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NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

MRS. FRANCIS E. W. HARPER

It is nothing to me the beauty said
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years.
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said;
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madley cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a sin-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head,
I'm busy to-day with tear and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
I can rule myself, I know full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me the voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread

Is it nothing for us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep
To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all, for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Savior's hand—
To learn to labor, live and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

PREDICTION FULFILLED.

TEXT: First Samuel, xx, 18.—"Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Set on the table the cutlery and chased silverware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner today. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jeweled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, or perhaps audibly: "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! A vacant chair at a king's banquet?" The fact was that David the warrior had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David, in the words of my text: "Thou shalt be missed, for thy seat will empty."

The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet. In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it and who admired it. And that hymn book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table. Many have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adam's vacant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Mr. Wilson's vacant chair in the vice presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American Senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor Castle, and at Thier's vacant chair in the councils of the French nation; but all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chair in your own household. Have these chairs any lessons for you to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

I. First: I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room, you jump up suddenly and say: "Here father, here's your chair." The probability is it is an arm-chair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old-fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new-fangled notions. I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table and his son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said: "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when, with his eyes closed, he sat in the arm chair in the corner. From wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity? The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way. Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to his children with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poorhouse, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grav

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good-night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you 50 cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace and in the throne room the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part ot it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out, old arm-chair! History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back, these three sons, with their garlands and put them on their father's brow, the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, O man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out, old arm-chair! With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

II. I go a little further on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking-chair. She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Oh, what a chair that was! It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how. I cannot tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children other chairs could not keep awake. That chair always kept awake, kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity and compassion and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grogshop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said: "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of wicked amusement, a voice saying: "My son, what do you here?" And when you went into the house of sin a voice saying: "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?"

And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanticism, and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What a prayerless pillow! Man, what is the matter?" This: You are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh, pshaw!" you say: "there's nothing in that. I'm 500 miles off from where I was born. I'm 2,000 miles off from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that; your are too near your mother's rocking chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that; it is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers; it speaks; it weeps; it carols; it mourns; it prays; it warns: it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother, mother! what your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother the words of my text were fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born; better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parent to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

III. I go on a little further; I come to the invalid's chair. What? How long have you been sick? "Oh, I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance! There are in many families of my congregation these invalid chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world; but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years, trust in God. One day on an island just off from Sandusky, Ohio, I preached, and there was a great throng of people there; but the throng did not impress me so much as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterwards: "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "Oh," she replied, "I have been this way fifteen years." I said: "Do you suffer very much?" "Oh, yes;" she replied, "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said, "can you keep your courage up?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of any one on the ground. Oh, what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs!

IV. I pass on and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied, I think it is the most potent chair in all the household. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate, it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldiness of the place, and keeps you young to 60, 70, and 80 years of age! If you have no child of your own, adopt one; it will open heaven to your sould. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly run you crazy. Only about five hundred millions of them! The old crusty disciples told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother Him," they say; "you trouble the Master." Trouble Him? He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county, there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together, and they were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem, and a boisterous brass band; and while the band was playing, an infant's voice was heard crying, and all the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were filled with homesickness as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist and said: "Stop that noisy band and give the baby a chance." Oh, there was a pathos in it as well as good cheer in it! There is nothing to arouse, and melt, and subdue the soul like a child's voice.

But when it goes away from you the high chair becomes a higher chair, and there is desolation all about you. In three-fourths of the homes of my congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night, no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin what is he going to do with his dead children, floating about him and hovering over his every wayward step? Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you." With respect to your child the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends, and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes, and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out, "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth; come, let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David; but that seat shall not be empty. When we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the homes circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshipping God in that place from which we shall go out no more forever. I thank God there will be no vacant chair in heaven.

