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THE WORK OF WOMAN

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S STIRRING SERMON ON "THE QUEENS OF HOME."

Heroines of the Fireside and the Battlefield—Ministering Angels—In the Sickroom—What Her Chief Desire Should Be.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10.—In this discourse the opportunities of usefulness for women are set forth by Dr. Talmage, and many sympathies are stirred and memories recalled. The text is Solomon's Song vi, 8, "There are threescore queens."

So Solomon, by one stroke, set forth the imperial character of a true Christian woman. She is not a slave, not a hireling, not a subordinate, but a queen. In a former sermon I showed you that crown and courtly attendants and imperial wardrobe were not necessary to make a queen, but that graces of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you at once at some length that woman's position was higher in the world than man's, and that although she had often been denied the right of suffrage, she always did vote and always would vote by her influence, and that her chief desire ought to be that she should have grace rightly to rule in the dominion which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and now I resume the subject.

In the first place woman has the special and the superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smitings of disease? Tens of thousands of sickbeds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sickroom, trying to soothe the distracted nerves and alleviate the pains of the distressed patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences, but at the first blast of typhoid fever on his cheek he says, "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment:

> Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest field of Shunem and got sunstruck—pressing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head! My head!" And they said, "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is, "He sat on her knees till noon and then died."

Woman on the Battlefield.

It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in awhile men coming in to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed. How loudly they talk. How you long for the ministries of home. I know one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the west. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his deathbed far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward, but they went too late. He feared not to die, but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said, "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulses fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight, wife and daughters going westward, lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. Oh, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick, we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain, but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus.

In our civil war men cast the cannon, men fashioned musketry, men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying, "Charge, charge!" But woman scraped the lint, woman administered the cordials, woman watched by the dying couch, woman wrote the last message to the home circle, woman wept at the solitary burial, attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the generals home with brass bands and triumphal arches and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickahominy; of Annie Ross in the cooper shop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed, some of them frozen to the ground, and when she turned them over those that had an arm left waved it and filled the air with their "hurrah!" of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian commission! God bless the women at home;" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her we shall meet again in the good land; tell her to bear my loss like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier;" and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said, "Your grapes and cologne cured me."

The Women Who Watch.

And so it was also through all of our war with Spain—women heroic on the field, braving death and wounds to reach the fallen, watching by their fever cots in the West Indian hospitals or on the troopships or in our smitten home camps. Men did their work with shot and shell and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks and slippers and bandages and warm drinks and Scripture texts and gentle strokings of the hot temples and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded and said, "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" Tonight while we men are sound asleep in our beds there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning down that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

Again, woman has a special right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the east, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution and finds out all the sorrows of the place and puts so quietly the donation on the table that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down.

The Angel Chant.

O Christian young woman, if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry, but the angels of God will come out to watch and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger hosts a charge, saying, "Look out for that woman; canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm," and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful!" And if you will listen right sharply you will hear dripping down through the leaky roof and rolling over the rotten stairs the angel chant that shook Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Can you tell me why a Christian woman going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place, "Do you come here nights to hold a service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said, "never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the red right arm of his wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity to her. He would smite him with lightnings and drown him with floods and swallow him with earthquakes and damn him with eternal indignations.

Some one said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid too." Said the first, "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that if any of those boys should use a bad word in her presence the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by the Lord God Almighty, and you need never fear going anywhere where God tells you to go.

No Fool's Errand.

It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and by wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible. Passing on her errand, God says to her, "You go into that bank or store or shop and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your checkbook, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farina. That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delegate of a relief society coming out of the store of such a hard fisted man, and I say, "Did you get the money?" "Of course," she says, "I got the money; that's what I went in for. The Lord told me to go in and get it, and he never sends me on a fool's errand."

Again, I have to tell you that it is a woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel, but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman, who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives! There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again, "What is the matter?" But he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all that trouble within his own soul. Oh, sir, your first duty was to tell your wife all about it! She perhaps might not have disentangled your finances or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. Business men know what I mean. There came a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long, but after awhile there came a day when you said, "Here I shall have to stop," and you called in your partners, and you called in the most prominent men in your employ, and you said, "We have got to stop." You left the store suddenly. You could hardly make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the ferryboat. You felt everybody would be looking at you and blaming you and denouncing you. You hastened home. You told your wife all about the affair. What did she say? Did she play the butterfly? Did she talk about the silks, and the ribbons, and the fashions?

