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CLING TO PARTY.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

Cling to party, cling to party,
Is the politician's cry;
Be the issue good or evil,
Never let the party die.
Wrong it *may* be, often *is*.
But your *party* ne'er decry;
Right and wrong will often mingle—
One must triumph by and by.

Cling to party, cling to party,
Though it flood the land with woe;
Issues changing, tax increasing,
Yet must *you* no changes know.
Vote for saint or vote for devil,
If the party nominates—
This the rule and this the precept
Of enlightened Christian states.

Where's your freedom, boasted freedom
Men of thought, and men of mind?
Why, O holy God of reason!
Must we be to thee unkind?
Why be slaves to ancient custom?
Why refuse to work for right?
Why not boldly spurn our shackles?
Voting *never* if not RIGHT.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BIBLE, THE KING OF BOOKS.

TEXT: Psalm xix, 8.—"The statutes of the Lord are right."

Old books go out of date. When they were written they discussed questions which were being discussed; they struck at wrongs which had long ago ceased, or advocated institutions which excite not our interest. Were they books of history, the facts have been gathered from the imperfect mass, better classified, and more lucidly presented. Were they books of poetry, they were interlocked with wild mythologies which heve gone up from the face of the earth like mists at sunrise. Were they books of morals, civilization will not sit at the feet of barbarism, neither do we want Sappho, Pythagoras, and Tully to teach us morals. What do the masses of the people care now for the pathos of Simonides, or the sarcasm of Menander, or the gracefulness of Philemon, or the wit of Aristophanes? Even the old books we have left, with a few exceptions, have but very little effect upon our times. Books are human; they have a time to be born; they are fondled, they grow in strength, they have a middle life of usefulness, then comes old age, they totter and they die. Many of the national libraries are merely the cemeteries of dead books. Some of them lived flagitious lives and died deaths of ignominy. Some were virtuous and accomplished a glorious mission. Some went into the ashes through inquisitorial fires. Some found their funeral pile in sacked and plundered cities. Some were neglected and died as foundlings at the door of science. Some expired in the author's study, others in the publisher's hands. Ever and anon there comes into your possession an old book, its author forgotten and its usefulness done, and with leathern lips it seems to say: "I wish I were dead." Monuments have been raised over poets and philanthropists. Would that some tall shaft might be erected in honor of the world's buried books. The world's authors would make pilgrimage thereto, and poetry, and literature, and science, and religion would consecrate it with their tears.

Not so with the one book. It started in the world's infancy. It grew under theocracy and monarchy. It withstood storms of fire. It grew under prophet's mantle and under the fisherman's coat of the apostles; in Rome and Ephesus and Jerusalem and Patmos. Tyranny issued edicts against it, and infidelity put out the tongue, and Mohammedanism from its mosques hurled its anathemas, but the old Bible still lived. It crossed the British channel and was greeted by Wickliffe and James I. It crossed the Atlantic and struck Plymouth Rock, until like that of Horeb it gushed with blessedness. Churches and asylums have gathered all along its way, ringing their bells and stretching out their hands of blessing, and every Sabbath there are 10,000 heralds of the cross with their hands on this open, grand, free, old English Bible. But it will not have accomplished its mission until it has claimed the icy mountains of Greenland; until it has gone over the granite cliffs of China; until it has thrown its glow amid the Australian mines; until it has scattered its gems among the diamond districts of Brazil, and all thrones shall be gathered into one throne, and all crowns by the fires of revolution shall be melted into one crown, and the books shall at the very gate of heaven have waved in the ransomed empires. Not until then will this glorious Bible have accomplished its mission.

In carrying out, then, the idea of my text—"The statutes of the Lord are right"—I shall show you that the Bible is right in authentication, that it is right in style, that it is right in doctrine, that it is right in its effects.

I. Can you doubt the authenticity of the Scriptures? There is not so much evidence that Walter Scott wrote "The Lady of the Lake;" not so much evidence that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet;" not so much evidence that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost," as there is evidence that the Lord God Almighty, by the hands of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, wrote this book.

