

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Glanford Station, Ont. - "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it." - Mrs. Henry Clark, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Another woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy in the world for women.

Fox Creek, N. B. - "I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me and cause soreness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better, and I can walk with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world for women. You can publish this in the papers." - Mrs. William Bourque, Fox Creek, N. B., Canada.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful - or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.



Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

THE GUARDIAN'S WEEK END SERMON

Rev. Joel B. Sloane, of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached the following sermon. Mr. Sloane had for his subject "What is Man?" The text was from Psalms viii:4: "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Mr. Sloane said:

Everything. His glory fills the earth. He has put steam and electricity in subjection to himself. He has perfected the wireless telegraph. He has discovered and applied the X-ray. He has played with liquid air and radium. Of late, it has come to be literally true that he rides upon the wings of the wind. Not content with the globe upon which he lives, he has journeyed away among the stars and brought back the secret of their size, the substance and their characteristics.

Amazed by the grandeur and multiplicity of the monuments he has erected, I look about me and repeat this old question of the Psalmist: "What is man?" And machinery and towering cities and gigantic ocean liners and railroad trains and airships and submarine bells, all reply: "Man is everything." But if the pendulum swings so far in exalting man, it will swing as far back in condemning him. Again I ask the question: "What is man?" And I hear a voice: "Man is nothing." Somewhat surprised by this startling antithesis, I demand: "How do you know?" And for reply he seeks to establish man's infinite smallness by putting him directly in comparison with the infinite bigness of the universe. The argument is old and worn, but still of some fascinating interest and not altogether unwholesome in its effect. He tells me that the planet Uranus travels in such an immense orbit around the sun that a railroad train, going at the rate of forty miles per hour, would require 32,000 years to accomplish the circuit; that at the same speed, to reach Neptune, our most distant planet, would necessitate 8,500 years; that the sun is 93,000,000 miles from the earth, but that the nearest star is more than 200,000 times that distance, and that its light, travelling at its awful velocity of 186,000 miles per second, reaches the earth only after four years and four months. I gasp when I hear all this, and, as by magic, this stupendous comparison of the world on which I live seems now but the tiniest speck of dust floating in a sunbeam. I concede that man is not so great after all.

Even if I should be inclined to put small confidence in such an illustration of man's littleness, I cannot fail to note that other voices are lifting up their warning. Among these, no truer note was ever sounded than that by Kipling at the close of the great jubilee in 1897 that witnessed the exhibition of the pomp and power of Great Britain: "Far-called, our navies melt away, On dune and headline sinks the fire. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday, Is one with Nineveh and Tyre. Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget - lest we forget!"

And the concluding stanza of this Recessional gives dramatic expression of the fact that all man's works are but as dust; valiant dust, to be sure, but dust. All valiant dust that builds on dust; And guarding, calls not Thee to guard; For frantic boast and foolish word - Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! It is well that we should go for a moment to the other extreme and face the possibility of man's nothingness. There is more danger that a man should die of conceit than perish of humility.

Coleridge, standing in the valley of Chamounix, sang of the majesty of Mont Blanc. If, after that sublime sunrise hymn, the poet had asked, "What is man?" it would seem that his answer to his own question must be: "Man is nothing less than an atom." And yet Pascal comes to our assistance, as he says: "The mountain may crush me, but the mountain is less than nothing in that it does not know that it has crushed me; while dying, I weigh its masses and measure its law." It was the same mathematician who on discovering that the planets were fulfilling the exact movements which his calculations had anticipated, cried aloud: "O God, I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee!"

In order to fulfil his opportunity, man ought to see "Sermons in stones and books in running brooks." 2. He ought also to be something of a philosopher; especially in the sense of that word's derivation, a lover of wisdom, a lover and follower of truth; not merely to know, but to do; not simply to speculate, but to serve. The tardy progress of the church has been largely due I believe to the fact that the philosophy and the creed and the theology have been so absorbing that little time or inclination has been left for the practical application of religion in daily service. Ruskin discovered in the church of Saint Giacomo de Malto at Venice this inscription: "Around this church let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful." That is the true philosophy, the philosophy that incarnates itself in human action.

