

PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

THE SECOND SERMON IN DR. TALMAGE'S PRESENT SERIES.

Drunkenness is the Topic and This is the Text, "Noah Planted a Vineyard, and He Drank of the Wine and Was Drunken."

New York, March 1. - Dr. Talmage continued today the series of sermons he commenced last Sunday on the "Ten Plagues of New York and the Adjacent Cities." The plague which he places second on the list is intemperance, and on that subject he discoursed this morning in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and this evening in New York.

This Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness.

A WORLD WIDE TEMPTATION. Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet sirup, a peaceful soda water as compared with the liquids of modern civilization, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled.

THE CURSE OF STRONG DRINK. Is drunkenness a state or national evil? Does it belong to the north, or does it belong to the south? Does it belong to the east, or does it belong to the west? Ah! there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicidal influence has not poured.

THE NATION'S GREATEST EVIL. Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done for the stopping of intemperance! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with sneezed will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying, "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone!"

And how many mothers are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift? Oh, is that the boy who had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disgraced? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the

night key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! What a change for that young man, who had hoped to do something in merchandise or in artisanship or in a profession that would do honor to the family name, long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toll!

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will stare and stare at this my boy that I used to fondle, and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick! Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home?

I am not much of a mathematician and I cannot estimate it, but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintance and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted.

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