













THE  
LIFE AND DEATH

OF

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Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

BY

REV. JOHN LOBB,

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# LIFE AND DEATH

OF

# Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE was born in Boundbrook, Somerset County, New Jersey, January 7, 1832. He was the youngest of twelve children, of whom five were girls. In personal appearance he is a little above the medium height, with blue eyes and sandy hair and complexion. He dresses very plainly but neatly, and in private life rather resembles an off-hand merchant than a clergyman. His father (David T. Talmage) was noted for his remarkably good judgment, firmness, deep piety and activity in Christian life. His mother, Catherine Talmage, was a woman of great strength of character and sweetness of disposition, and a frequent attendant upon the sick and the poor within the circle of her influence. Dr. Talmage says : " At eighty three years of age my father exchanged earth for heaven. The wheat was ripe, and it has been harvested. No painter's pencil, no poet's rhythm could describe that magnifi

cent sunseting. It was no hurricane blast let loose, but a gale from heaven, that drove into the dust the blossoms of that almond tree! His death furnished lessons for me to learn, and for the many friends who knew him. As the child of his old age, I pay an humble tribute to my father, who took me into his watchful care, and to my mother, whose parental faithfulness succeeded in bringing my erring feet to the Cross, and kindled in my soul the anticipation of immortal blessedness! I must therefore not fail to speak of my father's death. Methinks the old family Bible which I brought away from home would rebuke my silence, and the very walls of my youthful home would tell the story of my ingratitude. Therefore, I must speak, even with a broken utterance, and in terms which may seem too strong for some who have never had the opportunity of gathering the fruit of a luxuriant almond tree. In the death of my father I discover the beauty of old age.

“Solomon announced that ‘the almond tree shall flourish.’ Now, it is well known that in the month of January Palestine is adorned with the blossoming of the almond tree. It breathes its life into that winter month, as a promise of God sometimes lights up and sweetens the coldness and desolation of a sorrowing spirit. It was not a useless tree, made just to bloom and die, or, like the willow by the water-courses, to stand weeping into the stream; but it disputed with terebinth and cassia, for a high place in the commerce of the world. Its wealth bore down the dromedaries of the desert, and in ships of Tarshish struggled with the sea. Its rugged trunk parted into gracefulness of branch, and burst into a lavishness of bloom, till the Temple imitated it in the golden candlestick, and Jeremiah beheld its branches shaking in his dream! The pomegranate had more pretentious color, and rung out its fragrance with red blos-

soming bells; but the almond tree stood in simple white, as if, while born of earth, it aspired to take on the apparel of those who dwell in 'raiment exceeding white,' so as no fuller of earth can white them! When the almond tree was in full bloom it must have looked like some tree before our window on a winter's morning, after a nightfall of snow, when its brightness is almost insufferable, every stem a white and feathery plume. A row of almond trees in full bloom must have roused up all the soul's sense of purity; when they began to scatter their blossoms, as one by one they fell, it must have seemed like the first struggling flakes of a chill day, coming thicker and faster, until the herbage, still deeply tinged with autumnal coloring, is covered, and the hills and mountains, that were of scarlet, become as white as snow.

"Now the reader will see Solomon's meaning. He was given a full-length portrait of an aged man. By striking figures of speech he sets forth the trembling and decrepitude, and then comes to describe the whiteness of his locks, by the blossoming of the almond tree. It is the master touch of the picture, for the reader will see in that one sentence not only the appearance of the hair, but an announcement of the beauty of old age. The white locks of a bad man are but the gathered frosts of the second death, but a 'hoary head is a crown of glory' if it be found in the way of righteousness. There may be no color in the cheek, no luster in the eye, no spring in the step, no firmness in the voice, and yet around the head of every old man whose life has been upright and Christain there hovers a glory brighter than ever shook on the white tops of the almond tree. If the voice quiver it is because God is changing it into a tone fit for the celestial choir. If the back stoop, it is only because the body is just about to lie down in peaceful

sleep. If the hand tremble, it is because God is unloosing it from worldly disappointments, to clasp it on ringing harp and waving palm. If the hair is turned, it is only the gray dawn of Heaven's day streaming through the scant locks. If the brow, once adorned by a luxuriance of auburn or raven, is smitten with baldness, it is only because God is preparing a place to set the everlasting crown. The falling of this aged Christian's staff will be the signal for the heavenly gate to swing open. The scattering of the almond blossoms will only discover the setting fruit. Elijah's flaming equipage were too tame for this ascending spirit. The arms of Jesus are grander than bounding horses of fire.

“The old age of my father revealed the beauty of a cheerful spirit. I never remember to have heard him utter a gloomy expression. This was not because he had no perception of the pollutions of society. He abhorred anything like impurity, or fraud, or double-dealing. He never failed to lift up his voice against sin, when he saw it. He was terrible in his indignation against wrong, and had an iron grip for the throat of him who trampled on the helpless. Better meet a lion robbed of her whelps than him, if you had been stealing the bread out of the mouth of the fatherless. It required all the placidity of my mother's voice to calm him when once the mountain storm of his righteous wrath was in full blast; while as for himself, he would submit to more imposition, and say nothing, than any man I ever knew.

“But while sensitive to the evils of society, he felt confident that all would be righted. When he prayed, you could hear in the very tones of his voice the expectation that Christ Jesus would utterly destroy all iniquity and fill the earth with His glory.

“My Christian father, too, was not a misanthrope, did not

think that everything was going to ruin; but considered the world a very good place to live in. He never sat moping or despondent, but took things as they were, knowing that God could and would make them better. When the heaviest surge of calamity came upon him, he met it with as cheerful a countenance as ever a bather at the beach met the incoming Atlantic, rising up on the other side of the wave stronger than when it smote him. Without ever being charged with frivolity, he sang, and whistled, and laughed. He knew about all the cheerful tunes that were ever printed in old 'New-Brunswick Collection,' and the 'Shumway,' and the sweetest melodies that Thomas Hastings ever composed. I think that every pillar in the Somerville and Boundbrook churches knew his happy voice. He took the pitch of sacred song on Sabbath morning, and lost it not through all the week. I have heard him sing ploughing amid the aggravations of a 'new ground,' even while serving writs, examining deeds, going to arrest criminals, in the house and by the way, at the barn and in the street.

"When the church choir would break down, everybody looked around to see if he were not ready with 'Woodstock,' 'Mount Pisgah,' or 'Uxbridge.' And when all his familiar tunes failed to express the joy of his soul, he would take up his pen, draw five long lines across the sheet, put in the notes, and then, to the tune that he called 'Boundbrook,' begin to sing—

As when the weary traveler gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His strength revives, if 'cross the plains  
 He eyes his home, though distant still.  
 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

‘Tis there,’ he says, ‘I am to dwell  
 With Jesus in the realms of day  
 There I shall bid my cares farewell,  
 And He shall wipe my tears away.’

But few families fall heir to so large a pile of well-studied note-books.

“He was ready at proper times for all kinds of innocent amusement. He often felt a merriment that not only touched the lips, but played upon every fiber of the body, and rolled down into the very depths of his soul with long reverberations. No one that ever I knew understood more fully the science of a good laugh. He was not only quick to recognize hilarity when created by others, but was always ready to do his share towards making it. Before extreme old age, he could outrun and outleap any of his children. He did not hide his satisfaction at having outwalked some one who boasted of his pedestrianism, or at having been able to swing the scythe after all the rest of the harvesters had dropped from exhaustion; or having, in legislative hall, tripped up some villainous scheme for robbing the public treasury.

“We never had our ears boxed, as some children I wot of, for the sin of being happy. In long winter nights it was hard to tell who enjoyed sportfulness the better—the children who romped on the floor, or the parents who, with lighted countenance, looked at them. Great indulgence and leniency characterized his family rule, but the remembrance of at least one correction more emphatic than pleasing proves that he was not like Eli of old, who had wayward sons and restrained them not. In the multitude of his witticisms there were no flings at religion, no caricatures of good men, no trifling with the things of eternity. His laughter was not the ‘crackling of thorns under a

pot,' but the merry heart that doeth good like a medicine. For this all the children in the community knew him; and to the last day of his walking out, when they saw him coming down the lane, shouted: 'Here comes grandfather!' No gall, no acerbity, no hypercriticism. If there was a bright side to anything, he always saw it; and his name, in all the places where he dwelt, will long be a synonym for exhilaration of spirit.

"But whence this cheerfulness? Some might ascribe it all to natural disposition. No doubt there is such a thing as sunshine of temperament. God gives more brightness to the almond tree than to the cypress. While the pool putrefies under the summer sun, God slips the rill off the rocks with a frolicsomeness that fills the mountain with echo. No doubt constitutional structure had much to do with this cheerfulness. He had, by a life of sobriety, preserved his freshness and vigor. You know that good habits are better than speaking-tubes to the ear; better than a staff to the hand; better than lozenges to the throat; better than warm baths to the feet; better than bitters for the stomach. His lips had not been polluted nor his brain befogged by the fumes of the noxious weed that has sapped the life of whole generations, sending even ministers of the Gospel to untimely graves, over which the tombstone declared, 'Sacrificed by over-work in the Lord's vineyard;' when, if the marble had not lied, it would have said: 'Killed by villainous tobacco!' He abhorred anything that could intoxicate, being among the first in this country to join the crusade against alcoholic beverages. When urged, during a severe sickness, to take some stimulus, he said: 'No! if I am to die, let me die sober!' The swill of the brewery had never been poured around the roots of this thrifty almond. To the last week of his life

his ear could catch a child's whisper, and at fourscore years his eyes refused spectacles, although he would sometimes have to hold the book off on the other side of the light, as octogenarians are wont to do. No trembling of the hands, no rheum in the eyes, no knocking together of the knees, no hobbling on crutches with what polite society terms rheumatism in the feet, but what everybody knows is nothing but gout. Death came, not to fell the gnarled trunk of a tree worm-eaten and lightning-blasted, but to hew down a Lebanon cedar, whose fall made the mountains tremble and the heavens ring. But physical health could not account for half of this sunshine.

“Seventy-eight years ago a coal from the heavenly altar had kindled a light that shone brighter and brighter to the perfect day. Let Almighty grace for nearly three-quarters of a century triumph in a man's soul, and do you wonder that he is happy? For twice the length of your life and mine he had sat in the bower of the promises, plucking the round, ripe clusters of Eshcol. While others bit their tongue for thirst, he stood at the wells of salvation and put his lips to the bucket that came up dripping with the fresh, cool, sparkling waters of eternal life. This joy was not that which breaks in the bursting bubble of the champagne glass, or that which is thrown out with the orange-peelings of a midnight bacchanalia, but the joy which, planted by a Saviour's pardoning grace, mounts up higher and higher, till it rolls forth in the acclaim of the hundred and forty and four thousand who have broken their last chain and wept their last sorrow. O mighty God! How deep, how wide, how high the joy Thou kindlest in the heart of the believer!

“Let not his cheerfulness give you the idea that he never had trouble. But few men have so serious and overwhelm-



ing a life struggle. He went out into the world without means, and with no educational opportunity save that which was afforded him in the winter months, in an old, dilapidated school-house, from instructors whose chief work was to collect their own salary. Instead of postponing the marriage relation, as modern society compels a young man to postpone it, until he can earn a fortune and be able, at commencement of the conjugal relation, to keep a companion like the lilies of the field, that toil not nor spin, though Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these—he chose an early alliance with one who would not only be able to enjoy the success of life, but who would with her own willing hands help to achieve it. And so, while father ploughed the fields, and threshed the wheat, and broke the flax, and husked the corn, my mother stood for Solomon's portraiture when he said: 'She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' So that the limited estate of the New Jersey farmer never foundered on millinery establishments and confectionery shops. And though we were some years of age before we heard the trill of a piano, we knew well all about the song of 'The Spinning Wheel.' There were no lords, or baronets, or princes in our ancestral line. None wore stars, cockade, or crest. There was once a family coat-of-arms, but we were none of us wise enough to tell its meaning. Do our best, we cannot find anything about our fore-runners, except that they behaved well, came over from

Wales or Holland a good while ago, and died when their time came. Some of them may have had fine equipage and caparisoned postilion, but the most of them were sure only of footmen!

“My father started in life belonging to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, but had this high honor, that no one could despise: he was the son of a father who loved God and kept His commandments. What is the House of Hapsburg, or Stuart, compared with the honor of being a son of the Lord God Almighty? Two eyes, two hands and two feet were the capital my father started with. For fifteen years an invalid, he had a fearful struggle to support his large family. Nothing but faith in God upheld him. His recital of help afforded and deliverances wrought was more like a romance than a reality. He walked through many a desert, but every morning had its manna, and every night its pillar of fire, and every hard rock a rod that could shatter it into crystal fountains at his feet. More than once he came to his last dollar; but right behind that last dollar he found Him who owns the cattle on a thousand hills, and out of the palm of whose hand all the fowls of heaven peck their food, and who hath given to each one of his disciples a warrant deed for the whole universe in the words, ‘All are yours.’

“The path that led him through financial straits prepared him also for sore bereavements. The infant of days was smitten, and he laid it into the river of death with as much confidence as infant Moses was laid into the ark of the Nile, knowing that soon from the royal palace a shining one would come to fetch it.

“In an island of the sea, among strangers, almost unattended, death came to a beloved son; and though I remember the darkness that dropped on the household when the black-sealed letter was opened, I remember also the utterances of Christian submission.

“Another, bearing his own name, just on the threshold of manhood, his heart beating high with hope, falls into the dust; but above the cries of early widowhood and the desolation of that dark day I hear the patriarch’s prayer commending children and children’s children to the Divine sympathy.

“But a deeper shadow fell across the old homestead. The ‘golden wedding’ had been celebrated nine years before. My mother looked up, pushed back her spectacles, and said: ‘Just think of it, father? We have been together fifty-nine years?’ The twain stood together like two trees of the forest with interlocked branches. Their affections had taken deep root together in many a kindred grave. Side by side, in life’s great battle, they had fought the good fight and won the day. But death comes to unjoint this alliance. God will not any longer let her suffer mortal ailments. The reward of righteousness is ready, and it must be paid. But what tearing apart! What rending up! What will the aged man do without this other to lean on? Who can so well understand how to sympathize and counsel? What voice so cheering as hers to conduct him down the steep of old age? My mother’s death! ‘Oh!’ she said, in her last moments, ‘father, if you and I could only go together, how pleasant it would be!’ But the hush of death came down one autumnal afternoon, and for the first time in my life, on my arrival home, I received no maternal greeting, no answer of the lips, no pressure of the hand. God had taken her.

“In this overwhelming shock the patriarch stood confident, reciting the promises and attesting the Divine goodness. Oh! sirs, that was Faith, Faith! ‘Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory!’

“He had not retired from the field. He had been busy so

long, you could not expect him idle now. The faith I have described was not an idle expectation that sits with its hands in its pockets idly waiting, but a feeling which gathers up all the resources of the soul, and hurls them upon one grand design. He was among the first who toiled in Sabbath Schools, and never failed to speak the praise of these institutions. No storm or darkness ever kept him away from prayer-meeting. In the neighborhood where he lived, for years he held a devotional meeting. Oftentimes the only praying man present, before a handful of attendants, he would give out the hymn, read the lines, conduct the music, and pray. Then read the Scriptures, and pray again. Then lead forth in the Doxology with an enthusiasm as if there were a thousand people present, and all the church members had been doing their duty. He went forth visiting the sick, burying the dead, collecting alms for the poor, inviting the ministers of religion to his household, in which there was, as in the house of Shunem, a little room over the wall, with bed and candlestick for any passing Elisha. He never shuddered at the sight of a subscription paper, and not a single great cause of benevolence had arisen within the last half century which he did not bless with his beneficence. Oh! this was not a barren almond tree that blossomed. His charity was not like the bursting of the bud of a famous tree in the South, that fills the whole forest with its racket; nor was it a clumsy thing like the fruit, in some tropical clime, that crashes down, almost knocking the life out of those who gather it; for in his case the right hand knew not what the left hand did. The churches of God, in whose service he toiled, have arisen as one man to declare his faithfulness and to mourn their loss. He stood in the front of the holy war, and the courage which never trem-

bled or winced in the presence of temporal danger induced him to dare all things for God. In church matters, he was not afraid to be shot at. Ordained, not by the laying on of human hands, but by the imposition of a Savior's love, he preached by his life in official position, and legislative hall, and commercial circles, a practical Christianity. He showed that there was such a thing as honesty in politics. He slandered no party, stuffed no ballot-box, forged no naturalization papers, intoxicated no voters, told no lies, surrendered no principle, countenanced no demagogism. He called things by their right names; and what others styled prevarication, exaggeration, misstatement, or hyperbole, he called a lie. Though he was far from being undecided in his views, and never professed neutrality, or had any consort with those miserable men who boast how well they can walk on both sides of a dividing line and be on neither, yet even in the excitements of election canvass, when his name was hotly discussed in public journals, I do not think his integrity was ever assaulted. Starting every morning with a chapter of the Bible, and his whole family around him on their knees, he forgot not, in the excitements of the world, that he had a God to serve and a heaven to win. The morning prayer came up on one side of the day, and the evening prayer on the other side, and joined each other in an arch above his head, under the shadow of which he walked all the day. The Sabbath worship extended into Monday's conversation, and Tuesday's bargain, and Wednesday's mirthfulness, and Thursday's controversy, and Friday's sociality, and Saturday's calculation.

“Through how many thrilling scenes he had passed! He stood at Morristown, in the choir that chanted when George Washington was buried. Talked with young men whose grandfathers he had held on his knee. Watched the pro-

gress of John Adam's administration. Denounced, at the time, Aaron Burr's infamy. Heard the guns that celebrated the New Orleans' victory. Voted against Jackson; but lived long enough to wish we had one just like him. Remembered when the first steamer struck the North River with its wheel-buckets. Flushed with excitement in the time of National Banks and Sub-Treasury. Was startled at the birth of telegraphy. Saw the United States grow from a speck on the world's map till all nations dip their flag at our passing merchantmen, and our 'National Airs' have been heard on the steeps of the Himalayas. Was born while the revolutionary cannon were coming home from Yorktown, and lived to hear the tramp of troops returning from the war of the Great Rebellion. Lived to speak the names of eighty children, grand-children, and great-grandchildren. Nearly all his contemporaries gone. Aged Wilberforce said that sailors drink to 'friends astern' until half way over the sea, and then drink to 'friends ahead.' With him it had a long time been 'friends ahead.' So also with my father. Long and varied pilgrimage. Nothing but sovereign grace could have kept him true, earnest, useful, and Christian through so many exciting scenes.

"He worked unweariedly from the sunrise of youth to the sunset of old age, and then in the nightfall of death, lighted by the starry promises, went home, taking his sheaves with him. Mounting from earthly to heavenly service, I doubt not there was a great multitude that thronged heaven's gate to hail him into the skies—those whose sorrows he had appeased, whose burdens he had lifted, whose guilty souls he had pointed to a pardoning God, whose dying moments he had cheered, whose ascending spirits he had helped up on wings of sacred music. I should like to

have heard that long, loud, triumphant shout of heaven's welcome. I think that the harps throbbed with another thrill, and the hills quaked with a mightier hallelujah. Hail! ransomed soul! Thy race run—thy toil ended! Hail to the coronation!

“Now, after such a life, what sort of death would you have expected? Will God conduct a voyager through so many storms, and then let him get shipwrecked coming up the harbor? Not such an one is my God and Savior. The telegraph thrilled with tidings north, south, east, west, that brought, in the rushing rail-train, his kindred together. The hour for which this aged servant of God had waited patiently had come, and he rejoiced with a joy at which the tongue faltered. There was no turning from side to side on the pillow, as if looking for escape from grim pursuers, but gazing up and around as if looking out for the chariot of King Jesus. The prayer which the older sons had heard him make fifty years ago, asking that at last he might have ‘nothing to do but die,’ was literally answered. All his children, save that one which he sent forth with his blessing a few months ago, in the good ship ‘Surprise,’ to proclaim the glories of the Messiah on the other side of the earth, were present—some to pray; some to hold his hand; some to bathe his brow. All to watch, and wait, and weep, and rejoice. He asked about my children. Talked about the past. Expressed his anticipations of the future. Slept sweetly as a child ever slept in the arms of its mother. Then broke forth with the utterance: ‘Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life!’ The Bible that he had studied for so many years, now cast its light far on into the valley, until the very gate of heaven flashed upon his vision. Some one quoted the passage, ‘This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'Of whom I am the chief,' responded the dying Christian. We said, 'To live is Christ.' He answered, 'To die is gain;' and, lest we did not understand him, he repeated, 'To die is gain!' And, as if the vision grew more enrapturing, he continued to say, 'To die is gain!' Ministers of the Gospel came in, and, after the usual greeting, he said, 'Pray, Pray.'

"We sang some of his favorite hymns, such as:

Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
 While on His breast I lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

He would seem almost to stop breathing in order to listen, and then at the close would signify that he remembered the old tune right well. He said: 'I shall be gone soon, but not too soon.' Some one quoted: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' And he replied: 'Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' 'Can you testify of God's faithfulness?' said another. He answered: 'Yes! I have been young and now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' He said: 'I have it good; I could not have it any better; I feel well—all is well.' Again, and again, and again, he repeated, 'All is well!' Then, lifting his hand, exclaimed: 'Peace! peace!'

"On the morning of October, 27, 1871, just three years from the day when the soul of his companion sped into the heavens, it was evident that the last moment had come. Softly the news came to all the sleepers in the house, and the quick glance of lights from room to room signaled the coming of the death-angel. We took out our watches and said, 'Four o'clock and fifteen minutes!' The pulse flut-



tered, as a tree-branch lifts and falls at the motion of a bird's wing about to cleave its way into the heavens. No quick start of pain; no glassy stare; but eyelid lightly closed, and calm lip, and white blossoms of the almond tree. From the stand we turned over the old timepiece that he had carried so long, and which he thought always went right, and announced 'Just four o'clock and twenty minutes!' The tides of the cold river rising. Felt the wrist, but no pulse; the temples, but no stir; the heart, but no action. We listened, but heard nothing. Still! still! The gates of the earthly prison-house silently open, wider and wider. Free! Clear the way for a conquering spirit! Shout upward the tidings! Four o'clock and thirty minutes! Without a groan or a sigh, he had passed upward into light. 'And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people.'

"The day for burial came. An autumnal Sabbath was let down clear from heaven. At the first gush of the dawn we said: 'This is just the day in which for a Christian to be buried!' Fading leaf, indeed, under foot told of the decaying body, but streaming sunshine spoke of resurrection joy. They came tottering on their staff—old comrades who, in 1812, had marched beside him, drilling in the field, ready for heroic strife. They came—the poor whose rent he had paid to keep their children from the blasts of winter. They came—the erring men whom he had bailed out of prison. They came—the children who had watched his step, and played with his cane, and had often wondered what new attraction grandfather would unfold from his deep pockets. They came—the ministers of religion who had sat with him in church courts, and planned for the advancement of religion.

“Passing along the roads where he had often gone, and by the birthplace of most of his children, we laid him down to rest, just as the sun was setting in the country graveyard, close beside her with whom for more than half a century he had walked, and prayed, and sung, and counselled. It seemed as if she must speak a greeting. But no voice broke the sod, no whisper ran through the grass, no word of recognition was uttered. Side by side, Jacob and Rachel were buried. Let one willow overarch their graves. Instead of two marble slabs, as though these of whom we speak were twain, let there be but a single shaft, for they were one. Monument not pretentious, but plain, for they were old-fashioned people. On one side the marble set the date of their coming and going. On this side the name of David—the husband and father. On that third side the name of Catherine—the wife and mother. Then there will be but one side unchiselled. How shall we mark it? With a story of Christian zeal and self-sacrifice for God? No! Father and mother would shake their heads if they were awake to read it. This rather let it be: ‘The morning cometh.’—Isaiah xxi. 12.

“Henceforth we shall be orphans. Sad thing, even at manhood, to become fatherless and motherless. No one but God can make up for the loss of a father’s counsel and a mother’s tenderness. Hope thou in God! Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of the glorious ending of all earthly trial when he said: ‘Just as the gates were open to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets were also paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, and golden harps to sing praises withal. And after that they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.’

## CHAPTER II.

### MY BOYHOOD.

“THE Old Cradle! We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in. The crackle of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lessons in music as mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five hundred dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgefully thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low, subdued tone, that sings to me yet across forty years.

“You see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stopped for that. When such a cradle as that got a-going it kept on for years.

“Scarlet fever came in at the door, and we all had it; and oh, how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, for sickness, you know, makes babies of us all. But after a while we surrendered it to Charlie. He was too old to lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him

in the cradle it was 'Rock!' 'Rock!' 'Rock!' But one day, just as long ago as I can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek and left it white, very white—the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: 'Bye! bye! bye!' which meant more than 'Il Trovatore,' rendered by opera troupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding to show how well they understood Italian.

"There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle that somehow got loose and was taken off. But our infantile mind was most impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over us. Other women sometimes looked in at the child and said, 'That child's hair will be red!' or, 'What a peculiar chin!' or, 'Do you think that child will live to grow up?' and although we were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct we knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh, we never get away from the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After forty-seven years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

'Let the old cradle rest in the garret. It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with it

journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs! Cradle that kindled so many hopes! Cradle that rested so many fatigues!"

"PRAYERS IN BOYHOOD.

"I had many sound thrashings when I was a boy (not as many as I ought to have had, for I was the last child, and my parents let me off), but the most memorable scene in my childhood was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. I cannot forget it, for I used often to be squirming around on the floor and looking at them while they were praying.

"LEAP-FROG.

"The funniest play that I ever joined in at school, and one that sets me a-laughing now as I think of it so that I can hardly write, is 'leap-frog.' It is unartistic and homely. It is so humiliating to the boy who bends himself over and puts his hands down on his knees, and it is so perilous to the boy, who, placing his hands on the stooped shoulders, attempts to fly over. But I always preferred the risk of the one who attempted to leap rather than the humiliation of the one who consented to be vaulted over. It was often the case that we both failed in our part and we went down together. For this Jack Snyder carried a grudge against me and would not speak, because he said I pushed him down a-purpose! But I hope he has forgiven me by this time, for he has been out as a missionary. Indeed, if Jack will come this way, I will right the wrong of olden time by stooping down in my study and letting him spring over me as my children do.

"Almost every autumn I see that old-time school-boy feat repeated. Mr. So-and-so says, 'You make me governor and

I will see that you get to be senator. Make me mayor and I will see that you become assessor. Get me the office of street-sweeper and you shall have one of the brooms. You stoop down and let me jump over you, and then I will stoop down and let you jump over me. Elect me deacon, and you shall be trustee. You write a good thing about me, and I will write a good thing about you.'

“BOYS' TROUBLES.

“We feel sorry for boys, because they are not exempt from troubles; and one of the worst is suppressed hilarity. To want to laugh, and still maintain gravity; to see the minister's wig getting twisted, and yet look devotional; to discover a mouse in prayer-time, and yet not titter; to see the young bride and groom in church try to look like old married people; to have the deacon drop the contribution plate and spill the pennies, and yet look sorry for the misfortune; in a word, to be a boy with fun from the top hair on the crown of the head to the tip-end of the great toe, and yet make no demonstration, is a trial with which we are deeply sympathetic. To sit on a long bench at school with eight or ten other boys, all able to keep quiet only by utmost force of resolution, and something happen that makes all the rest snicker, while you abstain, requires an amount of heroic endurance we never reached. I remember well how a rattan feels when it arrives in the open palm at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In my first ten years I suppressed enough giggles, smiles, chuckles, and yells to have ruined me for all time. I so often retired from the sitting-room, when we had company, to the wood-shed, where my mirth would be no disturbance to anything but the ash-barrels, that I have all allowance to make for that age of life which is apt to be struck through with titter. I still feel the boy in my nature when ludicrous things hap-

pen, as when a city exquisite came into the prayer-meeting, whisk-cane in hand, and fanciful eye-glass on, looked sublimely around on the audience as much as to say, 'I suppose you all see that I am here,' and then sat down where a chair had just before stood, but from which place the usher had inadvertently removed it. Had it not been for an extemporized cough and sneeze and active use of the pocket-handkerchief on my part, I should have been hopelessly ruined.

“MY FIRST BOOTS.

“I have seen many days of joy, but I remember no such exhilaration as that felt by me on the day when I mounted my first pair of boots. To appreciate such an era in life, we must needs have been brought up in the country. Boys in town come to this crisis before they can appreciate the height and depth of such an acquisition. The boot period is the dividing line between babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, I am trampled upon by comrades and stuck with pins, and I walk with an air of apology for the fact that I am born at all. Robust school-fellows strike me across the cheek, and when I turn towards them, they cry, 'Who are you looking at?' or what is worse than any possible insult, is to have somebody chuck me under the chin, and call me 'Bub.' Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries no handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in the boy's history—no handkerchief.

“But at last the age of boots dawns upon a boy. Henceforth, instead of always having to get out of the way, he will make others get out of his way. He will sometimes get the Scripture lesson confused, and when smitten on the right cheek will turn and give it to his opponent on the left cheek also. Indeed, I do not think that there is any regulation, human or divine, demanding that a boy submit to the

school-bully. I think we should teach our boy to avoid all quarrel and strife; but, nevertheless, to take care of himself. I remember, with deep satisfaction, how that, after Jim Johnson had knocked my hat in the mud, and spat in my face, and torn my new coat, I felt called upon to vindicate the majesty of my new boots. That, however, was before I had any idea of ever becoming a minister. But when the time spoken of in a boy's life comes, look out how you call him 'Bub.' He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side-pocket as if it were accidentally arranged so, has a dignified and manly mode of expectoration, and walks down the road with long strides, as much as to say, 'Clear the track for my boots!'

"It was Sabbath-day when I broke them in. Oh! the rapture of that moment when I laid hold of the straps at one end, and with my big brother pushing at the other the boot went on! I fear that I got but little advantage that day from the services. All the pulpit admonition about worldliness and pride struck the toes of my boots, and fell back. I trampled under my feet all good counsels. I had to repent that, while some trust in horses and some in chariots, I put too much stress upon leather. Though my purchase was so tight in the instep that, as soon as I got to the woods, I went limping on my way, I felt that in such a cause it was noble to suffer.

"For some reason, boots are not what they used to be. You pay a big price, and you might walk all day without hearing once from them; but the original pair of which I tell spoke out for themselves. No one doubted whether you had been to church after you had once walked up the aisle in company with such leather. It was the pure eloquence of calf-skin,



## "OUR DENTIST.

"In boyhood, after my crying all night, laudanum and camphor and everything else having failed, father took me to the village doctor. The doctor led me to his back piazza, and I sat down on the step. Whether I was promised candy or a ride or a new pair of boots I do not remember, but suffice it to say the inducement did not seem adequate to pay for the sufferings proposed. The doctor brought out a long pair of forceps. There were in its very looks twists and grips and clutches that made the toothache instantly stop. Then I argued the uselessness of extraction, because it did not ache a bit! They did not allow me to finish the argument. I was never more logical in my life. I had laid down the two propositions of a syllogism. First, painless teeth ought not to be extracted; secondly, this is a painless tooth; but before I could draw the conclusion the doctor had begun to draw the tooth. I, sitting on the step, and he standing back and above me, took my head between his knees, one knee tight against each ear. The memory of those knees will never fade away from me. They seemed to me the *ne plus ultra* of all knees. He had hard work to get into my mouth, for it was so full of exclamation, or what boys call 'holla,' a word so expressive that I never found its synonyme. But getting his hand on one side the unrestrained yell, and his turn-key on the other, he went in.

"But at last the cold steel was laid aside the sore gums, and while I was clutching the doctor's arm, and biting his fingers as hard as I could, and kicking indiscriminately in all directions, and giving him a look as much as to say, 'Old fellow, if I live to get over this, won't I give it to you,' the doctor, with knees still more tightly braced, gave one resolute pull, and it seemed as if the roots of my neck had given away, and the jawbone had forsaken its socket,

and everything, down to the last joint of the toe, had been dislocated, grubbed out, smashed, caved in, and annihilated with a general convulsion. The operation was successful. The dentist only did his duty, and has been for some years in the good place where teeth never ache and they never use forceps; but my memory of him is not ecstatic. I do not take him into my hope of future recognition. I can think of five hundred people whom we would rather meet than he.

“SEEING A GHOST.

“I never met but one ghost in all my life. It was a very dark night, and I was seven years of age. There was a German cooper, who, on the outskirts of the village, had a shop. It was an interesting spot, and I frequented it. There was a congregation of barrels, kegs, casks and firkins, that excited my boyish admiration. There the old man stood, day after day, hammering away at his trade. He was fond of talk, and had his head full of all that was weird, mysterious and tragic. During the course of his life he had seen almost as many ghosts as firkins; had seen them in Germany, on the ocean, and in America.

“One summer afternoon, perhaps having made an unusually lucrative bargain in hoop-poles, the tide of his discourse bore everything before it. I hung on his lips entranced. I noticed not that the shadows of the evening were gathering, nor remembered that we were a mile from home. He had wrought up my boyish imagination to the tip-top pitch. He had told me how doors opened when there was no hand on the latch, and the eyes of a face in a picture winked one windy night; and how intangible objects in white would glide across the room, and headless trunks ride past on phantom horses; and how boys on the way home at night were met by a sheeted form, that

picked them up and carried them off, so that they never were heard of, their mother going around as disconsolate as the woman in the 'Lost Heir,' crying 'Where's Billy?'

"This last story roused me to my whereabouts, and I felt I must go home. My hair, that usually stood on end, took the strictly perpendicular. My flesh crept with horror of the expedition homeward. My faith in everything solid had been shaken. I believed only in the subtle and in the intangible. What could a boy of seven years old depend upon if one of these headless horsemen might at any moment ride him down, or one of these sheeted creatures pick him up?

