

# SERMON BY DR. TALMAGE.

## On That Night Could Not The King Sleep— Esther VI.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "On that night could not the king sleep."—Esther vi. 1.

Three persons seated at a table in a Persian palace. Ahasuerus, grander in stature and more beautiful in features than any man in all his army of two million, three hundred and seven thousand men. Esther, the belle of the empire, the most attractive woman in all the nation, brought together in a group, and she selected out of the group pre-eminently attractive. Haman, who was Prime Minister, or Secretary of State, the Bismarck of the realm, standing next to the king. It was a party in the queen's parlors. You may get some idea of the bill of fare when I tell you that the whole empire was tributary to that table. What rare meat of bird, and fish, and quadruped! What rare fruit of raisin, and fig, and pomegranate, and apples of gold in caskets of silver! What rare wines smacking of the sunshine of Arabia and Syria! The upholstery looking as if it had been dyed in rising and setting suns. The furniture of room, and table most peculiar—each chair, and lounge, and oop, and tankard, and spoon, of an independent pattern, drawn out by the artist of the king. The floor, looking like a fallen rainbow. Clouds of curtains hovering amid marble and statuary. The music of a full band mingling with the laughter of Minnehaha, or the voices of falling waters. But now the sun strikes aslant through the queen's banquet hall and across the finds and peeling of the grape clusters, and the path of the spilled wine, and the intoxicated cheeks of the bear-eyed banqueters. Ahasuerus arises to depart. The officers of the palace appear as his escort. With blundering and staggering steps he gets into the sedan, and is carried to his canopied couch, and retires for the night. Come in, O sleep! through the windows hanging of Tyrian purple, and put your soft feet on the king's eyelids. Wait upon him, sweet dreams! Kiss him, breath of frankincense and rosemary! There he is, the owner of all the world that is worth owing from India to Ethiopia! Let the chamberlains draw the curtain around this son of fortune. Let the lights be lowered. Let the sentries outside the door stop their pacing. Let everything be silent. The officers of the guard outside give their order in a whisper. Night in all the land. Night in the palace. Standing outside the sleeping apartment of the king I hear first a cough, and then a groan, then the turning over of the imperial couch, and last of all the voice of the king saying: "Let the officers of the guard bring me the book of the record of the Chronicles and read to me. I can't sleep." Sleep for the scullions in the king's kitchen, and for the pages who run errands, sleep for the gate-keeper of the imperial park, and for the groom who polish the smooth coats of the horses in the royal mews; but no sleep for their master. "On that night could not the king sleep."

put into that bottle a few drops of quiet, a few drops of forgetfulness, and a few drops of restoration, mingle them together, then dips his finger in new life and invigoration. Oh, heaven-descended sleep! May God give us eight hours of it out of every twenty-four. Better be in a hovel with sleep than in the Tuileries without it. But Ahasuerus cannot get one drop of that mixture. What is the matter? "Why," you say, "it is indigestion. He has been gormandizing and now he is only paying the penalty." O, no. He has taken enough wine to counteract that. That would not have hindered you from hearing his drunken, snore outside the palace. What was the matter? He lies down upon his back, trying in that way to sooth his pulse; but no sleep. He turns over on his right side; but no sleep. Then he counts the shadows on the wall, hoping to put himself in a somnolent state; but no sleep. "On that night could not the king sleep."

