

Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Second of the Series to Women
at the Tabernacle.

Wealth No Crime if Moral Characters
Accompanies It—Dr. Talmage's
Sunday Sermon.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 15.—In the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached the second of the series of sermons to the women of America with important hints to men. The subject of the sermon was "Marriage or worldly success without regard to moral character, and the text was from I Samuel xxv. 2: "And there was a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats." Dr. Talmage said—

My text introduces us to a drunken Most of large prosperity. Before the day of safety deposits and government bonds and national banks people had their investment in stocks and bonds and this man, Nabal of the text, had much of his possessions in live stock. He came also of a distinguished family and had glorious Carlo as an ancestor. But this descendant was a sneak, a churl, a sot and a fool. Once instance to illustrate. It was a wool raising country and at the time of shearing a great feast was prepared for the sheathers, and aavid and his妻子, who had in other days saved from destruction on the threshing floors of Nabal sent to him asking in this time of plenty, for some bread for their starving men. And Nabal cried out, "Who is David?" As though an Englishman had said, "Who is Wellington?" or a German should say "Who is Von Moltke?" or an American should say "Who is Washington?" Nothing in Nabal gave to the starving men, and that night the scoundrel lay dead drunk at home, and the little gives a full length picture of him sprawling and maimed and helpless.

Now that was the man whom Abigail, the lovely and gracious and good woman, married—a tuberous planned beside a thistle, a palm branch twined into

A WREATH OF DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.

Surely that was not one of the matches made in heaven. We throw up our hands in horror at that wedding. How dare she consent to link her destiny with such a creature! Well, she no doubt thought that it would be an honor to be associated with an aristocratic family and no one can despise a great name. Beside this wealth would come and with it chains of gold and mansions lighted by swinging lamps of aromatic oil, and resounding with the echoes of banquets seated at tables laden with wines from the richest vineyards and fruits from ripest orchards and nuts threshed from foreign woods and nuts smoking in platters of gold set on by slaves in bright uniform. Before she spighted her troth with this dissipated man she sometimes said to herself, "How can I endure him? To be associated for life with such a debauchee I cannot and will not—but then again she said to herself, "It is time I was married and this a cold world to depend on and perhaps I might do worse and may be I will make a sober man out of him, and marriage is a lottery anyhow. And when one day this representative of a great house presented himself in a parenthesis of society and with an assumed gravity and courtesy of manner and with promises of fidelity and kindness and set along on a sumptuous snuff on a March Spain and the greatest soul'd woman surrendered her happiness to the keeping of this in a mass of sin of fortune whose possesson were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats."

I cited here a domestic tragedy repeated every hour of every day all Christendom, marriage for worldly success without regard to character. Marie Jeanne Thompson the daughter of the famous engraver of Paris, because

THE FAMOUS MEDAILLEUR LAND.

of history, the vivacious and brilliant girl united with the cold formal, monotonous man because he came of an ancient family of Apulians and had fiery blood in his veins. The day which through political evolution this patriotic woman was led to the scaffold around which lay piles of human heads that had fallen from the axe, and she said to the aged man whom she had comforted as they ascended to the scaffold, "Go first that you may not witness my death," and then unclasped took her turn to die—that day was to her only the last act of a tragedy of which her uncongenial marriage day was the first.

Good and genial character in a man, the very first requisite for a woman's happy marriage. Mistake me not as dispective of worldly prosperity. There is a religious cant that would seem to represent poverty as a virtue and wealth as a crime. I can take you through a thousand mansions where God is as much worshipped as he ever was in a cabin. The gospel inculcates the virtues which tend toward wealth. In the millennium we will all dwell in palaces and ride in chariots and sit at sumptuous banquets and sleep under rich embroideries and live four or five hundred years, for if according to the Bible in those times a child shall die a hundred years old, the average of human life will be at least five centuries. The whole tendency of sin is toward poverty, and the whole tendency of righteousness is toward wealth. Goodness is profitable for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come. No inventory can be made of the picture galleries consecrated to God and of sculpture and of libraries and pillars of magnificence, and of parks and of fountains and gardens in the ownership of good men and women. The two most lordly residences in which I was ever a guest had morning and evening prayers, all the employes present, the day long there was

AN AIR OF CHEERFUL PIETY.

In the conversation and behavior. Lord Radstock carried the gospel to the Royal nobility. Lord Cavan and Lord Cairns spent their vacation in evangelistic services. Lord Congleton became missionary to Bagdad. And the Christ who was born in an eastern caravansary has again and again lived in a palace.