"I started up the road barefooted. I was not impeded by any useless apparel. It took me no time to get under way. I felt that if I must perish, it would be well to get as near the doorsill of home as possible. I vowed that, if I was only spared this once to get home, I would never again allow the night to catch me at the cooper's. The ground flew under my feet. No headless horseman could have kept up. Not a star was out. It was the blackness of darkness. I had made half the distance and was in the 'hollow'—the most lonely and dangerous part of the way—and felt that in a minute more I might abate my speed and take fuller breath. But, alas! no such good fortune awaited me. Suddenly my feet struck a monster—whether beastly, human, infernal or supernal, witch, ghost, demon, or headless horseman I could not immediately tell. I fell prostrate, my hands passing over a hairy creature; and, as my head struck the ground, the monster rose up, throwing my feet into the air. To this day it would have been a mystery, had not a fearful bellow revealed it as a cow which had laid down to peaceful slumber in the road, not anticipating the terrible collision. She wasted no time, but started up the

road. I having by experiment discovered which end of me was up, joined her in the race. I knew not but that it was the first installment of disasters. And, therefore, away we went, cow and boy; but the cow beat. She came into town a hundred yards ahead. I have not got over it yet, that I let that cow beat. That was the first and last ghost I ever met.

“MY FIRST AND LAST CIGAR.

“The time had come in our boyhood which we thought demanded the capacity to smoke. The old people of the household could abide neither the sight nor smell of the Virginia weed. When ministers came there, not by positive injunction, but by a sort of instinct as to what would be safest, they whiffed their pipes on the back steps. If the house could not stand sanctified smoke, you may know how little chance there was for boyish cigar-puffing.

“By some rare good fortune which put in my hands three cents, I found access to a tobacco store. As the lid of the long, narrow, fragrant box opened, and for the first time I owned a cigar, my feelings of elation, manliness, superiority and anticipation can scarcely be imagined, save by those who have had the same sensation. My first ride on horseback, though I fell off before I got to the barn, and my first pair of new boots (real squeakers), I had thought could never be surpassed in interest; but when I put the cigar to my lips and stuck the lucifer match to the end of the weed and commenced to pull with an energy that brought every facial muscle to its utmost tension, my satisfaction with this world was so great, my temptation was never to want to leave it.

“The cigar did not burn well. It required an amount of suction that tasked my determination to the utmost. You see that my worldly means had limited me to a quality that

cost only three cents. But I had been taught that nothing great was accomplished without effort, and so I puffed away! Indeed, I had heard my older brothers in their Latin lessons say, *Omnia vincet labor*; which translated means, 'If you want to make anything go, you must scratch for it.'

"With these sentiments I passed down the village street and towards my country home. My head did not feel exactly right, and the street began to rock from side to side, so that it was uncertain to me which side of the street I was on. So I crossed over, but found myself on the same side that I was on before I crossed over. Indeed, I imagined that I was on both sides at the same time, and several fast teams driving between. I met another boy, who asked me why I looked so pale, and I told him I did not look pale, but that he was pale himself.

"I sat down under the bridge, and began to reflect on the prospect of early decease, and on the uncertainty of all earthly expectations. I had determined to smoke the cigar all up, and thus get the worth of my money; but I was obliged to throw three-fourths of it away, yet knew just where I threw it, in case I felt better the next day.

"Getting home, the old people were frightened, and demanded that I state what kept me so late, and what was the matter with me. Not feeling that I was called to go into particulars, and not wishing to increase my parents' apprehension that I was going to turn out badly, I summed up the case with the statement that I felt miserable at the pit of the stomach. I had mustard plasters administered, and careful watching for some hours, when I fell asleep, and forgot my disappointment and humiliation in being obliged to throw away three-fourths of my first cigar. Being naturally reticent, I have never mentioned it until this time.

“But how about my last cigar? It was three o'clock, Sabbath morning, in my Western home. I had smoked three or four cigars since tea. At that time I wrote my sermons, and took another cigar with each new head of discourse. I thought I was getting the inspiration from above, but was getting much of it from beneath. My hand trembled along the line, and, strung up to the last tension of nerves, I finished my work and started from the room. A book standing on the table fell over, and although it was not a large book, its fall sounded to my excited system like the crack of a pistol. As I went down the stairs their creaking made my hair stand on end. As I flung myself on a sleepless pillow, I resolved, God helping, that I had smoked my last cigar, and committed my last sin of night-study.

“I kept my promise. With the same resolution went overboard coffee and tea. That night I was born into a new physical, mental, and moral life. Perhaps it may be better for some to smoke, and study nights, and take exciting temperance beverages; but I am persuaded that if thousands of people who now go moping, and nervous, and half-exhausted through life, down with ‘sick head-aches’ and rasped by irritabilities, would try a good large dose of abstinence, they would thank God for this paragraph of personal experience, and make the world the same bright place I find it—a place so attractive that nothing short of heaven would be good enough to exchange for it.

“The first cigar made me desperately sick; the throwing away of my last made me gloriously well. For the croaking of the midnight owl had ceased, and the time of the singing of birds had come.”

## CHAPTER III.

### ENTERING THE MINISTRY.

DR. TALMAGE'S parents bestowed great care upon his early culture, but he was nevertheless a marvel of eccentricities from his earliest childhood. He was always remarkable for enthusiasm in mental labor, and for his devotion to all those branches of intellectual attainment for which he felt the greatest fondness. He passed through the University of New York, and graduated with distinction, especially in belles lettres. And on graduation day, when he delivered an address in Niblo's Garden, he was received with immense applause, the majority of the audience rising to their feet. He openly professed religion at the age of eighteen years, but in his early manhood he adopted the legal profession. After a brief experience of the law, however, he entered the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and prepared for the ministry, deeply regretting the time which he considered as lost in pursuing his original choice. After his ordination, Dr. Talmage preached for three years at Belleville, New Jersey, three years at Syracuse, N. Y., and seven years at Philadelphia, laboring to the great profit and prosperity of the congregation of which he was pastor. In his first pastorate at Belleville he became convinced of the necessity of making Jesus Christ the main pivot of his sermons as essential to success, and he has frequently declared that his success is mainly due to his having constantly preached "Christ and Him crucified."

## BEGINS EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.

“I entered the ministry with a mortal horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week I wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. I did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper. I was a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put me in the graveyard. I resolved on emancipation. The Sunday night was approaching when I intended to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. I had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which I proposed to preach as an introduction to the sermon, and resolved, at the close of that brief composition, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

“It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer at the back of the church, and the night I speak of, the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was, of course, crowded—not so much to hear the preacher as to see how the gas would burn. Many were unbelieving, and said that there would be an explosion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out. Several brethren, disposed to hang on to old customs, declared that candles and oil were the only fit materials for lighting a church, and they denounced the innovation as indicative of vanity on the part of the new-comers. They used oil in the ancient Temple, and it was that which ran down on Aaron’s beard, and anything that was good enough for the whiskers of an old-time priest was good enough for a country meeting-house. These sticklers for the oil were present that night, hoping—and I think some of them were secretly praying—that the gas might go out.



“With my ten-minute manuscript I went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on my forehead. I began my discourse, and every sentence gave me the feeling that I was one step nearer the gallows. I spoke very slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last fifteen minutes. During the preaching of the brief manuscript I concluded that I had never been called to the ministry. I was in a hot bath of excitement. People noticed my trepidation, and supposed it was because I was afraid the gas would go out. Alas! My fear was that it would not go out. As I came towards the close of my brief I joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before I came to the last written line something would burst, and leave me in the darkness. Indeed, I discovered an encouraging flicker amid the burners, which gave me the hope that the brief which lay before me would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution might be postponed to some other night. As I came to the sentence next to the last the lights fell down to half their size, and I could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from my vision. I said to myself, ‘Why can’t these lights be obliging, and go out entirely?’ The wish was gratified. As I finished the last line of my brief, and stood on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished. ‘It is impossible to proceed,’ I cried out; ‘receive the benediction!’

“I crawled down the pulpit in a state of exhilaration; I never before saw such handsome darkness. The odor of the escaping gas was to me like ‘gales from Araby.’ Did a frightened young man ever have such fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to humble the trustees, yet the scared preacher took advantage of it.

“But after I got home I saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got me out of that predicament, I resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith the thralldom was broken, I hope never again to be felt. How demeaning that a man with a message from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers! Paper is a non-conductor of Gospel electricity. If a man has a five-thousand-dollar bill of goods to sell a customer, he does not go up to the purchaser and say, ‘I have some remarks to make to you about these goods, but just wait till I get out my manuscript.’ Before he got through reading the argument the customer would be in the next door, making purchases from another house.

“What cowardice! Because a few critical hearers sit with lead pencils out to mark down the inaccuracies of extemporaneousness, shall the pulpit cower? While the great congregation are ready to take the bread hot out of the oven, shall the minister be crippled in his work because the village doctor or lawyer sits carping before him? To please a few learned ninnies a thousand ministers sit writing sermons on Saturday night till near the break of day, their heads hot, their feet cold, and their nerves a-twitch. Sermons born on Saturday night are apt to have the rickets. Instead of cramping our chests over writing-desks, and being the slaves of the pen, let us attend to our physical health, that we may have more pulpit independence.

“Which thoughts came to me this week as I visited again the village church aforesaid, and preached out of the same old Bible in which, years ago, I laid the ten-minute manuscript, and I looked upon the same lights that once behaved so badly. But I found it had been snowing since the time I lived there, and heads that then were black are white now,

and some of the eyes which looked up to me that memorable night when the gasometer failed us, years ago, are closed now, and for them all earthly lights have gone out forever.

“HOW I TOOK EXERCISE.

“Soon after entering the ministry I was reading, one day, on the importance of physical exercise. The subject flashed upon me so overpoweringly that I resolved on a gymnasium in the garret of my country parsonage. I speedily extemporised such an institution, and with coat off and slippers on began exercise. I ran and jumped and swung and lifted and climbed and took frightful positions. Several times there was a knock at the door, and fears expressed for the demolition of the parsonage. But I dislike to stop after I have started in anything. So I kept on jerking away at the pulleys and walking the horizontal bars and bending over backward till my head touched the floor, and going through all varieties of tumbling. The second day my exercise was excruciating, because of sore ligaments and muscles. On the third day I resigned for ever the duties of that particular gymnasium. I sat two days with my feet upon a pillow, in a state of disgust with all those who had written on the subject of sanitary conditions. I doubted whether physical exercise was of any advantage after all. It certainly had been a damage to me. Against all the learned advocates on the other side, I had before me two immovable arguments in the shape of two crippled legs. I would have continued that quiet position still longer, but Sunday had come, and I must preach. Getting to church was one of the most difficult enterprises I ever conducted. I went early, for the pulpit was to be climbed, and I did not desire to excite the sympathy of the audience. There was no one in church but the sexton, and I waited till he went to ring the

bell before I began to climb the sacred hill. The six steps seemed like the sides of the Matterhorn for difficult ascent. The first step up I took sidewise, the second backward, the the third by a strong pull on the banisters. I then stopped to rest and wipe the perspiration from my brow, all flushed with the manly achievements of the last five minutes. Nothing but the fact that I was half-way up, and that it would hurt me as much to go down as to go up, encouraged me in the work of ascent. But the last two steps were stimulated by the sound of advancing feet in the vestibule, and an indisposition on my part to create unseemly mirth in church, or to tempt any one to irreverent laughter at an ambassador from the skies. The audience coming in were surprised to find their pastor so early waiting for them. If I had that day taken the text nearest to my heart, it would have been Paul's advice to a young minister by the name of Timothy, 'Bodily exercise profiteth little.'

"I learned by these experiences that anything overdone had better not be done at all. Gymnasiums are grand things; but let common sense dictate quantities and qualities, and do not allow the dumb-bells to drag down the shoulders, nor had you better hang by your feet to a ring till you get black in the face. Fencing is good; but do not be rough, nor play with loafers. Pedestrianism is healthful; but do not forget that the road back is a little farther than the road out, though it may be the same road. Hunting is good, if you do not shoot sparrows, nor go to sleep on the edge of a marsh. Rowing is good, if you do not take a bottle in the boat, nor pull so hard that you get aneurismal trouble with the heart. When I forsook the fitful and extravagant use of gymnastics, and came to their gradual and intelligent use, I found them, next to religion, the best panacea for all earthly ills. I have put down all

the burdens of the last twenty years at the door of the gymnasium, or hung them on the horizontal bars, or demolished them with the butt end of dumb-bells, or fastened them, as so many Mazeppas, to the wooden horse bounding off the precipices of forgetfulness. Let not, therefore, the wrenched muscles and swollen feet of the Belleville parsonage trip up any one on his way to the gymnasium. Only do not take so much of anything at once that you cannot take any more of it again. Moderation is a big word, which it takes some of us a long time to learn how to spell."

#### CATCHING THE BAY MARE.

"It may be a lack of education on my part, but I confess to a dislike for horse-races. I never attended but three; the first in my boyhood, the second at a country fair, where I was deceived as to what would transpire, the third last Sabbath morning. I see my friends flush with indignation at this last admission; but let them wait a moment before they launch their verdict.

"My horse was in the pasture-field. It was almost time to start for church, and I needed the animal harnessed. The boy came in saying it was impossible to catch the bay mare, and calling for my assistance. I had on my best clothes, and did not feel like exposing myself to rough usage; but I vaulted the fence with pail of water in hand, expecting to try the effect of rewards rather than punishments. The horse came out generously to meet me. I said to the boy, 'She is very tame. Strange you cannot catch her.' She came near enough to cautiously smell the pail, when she suddenly changed her mind, and with one wild snort dashed off to the other end of the field.

"Whether she was not thirsty, or was critical of the manner of presentation, or had apprehensions of my motive, or

was seized with desire for exercise in the open air, she gave us no chance to guess. I resolved upon more caution of advance and gentler voice, and so laboriously approached her; for though a pail of water is light for a little way, it gets heavy after you have gone a considerable distance, though its contents be half spilled.

“This time I succeeded in getting her nose inserted into the bright beverage. I called her by pet names, addressing her as ‘Poor Dolly!’ not wishing to suggest any pauperism by that term, but only sympathy for the sorrows of the brute creation, and told her that she was the finest horse that ever was. It seemed to take well. Flattery always does with horses.

“I felt that the time had come for me to produce the rope halter, which with my left hand I had all the while kept secreted behind my back. I put it over her neck, when the beast wheeléd, and I seized her by the point where the copy-books say we ought to take Time, namely, the forelock. But I had poor luck. I ceased all caressing tone, and changed the subjunctive mood for the imperative. There never was a greater divergence of sentiment than at that instant between myself and the bay mare. She pulled one way, I pulled the other. Turning her back upon me she ejaculated into the air two shining horse-shoes, both the shape of the letter O, the one interjection in contempt for the ministry and the other in contempt for the press.

“But catch the horse I must, for I was bound to be at church, though just then I did not feel at all devotional. I resolved, therefore, with the boy, to run her down; so, by way of making an animated start, I slung the pail at the horse’s head and put out on a Sunday morning horse-race. Every time she stood at the other end of the field waiting for me to come up. She trotted, galloped and careered

about me with an occasional neigh cheerfully given to encourage me in the pursuit. I was getting more and more unprepared in body, mind and soul for the sanctuary. Meanwhile, quite a household audience lined the fence, the children and visitors shouted like excited Romans in an amphitheatre at a contest with wild beasts, and it was uncertain whether the audience was in sympathy with me or the bay mare.

“At this unhappy juncture she who some years ago took me for ‘better or for worse’ came to the rescue, finding me in the latter condition. She advanced to the field with a wash-basin full of water, offering that as a sole inducement, and gave one call when the horse went out to meet her, and under a hand not half so strong as mine gripping the mane the refractory beast was led to the manger.

“Standing with my feet in the damp grass and my new clothes wet to a sop I learned then and there how much depends on the way you do a thing. The proposition I made to the bay mare was far better than that offered by my companion, but mine failed and hers succeeded. Not the first nor the last time that a wash-basin has beaten a pail. So some of us go all through life clumsily coaxing and awkwardly pursuing things which we want to halter and control. We strain every nerve, only to find ourselves befooled and left far behind, while some Christian man or woman comes into the field and by easy art captures that which evaded us.

“I heard a good sermon that day, but it was not more impressive than the fatiguing lesson of the pasture-field, which taught us that not more depends upon the thing you do than upon the way you do it. The difference between the clean swath of that harvester in front of our house and the ragged work of his neighbor is in the way he swings

the scythe, and not in the scythe itself. There are ten men with one talent apiece who do more good than the one man with ten talents. A basin properly lifted may accomplish more than a pail unskillfully swung. A minister for an hour in his sermon endeavors to chase down those brutish in their habits, attempting to place them under the harness of Christian restraint, and perhaps miserably fails, when some gentle hand of sisterly or motherly affection laid upon the wayward one brings him safely in.

“There is a knack in doing things. If all those who plough in State and Church had known how to hold the handles, and turn a straight furrow, and stop the team at the end of the field, the world would long ago have been ploughed into an Eden. What many people want is gumption—a word as yet undefined; but if you do not know what it means, it is very certain you do not possess the quality it describes. We all need to follow Christian tact. The boys in the Baskinridge school-house laughed at Wm. L. Dayton’s impediment of speech, but that did not hinder him from afterwards making court-room and Senate-chamber thrill under the spell of his words.

“In my early home there was a vicious cat that would invade the milk-pans, and we, the boys, chased her with hoes and rakes, always hitting the place where she had been just before, till one day father came out with a plain stick of oven-wood, and with one little clip back of the ear, put an end to all of her nine lives. You see everything depends upon the style of the stroke, and not upon the elaborateness of the weapon. The most valuable things you try to take will behave like the bay mare; but what you can not overcome by coarse persuasion, or reach at full run, you can catch with apostolic guile. Learn the first-rate art of doing secular or Christian work, and then it matters not whether your weapon be a basin or a pail.”



## PUYS A COW.

"I was spending my summers in the country, and must have a cow. There were ten or fifteen cows to be sold. There were reds, and piebalds, and duns, and browns, and brindles, short horns, long horns, crumpled horns, and no horns. But I marked for our own a cow that was said to be full-blooded, whether Alderney, or Durham, or Galloway, or Ayrshire, I will not tell, lest some cattle-fancier feel insulted by what I say; and if there is any grace that I pride myself on, it is prudence and a determination always to say smooth things. 'How much is bid for this magnificent, full-blooded cow?' cried the auctioneer. 'Seventy-five dollars,' shouted some one. I made it eighty. He made it ninety. Somebody else quickly made it a hundred. After the bids had risen to one hundred and twenty-five dollars, I got animated, and resolved that I would have that cow if it took my last cent. 'One hundred and forty dollars' shouted my opponent. The auctioneer said it was the finest cow he had ever sold; and not knowing much about vendues, of course I believed him. It was a good deal of money for a minister to pay, but then I could get the whole matter off my hands by giving 'a note.' In utter defiance of everything, I cried out, 'One hundred and fifty dollars!' 'Going at that,' said the auctioneer. 'Going at that! once! twice! three times! gone! Mr. Talmage has it.' It was one of the proudest moments of my life. There she stood, tall, immense in the girth, horns branching graceful as a tree-branch, full-uddered, silk-coated, pensive-eyed.

"I hired two boys to drive her home, while I rode in a carriage. No sooner had I started than the cow showed what turned out to be one of her peculiarities—great speed of hoof. She left the boys, outran my horse, jumped the fence, frightened nearly to death a group of school chil-

dren, and by the time I got home we all felt as if we had been out all day on a fox chase.

“We never had any peace with that cow. She knew more tricks than a juggler. She could let down any bars, open any gate, outrun any dog, and ruin the patience of any minister. I had her a year, and yet she never got over wanting to go to the vendue. Once started out of the yard she was bound to see the sheriff. I coaxed her with carrots, and apples, and cabbage, and sweetest stalks, and the richest beverage of slops, but without avail.

“As a milker she was a failure. ‘Mike,’ who lived just back of our place, would come in at nights from his ‘Kerry cow,’ a scraggy runt that lived on the commons, with his pail so full he had to carry it cautiously lest it spilt over. But after our full-blooded had been in clover to her eyes all day Bridget would go out to the barn-yard, and tug and pull for a supply enough to make two or three custards. I said, ‘Bridget you don’t know how to milk. Let me try.’ I sat down by the cow, tried the full force of dynamics, but just at the moment when my success was about to be demonstrated, a sudden thought took her somewhere between the horns, and she started for the vendue, with one stroke of her back foot upsetting the small treasure I had accumulated, and leaving me a mere wreck of what I once was.

“She had, among other bad things, a morbid appetite. Notwithstanding I gave her the richest herbaceous diet, she ate everything she could put her mouth on. She was fond of horse-blankets and articles of human clothing. I found her one day at the clothes-line nearly choked to death, for she had swallowed one leg of something and seemed dissatisfied that she could not get down the other. The most perfect nuisance that I ever had about my place was that full-blooded.

“Having read in our agricultural journal of cows that were slaughtered yielding fourteen hundred pounds, meat weight, we concluded to sell her to the butcher. I set a high price upon her and got it; that is, I took a note for it, which is the same thing. My bargain with the butcher was the only successful chapter in my bovine experiences. The only taking off in the whole transaction was that the butcher ran away, leaving me nothing but a specimen of poor chirography, and I already had enough of that among my manuscripts.

“My friend, never depend on high-breeds. Some of the most useless of cattle had ancestors spoken of in the ‘Commentaries of Cæsar.’ That Alderney whose grandfather used to gaze on a lord’s park in England may not be worth the grass she eats.

“Do not depend too much on the high-sounding name of Durham or Devon. As with animals, so with men. Only one President ever had a President for a son. Let every cow make her own name, and every man achieve his own position. It is no great credit to a fool that he had a wise grandfather. Many an Ayrshire and Hereford has had the hollow-horn and the foot-rot. Both man and animal are valuable in proportion as they are useful. ‘Mike’s’ cow beat my full-blooded.

#### “MY DOG IN TROUBLE.

“I sat in the country parsonage, on a cold winter day, looking out of the back window towards the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have. It was a rule between us that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow of the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on my side of

the fence I had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while I had nothing to lend, except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say, that I had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse my sympathy.

“On the wintry morning of which I speak my neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was my dismay to see that my dog Carlo, on whose early education I was expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! I hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt, and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down towards the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard me, with quick and infuriate pace, coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the incumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him.

“So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He

barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

“A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog’s tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point to the flying freezer and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound.

“The poor dog’s every attempt at escape only wedged himself more thoroughly fast. But after a while, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishioner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog’s tail, and, pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property.

“Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away.

“Carlo found, as many people have found, that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. Nothing could be more delicious than while he was eating his way in, but

what must have been his feelings when he found it impossible to get out! While he was stealing the freezer the freezer stole him.

“Better moderate our desires. Carlo had that morning as good a breakfast as any dog need to have. It was a law of the household that he should be well fed. Had he been satisfied with bread and meat all would have been well. But he sauntered out for luxuries. He wanted ice-cream. He got it, but brought upon his head the perils and damages of which I have written. As long as we have reasonable wants we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress and populates prisons and sends hundreds of people stark mad. Dissatisfied with a plain house and ordinary apparel and respectable surroundings, they plunge their head into enterprises and speculations from which they have to sneak out in disgrace. Thousands of men have sacrificed honor and religion for luxuries, and died with the freezer about their ears.

“Our poor old Carlo is dead now. We all cried when we found that he would never frisk again at our coming nor put up his paw against us. But he lived long enough to preach the sermon about caution and contentment of which I have been the stenographer.

#### “LESSONS FROM MY DOGS.

“I said when I lost Carlo, that I would never own another dog. We all sat around, like big children, crying about it; and what made the grief worse, we had no sympathizers. Our neighbors were glad of it, for he had not always done the fair thing with them. One of them had lost a chicken when it was stuffed and all ready for the pan, and suspicions were upon Carlo. I was the only counsel for the defendant; and while I had to acknowledge that the cir-

cumstantial evidence was against him, I proved his general character for integrity, and showed that the common and criminal law were on our side, Coke and Blackstone in our favor, and a long list of authorities and decisions: II. Revised Statutes, New York, 132, § 27; also, *Watch v. Towser*, Crompton and Meeson, p. 375; also, *State of New Jersey v. Sicem Blanchard*. When I made these citations, my neighbor and his wife, who were judges and jurors in the case, looked confounded; and so I followed up the advantage I had gained with the law maxim, *Non minus ex dolo quam ex culpa quisque hac lege tenetur*, which I found afterwards was the wrong Latin, but it had its desired effect, so that the jury did not agree, and Carlo escaped with his life; and on the way home, he went spinning round like a top, and punctuating his glee with a semicolon made by both paws on my new clothes. Yet, notwithstanding all his predicaments and frailties, at his decease we resolved in our trouble that we would never own another dog. But this, like many other resolutions of our life, has been broken; and here is Nick, the Newfoundland, lying sprawling on the mat. He has a jaw set with strength, an eye mild, but indicative of the fact that he does not want too many familiarities from strangers; a nostril large enough to snuff a wild duck across the meadows, knows how to shake hands, and can talk with head, and ear, and tail, and—save an unreasonable antipathy to cats—is perfect, and always goes with me in my walk out of town.

“He knows more than a great many people. Never do we take a walk, but the poodles, and rat-terriers, and the grizzly curs with stringy hair and damp nose, get after him. They tumble off the front door-step, and out of kennels, and assault him front and rear. I have several times said to him (not loud enough for Presbytery to hear),

‘Nick! why do you stand all this? Go at them!’ He never takes my advice. He lets them bark and snap, and passes on unprovokedly without a sniff or growl. He seems to say: ‘They are not worth minding. Let them bark. It pleases them and don’t hurt me. I started out for a six mile tramp, and I cannot be diverted. Newfoundlands like me have a mission. My father pulled three drowning men to the beach, and my uncle on my mother’s side saved a child from the snow. If you have anything brave, or good, or great for me to do, just clap your hands and point out the work, and I will do it, but I cannot waste my time on rat-terriers.’ If Nick had put that in doggrel, I think it would have read well. It was wise enough to become the dogma of a school. Men and women are more easily diverted from the straight course than is Nick. No useful people escape being barked at.

“If these men go right on their way, they perform their mission and get their reward, but one-half of them stop and make attempt to silence the literary, political, and ecclesiastical curs that snap at them. Many an author has got a drop of printer’s ink spattered in his eye, and collapsed. If a fool, no amount of newspaper or magazine puffery can set you up; and if you are useful, no amount of newspaper or magazine detraction can keep you down. For every position there are twenty aspirants; only one man can get it; forthwith the other nineteen are on the offensive. People are silly enough to think that they can build themselves up with the bricks they pull out of your wall. Pass on and leave them. What a waste of powder for a hunter to go into the wood to shoot black flies, or for a man of great work to notice infinitesimal assault. My Newfoundland would scorn to be seen making a drive at a black-and-tan terrier.



“Lesson for dogs and men: Keep out of fights. If you see a church contest, or a company of unsanctified females overhauling each other's good name, until there is nothing left of them but a broken hoop-skirt and one curl of back hair, you had better stand clear. Once go in, and your own character will be an invitation to their muzzles. Nick's long, clean ear was a temptation to all the dogs. You will have enough battles of your own, without getting a loan of conflicts at twenty per cent. a month. When Nick and I take a country walk, and pass a dog-fight, he comes close up by my side, and looks me in the eye with one long wipe of the tongue over his chops, as much as to say, ‘Easier to get into a fight than to get out of it. Better jog along our own way;’ and then I preach him a short sermon from Proverbs xxvi. 17, ‘He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.’”

## CHAPTER IV.

### I VISIT ENGLAND.

“MY friend looked white as the wall, flung the ‘London Times’ half across the room, kicked one slipper into the air, and shouted, ‘Talmage, where on earth did you come from?’ as this summer I stepped into his English home. ‘Just come over the ferry to dine with you,’ I responded. After some explanation about the health of my family, which demanded a sea voyage, and this necessitated my coming, we planned two or three excursions.

“At eight o’clock in the morning we gathered in the parlor in the ‘Red Horse Hotel’ at Stratford-on-Avon. Two pictures of Washington Irving, the chair in which the father of American literature sat, and the table on which he wrote, immortalizing his visit to that hotel, adorn the room. From thence we sailed forth to see the clean, quaint village of Stratford. It was built just to have Shakespeare born in. We have not heard that there was any one else ever born there, before or since. If, by any strange possibility, it could be proved that the great dramatist was born anywhere else, it would ruin all the cab-drivers, guides, and hostleries of the place.

“We went of course to the house where Shakespeare first appeared on the stage of life, and enacted the first act of his first play. Scene the first: Enter John Shakespeare, the father; Mrs. Shakespeare, the mother; and the old nurse, with young William.

“A very plain house it is. Like the lark, which soars

highest but builds its nest lowest, so with genius; it has humble beginnings. I think ten thousand dollars would be a large appraisement for all the houses where the great poets were born. But all the world comes to this lowly dwelling. Walter Scott was glad to scratch his name on the window, and you may see it now. Charles Dickens, Edmund Kean, Albert Smith, Mark Lemon and Tennyson, so very sparing of their autographs, have left their signatures on the wall. There are the jambs of the old fire-place where the poet warmed himself and combed wool, and began to think for all time. Here is the chair in which he sat while presiding at the club, forming habits of drink which killed him at the last, his own life ending in a tragedy as terrible as any he ever wrote. Éxeunt wine-bibbers, toppers, grog-shop keepers, Drayton, Ben Jonson, and William Shakespeare. Here also is the letter which Richard Quayney sent to Shakespeare, asking to borrow thirty pounds. I hope he did not lend it; for if he did, it was a dead loss.

“We went to the church where the poet is buried. It dates back seven hundred years, but has been often restored. It has many pictures, and is the sleeping place of many distinguished dead; but one tomb within the chancel absorbs all the attention of the stranger. For hundreds of years the world has looked upon the unadorned stone lying flat over the dust of William Shakespeare, and read the epitaph written by himself:

“ ‘ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here;  
Bleste be ye man yt spares these stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.’

“Under such anathema the body has slept securely. A sexton once looked in at the bones, but did not dare touch them, lest his ‘ quietus should be made with a bare bodkin.’

“From the church door we mounted our carriage; and crossing the Avon on a bridge which the Lord Mayor of London built four hundred years ago, we started on one of the most memorable rides of my life. The country looked fresh and luxuriant from recent rains. The close-trimmed hedges, the sleek cattle, the snug cottages, the straggling villages with their historic inns, the castle from whose park Shakespeare stole the deer, the gate called ‘Shakespeare’s stile,’ curious in the fact that it looks like ordinary bars of fence, but as you attempt to climb over, the whole thing gives way, and lets you fall flat, righting itself as soon as it is unburdened of you; the rabbits darting along the hedges, undisturbed, because it is unlawful, save for licensed hunters, to shoot, and then not on private property; the perfect weather, the blue sky, the exhilarating breeze, the glorious elms and oaks by the way—make it a day that will live when most other days are dead.

“At two o’clock we came in sight of Kenilworth Castle. Oh, this is the place to stir the blood. It is the king of ruins. Warwick is nothing, Melrose is nothing, compared with it. A thousand great facts look out through the broken windows. Earls and kings and queens sit along the shattered sides of the banqueting-halls. The stairs are worn deep with the feet that have clambered them for eight hundred years. As a loving daughter arranges the dress of an old man, so every season throws a thick mantle of ivy over the mouldering wall. The roof that caught and echoed back the merriment of dead ages has perished. Time has struck his chisel into every inch of the structure.

“By the payment of only threepence you find access to places where only the titled were once permitted to walk. You go in, and are overwhelmed with the thoughts of past glory and present decay. These halls were promenaded by Richard Cœur de Lion; in this chapel burned the tomb

lights over the grave of Geoffrey de Clinton; in these dungeons kings groaned; in these doorways duchesses fainted. Scene of gold, and silver, and scroll-work, and chiselled arch, and mosaic. Here were heard the carousals of the Round Table; from those very stables the caparisoned horses came prancing out for the tournament; through that gateway, strong, weak, heroic, mean, splendid Queen Elizabeth advanced to the castle, while the waters of the lake gleamed under torch-lights, and the battlements were aflame with rockets; and cornet, and hautboy and trumpet, poured out their music on the air; and goddesses glided out from the groves to meet her; and from turret to foundation Kenilworth trembled under a cannonade, and for seventeen days, at a cost of of five thousand dollars a day, the festival was kept. Four hundred servants standing in costly livery; sham battles between knights on horseback; jugglers tumbling on the grass; thirteen bears baited for the amusement of the guests; three hundred and twenty hogsheads of beer consumed; till all Europe applauded, denounced, and stood amazed.

“Where is the glory now? What has become of the velvet? Who wears the jewels? Would Amy Robsart have longed to get into the castle had she known its coming ruin? Where are those who were waited on, and those who waited? What has become of Elizabeth the visitor, and Robert Dudley the visited? Cromwell’s men dashed upon the scene; they drained the lakes; they befouled the banquet-hall; they turned the castle into a tomb, on whose scarred and riven sides ambition and cruelty and lust may well read their doom. ‘So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love Thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.’”

THOMAS CARLYLE.

“In Chelsea, a suburb of London, and on a narrow street,

with not even a house in front, but, instead thereof, a long range of brick wall, is the house of Thomas Carlyle. You go through a narrow hall and turn to the left, and are in the literary workshop where some of the strongest thunderbolts of the world have been forged. The two front windows have on them scant curtains of reddish calico, hung at the top of the lower sash, so as not to keep the sun from looking down, but to hinder the street from looking in.

“The room has a lounge covered with the same material, and of construction such as you would find in the plainest house among the mountains. It looks as if it had been made by an author not accustomed to saw or hammer, and in the interstices of mental work. On the wall are a few woodcuts in plain frames or pinned against the wall; also a photograph of Mr. Carlyle taken one day, as his family told me, when he had a violent toothache and could attend to nothing else. It is his favorite picture, though it gives him a face more than ordinarily severe and troubled.

“In long shelves, unpainted and unsheltered by glass or door, is the library of the world-renowned thinker. The books are worn, as though he had bought them to read. Many of them are uncommon books, the titles of which I never saw before. American literature is almost ignored, while Germany monopolizes many of the spaces. I noticed the absence of theological works, save those of Thomas Chalmers, whose name and genius he well-nigh worships. The carpets are old and worn and faded—not because he cannot afford better, but because he would have his home a perpetual protest against the world’s sham. It is a place not calculated to give inspiration to a writer. No easy-chairs, no soft divans, no wealth of upholstery, but simply a place to work and stay. Never having heard a word about it, it was nevertheless just such a place as I expected.”

