

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SECRET OUT." LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "And Samuel said, What Meaneth Then This Bleating of the Sheep in Mine Ears and the Lowing of the Oxen?"—1 Sam. 15:14.



HE Amalekites thought they had conquered God, and that he would not carry into execution his threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. For four hundred years this had been going on, and they say, "God either dare not punish us, or he has forgotten to do so." Let us see. Samuel, God's prophet, tells Saul to go down and slay all the Amalekites, not leaving one of them alive; also to destroy all the beasts in their possession—ox, sheep, camel, and ass. Hark! I hear the tread of two hundred and ten thousand men, with monstrous Saul at their head, ablaze with armour, his shield dangling at his side, holding in his hand a spear, at the waving of which the great host marched or halted. I see smoke curling against the sky. Now there is a thick cloud of it, and now I see the whole city rising in a chariot of smoke behind steeds of fire. It is Saul that set the city ablaze. The Amalekites and the Israelites meet; the trumpets of battle blow on peal, and there is a death-hush. Then there is a signal waved; swords cut and hack; arms fall from trunks, and heads roll in the dust. Gash after gash, the frenzied yell, the gurgling of throttled throats, the cry of pain, the laugh of revenge, the curse, hissed between clenched teeth—an army's death-groan. Stacks of dead on all sides, with eyes unshut and mouths yet grinning vengeance. Huzza for the Israelites! Two hundred and ten thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for the Lord God hath given them the victory.

Yet that victorious army of Israel is conquered by sheep and oxen. God, through the prophet Samuel, told Saul to slay all the Amalekites, and to slay all the beasts in their possession; but Saul, thinking that he knows more than God, saves Agag, the Amalekites king, and five droves of sheep and a herd of oxen that he cannot bear to kill. Saul drives the sheep and oxen down toward home. He has no idea that Samuel, the prophet, will find out that he has saved these sheep and oxen for himself. Samuel comes and asks Saul the news from the battle. Saul puts on a solemn face, for there is no one who can look more solemn than your young hypocrite, and he says, "I have fulfilled the command of the Lord." Samuel listens, and he hears the drove of sheep a little way off. Saul had no idea that the prophet's ear would be so acute. Samuel says to Saul, "If you have done as God told you, and slain all the Amalekites and all the beasts in their possession, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen that I hear?" Ah, one would have thought that blushing would have consumed the cheek of Saul! No, no! He says the army—not himself, of course, but the army—had saved the sheep and oxen for sacrifice; and then they thought it would be too bad anyhow to kill Agag, the Amalekites king. Samuel takes the sword and he slashes Agag to pieces; and then he takes the skirt of his coat, in true Oriental style, and rends it in twain, as much as to say, "You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire, and torn away from your throne." In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep but lost a kingdom.

I learn from this subject that God will expose hypocrisy. Here Saul pretends he has fulfilled the divine commission by slaying all the beasts belonging to the Amalekites, and yet at the very moment he is telling the story, and practicing the deception, the secret comes out, and the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he is not, or to do what he does not. Saul was only a type of a class. The modern hypocrite looks awfully solemn, whines when he prays, and during his public devotion shows a great deal of the whites of his eyes. He never laughs, or, if he does laugh, he seems sorry for it afterward, as though he had committed some great indiscretion. The first time he gets a chance he prays twenty minutes in public, and when he exhorts, he seems to imply that all the race are sinners, one exception, his modesty forbidding the stating who that one is. There are a great many churches that have two or three ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps.

When the fox begins to pray, look out for your chickens. The more genuine religion a man has, the more comfortable he will be; but you may know a religious impostor by the fact that he prides himself on being uncomfortable. A man of that kind is of immense damage to the church of Christ. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep. Arnold was of more damage to the army than Cornwallis and his hosts. Oh, we cannot deceive God with a church certificate! He sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain; he sees everything inside out. A man may,

through policy, hide his real character; but God will after awhile tear open the whitened sepulchre and expose the putrefaction. Sunday faces cannot save him; long prayers cannot save him; psalm-singing and church-going cannot save him. God will expose him just as thoroughly as he branded upon his forehead the word "Hypocrite." He may think he has been successful in the deception, but at the most unfortunate moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form—"In the name of God, amen." "Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say 'in the name of God'!" Yet how many outrages are practiced under the garb of religion and sanctity! When, in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by being tremendously pious, the venom of their assault corresponding to the heavenly flavor of the prelude. Standing there, you would think they were ready to go right up into glory, and that nothing kept them down but the weight of their boots and overcoat, when suddenly the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow.