Suppose a book now to be written which came in conflict with a great many things, and was written by bad men or impostors, how long would such a book stand? It would be scouted by everybody. And I say if that Bible had been an imposition, or if it had not been written by the men who said they wrote it; if it had been a mere collection of falsehoods, do you not suppose that it would have been immediately rejected by the people? If Job, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John were impostors they would have been scouted by generations and nations. If that book has come down through fires of centuries without a scar it is because there is nothing in it destructible. How near have they come to destroying the Bible? When they began their opposition there were two or three thousand copies of it. Now there are two hundred millions, as far as I can calculate. The Bible truths, notwithstanding all the opposition, have gone into all languages—into the philosophic Greek, the flowing Italian, the graceful German, the passionate French, the picturesque Indian, and the exhaustless Anglo-Saxon. Under the painter's pencil the birth and the crucifixion and the resurrection glow on the walls of palaces, or under the engraver's knife speak from the mantle of the mountain cabin; while stones, touched by the sculptor's chisel, start up into preaching apostles and ascending martyrs. Now, do you not suppose, if that book had been an imposition and a falsehood it would have gone down under these ceaseless fires of opposition?

Further, suppose that there was a great pestilence going over the earth, and hundreds of thousands of men were dying of that pestilence, and some one should find a medicine that cured 10,000 people, would not everybody acknowledge that that must be a good medicine? Why, some one would say: "Do you deny it? There have been 10,000 people cured by it." I simply state the fact that there have been hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women who say they have felt the truthfulness of that book and its power in their souls. It has cured them of the worst leprosy that ever came down on our earth, namely, the leprosy of sin; and if I can point you to multitudes who say they have felt the power of that cure, are you not reasonable enough to acknowledge the fact that there must be some power in the medicine? Will you take the evidence of millions of patients who have been cured, or will you take the evidence of the skeptic who stands aloof and confesses that he never took the medicine?

The Bible intimates that there was a city called Petra, built out of solid rock. Infidelity scoffed at it. "Where is your city of Petra?" Buckhardt and Laborde went forth in their explorations, and they came upon that very city. The mountains stand around like giants guarding the tomb where the city is buried. They find a street in that city six miles long, where once flashed imperial pomp, and which echoed with the laughter of light hearted mirth on its way to the theater. On temples fashioned out of colored stones—some of which have blushed into the crimson of the rose, and some of which have paled into the whiteness of the lily—save, on column, and pediment and entablature, and statuary, God writes the truth of that Bible.

The Bible says that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone. "Absured," infidels year after year said: "it is positively absurd that they could have been destroyed by brimstone. There is nothing in the elements to cause such a shower of death as that. Lieut. Lynch—I think he was the first man who went out on the discovery, but he has been followed by many others—Lieut. Lynch went out in exploration and came to the Dead sea, which, by a convulsion of nature, has overflown the place where the cities once stood. He sank his fathoming line and brought up from the bottom of the Dead sea great masses of sulphur, remnants of that very tempest that swept Sodom and Gomorrah to ruin. Who was right, the Bible that announced the destruction of those cities or the skeptics who for ages scoffed at it?

The Bible says there was a city called Nineveh, and that it was three days journey around it, and that it should be destroyed by fire and water. "Absured," cries out hundreds of voices for many years; "no such a city, was ever built that it would take three days' journey to go around. Besides, it could not be destroyed by fire and water; they are antagonistic elements." But Layard, Botta, and Keith go out, and by their explorations they find that city of Nineveh, and they tell us that by their own experiment it is three days' journey around, according to the old estimate of a days' journey, and that it was literally destroyed by fire and water—two antagonastic elements—a part of the city having been inundated by the river Tigris (the brick material in those times being dried clay instead of burned), while in other parts they find the remains of the fire in heaps of charcoal that have been excavated, and in the calcined slabs of gypsum. Who was right, the Bible or infidelity?

