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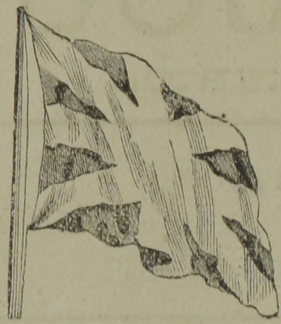
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## NATIONAL PROHIBITION.

## Temperance Journal.

SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1888.

## OUR SERMON.

Each issue of our paper contains one of the late sermons preached by Rev. A. J. Mowatt in this city. After you have read your paper, perhaps you could give it to someone who is not able to attend church and who would appreciate the sermon.

## TRIPLETS.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

A gentleman, residing in Illinois, writes me a long letter, in which he asks substantially this question:

"Which is the wickedest, the man who drinks liquor, the man who sells liquor, or the man who votes for the sale of liquor?"

They are triplets; and, viewing them from a prohibition standpoint, there is very little difference between the three. You will have to tie a piece of ribbon, of different colors, on the fingers of each to distinguish them when separated.

For the last twenty years good men have told me it is a sin to drink, and every pastor whose preaching I have been permitted to listen to the past fifteen years, has told me it is a sin to sell liquor. If it is a sin to drink and a sin to sell, surely it must be a sin to vote the privilege to do both.

Here is a little sum in arithmetic that I want you to ponder over:

The man who drinks. . . . . 1  
 The man who sells. . . . . 1  
 The man who permits both acts. . . . 1

Total number of sinners. . . . . 3

Triplets generally are supposed to be a curiosity; but of the above kind there are thousands, and it is about time the number was diminished.

The man who drinks hurts himself and immediate personal friends; the man who sells injures his customers and often makes a wreck of himself, and the man who votes the traffic into legal existence helps to wreck the town, county and State in which he resides.

These three classes of sinners do more to prevent the work of converting the world to Christ than any other sinners I have heard of.

Last Sabbath evening I attended a colored church in the city of Brooklyn. The audience was composed of a few white children, some colored children, a few women, and four men—the pastor, the local preacher, who delivered sermon, a friend, and myself. Next door to this church one of the most disgusting dances was in full blast, and there was no scarcity of either men or women at it. I have seen depravity before, but that exhibition on a Sabbath evening beat all.

I asked the pastor, "Why so small an attendance of adults?" and he replied, "The saloon has them in its clutches." To his credit I will say he has joined the Prohibition party to help save his race.

It is not safe for a woman to go near that church on a Sabbath evening. Why? Because in Brooklyn there are three classes of sinners, viz:

1. The sinners who drink.
2. The sinners who sell.
3. And the sinners who vote to permit.

If something could be done to change the views of the last-mentioned sinners that little church would have some men and more women in during Sabbath evening services.

And now a few Words to each of the triplets:

SINNER No. 1: You have a terrible and dangerous appetite, and the best thing you can do is to ask God to give you grace to overcome it. He will do it, if you are in dead earnest and feel the necessity of having the aid of His help.

SINNER No. 2: Yours is a wicked business. Even the most debauched persons that frequent your establish-

ment, when angered, taunt you with being in a low business and say they despise you. My advice to you is, to get out of the business and get into some other in which you can hold up your head and declare yourself to be a man. Honestly earned dollars feel good; the other kind don't.

SINNER No. 3: What to say to you is a mystery. In your case you cannot give the excuse of "appetite" or of "avarice." Perhaps you don't drink or sell intoxicants; you may even say you believe both are wrong. If so, why do you vote to permit? You ought to feel ashamed of your past actions and turn over a new leaf before the sun goes down. Sinner No. 3. I feel mad at you, and you worry me more than both the other classes of sinners combined. Why? Because your class have the power to wipe out the other two classes. Don't you see what an awful sinner you are? Don't you know that such sinners as you are turning the devil loose in this country, upsetting the observance of the sabbath day, making hoodlums out of the boys of the present, and giving us a race that will neither care for God, man, or the devil. You must not get mad at this article, but think it kindly over. If you honestly believe that there are too many saloons in America, don't vote to make any of them more respectable (for that is an impossibility); but cease being a sinner and vote for the annihilation of all saloons, and thus give the Church of Christ a chance to win men, women and children to the Saviour.