There may have been three or four reasons for this fidget and restlessness. One was the care of his kingdom. And here this Ahasuerus cannot sleep because he is going to conquer Greece. He is going to rally an army of, one million seven hundred thousand foot, and he is going to have four thousand two hundred ships. The queen of Mithridates had a blue band on her forehead, showing that she was queen of the realm; but one day that band slipped from her forehead under her chin and strangled her life out. And so it is with the ambitions of this world; they led souls not so much to glory as to death. He had raging passions, this man Ahasuerus, that would not let him sleep—passions that showed themselves in a ridiculous way, so that when he came back from that Grecian expedition he was found so mad at the River, Hellespont for breaking up his bridge of boats that he ordered his servants to whip that river with three hundred lashes, compelling his servants to cry out while they were lashing the river! "Thou bitter water, thy master put upon thee these stripes because thou hast treated him so badly, O, treacherous and unsavory stream," of course such a man as that could not sleep. Besides that, his conscience troubled him. It spurred the pillow. No choral, no extract of poppy, no morphine can put a man to sleep when his conscience raps him. What had Ahasuerus been doing? Doing? Why, when Vashti, his first wife, refused to come in and display her beauty before an obscene and adulterous crowd of princes, he hurled her, weeping and exited down the palace stairs, and divorced her for nothing but her virtues. His appetite was his god, and he flung contempt in the face of heaven. He had turned his palace into a foul seraglio, and debauched his empire with his uncleanness. He had decreed the massacre of the whole Jewish nation, saying: "Whoever you find a Jew, kill him." Of course he could not sleep! No, Ahasuerus could not sleep. The more he tried to sleep.

All around about his pillow the past came. Here, in the darkness, stood Vashti, wan and wasted in banishment. There stood the princes whom he had despoiled by his evil example. There were the representatives of the house he had blasted by his infamous demand that the brightest be sent to the palace; broken-hearted parents crying: "Give me back my child, thou vulture's soul!" The outrages of the past flitting along the wall, swinging from the tassels, crouching in the corner, groaning under the pillow, setting their heels on his consuming brain and crying: "Get up! This is the verge of hell! No sleep! No sleep!"

But there are those here who will not sleep to-night. Your unforgiven sins will cry out against you. They will come clamoring around your pillow as the sins of Ahasuerus clamored around his pillow. You think you call roll off a solemn impression like this moment. You will go home. The door will be closed. After a few moments of conversation about what happened at the Tabernacle, you will try to compose yourself for sleep; but if you are an unforgiven man, you cannot sleep. You will get wider and wider awake, God will stand by your pillow, saying: "Where did you come from? What have you been doing? No repentance. No tears. No pardon. No life. No hope. No heaven." And you will say: "What is it that so addresses me?" And God will say: "It is thy Maker and thy Judge," and the sweat of a great agony will come out on you, and before to-morrow morning, you will get up and kneel down, and pray. That will be the history of hundreds in this house to-night.

"O!" says some one, "you don't know me. I am a good sleeper, and no sooner will I put my head on the pillow than I will be unconscious." Ah! perhaps I made a mistake, then, in regard to your case. I may be mistaken in the prophecy with reference to you particularly, for you may be one of those who go to sleep on earth and wake up in hell, where they never sleep. Ahasuerus tried to drown the voice of his conscience with wine, with libertinism, with fame, with all kinds of indulgence, until, in his satiety, he actually offered a reward for somebody who could.

No, madame; no, sir; if the Holy Spirit is in your heart you cannot drown out this religious impression. It will be

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But it seems to be our duty to give you all the information we can about our great Clothing Department.

Never in the history of the Clothing trade was better value offered the people of Charlottetown than is now offered by Prowse Bros. The Wonderful Cheap Men.

FIRST—We want to impress this on your minds that we keep the best Ready-to-Wear Clothing made in Canada.

