



TALMAE'S SERMON.

(Continued from the Second Page.)

When a man neglects his health for a day he marks two days of his life. When he neglects his health for two consecutive days he marks four days of his life's calendar. And so on. That's about the ratio, and it doesn't take many days to cross off an entire year. And yet men recklessly neglect their health for weeks at a time. It is the easiest thing in the world for health and to keep it. It only needs a little stick here and there. The big, dangerous maladies that threaten life are only the culmination of the little illnesses that are neglected. If when a man feels "knocked out," "out-of-sorts," "run-down," "overworked" or "overworn" he resorts to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he will soon feel bright, strong and vigorous again and able to combat all the big maladies in the doctor's books. Moreover, the Golden Medical Discovery is a sure and speedy cure for some of the most dangerous diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. These are not mere assertions. Thousands of grateful men and women have testified to the facts, and hundreds of their names, addresses and photographs are printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for torpid liver and indigestion, and obtained permanent relief. W. A. Williams, Esq., of Mill Brook, Washington Co., Tenn.

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Dead Men Tell no Tales

But living women and hungry children do. They tell a sad tale sometimes, that brings the terrible charge of carelessness and neglect to provide, against the husband and father whom the hand of Death has stricken. What a little thing a 5 cent piece is, yet 5c. a day will provide \$1,000 Insurance for a man of average age in the

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In the first place I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was so small a honor to be queen in such a realm as that Herk to the rustle of her robes! See the glaze of her jewels, and yet it is not necessary to have palace and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with faith in God putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godly display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say, "That woman is a queen," and the talk of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation, and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Vashti!"

THINGS TO CONSIDER.

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elisabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory; or of that woman mentioned in the Scriptures who put her all into the Lord's treasury; or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism; or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband; or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, helpless Naomi; or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to stanch the battle wounds of the Crimea; or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burma; or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and father's tomb, and curfew's knell at the dying day, and scores and hundreds of women unknown on earth who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged, their footsteps heard a long dark lane and in government hospital and in almshouses, corridors and by private gate? There may be no royal robe. There may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them, for all charitable men will unite with the thrackling lips of fever struck hospital and plague blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Vashti!"

Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of the oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out: "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisra into thy hands." And when the women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic positions God prepares them for it, and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord omnipotent in their arm. They walk through furnaces as though they were hedges of widowers and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires, and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

VASHTI UNVEILED.

But these are the expectations. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy, Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels. Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel, the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy, the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah, Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle, Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline, presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, I say, This is Vashti with a veil on.

When I saw a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced with a tongue of infinite clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking beam, gaily arrayed in a very thrifftic of millinery, I cry out, Vashti has lost her veil. When I see a woman struggling for political preferment, trying to force her way up to conspicuous eminence amidst demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath to guard the polls, wanting to go through the loafsism and defilement of popular sovereigns who crawl up from the sloughs greasy and foul and vermin covered to decide questions of justice and order and civilization--when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible seam to get to public place and power, I say, "Ah, what a pity! Vashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features and of adroitness of intellect and endowed with all that the schools can do for her and of high social position,

yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo, I say, "Vashti has lost her veil."

MAN'S CRELTY.

Again I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of this palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, struggling along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change it was from her regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for. Now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship Vashti the sacrifice.

THE SILENT MARTYR.

Once more, I want you to look at Vashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes sinners are so sorely resisted; but there are some who in the most triumphant things do not keep silence. The philosopher, content in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of a more intelligent generation, willing that men should laugh at his lightning rod and cotton gin and steamboat and telegraph, waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools in the magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and monks and cardinals, ventured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reformations, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system, then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming on of the generations who would build his monument a d bow at his grave. The reformer, ex-cited by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the site of public contempt burning under a ground under the cylinder of the printing press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and dharma of character will set the auction of earth and the paddis of heaven.

Oh, women does not this story of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into the one absorbing hope that none of you may be shut out of the palace gate of heaven. You can endure the hardships and the privations, and the cruel ties, and the misfortunes of this life if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates or never through at all. God forbid that you should at last be banished from your glorified kingdom forever. Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Esther and Vashti.

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