The Strength of the Eternal God.

No. She came up to the emergency. She quailed not under the stroke. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one and wear the old cloak another winter. She was the one who understood your affairs without blaming you. You looked upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up; but while you looked at that arm there came into the feeble muscles of it the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father from which you brought her 10, 20 or 30 years ago. You said: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care—I don't care." At the moment you were exhausted God sent a Deborah to meet the host of Amalekites and scatter them like chaff over the plain. There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. What grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylae in your own household where God will tell you to stand. There are scores and hundreds of households today where as much bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling or Marie Antoinette or Joan of Arc.

Again, I remark it is a woman's right to bring to us the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleadings of divine love. She is in vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. I may stand here and say the soul is immortal; there is a man who will deny it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone without Christ; there is a man who will contradict it. I may stand here and say there will be a judgment day after awhile; yonder is some one who will dispute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and consistency of Christ's gospel nobody can refute that. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms. They are preached with an audience of two or three and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth.

"My Mother's Prayer."

A sailor came slipping down the ratlines one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried, "What's the matter?" He said, "My mother's prayer haunts me like a ghost." Home influences, consecrated home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men who have maintained their integrity not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start. They were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge in African jungles, they may flee to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I speak to women who have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath, but after that parting at the grave will it be eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the top of the sepulcher brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes, I stand here an embassador of the most high God to proclaim the banns of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? The Lord demands their redemption at your hands. There are prayers for you to offer, there are exhortations for you to give, there are examples for you to set, and I say now, as Paul said to the Corinthian woman, "What knowest thou but thou shalt save thy husband?" A man was dying, and he said to his wife: "Rebecca, you wouldn't let me have family prayers; you laughed about all that, and you got me away into worldliness, and now I'm going to die, and my fate is sealed, and you are the cause of my ruin!" O woman, what knowest thou but thou canst destroy thy husband?

Are there not some of you who have kindly influences at home? Are there not some who have wandered far away from God who can remember the Christian influences in their early home? Do not despise those influences, my brother. If you die without Christ, what will you do with your mother's prayers, with your wife's importunities, with your sister's entreaties? What will you do with the letters they used to write to you, with the memory of those days when they attended you so kindly in times of sickness? Oh, if there be just one strand holding you from floating off from that dark sea, I would just like to take hold of that strand now and pull you to the beach! For the sake of your wife's God, for the sake of your mother's God, for the sake of your daughter's God, for the sake of your sister's God, come this day and be saved.

Heaven Her Right.

Lastly I wish to say that one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. O what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntington, who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels, in heaven, while a great many others, who have never been heard of on earth or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window (the glass broken out) and the aching side and wornout eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work, to show it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last! Heaven for aching heads, heaven for broken hearts, heaven for anguish bitten frames! No more sitting until midnight for the coming of staggering steps! No more rough blows across the temples! No more sharp, keen, bitter curses!

Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize this morning that he is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear he sets another gem in that crown. Whenever you have a pang of body or soul he puts another gem in that crown until after awhile in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to his angel: "The crown is done. Let her up, that she may wear it." And as the Lord of righteousness puts the crown upon your brow angel will cry to angel, "Who is she?" and Christ will say: "I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." And then God will spread a banquet, and he will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast, and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God and crimson with the 12 manner of fruits from the tree of life, and waters from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards, and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps, and Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of heaven, saying, "She suffered with me on earth; now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation, "Hail, hail!" And there will be handwritings on the wall—not such as struck the Babylonian noblemen with horror, but fire tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love, "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

Light Fluid In Which Cork Sinks.

Now that hydrogen has been liquified there seems to be no more worlds to conquer in that special direction. It was a remarkable coincidence that the first public exhibition of this latest wonder was made in connection with the centenary of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Professor Dewar, in opening the exhibition, spoke of liquid hydrogen as a new instrument of research, which it eminently is by virtue of the extremely low temperature at which alone it can exist, and which low temperature it, by its presence or contact, enables other substances approximately to reach. The liquid was exhibited in a state of gentle ebullition in a vacuum tube immersed in liquid air, the latter serving to impede the access of the heat. The hydrogen is a transparent liquid and, besides being the coldest, is also the lightest liquid known.

