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## "THE QUEENS OF HOME."

### IT IS WOMAN'S RIGHT TO BRING US TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

#### An Eloquent Tribute to Woman and Her Worth.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON YESTERDAY.

From the Richmond State.  
THE HAMPTONS, September 4.—Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's text to-day was from Solomon's Song, chapter vi, verse 8: "There are three-score queens." Following is the sermon in full:

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; and in my text Solomon sees sixty of them helping to make up the royal pageant of Jesus. In a former sermon I showed you to that crown and courtly attendants and imperial wardrobe was not necessary to make a queen; but that grace of the heart and life will give coronation to any woman. I showed you 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 in which she has already won. I began an enumeration of some of her rights, and this morning I resume the subject.

In the first place, woman has the special and superlative right—not again going back to what I have already said—woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick.

What land, what street, what house, has not felt the sick bed? What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and clumsy foot, go stumbling around the sick room trying to soothe the distracted nerves, and alleviate the pains of the toiling patient? The young man at college may scoff at the idea of being under maternal influences; but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek, he says: "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

"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 Sionem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "Oh, my head!" and they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the records is: "He sat on his knees till noon and then died." It is an awful thing to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while 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 at home. I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest 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 wife and daughter 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 pulse 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 far us to die, we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces 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 last dreadful war, men cast the cannon; men fashioned the 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 General 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 coopershop hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen in the ground, and when she turned them over those who 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 soldier"—and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said: "Your grapes and cognac cured me." 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 superlative right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them all over the land. There is a kind of work 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 would 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? Men sometimes give their 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 a 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. O Christian young woman! if you would make yourself happy and bind 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 after 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 why a Christian woman, going 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 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 of nights to hold services?" "O, 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, and armed with a 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 Bible and bread. God, with the red right arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightning, 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 will leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What am I afraid of, if any of those boys should use a bad word in that 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.

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 check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name and hand it to her. There is no need of wasting your time. Those poor children on the back street have been hungry long enough. That sick man must have some farn, That consumptive must have something to ease his cough. I meet this delicate 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 is what I went 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: What is the matter? but he believes it a sort of Christ's 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 have not disentangled your finances, or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear the misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men here who know what I mean. There came a crisis in your affairs. You struggled bravely and long; but after a while there came a day when you said: "Here I shall have to stop," and you called in your partner, 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 ferry-boat. 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? No. She came up to the emergency. She qualified not under the stroke. She helped to begin to plan right away. She offered to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She was 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 cowering. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her, ten, twenty, or thirty 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 movement you were utter-ly exhausted. God sent a Deborah to meet the host of the 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 to display their Christian powers. Oh, 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 to-day where as bravery and courage are demanded of women as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antonette, or Joan of Arc.

"Again: I remark, it is 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 pleading 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 the 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 refute it. I may stand here and say we are lost and undone with Christ. There is a man who will refute it. I may stand here and say there will be a judgment day after a while. Yonder is some one who will refute it. But a Christian woman in a Christian household, living in the faith and the consistency of Christ's Gospel—no body 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. A sailor came slip-

ping down the ratline one night, as though something had happened, and the sailors cried: "What's the matter?" He said, "My mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost." Home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men here today 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 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 fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them.

I stand before women to-day 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 door of the grave will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the tow of the sepulchre brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes I stand here as a priest of the most high God to proclaim the banners 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, O woman, but thou canst save thy husband?"

A man was dying, and he said to his wife: "Rebecca; you wouldn't let me have family prayers; and you got me away into worldliness; and now I am 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 here who have kindly influence at home? Are there not some here 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 on that dark sea, I would just like this morning to take hold of that strand 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.

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 Agassiz in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon, who sold her splendid jewels to build chapel, in heaven, never 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 change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side, and worn-out 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 up 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 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 a while, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel: "The crown is done; set her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of righteousness put 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 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 vineyard of God, and crimson with the twelve 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 banqueter, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail! hail!" And there will be hand-writings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian nobleman with horror—but fre-quentations of light, and love, and victory; God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!"

