

MILLIONS OF SLAIN. A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE WOES OF DRUNKARDS. WORSE THAN ANY PLAGUE.

Intemperance Portrayed by Rev. Dr. Talmage in Burning Language—The Friends of the Vineyard, the Dairy, the Grain Field and the Music Hall Send Up a Great Cry.

Washington, April 30.—Rev. Dr. Talmage's text to-day was Exodus xi, 6. "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt." He said: "This was the worst of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight flapped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the slain, millions of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernal came forth to our earth on a mission of mischief. The one fiend said, "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said, "I'll take charge of the grainfields." Another said, "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said, "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other goodly with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The first of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a root of twisted grapevine in sheer discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and luscious! They bewitched the air with their sweetness. There seemed to be so much health in every bunch! And while the fiend sat there in utter indignation and disappointment he clutched a cluster and squeezed it in perfect spite, and lo, his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said: "That reminds me of the blood of broken hearts. I'll strip the vineyard, and I'll squeeze out all the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to stand until they rot, and I'll call the process fermentation." And there was a great vat prepared, and people came with their cups and their pitchers, and they dipped up the blood of the grapes, and they drank and drank and went away drinking, and they drank until they fell in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyard wanted to return to his home in the pit he stepped from carcass to carcass and walked down amid a eat caseway of the dead.

Then the second fiend came into the field. He waded chin deep amid the wheat and rye. He heard all the grainy about bread and prosperous husbands and thrifty homes. He thrust his arms into the grainfield and he up the grain and threw it into the air and he made beneath it great fires lighted with a spark from his own and there was a grinding and a and a stench, and the people and their bottles, and they dipped y liquid, and they drank, and they hemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they red, and the fiend of the pit, y murder, the grainfield, was so pleased d behavior that he changed his a the pit to a whisky barrel, at by the door of the bung- in high merriment at the ut of anything so harmless a the field he might turn a seeming pandemonium. The dairy saw the cows in the pasture field full he maid milked he said: "I'll take charge of the dairy." I'll take charge of the dairy, and I'll punch, and children and the temperance and I can do them e then a headache, m over to the more t antic delegation." d until the long almost quaked. ntered a grog- customers. he swept the air- trombones, and the r nightfall, and the d, and the y swung with a ne be by a ugher lassies the he k

But it plagues a man also in the loss of me. I do not care how much he loves wife and children, if this habit gets mastery over him he will do the most woe things. If he needs be, in order to strong drink he will sell them e everlasting captivity. There are ds and thousands of homes that en utterly blasted of it. I am of no abstraction. Is there any disastrous to a man for this life e life to come? Do you tell me ing his wife's heart and cloth- ren with rage, in the streets to-day bare- pt, uncombed, want writ- rinkle of their faded dress ces, who would have been od this morning as well t not been that strong r parents down into the d down into the grave. despoiler of homes, recruiting officer of

And then all the demons and and filled their glasses and and cried: "Let us drink e everlasting prosperity of the c. Here's to woe and darkness and death!" Drink! Drink! iber by allegory or by appal- s well as I that it is impos- gerate the evils of strong ue! A plague! In the first briate suffers from the loss e. God has so arranged it. The world may assault the powers of darkness may they cannot capture him so art is pure and his life is powers of earth and hell at Gibraltar. If a man is bombardment of the world lion. So that all you have p yourself right. Never e. Let it say what it will. o damage. But as soon as gins to go down. What position with such a repu- sants him for a member? I stand before hun-

dreds of young men—and I say it not in fastery—splendid young men, who have reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital do not bring upon it suspi- cion by going in and out of liquor estab- lishments or by an odor of your breath or by any glare of your eye or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital. The inebriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self respect, and when you destroy a man's self respect there is not much left of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise. He will say things he would not say other- wise. The fact is, that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philistines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out and made him grind in the mill of a great sorrow. You're he is three-fourths gone in this slavery; the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. His family become alarmed in regard to him, and they say: "Now do stop this. After awhile it will get the mastery of you."

"Oh, no," he says, "I can stop at any time. I can stop now, I can stop to- morrow." His most confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your balance with that habit. You are going a little further than you can afford to go. You had better stop." "Oh, no," he says, "I can stop at any time. I can stop now." He goes on further and fur- ther. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He loves himself, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is depleting him in body, mind and soul. He knows he is going down, and he has less self control, less equipoise of temper than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still fur- ther. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disas- ter upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his chil- dren. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

Again, the man suffers from the loss of usefulness. Do you know some of the men who have fallen into the ditch were once in the front rank in churches and in the front rank in reformatory institu- tions? Do you know they once knelt at the family altar and once carried the chalice of the holy communion on sacra- mental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the gospel of the Son of God? We will not forget the scene witnessed some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat and overcoat and fol- lowed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denom- ination, had often preached in this very city. What slew him? Strong drink! Oh, what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness? Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily in the family. He has the Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

But he suffers also in the loss of phys- ical health. The older people in this audi- ence can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human system, which he presented to the peo- ple, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that ulcerous sketch and swore eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve and travels every muscle and gnaws on every bone and stings with every poison and pulls with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What specters stand by his midnight pillows! What groans tear the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut. He suffers them all at once.

