

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Lessons From a Banquet of Sin—The Sadness of God's Judgments—A Word of Warning—An Echo of the Text.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Since his coming to Washington Dr. Talmage's pulpit experience has been a remarkable one. Not only has the church in which he preaches been filled, but the audience have overflowed into the adjoining streets to an extent that has rendered them impassable. Similar scenes were enacted at today's services, when the preacher took for his subject, "Handwriting on the Wall," the text chosen being Daniel v. 31. "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her 250 towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to peer from starlit flowers and dripping leaf a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealthy and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and dissipation mingled in every street, and goddess mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast tonight at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates were chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Babylon, and drawn by five eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords and ladies, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the tender glory of Tyrian purple and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarsish across the sea.

The Guests Assemble. Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song and dance and ovation, and let that Babylonish regime be passed that will not say, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ab, my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came! All parts of the earth had sent their richest vintners to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious in baskets of silver, cutwined with pearls, plucked with silver conservators. Wines, inland and foreign, were poured from golden vessels that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open 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 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 stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows and wrapping pillars of cedar and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banquets.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment, "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Bestirred headband and circlet of royal bearded gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume! Loud shouts to lord, captain, ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken hicough, and the slaving lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling bloodshot, while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzzaz, huzzaz, for great Belshazzar!"

See on the Wall. What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that enousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Masses rush in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene, and I shut the door of that banquet hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the flash of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered warriors, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. Per "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes any-

thing on the wall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you tonight? 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." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept 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 said to those who did wrong and who were offensive in his sight: "Ye generation of vipers! Ye whited sepulchers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No. He preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous, of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites, of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I of England, who was James VI of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king 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 i, 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 apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the king's chapel was full of lords and dames and the mighty men and women of the country. For Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying: "Hugh Latimer, be think thee! Thou art in the presence of this earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But be think thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the king of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

A Ghostly Banquet. Another lesson that comes to us tonight—there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young men, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said, but you look in at the close of the banquet and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastlier banquet. Human blood is the wine and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banquet hall the spoils of all kingdoms and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how horrible 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. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet, and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating 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, "O 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!

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming," he says. "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful spirit meets him with her wand. She waxes her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out vials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful spirit, with her wand, meets him again, but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of diabolical laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feed for his heart and beckon him on with "Hail brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him, and in a jar that shatters his ears he hears these words, "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

An Unexpected Visitor. I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace, and just at the time when the night is glowing to the tips of the 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 eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling 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 American senate or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, 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!

We saw the same thing on a larger scale illustrated in our civil war. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—north, south, east and west. What grain was there but we grew it on our hills? What invention was there but our rivers must turn the new wheel and rattle the strange shuttle? What warm furs but our traders must bring them from the arctic? What fish but our nets must sweep them for the markets? What music but it must sing in our halls? What eloquence but it must speak in our senates? Ho, to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet, the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country rent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweet fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the Canadian from the rice plantation, and the western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grainfields turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the cornfields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the north! Woe to the south! Woe to the east! Woe to the west! Death at the banquet.

Sure and Sudden. I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The wave of wrath had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No. I suppose the morning was calm, that calmness brooded on the water when suddenly the heavens opened and the mountains sank like anchors in the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through. Where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble! They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The swimming of the war horses in vain for the shore! The straving of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised and leathens wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed, and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Annans comes to the apostle. The apostle says, "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead, as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise him and defy him. They come suddenly.

Words of Warning. The destroying angel went through Egypt. Do you suppose that any of the people knew that he was coming? Did they hear the flap of his great wing? No! No! Suddenly, unexpectedly, he came. Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! 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 this 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 have rosy sleep, guarded by him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh, art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst 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 that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limbs? Coughing at the breath—(then thy doom would be but an echo

of the words of the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Oh, that my Lord Jesus would now make himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist him, and if you have never prayed before or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that tonight you might pray, saying: Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter, "Lord save me or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer, you need not make it. Use the word "help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

A Born Artist. Sir Frederic Leighton has confided to a contributor to The Young Woman the story of how he came to be an artist. In his youth painting was not considered respectable, and Sir Frederic's parents shared, in some degree, in that strange prejudice, but during a sojourn in Florence, when he was about 11 years of age, he had prevailed on his father to submit the question of his future profession to Mr. Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor. He said to Mr. Leighton, "Let me have a portfolio of your own drawings, and if you will call on me at the end of a week I will give you an opinion of them."