Oh, my dear friends, let us cultivate simplicity of Christian character! Jesus Christ said, "Unless you become as this little child, you cannot enter the kingdom of God." We may play hypocrite successfully now, but the Lord God will after awhile expose our true character. You must know the incident mentioned in the history of Ottacac, who was asked to kneel in the presence of Randolphus I.; and when before him he refused to do it, but after awhile he agreed to come in private when there was nobody in the king's tent, and then he would kneel down before him and worship; but the servants of the king had arranged it so that by drawing a cord the tent would suddenly drop. Ottacac after a while came in, and supposing he was in entire privacy, knelt before Randolphus. The servant pulled the cord, the tent dropped, and two armies surrounding looked down on Ottacac kneeling before Randolphus. If we are really kneeling to the world while we profess to be lowly subjects of Jesus Christ, the tent has already dropped, and all the hosts of heaven are gazing upon our hypocrisy. God's universe is a very public place, and you cannot hide hypocrisy in it!

Going out into a world of delusion and sham, pretend to be no more than you really are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; profess no more than you have. But I want the world to know that where there is one hypocrite in the church there are five hundred outside of it, for the reason that the field is larger. There are men in all cities who will bow before you, and who are obsequious in your presence and talk flatteringly, but who all the while in your conversation are digging for bait and angling for imperfections. In your presence they imply that they are everything friendly, but after a while you find they have the fierceness of a venomous snake, the slyness of a snake, and the spite of a devil. God will expose such. The gun they load will burst in their own hands; the lies they tell will break their own teeth; and at the very moment they think they have been successful in deceiving you and deceiving the world, the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

I learn further from this subject what God meant by extermination. Saul was told to slay all the Amalekites, and the beasts in their possession. He saves Agag, the Amalekites king, and some of the sheep and oxen. God chastises him for it. God likes nothing done by halves. God will not stay in the soul that is half his and half the devil's. There may be more sins in our soul than there were Amalekites. We must kill them. We owe unto us if we spare Agag! Here is a Christian. He says: "I will drive out all the Amalekites of sin from my heart. Here is jealousy—down goes that Amalekite. Here is backbiting—down goes that Amalekite;" and what slaughter he makes among his sins, striking right and left! What is that out yonder, lifting up his head? It is Agag—it is worldliness. It is an old sin he cannot bear to strike down. It is a darling transgression he cannot afford to sacrifice. Oh, my brethren, I appeal for entire consecration! Some of the Presbyterians call it the "higher life." The Methodists, I believe, call it "perfection." I do not care what you call it; "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." I know men who are living with their soul in perpetual communion with Christ, and day after day are walking within sight of heaven. How do I know? They tell me so. I believe them. They would not lie about it. Why cannot we all have this consecration? Why slay some of the sins in our soul, and leave others to bleat and bellow for our exposure and condemnation? Christ will not stay in the same house with Agag. You must give up Agag, or give up Christ. Jesus says, "All of that heart or none." Saul slew the poorest of the sheep and the meanest of the oxen, and kept some of the finest and the fattest, and there are Christians who have slain the most unpopular of their transgressions, and saved those which are most respectable. It will not do. Eternal war against all the Amalekites; no mercy for Agag.

I learn further from this subject that it is vain to try to defraud Christ. Here Saul thought he had cheated God out of those sheep and oxen; but he lost his crown, he lost his empire. You cannot cheat God out of a single cent. Here is a man who has made ten thousand dollars in fraud. Before he dies every dollar of it will be gone, or it will give him violent unrest. Here is a Christian who has been largely prospered. He has not given to God the

proportion that is due in charities and benevolences. God comes to the reckoning, and he takes it all away from you. How often it has been that Christian men have had a large estate, and it is gone. The Lord God came into the counting room and said: "I have allowed you to have all this property for ten, fifteen or twenty years, and you have not done justice to my poor children. When the beggar called upon you, you bounded him off your steps; when my suffering children appealed to you for help, you had no mercy. I only asked for so much, or so much, but you did not give it to me, and now I will take it all!"