## WORKS OF ART.

"None can forget the place, or the day, or the hour, when he first gazed on a genuine work of one of the old masters. We had seen for years pieces of canvas which pretended to have come from Italy or Germany, and to be three or four hundred years old. The chief glory of them was that they were cracked, and wrinkled, and dull, and inexplicable, and had great antiquity of varnish, immensity of daub, and infinity of botch. The great grandfather of the exhibition got the heirloom from a Portuguese pedlar, who was wrecked at Venice in the middle of the last century, and went ashore just as one of the descendants of the celebrated Braggadocio Thundergusto, of the fourteenth century, was hard up for money, and must have a drink or die.

"But I find in my diary this record:

"June 30, 1870, at two o'clock, P. M., in the National Gallery of Scotland, I first saw a Titian.

"July 9, 1870, at ten minutes to three o'clock, in the National Gallery of England, first saw a Murillo."

"It seemed to require a sacred subject to call out the genius of the old masters. On secular themes they often failed. They knew not, as do the moderns, how to pluck up a plant from the earth and make it live on canvas. Delmonico, for the adornment of a shoulder of bacon, with his knife cuts out of a red beet a rose more natural than the forget-me-not of old Sigismond Holbein, or the lily by Lo Spagna. Their battle-pieces are a Cincinnati slaughter-house. Their Cupid scenes are merely a nursery of babies that rush out from the bath-tub into the hall before their mother has time to dress them. The masters failed with a fiddle, but shook the earth with a diapason. Give them a 'Crucifixion' or a 'Judgment,' and they triumph."

## CHAPTER V.

### MY RETURN TO AMERICA.

[IN company with Dr. Talmage, on board the "Gallia," up the Channel, he remarked to us that he had recently passed the steamship "Greece," in which vessel he once encountered, with seven hundred other souls on board, a terrific cyclone when returning home from England. His powerful description of that event, written at the time, we now present to our readers.—ED.]

"The steamer 'Greece' of the National Line swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Englishmen, Irishmen, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts: British and American ensigns. So may they ever float, and no red hand of war ever snatch either of them down! In the same prayer that we put up for our own national prosperity, we will send up the petition, 'God save the Queen!' We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one week ago last night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to



pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails, or to fasten the hatches. You must know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And when a ship goes down they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! With finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: ‘Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!’ And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and portholes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, further and further, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amid the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the ‘City of Boston,’ the ‘Lexington,’ the ‘President,’ the ‘Cambria’—waiting for the archangel’s trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin-doors, and unfasten the hatches.

“I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two: one

was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute-guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table, getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: 'Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?' And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted on a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant, we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink; and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump, thump, thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: 'The screw is stopped!' No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtaken machinery going thump, thump, thump. At three o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled backward and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half-way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such ter-

rific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: 'I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!'

"There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage; and as the waters rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck, and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman with a child in her arms rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: 'Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here.' Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: 'O blessed Mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!' Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands, and cried out; 'O God! what shall I do? what shall I do?' The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: 'Below! all hands below!' Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: 'This ship is mine! I have cap-

tured it! Ha! ha! I will command it. If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!' There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the life-boat on one side. Crash! went the life-boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and as with the heft of a thunder-bolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib-boom, studding-sail boom, and square-sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane!

“Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging; there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. O, my God! let me never see anything like it again!

“Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. ‘If I should give up,’ he said, ‘I do not know what would become of mother.’ There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed unsatisfactory. I could only say: ‘Here Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That’s me! Into Thy hands I commit myself, my wife, and children at home, the Tabernacle, the College—all the interests of Thy kingdom. It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jesus! praying

that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!' Oh! I tell you, a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

"The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port-holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave-cliff to wave-cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might, it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew his foot. They died away. And in the shining track of his feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire—'The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea.' The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw around about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so, over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction: and the lips of earth and heaven met. As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: 'Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters.'

"It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were

pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire-cleft stood opposite to fire-cleft; and here, a cloud rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up, until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung towards the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: 'Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!'

"So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountians, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendors of eternal joy.

"And so we came into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us! And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. 'And so it came to pass, that we all escaped safe to land.'

"To that God, who delivered me and my comrades, to that God, I commend you. Wait not for the storm and darkness, before you fly to Him. Go to Him now, and seek his pardon. Find refuge in his mercy.

"And may God grant that when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale.

“ ‘Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,

Home at last !

Softly we drift on the bright silver tide.

Home at last !

Glory to God ! All our dangers are o'er ;

We stand secure on the glorified shore.

Glory to God ! we will shout evermore.

Home at last !

Home at last ! ”

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HISTORY OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

THE church which is popularly known as the Brooklyn Tabernacle, but whose corporate title is the Central Presbyterian Church, has a history which, as a specimen of remarkably and rapidly achieved success, has so many points of brilliancy that it is not to be wondered at that it has already filled a large place in the local historic records, in which have been noted the great achievements in church enterprises that form so distinguishing a characteristic of Brooklyn. This rapid and remarkable growth, however, relates exclusively to its present pastorate. Previous to that its advance was slow, and its career without remarkable incident. Like most of the churches of that city, it had its inception in a mission Sunday-school. This school was organized by certain members of the Second Presbyterian Church, then under the care of the Rev. J. S. Spencer. A leader in the movement was Mr. John R. Morris, the senior elder of the church just named. He was chosen its first superintendent on July 19, 1834, and the school was held in a building in Prince street, and was known as the Prince Street Mission. This enterprise was prosecuted amid many various discouragements through a period of thirteen years. It culminated on April 13, 1849, when a church was organized with twenty-five members, under the corporate title of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. Worship was held in the Sunday-school room for some months. The congregation then pur-



chased the building which, in 1833, had been erected for a church by S. A. Willoughby, Esq., at the corner of Willoughby and Pearl Streets, and which had been used by the Fifth Presbyterian Church. This building is now known as the Central Auction Sales Room. The Rev. Nathaniel C. Locke was installed as the first pastor of the new church, and under his ministrations about fifty persons were added to its membership. Mr. Locke withdrew in 1850, and was succeeded by the Rev. Calvin Edson Rockwell, D.D., who was installed February 13, 1851. After a lapse of two years, the congregation determined to erect a new house of worship. A sale of the Willoughby Street property was effected on January 24, 1853. In order to have a house of worship for immediate use, the congregation erected a temporary building, to which they gave the name of the Tabernacle. It was placed at the corner of State and Nevins streets, and was opened for public worship April 3, 1853. The building of the permanent structure in Schermerhorn street, near Nevins street, which then took the name of the Central Presbyterian Church, and which is now known as the Lay College Building, was begun, its corner-stone being laid November 4, 1853. As then completed, and as it stands to-day, it is a brick structure ninety-nine by sixty-two feet. The main auditorium contains one hundred and forty-four pews on the ground floor and forty-two in the gallery. The edifice has a basement the full size of the building. Its front is decorated with a portico of the Grecian Doric order. Its cost was about thirty thousand dollars. This edifice is now occupied by the present Tabernacle Congregation for the Sunday-school, the Lay College, prayer-meetings and church sociables. For some time after the erection of this church considerable success attended the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Rockwell. In the winter of

1855 an extensive revival occurred, during which a large number were added to the membership. In the succeeding years a decline followed these successes. The great popularity and power of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, whose church was so near by, drew away numbers, and a want of interest began to tell sadly upon the condition of affairs in the Central Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Rockwell continued on until 1868, when he felt it to be his duty to resign. The church was without a minister for a year following, and during that time its members dwindled rapidly, until, it is said, only nineteen persons had the courage to make an effort to get a first-class minister and to resuscitate the church. Among those who did much to rouse the courage of this handful of faithful ones was Judge E. C. Converse, a gentleman of great faith, eloquence and influence. He cast about him for a minister whose power as a preacher and a worker would build up the church. Through connections and acquaintances in the city of Philadelphia, the attention of Judge Converse was drawn to the then already rising local fame of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, then pastor of the First Reformed Church of that city. Mr. Converse determined on a vigorous effort to obtain Dr. Talmage as the minister of the Central Presbyterian Church. It seemed like a forlorn hope that a pulpit orator, whose fame was already beginning to fill the land, would heed, much less accept, a call from a poor struggling church. Be the result what it might, Judge Converse felt that the needs of the Central Presbyterian Church demanded the highest effort, and, besides, he felt that the rising preacher could win a noble fame, and do as glorious a work in Brooklyn as anywhere else. Emboldened by the faithful Judge Converse, his associates commissioned him to be the bearer of a call to Dr. Talmage. It did not damp

the ardor of his hopes to find when he reached the home of Dr. Talmage that four other calls, backed by great influence and power, were already ahead of that which he bore. One was from a leading church in San Francisco, another was from Boston, and another from Chicago, and H. M. Smith, the present editor-in-chief of the "Union," was one of the committee from that city, who carried that call to Dr. Talmage. Now that that gentleman, whose mission at the time resulted only in keen disappointment, has, like Dr. Talmage, become a resident of Brooklyn, and identified with its material and religious interests, he is no doubt abundantly satisfied with the choice of the calls then made. Dr. Talmage has told to a few friends what a struggle of contending influences was produced in his mind by the presentation of those five calls, and the beseeching cry not to leave them set up by the church in the midst of which he was so happily situated, and by which he was so greatly beloved. After repeated prayer for three days, he decided in favor of Brooklyn.

The moment he made and announced his decision, his mind grew at ease, and though many of his congregation came to him with tears in their eyes to induce him to change his determination, he never wavered, as he saw his way clear. His first sermon under his present pastorate was preached on March 7, 1869, from the text, 'God is love.' His fame as a preacher had preceded him to Brooklyn, and from the very first every service he conducted was largely attended. Before the close of his first year the church saw that it would be necessary to construct a larger building to accommodate the crowds who flocked to hear him. The work of building a new edifice was begun in June of the following year, 1870, and completed in three months. This rapidity of construction was due to a re-

markable peculiarity of design from an original plan made and elaborated by Dr. Talmage himself. The principal idea was that of a half-circle auditorium, with the platform placed midway between the two ends of the arc connecting the extremes of the semi-circle, and the passage-ways or aisles radiating out from the platform, and the floor rising from the platform outwardly. The construction of the building was also unique and peculiar. A rough wooden frame formed the exterior outline of the building. This frame was inclosed by strips of corrugated sheet iron so lapped as to form a continuous covering. The frame being covered in this way, both on the inside and the outside, gave to the structure the appearance of one-half of an iron cylinder set on end. The roof over the structure was supported by a series of eight pillars extending in semi-circular form along a radius drawn parallel to the outer radius, and about half-way from the platform to the main entrance. The organ, a splendid one by Hook of Boston, who built the Plymouth Church organ, was, as in the present Tabernacle, placed at the back of the platform, and the organist's bank of keys and pedals were situated immediately in front of the platform.

This new style of church auditorium was not only original with Dr. Talmage, but it was revolutionary in character. It upset the whole previous theory of church architecture and church seating. The superior acoustic properties of buildings thus internally arranged, and the advantages they possess in the matter of obtaining a good view of the speaker, were soon rendered so apparent that the style has since become exceedingly and deservedly popular. Many new churches have since adopted this plan. Among them may be mentioned the Central Congregational (Rev. Dr. Scudder's), and the younger Dr. Tyng's Church,

at Forty-second street and Madison avenue, New York. A church is now being built at Toronto, which is a perfect fac-simile of the present Tabernacle.

The old Tabernacle had no gallery. It had seats for two thousand nine hundred persons, and by bringing in camp-stools three thousand four hundred persons could be seated in it. During its construction Dr. Talmage was allowed leave of absence to visit Europe. He was escorted down the bay on the day of his departure by a large number of his congregation, and among the last sounds borne on his ears, as the escort-boat turned to go back to Brooklyn, were cheers for the Tabernacle, which the congregation had promised to have ready against his return. The congregation nobly redeemed their pledge; the old Tabernacle was completed early in September, 1870, and dedicated on Sunday, the 26th of the same month. The dedication sermon was preached by Dr. Talmage himself, in the presence of about four thousand people. Among the ministers who assisted on the occasion were the Rev. Messrs. Lockwood, Edward Eggleston, D.D., Callum, Butler, and Taylor. The text of the sermon was Luke xiv. 23, 'Compel them to come in.' From that time on, the history of the church was a constant series of successes. Many things about its edifice and its church management were regarded as experiments, and yet all of them had the happiest results. Beside the innovation of the church structure itself, Dr. Talmage set aside the practice of choir-singing, so much then in vogue, and insisted that all the Church music in the Tabernacle should be exclusively congregational. He also enunciated the principle of free pews, and carried it into practical effect.

#### THE OLD TABERNACLE ENLARGED.

During the following year the old Tabernacle was enlarged by an addition which increased its sitting capacity

about five hundred. It was re-dedicated on Sunday, September 10, 1871.

The dedication sermon was preached by the venerable Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng; the Rev. Dr. Irenæus S. Prime, of the New York "Observer," and the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, assisted at the service. The Rev. B. I. Ives, of the Methodist Church, made an appeal for pecuniary aid, and succeeded in obtaining pledges of sixteen thousand dollars towards the removal of the debt. At that time the whole cost of the edifice, including the organ, was about eighty thousand dollars, nearly all of which was paid, or pledged to be paid, by responsible members of the church. On a certain Saturday afternoon, a few days antecedent to Christmas of 1872, the church session met at the residence of Major B. R. Corwin, and having settled up the finances for the year, separated, congratulating themselves that they had passed through a series of glorious successes.

#### THE OLD TABERNACLE BURNED.

As the members of the Tabernacle congregation were preparing to assemble for worship on Sunday morning, December 22, 1872, they were startled and saddened at finding their house enveloped in flames. At half-past ten, the time of commencing service, the building was falling in ruins before their eyes.

The fire broke out in less than an hour before, but so rapid was its progress that in thirty minutes the entire edifice was involved and doomed to destruction, despite the efforts of the firemen. The intelligence of the disaster spread rapidly over the city, and immediately expressions of sympathy flowed in from other churches to the houseless congregation. Ten of them offered their own edifices to the Tabernacle people for services in the afternoon and evening, in-

cluding Plymouth Church, the Classon, Clinton and Lafayette Avenue Churches, the Elm Place Congregational, the First and Second Presbyterian, two Baptist, and one Methodist Church. The invitation of Mr. Beecher's church was accepted, and the congregation attended services there in the evening, the occasion drawing a crowded audience. The pastor, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, preached the sermon he had intended for the morning, alluding first, as follows, to the event of the day:

“In the village where I once lived, on a cold night, there was a cry of fire. House after house was consumed. But there was in the village a large hospitable dwelling, and as soon as the people were burned out they came into this common center. The good man of the house stood at the door and said, ‘Come in,’ and the little children as they were brought to the door, some of them wrapped in blankets and shawls, were taken up to bed, and the old people that came in from their consumed dwellings were seated around the fire. And the good man of the house told them that all would be well. This is a very cold day to be burned out. But we come into this hospitable home to-night, and gather around this great warm fire of Christian kindness and love, and it is good to be here. The Lord built the Tabernacle and the Lord let it burn down. Blessed be the name of the Lord! We don't feel like sitting down in discouragement, although the place was very dear. Our hearts there were filled with comfort; and to us, many a time, did Jesus appear—His face radiant as the sun. To-day, when Christian sympathy came in from Plymouth Church, and from ten other churches of the city, all offering their houses of worship to us, I must say I was deeply moved. Tell me not that there is no kindness between churches, or that there is no such thing as Christian brother-

hood. Blessed be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love!"

A CARD FROM DR. TALMAGE TO THE "CHRISTIAN AGE,"  
LONDON.

"Our Free Tabernacle is in ruins. We do not feel as if our work is yet done. We want a place to preach and hear the old-fashioned gospel of pardon and help for all men, through Jesus. We have during the past two years built the Tabernacle and sustained the Lay College. Hence, we have no financial strength left to meet this disaster. I ask the people, North, South, East and West, who love the cause of God, to help us out of this misfortune.

"We want large help, and we want it immediately.

"T. DE WITT TALMAGE."

That the readers of the *Christian Age* promptly and generously responded to this appeal will be seen by the following letter:

A LETTER FROM DR. TALMAGE.

*In acknowledgment of the contributions from the readers of the Christian Age towards the erection of the New Tabernacle:*

"BROOKLYN, April 23, 1873

"*My dear Mr. Dickinson:*

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you, and the readers of the 'Christian Age,' for the very handsome contribution just received from you towards the rebuilding of our Tabernacle. My congregation feel your kindness very much. Convey to all our transatlantic friends our thanks and love; and tell them if they ever have a big fire over there, to let us know.

"The rebuilding has already begun, and we shall have a church by the latter part of next September very much



larger than before—holding at least 2,000 more than our former Tabernacle.

“You ask for lectures, &c. If you desire to open a literary column for me, I will fill it for a year with articles somewhat secular, but all having a moral, and most of them a religious bearing. I will send you, as the first instalment of articles, the American edition of ‘Crumbs Swept Up;’ one-half of which have never been published in England. I will mark in the index those more appropriate; and, also, other sketches as I may prepare them, such as ‘Sink or Swim,’ an article which you published.

“We last night closed the year of our Tabernacle Free Lay College. We have six hundred students preparing for different kinds of Christian work. It has been a very prosperous year, and students have accomplished much good in their preaching stations. I will send you, with the next mail, my address at the close of the session. Within the last few weeks I have received many letters from England and Scotland, giving me encouraging accounts of how God is blessing my sermons and books to the comfort and salvation of men. Your ‘Christian Age’ must go almost everywhere.

“The Lord prosper your printing-press.

“Yours, &c.,

“T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

#### THINGS NOT BURNED UP.

“The Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The bell that hung in its tower last Sabbath morning rang its own funeral knell. On that day we gathered from our homes with our families to hear what Christ had of comfort and inspiration for His people. We expected to meet cheerful smiles and warm handshakings, and the triumphant song, and the large

brotherhood that characterized that blessed place; but coming to the doors, we found nothing but an excited populace and a blazing church. People who had given until they deeply felt it, saw all the results of their benevolence going down into ashes, and, on that cold morning, the tears froze on the cheeks of God's people as they saw they were being burned out. Brooklyn Tabernacle is gone! The platform on which it was my joy to stand with messages of salvation; the pews in which you listened and prayed, and wept and rejoiced; the altars around which you and your children were consecrated in baptism; the communion-table where we celebrated the Savior's love—all that scene which to us was the shining gate of heaven, is gone! I will not hide the loss. If I ever forget the glorious Sabbaths we spent there, and the sweet reunions, and the mighty demonstrations of God's spirit among the people, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my soul be left desolate! But we have not come here to sound a dirge. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Sorrows are loathsome things, but they are necessary. They are leeches that suck out the hot inflammation from the soul. 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' I could cover up all this place with promises of hope and peace, and comfort and deliverance. Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

"I am here to-night not to preach a formal sermon, but to tell you of some things that last Sabbath were not burned up.

"First, the spirit of Christian brotherhood was not consumed. You never greeted the members of our church with such cordiality as this week on the street, in cars, and on the ferries. You stood on no cold formalities. The people who during the last two years sat on the other side

of the aisle, whose faces were familiar to you, but to whom you had never spoken, you greeted them this week with smiles and tears, as you said: 'Well, the old place is gone.' You did not want to seem to cry, and so you swept the sleeve near the corner of the eye, and pretended it was the sharp wind that made your eyes weak. Ah! there was nothing the matter with your eyes; it was your soul bubbling over. I tell you that it is impossible to sit for two or three years around the same church fireside and not have sympathies in common. Somehow you feel that you would like those people on the other side of the aisle, about whom you know but little, prospered and pardoned, and blessed and saved. You feel as if you are in the same boat, and you want to glide up the same harbor, and want to disembark at the same wharf. If you put gold and iron and lead and zinc in sufficient heat, they will melt into a conglomerate mass; and I really feel that last Sabbath's fire has fused us all, grosser and finer natures, into one. It seems as if we all had our hands on a wire connected with an electric battery, and when this church sorrow started, it thrilled through the whole circle, and we all felt the shock. The oldest man and the youngest child could join hands in this misfortune. Grandfather said: 'I expected from those altars to be buried;' and one of the children last Sabbath cried: 'I don't want the Tabernacle to burn, I have been there so many times.' You may remember that over the organ we had the words: 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' That was our creed. Well, that is all burned down, but the sentiment is engraved with such durability in our soul that no earthly fire can scorch it, and the flames of the judgment-day will have no power to burn it.

"Another thing that did not burn up is the cross of Christ. That is used to the fire. On the dark day when

Jesus died, the lightning struck it from above, and the flames of hell dashed up against it from beneath. That tearful, painful, tender, blessed cross still stands. On it we hang all our hopes; beneath it we put down all our sins; in the light of it we expect to make the rest of our pilgrimage. Within sight of such a sacrifice, who can feel he has it hard? In the sight of such a symbol, who can be discouraged, however great the darkness that may come down upon him? Jesus lives! The loving, patient, sympathizing, mighty Jesus! It shall not be told on earth, or in hell, or in heaven, that three Hebrew children had the Son of God beside them in the fire, and that a whole church was forsaken by the Lord when they went through a furnace one hundred and fifty-three feet front by one hundred deep. O Lord Jesus! shall we take out of Thy hand the flowers, and the fruits, and the brightness, and the joys, and then turn away because Thou dost give us one cup of bitterness to drink? Oh! no, Jesus, we will drink it dry. But how it is changed! Blessed Jesus, what hast thou put into the cup to sweeten it? Why, it has become the wine of heaven, and our souls grow strong. I come down to-night, and place both of my feet deep down into the blackened ashes of our consumed church, and I cry out with an exhilaration that I never felt since the day of my soul's emancipation: 'Victory! victory! through our Lord Jesus Christ.

" 'Your harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take;  
Loud to the praise of Love divine  
Bid every string awake.'

"I remark, again, that the catholicity of the Christian churches has not been burned up. We are in the Academy to-day, not because we have no other place to go. Last Sabbath morning, at nine o'clock, we had but one church;

now we have twenty-five at our disposal. Their pastors and their trustees say: 'You may take our main audience-rooms, you may take our lecture-rooms, you may take our church parlors, you may baptize in our baptisteries, and sit on our anxious seats.' Oh! if there be any larger-hearted ministers or larger-hearted churches anywhere than in Brooklyn, tell me where they are, that I may go and see them before I die. The millennium has come. People keep wondering when it is coming. It has come. The lion and the lamb lie down together, and the tiger eats straw like an ox. I should like to have seen two of the old-time bigots with their swords fighting through that great fire on Schermerhorn street last Sabbath. I am sure the swords would have melted, and they who wielded them would have learned war no more. I can never say a word against any other denomination of Christians. I thank God I never have been tempted to do it. I cannot be a sectarian. I have been told I ought to be, and I have tried to be, but I have not enough material in me to make such a structure. Every time I get the thing most done, there comes a fire, or something else, and all is gone. The angels of God sing out on this Christmas air: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' I do not think the day is far distant when all the different branches of the Presbyterian Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Methodist Church will be one, and all the different branches of the Episcopal Church will be one. I do not know, but I see on the horizon the first gleam of the morning which shall unite all evangelical denominations in one organization; churches distinguished from each other, not by a variety of creeds, but difference of locality, as it was in the time of the Apostles. It was then the Church of Thyatira, and the

Church of Thessalonica, and the Church of Antioch, and the Church of Laodicea. So, I do not know but that in the future history, and not far off either, it may be simply a distinction of locality and not of creed, as the Church of New York, the Church of Brooklyn, the Church of Boston, the Church of Charlestown, the Church of Madras, the Church of Constantinople.

“My dear brethren, we cannot afford to be severely divided. Standing in front of the great foes of our common Christianity, we want to put on the whole armor of God, and march down in solid column, shoulder to shoulder, one Commander, one banner, one triumph.

“ ‘The trumpet gives a martial strain:  
Oh Israel! gird thee for a fight;  
Arise, the combat to maintain,  
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.’

“I have to announce, also, among the things not burned up is Heaven. Fires may sweep through other cities—we heard the tolling of the bell as we came in to-night; but I am glad to know that the New Jerusalem is fire-proof. There will be no engines rushing through those streets; there will be no temples consumed in that city. Coming to the doors of that church, we will find them open, resonant with songs, and not cries of fire. O my dear brother and sister! if this short lane of life comes up so soon to that blessed place, what is the use of our worrying? I have felt a good many times this last week like Father Taylor, the sailor-preacher. He got into a long sentence while he was preaching one day, and lost himself, and could not find his way out of the sentence. He stopped, and said: ‘Brethen, I have lost the nomination of this sentence, and things are generally mixed up, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow.’ And during this last week, when I saw

the rushing to and fro, and the excitement, I said to myself: 'I do not know just where we shall start again, but I am bound for the kingdom anyhow.' I do not want to go just yet. I want to be pastor of this people until I am about eighty-nine years of age, but I have sometimes thought that there are such glories ahead that I might be persuaded to go a little earlier; for instance, at eighty-two or eighty-three; but I really think that if we could have an appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, we would want to go to-night, stepping right out of the Academy of Music into the glories of the skies. Ah! that is a good land. Why, they tell me that in that land they never have a heart-ache. They tell me that a man might walk five hundred years in that land and never see a tear, nor hear a sigh. They tell me of our friends who have left us and gone there that their faces are radiant as the sun. And they tell me that there is no winter there, and that they never get hungry or cold, and that the sewing girl never wades through the December snow-bank to her daily toil, and that the clock never strikes twelve for the night, but only twelve for the day.

"See that light in the window? I wonder who set it there. 'Oh!' you say, 'my father that went into glory must have set that light in the window.' No, guess again. 'My mother, who died fifteen years ago in Jesus, I think must have set that light there.' No, guess again. You say: 'My darling little child that last summer I put away for the resurrection, I think she must have set that light there in the window.' No, guess again. Jesus set it there, and He will keep it burning until the day we put our finger on the latch of the door, and go in to be at home forever. Oh! when my sight gets black in death, put on my eyelids that sweet ointment. When in the last weariness I cannot

take another step, just help me to put my foot on that door-sill. When my ear catches no more the voices of wife and child, let me go right in to have my deafness cured by the stroke of the harpers, whose fingers fly over the strings with the anthems of the free. Heaven never burns down! The fires of the last day, that are already kindled in the heart of the earth, but are hidden because God keeps down the hatches—those internal fires will after a while break through the crust, and the plains and the mountains and the seas will be consumed, and the flames will fling their long arms into the skies, but all the terrors of a burning world will do no more harm to that heavenly temple than the fires of the setting sun which kindle up the window glass of the house on yonder hill-top. Oh, blessed land! But I do not want to go there until I see the Brooklyn Tabernacle rebuilt. You say, ‘Will it be?’ You might as well ask me if the sun will rise to-morrow morning, or if the next spring will put garlands on its head. You and I may not do it—you and I may not live to see it; but the Church of God does not stand on two legs nor a thousand legs. I am here to tell you that among the things not burned up is our determination, in the strength and help of God, to go forward.

“You say: ‘Where are you going to get the means?’ Don’t know. The building of the Tabernacle within two years, and then an enlargement, at great expense, within that same time, and the establishment and the maintenance of the Lay College, have taken most of our funds. Did I say just now that I did not know where the funds are to come from? I take that back. I do! I do! from the hearts of the Christian people, and the lovers of the cause of morality, all over this land. I am sure they will help us, and we shall go on, and the new structure shall rise.



How did the Israelites get through the Red Sea? I suppose somebody may have come and said: 'There is no need of trying; you will get your feet wet, you will spoil your clothes, you will drown yourselves. Who ever heard of getting through such a sea as that?' How did they get through it? Did they go back? No! Did they go to the right? No! Did they go to the left? No! They went forward in the strength of the Lord Almighty, and that is the way we mean to get through the Red Sea. Do you tell me that God is going to let the effort for the establishment of a free Christian church in Brooklyn fail? Why, on the dedication day of our Tabernacle, I was not more confident and was not so happy as I am now. That building did its work. We wanted to support a free Christian church; we did it, and got along pleasantly and successfully, and demonstrated the fact. The building is gone. The ninety-five souls received at the first communion in that building more than paid us for all the expenditure. We only put up the Tabernacle for two years. Do you know that? Here sits a member of the Board of Trustees right under me, and he remembers that when we built we said: 'We shall put it up for two years, it will be a temporary residence, and at the close of that time we will know how large a building we want, and what style of building we want.' But having put it up, we liked it so well, we concluded to stay there permanently. But God decided otherwise, and I take it as one of the providential indications of that fearful disaster that we are to build a larger church, and ask all the people to come in and be saved. You know how we were crowded, and pushed, and jammed in that building; and last summer some of us talked about an enlargement, but we found it impossible without changing the whole structure of the building. The difficulty now is gone; and

if the people North, South, East and West will help us, we shall build on a larger scale, and the hundreds and thousands who have wanted to be with us, but could not, shall have room for themselves and families, where they may come and be comforted in their sorrows, and by the grace of the Lord Jesus, find out the way to heaven. Do you tell me that the human voice cannot reach more people than we used to have there? It is a mistake. I have been wearing myself out for the last two years in trying to keep my voice in. Give me room where I can preach the glories of Christ and the grandeurs of heaven.

“The old iron-clad has gone down by a shot midships. We will build next time of brick. The building shall be amphitheatrical in shape; it shall be very large; it shall be very plain. Whether the material will be any better than the one used in the old structure, I cannot say, for there are four things that God has demonstrated within a short time are not fire proof. One is corrugated iron; witness the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Another is brick; witness the fire last week in Centre street, New York. Another is Joliet stone; witness Chicago. Another is Quincy granite; witness Boston. Why, when God rises up to burn anything, a stone wall is shavings. Hear that, O you men who are building on nothing but earthly foundations. The people will rise up, and all our friends North, South, East and West, who have been giving us their sympathies, will translate their sympathies and their ‘God bless you’s’ into ‘greenbacks,’ and next winter the people will cry out: ‘The glory of the second temple is greater than the first.’

“There was a king of olden time who prided himself on doing that which his people thought impossible; and it ought to be the joy of the Christian Church to accomplish that which the world thinks cannot be done.

“But I want you to know that it will require more prayer than we have ever offered, and more hard work than we have ever put forth. Mere skirmishing around the mercy-seat will not do. We have got to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. We have got to march on, breaking down all bridges behind us, making retreat impossible. Throw away your knapsack if it impedes your march. Keep your sword-arm free. Strike for Christ and His kingdom while you may. No people ever had a better mission than you are sent on. Prove yourselves worthy. If I am not fit to be your leader, set me aside. The brightest goal on earth that I can think of is a country parsonage amid the mountains. But I am not afraid to lead you. I have a few hundred dollars, they are at your disposal. I have good physical health, it is yours as long as it lasts. I have an enthusiasm of soul; I will not keep it back from your service. I have some faith in God, and I shall direct it toward the rebuilding of our new spiritual home. Come on, then! I will lead you. Come on, ye aged men, not yet passed over Jordan! Give us one more lift before you go into the promised land. You men in mid-life, harness all your business faculties to this enterprise. Young men, put the fire of your soul in this work. Let women consecrate their persuasiveness and persistence to this cause, and they will be preparing benedictions for their dying hour and everlasting rewards; and if Satan really did burn that Tabernacle down, as some people say he did, he will find it the poorest job he ever undertook.

“Good-bye, Old Tabernacle! your career was short but blessed; your ashes are precious in our sight. In the last day may we be able to meet the songs there sung, and the prayers there offered, and the sermons there preached! Good-bye, old place, where some of us first felt the Gospel!

peace, and others heard the last message ere they fled away into the skies! Good-bye, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1870!

“But welcome our new church (I see it as plainly as though it were already built)! Your walls firmer; your gates wider; your songs more triumphant; your ingatherings more glorious. Rise out of the ashes, and greet our waiting vision. Burst on our souls, O day of our church’s resurrection! By your altars, may we be prepared for the hour when the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is. Welcome, Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1873!”

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE NEW TABERNACLE.

UNDISMAYED by the loss, while the smoke of the ruins was yet arising, measures were adopted for the erection of a new Tabernacle, and for raising funds for that purpose. The sympathy of the surrounding congregations was warm and hearty. The congregation sought a temporary home in the Academy of Music, and for fourteen months they worshiped there. The very first service was preceded by a prayer-meeting held in the directors' room of the Academy, followed by a general prayer-meeting at the close of the sermon. These prayer-meetings were prominent features of religious worship as conducted by Dr. Talmage during the time he occupied the Academy of Music, and are still continued.

Architect John Welsh was called upon to furnish plans for the new Tabernacle. He emphatically made it a labor of love, and set himself studiously to the task of evolving designs, which, while they carried out the main features of the old Tabernacle, would introduce many improvements. That he succeeded most admirably is the universal verdict of all who have visited the new Tabernacle. The cornerstone of the new edifice was laid June, 1873, in the presence of a great crowd of people. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Prime, of the Presbyterian Church; Rev. Dr. Dowling, of the Baptist Church; and the Rev. Dr. Ward, of the Congregational Church. The erection of the building was pushed with the utmost dispatch, and the

building committee received the hearty plaudits of the congregation for the energy and efficiency displayed by them in forwarding the work. It was completed and dedicated on February 22, 1874, in the presence of the largest congregation that ever assembled in the city. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Byron Sunderland, D.D., chaplain of the United States Senate, on the text, "The glory of this latter house shall be greater than that of the former, saith the Lord of hosts," Haggai ii. 9. The ministers who assisted at this service were the Rev. Dr. Duryea, Rev. Dr. Crooks, Rev. Dr. Dowling, Rev. Dr. French, Rev. Dr. Ball, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. As on the occasion of the dedication of the former Tabernacle, the Rev. Dr. Ives, of the Methodist Church, made the appeal for pecuniary aid, and in response to their appeal some forty thousand dollars were pledged. The Brooklyn Tabernacle is the largest Protestant church in America. It is in the form of a Greek cross, with a front on Schermerhorn street of one hundred and fifty feet, while the length of the transverse section is one hundred and twelve feet. The lower floor furnishes sitting accommodation for thirty-one hundred persons, and the gallery for fifteen hundred. About five hundred persons can be accommodated with camp chairs and standing-room. The gallery is supported by iron columns, and is reached by stairways from the front porches. Three beautiful arched windows, highly ornamented with stained glass, throw a flood of soft light upon the auditorium in the daytime. Three magnificent chandeliers and a series of bracket lights attached to the wall shed a blaze of brilliant light over the audience assembled in the evening. All these lights are simultaneously lighted by means of an electric apparatus. Among the valuable peculiarities of the building is its many entrances. There are

twenty-two in all, and so ready and convenient that an audience of five thousand persons can pass out of the building in four minutes. Another remarkable peculiarity is its excellent ventilation. Perfectly uniform heat can be maintained, and at the same time complete purity of the atmosphere be preserved. It is regarded by the best judges in America as the most perfect audience-chamber on the continent, especially in regard to accoustic properties, and in affording advantages to every siter to see the speaker, and in its means to preserve the purity of its internal atmosphere. The organ is the largest ever built by its makers, Jardine and Sons. Every conceivable improvement known to organ-builders at the time of its construction was incorporated into it. Among its novel features is the "Vox Humana," which is regarded as a nearer approach to the real human voice than anything which has been previously invented. Another novelty is the chime of bells ordered from London. Still another is the "song trumpet," whose clear tones have all the ring of a cornet. Under the touch of that master of harmonies, Professor George W. Morgan, aided by the voices of five thousand people, the church melodies of the Brooklyn Tabernacle have seldom been equaled in any place of Divine worship. The building, with the ground, cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and will accommodate five thousand people.

