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THE SELLER ABROAD

A SERMON OF MANLY SYMPATHY
WITH COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

ON SINNING AWAY FROM HOME

What the Ordinary Man Will Do When He Is in a Far Country—The Temptations and Dangers of the "Road"—Commercialism—Queen Wilhelmina's Naïve Observation to the Prince of Wales in This Connection.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—Manly sympathy with a class peculiarly subject to hardships and temptations is manifested in this sermon by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage on the text Nehemiah xiii, 20, "So the sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice."

President Harrison once sent forth a proclamation which aroused widespread interest. In it he announced that the claims of many Indian tribes had been bought up by the Government, therefore, by the power which was vested in him as chief executive of the United States, he would on April 22, 1889, open the central portion of Oklahoma to the American people. All the men and women who at that time entered the new country could stake themselves out a claim or a lot or a farm. On the appointed day thousands upon thousands of people assembled upon that borderland. Some sat upon feet, some upon benches, some upon the ground, ready to make the race for the choicest lots in the cities which would within a few days spring up as if by magic and the streets of which were already laid out. Some came on foot. Those who traveled themselves of all expeditious clothing, so that they could run as swiftly as possible. When the signal was given by the pistol held in the cavalryman's hand, the great multitude broke into a run. The would-be settlers rushed ahead so fast that within a few hours the whole land was taken possession of, and cities like Guthrie began to teem with life. Oklahoma, only ten years after it was first opened to the white man, had nearly 400,000 inhabitants.

But no sooner was Oklahoma settled and the little country stores set up than the wholesale merchants of New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis began to send in to this new territory another great army of invaders made up of the representatives of their different establishments. These modern crusaders have been aptly termed in the commercial traveler's parlance as "knights of the grip." Instead of riding a war charger, like the knights of olden time, they rode behind an "iron horse," which is called a locomotive. Instead of carrying a spear or a shield, they carried models of pictures, showing how the steel and iron had been melted into plows and reapers and spades and axes and hammers and saws. Instead of having mailed armor, they had pieces of cloth, which they carried as samples of clothing, which they wanted to sell to the storekeepers for the new farmers and their wives and children. There is not a town in the United States, no matter how small it may be, or how newly established, which has escaped the weekly, if not daily, invasions of the commercial travelers.

In the scene of my text can be found almost an exact duplication of the invasion of the newly settled regions of Oklahoma by the knights of the grip. No sooner did Nehemiah, the governor, return from his Babylonian exile and rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, and make it a safe place in which to live than the commercial travelers of that day began to flock toward the Davidic capital to dispose of their goods. But there was one habit about many of these ancient commercial travelers which Nehemiah did not like. Some of them would persist in arriving at the city walls on the Sabbath day and trying to turn God's day of rest into a day of barter and gain. The governor, in order to stop the sin of Sabbath desecration, ordered that the city gates should be closed on the night before the Sabbath and not be opened again until the morning after the Sabbath. No matter how much these ancient commercial travelers might want to get in and escape the dangers of being murdered by the robbers who nightly incited the surrounding hills. Thus we read the words of my text with a clearer interpretation. "So the sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice."

The evil dangers threaten a commercial traveler's life when he is away from home. They try to ambush the seller of all kinds of ware when he is on the march; they strike at his heart in a fine and in a place when he is apt to think he can sin with impunity, because no one will be the wiser, as he can cover up his tracks; they come to the knights of the grip in the insinuating and dangerous ways that evil temptations sometimes overthrow Christian people when they are traveling abroad. It is a well known fact that the average European traveler will commit sins in Paris or Vienna or Rome or Monte Carlo or Peking or Calcutta, that they would never dream of doing, if they were at home among their own friends and neighbors. The young Duke of Queen Wilhelmina illustrated this common tendency of the human race to be worse away from home than they are by their own fireside in the quaint and points answer which she gave to the Prince of Wales when visiting Queen Victoria some years ago. The then heir apparent to the English throne asked her what she was most impressed by in England. "It is to find that the English people are so refined and gentle and kind and religiously devoted in their own homes," she replied. "One would never have guessed it from the specimens I have seen traveling in Holland."

An average man can commit as a rule twenty sins away from home, when he is traveling alone, in a railroad train, or stopping alone in a hotel, or living alone with strangers, far more easily, with less risk of injury to his position and reputation, than one sin when he is being watched by his employer's eyes or when he is in daily companionship with a Christian mother, wife or child. It makes an immense amount of difference how a locomotive will act when it is on the down grade whether or no the engineer has perfect control over its powerful Westinghouse brakes. It makes an immense amount of difference with some of us when we are heading toward the open drawbridges of sin whether or no we have our loved ones near by, to reach out their hands to help us close the throttle and apply the spiritual brakes, so that we can halt before we have gone too far and it is too late to try to stop.