"It was an anxious time for me," says Sir Frederic. "I remember so well the afternoon on which my father went to see Hiram Powers to receive the mentioned verdict. I sat down to my anatomical studies as the best means of passing away the time. Then came the sound of wheels on the gravel outside, and I threw down my work and ran to the window. When father stepped from the carriage he was looking so pleased that I felt sure that he had brought good news."

"Is there reason to expect, Mr. Powers?" his father had asked, "that my son would attain to eminence if he followed the profession of an artist?" "Sir," was the reply, "your son may be as eminent as he chooses." "Then you think," pressed Mr. Leighton, "that I should make an artist of my son?" "That, sir," was the reply, "is out of your power to do; nature has done it for you." An artist of less unquenchable modesty than the president of the Royal Academy might have shrunk from relating an anecdote so eminently suggestive of predestined distinction.—London Telegraph.

An Important Office. To properly fill its office and functions, it is important that the blood be pure. When it is in such a condition, the body is almost certain to be healthy. A complete cure at this time is certainly in some of our cases. A slight local operation of the disease in the head. Drops of corruption passing into the lungs bring on consumption. The only way to cure this disease is to purify the blood. The most renowned cases of catarrh yield to the medical powers of Hood's Sassaaparilla as if by magic, simply because it reaches the seat of the disease, and by purifying and vitalizing the blood, removes the cause. Not only does Hood's Sassaaparilla do this but it gives renewed vigor to the whole system, making it possible for good health to reign supreme.

The Canadian Gazette mentions that last year Canada exported to England £82,841 worth of wood pulp. This is a new feature in the trade with Great Britain and one that is likely to grow. Sweden and Norway send annually to Britain over one million pounds worth of this article, which almost daily is being adapted to new uses, and the demand for which annually grows greater. Canada possesses one of the largest supplies of raw material for making this article to be found in the world, and countries needing it will have to come here for it.

Prof. Huxley's biography is being prepared by his son, Mr. Leonard Huxley. For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by Hall & Cheney and G. B. Foss.

Tipperary's silver mine, after being closed for forty years are to be worked again. A Fact Worth Knowing. Constipation, Lagrippe, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by Hall & Cheney and G. B. Foss.

Maine has decided to celebrate the five hundred anniversary of Gutenberg's birth in 1897. Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Constipation. For sale by Hall & Cheney and G. B. Foss.

For the first time in many years England's channel squadron will be allowed to remain in home ports at Christmas time. All Recommend It. Ask your physician, your druggist, and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. For sale by Hall & Cheney and G. B. Foss.

There are forty more freshmen at Oxford this year than last, while at Cambridge there are seven less. Oxford won the boat race. It saves Lives Every Day. Thousands of cases of consumption. Asthma, Coughs, Colds, and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by Hall & Cheney and G. B. Foss.

Courti dress in Berlin is to be modelled on the Venetian costumes of the renaissance. The Deputies will appear as Venetian Senators. Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by Hall & Cheney and G. B. Foss.

DO YOU WANT A TRADE?

If so, read this column and take advantage of the bargains offered.

FOR SALE! REAL ESTATE! —CONSISTING OF VILLAGE RESIDENCES! TIMBER LOTS! Pastures, Sugar Orchards, &c. Wagons, Farming Tools, and a large lot Miscellaneous Goods. Prices Low. Liberal Pay-Day.

As Administrator of the Estate of R. S. Page, I have a large collection of Personal and Real estate to close out. I have also some Real and Personal property of my own which I have concluded to offer at prices which will sell it.

Below find a partial list. Besides the items herein named are a large number of miscellaneous articles in the line of Household Goods, Farming Implements, &c., too numerous to mention.

I think an examination of the property will convince any candid examiner that if anything is wanted in the line of goods offered, he can make it for his interest to embrace the opportunity to purchase. Liberal terms of payment given on approved paper.

Several second-hand Cooking Stoves, Ranges, and Heating Stoves, among them being

- 1 Small Quincy Range, price \$5.
1 No. 9 Phoenix Cook Stove, price \$10.
1 Dauntless coal heater, price \$8.
1 American coal heater, price \$8.
1 No. 80 Calumet Cook Stove, price \$8.
1 Small Triumph Stove, price \$2.
Also a quantity of second-hand stove-pipes.

