

Talmage's Sermon.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—In this course Dr. Talmage shows that there is a tendency to excuse brilliant faults, because they are brilliant, when the same law of right and wrong ought to be applied to high places and low; text, Daniel iv, 33. "The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen."

Here is the mightiest of the Babylonians. Look at him. He did more for the grandeur of the capital than did all his predecessors or successors. Hanging gardens, reservoirs, aqueducts, palaces, all of his own planning. The bricks that are brought up today from the ruins of Babylon have his name on them, "Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon." He was a great conqueror. He stretched forth his spear toward a nation, and it surrendered. But he plundered the temple of the true God. He lifted an idol, Bel Meroch, and compelled the people to bow down before it, and if they refused they must go through the red-hot furnace or be crushed by lion or lioness. So God pulled him down.

He was smitten with what physicians call lycanthropy and fancied that he was a wild beast, and he went out and pastured amid the cattle. God did not excuse him because he had committed the sin in high places or because the transgression was wide resonating. He measured Nebuchadnezzar in high place just as he would measure the humblest captive.

But in our time, you know as well as I, that there is a disposition to put a halo around iniquity if it is committed in conspicuous places and if it is wide resonating and of large proportions. Ever and anon there has been an epidemic of crime in high places, and there is not a state or a city and hardly a village which has not been called to look upon astounding forgery, or an absconding bank cashier or president, or the waiving of trust fund or swindling mortgages. I propose, in carrying out the suggestion of my text, as far as I can, to scatter the fascinations around iniquity and show you that sin in high place or low place, and that it will be dealt with by that God who dealt with impaled Nebuchadnezzar.

Morality of the Gospel.

All who preach feel that two kinds of sermons are necessary—the one on the faith of the gospel, the other on the morality of the gospel—and the one is just as important as the other, for you know that in this land today there are hundreds of men hiding behind the communion tables and in churches of Jesus Christ who have no business to be there as professors of religion. They expect to be all right with God, although they are all wrong with man. And, while I want you to understand that by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified and a mere honest life cannot enter us into heaven, I want you as plainly to understand that unless the life is right the heart is not right—grace in the heart and grace in the life. So we must preach sometimes the faith of the gospel and sometimes the morality of the gospel.

It seems to me, there has not been a time in the last 50 years when this latter truth needed more thoroughly to be presented in the American churches. It needs to be presented today.

A missionary in the islands of the Pacific preached one Sabbath on honesty and dishonesty, and on Monday he found his yard full of all styles of goods which the natives had brought. He could not understand it until a native told him, "Our gods permit us to purloin goods, but the God you told us about yesterday, the God of heaven and earth, it seems, is against these practices, and so we brought all the goods that do not belong to us, and they are in the yard, and we want you to help us to distribute them among their rightful owners." And if in all the pulpits of the United States today rousing sermons could be preached on honesty and the evils of dishonesty, and the sermons were blessed of God, and arrangement should be made by which all the goods which have been improperly taken from one man and appropriated by another man should be put in the city halls of the country, there is not a city hall in the United States that would not be crowded from cellar to cupola. Faith of the gospel—that we must preach and we do preach. Morality of the gospel we must, just as certainly proclaim.

Now, look abroad and see the fascinations that are thrown around different styles of crime. The questions that every man and woman has asked have been: Should crime be excused because it is on a large scale? Is iniquity guilty and to be pursued of the law in proportion as it is on a small scale? Shall we have the penitentiary for the man who steals an overcoat from a hatrack and all Canada for a man who range in if he has robbed the public of millions?

Penitentiary of Fraud.

Look upon all the fascinations thrown around fraud in this country. You know for years men have been made heroes of and glorified in and in various ways presented to the public, as though sometimes they were worthy of admiration if they have scattered the fruits of battle or swallowed great estates that did not belong to them. Our

young men have been dazed with this quick accumulation. They have said: "That's the way to do it. What's the use of our plodding on with small wages or insignificant salary when we may go into business life and with some stratagem achieve such a fortune as that man has achieved?" A different measure has been applied to the crime of Wall street from that which has been applied to the spoils which the man carries up Rat alley.