3. Man should be something of an enthusiast; enthusiast, however, in only the best sense of that term. There is a new sense of humanity taking possession of the world today. We have been rightly emphasizing the need of faith. What we need to learn now is that the only kind of faith that is worthy of the name is the kind that expresses itself in persistent and hopeful action. In the story of the "Holy Grail" by Tennyson, there comes a sublime moment when the sister of Percival sends forth Sir Gallahad to his quest. Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen, and as she spoke She sent the deathless passion in her eyes.

Through him, and made him hers, and laid her mind On him, and he believed in her belief. Wordsworth saw ten thousand daffodils at a glance. Afterward, when he could no longer visit his sunny meads, this same vision flashed upon the inward eye:

And then my heart with pleasure fills And dances with the daffodils.

A few years ago, a slip of paper sold in an auction at a London bookstore for several thousand dollars. Why? Because it was the original draft of Burns' lines, "To a Mountain Daisy." Burns saw that flower with his soul, and the words he wrote will live forever:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower, Thou'st met me in an evil hour; For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem. To spare thee now is past my pow'r, And thou shalt lie on the bare ground.

Only as the deathless compassion of Christ has become our passion, can we expect to win the world unto Him. In every great cause it is intelligent enthusiasm that leads to victory. Napoleon needed a hundred men for a forlorn hope. Calling on his faithful guards he described to them the undertaking, predicted that probably every man of them would be killed. Now, who will die for the Emperor. A hundred men! Forward, march! And not a hundred men, but a regiment sprang to the front and were ready for service. That was enthusiasm. We are called, not to a forlorn hope, but to certain victory. Shall we be less courageous than the soldiers of Napoleon? Among the sublime words of Jesus are these in His prayer to His Father: "As thou didst send me into the world, even so send I them into the world." The same divine enthusiasm that held Jesus to His enormous task is to hold us to ours. As truly as He was commissioned, so has He commissioned us.

4. And again, I suggest that man should be something of a builder. A good builder will be swift to recognize materials. The story of how Miss Sullivan met Helen Keller and recognized in the deaf and dumb and blind seven-year-old girl the possibility of an educated, useful woman, is a thrilling illustration of that exquisite perception of value which should characterize the true builder. The good builder should construct with a view to the future. In his poem, "The Palace," Kipling tells of a king who found the ruins of a castle that some prior king had attempted to build. He had failed, but he had carved on every stone: "After me cometh a builder, Tell him, I, too, have known. So the king, scornful of the failure of his predecessor, proceeds to erect a magnificent palace. In the midst of the work they sent for him. They said: "The end is forbidden." They said: "Thy end is fulfilled. Thy palace shall stand as that of others - The spoil of the king who shall build." So I called my men from their labor; Only I cut on the timber - only I carved on the stone: "After me cometh a builder, Tell him, I, too, have known!" So, in the process of the years we are building for the coming generations, building for eternity.

A good builder should look well to his foundations. No other foundation has been laid than Jesus Christ; and yet men have chosen the sand instead of the rock. Alas! by material considerations, men have chosen insecure foundations and flimsy materials. In the temple of your life what place has Jesus Christ? The question asked by Pilate, "What then wilt thou do with Jesus, who is called the Christ?" is the greatest question of the centuries. Something must be done with Him. He must either rule in your life or be rejected. To turn away from Him is to neglect the fairest prospect of life.

