

Sunday Tells of Man Who Went Wrong; to Lead Others Straight

"Billy" Sunday preached on Friday night on the topic, "Hidden Among the Stuff." He said:

Text: I Sam. x, 25—"Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff."

It is with some reluctance I speak about how a man failed. I would much rather tell you of some signal success in life, but sometimes the study of failure is more fruitful than the study of conquest.

I am speaking tonight with the hope that where Saul went wrong you'll go right, so that when you are called to be king or queen of that inner kingdom of men and of women you may be one of God's noblemen, and come to your coronation, not like Saul, allowing the "stuff" of the world to cover up kingliness and queenliness.

It arouses one's contempt to see a big man, a man born for big things, doing small, mean, contemptible things. There are some things we can almost excuse in a little, weak, puny, weakened man, that would be an unpardonable sin for a big man.

We can forgive Zaccheus for climbing a tree in order to catch a glimpse of Jesus, but we cannot forgive Saul for crawling into a tree and pulling the king of Israel down after him. Before we get him out, now that we know where he is, let me refresh your memory.

(First) I do not like his ancestry. His father was a man of wealth and of power. He and his son had no thought about things which counted most in life; they were too busy breeding asses to think much about the hope of Israel and who the God that made the nation was.

In all the years that Samuel ruled the nation, and stood as God's representative, Saul never heard of him, didn't know him, had never met him. Kish, Saul's father, never said, "Come, my son, the Lord's prophet is to pass, let us listen to his words, hear his judgments."

Busy on Farm. No; Kish was too busy with his stock farm. He never went to church on Sunday; that was the day he looked over the stock. He cared more for his farm stock than for God's tabernacle. Sunday was a good time to plan and figure up, but he never solved the problem "What shall I profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The descendants of Kish are like many who live on the streets in this and every other town, too busy six days a week to think of soul, and on the seventh they say, "Too tired to go to church today," so they get a paper, fill their pipe, put on their slippers and sit down idly by while people are going down to hell. They know sudden and surprised by the mercies of God, they spurn Christ and purity.

Oh, Kish, breeder of asses, too busy to go to church, let me show you a son. I passed over Gilboa, marked the place where he fell a suicide. The Philistines cut off his head and nailed his body to the wall.

Here is a young son of respectability, staggering along with boisterous mates, blowing whiffs of ten cigarette smoke into the faces of decency. Somewhere there's a mother's hair whitening with grief over a wayward son, but he has had a taste of hell's poisonous broth, his blood is tingling with the virus of damnation, with which he has been inoculated in the cesspools of shame; to him a mother's love, to him a father's hope, a sister's tears are nothing. He has passed the rubicon of virtue, and the bridge has been burned behind him.

Old-Fashioned Mothers Vanishing. There goes a fallen angel, once the pure, beloved idol of a happy home; out of her eyes vanished gentle modesty, once her sweetest charm. In its place has come a look of bold intensity, glittering glare, which resembles the deadly gleam in the eyes of the sinuous snake as it coils to strike its prey.

She loved not wisely but too well. Clinging hands could not stay the mad flight down the toboggan into hell. She has thrown away all that was dear to woman's pure ambition. The world knows her only as one to avoid. Respectability pulls its garments aside as she passes. Her gawdy raiment and seductive glances attract none but the depraved.

My hope and prayer is that some of the fathers and mothers who may be listening to me tonight will not live to read the black headlines which will tell of the shame of children whose bodies they have nourished, but whose souls have been starved in their own paria. Thank God there are still a few old-fashioned mothers left, but like the veterans of the civil war, they are becoming a vanishing remnant.

Saul was called to a crown, but was found hidden among the stuff. You may say the reason he hid is because he was so modest. Perhaps that may be, but it's an awful thing for a man to be as modest as that when he stands face to face with the duties and hardships of this life.

I can tell you what your life is going to be by the way you start. When we have to do common things in the yellow shows in you, if you have a streak of it.

Judging Saul by his after life, I am compelled to view his act as that of a man shirking from, who because it was strenuous and difficult, it was not a breakfast job to be king of Israel. It was almost as big a task as being president of Mexico.

There are mountains to climb, there are hills and precipices, cataclysms, caverns and pitfalls and slime pits all along the way, but it is also true there are shady valleys, cozy nooks, gardens of flowers and days radiant with the sunlight. There will be storms and clouds, there will be days when the cares and sorrows will press heavily and almost crush us into the grave; there are steepes to climb if we ever reach the pinnacle of success; there are streams to ford if we would grasp the crown of victory.