So a peddler came down from New England many years ago, took hold of the money market of New York, flaunted his abominations in the sight of all the people and defied public morals every day of his life. Young men looked up and said: "He was a peddler in one decade, and in the next decade he is one of the monarchs of the stock market. That's the way to do it." To this day the evil influence of that prodigious financier has been felt, and within the past few weeks he has had conspicuous imitators.

There has been an irresistible impression going abroad among young men that the poorest way to get money is to earn it. The young man of flaunting cravat says to the young man of humble apparel: "What! You only get \$1,500 a year? Why, that wouldn't keep me in pin money. I spend \$5,000 a year." "Where do you get it?" asks the plain young man. "Oh, stocks, enterprises, all that sort of thing, you know." The plain young man has hardly enough money to pay his board, but he wears clothes after they are out of fashion and dandy himself all luxuries. After awhile he gets tired of his plodding, and he goes to the man who has achieved suddenly large estate, and he says, "Just show me how it is done." And he is shown. He soon learns how, although he is almost all the time idle now and has resigned his position in the bank or the factory or the store he has more money than he ever had, trades off his old silver watch for a gold one with a flashing chain, sets his hat a little farther over on the side of his head than he ever did, smokes better cigars and more of them. He has his hand in. Now, if he can escape the penitentiary for three or four years he will get into political circles, and he will get political jobs and will have something to do with harbors and pavements and docks. Now he has got so far along he is safe for perdition.

Romance of Crime.

It is quite a long road sometimes for a man to travel before he gets into the romance of crime. Those are caught who are only in the prosaic stage of it. If the sheriffs and constables would only leave them alone a little while, they would steal as well as anybody. They might not be able to steal a whole railroad, but they could master a load of pig iron.

Now, I always thank God when I find an estate like that go to smash. It is plague struck, and it blasts the nation. I thank God when it goes into such a wreck it can never be gathered up again. I want it to become so loathsome and such an insufferable stench that honest young men will take warning. If God should put into money or its representative the capacity to go to its lawful owner, there would not be a bank or a safety deposit in the United States whose walls would not be blown out, and mortgages would rip, and parchments would rend, and gold would shoot, and beggars would get on horseback, and stock gamblers would go to the almshouse.

How many dishonesties in the making out of invoices, and in the plastering of false labels, and in the fleecing of customers of rival houses, and in the making and breaking of contracts. Young men are indoctrinated in the idea that the sooner they get money the better, and the getting of it on a larger scale only proves to them their greater ingenuity. There is a glitter thrown around about all these things. Young men have got to find out that God looks upon sin in a very different light.

A young man stood behind a counter in New York selling silks to a lady, and he said before the sale was consummated, "I see there is a flaw in that silk." The lady recognized it and the sale was not consummated. The head man of the firm saw the interview, and he wrote home to the father of the young man, living in the country, saying: "Dear sir—Come and take your boy. He will never make a merchant." The father came down from the country home in great consternation, as any father would, wondering what his boy had done. He came into the store, and the merchant said to him, "Why, your son pointed out a flaw in some silk the other day and spoiled the sale, and we will never have that lady probably again for a customer, and your son never will make a merchant." "Is that all?" said the father. "I am proud of him. I wouldn't for the world have him another day under your influence. John, get your hat and coat. Let us start." There are hundreds of young men under the pressure, under the fascinations thrown around about commercial iniquity. Thousands of young men have gone down under the pressure, other thousands have maintained their integrity. God help you! Let me say to you, my young friend, that you can be a great deal happier in poverty than you ever can be happy in a prosperity which comes from ill gotten gains. "Oh," you say, "I might lose my place. It is easy for you to stand there and talk, but it is no easy thing to get a place when you have lost it. Besides that, I have a widowed mother depending upon my earnings, and you must not be too reckless in giving advice to me." Ah, my young friend, it is always safe to do right, but it is never safe to do wrong! You go home and tell your mother the pressure under which you are in that store, and I know what she will say to you if she is worthy of you. She will say: "My son, come out from there. God has taken care of us all these years, and he

will take care of us now. Come out of that."

