SHORN LOCKS OF SAMSON.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON SUNDAY, SEPT. 29.

The Text is from Judges xvi. 6, and the Discourse is One of the Most Powerful of the Year—Full Report of the Remarks.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 30.—After expounding the appropriate passages of Scripture in the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., gave out the hymn:

> Solar can live and lives express
> The holy gospel we profess;
> So let our works and virtues shine
> To prove the doctrine all divine.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "The Shorn Locks of Samson." He took for his text Judges xvi. 6: "Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver." The sermon was as follows:

A REWARD OFFERED.

One thousand pounds, or about five thousand dollars of our money, were thus offered for the capture of a giant. It would take a skillful photographist to picture Samson as he really was. The most facile words are not supple enough to describe him. He was a giant and a child; the conqueror and the defeated; able to crush a lion's jaw and yet captured by the sight of a maiden. He was calm and slave; a commingling of virtue and vice, the sublime and the ridiculous; sharp enough to make a good riddle, and yet weak enough to be caught in the most superficial stratagem; honest enough to settle his debt, and yet outrageously robbing somebody else to get the material to pay it; a miracle and a scoffing; a crowning glory and a burning shame. There he stands, towering up above other men, a mountain of flesh, his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gates of a city, taking an attitude defiant of armed men and wild beasts. His hair had never been cut and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come, the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again and says, "Now tell me the secret of this great strength!" "Well, if you should take some ropes that have never been used, and tie me with them, I should be just like other men." She binds him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts: "They come, the Philistines!" He walks out as easy as he did before. Not a strand

She coaxes him again, and he says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by the house loom weave them into a web, I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come! the Philistines!" He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him. But after a while she importunates him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor, to shave, and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the east have such a skillful way of manipulating the head, to this very day, they will put a man, wide awake, sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears, or razor, accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and looms could not do.

Suddenly she claps her hands, and says, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He comes up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone! He is in the hands of his enemies! I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is opened and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world in captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza. In a previous sermon on this character I learned some lessons, but another class of lessons are before us now.

THE SINNER NOT ALWAYS WISE.

Learn first how very strong people are sometimes coaxed into great imbecilities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Delilah's first attempt to find out is a failure. He says, "Green withes will bind me." But it was a failure. Then he says, "A new rope will hold me," but that also was a failure. Then he says, "Weave my locks into a web and that will bind me," yet that also was a failure. But at last you see how she coaxes it out of him. Unimportant as these things in his case involve no moral principle may without injury be subjected to ardent importunities, but as soon as you have come to the line that separates right from wrong, no inducement or blandishment ought to make you step over it.

Suppose a man has been brought up in a Christian household and taught sacredly to observe the Sabbath. Sunday comes; you want fresh air. Temptation says, "Sunday is just the other day; now don't be bigoted; we will ride forth among the works of God; the whole earth is his temple; we will not go to any disputatious come, now, I have the carriages engaged and we shall be back soon enough to go to church in the evening; don't yield to Puritanic notions; you will be no worse for a ride in the country; the blossoms are out and they say everything is looking glorious." "Well, I will go to please you," is the response. And out they go over the street, conscience drowned in the clatter of the swift hoofs and the rush of the resounding wheels. That tempted man may have had moral character enough to break the green withes of ten thousand Philistine allurements, but he has been overcome by coaxing.

Two young men passing down this street come opposite a drinking saloon, with a red lantern hung out from the door to light men to perdition. "Let us go in," says one. "No, I won't," says the other, "I never go to such places." "Now, you don't say you are as weak as that! Why, I have been going there for two years and it hasn't hurt me. Come, come now, be a man. If you can't stand anything stronger, take a little sherry. You need to see the world a little. I don't believe in intemperance any more than you. I can stop drinking just when I want to. You shall go. Now, come right along." Persuasion has conquered. Samson yields to the coaxing, and there is carnival in hell that night among the Philistines, and they shouts: "Ha! ha! we've got him!"

