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## NO LICENSE TO PAVE THE DARK PATHWAY TO HELL.

The following poem was written and recited by W. K. Weare, of San Francisco, who afterwards died in an inebriate asylum. He was ruined by the curse of drink.

The slogan is sounding! all hail!  
By the mountains 'tis echoed—'tis borne on the gale  
The dark clouds are lifting—the mists clear away,  
And soon through their rifts will shine the bright day.  
What, what is the watchword that floats on the air,  
That, with the rose-tint of hope, gilds the clouds of despair?  
'Tis "no license" the death dealings liquid to sell,  
'Tis "no license" to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
And whence comes the promise that rests on the air,  
That, with rose-tint of hope, gilds the clouds of despair?  
Was it born in the halls of the wealthy and great?  
Did it spring from the mentors who rule for the State?  
Or from "public opinion" which claims to be right,  
Did it spring in full armor, resplendently bright?  
No! never such glory their fame did yet swell  
As no license to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
It was born from oppression: 'twas nurtured in grief  
'Till from suffering and sorrow, it sprang for relief  
Like Gethsemane's martyr, from almost despair,  
It rose to the light on the pinions of prayer;  
And the walls of the millions who sorrowed alone,  
Now break in one billow—now swell in one tone;  
And this is the judgement 'tis destined to tell—  
No license to pave the dark pathway to hell.  
Arise in your manhood, to duty come forth;  
Let the lead of the sunset respond to the north;  
For women have bowed before God and the throne,  
And led where proud men dared not travel alone,  
Fulfill the requirements and meet the decree,  
And from henceforth from the wine fiends be free,  
Let it sound in the ears of the tyrant a knell,  
No license to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
No license! no license! Oh, brother, take heed  
No license to further the broken heart's bleed!  
No license! no license! Raise high the acclaim,  
No license to pander to falsehood and shame.  
'Tis the first dawning ray in the fulness of time,  
No license for murder, no license for crime;  
No license to purchase, to make or to sell,  
No license to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
The goddess of freedom, with courage sublime,  
Has vanished one monster that threatened her clime!  
Now her eye, fiercely blazing, sees on her loved sod  
Another that trifles with freedom and God.  
It was not God or nature that placed on the earth  
A curse so abnormal, so monstrous in birth;  
As the life-stealing, death-dealing, soul-scanting well  
That flows onward to people the region of hell!  
Oh, guides of salvation! ye priests of the cross,  
Have you studied the question? the gain and the loss?  
Have you weighed the temptation to sin in the wine?  
When none but the pure can on Jesus recline?  
Heed not your false prophets, plead not for the sin,  
Which, from little beginning, destruction will win.  
If the doctrine of Jesus you wish to preach well,  
Preach no license! to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
'Tis summer; the gardens are painted in bloom,  
And the zephyrs of evening are breathing perfume;  
All nature is resting, the bliss seems profound,  
As if earth-land and cloud-land elysium had found.  
Hark! hark! there's a cry—there's a shriek on the air!  
'Tis murder! foul murder! a wall of despair,  
No, matter, there's license the liquor to sell,  
There's license to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
'Tis winter, and midnight, and fierce howls the blast,  
And the storm from the ocean drives furious and fast;  
And a little form of beauty flits noiselessly by—

There's death in her pallor, despair in her eye!  
Before the dark river rolls turbidly on  
There's a shriek and a plunge and a victim has gone  
To join the lost millions; oh, friends is it well  
Still further to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
Oh! toilers of earth! in this land of the free  
It is yours to redeem if redeemed we shall be;  
Our banner is waving—come, now, join the ranks  
And to God will your wives and your children give thanks  
No longer your heart-broken loved ones shall weep;  
We are strong to redeem you and stronger to keep.  
Swell the tide of advancement—with us come and dwell  
And license no more the dark pathway to hell.  
'Tis the gift of the ages, by progress brought down,  
'Tis the present's best guerdon our glory to crown,  
Break the maniac's foul fetters, the captive set free,  
Let forever be banished the curs'd galley-rows,  
Let the Senator's judgement be calm and serene  
Let the crime of justice from baseness be clean,  
And consign to oblivion in darkness to dwell,  
The time when we licensed a pathway to hell.  
Then the mountains shall echo, the valleys shall ring,  
And the isles of the ocean their offerings shall bring  
And the dower of the ages, the land of the west,  
Shall be freely and proudly the land of the best;  
On her bosom the poor and oppressed shall recline,  
With an nobbling surrounding to raise and refine,  
While mothers dread tales to their children shall tell  
Of an age when we licensed a pathway to hell.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"IT IS HE THAT SITTETH UPON THE CIRCLE OF THE EARTH."