It is a grand thing to have plenty of money and horses that don't compel you to take the dust of every lumbering and lazy vehicle; and books of history that give you a glimpse of all the past; and shelves of poetry, to which you may go and ask Milton or Tennyson or Spencer or Tom Moore, or Robert Burns to step down and spend an evening with you; and other shelves to which you may go while you feel disgusted with the shams of the world, and ask the key to express your chagrin or Charles Dickens to expose the Pecksniffianism of Thomas Carlyle to thunder your indignation; or the other shelves where the old gospel writers stand ready to warn and cheer us while they open doors into that city which is so bright the noonday sun is abolished. There is no virtue in owning a horse that takes four minutes to go a mile if you can own one that goes in a little over two minutes and a half; no virtue in running into the teeth of a northeast wind with that apparel if you can afford it; no virtue in being poor when you can honestly be rich. There are names of men and women that I have only to mention and they suggest not only wealth but religion, and generosity, and philanthropy, such as Amos Lawrence, James Lennox, Peter Cooper, William E. Dodge, Shaftesbury, Miss Wolfe, and Mrs. Astor.

A recent writer says that of fifty leading business men in one of our Eastern cities and of the fifty leading business men of one of our Western cities three-fourths of them are Christians. The fact is that about all the brain and the business genius is

ON THE SIDE OF RELIGION.

In deity is incipient insanity. All in deities are cranks. Many of them talk brightly, but you soon find that in their mental machinery there is a screw loose. When they are not lecturing against Christianity they are sitting in bar rooms sputtering tobacco juice, and when they get mad and swear till the place is jubilous. They only take to keep their courage up and at best will ed like the infant who begged to be buried like his Christian wife and daughter, and when asked why he wanted such burial replied, "If there be a resurrection of the good as some folks say there will be, my Christian wife and daughter will sometime find me up and take me along with them."

Men may pretend to despise religion, but they are rank hypocrites. The sea captain was right when he came up to the village on the sea coast, and insisted on paying \$10 to the church, although he did not attend himself. When asked his reason, he said that he had been in the habit of carrying cargoes of oysters and clams from that place, and he found since that church was built the people were more honest than they used to be, for before the church was built he often found the load when he came to count it a thousand clams short. Yes, goodness is profitable for both worlds. Most of the great honest permanent worldly successes are by those who reverence God and the Bibles. But what I do say is that if a man has nothing but social position and financial resources a woman who puts her happiness by marriage in his hands re-enacts the folly of Abigail when she accepted disgraced Nabal, whose possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great, and he had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats."

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LET THE MORNING LABE FLY CLEAR

of the rocky mountain eagle. The sacrifice of woman on the altar of social and financial expectation is cruel and stuporous. I sketch you a scene you have more than once witnessed. A comfortable home with nothing more than ordinary surroundings, but an attractive daughter, carefully and Christianly reared. From the outside world comes a man with nothing but money, unless you count profligacy, and selfishness, and coquetry or champagne, and general recklessness as a part of his possession. He has his coat of arms turned up when there is no chin in the air, but because it gives a classical appearance, and with an attire somewhat bold, a cane thick enough to be the club of Hercules, and clutched at the middle, his conversation interlarded with French phrases inaccurately pronounced, and a sweep of manner indicating that he was not born like most folks, but terrestrially landed. By arts learned of the devil he insinuated himself into the affections of the daughter of that Christian home. All the kindred congratulate her on the almost supernatural prospects. He comes in that the young man is fat in his habits, that he has broken several young hearts, and that he is mean and selfish and cruel. But all this is covered up with the fact that he has several tens in his own name, and has large deposits at the bank, and more than all, has a father worth many hundred thousand dollars and very little in health, and may any day drop off, and this is the only son, and a round dollar held close to one's eye is large enough to shut out a great desert, and how much more will several bushels of dollars shut out.

