

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.

VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 3.

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

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



THE SHRINE IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM. (See page 45.)

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Woman's Work.

A Sermon by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.,
on the Text: Prov. 14: 1. } Every wise woman buildeth her house.



WOMAN a mere adjunct to man, an appendix to the masculine volume, an appendage, a sort of afterthought, something thrown in to make things even—that is the heresy entertained and implied by some men. This is evident to them, because Adam was first created, and then Eve. They don't read the whole story or they would find that the porpoise and the bear and the hawk were created before Adam, so that this argument, drawn from priority of creation, might prove that the sheep and the dog were greater than man. No. Woman was an independent creation, and was intended, if she chose, to live alone, to work alone, act alone, think alone, and fight her battles alone. The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone, but never says it is not good for woman to be alone; and the simple fact is that many women who are harnessed for life in the marriage religion would be a thousandfold better off if they were alone.

Who are these men who, year after year, hang around hotels and engine-houses and theatre doors, and come in and out to bother busy clerks and merchants and mechanics, doing nothing, when there is plenty to do? They are men supported by their wives and mothers. If the statistics of any of our cities could be taken on this subject, you would find that a vast multitude of women not only support themselves, but masculines. A great legion of men amount to nothing, and a woman by marriage, manacled to one of these nonentities, needs condolence. A woman standing outside the marriage relation is several hundred thousand times better off than a woman badly married. Many a bride, instead of a wreath of orange blossoms, might more properly wear a bunch of nettles and nightshade, and, instead of the Wedding March, a more appropriate tune would be the Dead March in Saul, and, instead of a banquet of confectionery and ices, there might be more appropriately spread a table covered with apples of Sodom.

Many a woman who has had the hand of a young inebriate offered, but declined it, or who was asked to chain her life to a man selfish, or of bad temper, and refused the shackles, will bless God throughout all eternity that she escaped that earthly pandemonium.

Besides all this, in our country about one million men were sacrificed in our Civil war, and that decreed a million women to celibacy. Besides that, since the war, several armies of men as large as the Federal and Confederate armies put together, have fallen under malt liquors and distilled spirits, so full of poisoned ingredients that the work was done more rapidly, and the victims fell while yet young. And if fifty thousand men are destroyed every year by strong drink before marriage, that makes in the thirty-three years since the war one million six hundred and fifty thousand men slain, and decrees one million six hundred and fifty thousand women to celibacy. Take, then, the fact that so many women are unhappy in their marriage, and the fact that the slaughter of two million five hundred and fifty thousand men, by war and rum combined, decides that at least that number of women shall be unaffiliated for life, my text comes in with a cheer and a potency and appropriateness that you may never have seen in it before when it says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house;" that is, let woman be her own architect, lay out her own plans, be her own supervisor, achieve her own destiny.

In addressing those women who have to fight the battle alone, I congratulate you on your happy escape. Rejoice because that you will not have to navigate the terrors of the other sex, when you have had enough of your own. Think of the nerve-quests you avoid, of the risks of assimilated temper which you will not

have to run, of the cares you will never have to carry, and of the opportunity of outside usefulness from which marital life would have partially debarred you, and that you are free to go and come as one who has the responsibilities of a household can seldom be. God has not given you a hard lot, as compared with your sisters. When young women shall make up their minds at the start that masculine companionship is not a necessity in order to happiness, and that there is a strong probability that they will have to fight the battle of life alone, they will be getting the timber ready for their own fortune, and their saw and axe and plane sharpened for its construction, since "Every wise woman buildeth her house."