False to Their Trust.

And remember that the man who gets his gain by iniquity will soon lose it all. One moment after his departure from life he will not own an opera house, he will not own a certificate of stock, he will not own one dollar of government securities, and the poorest boy that stands on the street with a penny in his pocket looking at the funeral procession of the dead cheat as it goes by will have more money than that man who one week previous boasted that he controlled the money market.

Oh, there is such a fearful fascination in this day about the use of trust funds! It has got to be popular to take the funds of others and speculate with them. There are many who are practicing that iniquity. Almost every man in the course of his life has the property of others put in his care. He has administered perhaps for a dead friend; he is an attorney, and money passes from debtor to creditor through his hands, or he is in a commercial establishment and gets a salary for the discharge of his responsibilities, or he is treasurer of a philanthropic institution, and money for the suffering goes through his hands; or he has some office in city or state or nation, and taxes and subsidies and supplies and salaries are in his hands. Now, that is a trust. That is as sacred a trust as God can give a man. It is the concentration of confidence. Now, when that man takes that money—the money of others—and goes to speculating with it for his own purposes, he is guilty of theft, falsehood and perjury and in the most intense sense of the word is a miscreant.

There are families today—widows and orphans—with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or kept out of the vortex by the thread of a needle red with the blood of their hearts, who were by father or husband left a competency. You read the story in the newspaper of those who have lost by a bank defalcation, and it is only one line, the name of a woman you never heard of, and just one or two figures telling the amount of stock she had, the number of shares. It is a very short line in a newspaper, but it is a line of agony long as time. It is a story long as eternity.

Now, do not come under the fascination which induces men to employ trust funds for purposes of their own speculation. Cultivate old fashioned honesty. Remember the example of Wellington, who when he was leading the British army over the French frontier, and his army was very hungry, and there was plenty of plunder on the French frontier, and some of the men wanted to take it, said: "Soldiers, do not touch that. God will take care of us. He will take care of the English army. Plenty of plunder, I know, all around, but do not take it." He told the story afterward himself, how that the French people brought to him their valuables to keep—he supposed to be their enemy—brought him their valuables to keep. And then, he said, at a time when the creditors of the army were calling for money and for pay all the time, and they had so much all around about, he did not feel it right for him to take it or for the army to take it.

Oh, that God would scatter these fascinations about fraud and let us all understand that if I steal from you \$1 I am a thief, and if I steal from you \$500,000 I am 500,000 times more of a thief!

Society to Blame.

So there has been a great deal of fascination thrown around libertinism. Society is very severe upon the impurity that lurks around the alleys and low haunts of the town. The law punishes it, smites it, incarcerates it, tries to destroy it. You know as well as I that society becomes lenient in proportion as impurity becomes affluent or is in elevated circles, and finally society is silent or disposed to palliate. Where is the judge, the jury, the police officer, that dare arraign the wealthy libertine? He walks the streets; he rides the parks; he flaunts his iniquity in the eyes of the pure. The bag of uncleanness looks out of the tapestried window. Where is the law that dures take the brazen wretches and put their faces in an iron frame of a state prison window?

Sometimes it seems to me as if society were going back to the state of morals of Herculaneum, when it scripted its rileness on pillars and temple wall and nothing but the lava of a burning mountain could hide the immensity of crime. At what time God will rise up and extirpate these evils upon society I know not nor whether he will do it by fire or hurricane or earthquake, but a holy God, I do not think, will stand it much longer. I believe the thunderbolts are hissing hot and that when God comes to chastise the community for these sins, against which he has uttered himself more bitterly than against any other, the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah will be tolerable as compared with the fate of our modern society, which knew better, but did worse.

We want about 10,000 pulpits in America to thunder, "All adulterers and whore-wingers shall have their place in the hell that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." It is hell on earth and hell forever. We have got to understand that iniquity on Columbia heights or Fifth avenue or Beacon hill is as damnable in the sight of God as it is in the slums. Whether it be a crumpled couch or elderdown or dwells amid the putridity of a low tenement house, God is after it in his vengeance. Yet the pulpits of the Christian church has been so cowed down on the subject that it hardly dares speak, and men are almost apologetic when they read the Ten Commandments.