Those who have the kindest and most sympathetic natures are the most in danger. Your very disposition to please others will be the very trap they get. If you were cold and harsh and severe in your nature you would not be tampered with. People never fondle a hedgehog. The most sentimental Greenlander never kisses an iceberg. The warmth and susceptibility of your nature will encourage the siren. The old strong man, look out for Delilah's scissors. Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was overcome by coaxing.

AN ILL DISPOSED WOMAN'S POWER.

Again, this narrative teaches the power of an ill disposed woman. In the portrait gallery of Bible characters we find Abigail and Ruth and Miriam and Vashti and Deborah, but in the rogues' gallery of a police station you find the pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's picture belongs to the rogues' gallery, but she had more power than all Philistia armed with sword and spear. She could carry off the iron gates of Samson's resolution as easily as he shouldered the gates of Gaza. The force that had killed the lion which one day plunged out fierce from the thicket utterly succumbs to the silken net which Delilah weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in riotous retreat with the bleached jaw bone, smiting them hip and thigh with great slaughter, now falls captive at the feet of an unworthy woman. Delilah in the Bible stands in the memorable company of Adah, and Zillah, and Bathsheba, and Jezebel, and Athaliah, and Herodias. How deplorable the influence of such in contrast with Rebecca and Phoebe and Huldah and Tryphena and Jephtha's daughter and Mary, the mother of Jesus. While the latter glitter in the firmament of God's word like constellations with steady, cheerful, holy light, the former shoot like baleful meteors across the terrific heavens, ominous of war, disaster and death. If there is a divine power in the good mother, her face bright with purity, an unselfish love beaming from her eye, a gentleness that by pange and suffering and holy sacrifice has been mellowing and softening for many a year, uttering itself in every syllable, a dignity that cannot be dethroned, united with the playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst wound, her presence a perpetual benediction, her name our defense when we are tempted, her memory an outgushing well of tears and congratulation and thanksgiving, her heaven a palm waving and a coronet; then there is just as great an influence in the opposite direction in the bad mother, her brow bedoubled with ungovernable passion, her eye flashing with unsanctified fire, her lips the fountain of profaneness and depravity, her example a mildew and a blasting, her name a disgrace to coming generations, her memory a signal for bitterest anathema, her eternity a whirlwind and a suffocation and a darkness.

One wrong hearted, wrong hearted mother may ruin one child, and that one child, grown up, may destroy a hundred people, and the hundred blast a thousand, and the thousand a million. The wife's sphere is a realm of honor and power almost unlimited. What a blessing was Sarah to Abraham, was Rebecah to Lapidoth, was Zipporah to Moses, was Huldah to Shallum. There are multitudes of men in the marts of trade whose fortunes have been the result of a wife's fair gallery. Four hands have been achieving that estate—two at the store, two at the home. The burdens of life are comparatively light when there are other hands to help in the lift them. The greatest difficulties have often shunk away beneath the very frown of eyes to look them out of countenance. What care you for the hard knocks in the world as long as you have a bright domestic circle for harbor?

One cheerful word in the evening life as you come in has silenced the clamor of unpaid notes and the disappointment of poor investments. Your table may be quite frugally spread, but it seems more beautiful to you than many tables that smoke with venison and blush with Burgundy. Peace meets you at the door, sits beside you at the table, lights up the evening stand and sings in the nursery. You have seen an aged couple who for scores of years have helped each other on in life's pilgrimage going down the steep of years. Long association has made them much alike. They rejoiced at the same advent, they bent over the same cradle, they wept at the same grave. In the evening they sit quietly thinking of the past, mother knitting at the stand, father in his armchair at the fire.

Now and then a grandchild comes home and they look at him with affection unfold and come well nigh spoiling him with kindness. The life currents beat feebly in their pulses and their work will soon be done and the Master will call. A few short days may separate them, but not far apart in time of departure, they join each other on the other side the flood. Side by side let Jacob and Rachel be buried. Let one willow overarch their graves. Let their tombstones stand alike marked with the same Scripture. Children and grandchildren will come in the spring time to bring flowers. The patriarchs of the town will come and drop a tear over departed worth. Side by side at the marriage altar, side by side in the long journey, side by side in their graves. After life's fitful fever they sleep well.