See the attendants stand back from that ward in the hospital where they do not hate as dying. They cannot stand it. The keepers come through it and say: "Hush up now! Stop making this noise! Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Keep still now." Then the keepers pass on, and after they get past then the poor creatures wring their hands and say: "Oh, God! Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! Oh, God! Help! Take the devils off of me! Oh, God; oh, God!" And they shriek, and they blas- pheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying: "Slab me, strangle me, smother me. Oh, God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum! Oh, God! Help! They tear out the hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and more than that, that is the death some of you will die unless you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop.

But it plagues a man also in the loss of me. I do not care how much he loves wife and children, if this habit gets mastery over him he will do the most woe things. If he needs be, in order to strong drink he will sell them e everlasting captivity. There are ds and thousands of homes that en utterly blasted of it. I am of no abstraction. Is there any disastrous to a man for this life e life to come? Do you tell me ing his wife's heart and cloth- ren with rage, in the streets to-day bare- pt, uncombed, want writ- rinkle of their faded dress ces, who would have been od this morning as well t not been that strong r parents down into the d down into the grave. despoiler of homes, recruiting officer of

torment us there. I suppose when the inebriate wakes up in the lost world there will be an infinite thirst clawing upon him. In this world he could get strong drink. However poor he was in this world, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get a drink that would for a little while slake his thirst, but in etern- ity where will the rum come from? Dives wanted one drop of water, but could not get it. Where will the inebriate get the draft he so much requires, so much de- mands? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds now for the drops that were thrown on the sawdust floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind flung out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives called for water. The inebriate calls for rum.

If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a grogshop and, having finished the mission in the grog- shop, should come back, taking on the tip of his wing one drop of alcoholic beverage, what excitement it would make all through the world of the lost, and, if that one drop of alcoholic beverage should drop from the wing of the fiend upon the tongue of the inebriate, how he would spring up and cry: "That's it! That's it! Rum! Rum! That's it!" And all the caverns of the lost would echo with the cry: "Give it to me! Rum! Rum!" Ah, my friends, the inebriate's sorrow in the next world will not be the absence of God or holiness or light. It will be the absence of rum. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

When I see this plague in the land and when I see this destroying angel sweep- ing across our great cities I am some- times indignant and sometimes humili- ated. When a man asks me, "What are you in favor of for the subjugation of this evil?" I answer, "I am ready for anything that is reasonable." You ask me, "Are you in favor of Sons of Tem- perance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Com- bine all the influences. O Christian re- formers and philanthropists! Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil.

Thirty women in one of the western States banded together, and with an especial ordination from God they went forth to the work and shut up all the grogshops of a large village. Thirty women, with their song and with their prayer. And if 1,000 or 2,000 Christian men and women with an especial ordina- tion from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and dis- charging their mission they could in any city shut up all the grogshops.

But I must not dwell on generalities. I must come to specifics. Are you astray? If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a sermon on generalities. I want personali- ties. Are you astray? Have you gone so far you think you cannot get back? Did I say a few moments ago that a man might go to a point in inebriation where he could not stop? Yes, I said it, and I reiterate it. But I want you also to understand that, while the man himself of his own strength cannot stop, God can stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can stop you. Many sum- mers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening, our church not yet being open for the autumnal services. I went into a room in the Fourth Ward, New York, where a religious service was being held for reformed drunkards, and I heard a revelation that night that I had never heard before—15 or 20 men stand- ing up and giving testimony such as I had never heard given. They not only testified that their hearts had been changed by the grace of God, but that the grace of God had extinguished their thirst. They went on to say that they had reformed at different times before, but immediately fell because they were doing the whole work in their own strength. "But as soon as we gave our hearts to God," they said, "and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

It was a new revelation to me, and I have proclaimed it again and again in the hearing of those who have far gone astray, and I stand here to-day to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot only save your soul, but save your body. I look off to-day upon the desolation. Some of you are so far on in this habit, although there may be no outward indications of it—you never have staggered along the street—the vast majority of people do not know that you stimulate, but God knows and you know, and by human calculation there is not one chance out of 5,000 that you will ever be stopped. Beware! There are some of you who are my warm personal friends to whom I must say that, unless you quit this evil habit, within ten years, as to your body, you will lie down in a drunk- ard's grave and, as to your immortal soul, you will lie down in a drunkard's hell. It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, and I utter the warning lest I have your blood upon my soul. Beware! As to-day you open the door of your wine closet let the decanter flash that word upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top open the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred mil- lion drunkards shall come up to get their doom, I want you to testify that this day, in love of your soul and in fear of God, I gave you warning in regard to that influence which has already been felt in your home, blowing out some of its lights—premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear intemper- ance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of the immortal souls, you would home and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should ever become the victims of this evil habit you might carry them out to the cemetery and put them down in the last slumber, waiting for the flowers of spring to come over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God hath a balm for such a wound, but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunk- ard's sepulcher?