But though the swift moving currents of daily influences in a commercial traveler's life are apt to flow in the wrong direction when he is away from home, yet that is no valid excuse for his yielding to temptation. In the first place, God has distinctly declared that he will never allow any temptation to come near us which is greater than we can bear, if we will only throw ourselves upon his mercy and place our confidence to plead for divine strength. Mighty as are the temptations the commercial traveler meets with he is away from home, the divine power which is at his disposal is infinitely stronger. He can triumph over every opposing force.

But there is still another reason why the commercial traveler should not yield to the temptations which he meets away from home. The modern knight of the grip is naturally a stronger man, mentally, morally and physically than the average man who is compelled to stay at home and work. It takes brains, and lots of brains, to be able to sell goods away from home. The time is past when the great merchants think that an employee is good enough to go upon the road. The employer to-day demands that his commercial traveler be a man of character, of brain, men with the moral stamina to say yes and no. And, young man, the mere fact that you are a commercial traveler is proof positive that you have character enough, by the grace of God, to be able to resist any temptation which you may meet in your travels.

Temptations assail the commercial traveler alike when he is lured up with great success and when he is discouraged by great financial depression, when he is thrown off his guard by exultation or disheartened by a long succession of failures. The temptations: Many commercial travelers do not receive a regular salary. They work on commissions. The more goods they sell the more money they receive. The goods they dispose of are the less likely to be under suspicion. In every store he enters he finds a large purchaser. In another town he may not even meet expenses. Then, when the average commercial traveler has what he calls a run of luck, he is apt to be under great temptation, and that temptation is often the means Satan uses to trip him up and hurl him over the precipice of sin. Or, he has what is called a run of bad luck. He may go one week without a sale, and find that a rival, who represents a firm carrying the same line of goods may have preceded him and swept his district clean. That disheartens him. He may go to the door of driving him into the quicksands of sin. The imminent danger of exultation and disappointment are the Charibdis and the Scylla which every commercial traveler has to face.

Dangers threaten a modern commercial traveler's life because his mind is often befuddled on account of physical debility. To be a really successful commercial traveler a young man ought to have a physical constitution of iron. He ought to have the same kind of bone and muscle and sinew which made the knights of olden time. He ought to be able to digest any kind of food, sleep in hard or soft beds, sleep on a hall lounge or on a chair, or lying upon the bare wooden seat of the caboose of a freight train. He ought to be able to assimilate irregular meals, and have his nightly rest broken up once or twice, and sometimes even three, by the changing of cars, and yet be cheerful and happy and sell his goods just the same during the day. Alas, I well know what are the physical difficulties of a traveler's life. For many years I have, off and on, traveled around the country as a lecturer. I have had to suffer all these trials, and have met and talked with the knights of the grip in many a lonely station in the midnight hour while waiting for a belated railroad connection.

But, even under the very brightest of conditions and even though a man's backbone may seem to be made of steel, nature will assert itself. A commercial traveler must always pay the price he has his physical health rebel at the hardships which it has been made to suffer, and so during those times of physical exhaustion a commercial traveler, on account of the physical debility of his mind, is often apt to take a depressed view of life. He is apt to lose his faith in God and in his fellow men and to feel that his own life is not worth the living and that he is but of little use to his fellow man. My brother, if you are a commercial traveler and a stranger who have just by chance dropped into this church, to know and feel that your life is worth living. God does love you. Your dear ones are dependent upon you. It is of infinite importance whether you do right or wrong. You must not let your belief in God falter when you need a physician and a dose of medicine and a good rest; you must not let the

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hand of Satan touch you and lead you into the paths of sin when your head aches and your digestive organs refuse to do their proper work. One of the greatest generals of the ages was defeated in battle and driven into exile because the night before the battle opened he was writhing in physical torture produced by a sudden and violent attack of dyspepsia. Many a commercial traveler has been defeated in his spiritual battle because his health has become undermined and undermined. Oh, ye knights of the grip be very careful of your physical health, for your spiritual happiness and faithfulness may be destroyed through your physical debilities.

Dangers threaten a modern commercial traveler also unless he rigidly fulfills his religious duties and spiritually employs himself on the Lord's day. It is very easy when Sabbath morning comes, in a little town where the commercial traveler has to spend his Sunday, for him to say to himself: "Well, I guess I will not go to church to-day. I will stay in my room and read the morning newspaper or write some letters." It is very seductive after a hard week's work for the commercial traveler to go to bed Saturday night with the intention of staying out until half-past 10 o'clock the next morning and then, in order to save time, to break the Lord's day and take the Sunday train for the next town. Or, if a commercial traveler is spending Sunday in a large city, it is very easy for him to go and hear the different popular preachers in the same way that, out of curiosity, he might go to see the great tragedians act the part of a "Hamlet" or an "Othello," a "Richard III" or a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Though all these attractions may be very fascinating yet, my friend, you must remember that the true worship of God does not consist in the mere satisfying of our intellectual curiosity or in lying in bed on the Sabbath day, but in work, hard, conscientious work, for the Master. The old adage tells us that "Satan has to hunt the busy man, but the indolent man hunts the devil." Therefore, my brother, the easiest way to overcome the temptations which beset the commercial traveler during the long, lonely hours of the Sabbath day is to worship God while away from home in the same way you would, or rather ought to do, if you were at home.