Text: Isaiah xl, 22.—"It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah in his text intimated the shape of it, God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made these angles on the plane of a circle, lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles; but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere when you find Him geometrizing you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb, a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too close to the sides. God's Causeway land shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over the thousand columns of rocks—oh, hexagonal, pentagonal. These seem to have been made by rule and compass. Every artist has his room, where he may make fifty pictures, but he chooses one shape as pre-eminent to all the others. I will not say the Giant's Causeway was the molding room, but I do say, great many figures of God seem to have selected the circle as the best. He that sitteth on the circle of the earth. The stars in a circle, in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, and the throne of the center of the circle.

When men build churches they imitate the idea of the great architect and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the times of empires are six thousand years long, and that he did not throw it out in a line, but enervated, with a love, holding it so as to bring again. The world started in the hand pure and Edenic. It rolled on through regions of mist and distemper. How long it took God only knows; but it will time make complete circuit, if back to the place where it is the hand of God, pure and Edenic.

The history of the world is a circle. Why is it that the shape of our day is improving so rapidly because men are imitating the model of Noah's ark? A ship gives that as his opinion. All much derided by small wits, of Noah's time he had the Etruscan, Germanic, of which we boast where is the ship on the sea that could outride a deluge of the heaven and earth were landing all the passengers two of each kind of living thousands of species. Pomology will go on with its achievements until, after many centuries, the world will have plums and pears equal to the Paradise. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best, in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborenescence of the year one. If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York Minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men. If the world continues to improve in masonry we shall have after a while, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, 1,600 years ago—that mortar to-day as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough we may have a city as large as they had in the old times. Babylon, five times the size of London. You go into the potteries of England, and you find them making cup and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no, but it is swinging in a circle and will come back to the styles of pottery known as long as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction. The curve will keep on until it becomes a circle.

Well, now, my friends, what is there in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turn, and if it turn it turns around, and if it turn around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No, from that I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions, and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth. Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible, slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elijah the prophet put down his compass and marked a circle from those dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel, the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said, "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around hoping to bury her. They found only the palms of her hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Naboth! Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through the century, or through many centuries. The world started with reprobacy for government; that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said: "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After a while the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then, all nations finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out again for a theocracy, and say: "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world." Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy—only different steps in the same circle.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, how many at a moment when that the good and the evil we start comes back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless by intercession hinder—coming back to us, welcome of delight or curse of condemnation?

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invidious missionary, at a moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the first century, through five centuries through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven, and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes back to us, unless we have the intercession of Christ. No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth. I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when he was in the first century, in the fatal hemorrhage seized him at 83 years of age, his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all facilities for assailing Christianity. His influence, widening through France, widening through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the one hundred and one years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell, until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in fiery surge of omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness to turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth, save the One who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well, now," say people in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory, and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us fills us with fright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle, and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man, the sins of his past life never come back. The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and it is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion.

I will owe my salvation to you. In only ten, twenty, or thirty years, the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes, it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says: "One load of fir logs, 3s. 4d.; cartage of four loads of wood, 2s. 6d.; one hundred and thirty-two chains, 3s. 4d.; iron, two staples, 6d.; item, four laborers, 2s. 8d."

That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances; but it kindled a light which shone all around the world, and around the map as well, and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle, wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, over-arching all heaven—a circle.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the evil. You strike, and out against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth. It will cover come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say: "Didn't I give it to him?" That word has gone out, that slanderous word, its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom, and after it rolls in a word of an old book which says: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent; you begrudge him the room in your house; you are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulities; it makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice; you that subject him to such indignities, you wish he was away; you wonder if he will come to live forever. He will be gone very soon; his steps are shorter and shorter; he is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. He cannot allow you to wish he was away; you wonder if he will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever, and wonder if you will never be taken away. They called you "father" once; now they call you "the old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you "the old chap." What are those rough words with which your children are reviling you? They are the words which you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmanageable, and your teeth ache as you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the grudge which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago. A gentleman passing along the street saw a man dragging his father into the street by the hair of his head. This gentleman, who never had a grudge, asked him about to punish this offender when the old man arose and said: "Don't hurt him; it's all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged my father out by the hair of his head." It is a circle. My father lived into his eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents is punished in this world.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, how many at a moment when that the good and the evil we start comes back to us. Do you know that the judgment day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless by intercession hinder—coming back to us, welcome of delight or curse of condemnation?

