THE WAY OF DESTRUCTION

Dr. Takmage Tells of the Pitfalls for the Unwary in the Great Cities.

The Third Watch of the Night-A Drama in Five Acts.

[Copyright, 1901. WASHINGTON, D. C.-In the Ascourse Dr. Talmage describes some of the scenes to be witnessed late at night in the great citics and warns the unwary of many perils; text, Isaiah xxi, 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

When night came down on Babylon. Nineveh and Jerusalem, they needed careful watching, otherwise the incen-diary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor, or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long, on top of the wall and in front of the gates, might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passer-by raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

by raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?" It is to me a deeply suggestive and sol-emn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled through me as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston the question once smote me. "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command. "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on vicket or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm, and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch or in the fourth watch to be vigilant until the davbreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming cloud across the trellis of the sky. The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch from 6 to 9, the second from 9 to 12, the third from 12 to 3 and the fourth from 3 to 6. I speak new of the eity in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock. I never weary of looking upon the life of the site in the first watch That is the

I never weary of looking upon the life I never weary of looking upon the life of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men. having quitted the scaf-folding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the swift With appetites sharpened on the swift turner's wheel and the carpenter's whetturner's wheel and the carpenter's whet-stone they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter and with brain wearv of the long line of figures, and the whims of those who go a shopping seek the face of moth-er or wife and child. The streets are thronged with young men setting out from the great centres of bargain mak-ing. Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have carned their bread and are now on their way home to get it. The lights in full jet hang over 10,000 evening repasts-the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families!" solitary in families!"

A few hours later and all the places of A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art. catalogue in hand. stroll through the galleries and discuss the pic-tures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who on either side of the white, glistening boards await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with

has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street.

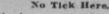
a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Do you know it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminals' watch. At half past 8 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets. they get out their tools, then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police. they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock; this is an incendi-ary. and before morning there will be a light on the sky and a cry of "Fire! Fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morn-ing there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain

awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to fly or pursue, they are ready. Many of these poor a tures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a bur-glar's dark lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother handaging the brow of their father, struck by the police club. They hegan by robbing hows' pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

gold vault. Just so long as there are neglected chil-Just so long as there are neglected chil-dren of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wish-ing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of Scripture, expecting to get a Scriptural passage in answer, said to one of these poor lade, cast out and wretched. "When your father and your mother forsake you, who, then, will take you up?" And the boy said, "The per-lice!" lice!

I rejoice before God that never are I reioice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsziving in-dulged in but it is blessed. There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes, and I have to tell you that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word, uttered in the dark places of the town will bring back 10,000 echoes from heaven. heaven.

heaven. I could give you the history in a minute of one of the best friends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home at the West. He was of splendid personal appearance, but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gamb-ling hells, and they surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point-his social nature-and I saw him going down. and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk with on the subject of his habits if you talked with him in the right way. I said to him, "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked. leaning over his counter, as he replied. "I wish I sould Oh eir I cheruld like to he remember how just now he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied, "I wish I could. Oh, sir. I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back!" So the time went on. After awhile the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sickbed. I hastened. tures. The ballroom is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who on either side of the white, glistening boards await the signal from the orchestra. Concert halls are lifted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress or swept out on a sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brazen instruments. Drawing rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner. Mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene un-til it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded troops advancing and retreating. The outdoor air rings with laughter and with the moving to and fro of thousands on the great prom-I wish I could do better. I sant: another, I wish I could do better. I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me; why can't you help me now? And. sir, I got out of bed, for it was a reality, and I went to her and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mothpast as you halt at the curbstone. Mirth revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence, minele in the great metropolitan victure until the thinking man coes hane to think more seriously and the praying man to pray more carnestly. A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night. But the clock strikes 12 and the third watch has begun. The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to attract your attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance and the baying of the data dissolute man as that into the church. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door. The hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five mies away. Ob how suggestive, my friendr, the third watch of the night!
What a stupendous thought—a who'c city at rest! Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the otogenarian in thin drifts across the otogenarian in thin drifts across the state of the stocks. She looked up wonthe house of iniquity, a fool to the cor-rection of the stocks. She looked up wonthe house of iniquity, a fool to the cor-rection of the stocks. She looked up won-deringly; she knew not what it all meant; she was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan. On the other side sat the men who ruined him. They were the men who had poured the worm-wood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity that so generous a man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of iniquity that night after my friend was laid in Oakwood cemetery, and they blasphemed and they drank. Oh, how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. But there is a man who will not re-form. He says, "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe there are five acts in a tragedy. A they for the tragedy: A young



"No doubt you see that I am one of the diffident men," observed the drummer, "one of the sort who don't com pare watches with the town clock and tell everybody for a block around that the clock is seven minutes off. I was up in a Massachusetts town a few weeks ago and I had to make a certain train or lose a \$1000 order. I looked at my watch and in a furtive way compared it with the town clock. It looked to me as if there was a big difference between the two, but I decided to go by the clock. I went into three or four places, loafed around and was killing time when an acquaintance came along and said:

"'I thought you were going to make that 2.30 train?"

Yes, I am,' I replied.

"'When?'

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RAZOR STROP

"'This afternoon, of course.' "'By what time?'

"'By your town clock. I've got half an hour yet.

"'Oh, you have?' he laughed. 'Well, let me tell you that our clock hasn't been running for a week and you have lost your train by an hour and a quarter.



and retreating. The outboor air rings with laughter and with the moving to and fro of thousands on the great prom-enades. The deshing span, adrip with the foam of the long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curbstone. Mirth revery, beauty, fashion, magnificence, mindle in the great metropolitan nicture

to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow al-ready fallen. Childhood, with its dim-pled hands thrown out on the pillow and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eve will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, sub-merging care and anxiety and worriment merging care and anxiety and worriment and pain. Let the city sleep. and pain.

merging care and anxiety and worriment and pain. Let the city sleep. But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be to-night thousands who will not sleep at all. Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window pane and see what you can see. You say. "Noth-ing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No footlights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Ristori or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twen-ty-four hours. You say, "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say, "Why don't they deliver them-selves over to the almshouse?" Ah, you would not ask that if you ever heard the hitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse. "Oh," you say, "they are vicious poor, and therefore they do not deserve our sympathy!" Are they vicious? So much more need they your pity. The Christian poor. God helps them. I Pras on through the alley. Onen the

Arrow of the constraint poor. God helps that
Terms on through the alley. Or of the door is to not locked. It has never been locked to go in the to steal anything. The door is stand against the door. Shove it back for in. Strike a match. Now look. Beast is the door. Shove it back for in. Strike a match. Now look. Beast is the correst of the red mark of a murderer's hand! Look dark the seared mark of the wall? It is the to stead in the wall? It is the to stead of the wall? It is the to be the tobe the to be the tobe the tobe

Act the first of the tragedy: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go; wagon rising over the hill; farewell kiss flung tack. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall. fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar: full organ, bright lights; long white veil trailing through the aisle; prayer and con-gratulation and exclamation of "How well



SPEARHEAD"

GOOD LUCK"

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