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A VIVID DESCRIPTION OF THE WOES OF DRUNKARDS.

WORSE THAN ANY PLAGUE.

Intemperance Pertrayed by Rev, Dr. Talmage in Burning Language-The Fiends 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 through-

out 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 flends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on embassy of mischief. The one flend said, "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said, "I'll take charge of the grainfields." Another said, "I'll toke charge of the dairy." Another said, "I'll take charge of the music." The four flends met in the great Sahara desert, with skeleton fingers clutched each other in handshake of fidelity, kissed each other goodby with lip of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend 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 flend 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 carass to carcass and walked down amid a eat causeway of the dead.

"hen the second flend came into the nfield. He waded chin deep amid the ey and rye. He heard all the grain ng about bread and prosperous husy and thrifty homes. He thrust his arms into the grainfield and he up the grain and threw it into the and he made beneath it great fires ighted with a spark from his own nd there was a grinding and a and a stench, and the people h their bottles, and they dipped y liquid, and they drank, and hemed, and they staggered 'ought, and they rioted, and red, and the fiend of the pit, the grainfield, was so pleased havior that he changed his a the pit to a whisky barrel. at by the door of the bungin high merriment at the ut of anything so harmless the field he might turn 3 seeming pandemonium. the dairy saw the cows world into he flend of m the pasture field full he maid milked he said: ing home fro red, and as t I that mess. I'll add to and nutmeg, and I'll punch, and children me of the temperance

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he four fiends—the fiend of and of the grainfield and of 1 of the music hall-went bat ome, and they held high carni se their work had been so well Satan rose from his throne and that there was no danger of redemption so long as these could pay such tax to the And then all the demons and mds filled their glasses and m and cried: "Let us drinke everlasting prosperity of the c. Here's to woe and darkness and death! Drink! Drink!" ther by allegory or by appalles this subject is presented, well as I that it is imposggerate the evils of strong have be gue! A plague! In the first speaking briate suffers from the loss thing so me. God has so arranged it that a mar loses his reputation except he is break ct. The world may assault a ling his chile the powers of darkness may little children they cannot capture him so footed, unken art is pure and his life is ten on every powers of earth and hell and on every w at Gibraltar. If a man is ly old countenar. sombardment of the world in the house of 6 years will only strengthen | clad as you had tion. So that all you have drink drove then p yourself right. Never penury and then
Let it say what it will.

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dreds of young men-and I say it not in flattery-splendid young men, who have their 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 suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments 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 otherwise. The fact is, that man cannot stop, or he would stop now. He is bound hand and foot by the Philstines, and they have shorn his locks and put his eyes out and made him grind in the mill of a great horror. After 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 tomorrow." 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," 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 further. He loves his wife and children. He sees that his habits are bringing disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. 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 instituthe family altar and once carried the chalice of the holy communion on sacramental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the gospel of the Son of God? We will not city shut up all the grogshops. 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 followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, 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 Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on 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 physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back | Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul from that ulcerous sketch and swore the thirst has all gone. We have no more 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 the inebriates are 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 blaspheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying: "Stab me, strangle me, smother me. Oh, God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum Oh, God! Help!" They tear out their 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

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 ageous things. If need be, in order t strong drink he would sell them o 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 can be happy when he knows 'ng his wife's heart and cloth-'ren with rags? There are in the streets to-day barept, uncombed, want writnatch of their faded dress rinkle of their prematureces, who would have been od this morning as well

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 eternity 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 demands? 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 dregs that were thrown on the sawdusted 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 flend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a gropshop and, having finished the mission in the grogshop, 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 sweephe says, "I can stop at any time. I can ing across our great cities I am somestop now." He goes on further and fur- times indignant and sometimes humilither. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He ated. When a man asks me, "What are loves himself, and he knows nevertheless you in favor of for the subjugation of that strong drink is depleting him in this evil?" I answer. "I am ready for body, mind and soul. He knows he is anything that is reasonable." You ask me, "Are you in favor of Sons of Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Are you in favor of the pledge?" Yes. Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers 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 tions? Do you know they once knelt at prayer. And if 1,000 or 2,000 Christian men and women with an especial ordination from God should go forth feeling the responsibility of their work and discharging their mission they could in any

But I must not dwell on generalities. I must come to specifics. Are you astray? The soft unfolding of the wings, If there is any sermon I dislike, it is a sermon on generalities. I want personalities. 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 The nursery songs of childish things 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 Shine down on books and childhood's plays: stop any man. You have only to lay hold of the strong arm of the Lord God Almighty. He can stop you. Many summers ago I went over to New York one Sabbath evening, our church not yet irritated easily in the family. He has the | being open for the autumnal services. I went into a room in the Fourth Ward, him. Do not try to persuade him that 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 standing 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 fallen 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 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 drunkard's grave and, as to you 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 spell out the word, "Beware!" In the great day of God's judgment, when a hundred million 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 intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the top of the wine cask the "Dead March" of immortal souls, you would go 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 drunkard's sepulcher?

Do Your Work.

In all seasons and moods we are to do our work with unflinching courage; we it not been that strong are to be loyal to the highest truth parents down into though our hearts be lead within us; we down into the grave. | are to inspire and lead though we cannot despoiler of homes, see the way for the darkness. A man recruiting officer of often does his noblest work in the deepest depression; he often speaks the greatest ikes a deeper tone word which is given him out of the at the inebriate depths of something very like to despair. soul. The Bible It is our part to sail courageously and into the future unhesitatingly on in the blackest night etites and pas- or the dreariest day. The same power ant here will 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 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; Foraging 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, favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are 760 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 steps of tiny feet, The prattle none many understand, Save those who dwell in Babyland; While lips repeat That mother sings.

The Noon's bright rays 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 tired heads; the failing sight Scarce sees the shadows creen. 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.

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There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter

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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.

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great medicine for the blood." B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

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