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Forgive me! The meanness that a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again; and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip His memory, one thing He is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life; it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it is "thirty-four square." That does not seem to militate against this idea; but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says, "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders." And again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The two former instances, a circle; the last, either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheater of glory; circumference of patriarchs, and prophet, and apostle; circumference of Scotch covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenes; circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glories. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about Him. Take off the imperial sandal from His foot, and behold the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from His brow, and see where was the laceration of the briars. Come closer, all heaven. Now the circle around His great heart. O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man! O Christ, the God! Keep Thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven.

"On Christ the solid rock I stand;  
All other ground is shifting sand."

DEAD ISSUE.

(Continued.)

To Distillers I would speak a word. It is a frightful thing to turn the food supplied by a kind providence into whiskey and brandy. There is no force in your reply that God so made them that alcohol may be got out of them; you may say the same of almost every vegetable that grows. Their object was for food, (see App.) God has so arranged that one man can make more than he requires for his individual support, but he has also arranged that there are others who are barely able to make anything. He designs that we who have a surplus should exchange of our products for what we need, but cannot make, and he gives us yet a surplus which he designs we should share with the helpless.

Should you, as a human being, be the cause of increasing the cost of the real necessities of life, when there are so many in every county in the United States, who can scarcely live when they do their utmost? You help to lessen the amount of bread-stuff, which of course increases the value, they are unable to buy and hence many are driven to the poor house who could live were no grain distilled. By this also you increase the taxes of those who are not benefited by your enterprise and if you think it a benefit that grain be high priced, only consider, as said above, it is the rich who have come to sell, but the poor who have to buy, and there are ten buyers to one seller, so that, to the masses, it is almost, if not altogether, a curse that provisions be high.

Imagine your wife a widow, your children orphans, and your neighbor buying all the surplus corn in the spring to make up into spirits, possibly to sell to your boys. I dare say, if you love your wife and children as I know you do, your heart revolts at thoughts of such a course in him; then ought you not also to desist? Let conscience decide. My friend, the meal you measure out will cry in the judgment against you. But perhaps you already agree that it is sinful to make breadstuffs into strong drink, but do not think you should cease from making brandy. Have you a good orchard; it is a great blessing. You should share the product with the less fortunate. Apples and peaches are luxuries to eat, either fresh or dried, and to be made into pies; this was their design and nothing more. It will not do for you to be a fair minded man to say, "they will pay me better made into brandy."

But the right must be considered; are you doing right to make that which will ruin all who meddle with it? It will not do to say they buy it of their own accord, and if ruined the fault is theirs. You try to sell it where it will be drunk; that is why you made it. Is it right to do so? If you will agree with me that it is not right, it will be a blessing to the world and you, if you will never make nor sell any more. But if you think it wrong and persist in distilling, I am sorry, you are lost, lost!

There are many men, who, when they have fussy, spendthrift wives and prodigal boys, could make more money and have more quiet by leaving the one and driving off the others, but such a course would not be right. (See Tract 300, page 3, and 125 page 23.) And so of many things, we must make all we can, always provided we do not sacrifice the right. I may add here that ill results will come of what one acquires through wrong means, and I am sure you will agree with me. The observation of us all teaches that ill got gain will not remain.

As to your fruit, you can make disposal of it in a manner that will satisfy your conscience; you can feed to your hogs the faulty and rotting fruit, let the poor have and dry on shares, &c. Concerning a wise disposal of your surplus fruit, I respectfully refer you to God's commands in Leviticus, 19th chap. and 9, 10 and 18 verses: "Thou shalt not gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger. I am the Lord your God. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And most of your visiting friends will enjoy the pies your wife will make in the winter, and the luscious fruit more than your brandy, at least the former will be far more serviceable. It will not avail for you to argue that good men used to still. They were not as good as they might have been and the evil results of making strong drink were not as observable as now. No man can look upon the mischief of whiskey to-day and innocently manufacture it. Your fathers did not know that it caused three-quarters of the pauperism and crime in the land,—that it deprived so many of reason, greatly increased the number and frequency of diseases and brought down such multitudes to an untimely grave, and that all men would be better without it. They did not know what a hindrance it was to the Gospel. You know it or have ample means for knowing it. Christ said, "If I had not come and spoken to them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin."

