Address

delivered before the
Ladies of Kings daughters and others
at the
Methodist Church
Brooklyn
Nov 26th 1889

Subject

Sacrifice serving those who need humanity
Address

delivered before the
Ladies of Keeper's Daughters, Rochester
at a Methodist Church
Pratt Street

January 23, 1889

Subject

Sacrifice

launched to upright humanity
To uplift humanity.

Sacrifice essential.

There is a Scripture that comes to my mind when I think of what interests me at this moment. It is the story of a man meeting an assembly like this and saying, "What wouldst thou have me to do?" What seed-thought can I utter that will make a lodgment in other minds. It need not be a new thought, but it should be a right thought, one that can remain in the good soil, quicken, spring up, and bear fruit.

The idea that suggested itself to me when I heard your secretary describe the great pains taken to visit the lowly, to relieve the needy and to carry words of cheer to the desolate, is embraced in the word "sacrifice." And what a word it is! It is at the beginning of the Bible and all through the Old Testament. Cain and Abel sacrificed unto the Lord God, God who looketh straight into the heart accepted Abel's sacrifice but rejected Cain's. The story is an object lesson for all time. It introduced and taught the truth that a man is his brother's keeper.

To lift up our heads and keep them up.

True, God demands our thought, our hearts; but he calls to us also continually for our brother man and requires an account at
our hands of the pain, the sorrow, the wasting poverty, and the illness that comes from want. He says to each of us; "Where is thy brother?"

When is thy sister?

But what another answer: "my sister is in poor quarters, I cannot go there? She and her children are untidy and not proper companions for me and mine?"

Or "he has a fell-disease and might contaminate me and endanger my life? - or he is a sinner and goes where I must not follow!"

Such answers suggest no remedy. They certainly are not Christian. But where is my sister?

Shall another answer: "my sister is in the work-shop; her ill condition is her own fault? You cannot expect me to think of such as she?" Or this picture - a sewing girl very poor, pale, thin of flesh, cramped in the chest, with a hectic flush on her cheek and a worrisome cough. Where's sister is she? Surely you must befriend her and all such.

It has often occurred to me that all those strong lessons of sacrifice which Moses taught by repeated objects lessons, where every man and woman was to bring his best, from the
handsome bullock to, the tender pigeon— from the full sheaves of wheat to the little unleavened loaf of bread, and to lay them before the altar of the Lord, meant more than mere obedience to God; more even than a mere portent of Christ's coming. Yes, it meant the keeping up the cultivation of the spirit of sacrifice. The Jewish people understand it still; they ever sacrifice for one another. They always care for their poor; and a Jew who puts on Christ, enlarges his sacrifices to embrace all the children of men: 

Time, thought, money, ease and comfort, strength, bodily vigor, nay even life itself are required—have always been required of all Godly men from Abel to John the Baptist, from Jesus, our Lord, to the men and women of to-day who take themselves to work for their fellows, for example, nurses or helpers visit the places of contagion, and lift up the weariest heads and comfort the sorest hearts, in a happy cheerful self-sacrificing effort.
There is probably a present need for all of us, of extreme sacrifice, though the Spirit of it should be in our breasts. This Spirit, if it could only rise above the worry that sometimes accompanies its presence, a worry, that causes cross words and unhappy speeches, if it could only produce sweet faces, joyous hearts and well ripened deeds, this Spirit of sacrifice would make each home beautiful.

The greater measure may contain the less. As the sacrifice of time, ease, treasure, earthly kingdoms, and finally the earthly life, for weary marches, for perpetual discomfort, extreme poverty, buffetings and scourgings and a horrible, cruel death, marks the great Exempler Jesus Christ, so a soul prepared by the Spirit for the Spirit of sacrifice, which makes the home sweet and happy, will widen its influence and send its genial rays out into other homes. Of course, we must first cultivate our own gardens and raise our own fruits and flowers. Certainly each one must work his own farm and
not his neighbors; but dear friends, let us do these things, even these spadings and reapings in a neighborly way. Your good garden is the better for being near other good gardens. Selfish weeds and thistles are wonderfully contagious; while beautiful flowers and delicious neighborly fruits are full of hope, courage and inspiration. You ask: What pray do you mean? I mean this: If Jesus Christ sacrificed all things, was the embodiment of all sacrifice, and taught the universal and all embracing lesson of neighborly love and fellowship, we his followers should first endeavor to catch and breathe his Spirit, and follow fearlessly where that Spirit leads.