God asks of us one-seventh of our time in the way of Sabbath. Do you suppose we can get an hour of that time successfully away from its true object? No, no, God has demanded one-seventh of your time. If you take one hour of that time that is to be devoted to God's service, and instead of keeping his Sabbath, use it for the purpose of writing up your accounts or making worldly gains, God will get that hour from you in some unexpected way. God says to Jonah, "You go to Nineveh." He says, "No, I won't. I'll go to Tarshish." He starts for Tarshish. The sea raves, the winds blow, and the ship rocks. Come, ye whales, and take this passenger for Tarshish! No man ever gets to Tarshish whom God tells to go to Nineveh. The sea would not carry him; it is God's sea. The winds would not wait him; they are God's winds. Let a man attempt to do that which God forbids him to do, or to go into a place where God tells him not to go, the natural world as well as God is against him. The lightning is ready to strike him, the fires to burn him, the sun to smite him, the waters to drown him, and the earth to swallow him. Those whose princely robes are woven out of heart's strings; those whose fine houses are built out of skulls; those whose springing fountains have their successfully cheated God? The last day will demonstrate—it will be found out on that day that God vindicates not only his goodness and his mercy, but his power to take care of his own rights and the rights of his church, and the rights of his oppressed children. Come, ye martyred dead, awake! and come up from the dungeons where folded darkness hanged you, and the chains like cankers peeled loose the skin and wore off the flesh, and rattled on the marrowless bones. Come, ye martyred dead, from the stakes where you were burned, where the arm uplifted for mercy fell into the ashes, and the cry of pain was drowned in the snapping of the flame and the howling of the mob; from valleys of Piedmont and Smithfield Market, and London Tower, and the Highlands of Scotland. Gather in great procession, and together clap your bony hands, and together stamp your mangled feet, and let the chains that bound you to dungeons all clank at once, and gather all the flames that burned you in one uplifted arm of fire, and plead for a judgment. Gather all the tears ye ever wept into a lake, and gather all the sighs ye ever breathed into a tempest, until the heaven-piercing chain-clank, and the tempest-sigh, and the thunder-groan, announce to earth and hell and heaven a judgment! Oh, on that day God will vindicate the cause of the troubled and the oppressed! It will be seen in that day that though we may have robbed our fellows, we never have successfully robbed God.

My Christian friends, as you go out into the world, exhibit an open-hearted Christian frankness. Do not be hypocritical in anything; you are never safe if you are. At the most inopportune moment, the sheep will bleat and the oxen bellow. Drive out the last Amalekite of sin from your soul. Have no mercy on Agag. Down with your sins; down with your pride; down with your worldliness. I know you cannot achieve this work by your own arm, but Almighty grace is sufficient—that which saved Joseph in the pit; that which shielded Daniel in the den; that which cheered Paul in the shipwreck.

Vendish Words Remain. Consul-General de Kay writes for the Century a paper on the Serbian swamp Vendland, under the title of "An Inland Venice." Mr. de Kay says: "These people speak German to the lordings as we pass Vendish to our boatman, but the Vendish is disappearing because, for the sake of the army, its teaching is discouraged. Throughout all this district, far over into Saxony, only a few churches still offer sermons in the old tongue. Yet if the Vendish tongue disappears the names of places will tell the tale, even as such names as Brandenburg and Saxony still do. Dresden, Leipzig, these are Vendish words—or call them slavic, with the broader term that now means the race. And Aerobout are Cottbus, Vetschan, Muschen, Brahnow, Babow, Dlugy, Raddush, Leipz, Lehde, Byhleguhre, Straupitz and Lubben. And the faggots that wind or shoot straight in and out of forests and cleared fields retain Vendish names: Mutznitz, Blushniza, Rogazo, Zechapigk, Polenz, Groblitzo and Nabasatz. Efforts have been made to give German names to many of them, but country people everywhere are great holders to precedent, and the people who stick so tightly to their old custom are not going to give up their place names without a struggle.

MODERN PROVERBS. Man waxes luxuries at his own price. It takes an expert to make things count. Split milk is not worth grieving over. It takes an artful dodger to avoid the truth.

DAILY WORK OF CONGRESS.

House and Senate Conferes at Work.

DISCUSS THE TARIFF MEASURE.

Death of Senator Harris Causes a General Suspension of Work in Both Branches of Congress—Good Progress Being Made on the Dingley Bill.