Do Your Work. In all seasons and moods we are to do our work with unflinching courage; we are to be loyal to the highest truth; we are to inspire and lead though we cannot see the way for it. The darkness of a man often does his noblest work in the deepest depression; he often speaks the greatest and most useful words in the darkest night of his life. It is our part to sail courageously and unhesitatingly on in the blackest night or the dreariest day. The same power that made the sea made the weather.

The North Land. Wide is the Northland; We are possessed of it; Ours is the east of it; South of it; north of it; Ours is the full worth of it; Ours is the best of it; Widespreading Northland;

Rich is the Northland; Large the expense of it; Wealth in the seas of it; Lofty the trees of it; Mighty the streams of it; Coal in the seams of it; Gold in the sands of it; Rich dowered-Northland.

Blest is the Northland; Her people are blest in it; Winter doth whiten it; Spring comes to brighten it; Summer gives health in it; Life here hath zest in it; Blest is the Northland;

Men of the Northland; This was your battlefield; Battling with the stormy seas; Hewing down mighty trees; Bridging the flowing streams; Rifting its coaly seams; Forging mine and field; Victor of Northland.

Freemen of Northland, Keep what your sires have won— The fair homes you now possess; Won from the wilderness; Guard well from every blow, Of traitor or foreign foe, Free land for freemen's sons; Sons of the Northland.

The Span of Life. The dawn is gray, And night's dark shadows fade away, Sing low, sing sweet the lullaby, The little one lies still and sleeps, While softly through the casement creeps The light of day, And night wind's whisper ere they die, The lullaby.

Would we could tell What happy thoughts and fancies dwell, As baby's cradle rocks away; Wide open are the dear one's eyes, An unknown world before them lies; Yet, come what may, The mother weaves her tender spell, And all is well.

And morning brings The soft unfolding of the wings, The steps of tiny feet, The prattle none many understand, Save those who dwell in Babyland; While lips repeat The nursery songs of childish things That mother sings.

The Noon's bright rays Shine down on books and childhood's plays; And vanished, one by one, Are ragged dolls and broken toys, While now is heard the fun and noise When school is done, And yet we miss the baby ways Of other days.

The tide is high, And on Life's stream the sunbeams lie; Then comes the tender strain Of happy music, soft and low, Love guides the frail bark to and fro With sweet refrain, Youth's Afternoon glides swiftly by While Love is nigh.

The Dusk comes on, And hides the glories of the sun; Yet all the heavens ring, With wedding bells, for life is blest, And happy is the cosy nest, Where Love is king, His joyous reign has just begun Though day is done.

Now near, now far, There comes the moaning of the bar, While Life's bark glides along, Long years have turned the tresses grey, Yet dear ones cheer the onward way, With happy song; And Love still reigns, while shines afar The Evening star.

Now bent and white Are thick the falling sighs, Scarce sees the shadows creep, The bark of Life hath touched the strand, And Old Age waits with folded hand The long, last sleep, A breath—a touch of fingers light— And it is night.