Need Eminent Men and Pure Women. The spirit that actuated Saul controls many splendid men, who have in them the makings of better King Sauls, ruling over a greater kingdom than he ruled, but they are "hiding themselves among the stuff."

They are hiding behind stocks, bonds, dry goods, politics, infidelity, impurity, whisky, beer bottles, Sunday base ball, golf and a host of other things. Their genuineness, nobility and integrity is lost in the search for fortune. Don't get lost in the stuff.

We want young men, men who will be courageous and chivalrous, manly and thoughtful, who can say NO and mean it, who will love their homes better than the street, who respect womanhood and have vice in any form who love the Bible more than billiards, virtue more than vice.

We want girls who form lofty ideals of womanhood, who think more of decency than dress, gentleness than gossamer, who will grow up to be good wo-

men, loyal wives and fond mothers, who think more of firmness than folly, cradles than cards, who do not despise the kitchen, who can make bread as well as fudge, who can smile sweetly at home as well as on the street, who can distinguish a gentleman from a scoundrel, who prefers a workman for a husband rather than a loafer or a dude.

A serious purpose may be lost in the search for pleasure. You may become a toy in the social life, a mere plaything, attracted by anything that tickles your fancy and gives a new sensation. When I see men called to high duties in royal service I cannot bear to see them hide among the stuff, and forgo and pass up a chance for a crown or a kingdom and become chained to some habit or evil influence.

There are slaves of fashion, women who are chained to the Moloch of pride and vanity, all noble longings and ambitions of motherhood dead. To them the humbler joys of life are bitter ashes, the quiet paths of domestic peace have no charms for them.

Others are chained to mammon. The man or woman whose only idol is gold is one of the most unhappy and miserable of all. Van accumulations bring cares and responsibilities, rob life of its sweetest pleasures, develop mean, selfish characteristics. It drives its victims to a grave over which no tears are shed, it fills coffins over which no loving hands linger.

Manhood is Eternal. What would have happened if Washington had shirked his duty, or if Lincoln had not been ready for the great task?

Don't shirk God's great tasks for meaner ones. If anybody can afford to spend life aimlessly, it's not you. God has called you to a great life and purpose. You have heard the call, but are dallying with "stuff."

Remember that "stuff" is transient; Christian manhood is eternal. Samson had strength, but failed; Abimelech had beauty, but failed; Alexander had the "power of conquest," but he died by the cup of poison; Ingersoll had eloquence, but failed.

The outward things men struggle for are but "stuff," in the great exigencies of life.

The Lord kept track of Saul, and God hasn't forgotten where you are. Watch-

ing with the intense compassions of a father your every effort. His heart aches to drag you from among the lug sags and give you a place in His kingdom.

Young man, I appeal to you. To wealth of the world, intellectual, moral, financial and social, is within your reach. Grapple with it all, but use it for great purposes, unselfish service. Don't hang among it or shirk your crown.

Girls, I appeal to you. Your call to queenliness is loud; do you hear it? If you spend your years in a fly round of dinners, clubs, dances, the opera, and all the insane accessories of so-called society you will find at last that you have "hidden yourself among valueless stuff."

Men of business, men of professions, let me appeal to you. Saul knew his duty, he knew his destiny, so do you. Rise to the importance of your opportunity, take your crown which God offers and to a king. Don't hide in the "stuff."

God has given no uncertain call. Don't allow the tinsel of selfish purposes to blind you to the pure gold of righteousness. Only the man who pays attention to duty regardless of all else will find his way into the kingdom and leave the world poorer when the Lord calls him home.

Live the Christian life. Children will love you, women will admire you, men will respect you, God will crown your life with success, and when the twilight of your life mingles with the purpling dawn of eternity men will speak your name with honor and baptize your grave with tears when the Lord attunes for you the evening chimes of life.

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Soldier Hurt in Bad Auto Smash

Morris Willis, soldier at Fort Crook, sustained two smashed fingers on his left hand last evening at 8:30 o'clock, when the automobile in which he was riding smashed headlong into a telephone pole on the east side of Twenty-fourth street between A and Valley. The motor belonged to Sergeant Yalke of the fort and both men were driving toward Omaha at the time.

Dr. Allingham, who lives on the same street where the accident occurred, operated on the man's hand at his home a few minutes later. It was found necessary to amputate both fingers. The machine was badly smashed.

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