#### DR. TALMAGE'S SIXTH ANNIVERSARY.

"Standing before you this morning, preaching my sixth anniversary sermon as your pastor—a style of sermon in which the preacher is generally expected to be more than usually personal—I have to tell you that the burdens of life are getting to me less and less, and that as the years pass on I have fewer and still fewer anxieties. In beautiful

Belleville, on the banks of the Passaic, where I began my Christian ministry, it seemed as if all the work came down on my young shoulders. Going to the West, the field was larger and the care less. Going to Philadelphia, the field was still larger and the care still less. And standing to-day, as I do, among hundreds of warm personal friends, whose hands and feet and hearts are all willing to help, I have less anxiety than I ever had. I have taken the advice of Jethro, and have gathered around me a great many with whom I expect to divide all the care and the responsibility; and though sometimes, what with the care of this church where we have a perpetual religious awakening, and the conducting of a religious weekly newspaper, and the conducting of the Lay College, people have often addressed me in words similar to those of the text: 'Thou wilt surely wear away; this thing is too heavy for thee,' I am glad to tell you that I am in perfect health and ready to recount to you what the Lord has been doing in all these days of our sojourn together, between 1869 and 1875.

"It is now six years since I preached to you my opening sermon, on the text, 'God is love.' I wish I could pour out my soul this morning in a doxology of praise to God and of gratitude to this people. The difference between these years has been that the second was happier to me than the first, and the third than the second, and the fourth than the third, and the fifth than the fourth, and the sixth than the fifth. God has led us through many vicissitudes. We are in the third church in six years; crowded out of the first, burned out of the second, by the mercy of God led into the third. We look back to the solitary service six years ago in the old chapel, with a congregation that almost could be accommodated on this platform. For many years the church had been in strife until the three or



four parties had exterminated each other, leaving an expanse of empty pews, a wheezy organ, a cramped-up pulpit, and a steeple the laughing-stock of the town. My personal friends applied to me an emphatic word of four letters, and two letters alike, in expressing my folly in undertaking this enterprise. Indeed it seemed heavier than to start entirely new, for there were widespread prejudices in regard to the church. Still we went on. By the blessing of God in three or four weeks our church was filled, and it is astonishing how well an old building looks when it is all occupied, for there is no power in graceful arch, or in carved pillar, or in exquisite fresco to adorn a place like an audience of beaming countenances. I had rather preach in a full barn than in a sparsely-attended cathedral. Empty pews are non-conductors of Gospel electricity. People came in from all ranks and conditions, and, in looking over the audience to-day, I cannot see more than four or five families who were with us six years ago. Some of them have been advanced into the better society of heaven, while some of them dropped off because they thought we were going too fast and they could not keep up. We went on gathering the people in from all ranks and conditions, until we have here to-day the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant; those who toil with pen, with printing-press, with yardstick, and with hammer. Enough physicians—allopathic, homœopathic, hydropathic, and eclectic—to treat us in all our disorders. Enough lawyers to defend us in all our legal contests. Enough artists to cover our walls with pictures. Enough merchants to give us the necessary fabrics, whether foreign or domestic. Enough mechanics to build and polish, and make comfortable for us our residences. And I will say that never did there come together in one church a crowd of more genial, intelligent, sympathetic,

enthusiastic, and warm-hearted Christian people than those which assemble here. We are all of one mind and heart. We cordially greet all who come, and give a God-speed to those who go. When anybody does not like the music, or the preaching, or the plan on which our church is conducted, we say 'Good-bye' as cheerfully as when he came we said 'How do you do?' This church is now so large, that if a man wants to make trouble, such a small portion hear of it that he soon gives up the undertaking as a dead failure.

"We are all now together. We tarried long enough in the old tabernacle to learn how to conduct a larger church. Then, when it was time for us to graduate from that, we got our diploma in red scroll of flame, signed, sealed, and delivered on one cold December day, in 1872. When that conflagration took place, through inadequate insurance consequent upon the style of material of which the old building was constructed, we lost everything save our faith in God and our determination to go ahead. We tarried in the Academy of Music long enough to gather up hundreds of the best families of our congregation who are worshipping with us to-day, and to get a baptism of the Holy Ghost such as was never poured out on any church on this continent. We came into this building with the blessing of God, and with the blessing of all denominations of Christians in this land and in Great Britain; and since we have been here the Lord has mightily blessed us, pouring out His Spirit from Sabbath to Sabbath, so that I can ask you, well knowing what your answer will be, whether you have made any too great sacrifices for Christ and His kingdom? Daring these six years the Lord has sorely tried us; in the first place, by calling us to build a church with a new congregation that had not at all been consolidated; then by the demolition of that building; then by taking us a mile

off from the center of our congregation, to worship in another building; then by the almost superhuman effort of putting up this building during a financial depression such as never before afflicted this country. If God had not helped the architect, and helped the trustees, and helped the people, we should have perished in the undertaking; and while I wish to-day to recognize the indomitable perseverance and sacrifices of the congregation, I must say, to God belongs the glory. He planned this structure, making it perfect in acoustics; raising money for the building out of the very jaws of a national panic; filling the house with worshipers. O, let us praise Him now and let us praise Him forever. I say you are not sorry for any of the sacrifices or toils through which you have gone. We have had so perpetually the blessing of God in this church that it excites no remark when from a single service hundreds of souls step out into the kingdom of Jesus. There are in almost all the towns and cities of this country those residents who in this building first woke up to their spiritual necessities. Letters come from north and south, and east and west, from the Canadas, and from both sides the sea, telling me of this fact. O that to-day we might make some fitting expression to the Lord! Shall it be in carved words upon the pillars? Shall it be in wreaths upon the wall? Shall it be in the organ's open diapason? All that is well, but rather let it be that our hearts shall rise to God in an intense and all-conquering acclamation of thanksgiving. We are trying here to maintain a well-balanced church, and for that reason we have in all departments of Christian service the old and the young. It is a bad thing for a church when the old people have all the management, or when the young people have all the management. In the one case the church will go on too slow, in the other it will

go too fast. We want the fast men to keep the slow men from going too slow, and the slow men to keep the fast people from going too fast. Here are many of the aged. They have come down to us from another day. Not on their brow the snows of many winters, as people often say, but the white crocuses of an everlasting spring-time into which they are about to blossom. And how many of the young coming to us Sabbath by Sabbath! We want them all equipped for God. We want them for flying artillery in a double-quick march. When there is a storming party to be made up, we want to wheel them into line—old men for counsel, young men for action.

“We are also trying to maintain a musical church. We have an inborn antipathy to anything like stilted and precise song in the house of God. We like oratorios, orchestras, concerts, and prima donnas in their places; but we want vociferous singing in the house of the Lord. David cries out; ‘Sing aloud unto God.’ In other words, do not hum or mumble it. O for an anthem strong enough to surge the whole audience on the beach of heaven! Persuaded that we could not do the work so well by the use of a choir, we have called into the service of the church two Bible instruments—the organ and the cornet, and so the music of the church has been sustained, and led, and developed. O what grand and glorious singing we have had during the past years; even people who had bronchitis forgetting their infirmity, and lifting aloud their voice before God; people who could not sing a note opening their mouth, reckless as to what kind of a sound came out of it; but the little discord is overwhelmed in the great symphony—a chirp drowned in the great rush of waters. And yet we feel this morning that we have not done what we might, or ought, or will do, in this department of Christian service.

We want more heart under it, more soul flung into it. We want the whole audience roused up to the sound of jubilee. We want the people to come from their homes on Sabbath with hymn-books, and after the preacher shall announce the hymn, we want them to find the right page and clear their throats, and at the first throb of the cornet on the air stretch themselves up to the magnificence and glory of this exercise. History tells us of a shout the Persian host lifted so loud that the eagles that were flying through the air were stunned, and dropped to the earth. O that there might go up such a congregational anthem from this house of the Lord as shall make all heaven drop in blessing on our souls! I take partly the words of the Bible, and partly my own words, and say; 'Why are ye so slack to go up and possess the orchards, and the vineyards, and the mountains of sacred song?' O that the music of heaven and earth might join midway the arches! Rise, O song of earth! Descend, O song of heaven!

"Still further: we are trying to maintain in this place a church aggressive and revolutionary. Why build or maintain any other church in this city of churches, where there are enough to accommodate all the people who are disposed to go to the house of God on the Sabbath, and perhaps more than enough? If you have nothing particular, nothing unique, nothing different, then what a waste of bricks, and brawn, and brain. But we have an idea of a church. We have built this house of God as a place where we mean to bombard iniquity. We want to smash sin without any apology for smashing it. We have started in this line and we mean to keep on, and study to be as well pleased with curses as blessings from the people. If there are any of you who do not like to go to a church which is assaulted of many newspapers, and of the outside world, who cannot understand

its policies and its principles, stand clear of this church. We mean until the day of our death, and for a few days after, to keep society stirred up by the discussion of themes vital to its interests, and vital to the interests of the immortal soul. During the past six months theatrical people have been after us, and the Spiritualists have been after us, and the Unitarians have been after us, and the Universalists have been after us—one of their prominent men recently saying that he did not think there would be any hell except for one man, and that the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle! But still we go on, as God gives us strength, and health, and spirit to do His will. We have only taken, as it were, the outside casement of this great rampart of iniquity. On! on! ‘If God be for us, who can be against us?’

“Still further: we are trying here to maintain a generous church. We have as a church been able to do but little for outside charities, for the reason that we have been all the time building churches or enlarging them. But we are trying to maintain an organism on the voluntary principle. We believe that a church can be educated up to the duty and the joy of giving. We put no premium on financial meanness. We believe that people ought to give to the cause of God every farthing they can possibly give. Moreover, we believe that all can give something, and that the vast majority of the people could give more in our churches than they do and be better off. We believe that the grandest investment a man ever makes for this world, or the world to come, is what he gives to the Church of God, since Christ pays him back five-fold, ten-fold, fifty-fold, a hundred-fold. In other words, we believe that a man is better off in this world if he is generous, and well-off just in proportion as he is generous; and we believe that those

people who give the most in proportion to their means will after a while have the finest houses on earth and the grandest mansions in heaven. The stingy people keep poor, the generous get rich, as a general rule. It is the old principle of the Bible: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days.' So I believe if a man takes the old Bible principle, and gives one-tenth of all his income to the cause of God, he has an insurance of prosperity such as the signature of the Bank of England cannot give him. I believe our congregation will yet rise up to the positive rapture of giving. We believe that men can be so built on a large scale of heart, that they will look over their property, and then say: 'I will give so much towards my spiritual culture. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of my wife. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of my children. I will give so much towards the spiritual culture of those who have little or no means. How small it seems, this that I am giving to Christ who gave everything to me. I wish it were five hundred thousand times more.' Yes, we believe that the time will come when people will be so educated in this matter of Christian generosity, that instead of deciding by what other people give, or what people give in other churches, they shall give according to their own appreciation of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and infinity of their spiritual advantages. Do you not wish you had given that three thousand dollars to the cause of Christ that went down in Northern Pacific Bonds?

"I believe the time will come in the Church when the passing of a contribution plate or a subscription paper will kindle up the faces of the people as by the illumination of a great satisfaction. But now how many of us begrudge the few dollars we give to the Lord, and only give when we seem to

be compelled to give, and so keep ourselves poor at the store and rob ourselves of eternal dividends. Under the old dispensation, as I intimated, the people gave one-tenth of their property to the Lord, but that was a far inferior dispensation to the one we have; and yet how few in this day who receive a thousand dollars a year give a hundred to God; how few who receive five thousand give five hundred to God; how few who receive a hundred thousand give ten thousand to God. Those Jews, under their dark dispensation, gave one-tenth for a mere taper of spiritual life and light, while we do not give as much as that though we have noonday radiating the atmosphere. I really think that if those old Jews gave one-tenth for their half-and-half advantages, we ought to give one-fifth for the glorious privileges which God in this day has bestowed upon us. We talk a great deal about the evangelization of this world and the salvation of men; but there is more talk than contribution, and I do not believe that the prayer of a man for the salvation of this world ever amounts to anything unless he by his own generosity shows that he is in earnest in the matter. I like the style of Elias Van Bendeschatten, the old man who came into a meeting of the General Synod of the Reformed Church in 1814, and after there had been a great many long and brilliant speeches made about the education of young men to the ministry, got up and said he would like to speak. The people looked chagrined. They thought to themselves: 'He can't speak.' 'Mr. President, I will give eight hundred and forty dollars in cash towards that object, and thirteen thousand dollars in bonds.' And then sat down. While the theory is abroad in many of the churches that men give only as they are compelled to give, I believe that the people can be educated up to a grand and glorious voluntary contribution for the support of the



Gospel of Jesus; but I cannot make the people believe this without your help. Remember the words of Jethro to his son-in-law. Come, let us all rally in this one respect and try partly to pay God for our Bibles, for our churches, for our families, for our hopes of heaven. If we do not carry out this principle, there will come up after awhile a stronger generation to execute this commission of Christ, and then they will look back and say: 'Ah what a shrivelled-up minister and people that must have been in the Brooklyn Tabernacle in 1875! When the Lord opened before them an opportunity of carrying out a Gospel principle, they had not the courage to carry it out.' I do not expect to bother this world much after I go out of it, but I must start the suspicion that if ever the auctioneer's hammer cracks on the back of one of these pews, it will wake me up quicker than the prophet Samuel was awakened by the Witch of Endor.

"Still further: we are here trying to build and organize, and keep up a soul-saving church. I mention this last because it is first. 'And the first shall be last.' I have by argument, and illustration, and caricature in these last six years tried to create in your soul an unutterable disgust for much of the religion of this day, and to lead you back, so far as God gave me strength to do it, to the old religion of Jesus Christ and His apostles. I have tried to show you that the meanest cant in all the world is the cant of skepticism, and that you ought to stop apologizing for Christianity since it is the duty of those who do not believe in Christianity to apologize to you, and that the biggest villains in the universe are those who want to rob us of that grand old Bible, and that there is one idea in a church that ought to swallow up all other ideas, and that is the soul-saving idea. 'But,' you say, 'are you not going to

pay any attention to those who have entered into the kingdom of God and have really become Christians?' My theory is, the way to develop a man for this world, and for the world to come, is to throw him chin deep in Christian work, and if after a man has been drawn out of the mire of his sin on to the 'Rock of Ages,' he wants to jump back, then he will have to jump; I am not going to stand and watch him! I believe the great work of the Christian Church is to bring men out of their sin into the hope and the joys of Christ's salvation, and then if with all the advantages of this century, with open Bible and the constant plying of the Holy Ghost, a man cannot grow in grace, he is not worth a great deal of culture. We want this a church set apart for the one grand object of bringing men out of their sin into the hope of the Gospel. There will in this coming year be two hundred thousand strangers who will be seated within these gates. How many of them will you bring to Christ by your prayers and your personal solicitations? Will you bring a score, or will it be a hundred or a thousand? I must tell you that compared with this work of saving immortal souls all other work is cold, and stale, and insipid. To this one work, God helping me, I consecrate the remaining days and years of my life, and I ask you to join with me in this crusade for the redemption of immortal souls.

"Now can it be possible that six years of my pastorate have passed away never to return? How many squandered days and years—squandered by you and by me. God forgive us for the past and help us to be more faithful for the future. Through what a variety of scenes we have gone! I have stood by you in times of sickness and by the graves of your dead. When you came back from exhausting sickness that we feared would be fatal, I praised God that the

color came back to your cheek and the spring to your step. And some of you in the past six years have passed through dire bereavements. How few of the families of my congregation have not been invaded! How many of the old people have gone in the last two or three years! They went away so gently that they had ended the second or third stanza in eternal glory before you knew they were gone. And, oh, how many of the bright dear children have gone! The very darlings of your heart. You tried to hold on to them with your stout arms, and you said: 'O Lord, spare them. I can't give them up; I can't give them up. Let me keep them a little longer.' But they broke away from your arms into the light of heaven. It seemed as if Jesus and the angels determined to have them there and then. But we have tried to make this church a comforting place for all the broken-hearted. O how many of them there are! We have tried to fill the song, and the sermon, and the prayer with the solace of God's promises, and so it shall be hereafter. It is no mere theory with me. I have had enough trouble of my own to know how to comfort those who are desolate, and it is my ambition to be to you a son of consolation. Standing as we do at the open portals of another pastoral year, let us to-day make a new vow of consecration. Let us be faithful to God and faithful to each other; for soon we must part, and all these pleasant scenes in which we have mingled will vanish forever. By the throne of God, our work all done, our sorrows all ended, may we be permitted to talk over the solemn, delightful, and disciplinary occurrences of this my pastoral year in Brooklyn."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MIDNIGHT EXPLORATIONS.

DR. TALMAGE'S "midnight explorations" in Brooklyn and New York, and his discourses describing the temptations and vices of city life, as seen by him in the haunts of vice, and his scorching exposure of "leprosy in the highest places of society," produced the greatest excitement all over the country. He states the reasons which led him to take this somewhat perilous step, as follows:—"I, as a minister of religion, felt I had a Divine commission to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session, or of my presbytery, or of the newspapers, but, asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church, I unrolled my commission, and it said: 'Son of man, dig into the wall; and when I had digged into the wall, behold a door; and he said, Go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here; and I went in, and saw, and beheld!' Brought up in the country and surrounded by much parental care, I had not, until this autumn, seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed any 'wild oats.' I had somehow been able to tell, from various sources, something about the iniquities of the great cities, and to preach against them; but I saw, in the destruction of a great multitude of the people, that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, 'I will explore.' I saw tens of thousands of men being ruined, and, if there had been

a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion, the whole air would have been full of the rumble, and roar, and crack, and thunder, of the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly season you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where lost souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, 'I will explore.' I went as a physician goes into a small-pox hospital, or a fever hospital, to see what practical and useful information I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescription. When the lecturer in a medical college is done with his lecture he takes the students into the dissecting-room, and he shows them the reality. I am here this morning to report a plague, and to tell you how sin destroys the body, and destroys the mind, and destroys the soul. 'Oh!' say you, 'are you not afraid that, in consequence of your exploration of the iniquities of the city, other persons may make exploration, and do themselves damage?' I reply: 'If, in company with the Commissioner of Police, and the Captain of Police, and the Inspector of Police, and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go! But, if not, then stay away.' Wellington, standing in the battle of Waterloo when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him, 'Sir, what are you doing here? Be off.' 'Why,' replied the civilian, 'there is no more danger here for me than there is for you.' Then Wellington flushed up, and said, 'God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here.' Now

I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on this exploration, and on this battle-field. If you bear a like commission, go; if not, stay away. But you say, 'Don't you think that somehow your description of these places will induce people to go and see for themselves?' I answer, 'Yes, just as much as the description of the yellow fever at Granada would induce people to go down there and get the pestilence. It was told us there were hardly enough people alive to bury the dead, and I am going to tell you a story in these Sabbath morning sermons of places where they are all dead or dying. And I shall not gild iniquities. I shall play a dirge and not an anthem, and while I shall not put faintest blush on fairest cheek, I will kindle the cheeks of many a man into a conflagration, and I will make his ears tingle. But you say, 'Don't you know that the papers are criticising you for the position you take? I say, Yes; and do you know how I feel about it? There is no man who is more indebted to the newspaper press than I am. My business is to preach the truth, and the wider the audience the newspaper press gives me, the wider my field is. As the press of the United States, and the Canadas, and of England, and Ireland, and Scotland, and Australia, and New Zealand, are giving me every week nearly three million souls for an audience, I say I am indebted to the press, anyhow. Go on! To the day of my death I cannot pay them what I owe them. So slash away, gentlemen. The more the better. If there is anything I despise it is a dull time. Brist criticism is a coarse Turkish towel, with which every public man needs every day to be rubbed down, in order to keep healthful circulation. Give my love to all the secular and religious editors, and full permission to run their pens clear through my sermons, from introduction to application.'"

There can be no doubt that the sermons which Dr. Talmage preached on "The Night Side of City Life," and which have been widely circulated, produced not only a deep and wide sensation, but also strong opposition and enmity to the preacher. It was impossible that such burning exposures of the sins and sorrows of city life could fail to stir up some of the bitterest feelings that human nature is capable of. So great was the anxiety of the public to hear those sermons that the church was thronged beyond description, the streets around blockaded with people, so that carriages could not pass, Dr. Talmage himself gaining admission only by the help of the police. The sermons are marvelous exhibitions of the preacher's descriptive powers, sparkling with graceful images and illustrative anecdotes, terrible in their earnestness, and uncompromising in their denunciations of sin and wickedness among high and low, sparing neither rich nor poor.

We think it only right that our readers should have the opportunity of judging of the character of these sermons, and therefore we give the substance of one, entitled "The Lepers of High Life."

"I noticed in my midnight explorations with these high officials that the haunts of sin are chiefly supported by men of means and wealth. The young men recently come from the country, of whom I spoke last Sabbath morning, are on small salary, and they have but little money to spend in sin, and if they go into luxuriant iniquity the employer finds it out by the inflamed eye and the marks of dissipation, and they are discharged. The luxuriant places of iniquity are supported by men who come down from the fashionable avenues of New York, and cross over from some of the finest mansions of Brooklyn. Prominent business men from Boston, and Philadelphia, and Chicago, and Cincin-

nati patronize these places of sin. I could call the names of prominent men in one cluster who patronize these places of iniquity, and I may call their names before I get through this course of sermons, though the fabric of New York and Brooklyn society tumble into wreck. Judges of courts, distinguished lawyers, officers of the Church, political orators standing on different platforms talking about God and good morals until you might suppose them to be evangelists expecting a thousand converts in one night. Call the roll of dissipation in the haunts of iniquity any night, and if the inmates will answer, you will find there stockbrokers from Wall street, large importers from Broadway, iron merchants, leather merchants, cotton merchants, hardware merchants, wholesale grocers, representatives from all the commercial and wealthy classes. Talk about the heathenism below Canal street! There is a worse heathenism above Canal street. I prefer that kind of heathenism which wallows in filth and disgusts the beholder rather than that heathenism which covers up its walking putrefaction with camel's-hair shawl and point-lace, and rides in turn-outs worth three thousand dollars, liveried driver ahead and rosetted flunky behind. We have been talking so much about the Gospel for the masses, now let us talk a little about the Gospel for the lepers of society, for the millionaire sots, for the portable lazzarettos of upper-tendom. It is the iniquity that comes down from the higher circles of society that supports the haunts of crime, and is gradually turning our cities into Sodoms and Gomorrah waiting for the fire and brimstone tempest of the Lord God who whelmed the cities of the plain. We want about five hundred Anthony Comstocks to go forth and explore and expose the abominations of high life. For eight or ten years there stood within sight of the most fashionable New



York drive a Moloch temple, a brown-stone hell on earth, which neither the mayor, nor the judges, nor the police dared touch, when Anthony Comstock, a Christian man of less than average physical stature, and with cheek scarred by the knife of a desperado whom he had arrested, walked into that palace of the devil on Fifth avenue, and in the name of the eternal God put an end to it, the priestess presiding at the orgies retreating by suicide into the lost world, her bleeding corpse found in her own bath-tub. May the eternal God have mercy on our cities. Gilded sin comes down from these high places in the upper circles of iniquity, and then on gradually down until, in five years, it makes the whole course, from the marble pillar on the brilliant avenue clear down to the cellars of Water street. One of the officers on that midnight exploration said to me, 'Look at them now, and look at them three years from now, when all this glory has departed; they'll be a heap of rags in the station house.' Another of the officers said to me, 'That is the daughter of one of the wealthiest families in Madison Square.'

"But I have something more amazing to tell you than that the men of means and wealth support these haunts of iniquity, and that is that they are chiefly supported by heads of families—fathers and husbands, with the awful perjury of broken marriage vows upon them, with a niggardly stipend left at home for the support of their families, going forth with their thousands for the diamonds and wardrobe and equipage of iniquity. In the name of Heaven, I denounce this public iniquity. Let such men be hurled out of decent circles. Let them be hurled out from business circles. If they will not repent, overboard with them! I lift one-half of the burden of malediction from the unpitied head of offending woman and hurl it on the

blasted pate of offending man! Society needs a new division of its anathema. By what law of justice does burning excoriation pursue offending woman down the precipices of destruction, while offending man, kid-gloved, walks in refined circles, invited up if he has money, advanced into political recognition, while all the doors of high life open at the first rap of his gold-headed cane? I say, if you let one come back, let them both come back. If one must go down, let both go down. I give you as my opinion that the eternal perdition of all other sinners will be a heaven compared with the punishment everlasting of that man who, turning his back upon her whom he swore to protect and defend until death, and upon his children, whose destiny may be decided by his example, goes forth to seek affectional alliances elsewhere. For such a man the portion will be fire, and hail, and tempest, and darkness, and anguish, and despair forever, forever, forever! My friends, there has got to be a reform in this matter or American society will go to pieces. Under the head of 'incompatibility of temper,' nine-tenths of the abomination goes on. What did you get married for if your dispositions are incompatible? 'Oh!' you say, 'I rushed into it without thought.' Then you ought to be willing to suffer the punishment for making a fool of yourself! Incompatibility of temper! You are responsible for at least a half of the incompatibility. Why are you not honest and willing to admit either that you did not control your temper, or that you had already broken your marriage oath? In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand, incompatibility is a phrase to cover up wickedness already enacted. I declare in the presence of the world that heads of families are supporting these haunts of iniquity. I wish there might be a police raid lasting a great while, that they

would just go down through all these places of sin and gather up all the prominent business men of the city, and march them down through the street followed by about twenty reporters to take their names and put them in full capitals in the next day's paper! Let such a course be undertaken in our cities, and in six months there would be eighty per cent off your public vice. It is not now the young men that need so much looking after; it is their fathers and mothers. Let heads of families cease to patronize places of iniquity, and in a short time they would crumble to ruin."

We request the attention of our readers to the following extract from an American journal published at the time the sermons were being delivered:

"The religious and secular newspapers, with great unanimity, ridicule and condemn Dr. Talmage's lectures on the haunts of sin in New York. To this the doctor made reply in his last sermon, and spoke of the 'sublime fury with which the clergymen mount their war-horses and charge down upon century-old sins or sinners. They hurl sulphur at Sodom, and fire at Gomorrah, but when they come to handle modern sins, they take out dainty handkerchiefs, wipe gold-rimmed spectacles, and put kid gloves on their hands.' Now we should like to know what objections our religious contemporaries have to the preacher's course in investigating the facts, verifying Solomon's assertion that such paths take hold on hell, and most earnestly warning the unwary against them. We would not advise another exploration of the gilded hells, but let the minister ask his medical friend to show him the end of such paths, in the hospitals and asylums, slums and cellars, and, our word for it, it will touch his tongue with a live coal of zeal. He will try to save young men as he never before tried."

## CHAPTER IX.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SERMON, OR HOW MINISTERS ARE LIED ABOUT.

[Our readers will see by this sermon something of what Dr. Talmage has had to contend with in the course of his remarkable career as a Christian minister, and it will also help to prepare for a more righteous judgment upon the merits of the Trial which has just taken place, and of which an account is given farther on.—ED.]

“You may not know that this is a double anniversary. It is nearly ten years since I became pastor of this church. Besides, on Tuesday, January 7, of this year (1879) I was forty-seven years of age. This being a double anniversary, you will not be surprised if my sermon this morning is autobiographical. I started life in an old-fashioned Christian family, where they had prayers morning and night, and always asked a blessing on meals; and there was no exception to the rule, for, if my father was sick or away, my mother led, and while sometimes, when my father led, we found it hard to repress childish restlessness, there was something in the tones of my mother, and there was something in the tears which always choked her utterance before she got through with the prayer, that was irresistible. The fact is that mothers get their hearts so wound around their children that when they think of their future, and the trials and temptations to which they may be subjected, they cannot control their emotions as easily as men do. While he had a very sympathetic nature, I never saw my father cry but once, and that was when they put the lid over my

mother. Her hair was white as the snow, and her face was very much wrinkled, for she had worked very hard for us all, and had had many sicknesses and bereavements. I do not know how she appeared to the world, nor what artists may have thought of her features, but to us she was perfectly beautiful. There were twelve of us children, but six of them are in heaven. I started for the legal profession with an admiration for it which was never cooled, for I cannot now walk along by a court-house, or hear an attorney address a jury without having all my pulses accelerated and my enthusiasm aroused. I cannot express my admiration for a profession adorned with the names of Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Rufus Choate, and John McLean. But God converted my soul, and put me into the ministry by a variety of circumstances, shutting me up to that glorious profession. And what a work it is! I thank God every day for the honor of being associated with what I consider the most elevated, educated, refined, and consecrated band of men on this planet—the Christian ministry. I know, I think, about five thousand of them personally, and they are as near perfection as human nature ever gets to be. Some of them on starvation salaries, and with worn health, and amid ten thousand disadvantages, trying to bring comfort and pardon to the race. I am proud to have my name on the roll with them, though my name be at the very bottom, and am willing to be their servant for Jesus' sake. But we all have work. 'To every man his work.' I will not hide the fact that it has been the chief ambition of my ministry to apply a religion six thousand years old to the present day—a religion of four thousand years B. C. to 1869 and 1870 A. D. So I went to work to find the oldest religion I could see. I sought for it in my Bible, and I found it in the Garden of Eden, where the serpent's head

is promised a bruising by the heel of Christ. I said, 'That is the religion,' and I went to work to see what kind of men that religion made, and I found Joshua, and Moses, and Paul, and John the Evangelist, and John Bunyan, and John Wesley, and John Summerfield, and five hundred other Johns as good or approximate. I said: 'Ah! that is the religion I want to preach—the Edenic religion that bruises the serpent's head.' That is what I have been trying to do. The serpent's head must be bruised. I hate him. I never see his head but I throw something at it. That is what I have been trying to do during these courses of sermons, to bruise the serpent's head, and every time I bruised him he hissed, and the harder I bruised him the harder he hissed. You never trod on a serpent but he hissed. But I trod on him with only one foot. Before I get through I shall tread on him with both feet. If God will help me I shall bruise the oppression, and the fraud, and the impurity coiled up amid our great cities. Come now, God helping me, I declare a war of twenty-five years against iniquity and for Christ, if God will let me live so long. To this conflict I bring every muscle of my body, every faculty of my mind, every passion of my soul. Between here and my grave there shall not be an inch of retreat, of indifference, or of compromise. After I am dead, I ask of the world and of the church only one thing—not for a marble slab, not for a draped chair, not for a long funeral procession, not for a flattering ovation. A plain box in a plain wagon will be enough, if the elders of the church will stand here and say that I never compromised with evil, and always presented Christ to the people. Then let Father Pearson, if he be still alive, pronounce the benediction, and the mourners go home. I do not forget that my style of preaching and my

work in general have been sometimes severely criticised by some of my clerical brethren. It has come to be understood that at installations and at dedications I shall be assailed. I have sometimes said to prominent men in my church, 'Go down to such and such an installation, and hear them excoriate Talmage.' And they go, and they are always gratified! I have heard that sometimes in Brooklyn, when an audience gets dull through lack of ventilation in the church, the pastor will look over towards Brooklyn Tabernacle, and say something that will wake all the people up, and they will elbow each other, and say, 'That's Talmage!' You see, there are some ministers who want me to work just the way they do; and, as I cannot see my duty in their direction, they sometimes call me all sorts of names. Some of them call me one thing, and some call me another; but I think the three words that are most glibly used in this connection are 'mountebank,' 'sensationalism,' 'buffoonery,' and a variety of phrases showing that some of my dear clerical brethren are not happy. Now, I have the advantage of all such critical brethren in the fact that I never assault them though they assault me. The dear souls! I wish them all the good I can think of—large audiences, large salaries, and houses full of children, and heaven to boot! I rub my hands all over their heads in benediction. You never heard me say one word against any Christian worker, and you never will. The fact is, that I am so busy in assaulting the powers of darkness that I have no time to stop and stab any of my own regiment in the back. Now, there are two ways in which I might answer some of the critical clergy. I might answer them by the same bitterness and acrimony and caricature with which some of them have assaulted me; but would that advance our holy religion? Do you

not know that there is nothing that so prejudices people against Christianity as to see ministers fighting? It takes two to make a battle, so I will let them go on. It relieves them, and does not hurt me! I suppose that in the war of words I might be their equal, for nobody has ever charged me with lack of vocabulary! But then, you plainly see that if I assaulted them with the same bitterness with which they assaulted me, no good cause would be advanced. There is another way, and that is by giving them kindly, loving, and brotherly advice. 'Ah!' you say, 'that's the way; that's a Christian way.' Then I advise my critical brethren of the clergy to remember what every layman knows, whether in the church or in the world, that you never build yourself up by trying to pull anybody else down. You see, my dear critical brethren—and I hope the audience will make no response to what I am saying—you see, my dear critical brethren, you fail in two respects when you try to do that. First, you do not build yourselves up; and secondly, you do not pull anybody else down. Show me the case in five hundred years where any pulpit, or any church, has been built up by bombarding some other pulpit. The fact is, we have an immense membership in this church, and they are all my personal friends. Then, we have a great many regular attendants who are not church members, and a great many occasional attendants, from all parts of the land, and those people know that I never give any bad advice in this place, and that I always give good advice, and that God by conversion saves as many souls in this church every year as He saves in any other church. Now, my dear critical brethren of the clergy, why assault all these homes throughout the world? When you assault me, you assault them. Besides that, 'To every man his work.' I wish you all prosperity,



critical brethren. You, for instance, are metaphysical. May you succeed in driving people into heaven by raising a great fog on earth. You are severely logical. Hook the people into glory by the horns of a dilemma. You are anecdotal. Charm the people to truth by capital stories well told. You are illustrative. Twist all the flowers of the field and all the stars of heaven into your sermons. You are classical. Wield the club of Hercules for the truth, and make Parnassus bow to Calvary. Your work is not so much in the pulpit as from house to house, by pastoral visitation. The Lord go with you as you go to take tea with the old ladies, and hold the children in your lap and tell them how much they look like their father and mother! Stay all the afternoon and evening, and if it is a damp night, stay all night! All prosperity to you in this pastoral work, and may you by that means get the whole family into the kingdom of God. You will reach people I never will reach, and I will reach people you never will reach. Go ahead. In every possible way, my dear critical brethren of the clergy, I will help you. If you have anything going on in your church—lecture, concert, religious meeting—send me the notice and I will read it here with complimentary remarks, and when you call me a hard name I will call you a blessed fellow, and when you throw a brickbat at me—an ecclesiastical brickbat—then I will pour holy oil on your head until it runs down on your coat collar! There is nothing so invigorates and inspires me as the opportunity to say pleasant things about my clerical brethren. God prosper you, my critical brethren of the ministry, and put a blessing on your head, and a blessing in your shoe, and a blessing in your gown—if you wear one—and a blessing before you, and a blessing behind you, and a blessing under you, and a blessing on the top of you, so that you cannot get out until

you mount into heaven, where I appoint a meeting with you on the north side of the river, under the tree of life, to talk over the honor we had on earth of working each one in his own way. 'To every man his work.' We ought to be an example, my critical brethren, to other occupations. How often we hear lawyers talking against lawyers, and doctors talking against doctors, and merchants talking against merchants. You would hardly go into a store on one side of the street to get a merchant's opinion of a merchant on the other side of the street in the same line of business. We ought, in the ministry, to be examples to all other occupations. If we have spites and jealousies, let us hide them forever. If we have not enough divine grace to do it, let common worldly prudence dictate.