A cork drops immediately to the bottom of it. At the bottom of the vessel containing the liquid there appeared a whitish substance, which has, in fact, solid air, or air ice. It is impossible to avoid the air ice in the bottom of the vessel, as the air at the surface of the liquid is, by the intense cold, condensed, liquified and subsequently solidified, and, being so much heavier than the hydrogen, it sinks and accumulates at the bottom. To show that the liquid was really hydrogen a light was applied to a small quantity, which at once burst into brilliant flame. Solids immersed in the liquid long enough to attain the same temperature were, upon being taken out, covered with liquid air, which would run down and drop off.—American Machinist.

Dewey as a Swordsman.

Admiral Dewey is perhaps the best small swordsman among the senior officers of the navy, indeed, the best in the service excepting possibly Lieutenant Commander Lucien Young, whose skill with the three cornered dueling sword is a matter of note all through the service. Standing about 5 feet 9½ or 10, lithe, and with catlike quickness, the American admiral would be a dangerous antagonist with the glittering blade in his hand if he meant business. He has a liking for the sword. "It has been the weapon par excellence of the knight and the gentleman for a thousand years," he once said, talking of the arme blanche to a comrade. "With it kings bestowed the accolade. It is the knightliest and noblest of weapons. With its record of chivalry the white arm comes down through the ages, the last legacy of the dead days of romance and beauty to the twentieth century."—New York Sun.

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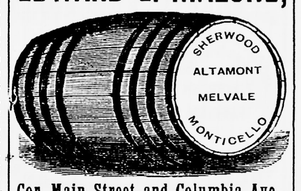

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THE MOST POPULAR SHOES NOW WORN FOR COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. ALSO, MEN'S AND CHILDREN'S OF SAME.
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Deals exclusively in these fine products.

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Baltimore and Ohio Time Table

IN EFFECT MAY 14, 1899.
Baltimore to Mt. Airy, Frederick and Hagerstown.

STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Baltimore, Eastern Ave.	7 40	10 45	4 25	4 30	11 40
Relay Station	7 49	10 55	4 35	4 40	11 50
Avalon	7 51	10 57	4 37	4 42	11 52
Orange Grove	7 54	10 60	4 40	4 45	11 55
Elkridge	8 03	12 11	5 50	5 25	12 05
Ellicott City	8 08	12 14	5 54	5 30	12 09
Dorsey's	8 14	12 19	5 59	5 36	12 14
Guilford	8 17	12 22	6 02	5 39	12 17
Jessup	8 20	12 25	6 05	5 42	12 20
Muirkirk	8 26	12 31	6 11	5 48	12 26
Beltsville	8 31	12 36	6 16	5 53	12 31
Powder Mill	8 34	12 39	6 19	5 56	12 34
Calverton	8 37	12 42	6 22	5 59	12 37
Blue Mt'n	8 41	12 46	6 26	6 03	12 41
Paint Branch	8 44	12 49	6 29	6 06	12 44
College Park	8 47	12 52	6 32	6 09	12 47
Berwyn	8 50	12 55	6 35	6 12	12 50
Greenbelt	8 53	12 58	6 38	6 15	12 53
Seabrook	8 56	1 01	6 41	6 18	12 56
New Carrollton	8 59	1 04	6 44	6 21	12 59
Landover	9 02	1 07	6 47	6 24	1 02
Cheverly	9 05	1 10	6 50	6 27	1 05
Deanwood	9 08	1 13	6 53	6 30	1 08
Lincoln	9 11	1 16	6 56	6 33	1 11
Union Bridge	9 18	1 23	7 03	6 40	1 18
Washington, U. S. Mint	9 30	1 35	7 15	6 52	1 30
Washington, Pa. Ave.	9 35	1 40	7 20	6 57	1 35

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. | Stop to let off passengers.

The Theatre Train leaves Baltimore at 11 10 p. m., daily and arrives at Ellicott City at midnight.

Hagerstown, Frederick and Mt. Airy to Baltimore.

STATIONS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Hagerstown				1 00	7 00
Frederick Junction				1 30	7 30
Mount Airy				1 45	7 45
Woodbine				1 55	7 55
Hood's Mill