the American Civil War, so that the fortunes amassed and dispersed by them are no longer on the colossal scale of former days. But, *pari passu* with the decline in their prosperity, has come a widening in their range of effort. Shaking themselves free from a too exclusive devotion to commerce, they seek distinction in the learned professions and in the service of the state; while agriculture, recommended to them by the strongest religious sanctions, is beginning to attract their capital and energy. And what they do, they do in no grudging spirit, and usually with no partial success.

For a thousand years the Parsees have used Gujerati, the vernacular of Western India, as their mother-tongue. English is, besides, taught in all their schools; but so much as a smattering of Persian belongs only to the erudite few. The mass of the community repeat customary