"But during these ten years in which I have preached to you, I have not only received the criticism of the world, but I have often received its misrepresentation, and I do not suppose any man of any age escapes if he be trying to do a particular work for God and the Church. It was said that Rowland Hill advertised he would on the following Sabbath make a pair of shoes in his pulpit, in the presence of his audience, and that he came into the pulpit with a pair of boots and a knife, and having shaved off the top of the boots, presented a pair of shoes. It was said that Whitefield was preaching one summer day, when a fly buzzed around his head, and that he said, 'The sinner will be destroyed as certainly as I catch that fly.' He clutched at the fly and missed it. The story goes that then he said that after all perhaps the sinner might escape through salvation! Twenty years ago the pictorials of London were full of pictures of Charles Spurgeon astride the rail of a pulpit, riding down in the presence of the audience to show how easy it was to go into sin; and then the pictorials

represented him as climbing up the railing of the pulpit to show how hard it was to get to heaven. Mr. Beecher was said to have entered his pulpit one warm day, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, to have said, 'It's hot!' with an expletive more emphatic than devotional! Lies! Lies! All of them lies. No minister of the Gospel escapes. Certainly I have not escaped! A few years ago, when I was living in Philadelphia, I came to unite in holy marriage Dr. Boynton, the eloquent geological lecturer, with a lady of New York. I solemnized the marriage ceremony in the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The couple made their wedding excursion in a balloon that left Central Park within the presence of five thousand people. When I got back to Philadelphia I saw in the papers that I had disgraced the holy ordinance of marriage by performing it a mile high, above the earth, in a balloon! And there are thousands of people to this day who believe that I solemnized that marriage above the clouds. About eight or nine years ago, in our chapel, at a Christmas festival one week night, amid six or eight hundred children roaring happy, with candies and oranges and corn-balls, and with the representation of a star in Christmas-greens right before me, I said, 'Boys, I feel like a morning-star.' It so happened that that phrase is to be found in a negro song, and two days afterward it appeared over the name of a man who said he was 'a member of a neighboring church;' that I had the previous Sunday night, in my pulpit, quoted two or three verses from 'Shoo Fly!' And, moreover, it went on to say that we sang that every Sunday in our Sunday school! And as it was supposed that 'a member of a neighboring church' would not lie, grave editorials appeared in prominent newspapers deploring the fact that the pulpit should be so desecrated, and

that the Sabbath schools of this country seemed to be going to ruin. Some years ago, in the New York 'Independent,' I wrote an article denouncing the exclusiveness of churches, and making a plea for the working classes. In the midst of that article there were two ironical sentences, in which I expressed the disgust which some people have for anybody that works for a living. Some enemy took these two ironical sentences and sent them all around the world as my sentiments of disgust with the working classes, and a popular magazine of the country, taking these two ironical sentences as a text, went on to say that I preached every Sunday with kid gloves and swallow-tail coat (!), and that I ought to remember that if ever I got to heaven I should have to be associated with the working classes, and be with the fishermen apostles, and Paul, the tent-maker. To this very day I get letters from all parts of the earth, containing little newspaper scraps, saying; 'Did you really say that? How is it possible you can so hate the working classes? How can you make that accord with the words of sympathy you have recently been uttering in behalf of their sorrows?' A few years ago I preached a series of sermons here on good and bad amusements. There appeared a sermon as mine denouncing all amusements, representing that all actors, play-actors and actresses were dissolute without exception, and that all theatrical places were indecent, and that every man who went to a theatre lost his soul, and that it was wrong even to go to a zoological garden, and a sin to look at a zebra. I never preached one word of the sermon. Every word of that sermon was written in a printing-office by a man who had never seen me, or seen Brooklyn Tabernacle—every word of it except the text; that he got by sending to another printing-office. In the State of Maine a religious paper has a letter from a clergyman, who say

that I came into this pulpit on Sabbath morning with Indian dress, feathers on my head, and scalping-knife in my hand, and that the pulpit was appropriately adorned with arrows, and Indian blankets, and buffalo-skins; and the clergyman in that letter goes on, with tears, to ask, 'What is the world coming to?' and asks if ecclesiastical authority somehow cannot be evoked to stop such an outrage. Why do I state these things? To stop them? Oh, no. But for public information. I do not want to stop them. They make things spicy! Besides that, my enemies do more for me than my friends can. I long ago learned to harness the falsehood and abuse of the world for Christian service. I thought it would be a great privilege if I could preach the gospel through the secular press beyond these two cities. The secular press of these two cities, as a matter of good neighborhood and of home news, have more than done me justice; and I thank them for it. If they put the Gospel as I preach it in their reportorial columns, I should be very mean and ungrateful if I objected to anything in the editorial columns. I have felt if this world is ever brought to God, it will be by the printing press; and while I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the Gospel through the religious press all around the world, I wanted to preach the Gospel through the secular press beyond these cities, to people who do not go to church and who dislike churches. My enemies have given me the chance. They have told such monstrous lies about this pulpit and about this church that they have made all the world curious to know what really is said here. They have opened the way before me everywhere in all the cities of this land, so that now the very best, the most conscientious, and the most leading papers of the country allow me, week by week, to preach

repentance and Christ to the people. And first of all, now, I thank the secular press of these two cities for their kindness, and after that I publicly thank—for I shall never have any opportunity of doing so save this—the Boston ‘Herald,’ the Cincinnati ‘Enquirer,’ the Philadelphia ‘Press,’ the ‘Times’ of Philadelphia, the Albany ‘Argus,’ the ‘Inter-Ocean’ of Chicago, the ‘Advance’ of Chicago, the ‘Courier-Journal’ of Louisville, the ‘Times-Journal’ of St. Louis, the ‘Dispatch,’ of Pittsburg, the Reading Eagle,’ Pennsylvania; the Henrietta ‘Journal’ of Texas, the ‘Evangel’ of San Francisco, the ‘Telegraph’ of St. John, Canada, the ‘Guardian’ of Toronto, Canada, the ‘Christian Age,’ the ‘Christian Herald,’ and the ‘Christian Globe,’ of London, the ‘Southern Cross’ of Melbourne, Australia, ‘Town and Country’ of Sidney, Australia; the ‘Words of Grace’ of Sydney, Australia, and many others, all around the world. And I want to tell you that when I was called here to this place, while I received the call from nineteen people, my enemies now give me the opportunity every week of preaching the Gospel to between seven and eight million souls. They have excited the curiosity to see and hear what I would say, and then the leading, the honorable newspapers of the country have gratified that curiosity. Go on, mine enemies! If you can afford it in your soul I can. So God makes the wrath of men to praise Him, and while I thank my friends I thank my enemies.

“But, while the falsehoods to which I have referred may somewhat have stirred your humor, there is a falsehood which strikes a different key, for it invades the sanctity of my home; and, when I tell the story, the fair-minded men and women and children of the land will be indignant. I will read it, so that if any one may want to copy it they can after. (Reading from manuscript). It has been stated

over and over again in private circles, and in newspapers hinted, until tens of thousands of people have heard the report, that sixteen or seventeen years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill River with my wife and her sister (who was my sister-in-law); that the boat capsized, and that having the opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister, I let my wife drown and saved her sister, I marrying her in sixty days! I propose to nail that infamous lie on the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me. One beautiful morning, my own sister by blood relation, Sarah Talmage Whiteknack, and her daughter, Mary, being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed that we go to Fairmount Park and make it pleasant for them. With my wife and my only daughter—she being a little child—and my sister, Sarah, and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just moved to Philadelphia I was ignorant of the topography of the suburbs. Passing along by the river I saw a boat and proposed a row. I hired the boat and we got in, and not knowing anything of the dam across the river, and unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw some one wildly waving on the shore as though there were danger. I looked back, and lo! we were already in the current of the dam. With a terror that you cannot imagine I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over. The boat capsized. My wife instantly disappeared and was drawn under the dam, from which her body was not brought until days after; I, not able to swim a stroke, hanging on the bottom of the boat, my niece hanging on to me, my sister, Sarah, clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us. After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead—

and I can see her blackened body yet, rolling over the barrel, such as is used for restoring the drowned—she breathed again. A carriage came up, and leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill River, and with my little girl in semi-unconsciousness, and blood issuing from her nostril and lip, wrapped in a shawl on my lap, and with my sister, Sarah, and her child in the carriage, we rode to our desolate home. Since the world was created a more ghastly and agonizing calamity never happened. And that is the scene over which some ministers of the Gospel, and men and women pretending to be decent, have made sport. My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the place. So far from being sisters, the two were entire strangers. They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after that tragedy on the Schuylkill did I even know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill, she was introduced to me by my brother, her pastor, Rev. Goyn Talmage, now of Port Jervis, New York. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church, Harrison street, South Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story. My present wife, I say, was not within a hundred miles of the spot. Her name was Susie Whittemore, and she was a member of the Reformed Church in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where multitudes could tell the story. With multitudes of people on the bank of the Schuylkill who witnessed my landing on that awful day of calamity, and hundreds of people within half an hour's walk of this place who knew Mary Avery, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who knew my present wife, Susie Whittemore—what do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that manufactured out of



the whole cloth? I never have spoken of this subject before, and I never shall again; but I give fair notice that, if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after this affirming this slander, I will pay the informant one hundred dollars, and I will put upon the criminal, the loathsome wretch who utters it, the full force of the law.

“But while I have thus referred to falsehoods and criticisms, I want to tell you that in the upturned faces of my congregation, and in the sympathy of a church always indulgent, and in the perpetual blessing of God, my ten years’ experience in Brooklyn have been very happy. Now, as to the future—for I am preaching my anniversary sermon—as to the future, I want to be of more service. My ideas of a sermon have all changed. My entire theology has condensed into one word, and that a word of four letters, and that word is ‘help.’ Before I select my text, when I come to this pulpit, when I rise to preach, the one thought is, How shall I help the people? And this coming year I mean, if God will give me His Spirit, to help young men. They have an awful struggle, and I want to put my arm through their arm with a tight grip, such as an older brother has the right to give to a younger brother, and I want to help them through. Many of them have magnificent promise and hope, I am going to cheer them on up the steps of usefulness and honor. God help the young men! I get letters every week from somebody in the country, saying, ‘My son has gone to the city; he is in such a bank, or store, or shop. Will you look after him? He was a good boy at home but there are many temptations in the city. Pray for him, and counsel him.’ I want to help the old. They begin to feel in the way; they begin to feel neglected, perhaps. I want at the edge of the snow-bank

of old age to show them the crocus. I want to put in their hands the staff and the rod of the Gospel. God bless your gray hairs. I want to help these wives and mothers in the struggle of housekeeping, and the training of their children for God and for Heaven. I want to preach a Gospel as appropriate to Martha as to Mary. God help the martyrs of the kitchen, and the martyrs of the drawing-room, and the martyrs of the nursery, and the martyrs of the sewing-machine. I want to help merchants; whether the times are good or bad, they have a struggle. I want to preach a sermon that will last them all the week; when they have notes to pay, and no money to pay them with; when they are abused and assaulted. I want to give them a Gospel as appropriate for Wall street, and Broadway, and Chestnut street, and State street, as for the communion table. I want to help dissipated men who are trying to reform. Instead of coming to them with a patronizing air that seems to say, 'How high I am up, and how low you are down,' I want to come to them with a manner which seems to say, 'If I had been in the same kind of temptation, I might have done worse.' I have more interest in the lost sheep that bleats on the mountain than in the ninety-nine sheep asleep in the fold. I want to help the bereft. Oh! they are all around us. It seems as if the cry of orphanage and childlessness and widowhood would never end. Only last Wednesday we carried out a beautiful girl of twenty years. Fond parents could not cure her. Doctors could not cure her. Oceanic voyage to Europe could not cure her. She went out over that road over which so many of your loved ones have gone. Oh! we want comfort. This is a world of graves. God make me the sun of consolation to the troubled. Help for one. Help for all. Help now. While this moment the sun rides mid heaven, may the eternal noon of God's pardon and comfort flood your soul."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE TRIAL.

WE now come to what we doubt not is the most painful event in Dr. Talmage's life. To be the subject of gossip and tittle-tattle, to have one's sayings and doings criticised and sometimes misrepresented, is the lot of all public men; but, we regret to say, Dr. Talmage has been called to pass through a much severer trial than any that could have arisen from such causes as these. We will not attribute unworthy motives to those who have been the chief actors in this movement directed against Dr. Talmage, we will hope that they believe they were discharging a great public duty in the course which they have been pursuing. Indeed, we feel assured that neither party can look back upon the scenes which were reported as taking place during the trial, without deep sorrow for the scandal brought upon the Christian ministry and the Christian name itself. A private conference of the brethren with Dr. Talmage would have been enough to answer every purpose, when the "common fame" charges against Talmage might have been inquired into, and a right decision arrived at in the interests of truth and charity. But unhappily this was not done, and the world now rings with the Brooklyn Presbytery Scandal. From the first of this painful matter it has seemed to us that to proceed against a Christian minister merely on the ground of "common fame" was unworthy a body of men such as the Brooklyn Presbytery. Was there ever a zealous servant of God, since the world began, that "common fame"

has not more or less calumniated? Has it not been the lot of God's servants in all ages to be reviled and slandered by "common fame?" Yea, was it not thus that the life of the Master Himself was taken away? The "common fame" of the Scribes and Pharisees, the priests and the rulers of Jerusalem, alleged that Jesus was "a wine-bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners;" that He had "a devil and was mad;" that He said He would destroy the temple; that He was seditious, and stirred up the people to rebellion against Cæsar; that He was a blasphemer, &c. It was upon "common fame" that He was apprehended and crucified. We candidly confess that the manner in which the prosecuting party proceeded against Talmage has never ceased to appear to us as cowardly and mean; that under the assumption of "common fame" was concealed a dislike to the man, and a desire to strike him down, which dared not show itself in a fair and honest and manly encounter. We say this without any reference whatever to the merits of the case, and without the slightest wish to create prejudice. The Brooklyn Presbytery has decided by a majority of five that Talmage is innocent of the charges made against him, and the same majority have passed a resolution expressing confidence in his character, and esteem and regard for him and his work; and so far these are weighty testimonies in his favor, which ought at the least to procure for him such treatment as an acquitted man deserves; but the case is not thereby terminated. The minority in the Presbytery have appealed to the higher court in the Presbyterian Church, the Synod, and in consequence of that appeal the whole case must be gone into again before the larger court; and therefore respect for that court as well as for Talmage himself precludes our saying more at present. It is evident from Talmage's declaration

before the Presbytery that he was not unprepared for hostile action. He said, "We have been ready for trial for nine years in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The air has been full of the threats of the Presbytery towards us. We have been committed and committed, and not to be ready for trial at this time would be a very strange thing. One month ago I stood up here and demanded investigation and trial. I said, 'I am here now prepared to answer any and every question put to me, and I want an investigation. An investigation for forty-seven years.' But I was not heard. I want an investigation—not for one year, but for forty-seven years. All the facts concerning my life—between God and my soul there are ten thousand sins and imperfections—but between myself and my church, and between myself and my brethren, I challenge investigation. I waive the ten days which I have a right to demand to prepare for trial. I am ready now, with the documents in my pocket, and with witnesses here to prove that atrocious crimes have been committed against me as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ." These do not read like the words of a man who had anything to conceal or fear. The charge against Dr. Talmage consisted of the following specifications:

*Specification I.*—In that he acted deceitfully, and made statements which he knew to be false, in the matter of his withdrawal from the editorship of the "Christian at Work," in the month of October, 1876.

*Specification II.*—In that, at various times, he published, or allowed to be published by those closely associated with him, without contradicting them, statements which he knew to be false, or calculated to give a false impression, in defense of his action and statements referred to in the first specification.

*Specification III.*—In that he repeatedly made public declarations, in various and emphatic forms of speech, from his pulpit, that the church of which he was pastor was a free church, and that the sittings were assigned without reference to the dollar question, although he knew such declarations to be false.

*Specification IV.*—In that, in the winter of 1876-7, he falsely accused J. W. Hathaway of dishonest practices, and afterwards denied that he had done so.

*Specification V.*—In that, in the early part of the year 1878, he endeavored to obtain false subscriptions towards the payment of the debt of the church, to be deceitfully used for the purpose of inducing others to subscribe.

*Specification VI.*—In that, in the year 1878, he acted and spoke deceitfully in reference to the matter of the re-engagement of the organist of the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church.

*Specification VII.*—In that he publicly declared, on Sunday, February 2, 1879, that all the newspapers said he was to be arraigned for heterodoxy, and used other expressions calculated to give the impression that he expected to be arraigned on that charge, although he knew that he would be arraigned, if at all, on the charge of falsehood, thereby deceiving the people.

The prosecution was conducted by the Rev. Arthur Crosby and Rev. Archibald McCullough. The defense was committed to the Rev. Dr. Spear, a venerable minister of the new school, who certainly had not been prejudiced in Talmage's favor. Dr. Spear said:

“I have heard of him and talked about him, and said some things adverse to him which, if I had known him as well as I now do, I would not have said. I find that I was mistaken in some very important respects

He is not in all particulars the man that I supposed he was, and not the man that the common fame I heard said he was. I took him to be odd, strange, startling and sensational by design, study and art; but I now see, as I did not then see, that Nature has given him such forms of thought and modes of expression as must carry along with them much of what very sober people call indiscretion and imprudence. I looked upon him as a man whom it would be well to chisel, and straighten, and put into a more comely shape; but I did not then see, as I do now, that he has an emotional and intellectual organization remarkably unique; his own, and not another's, and that he cannot be trimmed, cramped or frozen without undermining the foundation of his great powers. I did not then see, as I do now, that he is and must be himself, however much the critics may snarl at him; and that when and where he is himself there is in him an immense amount of that which is good and strong. I regarded him as a genius of his own type; but I did not see the peculiarities and infirmities, just as natural as the genius, which sometimes shade the clear luster of the latter. I did not see, as I now do, the fervor and rush of his emotional nature that necessarily involve some imprudence, that will not permit the tongue to measure its own words with the most perfect exactitude, and that will not wait for the cool and careful analysis of deliberate judgment. He is one of those men who often make the air tremble with vibrations too rapid for their own counting. And as to his heart, I was greatly mistaken. I did not then see, as I now do, its natural simplicity, its generous overflow, its unsuspecting artlessness, and, unless I am now mistaken, its honest zeal for God and man. My affections have been drawn towards him in this hour of his trouble, and this is the reason why I am before you to plead his cause."

Subsequently the sixth and seventh specifications were withdrawn. The trial lasted six weeks and attracted general attention and much comment, not only because of the eminence of the accused minister and the nature of the charges preferred against him, but on account of the manner in which the whole affair was conducted. It ended, as we have already stated, in a verdict of acquittal by a majority of five. At the close of the trial Dr. Talmage delivered the following address:

“MR. MODERATOR—‘I think myself happy because I shall be permitted to answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I have been accused, because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions.’ Conscious as I have been of my thorough integrity, I am glad that the Presbytery have come to the same mind. You will all, as Christian brethren, want to know how I feel now. First, a sense of gratitude.” (Here Dr. Talmage extended thanks to the Moderator, to his counsel and to the press).

“How do I feel towards my severe opponents in this Presbytery? I feel well. I would, if need be, go any distance to serve them. By the blessing of God I shall come out of this trial without the slightest grudge. I feel that these opponents have done me no harm. They have opened for me wider fields of usefulness. They have marshaled all Christian people and the world on my side. Whatever they meant God has turned it for good. Every blow struck has somehow passed my head and knocked open a new door of work. How do I feel towards Brothers Van Dyke and Crosby and Greene and Dr. Sherwood? I feel as though I would like to meet them all in heaven, although I am not very anxious to meet them the first two or three days! It is only through the help of God that I



have not lost my temper. I have had no surprise in the final vote. Three newspaper gentlemen, before one word of evidence was taken on this trial, gave me the names of those who would finally vote against me, and they made but one mistake, and that in the case of a clergyman who came to my side. My only surprise was that after raking over my entire life of forty-seven years they have been able to establish nothing against me. I am not as good as that would seem to make me out. I could have given my prosecutors material for fifty specifications against myself, to all of which I would have pleaded guilty. I shall go out of this trial with an increased hatred for everything like sectarianism.

“Not only have I had the sympathy of the entire Presbyterian Church—a handful of this Presbytery excepted—but I have had the sympathy of the Methodist, the Baptist, the Congregational, the Reformed, the Episcopalian, and the Catholic Churches. I never had any sectarianism in my soul, but I have less now. Indeed, though I am a Protestant, in one respect I prefer the Catholic Church. They have only one pope, while in our Protestant denominations there are a hundred, and I think at least one for each presbytery and classis and consociation. Never have I had such full appreciation of the fact that God has His children in all denominations. ‘I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the Communion of Saints.’

“Never have I had such opportunity of cultivating patience as during these six weeks. A few summers ago I lay down in the woods and fell asleep. When I woke up I found a caterpillar on my foot, an ant crawling up my sleeve, and spiders weaving their webs across my body—one web across my boot, one across my knee, one across my

waist, one across my chin, one across my nose, one across my forehead—just seven specifications! But I got up and shook myself, and took a good wash, and felt well. I call you to witness that I have for six weeks lain quietly and allowed all sorts of spiders to crawl over me, and said nothing; but I think it is about time for me to get up and shake myself. I got no harm from my experience in the woods. I expect to get no harm from my experience in the Presbytery. I pronounce my benediction upon all this body. I have no complaint to make. There are two or three regrets I might mention. I regret that when, years ago, I offered to leave this whole matter to a committee, that committee was refused. I regret also that when, two months ago, a committee of five was appointed, they heard my enemies but would not hear one of my friends. I offered in one afternoon to show them the falsity of all the charges, but they would not give me one second to the hearing of one of my friends, while they spent two weeks in gathering up the venom of my enemies. That is a regret in which all fair-minded men will share.

“The actions of that committee have made more infidels than all of them will ever be able to make Christians. At some of the committee I was not much surprised, but I would have thought that the senior member of it would have been very careful about making the scandal of this trial, because of his own past experience. There has been much discussion as to whether my church and its pastor would leave the Presbyterian denomination on account of the atrocity attempted on me. I was born in the Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church being one branch of the great Presbyterian family. I shall go with my people wherever they go. I believe in them as much as they believe in me. A more highly-educated, refined and con-

servative group of men and women is not to be found on this planet. I hope for the present they will stay in this denomination (Van Dyke's). The power that was the bane of this Presbytery is now broken, and there is going to be more room for free action. The thumbscrews are going out of modern ecclesiasticism. A great many things have transpired in the Presbytery that are no more Presbyterianism than they are South Sea cannibalism. More liberty of thought and deed hereafter in the Brooklyn Presbytery. We cannot all work the same way. Some of the brethren have said that they do not like my way of preaching. I just as much dislike theirs. They do not sanction mine. I could not endure theirs. It is certain that as many people like mine as theirs. My way of preaching is poor enough; but I know theirs will never save the world! God seems to have blessed my work as much as He has theirs; but I will make a bargain with them. I will let them have their way if they will let me have mine. It has been said on this trial that I have eccentricities. If so, they are natural. I have never cultured but one eccentricity, and that is, never to pursue any one engaged in Christian work! It makes but little difference to me whether a fisherman uses Conroy tackle with fly of golden pheasant, or a crooked stick which he cut out of the woods with his own jack-knife, if he only catches the fish. Get men into the Kingdom of God. Who cares about the way you get them in? Six years ago I went to the Adirondacks with a hunting and fishing apparatus loaned me by a friend. The apparatus was worth about five hundred dollars. If the trout and the deer of Saranae Lake and John Brown's Tract could have understood my baggage, they would have been very apprehensive. Such reels! Such bait boxes! Such cartridges! Such Bradford flies! Such pocket flasks for soda water and lemonade!

Suffice it to say I did not interfere with the happiness of the piscatory or zoological world. While I was laboriously getting ready, a mountaineer with an old blunderbuss shot three deer. I found that splendid apparatus did not imply great execution. What is true in the woods is true in the Church. All our elaborate and costly theological apparatus is a failure if we cannot catch souls.

“On this trial my methods have been criticised because some of you do not understand what my theory of preaching is. When I go into the pulpit I say, ‘During this one hour and a half I am going to see how many people I can help, and help right away.’ We all want help. Our children are dead, and we want to know whether there is any place this side or the other of the sun where we can get them into our arms again. To most of us life is a struggle, and we want a Christ to sympathize with us in the struggle. Five hundred thousand people in Brooklyn who want help. Twelve hundred millions of a race wanting help. Eternal God help us to help them. Brethren, I preach the best I can. You could not stand it to hear me preach, and I would not for a salary of five thousand dollars a year sit and hear some of you preach. If you want me different you will have to make me over again; but if you do undertake the job of making me over again, like unto which of these presbyters will you make me? Do let me have a choice of models.

“This is certain: I will hereafter be more intense in my way. I have been stupid long enough in sermonizing; I am hereafter going to be interesting, if such a thing is possible. The brethren say I am orthodox, and I admit that they are orthodox; but I give them notice that I am hereafter going to be orthodox in a more interesting way. No more humdrum for me. I have learned this from the news-

papers of the country. Why do all the people read the newspapers? Because the newspapers are interesting. How are we to get our churches thronged with worshipers? By making our religious services interesting. Hereafter count me out of the old way of doing things. I have been asked whether I intend to withdraw from this Presbytery. I might, perhaps, but for brother Van Dyke's assertion that he should withdraw in case of my acquittal. What would become of the Presbyterian Church if we should both leave it? I think perhaps I had better stay and watch the wreck. But I must adjourn most of what I have to say to my own pulpit, where I feel more at home and have larger audiences. Meanwhile I pray for you and your families all happiness and prosperity. I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified."

On this extraordinary trial the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher commented as follows in his paper, the "Christian Union":

"With the majority the verdict seems to have been a matter of calm and deliberate conviction, while the minority, if we may judge from their arguments, were not wholly free from passion and vindictive sentiment.

"In truth, however, the Brooklyn Presbytery, rather than Dr. Talmage, has been on trial, and ecclesiasticism more than either. The unbelieving world has looked on, at first with curiosity, and then with anything but reverence or even respect, at the proceedings of this 'Court of Jesus Christ.' It has wondered what example of charity, mutual forbearance, mutual consideration, and, above all, of disinterested and dispassionate love of truth and equal justice, the Church had to show to the world, and it has been amazed at the extraordinary example actually presented. How, it has

asked, do the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ proceed in order to learn the truth concerning a disciple accused of un-Christian conduct? To the answer given it has listened either with sorrowful silence or with open derision.

“It is simply astonishing that in this nineteenth century a body of Christian ministers can devise no method more in accord with the spirit and principles inculcated by Jesus Christ for the determination of the truth of ‘common fame’ respecting a brother, than this modified form of Anglo-Saxon paganism. Imagine the question of Paul’s orthodoxy, or John Mark’s consistency, left to be determined by appointing Peter to stretch every nerve to prove him guilty, John to employ every stratagem to prove him innocent, and the rest of the apostles to decide between them after the sacred sparring-match was over!

“What method could we propose? In the absence of any better suggestion, we think it might be well for the disciples of Christ to try the method which Christ recommended. If any brother felt himself personally injured by Dr. Talmage, or felt that a more serious injury had been inflicted on the Churches of Christ by his conduct, he might go to him alone to remonstrate; if that did no good, he might take one or two discreet brethren, and make, with their aid, a more vigorous attempt to rectify the wrong; and, if that also failed, he might then leave Dr. Talmage alone, and if necessary make a public statement why he chose to do so. This is not a method very much in vogue in any Christian denomination as yet. It affords no field for forensic displays, and no opportunity for newspaper notoriety. We will not say that even some better method of dealing with Christian ministers accused by that ‘devil’s advocate’ of modern society, ‘common fame,’ may not be discovered or invented in the future. But we think we are

quite prepared to say that trial by wager of battle in a 'Court of Jesus Christ' is not such an invention as will commend itself to the average unbeliever as any improvement on Christ's forgotten plan."

In the "Christian World" of London, under date June 6, 1879, an article appeared from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Parker of the City Temple, Holborn, which was generally regarded as a kind of "summing up" against Dr. Talmage. But since then Dr. Parker has published a sort of recantation of that judgment, and as the change in his mind was wrought by a visit from the Rev. Charles Wood, of Buffalo, United States, a Presbyterian minister, and now in England as one of the representatives of the American Presbyterians to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, we think it only fair to Dr. Parker and Dr. Talmage to give the article referred to: "My readers will unanimously bear me witness that from first to last I have had only kind words for Dr. Talmage. Some time since it was rumored that he had acted a very singular part in the matter of a fatal accident on an American river. He made a complete and triumphant reply, which I reproduced, adding a few words of most hearty sympathy and interest. When I was in Brooklyn six years ago, Dr. Talmage received me most kindly; he asked me to preach to his people; he said kind things in his paper; and, in short, he showed all possible friendliness. These are things which I do not easily forget, so when this trial business came up my whole heart went out after Talmage and my confidence in him was unreserved. I had made up my mind to ask him to preach in the City Temple, and to show him all hospitality and affection. Whilst in this state of mind the 'New York Evangelist' came into my hands, and it contained the first and only connected and apparently complete

statement of the trial I had seen, and I perused it with eager interest. Being almost wholly ignorant of Presbyterian methods of procedure, I supposed that Dr. Van Dyke was making the formal accusation, and that Dr. Talmage said about all he had to say in self-explanation and defence. Van Dyke's statement was so clear, so moderate, and so detailed, and Dr. Talmage's speech was so off-handed and so jocular, that I began to fear that there was more substance in the accusation than I at first supposed. But on Saturday night last the Rev. Charles Wood called upon me, and gave me a copy of the speech which had been used by Dr. Talmage's counsel, that I might see exactly how the defense stood. I have learned that Dr. Van Dyke is a near neighbor of Dr. Talmage's, that he is a good and able man, but that his congregation is small. I do not know the effect of this upon an American Presbyterian, but I do know exactly what it would be in the case of some English Congregationalists. The effect would be a most virulent and unreasoning prejudice against the successful man, and all sorts of snarling criticisms would be passed upon him. If 'John Strong,' for example, were in Van Dyke's position, nothing would be too venomous or cruel for him to say; as for a few perversions here and there, they would be of very small account if the object in view, namely, the torment of the successful man, required their aid. It has come to pass that Van Dyke has done exactly what 'John Strong' has done; that is to say, he has, under a feigned name, written a letter to a Philadelphia newspaper respecting Talmage, which letter is, in my opinion, shamefully disgraceful. The man who could write such a letter, under an assumed name, about a brother minister and a near neighbor, is capable of making any accusation, and ought not to be.



listened to for one moment. I hate cowardice. I have suffered so much from it myself, and have seen so frequently the damnable treatment of one minister by another, envy and jealousy of the vilest kind being in common use, that I am determined to denounce it by speech and pen wherever I find it. Had I read Van Dyke's letter first I should certainly never have read his speech. He wrote to Philadelphia, signed himself 'Augustin,' and said the meanest things of his nearest neighbor. Turning from this, let me ask, 'Who was Dr. Talmage's counsel?' The answer is, 'Dr. Spear, of Brooklyn.' Dr. Spear is an old-school Presbyterian, who had no particular liking either for Talmage or his methods; a venerable, quiet, cautious man, who has lived an obscurely public life, honored and beloved by his own people. Dr. Spear comes out of this trial with a real love for Dr. Talmage, thinking him far enough from a perfect man, but still giving him his affection and confidence. I no sooner got hold of Dr. Spear's speech than I went at once to the charge about leaving 'The Christian at Work' dishonorably. That was the principal charge in my opinion. I have read the defense, and it now appears (1) that the newspaper was very far from being a financial success; (2) that Dr. Talmage had given notice to leave it; (3) that the paper was sold without Dr. Talmage's knowledge; (4) that Dr. Talmage was not told to whom it was sold; (5) that on hearing of the sale he went down to the office after the paper was made up and took out an article to make room for a very short valedictory, saying that he was going over to another paper, and leaving his address. Of course, it was very singular that on the very day of this being done, there was to have been an advertisement in the 'Christian at Work,' referring to the paper to which Talmage was going, of which advertisement, however, Tal-

mage says he knew nothing, and no proof has been given that he did know of it. Now all this puts a very different complexion upon the matter from that which it was made at first to bear. If I was asked to sit down and find all the fault I could with the case, even as Dr. Spear puts it, I could find a good deal of very serious fault; on the other hand, Talmage had suffered (so he said) a good deal of provocation, the paper was not a success in his hands, he had given notice to leave it, and he was forced by others into very sudden action. I dare not say that I should be a better man under the circumstances, and therefore I cannot condemn Talmage. What the other defenses may be I cannot say, for I have not yet read them. I instinctively go over to the side of the man who is accused. I have always done this, and I hope always to do so. I hate the accusatory spirit; it is devil-born, and infinitely detestable. At the same time I like to get at the reality of the case, and have the full consent of my own mind in giving any man my support. Possibly I may return to the subject next week; meanwhile, I vote that the first charge is not sufficiently sustained.