Moses intimated that they had vineyards in Egypt. "Absured," cried hundreds of voices; "you can't raise grapes in Egypt, or, if you can, it is a very great exception that you can raise them." But the traveler goes down, and in the underground vaults of Eilithya he finds painted on the wall all the process of tending the vines and treading out the grapes. It is all there, familiarly sketched by people who evidently knew all about it and saw it all about them every day; and in those underground vaults there are vases still incrusted with the settlings of the wine. You see, the vine did grow in Egypt, whether it grows there now or not.

Thus you see that, while God wrote the Bible, at the same time He wrote this commentary, that "the statutes of the Lord are right," on leaves of rock and shell, bound in clasps of metal, and lying on mountain tables and in the jeweled vase of the sea. In authenticity and in genuineness the statutes of the Lord are right.

II. Again: The Bible is right in style. I know there are a great many people who think it is merely a collection of genelogical tables and dry facts. That is because they do not know how to read the book. You take up the most interesting novel that was ever written, and if you commence at the four hundreth page to-day and to-morrow at the three hundreth and the next day at the first page, how much sense or interest would you get from it? Yet that is the very process to which the Bible is subjected every day. An angel from heaven, reading the Bible in that way, could not understand it. The Bible, like all other palaces, has a door by which to enter and a door by which to go out. Genesis is the door to go in, and Revelation the door to go out.

These epistles of Paul the apostle are merely letters written, folded up, and sent by postmen to the different churches. Do you read other letters the way you read Paul's letters? Suppose you get a business letter, and you know that in it there are important financial propositions, do you read the last page first, and then one line of the third page, and another of the second, and another of the first? No. You begin with "dear sir" and end with "yours truly." Now here is a letter written from the throne of God to our lost world; it is full of magnificent hopes and propositions, and we dip in here and there, and we know nothing about it. Besides that, people read the Bible when they cannot do anything else. It is a dark day, and they do not feel well, and they do not go to business, and, after lounging about a bit, they pick up the Bible—their mind refuses to enjoy the truth. Or they come home weary from the store or shop, and they feel, if they do not say, it is a dull book. While the Bible is to be read on stormy days and while your head aches, it is also to be read in the sunshine and when your nerves, like harp strings, thrum the song of health. While your vision is clear, walk in this paradise of truth, and, while your mental appetite is good, pluck these clusters of grace.

I am fascinated with the conciseness of this book. Every word is packed full of truth. Every sentence is double barreled. Every paragraph is like an old banyan tree with a hundred roots and a hundred branches. It is a great arch; pull out one stone and it all comes down. There has never been a pearl diver who could gather up one-half of the treasures in any verse. John Halsebach, of Vienna, for twenty-one years every Sabbath expounded to his congregation the first chapter of the book of Isaiah, and yet did not get through with it. Nine-tenths of all the good literature of this age is merely the Bible diluted.

Goethe, the admired of all skeptics, had the wall of his house at Weimar covered with religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed from the Bible. Spenser's writing are imitations of the parables. John Bunyan saw in a dream only what St. John had seen before in Apocalyptic vision. Macaulay crowns his most gigantic sentences with Scripture quotations. Through Addison's "Spectator" there glances in and out the stream that broke from the throne of God clear as crystal. Walter Scott's best characters are Bible men and women under different names, as Meg Merrilies, the Witch of Endor. Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was Jezebel. Hobbes stole from this castle of truth the weapons with which the afterwards assaulted it. Lord Byron caught he ruggedness and majesty of his style from the prophecies. The writings of Pope are saturated with Isaiah, and he finds his most successful theme in the Messiah. The poets Thomson and Johnson dipped their pens in the style of the inspired Orientals. Thomas Carlyle is only a splendid distortion of Ezekiel; and wandering through the lanes and parks of this imperial domain of Bible truth, I find all the great American, English, German, Spanish, Italian poets, painters, orators, and rehetoricians.