THE FIELD AT LARGE.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 28 1886.—It was well, perhaps, that I came from Silver Lake to Harrisburg. Otherwise the atmosphere of enthusiasm, in which for two days I have found myself, might have been too sudden and overpowering in its effects. That magnificent Temperance Assembly of Brother Mead's in the western end of my own state, would tone one up for anything. Sunday last was the finest of its eight season; and while all the days, by common testimony, surpassed former years in attendance and power, Saturday and Sunday brought an immense climax. I should like much to write at length of Silver Lake, its methods and results, as an inspiration to the establishment of other camps like it, and the dissemination of like influences more widely. Proper regard for the great movement here, however, forbids. A brief word only may be said:

"However fine and successful other camps may be," remarked one who has held the platform at many, it is at "Silver Lake that we get the view farthest on toward victory, in this reform."

One look in the faces of those who gathered in that forest temple, on the two days mentioned, would have satisfied anybody on this point, and made plain the remark. Three thousand Saturday afternoon to hear Mrs. Lathrop, four thousand Sunday morning to hear her again and five thousand Sunday p. m. to greet and be delighted by Col. Bain—these figures tell numerically the story. But the oneness of conviction, the unity of feeling, the uplift, of those vast audiences, how shall all this be told? It could not be save for years of regular instruction by the best apostles of Prohibition, and the solidifying effect of such instruction on miscellaneous minds. Put half-a-dozen Silver Lakes in any State and in a decade their power will be mighty for our cause. Where though, shall we find the half-a-dozen Meads to run them and utilize their force in creating public opinion? From what I hear, Missouri has found the man, in Dr. John A. Brooks and he has inaugurated some of the places, this year, in that state. Let our friends throughout every state take a hint and act upon it. There is no public educator along reform lines after good literature, which equals a well locatedt well conducted steadily maintained camp meeting.

This theme is tempting, but I turn from it to the wonderful Prohibition State Convention which last nigh. here came to an end. The details of it will be supplied amply by special reports, telegraphic and other; I can only touch a few salient features, and give some of the rare impressions made. As to number of regular delegates in attendance Pennsylvania has beaten all her sister states—there were 658. Their spirit, their liberality, their enthusiastic zeal, well matched their numbers. Hon. A. A. Barker, chairman of the state committee for three years, had worked unweariedly to insure the greatest convention ever known; and his success inspired everybody. The very air seemed electric. Mr. Barker's speech in calling to order on Wednesday set enthusiasm spreading like a contagion. The fever of it did not cease, until adjournment yesterday at 5 p. m. I venture to assert that no two days ever witnessed more effervescence of real unselfish patriotism than has been bubbling forth here.

There was no elaborate opening address made to set the keynote of the campaign—as last year in Ohio and New York—though temporary chairman Hunter and permanent chairman Stevens, each spoke in brief, stirring fashion on accepting their place of trust. But there was no lack of good talking. We mere men need not feel humiliated at the confession that a woman made *the* speech of the occasion. Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap's argument on Wednesday evening captivated and convinced the whole great assemblage and will long embarrass our Bureau because of the calls for her service in this state which it has excited. That the audience should stay until eleven o'clock to hear any one else, after her superlative impression, was a wonder.

"How could she do it?" I over heard one woman ask another. And the other woman gave it up.

Of the many brief speeches made, four were noteworthy in various ways. Two of these came from colored men. They had the ring of genuine negro eloquence, and that is as genuine as any I know. They set the convention fairly wild. The third was made by a white delegate, Mr. Price of Allegheny, when one of the colored speakers, Rev. J. M. Palmer, had been nominated for a place on the ticket. Feeling and ardor had manifested themselves in extravagant degree for an hour, and whatever might follow, it appeared, must come as an anti-climax. But when Mr. Price rose in a parquette chair of the opera house, and said with clarion tones, "The son of a Virginia slaveholder, born myself to a heritage of slaves, I desire to second the nomination just made!" the effect was tremendous. It was the scene of Wolfe's nomination over again, with a certain quality of poetic justice thrilling it which can not be described. Men and women did more than throw up their hats, and wave their handkerchiefs, and cheer till they were hoarse; their cheeks grew wet, their voices quivered, their hearts throbbed. My own eyes get dim this moment, while I write of it; my throat chokes me; I think of that prayer heard every morning of my boyhood at the home altar—"Lord, break the bonds of the slaves!"—and a hush of solemn gratitude comes over my soul.