### What Three Weeds Can Do.

Three weeds of moderate size and growth will occupy as much ground, draw as much nutriment from it, take in as much of the life-giving sunlight, and of the food-bearing atmosphere, as a good stalk of corn. It must be a very rich and strong soil that can stand the full draft of two crops growing on it at the same time, one of corn and one of weed, and yet stint neither of them. The rays of the sun, so necessary to the life and growth of nearly all vegetation, of all crops, come to the plants in direct lines, and if interrupted by the stalks or leaves of weeds, cannot go around them to reach the corn. The carbonic acid of the air is the great supplier of the main portion of all crops, both stalks, leaves and roots. But this carbonic acid exists in very small quantities in the air, only about one quart of it in 2,500 quarts of air. Air must be moving quite rapidly to bring in enough of this gaseous carbonic acid to supply the wants of a rapid growing corn stalk. A whole gallon of carbonic acid weighs only 113 grains, of which it takes 7,000 to weigh a pound. Now if we leave weeds to stand alone with or near corn leaves, they steal away a good deal of the carbonic acid that the corn leaves want; and it is only when the wind is blowing strongly that enough comes to meet the wants of both corn stalks and weeds. The practical lesson of this is that every weed with or near the corn is robbing it of the very things it wants from the soil and air, and is also stealing some of its needed sunlight. Sixty to seventy corn stalks yield, on an average, about a bushel of corn. He must be a poor, slow worker indeed, who can not with a hoe, cut and kill 2,500 weeds in a day if he takes them when small.

The evident lesson from this is, that after we have used the horse implements to kill out what weeds we can without going down to disturb the young roots of the corn, it will pay grandly to have men go over the ground with hoes to remove the last weeds which are left. If one man kill 2,000 weeds in a day he has destroyed a sufficient number of thieves to steal from the soil, the air

and the sunlight, which would support stalks enough to yield ten bushels of corn, worth \$3 or \$4. If the weeds are not large enough and growing thickly to rob the corn of all its needed earth, air and sunlight, yet every weed that grows is doing something to diminish the health, growth, vigor and ultimate yield of corn.

Brethren, think of these things, keep the hoe going at the right time. Look upon every weed allowed to grow up as being as much a robber of your crop, as is the thief who takes it at night out of your corn crib with only this difference, that the weeds rob the field in open daylight, right before your eyes, and when you are perfectly at liberty to murder him without mercy, and without any formality of dragging them before courts of law.—*Prairie Farmer.*

### THE NOBLE REDSKIN.

Observations by Bill Nye.  
The regular form of annual hydrophobia known as the Ute outbreak has followed the sea serpent, the paragraph about the watermelon and other current items. As a matter of fact the Utes have done more to make newspaper life desirable than Constant Reader, Veritas and Taxpayer all put together. You can always bet on a Ute outbreak and write it up when you feel like it, as long beforehand as you wish, and the Ute will not ask you to retract.

Old man Colorow is like the regular army. He is brave, but he hasn't got help enough. He is a man of great nerve, and enjoys carnage, provided it is furnished by some one else. He is said by those who have met him to be a "slow sot" man, with a countenance as merry as a bear's as possible.

But the Utes are not strong enough to do any special damage, and it is very likely they have no special notion of it. They are a measly set, and still not likely to break out.

It has been customary to have an Indian scare in the Rocky mountains every year until it is almost indispensable. For several years, also, the circus is kept out of Wyoming Territory by a high license, which amounted to prohibition, and if the people of Wyoming hadn't had an Indian scare that they could turn to they would have suffered.

The Indian is the nation's ward—kind of a doubtful ward, as it were—but he is a great boon to the newspaper man, who naturally gets tired of pool and picnics at this season, and pines for almost anything that will give him a chance. It is safe to say that the Ute outbreak will turn out, upon close investigation, to be nothing worse than prickly heat.

It is not presuming too much to say that human life will be perfectly safe as far as St. Louis and even those who dwell as far west as Omaha and Denver will run no risk of being killed by Indians if they will come home by 9 o'clock p. m.

Indians are not so ferocious as many suppose them to be, anyway. We have seen the Indians of Buffalo Bill and they were very pleasant to meet. They are not intellectual, of course, and they want to ride in a hotel elevator all the time when they are not drunk, but they have behaved well here and won the English heart. It is claimed that by another year the common frontier American blue-eyed flea will be as common in England as it is now in the territories. And yet it is claimed that the Indian is cold and backward in society and desirous of inaugurating an outbreak.

The Ute has always been friendly to the whites and has repeatedly assisted the white man in fighting the warlike Sioux.

The price of good, available lots facing south ought not to be reduced at Kansas City or Omaha on account of pending Ute outbreaks and the St. Paul man who refuses to bring in the washing from the clothes line after 9 o'clock because he is afraid of Indians is just simply trifling with the tender feelings of his wife.—*New York World.*