

Temperance and Prohibition.

"A MOCKER"

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20, 1.

John G. Woolley preached a splendid sermon from this text a few years ago. He dwelt with great force upon the deceptive character of intoxicating liquors, the liquor traffic, and drinking practices, and discussed the latter part of the text as follows:

"Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"Well, is any one wise who is deceived by anything? Oh! yes. The wisest man may be deceived by false friends or fair appearances. Some mockers might deceive the very elect, but this mocker is so bold and open in its treachery, that a very little wisdom is enough to read its true character at a glance.

A man is a fool to be deceived by drink, because to be deceived he must invite deception. And the citizen sovereign who, though he lets no wine or strong drink pass his lips, yet for some paltry revenue, or some vile votes, welcomes it into the community, among the churches, schools and houses, will yet realize in tears, if not in blood, and mob, and fire, and terror, that licensed wine is the greatest mocker of the state. High license is the saloon-keeper's gilt paint upon the windows of his guilty mind, to keep conscience from seeing out or God from seeing in. What infernal infatuation is it that makes men offer themselves, their loved ones, their country, victims upon the altar of this mocking evil of the drink, when they know there is such chemistry in it, as will sour, mildew, and destroy every sweet, bright, holy thing in life?

I have seen it make a man of clean mind and speech dirty and profane in presence of his little children. I have seen it take a manly, chivalrous man, who loved his wife perfectly, and make him feel abused because she was not cheerful, when he came home drunk. I have seen a man who loved his wife so changed by it that he could look coldly on her writhing, when her heart was breaking, sneer at her tears, and leave her thus alone at midnight to go for more drink. And when she called after him in quivering voice to ask him where he was going, I've heard him say through set teeth, "To hell. If you should want to see me to-morrow, you'll find me at the morgue," and then I've heard the door slam, and receding footsteps along the street, and a voice of more than mortal agony, crying out into the night, "My darling, forgive me, forgive me! Come back, come back, I'll not complain again. I will be cheerful, only come home, come home!" And there was no answer—unless in her intense desire and a fear she could hear the spirit of the drink reply, "Oh! woman, peace! peace! your husband loves me, I will take care of him. Ha! Ha!"

I have seen a loving son so altered by it that, while his old mother knelt before him, and clung to his knees to pray, the devil of drink would say, "Up! up! come on! away to the saloon." And he would tear her hands away and go, and leave her prone and fainting on the floor.

I've seen a manly, self-respecting father—who idolized his children, so transformed by it, that we would skulk and watch an opportunity to steal into his own house without meeting them. I've seen a man who revelled in good books and pictures and music, and all that is lovely and of good report, so besotted by it as to prefer over his own exquisite home to spend the nights in a dive, playing with a greasy pack of cards and a thief for a partner. I've seen a man reared in the society of the best of earth, respected and loved in it, so debauched by drink as to be willing to consort with ill-smelling vagabonds, the staple of whose speech was oaths, while he knew well they were waiting for him to get drunk enough to be robbed.

I've seen a man whose life was clean and as open as the day, whose eyes looked straight into your face, so sunk in drink, that he would skulk through alleys rather than meet an old loved friend. I've seen a noble fellow die away from home and friends quivering in delirium tremens. One hundred thousand died from drink this year in this Christian country. Three hundred to-day, ten since I began to speak. One hundred thousand more are ready for the coming year. Three million women and children are waiting for the holocaust of next year. And yet I shall be called violent and fanatical if I say, "The saloon ought to die." It will. Unless the signs are misleading, our country is to get right and stay right, on that question, and no longer be the calamity of its people.

Have you ever had a square look at this thing? Let me make you a picture. I shut my eyes, and on the wings of thought fly to some lofty eminence whence, looking down, I can take in the country at a glance in all its great extent. I hear the roaring oceans east and west, and ever and again between the awful voices of the seas I hear the murmuring of woods and lakes and streams, the songs of happy industry and the shout of playing children. And ever and again amidst the multiplied harmonies of the world I hear another sound, or rather a confused multitude of sounds of awful discord, so different from the rest, so high and like a wail, in such a minor key, so constant and so penetrating that it pierces through the mighty music and never ceases to be heard, or rather felt; so weird it is and such a mystery that my heart draws back and a nameless fear comes over me.

The other sounds I understand, for I can see the oceans, rivers, trees, the mills, the marts, the cities, and the schools, the palaces and the cottages, where low-voiced, happy women go singing about their precious daily cares. I can see the yellowing harvests kissing the sun and bowing to the breeze and beckoning to the joyous husband-man. I can see the mountain-sides veined up their granite clefts with seams of gold and silver, and coal and iron bursting from the overflowing province of the hills.

I can see the flocks and herds fairly burrowing in the waving wealth of our pastures.

I can see fishermen drawing nets that break into boats that sink to the thwarts

with their abundance of the rich product of the sea.

What a sight it is, our own, our splendid country! But still that sound continues, it seems as if it were the voice of the very lost in hopeless agony.