As no boy ought to be brought up without learning some business at which he could earn a livelihood, so no girl ought to be brought up without learning the science of self-support. The difficulty is that many a family goes sailing on the high tides of success, and the husband and father depends on his own health and acumen for the welfare of his household, but one day he gets his feet wet, and in three days pneumonia has closed his life, and the daughters are turned out on a cold world to earn bread, and there is nothing practical that they can do. The friends come in and hold consultation, "Give music lessons," says an outsider. Yes, that is a useful calling, and if you have great genius for it, go on in that direction. But there are enough music teachers now starving to death in all our towns and cities, to occupy all the piano stools and sofas and chairs and front-door steps of the city. Besides that, the daughter has been playing only for amusement, and is only at the foot of the ladder, to the top of which a great multitude of masters on piano and harp and flute and organ have climbed.

"Put the bereft daughters as saleswomen in stores," says another adviser. But there they must compete with salesmen of long experience, or with men who have served an apprenticeship in commerce and who began as shop boys at ten years of age. Some kind-hearted dry goods man, having known the father, now gone, says, "We are not in need of any more help just now, but send your daughters to my store, and I will do as well by them as possible." Very soon the question comes up, Why do not the female employes of that establishment get as much wages as the male employes? For the simple reason, in many cases, the females were suddenly flung by misfortune behind that counter, while the males have from the day they left the public school been learning the business.

How is this evil to be cured? Start clear back in the homestead and teach your daughters that life is an earnest thing, and that there is a possibility, if not a strong probability, that they will have to fight the battle of life alone. Let every father and mother say to their daughters, "Now, what would you do for a livelihood if what I now own were swept away by financial disaster, or old age, or death should end my career?"

"Well, I could paint on pottery and do such decorative work." Yes, that is beautiful, and if you have genius for it go on in that direction. But there are enough busy at this now to make a line of hardware as long as yon Pennsylvania avenue.

"Well, I could make recitations in public and earn my living as a dramatist; I could render King Lear or Macbeth till your hair would rise on end, or give you Sheridan's Ride or Dicken's Pickwick." Yes, that is a beautiful art, but ever and anon, as now, there is an epidemic of dramatization that makes hundreds of households nervous with the cries and shrieks and groans of young tragediennes dying in the fifth act, and the trouble is that while your friends would like to hear you, and really think that you could surpass Ristori and Charlotte Cushman and

Fanny Kemble of the past, to say nothing of the present, you could not, in the way of living, in ten years earn ten cents.

My advice to all girls and all unmarried women, whether in affluent homes or in homes where most stringent economies are grinding, is to learn to do some kind of work that the world must have while the world stands. I am glad to see a marvelous change for the better, and that women have found out that there are hundreds of practical things that a woman can do for a living if she begins soon enough, and that men have been compelled to admit it. You and I can remember when the majority of occupations were thought inappropriate for women; but our Civil war came, and the hosts of men went forth from North and South; and to conduct the business of our cities during the patriotic absence, women were demanded by the tens of thousands to take the vacant places; and multitudes of women, who had been hitherto supported by fathers and brothers and sons, were compelled from that time to take care of themselves. From that time a mighty change took place favorable to female employment.

Among the occupations appropriate for woman I place the following, into many of which she has already entered, and all the others she will enter: Stenography, and you may find her at nearly all the reportorial stands in our educational, political and religious meetings. Savings banks, the work clean and honorable, and who so great a right to toil there, for a woman founded the first savings bank—Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield? Copyists, and there is hardly a professional man that does not need the service of her penmanship; and, as amanuensis, many of the greatest books of our day have been dictated for her writing. There they are as florists and confectioners and music teachers and book-keepers, for which they are specially qualified by patience and accuracy; and wood-engraving, in which the Cooper Institute has turned out so many qualified; and telegraphy, for which she is specially prepared, as thousands of the telegraphic offices will testify. Photography, and in nearly all our establishments they may be found there at cheerful work. As workers in ivory and gutta-percha and gum elastic and tortoise-shell and gilding, and in chemicals, in porcelain, in terra-cotta. As postmistresses, and Presidents have given them appointment, all over the land.