Every barrel of whiskey or brandy you send out will be the cause of sorrow and misery at last, and possibly of death. Will you not then with these startling facts before you desist forever from this business?

You are able to live without; your neighbors will be sober if you cease to supply them, and your children will have better society to mingle with; they will grow to manhood and womanhood, your sons not so likely to be dissipated, and your daughters not so likely to marry drinking husbands, which is a matter of no small concern to every parent. I knew a distiller whose life was shortened many years by drink, two of his three sons died drunkards, one of delirium tremens, the third is a sotted wreck, whose wife cannot live with him and three of his daughters married most worthless men and drunkards. Another, a distiller and a church member, raised two sons, one partially deranged, the second a bloated sot; two of his daughters married men who are very fond of strong drink and who are likely to be buried in drunkard's graves and go to a drunkard's hell.

I will speak a word of remonstrance to those who supply the material from which ardent spirits is made. Your chief argument, perhaps, is that you want money to pay your taxes. The whiskey and brandy made of the material you help to furnish is the cause of at least three-fourths of your taxes, as shown above; and as we have said of the distiller so you are perverting the God-sent blessings of life into curses and engines of poverty, crime, and woe. You are willing to sell four gallons of meal, which is good for food and will keep a child alive and well for two or three weeks, to be made into one gallon of

liquid that will not sustain life an hour, but which will inflame and infuriate a man for many days. If you were unfortunate by disease in your family, or having a broken limb so that you could not work, you would prefer, I am sure, that others should not lessen the necessities of life, when you were in such distress. The nobler instincts of humanity bid you cease to increase this flood of ruin and turn your goods into channels that will bless. True you may have much land and money in orchards, but you had not thought, perhaps, of the evils which you now know to come from drink. During the war a gentleman said, "If the war will continue twenty years I shall make a fortune." His money was invested in a musket making factory and he said he wished it to continue. "Oh," said a lady near by, "I wish this cruel, cruel war was over; already they have slain my husband and one of my boys and they want the only one I have left to go. Oh, I wish it was over forever." So while you look at a little financial loss as the gun maker, others are losing what no money can replace through the very agency that has appeared, it may be, so harmless to you. Give it up, and trust the God above to help you to live by means that will not disturb your conscience now and in death.

And now to the retailer, distiller, and supplier of material, I will say: "You are creating and distilling the material of discord, crime, poverty, disease, and intellectual and moral degradation, you are perpetuating one of the sorest scourges of the world and in the language of the above quoted author 'I foresee the day when the manufacture of intoxicating liquor for common distribution will be classed with the arts of counterfeiting and forgery and the maintenance of houses for midnight revelry and corruption. Like these, the business will become a work only of darkness, and be prosecuted only by the outlaw. You must be looked upon as forming a TRIPLE LEAGUE dangerous alike to private and social happiness, and to the very liberties of the nation. And an awakened people cannot rest till the deadly compact is murdered.'

Why not then anticipate a little to the verdict and the vengeance of a rising tone of public sentiment and at once proclaim the *unholy alliance dissolved*? Why not anticipate an infinitely higher tribunal's verdict—why not believe God's threatening, and escape the eternal tempest that lowers for him who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips? Why not co-operate promptly in a public reform that is regarded with intense interest in heaven, on earth, and in hell?

O review, men of reason and conscience and immortality, this whole business—And if you can consent to ruin many for both worlds—with no ambition to benefit your fellow-man—if you can persist in wasting and perverting the bounties of a kind Providence—if you can outrage the feelings of the most enlightened and virtuous—if you can pursue a work of darkness amid noonday light—if you can sacrifice a good name, and entail odium on all you love—and if you can deliberately offend God, and jeopardize your immortal interest for paltry gain, then go on—go on a little longer; but, "O, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

The liquor traffic covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime; fills jails, supplies almshouses, demands asylums, engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, cherishes riots out down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness, breaks the fathers' hearts, bereaves the dotting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down old age in sorrow to the grave; incites the father to butcher his offspring, the husband to murder his wife, and the child to grind his paracidal axe; burns up man, consumes woman; detests life, curses God; breaks the Sabbath and despises heaven. Suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, bribes voters, corrupts elections, debases the legislator, and dishonors the statesman; brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope, and, as with malvolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, still insatiate with havoc, it poisons fertility, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. Such is the liquor traffic.