“JOSEPH PARKER.

“City Temple.”

With this we must now take leave of this remarkable trial. Of one thing we have no doubt, that whatever errors of judgment Dr. Talmage may have committed—and we neither believe in his infallibility nor that of his accusers—public confidence in the general integrity of his heart and life will remain undisturbed. And we are perfectly sure we express the wishes of tens of thousands of Christians of all denominations and in all lands, when we pray that this trial, sharp and painful as it has been to Dr. Talmage, may be sanctified to prepare him for far greater, wider, and higher usefulness, to the glory of God.

## CHAPTER XI.

DR. TALMAGE'S VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1879—DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA, MAY 28, 1879.

THE intense excitement created in Brooklyn by the announcement that Dr. Talmage, Mrs. Talmage, and Miss Jessie Talmage would visit England, found its outlet in the following manner. Arrangements were made to freight the palatial steamer, "Grand Republic," to convey over three thousand people, members and other friends, so far as Sandy Hook, to bid them good-bye. The vessel was gaily decked with flags from stem to stern. Among the friends on board the "Grand Republic" were Revs. E. S. Porter, J. W. Williamson, C. N. Sims, B. G. Benedict, J. S. Davison, B. B. Brake, O. S. St. John, A. Taylor, T. Evans, J. A. Baldwin, G. C. Lucas, L. Parker, and L. Gilbert. In attendance also, were Mayor Howell, Aldermen French and Aitken, ex-Mayor Hunter, City Treasurer Mr. Little, Justice Bloom, Assessor Norton, Police Commissioner Jourdan, the United States District Attorney, A. W. Tenney, Messrs. Selmes, Low, Hendris, Britton, Skidmore, McNeil, Powell, Beeke, Fairfield, Lane, Voorhees, Martin, Brockarday, Quimby, Pierson, Van Benchoston, Jones, Smith, Winslow, Jardine, Masters, Miles, Temple, Quackenboss, Adams; Professors West, Dutcher, Arbuckle, Crittenden, &c. Music by Wernig's 23d Regiment Band, was played in stirring airs from the Tabernacle "collection." Under the pilotage of Major Corwin, Dr. Talmage passed through crowds of people to Jewell's dock, and punctually at 9 A. M. found

himself in the midst of over three thousand friends and members of his church. A large number of the Presbyterian clergy, and of other denominations, were on board to express their best wishes for Dr. Talmage and family. The "Grand Republic" then swung off into the stream, amid a chorus of music and steam-whistles, followed by a volley of cheers which rang over the water in the steamer's wake. A rapid run was made to the Battery, Pier 40, North River, where the magnificent "Gallia," of the Cunard line lay swarming with passengers and their friends. Here another volley of cheers went up, as Dr. Talmage and his family stepped upon the deck. They immediately took their station on the quarter-deck of the "Gallia," and waved their farewells. Cheer after cheer was given by the Tabernacle people, as their boat hauled out into the stream, the band playing "Sweet By-and-By." About 11 A. M. the Cunarder steamed rapidly seaward, followed sharply by the "Grand Republic." Soon both vessels were off Staten Island, when the "Grand Republic" steered alongside the "Gallia," and the band played another lively air. This brought Dr. Talmage and family again on deck, who waved their handkerchiefs, as the great vessel swept out to sea. Both vessels having passed the Narrows, and out into the lower bay, the passengers of the "Gallia" were thrilled by the prolonged cheers of "the Tabernacle excursionists," and were themselves prompted to throng the port gunwale, and return the cheers. From the "Grand Republic" Mr. Arbuckle, of the Tabernacle, with his silver trumpet, sent the strains of the Doxology after the Doctor, the regimental band furnished the accompaniment, and then the company of three thousand lifted their voices, and gave the last "Farewell!" This was overwhelming to the Doctor; but quickly putting his hands to his mouth, he shouted a last

"Good-bye, God bless you!" Several hundred yards separated these vessels, yet his words fell upon all ears with a startling distinctness. The "Grand Republic" then headed for New York, and the magnificent "Gallia" made a rapid and splendid voyage to England.

#### THE "GALLIA" OFF QUEENSTOWN.

On May 15 we received a cable telegram announcing Dr. Talmage's intended visit to England, and immediately made arrangements to meet and welcome him off Queenstown. By the courtesy of the famous Cunard Company's agents, Messrs. D. & C. McIver, the necessary documents were completed for our transit by the steam-tender, which would be sent out to receive the mails from the "Gallia" in mid-ocean. After a stormy passage of several hours, the steam-tender bravely accomplished her task, and we were duly landed on board. The Doctor and his family had retired to rest, having given up all hope of the steam-tender reaching the "Gallia." The surprise was great when we were announced, and a cordial greeting followed. Arriving safely in Liverpool, we accompanied the distinguished visitors to London, where the journey was safely completed on Saturday, June 7, at 2:30 P. M.

#### IN ENGLAND.

On Sunday, June 8, Dr. Talmage twice attended the services at Westminster Abbey to hear Canon Farrar (author of the "Life of Christ") and the famous Dean Stanley. In the evening he worshiped with the largest regular congregation in England at Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle, and had the gratification of shaking hands with the pastor at the close of the service.

We have pleasure in reprinting an article which appeared

in the "Liverpool Protestant Standard," under date June 14, 1879:

LANDING OF THE REV. DR. TALMAGE.

"The great Talmage of America landed in Liverpool on last Saturday, and after a brief stay journeyed on to London. This eminent divine and Christian warrior has of late months been made the target for abuse and vituperation from men whose chief characteristics are composed of envy, jealousy, and wind. The accusations which these men brought against Dr. Talmage were almost too silly and absurd to command attention at all; but as the wisest of men suggested that there are times when even fools should be answered according to their folly lest they be wise in their own conceit, we suppose that it was considered necessary that the accusers of Dr. Talmage should have a grand and unrestricted opportunity of making their folly known to all men. And in this not very enviable particular they have been most eminently successful; and so it happens that Dr. Talmage instead of being crushed by his despicable persecutors has risen higher and higher in the estimation of all good, true and noble men, while his traducers are sinking lower and lower into the pit of unutterable yet well-merited contempt. For our part we have never at any time considered that Dr. Talmage or his character needed one word of defense from the pen of any writer. The mighty work which he has accomplished through his heart-stirring sermons proclaims him to be a man sent of God. No one pulpit orator of modern times, that we know of, has more vigorously, bravely, and valiantly attacked sin and evil in every shape and form than Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn. Under his scathing denunciations of vice and iniquity he has caused the devil

to roar with rage and his satellites to gnash their teeth with pain. No wonder was it that the spirits of demonism both in and out of the flesh combined together in order to try to accomplish the ruin of so great and such an uncompromising enemy of the kingdom of darkness. To blast the reputation of Talmage meant Satanic triumphs at which all hell would rejoice. Did not Dr. Talmage fearlessly attack official corruption in high quarters? Did he not stand up as the champion of the Bible in the public schools when its enemies tried to shut it out from the educational department? Did he not openly expose the vices of wealthy profligates who reveled in lust and unholy pleasures in the gilded palaces of debauchery of Brooklyn and New York cities? Did he not proclaim with apostolic earnestness and zeal a free and full salvation for every repentant sinner who sought pardon and forgiveness through the all-sufficient merits of the blood of Christ? Has he not charmed tens of thousands of young men and young women throughout the length and breadth of America, and also in the fatherland, by his sermons, and won them over from the follies of low, grovelling pursuits to the higher platform of noble thoughts and actions? Having done then so many things to ameliorate the condition of humanity and to make the world wiser and better, brighter and happier, it becomes a matter of no wonder that a special legion of unclean and calumniating spirits were let loose against him—for surely the Prince of the power of the air which now worketh in the children of disobedience saw that his kingdom and his craft for the destruction of souls was becoming seriously endangered through the merciless onslaughts made upon it by the brave and valiant Talmage. To destroy the reputation of such a man was an object worth struggling for on the part of such a master mind in the realms and literature

of iniquity as that of Beelzebub. But the old serpent, with all his subtility, has again been foiled; and so it has come to pass that Talmage, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego of old, having abided for awhile in the sevenfold-heated furnace into which his enemies cast him, has come out from thence without a single hair of his head singed, nor is there the slightest scorch of the fire to be seen upon him. Well and truly saith the Scripture to all those who fight the Lord's battles: 'Greater is He that is for you than he that is against you.'

WELCOME TO REV. DR. TALMAGE BY REV. DR. DAVIDSON, OF ISLINGTON, AND HIS ELDERS AND DEACONS.

In announcing at the morning service in Colebrooke Row that Dr. Talmage was to occupy his pulpit in the evening, Dr. Thain Davidson said: "De Witt Talmage is certainly a remarkable man, endowed with gifts of an exceptional order. Of his sermons Mr. Spurgeon has said: 'They lay hold of my inmost soul; certainly the Lord is with this mighty man of valor.' I am quite aware that cruel and unkind things have been said of him; eminent men rarely escape the tongue of slander; but, personally, I have entire confidence in Dr. Talmage, and, with the majority of his presbytery, believe him to be innocent of the charges laid against him, and to be a guileless and greatly gifted servant of the Lord."

At a full meeting of the elders and deacons, it was unanimously resolved that Dr. Davidson be requested to assure Dr. Talmage that they heartily united with their pastor in the expression of confidence and regard.

DR. TALMAGE AT THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ISLINGTON.

Dr. Talmage, having been announced to preach his first sermon at Dr. Thain Davidson's church, Colebrooke Row,



Islington, large numbers of people assembled in front of the church at about 5:30 P. M., but the members of the congregation and their friends, who had obtained tickets of admission, entered at the side door. The church rapidly filled, and at 6 o'clock was almost inconveniently crowded. At 6:15, notwithstanding the crowded state of the church, the front doors, at which considerable clamor had for some time been heard, were thrown open, and part of the large crowd, which had by that time assembled, rushed in. Not many minutes elapsed before the edifice was full to overflowing, but the crowd continued to press forward into the aisles and the gallery. Immediately began a scene of confusion and uproar, which we think it is safe to assert has never been seen in this church before; and amidst cries of "No room," "No room," "Crush, crush," "We cannot move here," Dr. Davidson ascended the pulpit and appealed to the people to remember that they were in the house of prayer, and begged them to abstain from unseemly exclamations. The hubbub ceased for a few minutes, but presently recommenced and with the same cries repeated. A gentleman in the gallery was heard to remind the people that they were not in the pit of a theater, but in the house of God.

Dr. Davidson then announced the well-known hymn, commencing "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and said: "Before we sing these words I want to say a word or two in the way of giving a cordial welcome to the distinguished stranger beside me in this pulpit. I have not had the privilege of being a hearer in my own church since the day when my late dear and beloved friend, Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, preached that noble sermon of his which some of you will remember, upon 'walking by faith and not by sight.' I had chanced to remark last Sunday evening that

I had often longed to be a hearer instead of a preacher here, but I had no idea then that I was so soon to have the privilege and the joy of listening to one who, by his inexhaustible originality, his fearless plainness of speech, and his unmatched pictorial power, has not only got around him the largest congregation in America, but has secured in all parts of the world, from week to week, through the press, his hundreds of thousands of interested and profited hearers. Well, speaking for myself, I welcome Dr. Talmage with my whole heart, and feel honored that his first sermon in England should be preached in this pulpit, and not only so, but I may mention to him a gratifying circumstance which occurred to-day. My elders and deacons, at an improvised meeting, unanimously requested me to convey to Dr. Talmage, in their name as well as my own, a cordial and loving welcome. Well, my friends; this is not the largest, but it is one of the oldest of our Presbyterian churches in London. When Dr. Talmage kindly offered to give me the benefit of his first sermon here, I thought it would be selfish to have him here. I pressed upon him and his friends the duty of his going to the Agricultural Hall; but for reasons which I can quite understand, Dr. Talmage desired to spend a quiet evening in London. I am afraid that is a luxury he will hardly have here to-night. Let me say, however, for the consolation of those who are disappointed, that Dr. Talmage has kindly promised me that before he returns to America he will hold an afternoon service at the Agricultural Hall. I may say, in conclusion, that I have very often read his graphic sermons with a feeling of wonder; for, unless it be Dr. Guthrie, I regard my friend beside me as the greatest word-painter the age has produced; and I pray God that, unharmed by the lip of flattery or the tongue of slander, this splendid gift may long be consecrated to the service of his Master."

The text which Dr. Talmage selected on this occasion is found in Rev. vii. 17: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was accustomed to say that he never cared to hear an "unbruised minister," for that it was only those who had passed under the bruising Hand of God that could speak so as to comfort and help troubled minds. We think we could see in the deep and exquisite tenderness, and the far-extending sympathies which, like precious odors, perfumed the sermon on the "tearless world," the benefit and blessing with which God is already sanctifying His servant's troubles to make him not only a Boanerges, "a son of thunder," but a Barnabas also, "a son of consolation." May it be so!

#### THE TESTIMONY OF AN AMERICAN JOURNAL.

The following remarks concerning Dr. Talmage recently appeared in a first-class American journal:

"No other preacher addresses so many constantly. The words of no other preacher were ever before carried by so many types, or carried so far. Types give him three continents for a church, and the English-speaking world for a congregation. The judgment of his generation will, of course, be divided upon him, just as that of the next will not. That he is a topic in every newspaper, is much more significant than the fact of what treatment it gives him. Only men of genius are universally commented on. The universality of the comment makes friends and foes alike prove the fact of the genius. That is what is impressive. As for the quality of the comment, it will, in nine cases out of ten, be much more a revelation of the character behind the pen which writes it than a true view or review of the man. This is necessarily so.

The press and the pulpit in the main are defective judges of one another. The former rarely enters the inside of the latter's work. There is acquaintanceship, but not intimacy between them. Journals find out the fact of a preacher's power in time. Then they go looking for the causes. Long before, however, the masses have felt the causes and have realized, not merely discovered, the fact. The penalty of being the leader of great masses has, from Whitfield and Wesley to Spurgeon and Talmage, been to serve as the target for small wits. Their attacks confirm a man's right to respect and reputation, and are a proof of his influence and greatness. It can be truly said that while secular criticisms in the United States favorably regard our subject in proportion to its intelligence and uprightness, the judgment of foreigners on him has long been an index to the judgment of posterity here. No other American is read so much and so constantly abroad. His extraordinary imagination, earnestness, descriptive powers and humor, his great art in grouping and arrangement, his wonderful mastery of words to illumine and alleviate human conditions, and to interpret and inspire the harmonies of the better nature, are appreciated by all who can put themselves in sympathy with his originality of methods and his high consecration of purpose. His manner mates with his nature. It is each sermon in action. He presses the eyes, hands, his entire body, into the service of the illustrative truth. Gestures are the accompaniment of what he says. As he stands out before the immense throng, without a scrap of notes or manuscript before him, the effect produced cannot be understood by those who have never seen it. The solemnity, the tears, the awful hush, as though the audience could not breathe again, are oftentimes painful.

His voice is peculiar, not musical, but productive of startling, strong effects, such as characterize no preacher on either side of the Atlantic. His power to grapple an audience and master it from text to peroration has no equal. No man was ever less self-conscious in his work. He feels a mission of evangelization on him as by the imposition of the Supreme. That mission he responds to by doing the duty that is nearest to him with all his might—as confident that he is under the care and order of a Divine Master as those who hear him are that they are under the spell of the greatest prose-poet that ever made the Gospel his song and the redemption of the race the passion of his heart.”

An English correspondent, who recently heard Dr. Talmage in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, writes as follows:

“I worshiped in the Tabernacle on the Sabbath. It was only by sending my card to an acquaintance that we obtained seats. Hundreds went away who could not obtain standing room. The throng packed into the great church was estimated at about 6,000. The singing was congregational, and as good as any heard in the Moody Tabernacle in Chicago. The Scripture reading, the praise, the sermon were all delightful. Every utterance of the preacher is evangelical, the pure old Gospel, comforting to saints, full of warning to sinners. No effort was made to touch the sensibilities, and yet I saw tears on many strong faces. This is the Gospel of our fathers. It is the Gospel of our Church. It is the Gospel of our Blessed God. Why should not Satan seek the destruction of such a far-reaching instrumentality of the truth as it is in Jesus?”

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE WELCOME HOME.

Brooklyn's welcome to Dr. Talmage was tendered on the evening of October third, 1879, at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. It was a great demonstration and showed the high estimation and love in which the celebrated preacher is held, not only by his own flock, but by the people generally. The Tabernacle never contained a more magnificent audience. There were between five and six thousand persons present, fully one-half of whom were ladies. It was an assemblage representing the wealth, the culture and the best people of Brooklyn. The professions were largely represented. In point of enthusiasm, the occasion has had but few equals in this city; the audience appeared to be fairly carried away by their feelings, and applauded the sentiments of the preacher, and the various other speakers, to the echo.

Skillful hands had decorated the interior of the Tabernacle with flowers and bunting. A floral bulwark had been erected about the platform, and from it depended curling vines. Fronting the great organ pipes was a crayon portrait of Dr. Talmage, executed and presented by Mr. E. H. Hart, of Philadelphia, and directly under it was the floral legend "Welcome." The same word appeared on numerous pillows of flowers about the platform.

Surmounting the frame work of the organ a star of gas jets blazed forth, and about half way down the front of the instrument, in letters of fire, shone the words "Glory to God." American and British flags, intertwined, helped also

to set off the organ front. Facing the gallery, all around, were Sunday-school banners and flowers in great profusion, and the atmosphere of the room was redolent with the perfume of the choicest products of the conservatory.

Excellent arrangements had been made to receive the people. Long before seven o'clock a great crowd assembled on Schermerhorn street, near the church, awaiting an opportunity to enter. Only those who had tickets were admitted up to half-past seven o'clock, and at that hour nearly every seat in the house was occupied. At a quarter to eight o'clock the doors were opened to all, and within five minutes every inch of standing room was filled, while the street was thronged by those unable to get inside.

On the platform were United States District Attorney A. W. Tenney, the Chairman of the evening. Mayor Howell sat at his left and Rev. Dr. Farley on his right. Sitting on either side of them were ex-Mayors Hunter and Schroeder, Judge Neilson, of the City Court; Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, of the St. John's M. E. Church; Rev. Dr. Lansing, Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter, Bernard Peters, ex-District Attorney Winslow, Commodore Nicholson, Captain Andrews, of the steamship Erin; John Williams and others. Scattered through the house were noticed numerous well known citizens, including Hon. Henry C. Murphy, Dr. Joseph C. Hutchinson, Rev. Dr. Spear, Superintendent Police Campbell, ex-Superintendent Folk, Dr. H. A. Tucker, Frederick Baker, J. B. Hutchinson, Isaac Hall, N. L. Munro, Major Culyer and many others.

Mr. Powell, the assistant organist, played a voluntary and filled in the time till eight o'clock, when Mr. George W. Morgan took his seat at the big organ and began to play "Home, Sweet Home," Professor Peter Ali, cornetist, accompanying him.

At that moment there was a movement in the back part of the house, and Dr. Talmage was observed making his way down the aisle leading to the platform. He was escorted by Dr. Tucker on his right and Mr. O. H. Frankenberg on his left.

The audience arose, and amid a storm of applause Dr. Talmage passed down the aisle, ascended the platform, shook hands with each gentleman there and then took a seat on the right of Mr. Tenney. The applause was renewed and the enthusiasm increased. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs and clapped their gloved and jeweled hands, and the gentlemen stamped and caned the floor, until it seemed as if the building shook. Dr. Talmage looked on with evident pleasure.

#### THE PROCEEDINGS.

Quiet having at length been restored, the Chairman opened the proceedings. At his request the audience united in singing the song of welcome to the pastor, and they sang it with a will, Mr. Morgan playing the accompaniment, and Professor Ali leading with his cornet.

Rev. Dr. Farley offered up a fervent prayer and Mrs. Evelyn Lyon Hegeman sang in her usual artistic style, "Thy People Shall be My People," from Ruth and Naomi. She responded to an *encore* with "The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me is Home, Sweet Home." The applause was great and Mr. Talmage joined in it heartily.

The Chairman announced that letters had been received from a large number of gentlemen, who had been invited to be present, regretting their inability to attend and congratulating Dr. Talmage upon his success and his safe return. Among those who sent letters were: Rev. Dr. Rockwell, Rev. George E. Read, Rev. C. C. Hall, Rev. J. M.



Buckley, D.D., Rev. F. N. Zabriski, S.O., Rev. O. S. St. John, Rev. Joseph Demarest, D.D., J. J. Henry, Hon. S. B. Chittenden, Rev. U. D. Gulick, Rev. W. A. Leonard, Rev. F. Peck, and many others.

The Chairman introduced as the first speaker of the evening, Mr. Bernard Peters, editor of the "Brooklyn Times." Mr. Peters was received with applause, and in the course of his speech said that Dr. Talmage was the Cæsar of the occasion, but he differed from the Roman in that his enemies had stabbed but could not kill him.

Rev. Dr. Lansing, Rev. J. O. Peck, ex-District Attorney Winslow, and Rev. Dr. Ingersoll, each delivered brief, appropriate addresses assuring the Doctor of the high place he held in the estimation of good people.

Miss Gracie Wattles, one of the scholars of the Sunday-school, then delivered the following welcome poem:

Oft before our Heavenly Father  
 Have Thy people bowed in prayer;  
 Prayed that He would guide and guard thee,  
 Keep thee safe, with tenderest care.  
 God has answered—we behold thee,  
 Perils threatened thee in vain.  
 Now our hearts and arms enfold thee;  
 Welcome to thy home again.

Welcome to thy holy calling,  
 To the path thou long hast trod,  
 Welcome, teacher, friend and pastor;  
 Welcome, messenger of God.  
 And when o'er death's swollen river  
 All thy flock have safely passed,  
 May we all, with joy forever,  
 Welcomed be in Heaven at last.

A. W. Tenney, United States District Attorney, then spoke as follows;

## SPEECH OF A. W. TENNEY.

*Ladies and Gentlemen*—The Committee of Arrangements have announced upon the programme that at this stage of the proceedings an address of welcome would be delivered by the Chairman. You can hardly expect any extended remarks from me after the interesting addresses which have already been made, the songs that have been sung and the sweet poem of welcome which has just been so exquisitely rendered by the little girl orator of the Sunday-school of this church. Indeed, no words of mine are necessary to fittingly welcome Dr. Talmage and his honored wife ‘home again.’

“It is this magnificent audience of five thousand and more; it is the thronged streets around and about this church; it is the Christian households and family altars of this great city that welcome them back to Brooklyn and to the holy services of this church. Yea, more, it is the Christian men and women of this entire land who bid them welcome to-night, and with their welcome they mingle their thanksgivings to Almighty God, who held the wind and the waves in His hands, who stayed calamity and stopped disaster, and made it possible for them and theirs to journey the land and the sea unharmed, and after many days to return with renewed vigor and health to the scenes of their labors and the kindly greeting of friends and the loved ones at home.

“And the question naturally arises, why is it that this royal welcome is tendered to Dr. Talmage to-night? Why do we welcome him back to this church where he has preached so long and with such signal success, and to this platform, where, by divine appointment, he has a better right to stand than you or I?

“It is not because he is a citizen of Brooklyn merely.

It is not because of his magnificent and unprecedented reception by all classes of people in England, in Ireland, in Scotland and Wales. It is not because his recent visit to European shores had added new lustre to the American name. But it is because we with whom he lives, his neighbors and his friends, who have watched his coming in and going out among us for these many years, know full well what manner of man he is. It is because we, who have felt the sunshine of his life upon our own, know what a faithful and sincere minister of Christ he is, and we come here tonight in these mighty numbers to say to him, 'Welcome,' and 'Well done.'

"We know, better than strangers know, how he has wrought for good in our midst. We know better than they what has been the work of his hand and brain for the last ten years. We know what battles he has fought and what victories he has won. We know, too, that other sublime fact, that Dr. Talmage is one of those ministers who believes in something, and who is brave enough and man enough to preach what he believes without first asking permission of the presbyteries or consociations. Yea, more, and what is even better, we know that he vitalizes, day by day, his precepts and belief into generous acts and friendly deeds.

"The Brooklyn Tabernacle has long been famed as a sort of ecclesiastical shooting gallery, where sin, with all its armor on, has been pierced to its very center, no matter whether it was the gilded sin of the palace or the wretched sin of the hovel. In such a conflict as this, and with such such an experienced archer as he, is it any wonder that somebody has been hit? And is it any wonder, too, that the wounded and the routed should sting and snarl and bite the dust.

“Said one of the most gifted men of our times, ‘If you would know how grand a blow you have struck for any course, mark its rebound.’ If you would know, my countrymen, what kind of blows Dr. Talmage has struck for God and man, for truth and the right, for law and order, for good government and good society, mark the rebound of his critics and defamers.

“Dr. Talmage, however cordial may have been your welcome in foreign lands, for which we, your friends, are justly proud, and to those who tendered you the same we here and now give them grateful thanks. Nevertheless, let me assure you that none of these welcomes were more generous and sincere than the one which it is our high privilege to tender you to-night. And let me assure you, furthermore, that this greeting is not tendered you by your church and congregation alone.

“It is true they are here in goodly numbers, anxiously waiting to greet you one by one. But this is Brooklyn’s welcome, and I pray you receive it as such. Here are assembled the men and women of this great city, without regard to creed, sect or church affiliations. Here are the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists, the Baptists and the Unitarians, the Methodists and the Episcopalians, each mingling their congratulations with the other as they unitedly welcome you back to the land of your birth and the city of your choice.

“In the name, then, of your church and congregation, in the name of all the people of all the city, I congratulate you upon your auspicious journey and happy return, and I now welcome you, with all the enthusiasm this hour inspires, to our hearts and to our homes, to our friendship and to our love; but above all, I welcome you to the sacred service of our Lord and Master, whom you have so faithfully served

in the years that are gone. And may this greeting, so generous, so hearty and so sincere, arch the future of your life with courage, with hope and with cheer, as you go forth battling for the welfare of the race.

“And now, ladies and gentlemen, recognizing how expectant you are, and not desiring to detain you any longer, I have the extreme delight of introducing to you the guest of the evening, the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the servant of God and the friend of mankind, the Rev. Dr. Talmage.”

As Doctor Talmage came forward, the audience rose at once, men and women clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs and fans. He was visibly affected by the demonstration. The applause continued for fully a minute, and when quiet had been restored, the doctor spoke as follows:

#### REMARKS OF MR. TALMAGE.

“My good friends, you have made this the happiest hour of my life. To my dying day I shall not forget this scene. The shout of farewell at Sandy Hook on May 28th, as our ships parted, has its echo in this magnificent reception. I feel altogether unworthy. It is only by extreme effort that I have come to the mastery of my emotion. I do not so much give you my thanks as give you myself, to be your servant for Jesus’ sake.

“When I see on this platform and around it the leading men in the legal, the medical, the literary, the clerical professions, men mighty in church and State; our Mayor, whom I thank God has been so far restored unto health as to be present to-night; our ex-Mayors Hunter and Schroeder, each one of them having lifted one layer in the wall of our municipal prosperity; our Judge Neilson, honored on

both sides for the manner in which he has worn the ermine; this great array of Christian clergymen, as kind and genial and talented and consecrated as any men who ever adorned the American pulpit, and this great throng of men and women, through whose prayers to Almighty God we safely crossed the stormy sea—when I consider all this, I feel that any attempt to make adequate expression of my gratitude must be a failure.

“Oh, this occasion ought to make me an humbler and better man. If ever in some weak moment of my life I should try to build on this platform a sectarian wall to shut out those who do not happen to think as I do, the memory of this great catholic scene would stop the erection of that wall and the Calvinists would push it roughly on one side, and the Armenians would push it roughly on the other side, and the Episcopacy would rock it one way, and the non-Episcopacy would rock it the other way, while the Baptist brethren would pull away the floor which covers the baptistry under this pulpit, and tumble the whole thing into the water.

“The sentiment which has been growing in my heart for many years has climacterated to-night in the feeling that any man’s theology is good enough for me, if he loves God and does his level best; and if ever in any weak moment of my life I should bethink myself the servant of only this individual church, then the memory of this congregation, made up from all denominations, and from all reforms, and from all charitable institutions which are in our city—eyes to the blind and feet to the lame and mothers to the orphans—the memory of this scene would send me out rebuked to say, ‘Wherever I can be of any help, with voice, or hand, or pen, I must be busy; by the memory of that scene in October, 1879, I must be the servant of the city.’

“Well, my friends, how have you been this summer? I feel almost like saying, as that monarch of Irish orators, Daniel O’Connell, said when he arose to address an audience in Dublin, ‘How are you boys, and how are the women who own you?’

“It would not be in good taste for me to rehearse the scenes of welcome through which I have passed. When I look into your faces to-night, I remember that the most of you are the descendants of ancestors on the other side the sea, and I bring you the greeting of your English, Scotch and Irish cousins and brothers. Yea, I bring a flower from the graves of your dead, oh ye descendants of the English Reformers, and of the Scotch Covenanters, and of the Irishmen who fought for Catholic emancipation. The land of Robert Emmet and Edmund Burke and Tom Moore! Beautiful Ireland! Beautiful Ireland! Adorned with silver necklace of Killarney Lakes, her brow crowned with the Giant’s Causeway. May the blood, the martyr blood of two hundred years move the heart of God for the quick deliverance of Ireland, and then the poetic prophecy shall be fulfilled in regard to her:

—“‘Great glorious and free,  
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.’

“I brought a great many messages. One of the first citizens of Belfast said to me: ‘My name is Patrick Campbell; when you see Patrick Campbell in Brooklyn give him my love.’ There he is. (Mr. Talmage pointed directly at Superintendent of Police Patrick Campbell, who sat in the audience, while the people laughed and applauded.) He said he wanted you to write to him sometimes. Well, then, there is Scotland, glorious Scotland. Other lands squeeze out now and then a poet, or a painter, or an orator, or a preacher; but Scotland, without any effort, turns out

Hugh Miller and Christopher North and James Simpson and Sir William Hamilton and John Knox, without half trying. Why, if you turn over a stone among the highlands of Scotland, you almost expect to see a Roderick Dhu bound out from under it.

“And then you ought to feel how a Scotchman, a genuine Scotchman, shakes hands. He just takes your hand and lays it across the palm of his hand, and then closes the fingers from one way, and then closes the thumb from the other way and puts on your hand the pressure of a great heart until your knuckles fairly crack, and then he gives you the up and down motion with the force of a steam-boat walking beam. When a Scotchman shakes hands with you in Glasgow or Edinburgh, you know he wants to see you and is glad to see you. There is England! the great factory of the world! Smoke stacks, the organ pipes through which roll forth the grand march of the world’s industries, while innumerable hammers beat time. And you run up to Nottingham and see the witchery of the lace they make there. And you run up to Henley and see the wonderful pottery, the brightest pictures of the world inwrought into the plate and the vase and the mantels. And you go to Sheffield and see the poetry of steel, Mr. Rodgers’ great establishment, where he turns the trunks of four hundred elephants, every year, into the handles of knives, so that if you happen to lose your baggage on the way to Sheffield, you are very much in sympathy with those elephants that lose their trunks. And then you go over to Luton and see them making straw hats. And then you go to Birmingham and see the exquisite toys they manufacture.

“And then you go to Brighton, that wonderful English watering place, from which our coming queen of Ameri-



can watering places has borrowed its name. And then you go to Torquay, where the princely and lordly men of England go to bathe off their rheumatism. And then you go to Rochdale to see the best friend of America in England—friend in war as well as friend in peace—gray-headed, big-hearted, trumpet-tongued John Bright.

“But I don’t care where you go in England, you get a message for America, a message of kindness. In the cities where I had the honor to speak, the presiding officer always sent his love to America, and I am here to-night to deliver that message, and in this, my first public utterance; and with my head still dizzy from the tossing of the sea, put your hand in their hand, and in the name of God declare the bans of an eternal marriage between England and the United States.

“‘What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.’ There can be no division between England and America until we can successfully divide Shakspeare’s tragedies, and Milton’s ‘Paradise Lost,’ and John Wesley’s grave, and Wickcliffe’s Bible, and the archangel’s robe of a Christian resurrection. By all that is sacred in the cause of God and suffering humanity these two nations must go shoulder to shoulder, the two flags hang side by side, as to-night in this Tabernacle, marching on, no flag higher than those two flags, save the blood-stained banner of the cross over all, and let that wave over all other ensigns. Well, though I have gone through a great many of the cities, the city that lies nearest my heart is a city, which if I should write it on paper, I should have to begin with the letter B.