## License A Sin.

From the beginning, Methodism has borne testimony against tipping houses and dram-drinking. At an early day, our Church took advantaged ground in favor of total abstinence, and our preachers were among the first in the field contending for the legal suppression of the liquor traffic.

It gives us pleasure to note that indications abound that our people occupy no doubtful position on this subject, and will hold no second place in the pending struggles for constitutional prohibition. The liquor traffic is so pernicious in all its bearings, so inimical to the interests of honest trade, so repugnant to the moral sense, so injurious to the peace and order of society, so hurtful to the homes, to the Church and to the body politic, and so utterly antagonistic to all that is precious in life, that the only proper attitude towards it for Christians is that of relentless hostility. It can never be legalized without sin. No temporary device for regulating it can become a substitute for prohibition. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy.—Quadrennial Address of Bishop of the M. E. Church of America.

## Taking The Consequences.

Heaven knows many of those who do drink take enough of the consequences; ruined health, battered lives, beggary, ignominy, wrecked bodies and souls. But do they take all the consequences of their intemperance?

In Lowell, Mass, a drunken fiend of a father came home one day, and, seizing his little girl, put her fingers between the teeth of a steel trap and then laughed with demoniac glee at the agonizing screams of his child as her bleeding fingers were being lacerated and torn by the trap. The father drank and his little girl took "the consequences."

In England Mass, a drunken mother came home one day and demanded of her little boy his new boots, that she might pawn or sell them and get more gin. The little fellow refused to give up his boots when the mother in a drunken rage seized her child, and, in spite of his pleading and crying, "Don't throw me out mamma," and that of his little sister who said, "Don't throw him out mamma don't," she dashed him out of a three-story window, and his little mangled, bleeding dead body was picked up from the pavement below. The mother drank, and the boy took "the consequences."

A husband, brute-fiend that he was under the influence of liquor, came into the room where lay the crouching form of his poor, sickly, horror-stricken wife, and springing upon her like a wild beast thrust his thumb into her eye and gouged it out of her head. Two or three days after that he entered her room and shrieked out in the tones of a

demon, Oh, I'll have your other eye now and so saying he sprang upon her and gouged out her other eye. The husband drank, his wife took the consequence."

A man in New York a few years ago under the awful influence of delirium tremens, killed his father and mother, cut their hearts out and roasted and ate them. The man drank, and his poor old father and mother took the consequences.

On one occasion in this country a few years ago a drunken pilot wrecked a steamboat, and hundreds of human lives were lost. The pilot drank, and the people who perished on that occasion took the consequences.

And so it is all the way through from beginning to end of this dark and bloody chapter of intemperance and its consequences. Men drink, and their wives, children, relatives, and friends take the consequences. Men drink, and the Nation and her peaceful, law-abiding, sober, Christian citizens take the consequences. — A. W. ATKINSON, in *New Era*.

## Strong Drink.

Strong drink is one of the worst foes that woman have ever had to encounter with. The appetite for strong drink in men, has spoiled the lives of more women, ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more shame, sorrow and hardship than any other evil.

The country numbers tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of women who are widows to day and sit in hopeless despair, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are hundreds of thousands of homes scattered all over the land in which women live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair because those whom they love, love strong drink better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by the thousand who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled their hearts with pleasure; those steps have learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women that are groaning with pain while we write those words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement made in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen can portray the truth. The sorrow of a wife with a drunken husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary, the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, lifelong struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse strong drink and engage unitedly to oppose it.

## IS IT WORN OUT.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D. D.

A friend of mine asks whether we temperance people are not afraid of becoming stale—talking, preaching, writing temperance until the subject becomes threadbare, utterly worn out, until nothing can be done but endlessly and monotonously repeat what has already been told a thousand times.