As proof-readers, as translators, as modelers, as designers, as draughtswomen, as lithographers, as teachers in schools and seminaries, for which they are especially endowed, the first teacher of every child, by Divine arrangement, being a woman. As physicians, having graduated after a regular course of study from the female colleges of our large cities, where they get as scientific and thorough preparation as any doctors ever had, and go forth to a work which no one but women could so appropriately and delicately do. On the lecturing platform; for you know the brilliant success of Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hollowell and Miss Willard and Mrs. Lathrop. As physiological lecturers to their own sex, for which service there is a demand appalling and terrific. As preachers of the Gospel, and all the protests of ecclesiastical courts cannot hinder them, for they have a pathos and a power in their religious utterances that men can never reach. Witness all those who have heard their mother pray.

O, young women of America! as many of you will have to fight your own battles alone, do not wait until you are flung of disaster, and your father is dead, and all the resources of your family have been scattered; but now, while in a good house and envied by all prosperities, learn how to do some kind of work that the world must have as long as the world stands. Turn your attention from the embroidery of fine slippers, of which there is a surplus, and make a useful shoe. Expel the time in which you adorn a cigar case in learning how to make a good, honest loaf of bread. Turn your attention from the making of flimsy nothings to the manufacturing of important something.

Much of the time spent in young ladies' seminaries in studying what are called the "higher branches" might better be expended in teaching them something by which they could support themselves. If you are going to be teachers, or if you have so much assured wealth that you can

always dwell in those high regions, trigonometry of course, metaphysics of course, Latin and Greek and German and French and Italian of course, and a hundred other things of course; but if you are not expecting to teach, and your wealth is not established beyond misfortune, after you have learned the ordinary branches take hold of that kind of study that will pay in dollars and cents in case you are thrown on your own resources. Learn to do something better than anybody else.

"No, no!" says some young woman; "I will not undertake anything so unromantic and commonplace as that." An excellent author writes that after he had, in a book, argued for efficiency in womanly work in order to success, and positive apprenticeship by way of preparation, a prominent chemist advertised that he would teach a class of women to become druggists and apothecaries if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do; and a printer advertised that he would take a class of women to learn the printer's trade if they would go through an apprenticeship as men do, and how many, according to the account of the authoress, do you suppose applied to become skilled in the druggist business and printing business? Not one!

"But," you ask, "what would my father and mother say if they saw I was doing such unfashionable work?" Throw the whole responsibility upon us, the pastors, who are constantly hearing of young women in all these cities, who, unqualified by their previous luxurious surroundings for the awful struggle of life into which they have been suddenly hurried, seemed to have nothing left them but a choice between starvation and damnation. There they go along the street seven o'clock in the wintry mornings, through the slush and storm, to the place where they shall earn only half enough for subsistence, the daughters of once prosperous merchants, lawyers, clergymen, artists, bankers and capitalists, who brought up their children under the infernal delusion that it was no high-tone for women to learn a profitable calling. Young women! take this affair in your own hand, and let there be an insurrection in all prosperous families, or the part of the daughters of this day, demanding knowledge in occupations and styles of business by which they may be their own defence and their own support if all fatherly and husbandly and brotherly hands forever fail them. I have seen two sad sights, the one a woman in all the glory of her young life, stricken by disease and in a week lifeless in a home of which she had been the pride. As her hand were folded over the still heart and her eyes closed for the last slumber, and she was taken out amid the lamentations of kindred and friends, I thought that was sadness immeasurable. But I have seen something compared with which that scene was bright and songful. It was a young woman who had been all her day amid wealthy surroundings, by the visit to death and bankruptcy to the household turned out on a cold world without a lesson about how to get food or shelter and into the awful whirlpool of city life where strong ships have gone down, and for twenty years not one word has been heard from her. Vessels went out on the Atlantic Ocean looking for a shipwrecked craft that was left alone and forsaken of the sea a few weeks before, with the idea of bringing it into port. But who shall ever bring again into the harbor of peace, an hope and heaven that lost womanly in mortal, driven in what tempest, aflame in what conflagration, sinking into what abyss? O God, help! O Christ rescue My sisters, give not your time to learning fancy work which the world may dispense with in hard times, but connect your skill with the indispensables of life.