The fourth of the four brief speeches to which I am referring, was that by Hon. Chas. S. Wolfe, nominee for governor, when he and his colleagues on the ticket were brought before and introduced to the convention. It was rather a dramatic picture. The chief standard bearer is younger even in looks than in years, and he is but forty-one. Slight and trim, he made striking contrast to the patriarchal Barker, of burly form, florid face, and flowing silver beard, who had received nomination for lieutenant-governor. Cool and calm, and heroic, he stood amid that jubilant mass of heroic humanity, most self-contained of all.

Cooly and calmly he spoke of the work to be done, of the foe to be met, and we who sat there with nerves keen strung and quivering could only marvel at his self command. But when he said, "I don't know why I am here; it has come about through no seeking of mine;" his tones grew more tender, and a lady at my side remarked: There's heart under there, after all." When he said, "I am in this cause to stay; I shall give it my talent, if I have any, my time, my money, and if need be, my life," the true spirit of consecration shone forth luminously; and when in speaking of the influences present in that convention, he reverently declared, "But best of all, we have had God here," the holy touch of faith and trust was felt upon each heart, and a thrill pervaded the place with which political conventions are not familiar.

It seems almost a pity that a man of Mr. Wolfe's parts and promise should thus be sacrificed to the demands of party building. He was a Republican, became disgusted with ring corruption, led the independent movement of Pennsylvania, polled 50,000 votes, and might have gone back into his party with this power as a whip in his hands to compel party preferment. He had honest principle, and could not go. A Prohibitionist always in practice and belief he quietly allied himself with the Prohibition party, seeking nothing, biding duty's call. It has been widely announced that he is a recruit of this season to our ranks. Let him here have proper credit. While he did not publicly avow himself, he was with us in heart and vote last year, and then, in a long interview which I had with him, made full statement of the fact. I might then have published it, and have since been sorry I did not.

The convention was fortunate in its choice of a chairman, who served it admirably—Mr. A. A. Stevens—and whose wise appointment of the committee on resolutions helped much to harmonize action and insure satisfactory results. Judge James Black was at this committee's head, and the regard shown for him by his fellow Prohibitionists, amounts properly to reverence. When he reported the platform yesterday at 2:30 P. M., all were on the *qui vive*. There had been rumors of disagreement about woman suffrag, and fears were felt that trouble on this line lay ahead. Amid breathless attention, broken only by frequent applause, Judge Black read his committee's report, and at its close, without one word of dissent, the Platform received unanimous adoption. Judge Black was given three cheers. How deftly the suffrage question had recognition this plank will show:

3d. That moral efforts to reclaim the drinker and to educate on the nature and effects of intoxicants must not be relaxed, and we approve of all organizations having these objects specially in view, notably the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions by their devoted, practical and persevering labors command our admiration, emulation and appreciative recognition. The Prohibition party pledges its co-operation and influence in the prosecution of whatever measures and to whatever degree our mothers, wives and sisters may deem needful for the protection of home from the drink curse, including civil equality under the law, and their counsel and labor in our party work of "down with the saloon and up with the home" is cordially invited and welcomed.

A little complaint was made about this, by one or two lady delegates, and one said in my hearing, "We have been sold out;" but what more than civil equality could she ask?

The platform is broad, though it subordinates everything to Prohibition, and is recognized by the daily press of this morning as amply inclusive. Of course Republican papers do not approve the declaration that their own party's so-called submission resolution is deceptive, and a snare to catch voters. They want the votes, and thought they would get them with the snare they spread. Are they going to?

Touching the convention, its results, and the effects that may follow, I find a significant editorial in today's Philadelphia *Times*. Among other notable utterances in it are these:

"The nomination of Charles S. Wolfe as the Prohibition candidate for governor is a political event that portends revolutionary results in Pennsylvania. Just how far the old parties may be affected by this movement defies safe calculation from even the wisest political observers. It will certainly strike the Republicans to the extent of scores of thousands; it may draw other scores of thousands from the Democrats. The probability is that the Republicans will suffer vastly more than the Democrats by prohibition diversion; but the politician who assumes that the Democratic ranks will not be broken by the same issue is of the class that learns nothing and forgets nothing.