GOOD AND BAD WOMEN.

But there are, as my subject suggests, domestic scenes not so tranquil. What a curse to Ahab was Jezebel, to Jehoram was Athaliah, to John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to Samson was Delilah. While the most excellent and triumphant exhibitions of character we find among the women of history, and the world thrills with the names of Marie Antoinette and Josephine and Joan of Arc and Maria Theresa, and hundreds of others who have ruled in the brightest homes and sung the sweetest canticles and enchanted the nations with their art and swayed the mightiest of sceptres, on the other hand the names of Mary the First of England, Margaret of France, Julia of Rome and Elizabeth Petrowna of Russia have scorched the eye of history with their abominations, and their names, like banished spirits, have gone shrieking and cursing through the world. In female biography we find the two extremes of excellence and crime. Woman stands nearest the gate of heaven or nearest the door of hell. When adorned by grace she reaches a point of Christian elevation which man cannot attain, and when blasted of crime she sinks deeper than man can plunge. Yet I am glad that the instances in which woman makes utter shipwreck of character are comparatively rare.

YOU WILL FIND GOOD PEOPLE IF GOOD YOURSELF.

But, says some cynical spirit, what do you do with those words in Ecclesiastes where Solomon says: "Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the accounts; which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not; one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found." My answer is, that if Solomon had behaved himself with common decency and kept out of infamous circles he would not have had so much difficulty in finding integrity of character among women and never would have uttered such a tirade.

Ever since my childhood I have heard speeches admiring Diogenes, the cynical philosopher who lived in a tub, for going through the streets of Athens in broad daylight with a lantern, and when asked what he did that for, said: "I am looking for an honest man." Now, I warrant that that philosopher who had such hard work to find an honest man was himself dishonest. I think he stole both the lantern and the tub. So when I hear a man expatiating on the weakness of woman I immediately suspect him and say: There is another Solomon with Solomon's wisdom left out. Still I would not have the illustrations of transcending excellency in female biography lead you to suppose that there are no perils in woman's pathway. God's grace alone can make an Isabella Graham, or a Christina Alsop, or a Fidelia Fiske, or a Catherine of Siena. Temptations lurk about the brightest domestic circle. It was no unmeaning thing when God set up amidst the splendors of his word the character of infamous Delilah.

HOW GOOD MEN LOSE STRENGTH.

Again, this strange story of the text leads me to consider some of the ways in which strong men get their locks shorn. God, for some reason best known to himself, made the strength of Samson to depend on the length of his hair; when the shears clipped it his strength was gone. The strength of men is variously distributed. Sometimes it lies in physical development, sometimes in intellectual attainment, sometimes in heart force, sometimes in social position, sometimes in financial accumulation; and there is always a sharp shears ready to destroy it. Every day there are Samsons ungladiated. I saw a young man start life under the most cheering advantages. His acute mind was at home in all scientific dominions. He reached not only all rugged attainments, but by delicate appreciation he could catch the tinge of the cloud and the sparkle of the wave and the diapason of the thunder. He walked forth in life head and shoulders above others in mental stature. He could wrestle with giants in opposing systems of philosophy and carry off the gates of opposing schools, and smite the enemies of truth hip and thigh with great slaughter. But he began to tamper with brilliant freethinking. Modern theories of the soul threw over him their blandishments. Skepticism was the Delilah that shore his locks off, and all the Philistines of doubt and darkness and despair were upon him. He died in a very prison of unbelief, his eyes out.

Far back in the country districts—just where I purposely omit to say—there was born one whose fame will last as long as American institutions. His name was the terror of all enemies of free government. He stood, the admired of millions; the nation uncovered in his presence, and when he spoke senates sat breathless under the spell. The plotters against good government attempted to bind him with green withes and weave his his locks in a web, yet he walked forth from the entrallment, not knowing he had burst a bond. But from the wine cup there arose a destroying spirit that came forth to capture his soul. He drank until his eyes grew dim and his knees knocked together and his strength failed. Exhausted with lifelong dissipations he went home to die. Ministers pronounced eloquent eulogiums, and poets sang, and painters sketched, and sculptors chiseled the majestic form into marble, and the world wept, but everywhere it was known that it was strong drink that came like the infamous Delilah and his locks were shorn.