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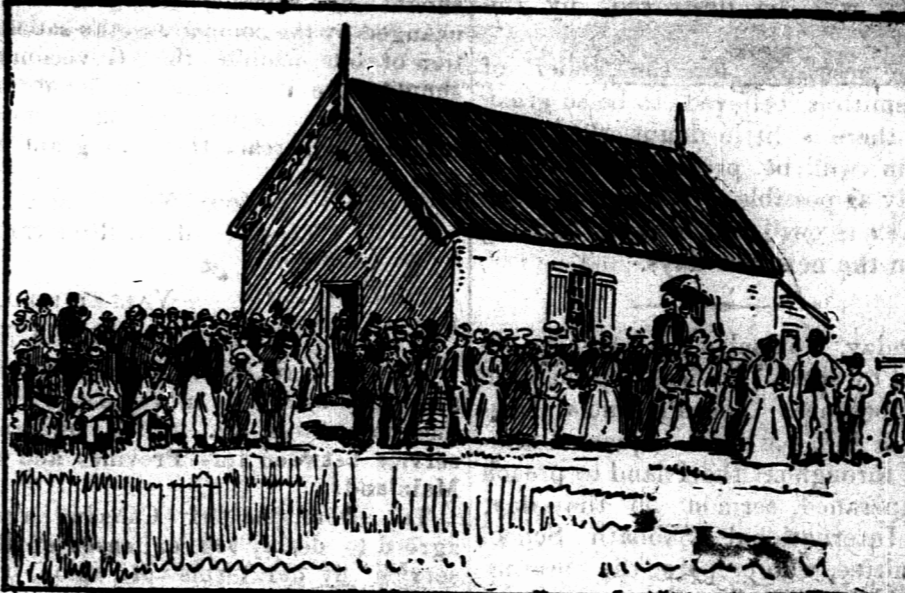
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SEVENTH—You are safe when you trade at Prowse Bros. because you can be sure of getting the best goods, the best value, the best treatment.

# PROWSE BROS., THE WONDERFUL CHEAP MEN.



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, NEWCASTLE, NATAL.  
Photographed at the opening, Nov. 15, 1870.

as it was last Sabbath night, when there were two persons sitting before me so thoroughly given up to merriment while I was preaching that I thought must stop in the midst of my sermon and call them to order; and yet, at the close of the service, they came asking the way to heaven, and they are now in this house sitting in the peace of Christ, these few days of pardon giving them more joy than all the days of their worldly hilarity. Ah, my friends, you cannot with outside glee stop the inside tremor. Whirl around all the dangers, clad all the cymbals of defiance, fill the air with guffaw and ribaldry and mirth, and Ahasuerus cannot sleep to-night. O, man immortal, O woman immortal, how can you sleep unforgiven? All your lifetime transgressions gathering together, each one of them enough for your eternal disfigurement yet piling up and piling up, and spreading out and spreading out, and crowding closer and closer. O God, what will they do with their sins the unfortunate sins of their life like hounds on their track, flashing like fiery bolts from the clouds, slipping from above like an avalanche. They might as well try to sleep in the top story of a house when all the rooms underneath are in flames, and the fire is singeing their locks; they might as well try to sleep while the foundering steamer is making its last plunge. How can you sleep at the memory of misdeeds merited? Where is your neglected Bible? Where in your father's death-bed, your mother's death-bed? What is that on your hands, on your forehead, on your cheek, on your

## Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation.

Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says: "It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor.

"I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

## AN IDEA

of the large assortment style, quality and price of our solid Gold Gem Rings, Keeper Rings, Plain Rings and Child's Rings can only be had by inspecting our stock.

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## THE WHEEL.

World's Record Broken.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 15.—Bobby Walthour, of Atlanta, broke the world's professional speed bicycle record for five, ten and fifteen miles at the Panama track here yesterday by finishing the first five miles in nine minutes, six seconds, two seconds ahead of Eston, who contested him. He made the second five miles in eight minutes, seven and three-fifths seconds, or seventeen minutes, thirteen and three-fifths seconds for the ten miles. He covered the fifteen miles in 26 minutes 49 3/5 seconds.

## To Abolish Tipping.

New York, Nov. 15.—George H. Daniels of the New York Central railroad, denies the report that he is at the head of a movement among officials of the trunk lines to abolish the practice of "tipping" on dining and sleeping cars. "The New York Central would be very glad to see the system abolished," said Mr. Daniels, "but all efforts to do so have been futile. I do not know how the report originated that my road intended to take measures against the tipping. At any rate, nothing of the kind is contemplated at present."