One Small Pasture containing about four acres in Hyde Park village well watered. A very desirable piece of property.

A Sugar Place and Pasture in Hyde Park, containing about 50 acres well fenced and watered on old Eden road, about 3 miles from Hyde Park village. Also about 450 tin sap buckets and metal spouts for same, 2 sap pans, holders, etc., which will be sold with place if desired. This real estate alone goes into the list at \$600 exclusive of the sugaring utensils. Will sell the entire property Land and all sugaring utensils for \$600—\$100 paid down or secured, and the balance \$50 per year.

One Two-Story Double Tenement Dwelling in Hyde Park village; good size, good condition, good location, has barn, garden, water. Place is richly worth \$1400; will sell it for \$1200—\$200 down, balance \$50 per year.

One Dwelling on Creamery street in village of Hyde Park. This is a newly new house 18x26, 14 feet posts, newly finished, painted, ceiled and papered below and with two rooms finished in chamber; good cellar under whole house, good garden, good water, and within five minutes' walk of Depot, Academy, County buildings, Post-office, Bank, Church and Store. Price \$500—payable \$100 down or secured, balance \$0 per year.

Good Building Lot in Hyde Park village. To an enterprising and industrious young man who can raise \$200 to put into land and labor, I will furnish the timber, lumber, stone, brick, nails, glass, doors, sash, shingle, and lime, wherewith to build a respectable house, and allow payment therefor to be made in \$25 semi-annual payments. The building lot contains from one to three acres as the purchaser desires. Price from \$125 to \$200 according to land taken.

One timber lot in Eden. 100 acres near saw mill. Price 400.

One Pasture and Sugar Lot in Hyde Park. 70 acres of land, good, new sugar-house, new Bellows Falls evaporator, 650 sap buckets, spouts, store tubs, draw tubs, etc., all in good condition, and the pasture said to be the best pasture in Hyde Park of its size. Will sell the whole thing, including sugar tools, for \$600—100 down, the balance \$0 per year.

One Farm consisting of about 80 acres, well fenced and watered, situated on east road to North Hyde Park village, about 3 miles from Hyde Park village. Good barn and fair house. Sugar orchard of about 700 trees. Sugar house, 450 tin sap buckets and metal spouts for same, 2 sap pans, holders, draw tub, etc., which will be sold with farm if desired. This real estate alone goes into the list at \$1050, exclusive of the sugar utensils. Will sell the entire property, land and all sugar utensils, for \$1000—\$300 paid down or secured and balance \$50 per year.

One Two-Seated Side-Bar Buggy, leather top, upholstery in good shape, with lamps, pole, thills; cost \$175 in Boston and, although second-hand, is practically as sound as new. Will sell for \$90.

One nearly new two-seated covered Buggy, side lamps, pole. Never has run 300 miles all told. Will sell for \$85.

One One-Horse Lumber Wagon, Lilley's make, in good condition, fitted with sand boxes, practically sound. Will sell for \$30.00. One new one-horse Lumber Wagon, Lilley's make. Worth \$45.00; will sell for \$40.00.

One Two-Horse Lumber Wagon with box and hay-body, nearly new. Kendall make; cost, new, \$100; will take \$75.

One Buckeye Mowing Machine, will sell for \$10.

One Hay Tedder, will sell for \$15.

One 2-Horse Dump Cart, will sell for \$20.

One 1-Horse Dump Cart, will sell for \$15.

One Ames Plow Co. Swivel Plow, nearly new; cost \$17.50, will sell for \$10.

One Acme Harrow, pole and seat, will sell for \$5.00.

One second hand Chicago road scraper; price new \$15.00, will sell for \$5.00.

A few thousand cedar shingles, price \$2.

50 Tons Fertilizing salt. This salt has been used by a large number of Lamolite Co. farmers during the past season, and the verdict is well nigh unanimous that it is cheaper than any commercial fertilizer. Sales were larger in '94 than in any three years previous. Price 3.50 per ton. Have also a supply of Nova Scotia plaster which will sell to parties purchasing dirty salt at 90 cents per 200 lb. sack, which is less than first cost to-day, or 1.00 per 200 lb. sack when sold separately.

In addition to the above I have to offer Wheelbarrows, Scales, a Piano, Copy Press, Marble Dust, Etc.

C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vt.