Thursday, July 5. In the house Mr. Dingley's motion to nonconcur in the senate bill and send it to conference was adopted. The speaker appointed the following conferees on the tariff bill: Messrs. Dingley, Payne, Dalsell, Hopkins, Grosvenor, republicans, and Bailey, McMillin and Wheeler, democrats. The house spent the afternoon listening to eulogies on the life and public services of Judge Holman.

Friday, July 6. The Republican conferees on the tariff bill were in session all day, and it is said they accomplished a great deal in the way of arguing upon minor amendments. They talked over the general question before them, but will not take up any of the amendments over which there is serious disagreement until next week.

Saturday, July 11. The conferees of the tariff bill held

a four hours' session Sunday. Several hundred of the minor amendments have been agreed upon, many of them mere changes in phrasology, and on a large majority of these the house conferees naturally have yielded. None of the important problems in the bill, however, has as yet been solved.

Monday, July 12. On account of the death of Senator Harris, as soon as the journal had been read the house, on motion of Mr. Moon (dem., Tenn.), as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased senator, suspended business.

Two Young Girls Drowned.

A sailboat carrying five young people capsized in the middle of Eagle Lake, Ind., in a high wind. The drowned are: Bertha, aged 16, daughter of Edward F. Yarnell, Fort Wayne, Ind. Georgia, aged 15, youngest daughter of Prof. John M. Coulter of the University of Chicago. The other occupants of the boat, who were saved with difficulty, were John G. Coulter, fellow in the University of Chicago; Eunice, daughter of F. W. Munson of Chicago, and Will Grey, a grandson of Editor W. C. Grey of the Interior, Chicago.

Forty Dead, Eighty-Four Hurt.

A terrible railway disaster took place at Glentofte, Denmark. The express train belonging to a passenger train standing at the station, wrecked eight carriages, killed forty persons and injured eighty-four others.

MARTIN THORN A NEW YORK MURDERER.



To those who revel in murder mysteries, Martin Thorn is the most interesting man in New York just now. He is charged with having killed William Guidensuppe. If that were all it would not be so bad; but Thorn, according to the police, afterward carried his victim's body into small pieces, made separate packages of them, and threw them into the river. It is also claimed that Thorn severed Guidensuppe's head from the trunk, put it up in a plaster cast, and tossed it into the river. The police might never have known all this had it not been for a friend and fellow barber of Thorn's, who betrayed the secret to the detectives. Thorn believed himself to be a favorite with women. This bit of vanity led to his crime, for it was to get rid of a rival that he slew Guidensuppe. And as if

to vindicate his claims as an Adonis, it is said that he induced the woman in the case to assist him in the hideous work. The woman was Mrs. Mack, with whom both men were boarding. Mrs. Mack is now in jail also, and the police say they have a confession from Thorn. Thorn always wore a beautiful blonde mustache which curled at the end. He was handsome with that mustache, but after the disappearance of Guidensuppe he shaved it off. No one seems to know anything about Thorn—who he is, when he came, or, until recently, where in New York he lived. He liked cards and talked a great deal, but never told anything of value of himself. He was known to have boasted just before the murder that he would kill a man.

Indiana Garnishee Law Invalid.

The Indiana supreme court held Thursday that the garnishee law passed by the last general assembly, which has been used as an engine of more or less extortion in the labor districts, until it has become the most thoroughly hated enactment in the statute book, was unconstitutional and void, on the ground that it interfered with the general exemption law.

Work of Universalist Convention.

The national convention of the Universalist Young People's Christian Union Thursday heard reports from the executive board, secretary, treasurer, southern missionary, "forward" committee, junior superintendent and Christian citizenship superintendent. All were significant of rapid progress in the various branches of the society.

Bank of Spain Near to Failure.

The statement of the Bank of Spain, which has been formally gazetted, has increased the adverse comment on the bank management. It shows a bank note circulation of 136,000,000 pesetas (\$27,300,000) in excess of the authorized issue.

Gen. Weyler Is Recalled.

General Weyler has been recalled by the Spanish government. He will be succeeded by General Ramon Blanco, Marquis of Pena Plata, who was captain general of the island in 1878 and who held the same office in the Philippines when the revolution began there.

Select Salt Lake City.