The marriage day comes and goes. The wedding ring was costly enough, and

THE GRANGE BLOSOVS FRAGRANT ENOUGH, and the benediction solemn enough, and the wedding march stirring enough. And the audience shed tears of sympathetic gladness, supposing that the trait containing the two has sailed off on a placid lake, although God knows that they are laid here on a Dead Sea, its waters brackish with tears and ghastly with faces of despair, floating to the surface and then going down. There

they are, the newly married pair in the new home. He turns out to be a tyrant. Her will is nothing his will everything. Lavish of money for his own pleasure, he begrifts her the pennies he pun his out into her trembling palm. Instead of the kind words she left behind in her former home, now there are complaints and fault findings and curses. He is the master and she the slave. The worst villain on earth is the man who, having captured a woman from her father's house and after the oath of the marriage alter has been pronounced, says, by his manner if not in words, "I have you now in my power. What can you do? My arm is stronger than yours. My voice is louder than yours. My fortune is greater than yours. My name is mightier than yours. Now crouch before me like a dog. Now crawl away from me like a reptile. You are nothing but a woman anyhow. Down, you miserable wretch!" Can halls of mosaic, can long lines of Etruscan bronze, or statuary by Palmer and Powers and Crawford and Chantry and Canova can gallantly rescue from the pencil of a tyrant and a church and a law and Cole and Corpsey would play upon by an idle bull or pugnacious by a scotschak, or solos warbled by a "contagious" waltz wardrobe like that of a Marie Antoinette, could jewels like those of Eugene make a wife in such a companionship happy?

Imprisoned in a castle. Her gold bracelets are the chains of a life-long servitude. There is a sword over her every feast, not like that of Diomedes, saying suspended, but drooping.

THROUGH HER LACERATED HEART.

Her wardrobe is full of shrouds for deaths which she lies daily and she is buried alive though buried under gorgeous upholstery. There is one word that sounds under the arches and roofs along the corridors and weeps in the falling fountains and echoes in the singing of every door and groans in every note of strained and wintry instrument. "Woe! woe!" The oxen and sheep in golden times brought to the temple of Jupiter to be sacrificed used to be covered with ribbons and flowers, ribbons on the horns and bowes on the neck. But the floral and ribboned decoration did not make the stab of the butcher's knife less deadly, and all the characters you hang over such a woman and all the robes with which you enwrap her, all the ribbons with which you adorn her and all the bewitching charms with which you endear her to steps are the ribbons and flowers of a horrible butchery.

As it is to show how wretched a good woman may be in splendid surroundings we have two recent illustrations, two dual pictures in Great Britain. They are the locus of the best things that are possible in art, in literature, in architecture, the accumulation of other estates until their wealth is beyond description and finer grandeur beyond description. One of the castles has a cabinet set with gems that cost two million five hundred thousand dollars, and the walls of it bloomed with Rembrandts and Canaels and Ossians and Iliads and Laphanes, and there areouthdown docks in summer grazing on its lawns and Arab steeds prancing at the doorways on the most open day at the kennels. From the one castle the duchess has removed with her sorrows, and he the bride, driven from her throne, she sailed away on the Mediterranean sea in a storm, and when the large ship anchored she put out with one wobbly friend in a small boat and she arrived at Alexandria, where was Caesar, the great general. Knowing that she would not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Caesar's palace she laid upon the bottom of the boat shawls and scarfs, and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them, and she was admitted ashore in Caesar, the great general. Knowing that she should not be permitted to land or pass the guards on the way to Caesar's palace she laid upon the bottom of the boat shawls and scarfs, and richly dyed upholstery, and then lay down upon them, and her friend wrapped her in them, and she was admitted ashore in

Caesar, the great general. This bundle was permitted to pass the guard

CONFRONTED BY INSULTS AND AGGRESSION.

In the presence of which I do not think God or decent society requires a good woman to remain. Alas for those dual country seats! They on a large scale illustrate what on a smaller scale may be seen in many places that without moral character in a husband all the necessities of wealth are to a wife's soul tantalization and mockery. When Abigail finds Nabal, her husband, needlessly drunk as she comes home from interceding for his torture and me, it was no alleviation that the old brute had possessions in Carmel, and was very great, and had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats."

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Woman, join not your right hand with such a right hand.

Accept from such an

one no jewel or finger or ear least that

sparkle of precious stone turn out to be

the eye of a basilisk, and let not the ring

come on the finger of your right hand

lest that ring turn out to be one link of a

chain that shall bind you in never-ending

captivity. In the name of God and

heaven and home, in the name of all

time and all eternity, I forbid the banns.

Consent not to join one of the many

regiments of women who have married

for worldly success without regard to

moral character.

If you are ambitious, O women, for

worldly advancing, why not marry a king?

And to that honor you are invited by the

monarch of heaven and earth, and thus

day a voice from the skies sounds forth.

"As the bridegroom."

REJOICE OVER THE BRIDE