

# PLAGUE OF ALCOHOL.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In an Eloquent Sermon He Depicts the Drunkard's Woe—The Rum Fiend's Mission Is to Destroy All Good—A Call to Christians.

[Copyright, Louis Kloppsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, April 30.—At this time, when the evils of the drink traffic are being widely discussed and the movement for the abolition of the degrading and brutalizing canteen in our military camps is gaining many supporters, this sermon by Dr. Talmage, dealing with the broader aspects of the plague of intemperance, should cheer and inspire the friends of temperance everywhere. His text is Exodus xi, 6, "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt."

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 infernals came forth to our earth on embassy 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 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 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 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 great causeway of the dead.

**Laughter of the Fiend.** Then the second fiend came into the grainfield. He waded chin deep amid the barley and the rye. He heard all the grain talking about bread and prosperous husbandry and thrifty homes. He thrust his long arms into the grainfield, and he pulled up the grain and threw it into the water, and he made beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own heart—and there were a grinding and a mashing, and a stench, and they dipped up the fiery liquid, and they drank, and they blasphemed, and they staggered, and they fought, and they rioted, and they murdered, and the fiend of the pit, the fiend of the grainfield, was so pleased with their behavior that he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky barrel, and there he sat by the door of the bungalow laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seeming pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field, full uddered, and as the maid milked he said, "I'll soon spoil all that mess; I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do no more harm I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of shining milkpans almost quaked.

The fiend of the music entered a grogshop, and there were but few customers. Finding few customers, he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments and after nightfall he marshaled a band, and the trombones blew and the cymbals clapped and the drums beat and the bugles called and the people crowded in, and they swung around in merry dance, each one with a wineglass in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher, until the room shook and the glasses cracked and the floor broke and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiend of the vineyard and of the grainfield and of the dairy and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done, and satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons and all the sprites and all the fiends filled their glasses and clicked

them and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic! Here's to woe and darkness and murder and death! Drink! Drink!"

## The Plague of Drink.

But whether by allegory or by appalling statistic this subject is presented you know as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man, and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for 5, 10, 20, 40, years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "He drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What store wants him? What church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds 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's Degradation.

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 Philistines, 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 upon 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 while 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!" he says. "I can stop at any time. I can stop now." He goes on further and further. 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; that 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.

I had a very dear friend, generous to a fault. He had given thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to Bible societies, tract societies, missionary societies, asylums for the poor, the halt, the lame, the blind, the imbecile. I do not believe for 20 years anybody asked him for a dollar, \$50, or \$100 for charity but he gave it. I never heard of anybody asking him for help but he gave it. But he was under the power of strong drink, and he went on down, down, down. His family implored him, saying: "You are going too far in that habit. You had better stop." He replied: "I can stop any time. I am my own master. I can stop." He went on down, down. His friends advised and cautioned him. He said: "Don't be afraid of me. I am my own master. I can stop now. I know what I am doing." He went on down until he had the delirium tremens. On down until he had the delirium tremens twice. After the second time the doctor said: "If you ever have an attack like this again, you will die. You had better stop." He said: "I can stop any time. I can stop now." He went on down. He is dead. What slew him? Rum, rum! Among the last things he said was that he could stop any time. He could not stop.

## Power of the Rum Dragon.

Oh, my young friends, I want to tell you that there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man go he cannot stop! But sometimes a man will be more frank than that. A victim of strong drink said to a reformer: "It is impossible for me to stop. I realize it. But if you should tell me I couldn't have a drink until tomorrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off.'" I had a very dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him and was talking about his trouble and confessed it. He confessed he could not stop. My friend said, "You must stop." He said: "I can't stop. If there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and there was a glass of wine on the mouth of the cannon, and I knew you would fire if off if I approached, I would start to get that glass of wine. I must have it. I can't get rid of this habit. I can't get away from it." Oh, it is awful for a man to wake up and feel that he is a captive! I hear him soliloquizing, saying: "I might have stopped three months ago, but I can't stop now. Dead, but not buried; I am a walking corpse. I am

an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal and my soul beats against the wires of my cage on this side and beats against the wires of my cage on the other side until there is blood on the wires and blood on the soul, but I can't get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

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 institutions? Do you know they once knelt at the 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 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 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 in to any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

## Horror of Alcoholism.

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 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 pillow! 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 inebriate 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: "O God! Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! O God! Help! Take the devils off of me! O God! O 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! O God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum! O 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 stop.

## Despoiler of Homes.

But it plagues a man also in the loss of home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this habit gets the mastery over him he will do the most outrageous things. If need be, in order to get strong drink he would sell them all into everlasting captivity. There are hundreds and thousands of homes that have been utterly blasted off of it. I am speaking of no abstraction. Is there anything so disastrous to a man for this life and for the life to come? Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? There are little children in the streets today, barefooted, unkempt, uncombed, want written on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenance, who would have been in the house of God this morning as well clad as you had it not been that strong drink drove their parents down into penury and then down into the grave. You, rum, rum, thou despoiler of homes, thou foe of God, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone when it tells you that the inebriate suffers the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that if we go into the future world unforgiven the appetites and passions which were rampant here will 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 5 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.