They look at the fascinations thrown around assassination. There are in all

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CHISHOLM, STROUD, CRAWFORD & REES

Southern Railway

IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1901.

This condensed schedule is published as information and is subject to change without notice to the public.

Trains leave Greensboro, N. C.:

6:55 a. m.—No. 23 daily, Florida Express south for Charlotte, Columbia, Savannah, Augusta, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Tampa, Palm Beach, New York, Memphis, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, and St. Petersburg. Pullman sleeping cars and day coach. Through coach Washington to Jacksonville and Washington to Atlanta.

7:08 a. m.—No. 37 daily, Washington & Southwestern Limited for Charlotte, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and all points south. Through Pullman sleeping New York to New Orleans, New York to Memphis, New York to Nashville; Pullman observation car New York to Macon. Tourist coach Washington to Atlanta. Tourist coach Washington to Atlanta. Tourist coach Washington to San Francisco, Texas, Thursday and Saturday, without connecting cars serve all meals.

7:37 a. m.—No. 11 daily, for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South. Connects at Salisbury with Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanooga.

7:58 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Danville, Raleigh and local stations.

7:58 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. Connects at Selma with train for Wilson, Rocky Mount, Weldon and local points; at Goldsboro for Norfolk.

8:25 a. m.—No. 105 for Winston, Wakefield and local points. Daily to Winston-Salem. Daily except Sunday to Memphis.

9:25 a. m.—No. 36 daily, except Sunday, for Madison and local points.

12:42 p. m.—No. 38 daily, United States Mail for Washington, Richmond and all points North. Carries through Pullman Day Room Buffet sleeper New Orleans to New York; Jacksonville to New York; Birmingham to Richmond. Dining cars serve all meals.

12:45 p. m.—No. 35 daily, for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. Connects at Goldsboro with A. C. L. for Fayetteville and local points south.

12:45 p. m.—No. 22 for Sanford, connects with A. C. L. for Fayetteville and local points south.

12:45 p. m.—No. 107, daily except Sunday, Winston-Salem.

2:40 p. m.—No. 67, daily except Sunday, for Raleigh and local points.

4:12 p. m.—No. 33 for Macon, Airy and local stations.

6:40 p. m.—No. 7 daily, for Charlotte and all points; connects at Salisbury for Raleigh, Chattanooga and Memphis. Pullman sleeping cars operated from Salisbury to Memphis.

7:10 p. m.—No. 35 daily, United States Mail for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South and Southwestern. Dining cars serve all meals. Connects at Charlotte for Columbia, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville, Palm Beach, New York to New Orleans, New York to Memphis, New York to Nashville, Jacksonville to Atlanta, Charlotte to New York.

7:20 p. m.—No. 109 daily for Winston-Salem.

9:25 p. m.—No. 12 daily, for Redville, Goldsboro, Richmond and local points north.

10:47 p. m.—No. 38 daily, Washington and Southwestern Limited for Washington and all points North. Pullman sleeping cars, day coach, Baltimore and New York. This train consists of a Pullman equipment exclusively.

11:42 p. m.—No. 36 daily, Florida Express north, carries through Pullman cars Jacksonville to New York, Charlotte to Baltimore, Charlotte to Norfolk.

12:30 a. m.—No. 7 daily, for Raleigh, connects at Greensboro for Goldsboro. Connects at Goldsboro for Newbern and Macon and local City.

First sections of all scheduled freight trains carry passengers between points at which they are scheduled to stop.

S. H. HARRISON, General Passenger Agent, Greensboro, N. C.
 R. L. VENABLE, T. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.
 J. B. GRAMM, Ticket Agent, Greensboro, N. C.

communities men who have taken the lives of others unlawfully, not as executors of the law, and they go scot free. You say they had their provocations. God gave life, and he alone has a right to take it, and he may take it by visitation of Providence or by an executioner of the law, who is his messenger. But when a man assumes that divine prerogative he touches the lowest depth of crime.