“I can hardly tell you how I felt last Tuesday night when the ‘Bothnia’ came up through the Narrows, and on one side of us we had the Sandy Hook Lighthouse and on

the other side we had the rows of lamps of the Brighton and Manhattan Beach, and then my imagination looked further, and I saw the bright homes of Brooklyn, where there were so many friends waiting for us—friends with whom we hope to live and hope to die. And then on the right of us there lay beautiful Greenwood in the soft moonlight, the place where you and I expect to lie down for cool and refreshing slumber when the hard work of all our occupations and professions is ended forever. And then when the 'Bothnia' dropped anchor at quarantine and we were waiting for the morning, two boats came, one bearing a jolly committee from this church, to take me off and bring me ashore; the other steamer bringing the Government officers to take the European mails, and bringing to us the dear reporters.

"What a stupid world this would be without reporters. Some of my friends are as afraid as death of reporters. I don't know why they should be afraid of them. They hover over us by day, and they watch our steps by night. There is no enterprise in all the earth among the newspaper press like the enterprise of the American press. On Monday morning you open the papers in London, and though the day before there were five hundred powerful sermons preached, you will not see a sketch of any of them. And then, the much criticised art of interviewing is purely American. The Scotch and Irish and English reporter never gets much nearer a speaker than the reporters' desk, and has no opportunity to ask questions, while the American reporter comes up and surrounds him, covers him with affability, and cuts him off where he is too long, and stretches him out where he is too short, and sticks him with a pin if he is too windy. Oh, blessed be the reporters! When, on Tuesday night, eight or ten of them came on the 'Bothnia,' I

folded my hands and said, 'Home at last.' Oh, how good it is, my friends, to look into your faces. I heard it was said on this side of the water that I was having so good a time abroad I would not come back. Why, that would be as absurd as to think that because a man went to an evening party and had a good time with creams and almond nuts and pickled oysters, that therefore, at the close of the entertainment, he should go up to the host and say: 'My dear sir, I have enjoyed myself so much to-night I think I shall spend the rest of my life with you!'

"While there are many things on the other side of the water I like better than on this side of the water, there are more things on this side of the water I like better than on the other side of the water; and I hope I have come home in the highest style, in what might be called the highest style—a democrat. By that I don't mean I am always going to vote the Democratic ticket. It will always depend upon which are the best men that the parties put up who we will vote for.

"I received many messages from the other side of the water I was to bring here. I have not time now to deliver them. I will simply say I invited all the English people to come to America and see us, and I told them all to come to my house, but I warned them not to come all at once. Oh, my friends, we want to swing wide open the gates of this continent. Whether emigration to this country is helpful or damaging, all depends upon the kind of men and women that come.

"The more good men and women you can get from England, Ireland and Scotland to come to this country, the better, and I have just now to tell you in my closing remarks that there are tens of thousands of the best of Englishmen who are ready to embark for America, and they are

coming. We had a large number of them on the 'Bothnia!' Let them come. Let us swing wider open the gates of our continent. Let us remember that the coming American is to be an admixture of all foreign bloods.

"In about twenty-five or fifty years the model American will step forth. He will have the strong brain of the German, the polished manners of the French, the artistic taste of the Italian, the staunch heart of the English, the high-toned piety of the Scotch, the lightning wit of the Irish, and when he steps forth, bone, muscle, nerve, brain intertwined with the fibers of all nationalities, heaven and earth will break out in the cry, 'Behold the man! behold the American!'"

The Chairman then announced that the proceedings would be brought to a close with the benediction by Rev. Hugh Smith Carpenter. Dr. Carpenter pronounced the benediction, and the vast audience began to disperse. Dr. Talmage took up a position in the centre aisle, and shook hands with hundreds of the people as they passed out. It was nearly eleven o'clock before all had departed, and the memorable reception was at an end.

## CHAPTER XIII.

PHRENOLOGICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE REV. DR. TALMAGE,  
BY PROF. L. N. FOWLER.

PROFESSOR FOWLER, the eminent phrenologist, has just furnished us with the following delineation of Dr. Talmage's character, which will, we doubt not, greatly interest the readers of his life. Based upon most careful examination and scientific induction, it supplies a key to the mental and moral constitution of the great preacher, and throws much light upon his ministry and life.

"The organization of Dr. Talmage is most marked, mentally and physically. Physiologically he is tall, spare and angular, having a predominance of the muscular, osseous and nervous systems. Though he has good lung-power and fair circulation, yet his ability to generate vitality is not equal to his inclination to work it off.

"He is indebted to a powerful hereditary constitution for his ability to endure so much labor; all his vital forces are very active, hence he recruits quickly when exhausted and recovers speedily when ill, especially if he can secure plenty of fresh air. He has all the machinery for working, and is never more in his element than when his hands are full of work. When he can have his own way and follow his own plans, he labors with great ease and without friction.

"His brain is somewhat above the average in size, which gives strength and comprehensiveness of mind, but is not so large as to be cumbersome or unwieldy. Having an abundance of both nerve and muscle, he is vigorous and

positive in all his mental and physical operations. His head is peculiar in shape, being unusually high and very largely developed in the crown and top portions. It is rather long and quite narrow.

“The executive forces of his mind are Combativeness, Self-esteem and Firmness, all of which are very large. He is never more in his element than when difficulties are to be overcome. Opposition is only so much fuel to the fire and keeps him going. He has great power in debate, criticism and sarcasm. He has perfect self-reliance, independence, consciousness of his own ability and willingness to take all the responsibilities of his own life and actions on himself. He has perfect presence of mind in times of danger, and can control himself better than most men. He is very determined in his mental operations, and it is next to impossible for him to give up any course of life he has resolved to pursue. This power of will is so great as to influence his entire life. He has a very warm, social nature; all the loves amply developed, can enjoy married life highly, and takes a deep interest in children. He is almost extravagant in his affections, and will stand by his friends or principles to the last.

“Few are prepared to make so many sacrifices for the sake of friends or objects of attachment as he is. He is remarkably domestic, and finds it difficult to change his homes, habits or uniform ways of doing things.

“Continuity is unusually large, giving connectedness to thought and disposing him to carry out his ideas to the ultimate and to make the most of them. He is in danger of being absent-minded. The motional part of his nature comes from Hope, Spirituality and Veneration, which are all large. He is extravagant in his expectations, delights to dwell on the future, has no desire to look back, but is

always looking forward, planning ahead, and has an amount of enterprise equal to the largest operations. He is liable to project too large plans, and to be too sanguine and to expect too much. He never is so thoroughly disappointed as to give up. If he should fail, he would only start again with more zeal and vigor than he had at first. Spirituality is large, which helps to expand his thoughts and feelings. He has, as it were, a third eye, and that a spiritual one. He possesses uncommon ability to represent his thoughts in a peculiarly spiritual style, and to enlarge upon his thoughts and feelings, and present his subject in all its bearings. Frequently when it is time to stop speaking or writing he has more to say than when he commenced.

“He has much to think of and entertain himself with when all alone.

“His faith in a spiritual life and existence is very great; and this, joined to his large Veneration, gives an elevated tone to his mind, which carries him far above the ordinary range of mental action.

“With such a cast of mind, devoted to the subject of religion, he would be as familiar with all spiritual subjects and with thoughts about the Deity, and a future life, as another man would be with common affairs in active business.

“Benevolence and Conscientiousness are both large. He has a desire to dwell on the right and wrong of subjects, and bears down hard on all forms of injustice; yet Benevolence gives a mellow and gentle tone to his mind, inclining him to sympathize with all kinds of misery, want, and infirmity. It is no effort for him to make personal sacrifices, to relieve the needy, and his sympathies will be extended to all classes who deserve them. Ideality and Sublimity are both large, giving expansiveness to his mind, and en-

abling him to magnify and embellish, and even to use the most extravagant language to present his thoughts and feelings. Sublimity is specially large, which leads him to contemplate manifestations of power, and disposes him to dwell with delight on the Divine attributes. He would enjoy seeing an active volcano or an earthquake, or any awful phenomena of nature. Constructiveness being large, enables him to present his ideas in a varied form, and to show skill and ingenuity in making new arrangements and turning all his forces to the best account.

“Imitation helps him to adapt himself to any condition in which he may be placed. Mirthfulness is large, giving him a keen perception of the witty. He can present his ideas in the most concentrated, mirthful and ludicrous form, or reason in such a way as to present the subject in the most absurd light.

“All his perceptive faculties are large, and hence he quickly observes all that is taking place around him. He recognizes forms, faces, proportions and the fitness and adaptation of parts, and has a good mechanical and architectural eye.

“He loves color in flowers, scenery, dress, decoration, and admires physical and artistic beauty.

“Order and Calculation are large. He works by rule, and must have everything done according to some plan; hence he can do more work than many, because his plans are all laid down before he commences operations. He remembers places accurately, and can describe them correctly; has a good general memory of events, historical facts, stories and illustrations, but memory of these things is greatly aided by his very large Comparison. He has quite an accurate sense of punctuality, and knows how to use every minute of time and how to make the most of it.



“He is disposed to keep time in music and step in walking.

“Language is rather large, but is scarcely equal to his mental conceptions. When fairly roused up to a subject, he may show no want of language, but usually he has much more thought and feeling than command of language. This faculty, however, is greatly aided by his having but little restraining power and a great amount of expansiveness of mind, which gives liberty both of thought and expression.

“Casualty is fully and definitely developed, enabling him to comprehend principles and lay foundations for argument; but his great intellectual power is Comparison, giving discrimination and capacity to contrast one thing with another. This faculty, joined to Ideality and Spirituality, enables him to fully present a subject, and to render it clear and distinct to his hearers.

“He delights to have everything fitted to its place, everything handy and convenient, and he has great availability of intellect.

“He can use his knowledge to the best advantage. Intuition is very large; he has great penetration, correctly understands the workings of the mind, and loves to study simple truth. He is continually looking forward to the future, to know what is true connected with the Divine mind.

“He has the peculiar power of expanding thought and feeling, or concentrating and condensing, so that the same idea can be enlarged into a long discourse or condensed into a short one. Cautiousness is large, giving a due degree of forethought, general prudence, and power to keep out of real difficulty, but it is not large enough to give timidity or irresolution. He may seem to be severe under the influence of Combativeness and Destructiveness, or to be too

dictatorial and determined under the influence of Self-esteem and Firmness. Yet Destructiveness is not large; he is not cruel or revengeful, does not harbor hard feelings, and would scarcely punish an enemy if he had him in his hands.

“He is greatly opposed to shedding blood, going to war, or causing unnecessary pain. Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness are small; hence he is wanting in worldly wisdom. He needs money and property to carry out his large operations, and that need may be a powerful stimulant for him to acquire property; but he is not naturally a good financier or manager of money. Secretiveness being rather small, he is inclined to great openness and frankness, and therefore liable to expose himself to unnecessary criticism. He is perfectly frank, candid, and open-hearted, and the opposite to a hypocrite or deceiver. More Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness would help to give a kind of wisdom which would be much to his advantage.

“He has not much of the qualities of Approbativeness and Agreeableness, is no flatterer, and cannot cater or say and do things simply to please. He cares very little about the fashions. He is anxious to have power, and prefers to be respected rather than to be treated with familiarity. More Approbativeness would be of great service by way of giving ease and grace of manner, and a desire to suit himself more to the ways and customs of society.

“As he is now organized, he prefers to stand out alone by himself, and to be unlike anybody else. He has a most remarkable development of brain, and the indications of character are unique and peculiar to himself.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IN THE TABERNACLE'S RUINS—A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE BURNING OF REV. DR. TALMAGE'S CHURCH.

For the second time in its history the Brooklyn Tabernacle was destroyed by fire, on Sunday morning, October 13, 1889, and Rev. Dr. Talmage's vast congregation was again without a place of worship. Notwithstanding this calamity, Dr. Talmage has begun work again and appeals to the people of Christendom to help him build a church still larger and grander than the old Tabernacle.

It was during a heavy rain and wind that the flames swept through the famous structure with a force and headway which not only bade defiance to the best efforts of the valiant firemen, but caused damage to a score of dwellings in the path of the wind. Against great odds and almost insurmountable difficulties, the firemen saved a dozen houses that were blistered by the heat and were the target of giant firebrands and an avalanche of sparks. The occupants of these homes were rudely awakened from their slumbers and forced to flee for safety in the dead of night, in many cases without their clothing. When the dawn lit up the scene only two trembling and tottering walls, that might fall at any moment, and a great heap of charred and smoking ruins remained of what had been one of the most famous churches in the United States.

The fire was discovered soon after 2:30 o'clock in the morning by Policeman Jacob Van Wagoner, who, from his post on Flatbush avenue, saw clouds of smoke and occa-

sional jets of flame breaking through the great cathedral window on the eastern side of the church, near the Third avenue entrance. He ran to the engine-house on State street and gave the alarm; the dents of his club on the heavy door will remain there as long as the engine-house stands. Three minutes later the fire company was laying a line of hose from the nearest hydrant to the burning church. Foreman Dooley saw at a glance that its interior was almost a solid mass of flame, and that the chances of saving it were slim indeed. He ordered Assistant Foreman Frank Duffy to sound a third alarm, and soon fire-engines and hose-carts were clattering into Schermerhorn street from every direction. The rain was pouring down heavily and the work of the firemen was cold and cheerless. Chief Nevins was one of the first to arrive and directed the movements of the men, who soon had a dozen streams of water playing upon the flames.

#### HARD WORK FOR THE FIREMEN.

The Tabernacle stood on the south side of Schermerhorn street, near Third avenue. A stiff breeze blew from the east, driving the intense heat full into the firemen's faces, greatly impeding their work, and rendering their positions in front of the burning structure almost intolerable. Opposite the Third avenue entrance, in front of a newly-finished dwelling, was a large pile of mortar, and the firemen stationed there were only able to hold their ground by standing knee-deep in the mortar, packing it closely about their rubber boots. Meanwhile the fire, the heat of which appeared at that time to be to the right of the nave and around the platform, progressed with great rapidity, until it embraced the library on the right and the lecture-

room on the left. Great tongues of flame leaped upward from the slated roof on all sides, lighting up the dull sky and attracting attention in all parts of Brooklyn. Neither the heavy rain nor the torrents of water from the lines of hose availed to stay the conflagration, and the roof fell in soon after 3 o'clock. It was soon followed by the eastern wall.

Almost from the start the burning Tabernacle was a menace to the homes and safety of the citizens living on either side and across the street. Such of those as were not already aroused were speedily apprised of the impending danger and warned to vacate their houses. The writer, who was on the scene immediately after the alarm was given and before the arrival of the firemen, assisted in the work of awakening the people. In several of the homes there was a short-lived panic. Escape from the front was impossible. Such of the residents as had the temerity to open their front doors were met by a shower of sparks and a heat like that when the door of a red-hot furnace is opened. The exposed woodwork of their homes was scorched and blistered, and nearly every window was broken. In some cases the glass was not knocked out, but shattered and cracked in a thousand closely intersected veins, and almost fused by the terrible heat.

#### FIRE IN THE NEIGHBORING HOUSES.

About 3:30 o'clock the houses on each side of the church were also in flames. Those on the opposite side were saved from extensive damage. The firemen diverted their attention from the church, when it became evident that no power could save it from destruction, to the surrounding residences. About 4:30 o'clock the fire was under control and all danger to a great extent over. Streams were kept

playing upon the ruins, however, during the greater part of the day.

The house adjoining the church on the east, No. 353 Schermerhorn street, is a three-story and basement frame structure, owned and occupied by J. M. Crouch. His family consists of five persons, including a servant. The house was completely gutted, and all its occupants had a narrow escape.

"I was sleeping with my wife on the first floor," said Mr. Crouch, "when I was awakened by some one pounding on my door. I smelled the smoke and at once aroused my family. We only got out with extreme difficulty. The roof was the first part to catch fire, and luckily no one occupied the top floor. We did not have time to finish dressing before we had to fly for our lives."

The house west of the church, No. 337, is a three-story brick. Its owner is Mr. Ames, who had not yet returned from Connecticut, where he passed the Summer with his family; last week, however, his aged mother, ninety years old, returned with two servants to Brooklyn, and were in the house Saturday night. This house was ruined from cellar to roof. Old Mrs. Ames was carried out by firemen in a chair, and taken to a house on Livingston street. The next house, of similar construction, is owned by Mrs. Monroe, and occupied by Dr. Halleck. About \$1,200 damage, the doctor states, has been done there. To reach the burning church the firemen placed two lines of hose through his basement, from the front door through a rear window. Dr. Halleck said he was awakened from his sleep and saw through his bedroom window what appeared like the interior of a fiery furnace. His room was so brilliantly lighted that he could see to pick up a pin from the floor. Before he had time to dress the window sash caught fire,

and soon the bedding followed suit. The room rapidly filled with smoke. He took his whole family, none of them fully dressed, to the residence of Dr. Wackerhagen, on the same street. The two upper floors of his home were flooded, and the carpets and furniture and two fine microscopes, worth \$450, ruined.

#### BUT FEW PEOPLE PRESENT.

Not a very large crowd witnessed the destruction of the church. The time of its occurrence and the bad weather both had the effect of keeping the people away. There were not more than a few hundred spectators in the surrounding streets at any time. Police Captain Earle was early at the scene with a platoon of men, but their work was more to assist the firemen than to restrain the crowd. About 4 o'clock Dr. Talmage, who had been notified of the fire by messenger, arrived in a cab, and remained until the church was in ruins.

The rear wall of the edifice fell about 7 o'clock. The fire in the body of the church had been practically extinguished at that time, and a score of firemen were working within its walls. The falling pile of brick and stone missed six of them by barely three feet. All day vast crowds visited the place. Policemen kept the street in front of the church closed, for the remaining walls were liable to fall at any moment. Hundreds of the congregation first learned of the fire when they started for their customary Sunday morning worship and were prevented by the police from entering Schermerhorn street. The firemen were also present all day. The great cathedral window in front, 22 by 40 feet, with the brick arch around it, was all that remained of the ornate and pillared front. The small entrance

to the west was also standing. It led into the lecture-room, which was the least damaged part of the church, and the only portion over which a roof yet remains. Some china-ware packed in this room was found unbroken, and a piano in one corner, although now incapable of producing sound, appears externally but little damaged. Piles of blackened ruins and brick cover the platform. Not a vestige remains of the magnificent thirty-five thousand dollar organ. Scattered through the smoking embers were the remains of half-burned hymnals and church books. The library, which consisted of many hundred volumes, is entirely wiped out.

#### WAS IT CAUSED BY ELECTRICITY?

The fire apparently raged fiercest in the northern end of the church, in that part of the nave nearest the altar. It is on this side that the electric wires enter the church, which was lighted by 600 incandescent Edison lamps. The dynamo which operates them is at the headquarters of the Edison Company on Pearl street. These had only been placed in position recently, and the work was not completed until Saturday, when Foreman Clark, of the Edison Company, worked with a number of men in the church all day. They finished their labors about 3 o'clock.

What was the cause of the fire? Was it, as before, caused by a defective flue, or did an electric wire or a bolt of lightning start the flames? These were questions in everybody's mouth. The last man in the church Saturday night was Sexton James E. Dey.

"I left the church," said Mr. Dey, "about 6:30 o'clock Saturday night. I went through the entire building, as was my custom, seeing that all the lights were out and that everything was all right. Not a single gas jet was burning



when I left. I never keep a light in the church over night."

"Were the furnaces burning?"

"There were six furnaces in the cellar, and all were out except the one under the lecture-room, in which I had started a small fire to take the chill off the church. I did not put in over a peck of coal. This furnace heats only the lecture-room, which is the part of the church that suffered least. That shows a defective flue could not have been the origin, or anything else connected with the furnaces. At 6 o'clock I went around with Mr. Clark, the electric-light man, while he closed all the switches and shut off all the electric currents from the building.

"I saw the fire almost as soon as it started. The light of the flames shone directly in my bedroom window, and I was on the ground before 3 o'clock. Soon after that the roof fell in, but before then there were frequent crashes when sections of slate fell from the sloping sides of the roof. One fireman was hit by a piece of slate, but luckily escaped with a mere scratch. After the roof fell in, but before the rafters fell, the burning church presented one of the most magnificent sights I ever saw. Through the darkness and the falling rain it looked as though the roof were still there, illuminated by thousands of lanterns. The contrast between the streaks of bright light and the black sky was something wonderful. Only the right side of the church was burning when I arrived, although then the roof was burned through.

"I am positive that there was no fire or light anywhere but in the furnace I spoke of under the lecture-room. I am also positive that the electric currents were all shut off. Shortly after 2 o'clock there was a tremendous flash of lightning, according to a dozen people with whom I talked

this morning. That may have struck the church, although no crash of thunder accompanied that particular flash.”

#### THE HISTORY OF THE TABERNACLE.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle was probably the most famous Protestant church in America, next to Trinity in this city. It was built in 1873 and cost over \$175,000. The organ was one of the largest and best in the world, built by George Jardine & Son. Its cost, \$35,000, was borne by the ladies of the congregation. It included a chime of bells, trumpet and various other novel appliances.

The corner-stone of the church was laid June 7, 1873, the ceremony being performed by the late Dr. S. Irenæus Prime. Dr. Talmage also delivered an address, declaring that the structure would ever be a stronghold against rationalism. The corner-stone bore the inscription :

“Brooklyn Tabernacle, built 1870 ; destroyed by fire December 22, 1872 ; rebuilt 1873.”

The customary box containing the Bible, secular and religious journals and coins, was deposited under the stone. The building was completed in March, 1874, and was dedicated March 22. It was the largest Protestant church building in the country, capable of seating 2,600 people. It was built on the site of the old Tabernacle, and covered 150 by 112 feet. The organ was in a recess in the rear of the church, 60 feet in width. Prior to the recent introduction of the Edison lamps the church was lighted by a thousand gas jets. A deep gallery extended around three sides of the church. The edifice was constructed of brick and stone. It was of the Gothic style of architecture, and generally conceded to be one of the most elegant and attractive churches in the country. A notable event in its

history was the grand jubilee concert of March 31, 1874, when Mme. Pauline Lucca, Gilmore's band and Cornetist Arbuckle appeared.

The old Brooklyn Tabernacle was dedicated Sept. 24, 1870, and destroyed by fire Dec. 22, 1872. The cause was a defective flue. It was a much smaller structure than the edifice just burned, circular in form, with five main entrances, a small tower and a parapet. Several of the firemen who worked on the burning building were also on duty at the previous fire. Curiously enough, Policeman John Baird, a veteran Brooklyn officer, who was on duty at the fire, acted in the same capacity when the old church was burned.

"I remember the occasion well," said he. "It was a cold, raw day, and the firemen labored against tremendous difficulties. The water froze in the hydrants and actually hung in icicles from the windows and walls of the burning church. That fire also occurred on a Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock."

#### DR. TALMAGE GETS TO WORK.

Dr. Talmage was not present during the afternoon, but was at his home, No. 1 South Oxford street, in earnest consultation with his church lieutenants, evolving plans for immediate and future action. The following resolutions were adopted:

We the trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, assembled Sabbath, Oct. 13, at the house of our pastor, adopt the following:

*Resolved*, That we bow in humble submission to the Providence which this morning removed our beloved church, and while we cannot fully understand the meaning of that Providence we have faith that there is kindness as well as severity in the stroke.

*Resolved*, That if God and the people will help us we proceed immediately to rebuild, and that we rear a structure large enough to meet the demands of our congregation, locality and style of building to be indicated by the amount of contributions made.

*Resolved*, That our hearty thanks be rendered to the owners of public buildings who have offered their auditoriums for the use of our congregation, and to all those who have given us their sympathy in this time of trial.

*Resolved*, That Alexander McLean, E. H. Branch, Jno. Wood, F. M. Lawrence be appointed a committee to secure a building for Sabbath morning and evening services.

Many were the offers received from sister churches and theatre managers proffering the use of their auditoriums for service, or, as Dr. Talmage said himself :

“The kindness shown us in our hour of need is most manifest. Nearly every auditorium within a radius of three miles has been tendered us, but the committee has finally decided to take the Academy of Music, and we shall hold service there at the usual hours on Sunday next.”

Among the many offers was one from the Rev. Lyman Abbott, Plymouth Church, a former classmate of Dr. Talmage. It was couched as follows :

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, Oct. 13.

MY DEAR DR. TALMAGE : The Board of Deacons of Plymouth Church authorize me to tender to your people the use of our church edifice on Sunday evenings until your permanent arrangements for your future church have been made. It is quite at your service and theirs for as long a period as you may desire. I am sure that I need not add that I cordially unite with them and that I am sure that their action represents the sentiment and feeling that Plymouth Church bears to the Tabernacle in this calamity which has befallen them.

Your old friend,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

## AN APPEAL TO CHRISTENDOM.

Dr. Talmage next dictated the following appeal :

*To the People—*

By a sudden calamity we are without a church. The building associated with so much that is dear to us is in ashes. In behalf of my stricken congregation I make appeal for help, as our church has never confined its work to this locality. Our church has never been sufficient either in size or appointments for the people who come. We want to build something worthy of our city and worthy of the cause of God. We want \$100,000, which, added to the insurance will build what is needed. I make appeal to all our friends throughout Christendom, to all denominations, to all creeds and those of no creed at all, to come to our assistance.

I ask all readers of my sermons the world over to contribute as far as their means will allow. What we do as a Church depends upon the immediate response made to this call. I was on the eve of my departure for a brief visit to the Holy Land, that I might be better prepared for my work here but that visit must be postponed. I cannot leave until something is done to decide our future. May the God who has our destiny as individuals and churches in his hand appear for our deliverance.

Response to this appeal to the people may be sent to me, "Brooklyn, N. Y.," and I will with my own hands, acknowledge the receipt thereof.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

## HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"History has almost repeated itself," said the reverend doctor sadly, "for it was just seventeen years ago, and upon a Sabbath morning, that we had a similar visitation of fire. Myself and family, who had been alarmed, stood in the glass cupola surmounting the house, and saw our beloved Sabbath home moulder away. We could distin-

guish every arch, beam and rafter, and see them crumble beneath the cruel flames. Shortly after I visited the scene myself, and it made my heart sad. The subject of my sermon was to have been, 'Looking unto Jesus, the Author of Our Faith.'"

Within two weeks a new site had been purchased for a new building, plans had been adopted, and Dr. Talmage started on his proposed trip for the Holy Land to procure material for his new work, "The Life of Christ."

## CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF DR. TALMAGE IN WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 12,  
1902.

The Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage died at his home in Washington, at 9.25 P. M., April 12, 1902. He was seventy years old.

Dr. Talmage had been ill for some weeks and was in a state of complete unconsciousness for more than sixty hours.

The immediate cause of death was heart complications induced by a severe attack of grip.

Until he went South in February, Dr. Talmage was in his usual health. While in the City of Mexico he was attacked by grip early in March and was quite ill for two weeks. When he returned home the long journey made him worse. He arrived in Washington on March 24 and went to his bed.

He had suffered from throat trouble for many years, and that trouble became acute, and was complicated with a weak and disturbed action of his heart. He gradually failed until a few days ago the physicians announced that he could not recover.

### HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

His daughter, Miss Maude Talmage, was married April 9 to Clarence Wyckoff, of Ithaca. It had been planned to make this wedding a brilliant function and nearly 1,500 invitations were prepared. Distinguished clergymen were

to assist Dr. Talmage in marrying his daughter, but his illness made that impossible and the wedding took place at the Talmage home in the presence of none but the immediate friends of the family.

Dr. Talmage never knew that his daughter had been married. He was unconscious on the day of the wedding and remained so up to the time of his death.

The last rational words uttered by Dr. Talmage were on the day preceding the marriage of his daughter, when he said: "Of course, I know you, Maude."

At Dr. Talmage's deathbed, besides his wife, were these members of his family: The Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, of Chicago; Mrs. Warren G. Smith and Mrs. Daniel Mangam, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Allan T. Donnau, of Richmond; Mrs. Clarence Wyckoff and Miss Talmage.

#### BURIAL IN BROOKLYN.

The family have decided to have the body taken to the Church of the Covenant, in Brooklyn, where services will be held, after which the interment will be made in the family plot in Greenwood Cemetery.

Dr. Talmage for the last four or five years had done no active ministerial work in Washington, although he wrote a sermon every week which was published in many newspapers throughout the country on Monday mornings.

He was a familiar figure at social and educational gatherings in this city. Until his trip South it was his custom to take a daily walk on Pennsylvania avenue, from Fifteenth street to the Capitol and back. He was known by sight to nearly everybody in Washington, and invariably he was stopped many times in the course of his stroll by people who wanted to shake hands with him.



Dr. Talmage was pastor of the Four-and-a-Half Street Presbyterian Church for a short period when President and Mrs. Cleveland were attendants.

#### HIS FAME AS A PREACHER AND LECTURER.

When the congregation of the Brooklyn Tabernacle celebrated in May, 1894, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Thomas De Witt Talmage it was said that the echo of the event was world-wide.

Dr. Talmage was a type by himself. His sermons were unique. He displayed remarkable energy in handling religious topics, which won the admiration of those who differed with him on matters of grave moment. His vigorous gesticulations and dramatic delivery greatly impressed his audiences. These qualities provoked from one of his critics the epigram that "Dr. Talmage was the only man in New York who was permitted to give a dramatic performance on Sunday."

He was a man of untiring vitality. He was constantly moving about. In his pulpit he walked back and forth while preaching. He said he could always think better while walking. He possessed a robust, erect figure, his features were strong and clear-cut and his presence magnetic.

He outlined on January 28, 1894, many notable incidents in his career.

"I was born on January 27, 1832, at Bound Brook, N. J.," he said, "and I was the youngest of twelve children. My father belonged to the aristocracy of hard knuckles, and it may easily be imagined my parents had a hard struggle to provide for, train and educate so large a family. My earliest preference was for the law, for which I studied for a year after graduating from the University

of New York. My parents were anxious that I should become a preacher of the gospel, so I entered a theological seminary at New Brunswick, and after the usual course became a licentiate. My first charge was at Belleville, N. J., where I labored for about three years.

#### HIS ELOQUENCE DISCOVERED.

It was while at Belleville that his eloquence turned attention to him, and he accepted a call to the Dutch Reformed Church in Syracuse, where he was pastor from 1859 to 1862. In the latter year he was called to the Second Reformed Church of Philadelphia. His work in Brooklyn began in 1869, when he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, and a year later his congregation erected the first "Brooklyn Tabernacle." This was destroyed by fire on December 22, 1872, but by indefatigable labor Dr. Talmage succeeded in building a new Tabernacle, which was dedicated on January 22, 1874. His congregation grew to be the largest of any Protestant denomination in the United States and probably the largest in any country.

In the summer of 1885 Dr. Talmage visited England and the Continent and preached in all the principal cities abroad. In London he addressed vast congregations. He quickly became as popular abroad as he was at home. His career as a lecturer began forty-two years ago and there was a constantly increasing demand, but he limited his lectures to about fifty each year, never allowing his tours to interfere with his pastoral work. His least guarantee for a lecture was \$500, and the average amount paid to him was \$1,000. While Dr. Talmage was endeavoring to raise money for the rebuilding of the Tabernacle, which had been burned for the third time, the

question was raised in some quarters why Dr. Talmage himself and his wealthy congregation did not confine the building fund to themselves instead of appealing for outside assistance. It was reputed that he was worth \$250,000. He was asked to state approximately the aggregate of his earnings from his lectures and published sermons alone.

"All I can say about that is that the Lord has been very good to me," he replied.

He was once offered \$150,000 for a series of lectures, but declined. During the last years of his pastorate in the Brooklyn Tabernacle he never received his salary of \$10,000 annually. In addition to his labors as pastor and lecturer, he was the author of many books, which netted him a large sum. Of these, "Crumbs Swept Up," "Sports That Kill," "Abominations of Modern Society," "Shots on Sundry Targets," "Life of Christ" and "The Pathway of Life" are most widely known. Of the last-named work more than 400,000 copies were sold.

Dr. Talmage resigned from the Brooklyn Tabernacle and became associated with the First Presbyterian Church in Washington. Internal dissensions caused him to resign his charge and he became the editor of the Christian Herald. He is survived by his widow, who was his third wife, two daughters and a son.

#### CHARACTERISTIC UTTERANCES.

Here follow some of the most striking utterances of Dr. Talmage. He was fearful at times that he might be accused of plagiarism. In an interview published twelve years ago he said:

"I am afraid to preach any old sermon of my own lest I be accused of stealing it. I remember once when I was

far from well and unable to prepare a sermon I preached an old one which I had delivered a long time before. It was reported and published as usual, and within a few days there came to me letters from various quarters, a dozen in all, accusing me of having cribbed the discourse on the ground that several writers had heard it delivered in their own towns within a few months past by their own pastors."

"If," he said, upon one occasion, "I were compelled to reduce the Bible to one word it should be 'Mercy.' That is true religion. The world's idea is if a man goes wrong: 'Out with him! Banish him from all decent society! Help him roll down hill! Give him a kick! Away with him! If a woman goes wrong there is no mercy for her. If she repents in sackcloth and ashes, still no mercy for her. She is an outcast forever, whose presence is contamination. Abandon her to perdition. If she tries to swim ashore, stone her off. If she tries to rise, push her down. If she gets the tips of her fingers on the rock, bring your boot heels to bear and crush her fingers. That is conventional society's way, but it is not true religion's way. It is not God's way. It is not the way of mercy."

Speaking of the "Christian Sabbath," he said:

"The human body is a seven-day clock. If it is not wound up the weights will run down and the whole thing will collapse. The fact that one day of the week ought to be kept free from work has been demonstrated physiologically, anatomically and scripturally. There is an impression in its favor so universal that I believe it to be a divine impression. There is no nation that needs a day of rest so much as ours. We perpetually drive too fast. The work we ought to do in ten years we do in five and sometimes in one."

Once when a certain newspaper had been bitterly attacking him he said to one who deplored the attacks:

“I never read anything in the way of an attack upon me. I simply have nothing to do with such things. I have a habit of never seeing anything disagreeable in letters or in newspapers. I read newspapers in bulk, as it were. I put together what I read and know what is going on in the world. That which is unpleasant to read—I don’t read. Newspapers generally treat me so generously and kindly that I have not an atom of fault to find.”