The world will always want something to wear and something to eat, and shelter and fuel for the body, and knowledge for the mind, and religion for the soul. An all these things will continue to be the necessities, and if you fasten your energies upon occupations and professions thus related, the world will be unable to do without you. Remember, that in proportion as you are skillful in anything, your rivalries become less. For unskilled toil there are women by the millions. But you may rise to where there are only thousands; and still higher, till there are only hundreds; and still higher, till there are only tens; and still higher, in some particular department, till there is only a unit and that yourself. For a while you may

keep wages and a place through the kindly sympathy of an employer, but you will eventually get no more compensation than you can make yourself worth.

Let me say to all women who have already entered upon the battle of life, at the time is coming when women shall not only get as much salary and wages as men get, but for certain styles of employment, women will have higher salary and more wages, for the reason that for some styles of work they have more adaptation. But this justice will come to woman not through any sentiment of gallantry, not because woman is physically weaker than man, and, therefore, ought to have more consideration shown her, but because through her finer natural taste and more grace of manner, and quicker perception, and more delicate touch, and more educated adroitness, she will, in certain callings, be to her employer worth ten per cent. more, or twenty per cent. more than the other sex. She will not get it by asking for it, but by earning it, and it shall be hers by lawful conquest.

Now, men of America, be fair, and give the women a chance. Are you afraid that they will do some of your work, and hence harm your prosperities? Remember that there are scores of thousands of men doing women's work. Do not be afraid! God knows the end from the beginning, and he knows how many people this world can feed and shelter, and when it gets too full he will end the world, and if need be, start another.

But God will arrange all, and all we have to do is to do our best and trust him for the rest. Let me cheer all women fighting the battle of life alone, with the act of thousands of women who have won the day. Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, bravely fought the battle alone; Dorothea Dix, the angel of the insane asylums, alone; Caroline Herschel, the indispensable reinforcement of her brother, alone; Maria Takrzewska, the heroine of the Berlin hospital, alone; Helen Chalmers, patron of the sewing-schools for the poor of Edinburgh, alone. And thousands and tens of thousands of women, of whose bravery and self-sacrifice and glory of character the world has made no record, but whose deeds are in the heavenly archives of martyrs who fought the battle alone, and, though unrecognized for the short thirty or fifty or eighty years of their earthly existence, shall through the quintillion ages of the higher world, be pointed out with the admiring cry, "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Let me also say, for the encouragement of all women fighting the battle of life alone, that their conflict will soon end. There is one word written over the faces of many of them, and that word is Despair. My sister, you need appeal to Christ, who comforted the sisters of Bethany in their domestic trouble, and who in his last hours forgot all the pangs of his own hands and feet and heart, as he looked into the face of maternal anguish, and called a friend's attention to it, in substance saying, "John, I cannot take care of her any longer. Do for her as I would have done, if I had lived. Behold thy mother!" If, under the pressure of unrewarded and unappreciated work, your hair is whitening and the wrinkles come, rejoice that you are nearing the hour of escape from your very last fatigue.

The daughter of a regiment in any army is all surrounded by bayonets of defence, and, in the battle, whoever falls, she is kept safe. And you are the daughter of the regiment commanded by the Lord of Hosts. After all, you are not fighting the battle of life alone. All heaven is on your side. You will be wise to appropriate to yourself the words of sacred rhythm:

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the roaring of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me; when the billows smite
I shall not fall.
If short, 'tis sharp; if long, 'tis light;
He tempers all.

A HAVEN FOR HOMELESS GIRLS.

Noble Gift of the Baroness de Hirsch to the Women of her Race in America—Women of Other Creeds and Nationalities Included in the Benefit.



NOT only the Christian, but the secular world greets with gladness every effort towards providing homes for the accommodation of working-girls, who are out of employment. Every movement in this direction, is one which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is happy to chronicle as a true philanthropy, and a practical step towards the solution of some of our most perplexing social problems.