Where is there in the world of poetic description anything like Job's champing, neighing, pawing, lightning-footed, thunder-necked war horse? Dryden's, Milton's, Cooper's tempests are very tame compared with David's storm that wrecks the mountains of Lebanon and shivers the wilderness of Kadish. Why, it seems as if to the feet of these Bible writers mountains brought all their gems, and the seas all their pearls, and the gardens all their frankincense, and the spring all its blossoms, and the harvests all their wealth, and heaven all its grandeur, and eternity all its stupendous realities, and that since then poets, and orators, and rhetoricians have been drinking from exhausted fountains and searching for diamonds in a realm utterly rifled and ransacked.

This book is the hive of all sweetness. It is the armory of all well-tempered weapons. It is the tower containing the crown jewels of the universe. It is the lamp that kindles all other lights. It is the home of all majesties and splendors. It is the marriage ring that unites the celestial and the terrestrial, while all the clustering white-robed denizens of the sky hovering around rejoice at the nuptials.

This book—it is the wreath into which are twisted all garlands. It is the song into which are struck all harmonies. It is the river into which are poured all the great tides of hallelujah. It is the firmament in which suns and moons and stars and constellations and universe and eternities wheel and blaze and triumph. Where is the young man's soul with any music in it that is not stirred with Jacob's lament, or Nahum's dirge, or Habakkuk's dithyrambic, or Paul's march of the resurrection, or John's anthem where the elders, with doxology on their faces, respond to the trumpet blast of the archangel as he stands with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swearing by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer?

I am also amazed at the variety of this book. Mind you, not contradiction or collision, but variety. Just as in the song you have the basso and alto and soprano and tenor—they are not in collision with each other, but come in to make up the harmony—so it is in this book; there are different parts of this great song of redemption. The prophet comes and takes one part, and the patriarch another part, and the evangelist another part, and the apostles another part, and yet they all come into the grand harmony—"the song of Moses and the Lamb." If God had inspired men of the same temperament to write this book, it might have been monotonous; but David, and Isaiah, and Peter, and Job, and Ezekiel, and Paul, and John were men of different temperaments, and so, when God inspired them to write, they wrote in their own style.

God prepared the book for all classes of people. For instance, little children would read the Bible, and God knew that, so he allowed Matthew and Luke to write sweet stories about Christ with the doctors of the law, and Christ at the well, and Christ at the cross, so that any little child can understand them. Then God knew that the aged people would want to read the book, so he allows Solomon to compose a world of wisdom in that book of Proverbs. God knew that the historian would want to read it, and so he allows Moses to give the plain statement of the Pentateuch. God knew that the poet would want to read it, and so he allows Job to picture the heavens as a curtain, and Isaiah the mountains as weighed in a balance, and the waters as held in the hollow of the Omnipotent hand; and God touched David until, in the latter part of the Psalms, he gathered a great choir standing in galleries above each other—beasts and men in the first gallery; above them, hills and mountains; above them, fire and hail and tempest; above them sun and moon and stars of light; and on the highest gallery arrays the hosts of angels, and then, standing before this great choir, reaching from the depths of earth to the heights of heaven, like the leader of a great orchestra, he lifts his hands, crying: "Praise the Lord; let everything that hath breath, praise ye the Lord," and all earthly creatures in their song, and mountains with their waving cedars, and tempests in their thunder and rattling hail, and stars on all their trembling harps of light, and angels on their thrones, respond in magnificent acclaim: "Praise ye the Lord; let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord."

God knew that the pensive and complaining world would want to read it, and so he inspires Jeremiah to write: "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes fountains of tears." God knew that the lovers of the wild, the romantic, and the strange would want to read it, so he lets Ezekiel write of mysterious rolls, and winged creatures, and flying wheels of fire. God prepared it for all zones—for the Artic and the tropic, as well as for the temperate zone. Coldblooded Greenlanders would find much to interest them, and the tanned inhabitant at the equator would find his passionate nature boil with the vehemence of heavenly truth. The Arabian would read it on his dromedary, and that the Laplander on the swift sled, and the herdsman of Holland guarding the cattle in the grass, and the Swiss girl reclining amid Alpine crags. Oh, when I see that the Bible is suited in style, exactly suited, to all ages, to all conditions, to all lands, I cannot help repeating the conclusion of my text: "The statutes of the Lord are right."