This expectation, my young friend, might be all right if it were true, but, as a matter of fact, it is not. A sinful young man means a sinful middle age. A sinful middle age



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means a sinful old age, if the human body is not destroyed by sin before the three-score years have been lived out. The sins of youth will generally follow a man and curse his whole after life. Oh, my young friends who spend most of your life upon the road, I beg of you to seek divine help and pray and continue to pray that you may overcome the little temptations of the commercial traveler's life.

I would plead with each one of you to consecrate yourself to the living Master's service, so that you may overcome the besetting sins of a life away from home. You are not at heart a bad man. You have many tender ties which ought to bind you to a life of purity and truth. In all probability you have the same kind of home ties as had the commercial traveler I once met upon the road. It was during a long, tiresome journey toward the evening hour, as I gradually began to darken, I closed my book and began to think about the mother of my children and the little babies at home. I said to myself: "Yes, the little white nightgowns are now about to be put on, yes, I can almost hear them say, 'God bless papa and mamma!'" Then, too, I crossed the aisle, I saw a young man about my own age upon his knees. He took out of that satchel a little paper package. He began to unfold the cord. Then he exposed to view three or four photographs and began to look long and earnestly at them. I crossed the aisle, putting my hand upon the young man's shoulder. I said, "Well, old fellow, I have a wife and some babies too." "Have you?" he answered as his face lighted up with a smile. "Would you like to see mine?" Then we talked about home. Then his eyes became moist when he laughingly and yet pathetically said: "Let me show you a letter I received this morning from my baby." He held up an old crumpled brown piece of paper, over which a little child's chubby finger had scribbled a lot of hieroglyphics, which writing looked like a lot of hen tracks in a barnyard. Then I turned and said, "You ought to be a good man with such a family of little ones." "Yes," he answered. "I know I should, and, do you know, I feel that if it was not for my lovely, consecrated home and my wife's prayers and the thought that my little children are every night praying for me I might yield to the many temptations of a commercial traveler's life. But every time I start to do wrong my little children's arms seem to cling about my neck as they cry: 'Don't papa. For your dear little babies sake don't sin.'"

And so in that evening hour, as the train was speeding toward my destination for lecturing, I felt as, I feel now. I felt that, though the average commercial traveler has many sins besetting him, yet he is aroused and helmeted from the attacks of temptations by his absent loved ones' prayers. The average commercial traveler ought to be true to his gospel when God has given to him a lovely, consecrated Christian home. Oh, ye knights of the grip, will you be true to the Christ who is pleading with you to-day to how at his feet? Will you be true to Jesus on account of the prayers of your loved ones even if your conscience tells you that no prayer is so appropriate for you as that of the publican, which you can utter in 30 seconds of time?

Editorial.

The Court.—What's all that noise? Lawyer—I've lost my hat, your Honor.—The Court.—Why, people lose whole suits here every day, and don't make half as much noise.

Took His Breath Away.—"Why does the poor man gasp, papa?" "Why does he gasp for breath?" "He's heard of a man with a public job who worked himself to death."

Good Guess.

Singleton.—Your wife has what might be termed an expressive chin. Welterly.—That's what she has. She keeps it working most of the time.

A Paradox.

When you're married to a widow. Though she rules with iron hand, It is also the second in command.

Not Her Game.

Willie.—Pa, what is a "rubber" at whist, anyway? Mr. Longsue.—Any woman who attempts to take a hand usually.—Philadelphia Press.

Variations.

A number of discrepancies. Make said this earthly lot. Advice is always plentiful. But coal and beef are not.

Cackle in Birdland.

"And when the season changes we migrate in search of a warmer atmosphere." "I see. Hot air is fashionable in our set!"—Puck.

A Maxim Explained.

Love makes his victims blind, they say. Perhaps we then may find that Mrs. Love's follies are explained this way: "Out of sight, out of mind."

Secret or Scandal?

"I have discovered how Newly made his money." "Is it a secret or a scandal?"

A Knockout.

With Cupid for your sparring mate. Most cautious you should grow. Or he will give you out your guard. A solar plexus blow.

Renewed.

New Arrival.—Well, well! I had an idea that heaven was paved with gold. St. Peter.—No, anthracite.

Its Finish.

The automobile struts around. With jaunty, careless air. But let it view the bicycle. And see its finish there!—Chicago News.



Health and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood. Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removes such troubles.

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"A number of my friends who have been troubled with ailments peculiar to our sex have taken your compound, and have also been greatly benefited."—Miss ELIZABETH DALEY, President of the St. Ruth's Court, Order of Foresters, Catholic.

What is left for the women of America, after reading such letters as we publish, but to believe. Don't some of you who are sick and weary feel how wicked you are to remain so, making life a burden for yourself and your friends, when a cure is easily and inexpensively obtained? Don't you think it would pay to drop some of your old prejudices and "Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is better than all the doctors for cures?" Surely the experience of hundreds of thousands of women, whom the Compound has cured, should convince all women.

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