# "77"

## The Famous Remedy for GRIP

Is Grip With us again?  
(From New York Herald.)  
"It would appear from reports received from practicing physicians in different parts of the country that Grip in more or less epidemic form is beginning to make its appearance. The symptoms are said to be of a distinctly catarrhal character and to tend toward pulmonary complications. This gives the disease a grave aspect." "77" taken early cuts it short promptly.

Taken during its prevalence, pre-occupies the system and prevent its invasion.  
Taken while suffering from it, a cure is speedily realized.  
Manual of all Diseases sent free.  
For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Homoeopathic Medicine Co. Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

## BUSINESS LOCALS.

Boys' youths' and men's clothing. All prices; all good goods at Prowse Bros.

Royal Oak Soap. It leads That's all! 12 tf  
Worth knowing that Prowse Bros keep the best ready made clothing made in Canada.

Visit Charlottetown's greatest store. Every department kept right; no trouble to show goods or see them.—Prowse Bros.

## WONDERFUL ASTHMA RECOVERIES.

Clarke's Kola Compound Officially Tested by the British Columbia Government, at the Home for Incurables, Kamloops, B. C., the Medical Superintendent Pronounced Long-standing Cases Cured.

Many temporary relief asthma remedies have during the past few years been placed before the public, but until the introduction to the medical profession of Clarke's Kola Compound, nothing has been found to have any effect on preventing future attacks. The Medical Superintendent for the Home for Incurables in Kamloops, B. C., had had previous the best chance in Canada to thoroughly test this wonderful remedy for asthma. He reports that on three cases of asthma where Clarke's Kola Compound has been tried, in not a single instance did it fail to cure, and on one particular case a lady had been confined to her bed most of the time for nearly a year previous to taking this remedy, and more than three bottles have completely cured her. Over one year has now passed, and there has not been the slightest indication of asthma returning. Clarke's Kola Compound are guaranteed to cure any case of asthma. Over 500 cases have already been cured in Canada by this remedy. Sold by all druggists. Free sample bottle sent to any person mentioning this paper. Address: The Kola Compound Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents.

## Evil Result of Whiskey.

Prisoners on J.S. Transport Did So and Then Raised Cain.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 15.—One hundred and one military prisoners on the transport Indians, just arrived from Manila, broke through the bulkhead separating their quarters from the commissary store room last Monday night, and secured several cases of whiskey. After drinking large quantities of the liquor, they splintered the wooden bars of their prison with a rush, and ran over the ship, threatening to kill any one who dared to check them. Officers called all available men to duty, and a fearful hand-to-hand combat ensued. The drunken men fought with viciousness, and had to be literally beaten into insensibility before they were quelled. A dozen or more of the ringleaders were put in irons, and the rest of them were placed in solitary confinement and kept on a diet of bread and water.

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This is the picture of a man who is healthy, clear-headed, successful and impartial—the Ex-Lord Chancellor of England. You may be very sure his blood is pure. The man who impure blood isn't likely to achieve eminence in any walk of life. You cannot pump impure blood into the brain, and expect the brain to be active and keen. If you feed the brain cells on impure blood, you are sure to have weak, sluggish brain cells. If you pump bad blood into the lungs, you will have weak lungs. Pump bad blood into the liver, and the result is torpidity of the liver. Feed the heart on impure blood, and the consequence is a weak heart. Nourish the skin with impure blood, and the result is all manner of unsightly skin diseases.

The best of all known blood purifiers is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the liver active and fits the arteries with the rich, red blood of health. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures all forms of eruptive skin diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, weak lungs, and kindred ailments. It gives vigor and health to the muscles and activity to the brain. Thousands have testified to the benefits derived from the use of this wonderful medicine. All medicine stores sell it.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894, I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a sickness in my stomach and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation, was swelled across my stomach, had a pain around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets' began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. It cured me and thank God I was in permanent health."