

CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES



OFFICES: BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

COPYRIGHT 1898, BY LOUIS KLOPSCH.

VOLUME 21.—NUMBER 27.

Re T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1898.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Preaching Christ

Faithful Gospel Workers Spreading the

OUR photographs on this page represent scenes which will be instantly recognized as familiar to all who have visited any of the great military camps, that are now crowded with numbers of soldiers, a majority of whom are preparing to embark for service in foreign lands. Already the Living Word has been delivered by earnest evangelists to the thousands composing the army of invasion now in Cuba. Still larger armies are soon to depart, many of the gallant fellows doubtless never to return, and it is a privilege as well as a high privilege to give the Gospel to these brave men ere they go, so that they may carry with them in their hearts the knowledge that their future is in divine keeping. In this Christian work, the readers of



in the Camps

Truth Among Our Troops at the Front.

this journal are taking a prominent part. Their gifts are the means, to a large extent, of carrying on the work in the camps, by evangelists and others under Mr. D. L. Moody's able spiritual leadership. Many have been already won to Christ through these services, and the good influences awakened are such as will assuredly bear blessed fruit hereafter.

In a letter from Major Whittle, written June 16 from Chickamauga, speaking of the new army hymn-book, compiled by Mr. Sankey, he says: "We received 9,000 last Saturday, and I have written to-day for 5,000 more. The men are eager for them. I have also written for colportage books. There are none at all now left, and we much need them. There are scores of inquirers at every meeting, (Continued on page 558.)"



CAPTAIN JONES LEADING THE SOLDIERS OF THE 2nd N. J. VOLUNTEERS IN PRAYER AT CAMP CUBA LIBRE, JACKSONVILLE.

THE METROPOLITAN PULPIT



Woman Wronged.

A Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., on the Text: Esther 1: 11-12:

Bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon. But the Queen Vashti refused to come.

WE STAND amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves: the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquariums, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculi.

Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Eulæus filling the urns and dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hic-cough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants, "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which crown could not do disobey this order of the king, and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says, "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus is infuriate, and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone, the

last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

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 no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet it is not necessary to have place and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and a glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks 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!"

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth 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 Burmah?—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 lute's throb, 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 along dark lane and in government hospital, and in almshouse corridor, and by prison-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 crackling 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 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 Sisera into thy hands." And when the women are called to such out-door 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 right arm. They walk through furnaces

as though they were hedges of wild-flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. 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."

But when I see a woman of unblushing boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Vashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loafery and foul defilement, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible scum 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 homoeopathic 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."

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan. It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from 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!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithæ. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes in all parts of this land that are in danger of such breaking-up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say, "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy-glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

One night during our civil war I went

to Hagerstown to look at the army. I stood on a hill-top and looked down on them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires. I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their hopes and of the long march they had to make and of the battles they were to fight after awhile I saw these camp-fires to lower; and they continued to lower until they were all gone out, and the soldiers slept. It was imposing when I saw camp-fires; it was imposing in the day when I thought of that great host of Well, God looks down from heaven and he sees the firesides of Christendom the loved ones gathered around these sides. These are the camp-fires we warm ourselves at the close of day and talk over the battles of life we fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant that when at last the fires begin to go out, and continue lower until finally they are extinguished and the ashes of consumed hopes the hearth of the old homestead, it be because we have

Gone to sleep that last sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep

Now we are an army on the march. Then we shall be an army packed in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look upon Vashti the silent. You do not hear outcry from this woman as she goes out from the palace gate. From the very nature of her nature, you know there is no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but when crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing men should laugh at the lightning-rod cotton-gin and steamboat and telegraph—waiting for long years of the scoffing of philosophical school and magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians and monks, and cardinals, carried everywhere, yet waiting and waiting with his telescope to see the coming of stellar reinforcements, when they in their courses would fight for the complete system; then sitting down to complete blindness and deafness for the coming of the generation that would build his monument and bow to his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory under the slow fires of public contempt but under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and honesty of character will get the sanction of heaven and the plaudits of heaven. At the enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chains, the darkness of the night—waiting for a divine hand shall be put forth to deliver the captive. A wife abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every comfort—waiting, waiting, until he shall gather up his dear children from their heavenly home, and no poor Vashti ever be thrust out from the palace of Jesus, in silence and answering it with a word, drinking the gall, bearing the cross in prospect of the rapturous consolation when

Angels thronged his chariot wheel,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps and
"The glorious work is done!"

Oh, woman! does not this story of the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent, move your soul? My sermon converges into absorbing hope that none of you who shut out of the palace gate of life you can endure the hardships, the privations, and the cruelties, and the fortunes of this life if you can get admission there. Through the blessing of the everlasting covenant you go through those gates, or never go through them. God forbid that you should be banished from the society of angels, banished from the companionship of glorified kindred, and banished from 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.