

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Plague of Lies."

Text: "Ye shall not surely die."—Genesis III, 4.

That was a point blank lie. Satan told to Eve to induce her to put her semicircle of white, beautiful teeth into a forbidden apple or plum or peach or apple. He practically said to her, "Eat, and you shall be as gods." It was a lie, and you will be omnipotent and omniscient. You shall be as gods. Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have ever since deluged the planet. It introduced a plague that covers all nations, the plague of lies. Far worse than the plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the East River, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all rivers. The Egyptian plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for six thousand years has raged this plague of lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterward say "may be so." They are called "white lies," but there is really no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient to contain this gigantic abomination. There are men high in church and state actually using self-denying and honest in many things, who upon certain subjects and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who were brought up in the habit of truthfulness, whose lives extended from cradle to grave. Provarications, misrepresentation and dishonesty of speech appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases.

Some of our modern economists, who sit on the sidewalk from curbstone to curbstone, facing; they cluster around the mechanic's hammer, and blossom from the end of the merchant's yardstick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fables." Some call them "lies," but they were subtler, disguised, deception, romance, evasion, pretense, flattery, misrepresentation, but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding of a God defying outrage, under a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical, and social lies. First, then, I will speak of those that are more particularly agricultural. There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never more out in the night than they do in the day. Corn has been occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain is never counterfeited. The sunrise never flames in false colors. The dew sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers as a class, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of men to our markets. Day by day there creep through our streets and about the market houses farm wagons that have not an honest spoke in their wheels or a truthful rivet from tongue to tailboard.

During the last few years there have been times when mercantile economy has foundered on the farmer's fork. Neither high taxes, nor the high price of dry goods, nor the exorbitancy of labor, could excuse much that the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. By the quiet fringes in Westchester and Orange, the few sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers as a class, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing and kind hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of men to our markets. Day by day there creep through our streets and about the market houses farm wagons that have not an honest spoke in their wheels or a truthful rivet from tongue to tailboard.

Deceptions do not all cluster round city halls. When our cities sit down and weep over their sins, all the surrounding countries ought to weep with them. There is often hostility on the part of producers against traders, as though the man who raises the corn was necessarily more honorable than the grain dealer who pours it into his mammoth bin. There ought to be such brotherly love of producer and trader, that they should be as true to each other as they are to the bargain maker. "You get your money easy." Do they get it easy? Let those who in the quiet field and barn get their living, exchange places with those who in the city and about the citizens of commercial life and see if they find so very easy.

While the farmer goes to sleep with the assurance that his corn and barley will be growing all the night, moment by moment adding to his revenue the merchant tries to go to sleep conscious that that moment his cargo may be broken on the rocks or damaged by the wave that sweeps clear across the hurricane deck, or that reckless speculators may that morning be plotting some monetary revolution, or the burglars be prying open his safe, or his debtors fleeing the town, or his landlord raising the rent, or the fire kindling on the block that contains all his estate. It is not God that helps the merchants. It is not God that helps the hands blistered with outdoor work, but a more dreadful process when through mercantile anxieties the brain is consumed.

In the next place we notice mercantile lies. Those before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the different forms of mercantile falsehood. There are merchants who excuse themselves for deviation from truthfulness because of what they call commercial custom. In other words, the multiplication and variety of a sin turns it into a virtue. There have been large fortunes gathered where there was not one drop of unrequited toll in the wine; not one spark of bad temper flashing from the bronze brack; not one drop of needle woman's heart blood in the crimson plush, while there are other great establishments in which there is not one door knob, not one brick, not one trinket, not one thread of lace but has upon it the mark of dishonesty. What a wonder it is that God help the merchants! It is not God that helps the hands blistered with outdoor work, but a more dreadful process when through mercantile anxieties the brain is consumed.

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church after service, a woman fell in convulsion. The doctor said she needed medicine

not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done. I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found out afterward that she was making garments for eight cents a piece, and that she could not make but three of them in a day! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers. But she did not get her pay for work done. The employer says, "I hear you are going to leave me." "Yes," she said, "and I am come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. "She said, 'Are you not going to pay me for the work I have done?' and he kicked her down the stairs."