Society is alert for certain kinds of murder. If a citizen going along the road at night is waylaid and slain by a robber, we all want the villain arrested and executed. For all garroting, for all beating out of life by a club or ax or a slingshot, the law has quick spring and heavy stroke, but you know that when men get affluent and high position and they avenge their wrongs by taking the lives of others great sympathy is excited. Lawyers plead, ladies weep, judge halts, jury is bribed, and the man goes free. If the verdict happen to be against him, a new trial is called on through some technicality, and they adjourn for witnesses that never come and adjourn and adjourn until the community has forgotten all about it, and then the prison door opens, and the murderer goes free.

Now, if capital punishment be right I say let the life of the polished murderer go with the life of the vulgar assassin. Let us have no partiality of gallows or aristocracy of electrocution chair. Do not let us float back to barbarism, when every man was his own judge, jury and executioner and that man had the supremacy who had the sharpest knife and the strongest arm and the quickest step and the stealthiest revenge. He who willfully and in hatred takes the life of another is a murderer. I care not what the provocation or the circumstances. He may be cleared by an enthusiastic courtroom, he may be sent by the government of the United States as minister to some foreign court or modern literature may polish the crime until it looks like heroism, but in the sight of God murder is murder, and the judgment day will so reveal it.

Now, do not be fascinated by the glamor thrown over crime of whatever sort. Because others have habits that seem brilliant, but yet at the same time are wicked, do not choose such influences. Stand independent of all such influences. Put your confidence in the Lord God. He will be your strength. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord." Cultivate old fashioned honesty. This book is full of it. Old fashioned honesty such as was spoken of by Dr. Livingstone, the famous explorer. You may not know he was descended from the highlanders. Dr. Livingstone said that one day one of the old highlanders called his children around him and said: "Now, my lads, I have looked all through our family line. I have gone back as far as I can, and I find that all our ancestors were honest people. There doesn't seem to be one rogue among them, and you

have good blood. Now, my lads, be honest."

Four Plain Questions.

There are hundreds of young men who have good blood. Shall I ask three or four plain questions? Are your habits as good as when you left your father's house? Have you a pool ticket in your pocket? Have you a fraudulent document? Have you been experimenting to see how accurate an imitation you could make of your employer's signature? Oh, you have good blood. Remember your mother's example. Turn not in an evil way. Have you been going astray? Come back. Have you ventured out too far?

As I stand in pulpits looking over audiences sometimes my heart fails me. There are so many tragedies present, so many who have sacrificed their integrity, so many far away from God. Why, my brother, there have been too many prayers offered for you to have you go overboard. And there are those venturing down into sin, and my heart aches to call them back.

At Brighton Beach or Long Branch you have seen men go down into the surf to bathe, and they waded out farther and farther, and you got anxious about them. You said, "I wonder if they can swim?" And you then stood and shouted: "Come back! Come back! You will be drowned!" They waded their hand back, saying, "No danger." They kept on wading deeper down and farther out from shore until after awhile a great wave with a strong undertow took them out, their corpses the next day washed on the beach. So I see men wading down into sin farther and farther, and I call to them: "Come back! Come back! You will be lost; you will be lost!" They wave their hand back, saying, "No danger; no danger!" Deeper down and deeper down until after awhile a wave sweeps them out and sweeps them off forever. Oh, come back! The one farthest away may come.

"Oh," you say, "you don't know where I came from. You don't know what my history has been. You don't know what iniquity I have plotted. I have gone through the whole catalogue of sin." My brother, I do not know the story, but I tell you this: The door of mercy is wide open. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Though you have been polluted with the worst of crimes, though you have been smitten with the worst of leprosy, though you have been fired with all evil passions, this moment on your brow, hat with iniquitous indulgence, may be set the flashing coronet of a Bayliner's forgiveness.

Prayed with the men, the girls before
 To escape their languid employ
 Beyond the city's shining tower
 And heaven is filled with joy.

For angels can their joy contain,
 For angels with new fire,
 The glimmer lost is found, they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyra.

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