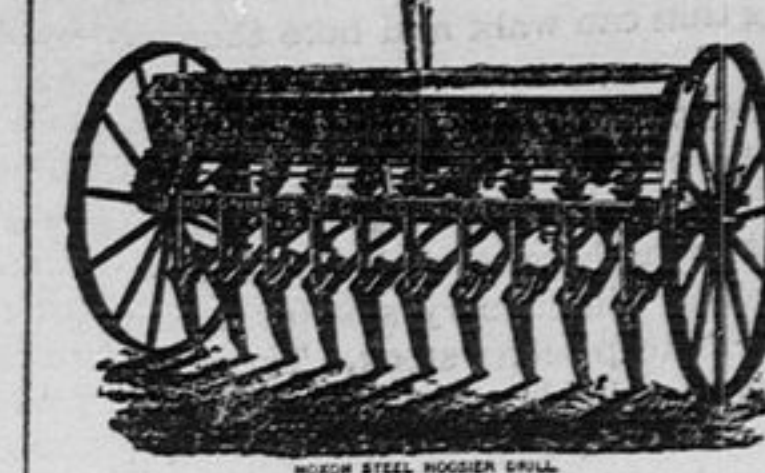
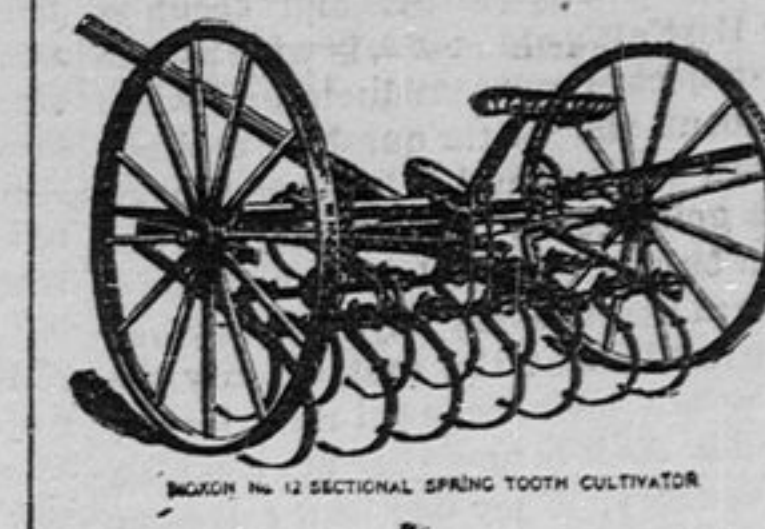
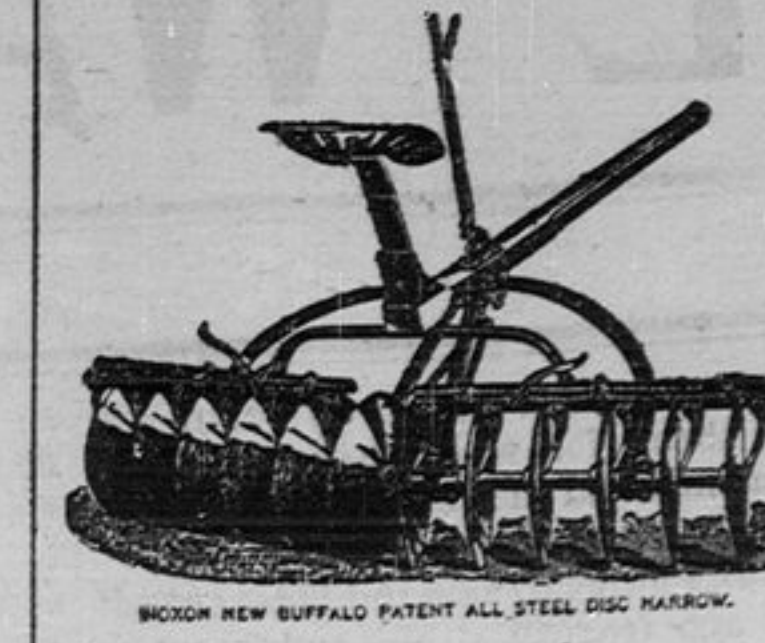
—Grace R. Olsen, in Boston Transcript.

Take B.B.B. This Spring. Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather. There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing. Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best. It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Bolls. Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. were stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 8-cent stamps. The Cook & Company, Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.



BRETHOUR & CONQUERGOD, Agents, Lindsay

NOXON BROS. M'FG CO. (Limited) Ingersoll, Ont., Canada.

This is PEDLER & EMMERSON'S Card. They have a Horseshoeing and General Repair Shop on William-st. North. They do good work and their charges are moderate. They build anything that runs on wheels or runners to order. Always at home.

High Grade Bicycles at \$10

Crockery Department!

Groceries!

SPRATT & KILLEN, Established 1/2 Century

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

The Buffalo all Steel Disc Harrow

THE NO. 12 CULTIVATOR

THE BEST DRILL MADE

NOXON BROS. M'FG CO. (Limited) Ingersoll, Ont., Canada.

BRETHOUR & CONQUERGOD, Agents, Lindsay

NOXON BROS. M'FG CO. (Limited) Ingersoll, Ont., Canada.

This is PEDLER & EMMERSON'S Card. They have a Horseshoeing and General Repair Shop on William-st. North. They do good work and their charges are moderate. They build anything that runs on wheels or runners to order. Always at home.

We Have no Fear

of our competitors, for we are not novices in the Furniture Business. We can tell good Furniture, and know what it ought to cost us and what it ought to cost you. We have put in a splendid stock of

Bed Steads, Springs and Mattresses

These goods will be sold at prices that will make it worth your while to see them. Anderson, Nugent & Co.

G.T.R. SYSTEM Are you going West Through Tickets GEO. WILDER, Express Office, Lindsay, Ont.

SPRING

FOR THE

FOR THE

BOOKKEEP

SHORTHAN

THE BEST P

WENNAN

WOOD'S

WATCHMAN