There are thousands of fortunes made in commercial spheres that are throughout righteous. God will let his favor rest upon every scroll, every picture, every picture, every picture, and the joy that flashes from the lights, and showers from the music and dances in the children's quick feet, patting through the hall, will utter the congratulation of man and the approval of God. But the man, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then it is right to ask you for it? If not, then you have falsified. You say that that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have falsified.

Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article for which five dollars is charged is not worth more than four. Is it worth more than four dollars? Then all right. If it be worth more, and for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you willfully depreciate it, you have falsified. You are a handkerchief trader. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity, "Mr. So-and-so, merchant on Water street or in Eighth street or in State street, or Mrs. So-and-so, keeping house on Beacon street or Madison avenue or Rittenberg Square or Brooklyn Heights or Brooklyn Hill, told one falsehood." You may consider it insignificant because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who would falsify in regard to a great purchase in which the city or whole country was concerned; but this is only a box of buttons, or a row of pins, or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The article purchased may be so small you can put it in your next pocket, but the sin was as great as if it were a diamond, and the echo of the dishonesty will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

You throw on your counter some specimens of handkerchiefs. Your customer asks: "What are all these?" You answer in an answer: "It is all silk." Was it all silk? If so, all right. But was it partly cotton? Then you have falsified. Moreover, you lost by the falsehood. The customer, though he may live at Lynn or Deyleswarp or wherever, shall call them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

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to prosperous enterprises. As long as a church is feeble, and the singing is discordant, and the minister, through the poverty of the church, must go with a threadbare coat and hat and there a worshiper sits in the end of a pew, having all the seat to himself, religious sympathizers of other churches will say, "What a pity!" Let a great day of prosperity come, and even ministers of the gospel, who ought to be rejoiced at the largeness and extent of the work, denounce and misrepresent and falsify, starting the suspicion in regard to themselves that the reason they do not sit in the front row is not ground in their own mind. How long before we shall learn to be fair in our religious criticisms! The keenest jealousies on earth are church jealousies. The field of Christian work is so large that there is no need that our hands be idle.

Next I speak of social lies. This evil makes much of society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come you do not know whether or not they want you, and you do not know whether or not they regard you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent "Not at home," when they are only too ready to dress themselves in the evening, and the regarders do not know whether it is an expression of their heart or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent "Not at home," when they are only too ready to dress themselves in the evening, and the regarders do not know whether it is an expression of their heart or an external civility.

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SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR MARCH 29.

Lesson Text: "Review Exercise of the Past Quarter—Golden Text: 1 Kings xviii, 39.

Supervisor: Who succeeded Solomon as king? School: Rehoboam, his son.

Supt.: What appeal did the people make to Rehoboam? School: They asked him to lighten the burdens his father laid upon them.

Supt.: What was Rehoboam's reply? School: My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.

Supt.: What followed this reply? School: Ten of the tribes revolted and made Jeroboam their king.

Supt.: What false worship did Jeroboam establish? School: He made two calves of gold, and said unto the people, It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

Supt.: What judgment did Elijah foretell to Ahab? School: As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.

Supt.: How did the Lord care for Elijah by the brook Cherith? School: The ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and in the evening, and he drank of the brook.

Supt.: How did the Lord care for Elijah at Zarephath? School: He commanded a widow woman there to sustain him.

Supt.: What promise did the Lord make to the widow of Zarephath? School: He said, I will do as thou sayest, and thy soul shall not die.

Supt.: What followed the prayer of the priest of Baal for fire to consume their sacrifice? School: There was neither voice, nor any answer, nor any that regarded.

Supt.: How was Elijah's prayer answered? School: The fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.

Supt.: Why did Elijah flee from Samaria? School: Jezebel the queen threatened to kill him.

Supt.: What question did the Lord ask him at Horeb? School: What doest thou here, Elijah? Supt.: What was Elijah's reply? School: I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away.

Supt.: What message was Elijah commanded to deliver to Ahab in the vineyard of Naboth? School: In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.

Supt.: How was Elijah taken from Elisha? School: Behold, there appeared a chariot with horses of fire, and carried them both away; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

Supt.: How did Elisha raise the Shunammite's son? School: He went in therefore, and shut the door upon them, and prayed unto the Lord; and stretched himself upon him; and the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes.

Supt.: What message did Elisha send to Naaman? School: Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

Supt.: What followed his obedience? School: His flesh came again like unto the flesh of a child, and he was clean.