III. I remark again, the Bible is right in its doctrines. Man, a sinner; Christ, a Saviour—the two doctrines. Man must come down—his pride, his self-righteousness, his worldliness, Christ, the annointed, must go up. If it had not been for the setting forth of the atonement, Moses would never have described the creation, prophets would not have predicted; appostles would not have preached. It seems to me as if Jesus in the Bible were standing on a platform in a great amphitheater, as if the prophets were behind him, throwing light forward on His sacred person, and as if the apostles and evangelists stood before Him, like footlights throwing up their light into His blessed countenance, and then as if all the earth and heaven were the applauding auditory. The Bible speaks of Pisgah, and Carmel, and Sinai, but makes all mountains bow down to Calvary. The flocks led over the Judean hills were emblems of "the lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and the lion leaping out of its lair, was an emblem of "the lion of Judah's tribe." I will in my next breath recite to you the most wonderful sentence ever written: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." No wonder that when Jesus was born in Bethlehem heaven sympathized with earth, and a wave of joy dashed clear over the battlements and dripped upon the shepherds in the words, "Glory to God in the highests and on earth peace, good will toward men." In my next sentence every word weighs a ton: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Show me any other book with such a doctrine, so high, so deep, so vast.

IV. Again: The Bible is right in its effects. I do not care where you put the Bible, it just suits the place. You put it in the hand of a man seriously concerned about his soul. I see people often giving to the serious soul this and that book. It may be very well, but there is no book like the Bible. He reads the commandments and pleads to the indictment, "Guilty." He takes up the Psalms of David and says: "They just describe my feelings." He flies to good works; Paul starts him out of that by the announcement: "A man is not justified by works." He falls back in his discouragement; the Bible starts him up with the sentences: "Remember Lot's wife," "Grieve not the Spirit," "Flee the wrath to come."—Then the man in despair begins to cry out: "What shall I do? where shall I go?" and a voice reaches him, saying: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Take this Bible and place it in the hands of men in trouble. Is there anybody here in trouble? Ah, I might better ask are there any here who have never been in trouble? Put this Bible in the hands of the troubled. You find that as some of the best berries grow on the sharpest torns, so some of the sweetest consolations of the Gospel grow on the most stinging affliction.—You thought that death had grasped your child. Oh, no! It was only the Heavenly Shepherd taking a lamb out of the cold. Christ bent over you as you held the child in your lap, and, putting His arms gently around the little one, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Put the Bible in the school. Palsied be the hand that would take the Bible from the college and the school. Educate only a man's head and you make him a fanatic. Educate both together and you have the noblest work of God. An educated mind without moral principle is a ship without a helm, a rushing railroad train without brakes or reversing rod to control the speed. Put the Bible in the family. There it lies on the table, an unlimited power. Polygamy and unscriptural divorce are prohibited.—Parents are kind and faithful, children polite and obedient. Domestic sorrows lessened by being divided, joys increased by being multiplied. O father! O mother! take down that long-neglected Bible and read it yourselves, and let your children read it!

Put the Bible on the rail train and on shipboard, till all parts of this land and all other lands shall have its illumination. This hour there rises the yell of heathen worship and in the face of this day's sun smokes the blood of human sacrifice. Give them the Bible. Unbind that wife from the funeral pyre, for no other sacrifice is need since the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.

I am preaching this sermon because there are so many who would have you believe that the Bible is an outlandish book, and obsolete. It is fresher and more intense than any book that yesterday come out of the great publishing houses. Make it your guide in life and your pillow in death.

After the battle of Richmond a dead soldier was found with his hand lying on an open Bible. The summer insects had eaten the flesh from the hands, but the skeleton finger lay on these words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Yes, this book will become in your last days—when you turn away from all other books—a solace for your soul. Perhaps it will be your mother's Bible; perhaps the one given you on your wedding day, its cover now worn out, and its leaf faded with age; but its bright promises will flash upon the open gates of heaven.

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

"This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day."