From the Island of Corsica there started forth a nature charged with unparalleled energies to make thrones tremble and convulse the earth. Piedmont, Naples, Bavaria, Germany, Italy, Austria and England rose up to crush the rising man. At the plunge of bayonets Bastiles burst open. The earth groaned with the agonies of Rivoli, Austerlitz, Saragossa and Eylau. Five million men slain in his wars. Crowns were showered at his feet, and kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to let him pass under, and Europe was lighted up at the conflagration of consuming cities. He could almost have made a causeway of human bones between Lisbon and Moscow. No power short of the omnipotent God could arrest him. But out of the ocean of human blood there arose a spirit in which the conqueror found more than a match. The very ambition that had rocked the world was now to be his destroyer. It grasped for too much, and in its effort lost all. He reached up after the sceptre of universal dominion, but slipped and fell back into desolation and banishment. The American ship, damaged of the storm, today puts in at St. Helena and the crew go up to see the spot where the French exile expired in loneliness and disgrace, the mightiest of all Samsons shorn of his locks by ambition, that most merciless of all Delilahs.

THE EARTH STREWN WITH SLAIN GIANTS.

I have not time to enumerate. Evil associations, sudden successes, spendthrift habits, miserly proclivities and dissipation are the names of some of the shears with which men are every day made powerless. They have strewn the earth with the carcasses of giants and filled the great prison house with destroyed Samsons, who sit grinding the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out. If parents only knew to what temptations their children were subjected they would be more earnest in their prayers and more careful about their example. No young man escapes having the pathway of sin pictured in bright colors before him.

The first time I ever saw a city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide a corrupt man plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the bagatelle; I made up my mind he was a bagatelle. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me, and with a concentrated and diabolic effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! O young man! There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. If all the victims of an impure life in all lands and ages could be gathered together, they would make a host vaster than that which Xerxes led across the Hellespont, than Timour led across India, than William the Conqueror led across England, than Abou-Beker led across Syria; and if they could be stretched out in single file across this continent, I think the vanguard of the host would stand on the beach of the Pacific while yet the rear guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

BEWARE IN TIME.

I say this not because I expect to reclaim any one that has gone astray in this fearful path, but because I want to utter a warning for those who still maintain their integrity. The cases of reclamation of those who have given themselves fully up to an impure life are so few, probably you do not know one of them. I have seen a good many start out on that road. How many have I seen come back? Not one that I now think of. It seems as if the spell of death is on them and no human voice nor the voice of God can break the spell. Their feet are hoppled, their wrists are handcuffed. They have around them a girdle of reptiles bunched at the waist, fastening them to an iron doom; every time they breathe the forked tongues strike them and they strain to break away until the tendons snap and the blood exudes; and amidst their contortions they cry out: "Take me back to my father's house. Where is mother? Take me home! Take me home!" Do I stand before a man today the locks of whose strength are being toyed with, let me tell you to escape lest the shears of destruction take your moral and your spiritual integrity. Do you not see your sandals beginning to curl on that red hot path? This day in the name of Almighty God I tear off the beautifying veil and the embroidered mantle of this old hag of iniquity, and I show you the ulcers and the bloody ichor and the cancered lip and the parting joints and the macerated limbs and the wriggling putrefaction, and I cry out: Oh, horror of horrors! In the stillness of this Sabbath hour I lift a warning. Remember it is much easier to form bad habits than to get clear of them; in one minute of time you may get into a sin from which all eternity cannot get you out. Oh, that the voice of God's truth might drown the voice of Delilah. Come into the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace, and by the grace of a pardoning God start for thrones of honor and dominion upon which you may reign, rather than travel the road to a dungeon where the destroyed grind in the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out.

A Wonderful Power.