## Look Not Upon the Wine.

If a fiend from the lost world should come up on a mission to a grogshop and, having finished the mission in the grogshop, should come back, taking on

\$10			\$10
		<h1>DON'T</h1>	
		Pay any attention to it—the price has very little to do with it. It's the material and the way it is put together that makes it valuable.	
		<h2>\$10.00</h2>	
		Is indeed a small matter when you take into consideration that you are getting an 18 ounce BLUE BLACK GENUINE CLAY WORSTED, lined with Farmers Satin, Satin piped seams and sewed with Fast Dye Silk. Cut to fit, and in every way an elegant Suit. Positively ALL WOOL. Color guaranteed.	
		WE ARE ON THE "CORNER."	
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\$10			\$10

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 world 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 sweeping across our great cities, I am sometimes indignant and sometimes humiliated. 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 Temperance?" Yes. "Are you in favor of good Samaritans?" Yes. "Are you in favor of Good Templars?" Yes. "Are you in favor of prohibitory law?" Yes. "Combine all the influences, O Christian reformers and philanthropists! Combine them all for the extirpation of this evil."

## Thirst May Be Quenched.

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 with 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 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 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 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 summers 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 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 Lord Jesus Christ has come into our soul the thirst has all gone. We have no more disposition for strong drink."

## Warning to Drunkards.

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 today to tell you that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot only save your soul, but save your body. I look off today 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 five thousand 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 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 today you open the door of your wine closet let the decanter flash that passage upon your soul, "Beware!" As you pour out the beverage let the foam at the top spill 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 interpenance 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 health of a drunkard's sepulcher!

## Waiting For Papa to Decide.

Miriam—Where do you expect to go this summer—to the mountains or the seashore? Fannie—We haven't decided yet. It will depend on which papa selects. I do hope he will say the seashore. That will make mamma take to the mountains, and I like them so much better.—Chicago News.

These are dangerous times for the health. Croup, colds and throat troubles lead rapidly to Consumption. A bottle of One Minute Cough Cure used at the right time will preserve life, health and a large amount of money. Pleasant to take; children like it. Howard Gardner.

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RICHMOND, Va., June 10, 1898. GOOSE GREASE LINIMENT CO., GREENSBORO, N.C. DEAR SIR—Some time ago you sent me one dozen bottles of Goose Grease Liniment to be used in our stable amongst our horses, and we beg to state that we have used this exclusively since receiving it, and would state frankly that we have never had anything that gave us as good satisfaction. We have used it on Cuts, Bruises, Sore Necks, Scratches and nearly every disease a horse can have and it has worked charms. We need more at once. Please let me know if you have it put up in any larger bottles or any larger packages than the ones sent us and also prices. Yours truly, STANDARD OIL COMPANY. By J. C. West.

## How to Find Out.

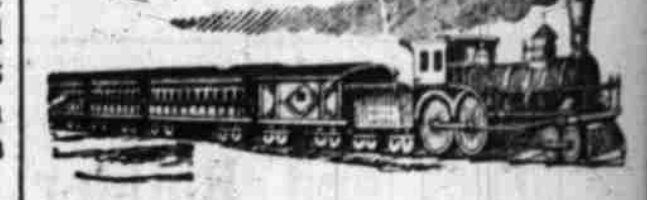
Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours: a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

## WHAT TO DO.

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You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, but sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in the GREENSBORO PATRIOT. COPYRIGHT 1898-D.R., K. & CO.

## Southern Railway



## IN EFFECT DECEMBER 4, 1898.

This condensed schedule is published at the discretion of the subject to change without notice to the public.

Trains leave Greensboro, N. C.: 7:06 a. m.—No. 37 daily, for Washington & North-western Limited for Charlotte, Atlanta, Norfolk, Birmingham, Memphis, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and all points south and southwest. Connects at Charlotte for Columbia, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville and Tampa. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.

7:37 a. m.—No. 11 daily, for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points south. Connects at Salisbury for Asheville, Knoxville and Chattanooga. Through sleeper New York to Nashville. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.

8:10 a. m.—No. 8 daily, for Danville, Richmond and local stations.

12:06 p. m.—No. 35 daily, United States Mail for Washington, Richmond and all points North. Carries through Pullman, Dining Car, Buffet Sleeper New York to New Orleans. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta. Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Atlanta.

7:34 p. m.—No. 25 daily, United States Mail for Charlotte, Atlanta and all points South and Southwest. Connects at Washington for Columbia, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville and local stations. Pullman Dining Car New York to Jacksonville. Pullman Dining Car New York to Jacksonville. Pullman Dining Car New York to Jacksonville. Pullman Dining Car New York to Jacksonville.

8:04 p. m.—No. 28 daily, for Washington and all points North. Pullman Sleeper to Richmond, Washington and New York.

6:45 p. m.—No. 7 daily, for Charlotte and local points.

8:10 p. m.—No. 10 daily, for Washington, Richmond and local points. Connects at Washington for Norfolk, Norfolk and local points. Dining Car and Vestibule Coach Washington to Norfolk. No. 16 leaves Greensboro 12:30 p. m. daily for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. No. 12 leaves Greensboro 12:30 p. m. daily for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. No. 13 leaves Greensboro 12:30 p. m. daily for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points. No. 14 leaves Greensboro 12:30 p. m. daily for Raleigh, Goldsboro and local points.