I answered no. We only regret that we cannot tell our story oftener, more fully, and to more people.

Worn out! By no means. As long as Rum is wearing us out, wasting life and treasure, ruining us, body and soul, there is no danger that the subject will become trite. Let no one turn away from the temperance book, speech, or story with the satiated feeling, "Oh, I have heard that before." The truth is that the subject presents so many aspects, social, moral, scientific, economical, legal, political, etc., that there is not any immediate prospect of the subjects' being exhausted or worn out. It is only to the more superficial and unreflecting that the subject seems trite and stale. The studious and capable investigator knows full well that there are many relations of the temperance question which are but imperfectly understood by even those who have made of them the most careful and patient study; that it is only within recent

years that some of the grossest errors respecting the value of alcohol as a remedy in disease have been fairly exposed, while even yet the most eminent physicians and scientists are in conflict as to the food and remedial value of alcoholic stimulants in certain cases. Even as a beverage, some eminent divines are found standing side by side with vintners and malsters, contending for the use of these lighter stimulants as both innocent and healthful. And as to its economic value as a taxable, remunerative industry, not to be suppressed but only duly restricted and within these limits to be fostered, one has only to read the daily political press, to find out what a muddle and conflict of opinion there is among politicians and financiers. The truth is, that while everybody is being hurt by the rum traffic only a comparatively few know of it, and those who do know are by no means well agreed as to what is best to be done to bring about the remedy.

Then are there not constantly coming both from abroad and from among ourselves, those to whom the subject is new, and who need to be taught the first principles of the doctrines, duties and ways of temperance.

In nothing are men slower to learn and harder to be persuaded, than in the things that pertain to their appetites and social customs. It is here that they need "line upon line, precept upon precept here a little, there a little." Nor is there ordinarily any evidence more stronger than this work has not yet been done for a man than the presence of a disgusted feeling that it is only the threadbare, old temperance story. It is certain that he has not even heard it, only heard of it. If he has handled, he has not weighed it; if he has located it, he has not bounded it; looked over the surface, he may have, but its depths he has not sounded.

Moreover, as long as human hearts are wrung by the evils of intemperance and the souls of men are destroyed by it, so long will it have a present vital interest. Nothing is so old as human sorrow, and yet nothing is so new. It is the oldest story, it is the latest sensation. It is wonderful how fresh and vivid is a suicide, a murder, when it strikes our block or our home. I have just come away from looking upon the face of a suicide. The case was that of a former brewer, the members of whose family attend my church and Sunday-school. To me the scene was sufficiently novel to be "interesting." It is true, my daily paper brings to me daily, case upon case of this kind. One becomes dreadfully insensible to such repeated horrors. The rope, pistol, dagger become awfully monotonous. But when the sharp pistol-crack as in this case, breaks in on one's ears who has the story to tell, it is the one unforgettable story of a lifetime.

Is not every story such an one to somebody? Could we bring ourselves so near to our neighbor as to be within sound of every blow or stab or plunge that sends a shudder of despair through a closely related circle, the one all-inciting case of these horrors would not be without a fearful, personal interest to us all. The story would be new enough, and the struggle of him who labors to put away the cause of the evil would awaken our sympathy and enlist our co-operation. I repeat it, that the satiated, disgusted hearer of "the old worn-out, threadbare, temperance story," has not yet heard the story at all. He has not pondered it. He has not gotten close enough to the uncounted procession of broken-hearted mourners, who keep up the endless march to the dishonored, hopeless graves of drunkards, to hear their sighs and witness their tears. When, if ever, a common fate shall add him to the number, then shall the story become frightfully new. Until then, let him that hath ears to hear, hear what the Spirit, the voice of humanity, and the call to duty saith to every one. But whether old or new, our story or some other one's, let us hear and help until beyond this sighing and crying we hear the harpers with their harps and the "new song."

At the Grand Division Special Session held in Toronto in July, 23 new members were initiated. The Grand Scribe finds that only 14 of these signed the roll. Will those new members who did not do so please send their names to the G.S., in order that they may be properly credited with attendance at the session.