Manager John F. Smith, well and favorably known as a projector and director of reputable theatrical enterprises, was in the city recently, and was accompanied by a Mrs. Abbott, of Georgia, who is said to possess a wonderful power. As she is to give an exhibition in the Howard next Sunday evening, a number of prominent citizens and representatives of the press were invited to see her the other day. She is a slight woman, girlish in appearance and very much like what she is represented to be—a country bred young woman. She can not weigh more than ninety pounds, is small of bone and rather good looking. "She is Little, but Oh, My." She doesn't look strong enough to lift a plate of ice cream, but she lifted easily eight heavy men, piled upon each other in two ordinary chairs. She held a billiard cue in her extended hands, and three strong men, grasping the cue firmly, could not push her back one inch or throw her off her balance, although she stood on one foot.

With her finger tips touching the proscenium wall she invited half a dozen men, three of them athletes, to push her against the side of the building, and the perspiration rolled off them while they attempted it and made a failure of the job. Placing her arms close to her sides she invited one of the party to lift her off the floor. The task was easily accomplished. She then renewed the request, and two powerful men failed to lift her off her feet. A number of other tests were made, and the visitors were astonished at the results. Everything that was done here a few years ago by Lulu Hurst was accomplished by Mrs. Abbott and many other remarkable feats which the celebrated Hurst woman never attempted. The fact that Mrs. Abbott is slightly built and not at all of muscular development makes it much more difficult to account for the things which she does than was the case with Lulu Hurst.

Neither the management nor Mrs. Abbott attempt to account for the results produced. They simply say that they do not know how the feats are performed. They give the exhibition in full view of the audience, without the use of a cabinet or darkened stage, with no appliances save ordinary articles of furniture, and without the aid of assistants or confederates, and they let the spectators account for the results in any way they please. It is said that Mrs. Abbott could perform these same feats when she was a mere child, and she comes north indorsed by many prominent citizens of the south. Like Lulu Hurst, she is a Georgia woman, and it would seem as if there was something peculiar in the soil or atmosphere of that state. Her exhibition is likely to excite much comment. At all events, it will prove interesting.—Boston Herald.

"Listen to My Tale of Woe."

There is something strangely fascinating about the jingle of the latest popular song "Listen to My Tale of Woe." Nobody, we believe, has accused it of being music; everybody says it is frivolous; musicians turn up their noses at it and—hum it. Of course there is a reason for this, but we do not think the accomplished critic of the esteemed Capital set that reason forth when he said of the song that "its sole merit is in the clever words, which are fixed in the memory by a very ordinary musical jingle." This must have been a slip of the pen. The jingle is not ordinary. Its very reason for existence lies in the fact that it is not ordinary, and the proof of this will come when, after it has been whistled and tooted and sung and played until it is ordinary, it dies.

Nor do we think, with our friend of The Capital, that the sole merit of the song is in the clever words. It seems to us the one is to poetry what the other is to music; and surely the jingle catches and fascinates many minds that never heard the words. When Theodore Thomas' orchestra plays it one does not have to hear the words before him to get a pleasure from it. The music has a merit of its own—the merit of being catchy and nonsensical—and the words have nothing more. Surely this much may be said in gravity of the song which is today more widely popular than any other has been in at least ten or fifteen years; of words which for ten years went round and round again, before they were set to music; of music which is played, as we are credibly informed, in Hammerfest, Norway, and in Valparaiso, Chili, in Florence, Italy, and in Hong Kong, China, where the words were never heard.—Washington Post.

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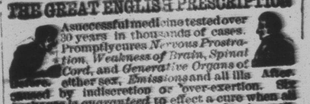
Lindsay, Dec. 2

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

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It Cures
CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.
STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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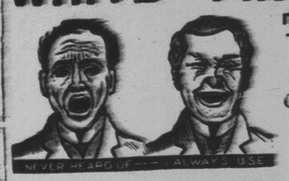

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Under one roof are now General Blacksmith Shop, Ironworkers' Shop, Carriage Shop, Wagon Shop, Carriage Trimming Shop, Paint Shop, Stock Room, Show Room and Store Room.
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New business for 1887	14,330,449 00

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