"The man who underestimates the strength of the Prohibition movement this year must be wilfully blind to clearly foreshadowed results. Wolfe will poll nearer 100,000 votes than 50,000; he may poll many more than 100,000; and his campaign will stamp uncertainty upon one-half or more of the senatorial and representative districts of the state.

"There will be strange results in the legislative elections, and none can calculate whether prohibition or high licence will be in the mastery, or whether Charles S. Wolfe or Matthew S. Quay may be the next United States senator. The movement is colossal in proportions, not so much because the people os Pennsylvania are running wild after prohibition, as because there is a spontaneous and overwhelming popular protest against the loose license laws, which have given all parties a system of saloon political domination that cannot last in one of the most intelligent states of the Union."

Pennsylvania's Prohibition convention of 1886 has gone into history. Its results will make history. Here, as in New Jersey, the campaign is bound to be magnificent and memorable. There will be old soldiers in it, for the one hundred and forty-eight veterans who stood up and were counted as delegates Wednesday mean business. There will be colored men in it; the nomination of Mr. Palmer guaranteed that. And there will be in it also, grit, grace and greenbacks. Mr. Wolfe's leadership, the christian element following him, and the splendid fund of $7,000 contributed in the convention, insure all these. How the campaign goes forward I may chronicle later, when my promised week of service in it shall have been enjoyed.

A. A. HOPKINS.

IN DANGER.

The Prohibitionists have never been so active or so hopeful as they are at the present year. In Maine they are making the very pines eacho with the music of their cause. In Pennsylvania they are marshalling for a great battle, with Wolfe as their leader. A great temperance meeting was held last week at Monsey's New York, at which wonderful enthusiasm was displayed. In many of the States in the Union they are fighting as a third party, boldly, courageously, determinedly! They mean to wrestle from the old parties all the votes they can, and, as a matter of course, a great majority of the votes they receive will be from the ranks of the Republican party. It is high time, therefore, for Republicans to consider where they stand, or, rather, where they will stand when "the returns are in." The following words from *Harper's Weekly* are significant:

The Republican party was not formed as a temperance party. It is not bound by any kind of obligation to declare for Prohibition. But if its silence when urged to speak is politic because it could not speak satisfactorily to temperance Republicans, is it not also hazardous? Is not such silence emphatic speech? As against the Democratic party, silence cannot gain the liquor vote. But may it not lose the temperance vote? Would not the party in New York be stronger if the Republican Legislature had not truckled to the saloon and had refused to enter into corrupt political partnership with Squire and Flynn?

The *Independent* exposes, in a timid way, what the New York *Tribune* boldly calls "the true inwardness of the Prohibition party." The following is what the *Independent* says and the *Tribune* quotes:

We have sometimes feared that not a few of the leaders of the third party are actuated largely by political ambition; that their aim and end are not the triumph of temperance simply, but personal and political preferment. Their course has been in entire harmony with this assumption. In district after district where one or the other of the old parties has nominated unquestioned temperance candidates the third party has thrust its own man in the field, and frequently elected the saloon candidate. They have derided and discouraged attempts to put either of the old parties right on the temperance question. They seem to glory in the defeat of Democratic, Republican or non-partisan temperance measures. "The Voice," if we understand its course toward the effort to pass the prohibitory amendment resolution through the New-York Legislature, has not only not assisted in either case. It has discouraged the friends of both. If we have mistaken its attitude, we will be glad to make a correction. It certainly belittles and discourages the movement in New-Jersey to commit the Republicans against the saloon. It is true this movement may not be successful. But its intent is good. Its spirit is hostile to the saloon. It is a temperance movement; and what is it but party prejudice that arrays the influence of "The Voice" against it? What is it but blind devotion to the party that prevents our neighbor from helping such movements anywhere and everywhere?

This is "a stab in the dark," and the *Independent* will see the day, probably before this year is ended when it will keenly regret having allowed its partisanship to dwarf its good sense. The fact is, the good Republican ship is in imminent danger, and Republicans who close their eyes to the fact and belittle the prohibition movement, or deride it, are going to

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