DEATH AT THE BANQUET

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES OF THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

The firest Lessons Taught by the Peast and freath of Belshavens The Reginaing and Close of the flanquets of Sin



ROOKLYN, N. Va January 25, 1891,— Dr. Talmage preachof the following serion this morning. tis feet was Daniel. asios "In the night was Bolshassar, the king of the Chaldeans, After the site of Rabylon had been selectof, two mint a of mon were employed for works. The walls of the city were

sixty miles in chromoference. They were surrounded by the trench, out of which had been dug the material for the construction of the city. There were twenty-five gates of cold brass on each side of the square city, Holwoon every two gates a great watch tower sprang up into the heavens. From each of the twenty five enter, on either side a street ran straight through to the gate on the other Aftern miles long, which gave to the city an appearance of wondernt regularity. The now of freshot, a serent takes was are the water was kept as in a reservoir until times of disouth, when it was sent streaming down over the thirsty land. A palace offensive in His sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulcures: how can be palace a mile and three quarters in ye escape the damnation of hell?" Paul half miles in circumference. The wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been brought up among the mountains of Media, could not stand it in this flat country of Babylon, and so, to please her Nebuchadnezzar had righteousness to a man who was unsupported by the country of Babylon, and so, to please her Nebuchadnezzar had stand it in this flat country of Pabylon, and so, to please her Nebuchadnezzar had a mountain, four hundred feet high, built a mountain, four hundred feet high, built in the midst of the city. This mountain was surrounded by torsaces, for the support of which great arches were lifted. On the top of these arches flat stones were laid; then a layer of read and bitumen; then two fows of bricks, closely comented; then thick afters of lead, upon which the soil was placed. The englishment days are the west of the lake? The king was potentially over the world for being must placed. The earth here deposited was so. doep that the largest trees had room to anheight, until it must have seemed to one he low as though the clouds were all in blosson, and the very sky leaned on the shoulder of the cesher. At the top an engine was constructed, which drow the water from the Emphratos, far below, and made it spout up amid this garden of the skies. All this to please his wife I think she must have been

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In the midst of this city stood also the nour, from starlit flowers and dripping leaf fragrance for many miles around stroits and squares were lighted for dance, and grander of the city to rare entertainmingled in every street; godiese mirth, and outrageous excess, and splendid wickedness, came to the king's palace, to do their might

hest dook of darkness.
A royal feast to night at the king's palace. Mushing up to the gates are charlots, uphalstored with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by Aronyed horses from Togar mah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charloteers, while a thousand lords dismount. and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian omerald, and the color blending of agate and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princity embroidede, brought from afar by camels across the deport, and by ships of Tarshish

Open wide the gates, and let the gueste some in. The chamberlains and one bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the the blace of the jewels! Lift the banners, Fill the cops. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets, but the night go by with song, and dance, and ovation; and let that flaty-lonish tongue be palsed that will not say, "O,

King Bothawar, live forever" hanquet to which these great people came.
All parts of the earth had sont their richest viants to that table. Brackets and chande-Impaished gold Fruits, ripe and Inscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vascs, haid with omerald, and ridged with exquisito tracorios, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming the decemers and bubbling in the chalices. the of cassia and frankincenes watting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous bunners infolding in the breeze that came through the opened window, bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of In jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down, from niches in the wall, upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work, standing on pedestals of precious atones. Embroideries stooping about the windows, and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of barps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of irumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall, and breathing among the garlands, and pouring down the corridors, and thriting the souls of athousand banqueters. The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and wonen of the land, come around the table. Four out the wine. Let feam and bubble kiss the rimf Hoist every one his cup, and drink to the Holst every one his cup, and drink to the sentiment:—"O King belchazzar, hve forever?" Sestarred head-band and carcanet of royal transp gleam to the uplifted chalice, as again, and again, and again they are

come in the vile song, and the drunten hiecough, and the slavering lip, and the gustaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, suched, recling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear, "Human huzze! for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall! Is it a spirit! Is it a phantom! Is it God! Out of the black sleeve of the darkness a singer of stery terror trembles through the air and comes to the wall, circling about as though it would write, and then, with sharp tip of slame, engravee on the plastering the doom of the king. The music stops. The goblet salls from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shrisk of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it:—"Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that caroreal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting hall, for I do not want to look: There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset fankards, and the blood of murdered women. and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

f go on to learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Danial did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the houses did not join each other on the ground, and between them were gardens and shrub-bery. From house top to house top bridges awang, over which the inhabitants were accounted to pass. A branch of the fits phrates went through the city, over which a bridge of mavelous structure was thrown, bridge of mavelous structure was thrown.

To the fits between the people like or the people choose. Young men, what shall I preach to you to-night; shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature; Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished; "Oh! no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God," Will. If there is any hand-writing. and under which a tunnel ran. To on the wall, it is this lesson: "Accept keep the river from overflowing the city in of Christ, and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He compass and the other palace seven and a | the apostle preached before a man who was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland! He took for his text (James 1:6— "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed," Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached; and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologise," "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed; and the king's chapel was full of lords dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for High Latimer was to apologise. He began temple of Bolus. One of its towers was to apologise. He began the sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, between eighth of a mile high, and on the lop of it an observatory, which gave the astronomers great advantage, as, being at so great bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art a height, one could easily talk with the in the presence of the King of heaven and stars. First comple was full of cups, and earth who can destroy both body and soul in statues, and consers, all of gold. One hell fire." Then he preached with appalling

The shades of her two hundred and lifty man, if you had looked in upon the banquet fowers because to lengthen. The Euphrates folled on, fouched by the flery splendors wished you had been invited there, and said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curcles with hor-ror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nahas strewn, from its wealth, the table and the floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up; and how horrf-ble is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls, A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together, tied's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

flere is a young man who says, "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the in see why they make such a fuss about the in toxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but cannot; and he cries out, "Oh Lord God! help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer; and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start!