Especially do we hail with pleasure an institution which discriminates in favor of Jewish maidens, since homeless wayfarers of this nationality have perhaps received less share of attention in this regard than Catholics from Catholics, and Protestants from Protestants.

The Clara de Hirsch Home for Working-girls, recently opened at No. 208 Second avenue (which is only a temporary shelter awaiting the completion of a large building on Sixty-third street), represents one of the latest beneficences of Baroness de Hirsch. It was opened Nov. 8, 1897, with accommodations for sixteen guests, and is already taxed beyond its capacity. It was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York, and its object is to provide a temporary home for needy unmarried women, to find them employment for which they are qualified, or in absence of such qualification, train them to



DINING-ROOM IN THE CLARA DE HIRSCH HOME.

some occupation. It especially extends its hospitality to strangers without kindred in the city. The rates for room and board are two dollars a week to those who can pay; those without means give assistance in household work as an equivalent. The constitution provides that nine-tenths of the guests must be Hebrews, but the applications from Jewish girls have not been nearly so numerous as from those of other races and creeds.

The permanent home to be erected on sixty-third street will accommodate at least 100 beneficiaries. The endowment fund created by the Baroness Clara de Hirsch for the purchase of the site, the construction and equipment of the building and the running expenses of the Home is \$600,000. The names of the officers and board of directors is a guarantee of the proper conduct and the abounding success and usefulness of the institution. They are names well-known in the world of literature, art, finance and philanthropy, and we give them as follows:

President, Mrs. Oscar S. Straus; Secretary, Florentine Sutro; Treasurer, Mr. Oscar S. Straus. Board of Directors: Mrs. Julius Goldman, Mrs. Settie Cohn, Mrs. Rose Abraham, Mrs. Oscar S. Straus, Mrs. Gabriel G. Glendenin, Mrs. Felix War-

burg, Mrs. Florentine Sutro, Mrs. Louis Stern, Mrs. Kings, Miss Irene Kohns, Mr. Oscar S. Straus, Mr. Edmond E. Wise. Mrs. Minnie D. Louis, Resident Directress, well-known for her connection with the work at the Hebrew Industrial School for Girls, on Henry street, New York City, is a cultivated, brainy woman, thoroughly in love with her work, and fully equal to the duties of her office. "The Baroness Hirsch," she says "is deeply interested in this work. She keeps in close touch with it, and is following it out step by step as it progresses. There are many questions presenting themselves, and various points of future form and government are as yet undetermined, for these must be adapted to the needs as they present themselves in this formative period of the work. The plan of the permanent home has been submitted to the Baroness and approved by her. According to her express order, the plan does not include the usual dormitories. Each occupant will have her own little room. I know of no home for Jewish working women except this. It is beautiful that the Baroness has done this. In the Trade and Technical Schools which the Baron established, he had done so much for men, that it was natural for his wife who is continuing



SITTING-ROOM IN THE HOME.

his noble work, to decide that the woman would do something substantial for the relief of women.

Instances of Longevity.

Whatever may be said of our own day, it is certain that there were many well-attested cases of longevity in ancient times. Moses lived to the age of 120 (Deut. 34: 7).