But what is that black place on the burning landscape as if it had been just burnt over. I overlook it in its blackness. Does that sound come from there? Ah, God! it sounds as if thousands of men and women and children were consuming in fire there! See the smoke and hear the awful cry as if a lost world were shrieking out its dying agony.

Ah, now I see! That smoke is from the bleaching craters of distilleries and breweries, and that black blot is a city foul to see and smelling to heaven.

What can it mean? Ah, now I see; the liquor traffic! Its clients and victims have seceded from the rest of the people, and gone like the Mormons did years ago, and taken to themselves a splendid valley of western mountains, and founded there a government of their own, free from sumptuary and Sunday laws.

Now I see why the rest of the country seemed so happy. Now I understand that cry. What a city! As large as New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Baltimore. Six millions of people, and not a happy home; thousands of miles of streets, and not a cheery face; multitudes of madmen, epileptics, idiots, paupers, criminals, and no escape; a walled city; first, an outer wall of mountains, then a wall of distilleries, which in a straight street of solid masonry would reach from Boston to Omaha; then one of the breweries nearly as long; then mad-houses nearly as long; then brothels nearly as long; then gambling-houses nearly as long; then a double row of dram-shops; and ravaging through all the labyrinth the minotaur of alcohol; conversation enough, but ribald and filthy; society, but rotten and altogether vile. Seven days of "personal liberty" a week, no sweet night's rest; no Sunday; no church; no God. Two hundred men die drunk there every day. All the foul infections and contagions fester and spread and kill and drive men and women mad.

It is like the leper colonies of the Pacific Islands, multiplied by a million of horrors.

It is like a colossal madhouse with the added horror of locking in thousands of sane but broken-hearted women who refuse to be rescued, because they love the brutish, red-eyed, pimply madman who never touch them but to wound, and never speak to them but in the dialect of hell.

That is no fancy sketch. You'll be my witnesses that I have overdrawn nothing, but have left out a thousand hideous particulars that might well be painted in had I the art or you the heart to continue. I have simply segregated the liquor saloon and its belongings for you to see. The curse of it would be seen plain enough, but it is so extensive that you do not grasp the aggregate villainy of it.

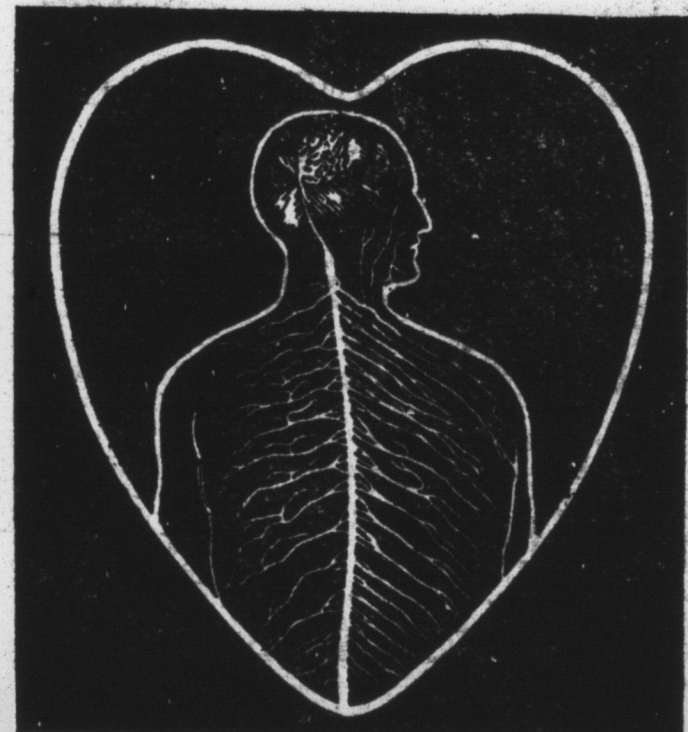
We are so grieved at Mormonism because it is in a lump. Spread out the liquor traffic, and you will have good men mildly protesting against its power in politics, and calmly calculating how much a man ought to pay for license to keep a harem in this city! Polygamy must go! So say we all of us.

Tell me, then, in the name of all that is clean, why ought not the saloon to go?

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The unhappiest polygamous home in the territory is a paradise beside the happiest drunkard's home. If I could actually draw apart the saloon and its subjects into one State, the meanest man in Massachusetts would hazard his reason to look at it. If I could take you to some height to-night, and take the cover off of Boston, and throw a great light down upon the secrets of the homes and hearts robbed by the saloons of this city, this one day, I'd make you men stand up and swear that you would take no rest nor any food until the last dram-shop yonder was a smoking ruin, and the last dram-seller a fugitive from the hot hate of an outraged people; and if any man should offer to ransom one to save the other, with money, he'd not live to hear you answer. The saloon is going, I tell you. The people have borne it nearly as long as they will.

The government has gone without a moral character nearly as long as it

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