Regarding the marriage laws, he said:

“I think the more emphasis we place upon the legal character of marriage the better. If there is any letting up on that point the thoughtless will rush into the relation more recklessly than ever. I think if people ever get the notion that marriage is an accommodation train and that they can get off at any station, they will get aboard with very little thought, sit down beside some fair creature for an hour or so, and when they reach a convenient stopping place, will leave the train. It is better to have it understood that marriage is a through vestibuled express; if you get on board you must stay on board; this train runs at sixty miles an hour and makes no stops at way stations.”

“Women are sometimes bargained away to dissolute princes or disreputable lordlings, or worthless rich men whom you would kick out of your house. Do society and the Church sufficiently frown upon such relations? Or do they, by their attitude, teach the young that the mere ceremony of marriage makes holy a relation which is essentially unholy? Of course, there can be no benediction upon perjury. But the anathemas of society and the

Church cannot be too severe upon such marriages as we hear of now and then."

"If infidelity and atheism succeed," he wrote, "they will dynamite the world. Let them have their way and the world will be a house with just three rooms—one a mad-house, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemonium. In the theatre the tragedy comes first, the farce afterward; but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first, the tragedy afterward. And in the former atheists laugh and mock, but in the latter God will laugh and mock."

As an example of Dr. Talmage's "word painting," the following extract describing the bells and chimes of Moscow may be given:

"I climbed up among the bells, and then, as I reached the top all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreathe and whirl and rise and sink and burst and roll and mount and die.

"When Napoleon saw Moscow burn it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite and pillars of porphyry and balustrades of mosaic and visions of lapis lazuli and architecture of all colors, mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens and the conflagration of morning skies

and the green of rich meadows and the foam of tossing seas.”

#### STRIKING INCIDENTS IN CAREER OF DR. TALMAGE.

The greatest of modern pulpit orators of the emotional school passed away with the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. During the thirty years that he was famous he had no equal in his own peculiar field. Even the great Spurgeon never had such a widespread influence or became personally known to so many people as Dr. Talmage.

He was often compared with Henry Ward Beecher, chiefly because both had pastorates in Brooklyn, and because, throughout the whole United States no other clergymen could compare with them as preachers, in the number of people they attracted.

It is not possible to compare them because they were so utterly unlike. Mr. Beecher was a ripe scholar, a deep theologian, a profound logician, whose rhetoric was as polished as his personality. Dr. Talmage was a big, raw-boned man, all angles and energy, who dealt in nothing but superlatives, who loved the dramatic and unexpected effects, who descended to the comic and grotesque as readily as he ascended to the wildest flights, who cared for neither precedents nor conventions—an eccentric, profoundly human man, with a matchless gift of oratory.

#### NO SUPERIOR AS A WORD PAINTER.

As a word painter he probably never had a superior, and while he lacked grace, ease and repose in his delivery he had a terrific earnestness that made his spoken words infinitely more effective than his written ones. And yet it is estimated that more than 10,000,000 of persons—some

more than double the number—read his weekly sermons, which were published in more than 3,000 newspapers.

It must not be supposed that Dr. Talmage was lacking in scholarship or that he was not a student, but he believed more could be gained by appealing to the emotions than to the reason, and results were obtained much more quickly.

He was a prodigious worker. Twenty volumes of his sermons, representing about half of those he preached, have been published, and many other books have come from him, so that in all he leaves about fifty volumes. He was in great demand as a lecturer, but he was at his best in the pulpit—that is, his own pulpit, for the casual ones did not give him space enough to move about. Dr. Talmage wanted plenty of room when he preached. He was more than six feet tall, and his arms were very long.

His sermons were regularly translated and published into German, French and Swedish. Many of them are to be found in Russian and other languages. When Dr. Talmage was in Athens several years ago, Queen Olga remarked to him that she had read some of his sermons in a local newspaper there.

Dr. Talmage never wanted rest, but he liked recreation, and he found it in travel. He made many trips abroad, and few men knew the United States and Europe as well as he. He preached everywhere. When he made his trip around the world about eight years ago, he preached in almost every land except South America. Everywhere crowds thronged to hear him.

In New York and New Zealand the announcement that Dr. Talmage would preach was sufficient to fill the largest auditoriums.



## WHY HE NEVER FOUGHT BACK.

His first charge was the Dutch Reformed Church, of Belleville, N. J. His trial sermon was near to being a failure, because a big blue bottle fly sought sanctuary in his throat. For a few seconds the preacher didn't know whether to eject the intruder or retire. He swiftly decided to swallow the fly, and went on.

Dr. Talmage used often to relate that story when people asked him why he did not fight back when he was attacked. He would say that he preferred to swallow the fly.

From Belleville the young clergyman went to Syracuse, where he first began to attract attention, and which resulted in his taking a pastorate in Philadelphia. His fame grew rapidly in the seven years that he preached there. The remarkable vividness of his language, his force, his earnestness and his evangelical success, together with his eccentricities in the pulpit, attracted great congregations.

He was called to Brooklyn in 1869, to take charge of a little church that had struggled valiantly for existence. Within a few months crowds were almost fighting for the privilege of hearing him. He was a plain gospel preacher, pure and simple, one of the few college and seminary-bred ministers who desired that distinction.

## INFLUENCE INCREASED WITH AGE.

As he grew in years, Dr. Talmage's language grew more exuberant and extravagant. He was mercilessly attacked, but his power and his influence increased steadily. When he came to New York the big Academy of Music could not hold half the people who thronged to hear him.

When Dr. Talmage celebrated his silver jubilee in Brook-

lyn, distinguished clergymen of all denominations and the most prominent men in Brooklyn, including Charles A. Schieren, then Mayor, Benjamin F. Tracy and others, did him honor in speeches, and men of prominence in this country and abroad sent messages. Over the stage was a banner which read: "The Tabernacle his pulpit; the world his audience."

It was at this jubilee celebration that the Rev. Dr. Gregg, of Brooklyn, said:

"There is only one Dr. Talmage. He lives among us unique. There is one man in America who can draw, hold and thrill twice every Sabbath the year around an audience of 8,000. There is but one man on the globe that can preach the Gospel every week through the press to 25,000,000. There is only one man who, in taking a trip around the world, can say: 'I am making a series of pastoral calls.'"

#### HAD A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

Almost to the day of his death he continued to write a vast amount of matter for publication. Whether or not he preached a sermon he always prepared it in the same way, dictating it to a stenographer while he walked up and down the room. He revised the copy carefully. He never seemed to memorize it, and yet so wonderful was his memory that when he entered the pulpit he could repeat it word for word.

It is easy enough to reproduce what Dr. Talmage said, but it is impossible to convey to those who have not seen him the way in which he said it. One of what is considered his finest things is here presented. This is his peroration of the sermon that he called "Recognition in Heaven."

“And so I see the Christian soul coming down the river of death, and he steps into the river and the water comes to his ankles and he says:

“‘Lord Jesus, is this death?’

“‘No,’ says Christ, ‘this is not death.’

“And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flow comes to the knee, and he says: ‘Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?’ And Christ says: ‘No, no, this is not death.’

“And he wades still further until the water comes to the girdle and the soul says, ‘Lord Jesus, is this death?’ ‘No,’ says Christ, ‘this is not death.’

“And deeper in wades the soul until the billows strike the lip and the departing one cries, ‘Lord Jesus, is this death?’

“And when Christ has lifted the soul upon a throne of glory, and the pomp and joy of Heaven come surging to his feet, then Christ says: ‘This, oh transported soul, this is death!’”

#### DR. TALMAGE'S METHOD OF SERMON MAKING.

“I make most of my sermons walking the floor. I can always think better on my feet. I very often dictate sermons to a stenographer, and after he has written out his notes I read it over and by that time I have placed the substance of it permanently in my memory. I can think better standing before an audience than I can in the privacy of my own home; but it would be a very unsafe thing depending on the inspiration of the moment. A minister will not do so unless he is thoroughly lazy. My own rule is not to go into the pulpit or upon the platform without enough ideas to occupy the time usefully whether I use

those ideas or not. No minister has a right to go before a congregation unprepared, especially in these days, when through newspapers and many other forms of distribution of knowledge the audience may happen to know as much as he does. My idea is that if a man sits in his study and carefully writes out a theological essay it may do well for a review or a magazine, but it will not interest a congregation, but no man can lay down a rule for others. Many are ruined for life, so far as work is concerned, by trying to do as others do. Extemporaneousness of speech is best for some and a thorough use of manuscript is decidedly best for others. The temptation which almost every minister has felt who has acquired any facility in public utterance is to indolence. The extemporaneous faculty has been so much talked about and extolled that a great many ministers have sacrificed all their effectiveness in trying to do things impromptu. Unless a man uses his pen a good deal in the act of composition he will soon lack terseness and compactness of expression. I find that my best days for work are Wednesdays and Thursdays—equal distances from the Sabbath—and the morning of each day I am generally not observable, but it is difficult to make an iron rule in these cities as to when you will be seen and when you will not be seen. I think Brooklyn is a first rate place for ministers. The people generally allow a pastor in these regions to work in his own way and the congregations are lenient and not unreasonable in their demands. I began my ministry by writing out my sermons with great care, taking every manuscript into the pulpit and confining myself strictly to it. But coming out of a theological seminary with but little preparation in the way of material, I found

the preparation of two sermons and a lecture a week a complete physical exhaustion, so I retracted from that habit and used no notes at all. My first experience in this new departure was marked and unusual. It was in my village church at Belleville, N. J. Finding that I must stop the exhaustive work of preparation I resolved on a certain Sunday night to extemporize. The church had ordinarily been lighted with lamps, as there was no gas in the village, but the trustees had built a gas house in the rear of the church and the new mode of lighting the edifice was to be tested on the very night I had decided to begin my extemporaneous speaking. The church was thronged with people who had come to see the new mode of lighting. I had about ten minutes of my sermon in manuscript and put it down on the Bible, intending when the manuscript gave out to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness. Although it was a cool night, it was a very hot one for me, and the thermometer seemed to be about up to 120 degrees. At a very slow rate I went on with my sermon, making my manuscript last as long as possible. Coming within three or four sentences of the end of what I had written and in great trepidation as to what would happen when I began to extemporize, suddenly the gas lights lowered to half their intended size. I said within myself, 'Oh, if the gas would only go out!' and sure enough as I uttered the last word of my manuscript the lights were suddenly extinguished. I said, 'Brethren, it is impossible for us to proceed. Receive the benediction!' I went home greatly relieved, feeling that I had been rescued from a great crisis, but fully resolved that I would break the bondage of manuscript and be a free man in the pulpit, and my habit has been to extemporize ever since. God has made three books for pulpit

texts—the book of Revelation, the book of Nature and the book of Providence. All these books are inspired. Christ took most of His texts from the book of Nature. ‘Consider the lilies,’ ‘Behold the fowls of the air,’ ‘Salt is good,’ ‘As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.’ I have only one idea in the sermon, and that is helpfulness. Every man needs help, unless he be a fool. In some parts of his nature or in some circumstances of his life he needs reinforcement. If men find a practical helpfulness in the sermon, prayers and singing of a church they will go there.”

#### AS AN AUTHOR AND IN PRIVATE LIFE.

As an author Dr. Talmage was no less popular than as preacher and lecturer. Beginning in 1872, a volume of his sermons has been published almost yearly, and he has written many other books. His sermons, originally published in the newspapers have been extensively printed in book form and widely sold.

While living in Brooklyn Dr. Talmage's city home was at 1 South Oxford street. It was a fine brown stone house, overlooking Fort Greene, filled with rare works of art and with precious souvenirs of travel from all parts of the earth. His country home was at Easthampton, L. I., where he delivered an address on the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town on August 24, 1899. Dr. Talmage married on January 22, 1898, Mrs. Elmora McCutcheon-Collier, widow of Charles W. Collier, only son of Judge F. H. Collier of Pittsburg, Pa. The ceremony was performed at the McCutcheon home, in Allegheny, Pa., by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Robinson, pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church.

## ANECDOTES OF DR. TALMAGE.

Dr. Talmage's view of ministerial dignity was always so divergent from that of the old line, black robed divines of the Reformed Dutch Church that it was a matter of surprise to many of his friends that he chose that communion at the start of his career. One of the traditions of Herzog Hall Theological Seminary, in New Brunswick, where he graduated, runs like this:

"Talmage was an ungainly youngster, full of originality as an egg is of meat, but he did not commend himself to the professors of the seminary as a budding clergyman. After he had preached his first sermon there, good old Dr. De Witt, the president, thought the time had come to have a serious talk with the young man. He took him away where no one else could listen to their colloquy and said:

"'Mr. Talmage, I never like to discourage anybody, and I rarely say what I am going to say to you. You are intellectually bright enough. I can easily imagine that you might make a success in almost any field of life except in preaching the gospel. But, frankly, and in all kindness, I must tell you that I solemnly think you have mistaken your calling. Get a position selling goods behind a dry goods counter or take a clerkship in a law office, or, if necessary, follow the plow, but do not think of becoming the pastor of a church. You are not fitted for it at all. It is a great mistake for you to waste your time.'

"Talmage simply insisted that he would go on and graduate. He did. And before his pulpit career was ended he had preached to hundreds where the venerable Dr. De Witt had preached to one. But those who tell the

story down in New Brunswick say that Dr. De Witt never changed his mind. He was not in the habit of changing his mind."

The peculiar rhetorical style of Dr. Talmage can best be understood from an example. In one of his sermons in the famous series devoted to the gambling hells of New York, of which he had made a study, he electrified an audience one Sunday morning with this climax of oratory:

"When they bet on one number they call it a gate!

"When they bet on two numbers they call it a saddle!

"When they bet on three numbers they call it a horse!

"And thousands of young men get onto that gate and mount that saddle and ride that horse to damnation!"

It was easy for the old style ministers to criticise that sort of rhetoric in the pulpit, but such expressions stuck in the memory of listeners, they had a decided burr-like quality, and those who heard Talmage once wanted to hear him again.

Much was written about Dr. Talmage's trip to the Holy Land, and especially to his satisfied ambition to follow in the footsteps of his Master and baptize some one in the River Jordan. It was asserted that not finding a real convert he improvised one, and some jokers went so far as to declare that the poor Arab who was baptized thought he was going to be drowned by the stalwart, long-armed American divine, and shrieked for mercy like a good fellow. But the opinion of Dr. Talmage's friends was that this story was manufactured out of whole cloth.

One of the most ingenious plans to secure a wide usefulness for his sermons was adopted by Dr. Talmage in connection with Louis Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*. The sermons were put into type and sent out in advance



to hundreds of newspapers in the United States and Canada for simultaneous publication on a given day. By this means readers of journals having an aggregate circulation of millions had before them each week vivid, thrilling pulpit utterances of the Brooklyn preacher.

It was urged against this scheme that most of the newspapers printed the matter as telegraph, prefacing it with a line of introduction and a Brooklyn date, thus conveying to their readers the impression that wire tolls had been paid; in other words, that the paper had displayed a lot of enterprise in getting the matter, which impression was false and misleading. The answer of Dr. Talmage's supporters was that he had never countenanced the deception, but that the whole effect of the publication was good in spite of it.

To newspaper men Dr. Talmage was always considerate. It was a revelation to those who had only seen him in the pulpit to interview him in his study. He lost entirely the fervid, aggressive, militant quality which affected the nerves of his listeners. He was a genial, kindly and dignified man.

But on the platform—the pulpit was only a figure of speech so far as he was concerned—he followed to the letter the idea of Demosthenes when, being asked to define what eloquence was, he said: "Action! Action! Action!" Dr. Talmage was always moving. His gestures were rarely graceful; but they always impressed his hearers. He was as different from Henry Ward Beecher as day from night, but for many years he divided with the Plymouth pastor the honors of being the first clerical orator in Brooklyn and in the world.

## THE MODE OF WORSHIP AS CARRIED ON BY HIM.

The mode of worship exemplified in all his churches could not be more direct and unceremonial. As a spectacle there could be nothing more imposing than that mode in action. All of the thousands sat within an equal view, and had an equal view. The acoustic qualities of all the auditoriums were perfect. Every word in whispered cadence from the platform could be heard as distinctly as the loudest tones. The order of service was like unto that in all wholly non-liturgical Protestant churches. The first thing done was to sing the Doxology. The mighty organ played immortal Old Hundred graphically enough to syllable every word to the ear. A precentor stood on the platform. The people arose en masse and then God was praised from whom all blessings flow—praised, it really sounded and seemed, by all creatures here below. In volume the singing was, not inaptly, but rather singularly, called a new Long Island Sound. In culture, expressiveness and adaptation of tone to sentiment the organ and the people harmonized finely. The best possibilities of congregational singing were there realities. Then followed the Lord's Prayer, and after it the reading of the scripture lesson, and that the pastor expounded, illustrated, enforced, as he proceeded. His remarks were distinguished by freshness, fervor, most incisive appositeness and an affluence of imagery, as well as by a continuous quantity of keen, practical common sense that made the scripture reading the string on which many sermons in epitome were hung. The reading of the scriptures was as marked a feature as the sermons, and the effect unlike anything in any other church. Some grand old hymn, may be "Rock

of Ages," "A Charge to Keep I Have," or "Show Pity, Lord," or some other grand classic of the church, was sung by everybody. Dr. Talmage would have all sing. On one occasion he said, as he gave out the second hymn, "My brethren, if I thought you would sing this hymn no better than you did the first, I would go into the side room and wait till you get through. Let it be the grandest song this side of heaven." The prayer followed, in which the pastor carried his own wants and those of his people, his country, and the church straight to the throne. The graphicness of it was the intense recital of human needs. The fervor of it was the supreme appreciation of divine fullness. The simplicity of it was the childlike certainty of answer then and there. The vehemence of it was the awful consciousness of souls unsaved and unconcerned. The triumph of it was a literal loss of self in the overpowering realization of Christ's love and boundless bounty and beauty. Another hymn, all singing as if the gates above were opened for those within to catch the song of those below, and then the sermon.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES IN WASHINGTON—WORDS OF EULOGY HEARD BY A THRONG OF 1,500—PRESIDENT SENDS TRIBUTE—WREATH OF LILIES FROM THE WHITE HOUSE AMONG THE FLORAL OFFERINGS—LIFE-LONG FRIENDS OF THE GREAT RELIGIOUS LEADER PAID ELOQUENT AND LOVING TRIBUTE TO MEMORY OF THE DEPARTED PREACHER.

WASHINGTON paid her last tribute to T. De Witt Talmage, when 1,500 of her citizens attended the impressive funeral services of the eminent religious leader, which were held in the Church of the Covenant. That the great pulpit orator was esteemed, loved, and honored in this city could not be doubted, when one gazed on the sorrowing faces of the men and women of Washington who listened, often with tears in their eyes, to the eulogies paid the dead clergyman by men who had been his closest friends for the past quarter of a century.

The funeral ceremonies were announced to begin at 5 o'clock, but long before that time the crowd began to gather without the church. Fully 2,000 people had collected on the sidewalk in front of the church when the doors were opened at 4:45 o'clock. The building was filled instantly, and many were unable to gain entrance.

At 4:45 o'clock the hearse containing the body of Dr. Talmage was driven solemnly up to the church door, fol-

lowed by carriages containing his family. With difficulty a passageway through the crowd at the door was made and the funeral procession proceeded into the church. As the casket entered, Organist Harvey Murray began the "Dead March" from Saul, which continued until the body lay in state before the altar. Dr. Teunis Hamlin, the pastor of the church, headed the procession down the aisle, followed by the honorary pallbearers, who were as follows: Mr. Justice Harlan, Mr. Justice Brewer, Senator Dolliver, Senator Burrows, Senator Cullom, ex-Secretary John W. Foster, Mr. B. H. Warner, Rev. Dr. Bittinger, Dr. G. L. Magruder, Rev. Dr. Fiske, Mr. E. M. Branch, Mr. F. M. Lawrence, and Dr. Louis Klopsch, of New York City. The casket was followed by the Talmage family, as follows: Mrs. Talmage, leaning upon the arm of Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Wyckoff, the latter the bride of a week, and the youngest daughter of Dr. Talmage; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mangam, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Allan E. Donnau, Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Talmage, Washington.

#### FLOWERS FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The floral offerings, all of which had been placed on and about the chancel rail, were profuse and beautiful. Fully a dozen large pieces were sent, all by friends of Dr. Talmage and of the family. A large, beautiful wreath of lilies was sent by President Roosevelt. The lid of the casket was studded with English violets.

No sermon was preached, the services consisting of music and addresses by friends of Dr. Talmage. Dr. Hamlin conducted the ceremonies. The music was fur-

nished by the male choir of the church, consisting of Mr. William McFarland, first tenor; Mr. Perry Turpin, second tenor; Mr. Frank Reeside, barytone, and Mr. Walter Humphrey, bass. Mr. Harvey Murray was at the organ.

As soon as the casket had been placed on its supports and the family of Dr. Talmage and the pallbearers had taken seats, the choir sang "Lead, Kindly Light," after which Dr. Hamlin read the Presbyterian funeral service. At its conclusion he spoke briefly of the life and character of Dr. Talmage, saying:

"For the past thirty years Dr. Talmage has been known everywhere in the world that English is read, as the greatest preacher of his time. Beecher and Spurgeon stand out as great preachers of the last century, but the sermons of Dr. Talmage were read more widely than either of these. He was a genius and poet in imagination, having a wonderful ability to paint his magnificent thoughts for both the reader and the listener. His human kindness and feeling, his knowledge of human hearts, made him able to touch whoever read his sermons or listened to him speak."

#### THE LOSS TO THE WORLD.

Following Dr. Hamlin was Dr. James Demarest, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who said:

"Has this great heart really ceased to beat? Has his expressive face really become immobile? Have those strong fingers become lax and lifeless? It seems impossible, yet it is true. When this enormous fact dawns on the mind, it causes a great surging of thought, which is followed by intense sorrow; a sorrow deep and heartfelt for the great void which has been created.

"Think how wide is that void! Think how deep is that

void! Think, that the wonderful sermons which used to go into every home, to bring comfort and happiness and relief to the aching and sorrowing hearts, will never be known again; but remember, that although Dr. Talmage is gone, his influence remains. Still we have the memory of him, and the knowledge that he once lived, and these are thoughts which will never perish.

“In years past it has given me the greatest pleasure to defend Dr. Talmage from certain aspersions which were cast upon him. I knew Dr. Talmage intimately, and feel that I understood his character as perhaps few people did. From his earliest life I positively know that he worked with one aim, one controlling influence before him. That influence was his sincerity in preaching the gospel as he believed God intended it should be preached. Any criticisms which may have been heaped upon him were unjust, because throughout his life he was sincere and honest in his convictions. He served God as he believed God intended he should serve.”

#### DR. VAN DYKE'S TRIBUTE.

Rev. Dr. Van Dyke then delivered a striking eulogy of the dead minister. He said in part:

“The world-wide reputation of Dr. Talmage will no longer have its expression in present achievements, but his memory will still live.

“He has sometimes in his career been criticised because he was sensational. But he had to be sensational to hold the attention to the word of God of thousands of people who would otherwise not have listened to it.

“His later life was merely the unfolding of the sterling qualities he had so often shown in his younger days. He

was never spoiled by the great reputation he had won. He was a man thoroughly consecrated to his work. His one great aim was to serve the God whose word he preached. His aim was to advance the kingdom of God.

"A great man has fallen. We mourn for him. Who will take his place? Yet death has gained a barren victory over this magnificent minister of God. We thought he had many years before him, but, alas, he was stricken before the slightest signs of decay were manifested in his wonderful powers. But he has gone to a nobler and greater life—a life which he ever held up as a prize invaluable before the eyes of men.

"For him to die was Christ. A crown of great glory has been placed upon his brow."

#### A TOUCHING EULOGY.

The most touching and powerful eulogy of the service was made by the Rev. Thomas Chalmers Easton. He told simply of the great man of God as he had seen and known him intimately during the better part of his life. He said:

"Not until we compress the ocean into a dew drop will it be possible for us to condense all that is due this great dead minister into one brief hour's telling.

"While great men are with us to lead our armies, manage the affairs of state, and charm us with the magic power of their pens we are apt to lose sight of the men themselves. But when death comes—what a revelation! Then we see them in their proper light and come to weigh their worth and our own need of them.

"How solemn and great was the shock that thrilled through the whole of America and Europe last Saturday



night when the telegraphic wires sounded out the astounding message:

“‘Talmage is dead.’

“We only knew that he was sick a few weeks. We were wont to look upon him as a tall, giant oak, one of the most magnificent specimens of his kind. He was one of the most striking characters of the nineteenth century. His inmost acts could be examined without causing the slightest blush. No name that appears on the page of history contains so much human sweetness as that of Dr. Talmage. In the hospital, in the humblest home, on the battlefield, my friend was known as one of the foremost comforters of men, by his matchless genius and application of the power of God.

“Once only did I ever see him burst forth into a white heat of rage, and that was when he had been persecuted most unjustly, and dishonorably, month after month, and the work of his master assailed.

#### SPIRIT OF PHILANTHROPY.

“He was great in his spirit of philanthropy. He gave largely, but he gave silently. He gave thousands and thousands, but no name was attached. He was sometimes criticised for not being more liberal. But his accusers were without a knowledge of his work. He performed his duty, as God showed him the way, silently.

“It took the man nearly seventy years to live, but only a few hours to die.

“The last words that came from his lips as he lay on his bed, fast sinking into the great valley, were the three words, as he gazed into the face of his wife, ‘Eleanor, Eleanor, Eleanor.’

"The three greatest preachers of the century were Beecher, Spurgeon and Talmage. But the prince of pulpit workers for the glory of God was Talmage. He excelled in the power to reach out and hold the great masses for Christ.

"Heaven has seen some mighty days, but the day this great God-like giant went home to a well-earned rest, was one of its greatest days. As I knelt by the bedside of my dying comrade, I seemed to hear the angels shouting:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant; well done!"

#### FROM A LIFE-LONG FRIEND.

Following Dr. Easton was Dr. S. J. Nichols, of Brooklyn. Dr. Nichols knew Dr. Talmage nearly all his life, and from almost boyhood had been his warm personal friend. He said:

"Wherever English is spoken or read, there have gone Dr. Talmage's sermons. Messages of comfort, love, and relief have gone from him to tens of thousands of homes, and have become household words. And these homes I speak of are as great in variety as were the oratorical powers of the beloved minister.

"Every one read his sermons. In the railroad shops of Pennsylvania they were pored over during the noon hour. In the hovel of the poor and in the mansion of the rich Dr. Talmage's sermons were eagerly sought every week, and it is in these places, as well as here, in this beautiful church, that his death is keenly regretted, and that heartfelt sorrow is demonstrated.

"Whatever criticism there was of Dr. Talmage, it must never be forgotten that he preached the gospel, not the

philosophies, the ideas, the thoughts, or the whims of men. He spoke with conviction, and preached the gospel of love, hope, and kindness to lost men.

#### DARED TO BE SINGULAR.

“He dared to be singular,” he said, “like the prophets of old, to turn the attention of men to God.

“The greatest of all his powers was his faith, a faith planted close to the throne of God. With the power of the Almighty behind him, he never despaired of men or society.”

At the conclusion of Dr. Nichols' address, the choir sang “It is well with My Soul.” Dr. Hamlin offered a fervent prayer, after which the family and pall-bearers passed out of the rear door of the building, the others present remaining seated. Organist Murray closed the services by playing Chopin's “Funeral March.”

#### THE LAST LOOK.

At the conclusion of the services, which lasted more than an hour, those present who desired to take the last look at the dead preacher were invited forward. Dr. Hamlin was surprised to learn that a great crowd still lingered without, expecting to enter the church and look again on the face of the great preacher at the conclusion of the services. It was arranged that the public pass up the north aisle of the building and down the south aisle, leaving by the south door. As soon as those who had been in the church viewed the body, the north door was opened and others were permitted to enter. The body remained at the church until 10 o'clock, where it was viewed by thousands of people during the evening. At 10 o'clock it was taken to the Pennsylvania station.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE BURIAL IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN—  
BODY OF THE FAMOUS CLERGYMAN BURIED WITH SIMPLE  
CEREMONIES—HUNDREDS AROUND THE PLOT—THE ONLY  
SPEAKER WAS THE REV. HOWARD SUYDAM, OF RHINE-  
BECK, A VERY OLD FRIEND OF DR. TALMAGE.

To rest in the city where he did the greatest part of his conspicuous work, and where he gained world wide fame as a great preacher, the remains were brought from Washington and were interred in Greenwood Cemetery. Between his two dead wives and near the twenty year old son who bore his Christian name the world renowned minister now lies, his eloquent tongue silenced forever, and his brilliant and trenchant pen fallen forever from his grasp.

The millions of people in all parts of the civilized world who for many years have read his weekly sermons mourned to-day in their widely separated homes with the few hundreds of his friends, acquaintances and admirers who gathered at the small plot in Greenwood.

No funeral services were held in Brooklyn. Beside the burial service only a few words were spoken at the graveside by an almost life-long friend of the dead man. Many thought that some funeral service would be held at one of the Brooklyn churches, but the Rev. Frank Talmage, of Chicago, son of Dr. Talmage, to whom the decision in regard to this matter was left, decided that

there should be only the burial service, supplemented by a few words from the man whom the deceased had desired in his lifetime should help officiate at his funeral. This man, the Rev. Dr. Howard Suydam, of Rhinebeck, N. Y., was unable to reach Washington in time for the funeral.

The crowd began gathering at the Talmage plot in Greenwood shortly before 9 o'clock. Between three and four hundred persons had reached there when the funeral cortege arrived a few minutes past 10. The majority of those present were women. There were many in the small assemblage who had known Dr. Talmage intimately during his residence in this city, and a number of them had been associated with him in some way in his work here.

There is no simpler burial plot in Greenwood than the Talmage plot, which lies about four hundred yards from the Franklin entrance to the cemetery. Around it are tall grave stones, monuments, memorial designs and great tombs and mausoleums. The Talmage plot is marked at present by three plain marble slabs and a small dogwood tree shades the center. To the extreme left is the grave of T. De Witt Talmage, Jr., who died at the age of twenty while preparing for the law, and next to this is the grave of the second wife of Dr. Talmage, who died August 5, 1896. She was Susan C. Whittmore. Upon the slab at the head of her grave are the words, "She lived for others."

On the right, with a space for one grave intervening, is the resting place of the first wife of the distinguished divine, who was before her marriage Mary R. Avery. She died June 7, 1881. Her tombstone is marked with the inscription, "Thoroughly furnished unto all good works." Dr. Talmage was buried in the space intervening between the graves of his wives.

The remains of Dr. Talmage were brought to Jersey City in the funeral car of the Pennsylvania railroad in which President McKinley's body was carried to Canton.

The funeral party from Washington followed the body in carriages. This party consisted of Mrs. Eleanor Talmage, widow of Dr. Talmage; the Rev. Frank Talmage, pastor of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, in Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Warren H. Smith, of Brooklyn, son-in-law and daughter of Dr. Talmage; Mrs. Edith Donnan, of Richmond, daughter of Dr. Talmage; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mangam, son-in-law and daughter of Dr. Talmage; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wyckoff, of Utica, N. Y., son-in-law and daughter of the deceased; Miss Collier, Mrs. Talmage's daughter; T. McCutcheon, a relative; the Rev. Howard Suydam, of Rhinebeck, N. Y.; Dr. Louis Klopsch, proprietor of the Christian Herald; F. M. Lawrence and E. H. Branch, members of the old board of directors of the Brooklyn Tabernacle; the Rev. James Demorest, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton, of Washington.

At the grave before the arrival of the funeral party there had gathered a number of members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday School Teachers' and Officers' Association, the only organization of the Talmage Tabernacle still kept alive, and several members of the old board of directors of the Tabernacle. The Christian Herald, of which Dr. Talmage has been editor for over ten years, was represented by a delegation of fifty, headed by George H. Sandison and B. J. Fernie, associate editors, and the Bowery Mission, of which the deceased was one of the incorporators, was also represented. P. B. Bromfield was present from the Nassau Presbytery,

The four daughters of Dr. Talmage wore deep mourning and heavy veils. His youngest daughter, Maude, who was married only a week ago, was present with her husband, in mourning. These members of the family stood at the foot of the grave while the burial service was in progress.

The casket which held Dr. Talmage's remains was covered with fine black English broadcloth. On a solid silver plate on the lid was the inscription:

THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE.

January 7, 1832—April 12, 1902.

A heavy pall of violets covered the lid of the casket. Around it were numerous floral offerings of varying designs. Among these were tributes from Dr. Talmage's former associates in religious work here, his co-workers on the *Christian Herald*, and from the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The offering of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt was a beautiful wreath of lilies and ivy. The largest design was a cross of roses, ivy and laurel, sent by the *Christian Herald*. The Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday School Teachers' and Officers' Association and the surviving directors of the Brooklyn Tabernacle sent beautiful designs, as did also a number of admirers of the distinguished preacher in Brooklyn and elsewhere.

The Episcopal burial service was read at the grave. Preceding this service, the Rev. Dr. Howard Suydam, who officiated, made a brief address. He said:

"We have gathered here to lay to rest the mortal remains of Dr. T. De Witt Talmage. The whole Christian world mourns his departure. In the rural home of his child-

hood, in the churches where he was pastor, and throughout the world there is mourning to-day. The world feels lonely because he has gone. There is a great vacancy apparent. Viewed from our standpoint, we do not see how it can be filled. He was a man whose high and noble purpose seemed to compass the whole earth. He, by his voice and pen, reached more people than any other man has reached. Twenty million people, it is estimated, read his written sermons each week. What a power! These people will not forget him. Well may we regret his departure! Well may the people mourn that they will not look upon his face again.

“He has gone, but he has gone home. The words spoken by him whose trumpet is now silenced and penned by him whose hand is now palsied, will live on. Everywhere are his converts. His field was the world. More than any man of his generation, more than any man of his lifetime, the thoughts of his great brain reached the multitudes. We miss him, but they greet him in that mansion and heavenly home prepared for God’s children. We shall see him again face to face. If he were here now, his wish would be not that we shed our tears, but that we should sing of the triumph to come. This is our hope, this is our expectation. This also is the hope of her who is widowed, and of them who are orphaned.

“Brooklyn, indeed, has cause to mourn his departure. Brooklyn will always cherish with pride the influence he exerted for the Christian good.”

THE END.









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