It is an undoubted fact (says a writer in *The Nineteenth Century*), that men of letters and science, whose lives have been devoted to genial pursuits, often attain great age. Carlyle, Buffon, Goethe, Franklin, Herschel, Newton and Halley were all between eighty and ninety, and among medical men who have reached the same age are to be reckoned Harvey, Duhamel, Pinel, and Ruysch. There seems to be no doubt that Michael Angelo, Titian, and Leeuwenhoek painted pictures after ninety. Also we may make mention of the veteran painter, Sidney Cooper. An extraordinary number of instances of longevity may be found among those who, with the strictest regimen, self-denial, and abstraction, led a life of contemplation, but combined with the enjoyment of free air and bodily exercise. Thus the apostle John is said to have attained the age of ninety-three; Paul, the Hermit, by means of an almost incredibly severe regime in a grotto, to that of 103; and St. Anthony is believed to have reached that of 105. Athanasius and Jerome also exceeded the age of eighty. In later times the venerable Bede lived to a very advanced period. Deep-thinking philosophers and lawyers also have at times been distinguished by their great age. It is only necessary to mention the well-known example of M. Chevreul, 102, and Prof. Owen; Sir Moses Montefiore, who died in his 101st year, 1885; Miss Joanna Hastings, of Malvern, who in the same year attained her 103d birthday; William Mann, of Kirkfield, near Haddo, who died at the age of 107, and Lady Smith, who lived to be 106. A cheerful, helpful spirit and wholesome work, like fresh air and simple habits, lengthen life.

The Sepulchre of the Saviour.



ALTHOUGH, for centuries past there has been much difference of opinion among theologians and investigators generally, concerning the actual scenes of our Saviour's crucifixion and burial, as well as of other leading events of his passion, the traditional site occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem is now almost universally accepted as the place of the entombment. One approaches the church through a maze of narrow and not very clean lanes, lined with small bazars, and usually crowded with Arabs and peddlers of vegetables. In the large square in front of the church, especially in the height of the pilgrim season, one finds the raised stone steps covered with improvised stands or tables, upon which are coffee, sherbet, sweetmeats, and various kinds of refreshments, while throughout the court itself are peddlers of various kinds of merchandise and trinkets, such as attract the eyes of curiosity-seeking pilgrims. The church itself is a lofty, circular building, bold and imposing in its general architectural effect, surmounted by a dome, and surrounded

by tall, square pillars, which support a gallery. Immediately under the dome stands the shrine—known as the Tomb of Christ, and which is shown in the colored illustration on our first page. This shrine is an oblong structure, twenty feet long and twelve feet in height, circular in the rear, but square and finished with a platform in front and with a cornice and cupola of marble. It was the workmanship of a Greek builder, whose name has now passed into oblivion, and who was employed in 1817 by the Greek monks, who desired to set up a memorial on the site of the sepulchre that would last throughout the ages. Critical tastes have pronounced the style of the shrine fantastic and the execution poor, but to the multitudes of devout pilgrims who visit it, it is the very focus of all that is sacred, associated with the Divine sojourn on earth.

Easter is the chief period of pilgrimages to Jerusalem at that season of the Christian year and the number of pilgrims frequently amounts to very many thousands. On certain fixed days the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is open, and on such occasions the crowds are enormous. Costumes and countenances from all parts of the world; the rich, dark robes and swarthy faces of Asia; the strong features of the Greeks; Roman Catholic monks; Syrian mountaineers and men from the ancient plains; Christians from far India; pilgrims from Russia and the various countries of Europe; fashionably attired tourists from England, France, and America—all races and stages of civilization meet together in common homage and adoration. Many writers have described in glowing language the scene which takes place here on Easter. When the gate of the church is opened the crowd bursts in impetuously, past the vestibule, where sits the Turkish keeper of the porch, and into the hall of the grand dome, where their tumult is hushed as if by magic, and then they throw themselves upon their knees in front of "The Stone of Unction," weep over it, pray beside it, and even try to press their faces to its surface. Tears roll down bronzed cheeks, kneeling forms are shaken by sobs, and clasped hands are seen everywhere, while lips move in prayer.

But the crowd does not halt here: it presses on toward the Tomb itself. As they approach this, the central object of their pilgrimage, they remove their shoes, and are admitted by a low door, on entering which, all bow reverently. In the inner chamber of the shrine is seen the sepulchre "hewn out of the rock"—a marble sarcophagus, over which hang forty-three lamps that are continually lit. The walls of the chamber itself are of a greenish marble known as verd-antique. Beside the traditional tomb stands a monk to receive the tribute of the pilgrims, whose gifts at Eastertide are usually numerous and liberal.