

voice bids them flee from the kingdom of intemperance; as truly the mother of abominations, "drunken with blood."

Of this kingdom it may be said,

1. It is an ancient kingdom. It was founded before Greece, or Rome, or Nineveh, or Babylon. Soon after leaving the ark, Noah took of the fruit of the vine and was drunken.--And while kingdom after kingdom has passed away, this has stood. To this Belshazzar and his lords paid homage, Alexander, the conqueror of the world, bowed before it and was slain. Before this, imperial Rome fell. And in modern ages, it has laid claim, by the Arab's arts, to unceasing duration.

2. It is an extensive kingdom; bounded by no landmarks, no rivers, no oceans. It is the dominion of appetite. It has supporters and slaves in the palaces of princes, in the halls of legislation, in courts of justice, in sanctuaries and pulpits, in schools and colleges, amid polar snows and burning climes, on the land and sea, on every continent and every Island. Wherever man lives, there is found the victim of intemperance.

3. It is a deceitful kingdom. It is founded on a lie. It says "Drink, and be blessed;" but death is in its cup. "Drink and be blessed;" but disease and poverty, madness, grief, widowhood, orphanage, murders of bodies and murders of souls come in its train. **ITS TRAFFIC IS A LIE.** Every advertisement is a lie. It calls evil good, and good evil. It says to the nations, "I will fill all your treasuries with gold, and your firesides with bliss." But it mocks them with poverty and tears, with plagues and death.

4. It is a cruel kingdom. Every dram-shop is a field of blood. "I

followed," said one, "the business of selling rum fourteen years, and I had on my day-book seven hundred and forty-three customers, of whom two hundred and three became drunkards." "I followed it," says another, "thirty years, and I have no more doubt that I slew a hundred men, my own friends and neighbors, than if I had taken a gun and shot them dead at my feet." "**BLOOD IS ON ITS WALLS, ITS FLOORS, ITS GARDENS, ITS WALKS, ITS GROVES.**" Its victim writhes in agony. With nerves unstrung, muscles clothed with dreadful energy, a system racked with pain—before his disordered vision come horrid forms from the deeps of hell. He groans, he cries, he begs for death. She fills him another cup, and binds him in more fearful chains. A million captives grind in her prison-house, and their families lick the dust.

5. It is a kingdom of deadly hostility to the kingdom of Christ. It slaughters ministers. It burns the Bible; laughs at the Sabbath; blasts revivals, turns communicants into babblers, raises up an army in every village who cry out with stammering tongues, "Away with him, crucify him," and it hands over, year by year, thousands and thousands for whom Christ died, to eternal wailing.

And yet, God's people have been in LEAGUE with it. They have distilled, have carried, have bought, have sold, have drunk its deadly cup, have put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth, and received to Communion those who have supported its cruel throne. But a voice says,

"**COME OUT OF HER.**"

THE CALL IS PRACTICABLE. It can be done. Millions have abandoned her traffic and adopted the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and suffered