The international gold mining convention chose Salt Lake City for its meeting place in 1898. A resolution was adopted providing that the convention petition the government to establish testing stations.

Shops a Schoolmaster.

William Verry, a wealthy farmer residing near Arrington, Ill., last Tuesday night fatally shot Merrill Ragan, a school teacher. Verry alleges that Ragan has ruined Miss Verry, aged 15, his daughter.

MONSIEUR DE PARIS.

Retiring French Executioner Has Gained 500 Pesetas.

The man in Franco who has probably killed more human beings than any other person in the world is M. Diebler, popularly known as Monsieur de Paris, and he is about to resign his office as the public executioner of France with a record of 502 official deaths to his credit. He is very old, his hand trembles, and his extensive services should give him the right of rest. His achievements are known to all. He has dealt more than 500 wounds, all of which have been fatal, but not for him. Lately it was noticed that he has become enfeebled; he had no longer the skill, the smartness of his youth. At his 502d execution at Nancy, the other day, he very nearly bungled the ceremony, and the people of that province are very particular. In a few days, possibly even tomorrow, the greswome identity of Monsieur de Paris will have fallen upon another than Mr. Diebler, who will retire from the world, known simply as "M. Morcau," a good, honest citizen, living on a small yet sufficient income. M. Diebler has been an executioner for thirty-eight years. From 1858 to 1863 he assisted Rech, his predecessor, in eighty-two executions, and then became executioner des hautes ceuvres himself. He is now 73 years of age. If such a term be permissible, it may be said that he is the most popular bourgeois that France ever had, and he has very seldom been placed in an embarrassing position on the scaffold. In personal appearance, M. Diebler has been an ideal "Monsieur de Paris," with his black beard; iron gray hair; dark mournful eyes and pale visage. He always dresses in black, with long frock coat and tall silk hat. His domestic life has been quiet, as might naturally be supposed, and his wife, who died a few months ago, was a delicate, refined and well bred woman, hardly the spouse that one would expect to find in the home of "Monsieur de Paris." Mme. Diebler was the daughter of the executioner of Algiers.

Washington's Latest Lion.

Selfeddin Bey, the new secretary of the Turkish legation, is a pet in Washington society, where he is known as the "Young Greek God." The new favorite is a full-blooded Turk. He certainly is handsome. His features are very clear-cut and regular and his dark eyes superb, none the less so for the fact that they look rather contemptuously at the fashionable maidens who show some of the coyness in vogue in the harem. It may be that the girls are so used to admiration that this very superciliousness adds to his charms. His skin is of the clearest olive and his mouth curved like a veritable Cupid's bow. Selfeddin Bey wears ordinary civilian dress, with the notable exception of his hat, which is a fez. He is of medium height and carries himself very well. He is a nobleman. Rather an amusing story is told about the young Turk. When he first arrived in Washington he stood in great need of an English teacher.

A friend put him into communication with a young woman who was seeking pupils. She was pretty and belonged to an excellent family. Selfeddin Bey was quite delighted to find so pleasing a teacher. Terms were agreed upon and all went well until he suggested that the young lady should come to his apartments to give the lessons. She told him this would not be possible. When pressed for a reason she admitted that it would not be considered proper. "Not proper?" cried the new secretary in amazement. "I thought American girls did anything! You go to the theater with a young man, you go for walks with him, you take drives with him; what is the difference?"

One Woman's Busy Time.

Within a period of less than twelve hours recently the young original of the accompanying picture got a divorce from her husband, whom she accused of habitual drunkenness, recovered \$5,000 from a railroad company and enacted the leading role in a comedy given by amateurs for a benefit fund, says the New York World. This woman of



MRS. GUSSIE CAMPBELL SPENCER.

the busy time was Mrs. Gussie Campbell Spencer, of Webster Grove, a fashionable suburb of St. Louis. The divorce decree allows her to drop the Spencer. She has dramatic talent, for which she once sought a field in New York without success. It is understood she will try again for a place on the stage.

Dr. Saunders Honored.

At a recent meeting of the Fellows of the Royal Botanic Society of London, on recommendation of the council, Dr. Wm. Saunders, director of the Experimental Farm, was elected a corresponding member of that society. This honor entitles the recipient, during his life, to all the privileges connected with the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's park, London, England, which contains a very large and interesting collection of plants, shrubs and trees, although from all quarters of the globe.