LATEST EVOLUTIONS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

The poison habits of a nation can be cured by an appeal to the intellect through reason, to the heart through sympathy, and to the conscience through the motives of religion. But the traffic in those poisons can be best controlled by law. Under a Republican form of government a new movement so radical in its character and pervasive in its scope as prohibition, without a party back of it, committed by its very birth and being to secure and to enforce that law, will be at first but partially efficient and at last a failure. For the history of parties is but the history of great reformatory measures after the evolution of those measures has reached the plane of legislation. Parties are like whirlwinds, made up of a few individual atoms at first; but if the breath of God moves that ascending spiral, it will ere long draw in the multitude. Parties are like men. They have their weak childhood, their generous youth, masterly manhood, and decrepit old age, chiefly occupied with memories of the past. Parties are like armies, recruited man by man, to defend a cause concerning which all of them think alike: drilled, disciplined, and having brave, trusty, and veteran leadership. Other men bemoaned the sorry case of Ireland. Orators cried out in tones impassioned, and poets sang about "the harp that once through Tara's halls its sweetest music poured;" but Charles Stewart Parnell crystalled around himself the "Irish party," or the "Parnellites." England was compelled to listen, and to-day Ireland is on the high-road to "Home Rule." Minorities are the greatest and most heroic powers on earth. They are humanity's vanguard as well as its forlorn hope. Anybody can hurrah with the crowd, or run after the fire-engine; but when men stand up almost alone for a great principle, it is because they have iron in their blood, granite in the back-bone, and overmastering confidence in truth. A few serious-minded students at Oxford organized themselves into what was derisively nicknamed "The Holy Club;" but they stood firm; they rallied others to their side, multiplied their organization, and, to-day, the "Discipline" of John Wesley controls millions of Methodists, and the hymns of Charles are choroused round the world in the greatest Church of the century.

"The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast," where a hunted minority sought freedom to worship God. Fewer than fifty huts were hewn out as their home: but they organized a colony which was mother to this Republic with its fifty million souls.

Minorities are patient and forbearing. Luther was grieved to the heart at thought of leaving the Church he loved; but when Tetzel persisted in licensing sin that the Pope might get gain and build a temple to Jehovah, Luther and his minority rebelled. Wesley could not bear the thought of a secession from the English Church, and besought the Bishop of London to send a prelate to America, who should look after "the people called Methodists." But when the haughty bishop refused to do this, Wesley rebelled and authorized the ordination of Francis Asbury, under whom the new denomination set up for itself. Indeed, it is fair to say that minorities are the Protestants of each new age, with their earnest *"Here I stand, I can do no other; God help me, Amen!"*

In the beginning they do but excite the contempt of the successful and the derision of the weak. First bulk, then brains, this is evolution's order. The going out of parties that are big rather than great, to make room for one small but full of germinant life, is a silent illustration of the inevitable law. Next, the new movement holds the balance of power, and by indirection, often without deliberate intention, drives from the field the Laodicean party which would not—let us more justly say which could not—take up the vital issue of the hour. Next, the new party, born out of that vital issue, gains the key to the citadel of government, enthrones its principles in law and law-enforcer; allies them to the ambitions as well as the aspirations of the epoch, and climbs to the acme of power. In this evolution of the temperance movement the Prohibition party has but reached, and that within a twelve-month, the balance-of-power stage of its growth. Almost without exception, the experts and specialists of the Tempeaance Reform are either actively engaged in the party movement or else they are its earnest sympathizers. I do not here speak of professional or business men, who, no matter how much they believe in the temperance cause or have given it of their substance, have accorded to its only the interrupted attention possible to men who are absorbed in the duties of a pastor, a journalist or a money-maker. But I speak of such leaders as Neal Dow, John B. Gough, George W. Bain, and other men and women who have, as their life-work, dedicated the best thought of their brains and the most steady devotion of their hearts to the great cause. What they think are of far more value than the thought of any other class who can possibly be summoned to the witness-box. If we want an opinion on electricity, we shall be wise enough to confess our own status as non-experts, and ask one of Thomas Edison; if we want an opinion on music, we shall consult Theodore Thomas; if on suppression of impure literature, Anthony Comstock; on prison reform, Major Brockway. But when it is a question of temperance work, what a crop of non-experts and belated reformers spring up on every side, with their high-license palliative, or their non-partisan specific. In spite of their objections reason holds, and always will, that experts and specialists may best be trusted in an emergency. The common people hear them gladly, and are rapidly being convinced, convicted, pledged to the progressive phases of the movement.