How black it was at the last! I learn further from this subject that Death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Rabylon? There were people there that that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in forture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch, Death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have struggled for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the United States Senate, or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirl-wind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charloteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought, and mirth, and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious, and of those who deepise food, will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when that Assyrian army broke.

through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise flod, and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long north-east storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming! No; I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills; when suddenly the heavens burst, and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andee and the Himalayas.

Are there any here who are unpresent

for the eternal world? Are there any nere who have been living without God, and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance he gone. The lungs will cease to breath; the heart will stop. The time will come when you shall get no more to the office, or to the shop. Nothing will be left but Death, and Judgment, and Rternity. Oh! flee to God this hour! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Good-night, my young friends! May you

is the day of salvation.
Good-night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by Rim who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh! art thou a despisor of Good! Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldest thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel your last hour has come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catchheart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the

An Amorous Alphabet. Supposing A made love to B. But had for rivals C and D. And B to all their pleadings deaf, Was "spoons" on E, who courted F; Supposing G, H, I and J, All loved alike the lovely K, Who smiled on L, but not on them, While I, himself was fond of M; Then N and O had both in view, In spite of P, the hand of Q; And R, completely "gone" on S, Had left her T in deep distress; While U, V, W and X, Thought Y, the empress of her sex;
Whose charms had even turn'd the head
Of staid and philosophic Z;
Supposing they all, with jealous rage,
In deadly combat should engage The capitals would lead, of course, The smaller letters march in force; Suppose the diphthongs join'd the fray, And stope and dashes pegg'd away, Till maim'd and mix'd of form bereft, No single letter would be left. Oh, fatal fight: or fearful plight; No longer could we print or write.

EXAGGERATION. It is a Fault That Most People Show in

Conversation. One of the common vices in ordinary con versation, as well as in written speech, is the habit of making a recklessly exaggerated statement of facts or circumstances. Its long affiliation with coarse and cheap humor has given it a currency among us beyond its deserts—if any merit it really has. There is so much to be said against it—as a stale de-vice of provincial buffoonery or coarse wag-gery—while there is so little to recommend it, except perhaps as a wand in the hand of a genius like Rabelais—one is inclined to wonder that it has not long ago banished utterly, at the least, from all well-bred in-

dgn or as a vehicle for humor, usually betrays a frivolous disposition, an irregular imagination or a slovenly inattention to important details. Next, it indicates an almost reckless disregard of moral accuracy and a carelessness of the effect of language upon another; which, to say the least, are by no means respectful to one's auditor. Again, although it may not even suggest the notion of a willful perversion of actual fact or any intent harmfully to deceive another, yet it insensibly begets, when accustomed to hear heavers of paying but little attention to such a speaker's statements. It dissociates all seriousness from what he may say, and finally they regard him as a common laugher, whose speech does not deserve ordinary notice. Moreover it produces a bewildering effect upon the general listener, which is quite incompatible either with a serious increst in, or a care to remember, what is the speaker of more than half his due, because of his cor mon discredit as a narrator,

or reporter.

Perhaps it is sometimes not inexcusable in an earnest advocate or a real humorist, whose reputation for good sense is unclouded, who seeks to produce an imlimited by an obligation to speak with impartial accuracy. Nevertheless its habitual use tends, in most cases, to destroy the capability for judicial impartiality, where such a faculty exists—precisely as a contrary habit of conscientious accuracy of statement usually runs with fairness of judgment. When Rufus Choate, who habitually reveiled in hyperbole, was asked to accept a judicial office, he declined emphatically saying trailing: "It would destroy my powers of a aggeration."—Home Journal.

The Author and His Work.

That the author is easily led to betray ex-cessive interest in himself, is a fact due in a green measure to the peculiar conditions upon which his artistic success depends. Every piece of his work is the product of a mind that should be, from first to last, completely absorbed in its creation. He cannot like the painter or the sculptor, summon and dismiss his model at will, with the certainty of recovering at a moment's notice the desired pose. His models are continually on the move; each one, to be convincing, must not only shine with the light of varied circumstance, but must also show cause for existence by effect upon the others; since the interest of a story flags the instant its characters are at a stand-still. As a natural consequence, their creator carrie them always with him, really most and in their behalf when he seems to be most inactive. At home and abroad he is ever playing his game of chess "whereof the pawns are men," with no board to guide him but that mysterious one traced upon the table of his brain. All he sees and hears contributes its mite to the source of suggestion from which he draws, and by his skill in the drawing his power is determined. Intricate problems force themselves upon him, to be colved with the nicest discrimination out of his own experience. With him eternal vigilance is the price of victory.—From "The Point of View," in January Scribner.

Isaac Rich and D. W. Robinson, recently boot and shoe merchants at Bradford, Pa., were arrested in Hamilton, Ont., Wednesday at the instance of James Werner, of Boston, Mass., charged with defalcations to a large amount. They are said to have been on their way to Europe. Their wives were with them.

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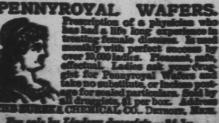
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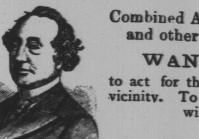
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