Supt.: Whom did the king of Syria send to Dothan to take Elisha? School: He sent thither horses and chariots, and a great host; and they came by night, and compassed the city about, and Elisha prophesied of them, and they were smothered.

Supt.: How did Elisha protect the king of Moab? School: He sent thither horses and chariots, and a great host; and they came by night, and compassed the city about, and Elisha prophesied of them, and they were smothered.

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FOUR PERISH.

Thrilling Scenes at a New York Tenement House Fire.

Terrible scenes were enacted on a recent morning in the Hobrow district of New York City. In a fire that consumed the five-story tenement on the southwest corner of Allen and Hester streets, three of a family of five perished, and two daughters, perished miserably.

Of the fifty-one persons in the house, seven died or maimed. This is the list of the dead: Barnett Jartar, fifty-six years old, Polish Jew, tailor by trade, burned to death; Sarah, his oldest daughter, nineteen years old, burned to death; Betsy, the youngest daughter, aged thirteen years, burned to death; Philip Elshinsky, aged thirty-four, suffocated. The tenants, Holbrooks, with their families, roused suddenly to confront death in its most terrible form, swarmed down the fire escapes on both sides of the building, shrieking and wailing as they called their loved ones.

Ladders were thrown up hastily to help them down, but some, in the confusion and smoke, missed both wood and iron ladders. Iron rungs of the fire escapes were turning white with heat when Max Goldstein reached for them from the third floor and recoiled in despair.

He stood in a window holding his three little children in his arms. The fire started in the sub-cellar of the Cornfield Building, at Bloeker and Greene streets, and razed below the level of the sidewalk for nearly an hour before 6 P. M., and was permitted to get beyond the control of the firemen. Later the nine-story structure went down like a house of cardboard in the flames. Three adjoining buildings caught fire and were destroyed, and the loss of property exceeded \$1,500,000.

The building in which the fire originally started was owned by Mendel Brothers, real estate men of Chicago, and occupied by Alfred Benjamin & Co., probably the largest manufacturers of fine ready made men's clothing in this country. It is a stock company, comprised of Isaac Joseph A. Hornbaker, Eugene Benjamin, David Hochstader, and, as special partners, Jesse and Samuel Rosenthal.

The first alarm was turned in at 5:20 P. M., a second at 5:25 and then three others followed in the rapid succession. Engines pouring a deluge of water from all directions to the scene, and when Chief Bonner arrived and saw the seriousness of the fire he sent out innumerable special calls for additional engines, until finally the greater portion of the city was in the lower part of the city were at the spot.

At first it seemed as if the firemen would have an easy victory over the flames. There was no appearance of fire, but a thick black smoke poured out of the basement and rose in voluminous clouds as high as the main roof, then blew down in the streets again, making it a heroic task for the firemen to work at all.

Suddenly, with hardly a moment's notice, the flames forced their way up the side of the building and burst through the roof in a blaze that could be seen for miles. Then every floor was attacked by the element, until from sub-basement to roof the magnificent building was a fiery furnace. The firemen in the streets below were battling with a giant. It looked like the beginning of a conflagration that would only end when it had no more to feed upon.

A six story building adjoining the giant on the east and occupied by Mrs. H. Starob, the firemen in the streets below were battling with a giant. It looked like the beginning of a conflagration that would only end when it had no more to feed upon.

At almost the same time the roof of the building in which the fire started fell in with a crash, carrying floor after floor with it in its descent. A few minutes later the front wall toppled and fell into Bloeker street, and the firemen had to scurry in a lively manner to save the street.

Nothing but the bare bricks of the building were left standing. Then the roof of the building, which had been falling in, but the other walls remained intact.

Although the ruins blazed fiercely until nearly midnight, the fire was practically under control at 9 o'clock. The water tower and three or four more engines poured a deluge into that portion of the flames which was nearest the abutting property for an hour or two more. No attention was paid to the ruins of the great building, where the fire started. The flames there were allowed to burn themselves out. What they fed upon was a mystery, for everything ordinarily inflammable was devoured before the walls fell.

Even bricks in the fallen wall seemed to have been cleared of mortar. There has been a fire in New York by which the destruction was so complete. The great corner building was completely destroyed as though not a finger had been lifted to oppose the progress of the flames. Nothing but the bare bricks of the building were left standing.

Nearly the entire loss is covered by insurance in many companies. One conservative estimate places the entire amount of damage at not less than \$5,000,000.

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