Have I two jewels worth many dollars which I myself purchased for my own adornment, could I not spare one of them to give food to a hungry child, or fuel to a freezing household? If Christ gave all his life for me, could I not give one hour a day to work or plan for some one of "his little ones" of whom he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me?"
When in Philadelphia the other day, a gentleman of much thought and high standing said: "I never saw such a City as this is for doing good. They furnish in the summer two large steamers daily to weary mothers and destitute children to run to and from yonder 'Sanitarium'-park. The sick ones stay in that large dormitory, and are cared for without price. It is a benevolent society that does it, and Philadelphia is full of them." We are hearing similar things of the Brooklyn people. But, my dear friend, you will lose your real personal reward unless, giving your whole heart to Christ, you bear your own part in this, his ministry, and it in his Spirit of cheerful hopeful helpfulness. We read in the Scripture that one of the Scribes came up and asked our Savior this question. "What commandment is the first of all? Jesus answered, the first is; 'Hear, O! Israel; The Lord is our God the Lord is one: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind and with all thy strength,'
The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is no other commandment greater than these. And the Scribe replied: 'Master thou hast well said that He is one; and there is none other but He: and to love him with all the heart and with all the understanding, and with all the strength and to love his neighbor as himself, is much more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices.'

And Jesus when he saw that he (the Scribe) had answered discretely, he said unto him: 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God'.

How extraordinary is our present privilege, my friends, even before that of the Jewish Scribe, to draw near to this same kingdom; nay, to pass through its portals and participate in its blessedness; for we first obtain that love of God by Jesus' help; and then enter into the joy, the sweetness, of daily sacrifice.

Yes, we do it for our neighbor who is Jesus' child; and even the neighborhood is only limited by human needs and our ability to reach them.
Delivered Jan 23. Before Court.

A Will's Daughter to a Northern Church.

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A Christian man, who was the secretary of a prominent Christian institution, was passing a drinking saloon one evening, when he saw the keeper of the establishment push a wretched looking stranger into the street. The poor victim fell down from the violence inflicted upon him, and the keeper rolled him like a lump of mud into the gutter. Then a policeman near at hand picked him up into a cart, up the helpless creature and bore him away to the nearest police station. The next day the police judge had him, now a little sober, before his honor. He sentenced him to two weeks in jail and ten dollars fine. The Christian secretary went to his home.
after attending upon the police court that morning. She could not shake off this question: "Where is my brother?" Under its inspiration, she went noon and hastened to the judge and the jail: paid the man's fine and received his release from confinement. But, how to his own home! gave him a battle with a charge of raincoat, and kept him for several days at his house and in his family. The seed influence from at the table, the family alter caused the man to reject and be converted. He had once a prominent merchant but had gradually fallen to the lowest estate. By the effect of this Christian brother, he was lifted up, and restored to his place in society. He was converted from the error of his ways and troubled by a multitude of sins were covered.
This literal method puts the Christian's answer to the question, "Who is My brother?" into the concrete.

It is a sweet happy answer to the Lord's call, "Abraham, how are you? Your brother Isaac has brought me!"
The idea of humanity which can make
man to those who will views
with interest. Publishing
Mr. Jacob A. Riss' Article in
the name "Prozander's"
Sensation for December, when kindness
is so cold that it needs heat to find it
was a weapon that the world's victory
by the month to its view, active
the companionship of the war to keep
from despair. This section is so wondrous
that the poem, "Lone and the
piano's call a leaping. And oh, the
end of this misery even here so rich
New York! Take our picture among host
from the "tower quarter" near end of

Said Mr. Ries says: "In the stifling
July nights, when the big barns (a name given
to the vast houses) are like fire furnaces, their very
walls giving out absorbed heat, men and women
lie in restless, suffocating rows, panting for air
and sleep. Then every truck on the street, every
headquarters division of the atlantic.

Governor's Island, New York City, 18

Life in the酉ventments in July and August
sumdos death to an army of little ones
whom the doctor's skill is powerless to
save.

I saw another. "Along the water fronts, in
the holes of the dock rats, and in the
annex we young lads find plenty of
kindred spirits. Every one of us has its gang
not always on the best of terms with the
nuns in the next block, but are with
a common programme: defiance of
law and order, and with a common
addiction: to get "pinched," i.e., arrested, so as to
face us heroes before their fellows. 0 from the
Training why should we anticipate what we find in the criminal class who are ever more their possessions as heroes pardoned often with the most superficial of the promoting people and so made even till death, much like genuine heroes.

In the face of the social needs which these stresses indicate and they are true pictures of a portion of every large city. How evident it is that our Lord's principle of self-sacrifice, so much less clearly studied. How can we reach the enemy indifferent, the hardening, the speculating, the sly, the sly, money? The result is clear down to their needs, desires, and even their hearts.

Means and measures are multiplied every day for dollar profit in the way of social relief. But the worker must some hour get to the needy in their need, better than their surroundings, improve their conditions, and win their hearts. The result is by no means hopeless. The vast majority are fellow of equal worth and bound. A unifying spirit of self-sacrifice among the well to do will furnish complete plans and will do well to do so.