John R. Mott once asked Professor Henry Drummond what three courses of Bible study he would suggest for your men. Professor Drummond replied, "First, a life of Jesus Christ; second, the life of Jesus Christ; third, the life of Jesus Christ. Let me leave with you two words. They are symmetry and service. Build four-square. Avoid lop-sidedness. My little boy came home from school greatly amused. He said the teacher had asked 'What is the shape of the world?' One boy, with great assurance, had replied: 'Lopsided!' I have thought many times since that the boy was more than half right. There are a lot of lopsided people in the world. Darwin, with all his learning, became lopsided. He once loved music and literature with a consuming passion. But after he had plunged into his scientific researches a haze of Shakespeare bored him and the sweetest music brought him only pain. The other word is service. Jesus Himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Our business is to make the world more beautiful. There is a line of Tennyson referring to Maud: Her feet hath touched the meadows And have left the daisies rosy. The daisies, already beautiful, were made more beautiful by her presence. Put yourself in touch with needy souls. There are loads to be lifted, wrongs to be righted. Let the stream of your influence become mighty rivers of power. Be Strong. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to do, and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

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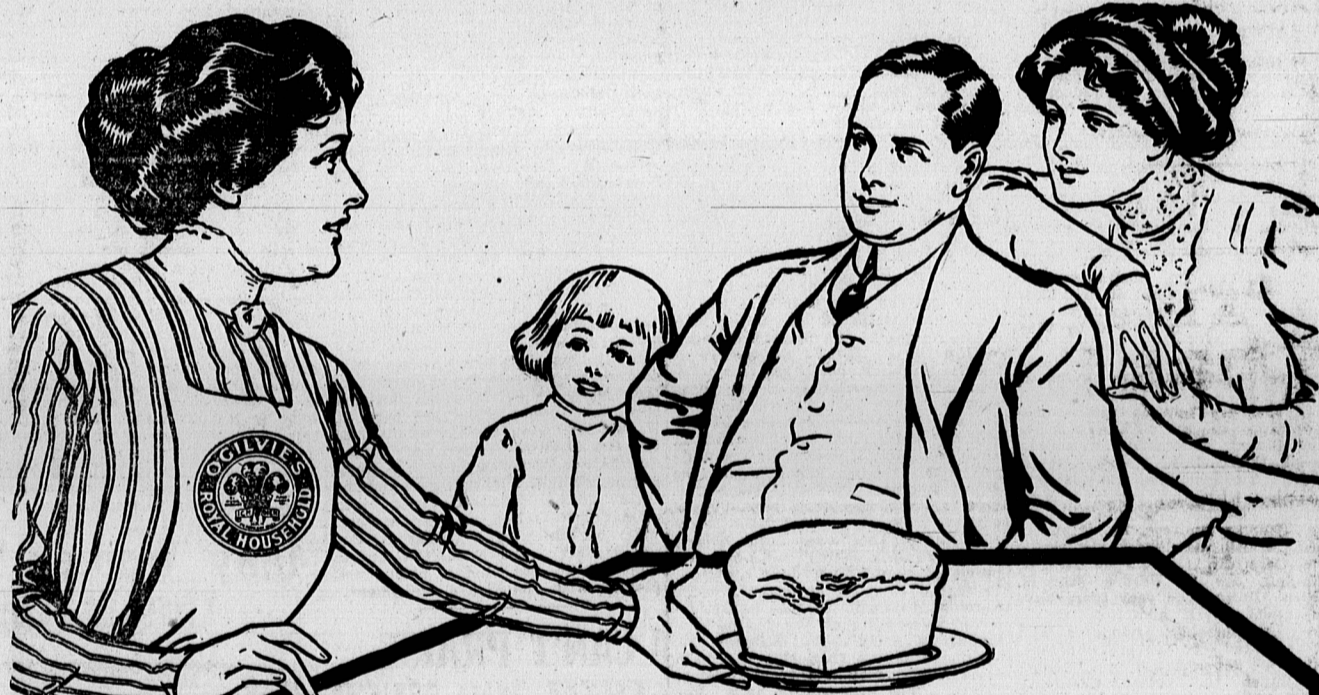
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