Perhaps the most frequent question of good and bright men and women, sincere friends of the temperance reform, but not (hitherto at least) active workers therein, is this: "Why do the temperance people seek to organize a separate political party? The children of this world are wiser than the children of light. The liquor men do not form a party; they know better. Why do not the temperance men manifest equal shrewdness?" This is supposed to be the unanswerable argument of conservatives; the crucial question in whose presence progressives will be silenced. But I confess, to my mind it is the flimsiest objection among all that are adduced, and that it could be urged at all proves those who put it forward, however clear on other subjects, to be suffering from obliquity of mental vision here. In the first place, the liquor traffic has two parties already bidding for its patronage. Why should it take the trouble to organize a third? Enough is as good as a feast.

But there is a far more conclusive reason. The liquor power seeks negation rather than affirmation. All it asks is to be let alone. It is not a swift-moving engine, but a boulder on the track. There is not in its nature the wherewithal out of which a party could be made. "Picture it, think of it," for instance, out on dress parade in a campaign procession! See the sewers of society swept of their garbage to furnish forth its personnel. Behold the walking beer-barrel, the personified whiskey-jug; the leering debauchee! Note the transparencies: "Here's a health to Tom and Jerry!" "Long live Rum and Brandy, Gin and Beer!" "We serve under King Alcohol and General Grog!" "Gambrinus is our candidate. Long may he wave!" Up with the Saloon, down with, the Home!" Why, the curses of manhood would roar into a cyclone against the party of the liquor traffic, and the tears of women furnish the "Salt River" up which it would speedily paddle its shipwrecked cause. The liquor-traffic form a party! Politics is bad enough to-day, and the unclean element in its vortex surges forth from the saloon; but its fragrance in sweet as Heaven compared with the political party that would be presented to our eyes by the devotees of alcohol. When a burglar comes into court and asks the privilege of being tried; when a band of of house-burners set about forming a "society," counterfeiters fling their banner to the breeze in an "Alliance," the liquor dealers of America will proceed to form a party.

But when the temperance people take account of stock they have the material out of which a great party can be built. For they antagonize an evil which produces more misery than "war pestilence and famine all combined," by a good the greatest for which noble hearts have even striven; they fight for universal liberty from a thralldom the most accursed. They alone can put the tariff question on its true basis; for not "over-production," but *under consumption* is the evil that must be remedied. Set free the nine hundred millions a year that goes to waste in the alcohol trade, and every legitimate industry will feel the impetus and every home the comfort of this just redistribution. Theirs alone is the true reconstruction policy. A non-partisan temperance society is not the supreme need of the hour, but a non-sectional temperance party is. The blue and gray uniform of the past are to be superseded by the pure white uniform of the new party. "For God and Home and Native Land," which shall move forward in a brotherhood unequalled since the days of Washington. The old names and war-cries under which we were divided can never marshal us united. Mason and Dixon's line will be blotted out of the heart as well as off the map, and a really reunited States be ours only under the flag of that party which rallies to the watchword of an outlawed saloon and a protected home. As this new army moves to its place at the front on the great battle-field of reform, behold its glittering ensigns: "*Delenda est Carthago*," in the "new version" reads: "The liquor-traffic must be destroyed"; "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"; "No North, no South; our rallying cry is home, sweet home." Behold their leadership; true, valiant and loyal hearts, who have borne and labored and had patience; clear heads, unmuddled, as, alas! are those of most political chiefs nowadays, by fumes of strong drink and of nicotine; behold their weapons, argu-

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