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THE SALOON-KEEPER'S VISION.

BY MISS L. A. N.

I have had a fearful vision,
And it haunts my memory yet:
A wretched shape in wild collision,
Sounded I can never forget.

I within my home was seated
At the twilight hour of day—
A my home, where luxuries greeted
Every sense in fair array.

I leaped, I looked on my surrounding
With a glance of kindling pride,
On the comforts so abounding
By my daily gains supplied.

On a sudden, through the doorway,
Lo! a weird procession came:
Struggling forms as on a foray,
Every age and every name.

Onward came they—oh! their number,
Filing through that pleasant room,
From mine eyelids driving slumber,
Shading everything with gloom.

Staggering gait and bloated features,
Leering glances there were seen;
Ragged, dirty, loathsome creatures,
Wrecks of what they might have been.

Stolid faces, or impassioned,
Pierce with fighting and disputes,
Man, so near the angels fashioned,
Sunken lower than the brutes.

Wives and mothers broken-hearted,
Weeping infants, pale and wan,
Women from all shame departed,
Children with sweet childhood gone.

Wild delirium's frenzied aspects
All the ill intemperance brings,
Like a swarm of noxious insects
Stinging me with countless stings.

Circling round me, nearer, nearer,
Came that hideous, serried band,
Filling all my frame with terror,
Powerless still to move a hand.

With their finger toward me pointed,
Fixed on me the bloodshot stare,
Cursed me thus: "Thou hast done it;
Thou hast made us what we are!"

Then my child, my loved Alicia,
Took her harp and struck a chord,
But the sounds which thence made issue,
Smote my spirit like a sword.

Cries of anger, shrieks of madness,
Wailing tones of pain and woe,
Language foul, and groans of sadness,
Mingled with the music's flow.

Softly sang she in sweet measures,
With a voice unknown to crime;
Sang of happy homes and pleasures,
And of deeds of olden time.

Yet alike o'er song and sonnet
Ever rose that sad refrain:
"Thou hast done it, thou hast done it;
Thou hast caused us all this pain."

Conscience, with a voice accusing,
Laid these evils at my door,
While remorse, with tortures using,
Wounded my heart's inmost core.

Then unconsciousness, relieving,
Kindly to my succor came,
But I woke again to grieving,
Would to God 'twere but a dream!

*Ps. viii. 5: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels."
—National Temperance Advocate.

TABERNACLE SERMON.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES TO MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN.

"THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS" THE SUBJECT OF HIS DISCOURSE—BUSINESS LIFE A SCHOOL OF PATIENCE AND CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY—INDUCEMENTS FOR KNAVERY.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 31.—The services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle are attended by large numbers of merchants and business men from all parts of this country, and from foreign lands, and the following sermon, preached by the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., this morning, was timely. He selected for the opening hymn of the service that beginning:

Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
The text was Romans xii, 11: "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

Industry, devotedness, Christian service are all recommended in this one short text. What is it possible to conjoin them? O yes! There is no war between religion and business, between Bibles and ledgers, between churches and counting houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fills the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into all the wheels of hard work. To the judgment it gives more skillful balancing; to the will more strength; to industry more muscle; to enthusiasm a more concentrated fire. You cannot show me a man whose business prospects have in any wise been despoiled by his religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups—producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as take the corn and change it into food, or the wool and flax and change them into apparel. Traders, who make a profit out of the transfer and exchange of that which is produced or manufactured. Now, a business man may belong to one of these classes or may belong to all of them. Whatever be your avocation, if you plan, calculate, bargain; if in to your life there come annoyances, vexations and disappointments, as well as gains, dividends and percentages; if you are harassed with a multiplicity of engagements; in a word, if you are driven from Monday morning to Saturday night and from January to January with relentless obligations and duty, then you are a business man or business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case. We are apt to speak of the toil and tug of business life as though it were an inquisition or a prison into which a man is thrown, or an unequal strife where, half armed, he goes to contend. Hear me, this morning, while I try to show you that God intended business life to be a glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be successful in what I shall say I shall rub the wrinkles out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

I have first to remark that God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian energy. God started us in the world, giving us a certain amount of raw material out of which we were to hew our own character. Every faculty needs to be reset, rounded, sharpened up. After our young people have graduated from the schools and colleges and universities, they need a higher education, that which the collision and rasping of everyday life alone can effect. Energy of soul is wrought not only in the fire. And when a man for ten, or fifteen, or twenty, or thirty years has been going through business activities, his energy can no longer be measured by weights, or plummets, or ladders. It can scale any height. It can plummet any depth. It can crush any obstacle.

Now, do you suppose that God has spent all this education on you for the purpose of making you a more successful worldlying, of enabling you to more rapidly accumulate dollars, making you sharp in a trade? Did God make you merely to be a yardstick to measure cloths, or a steelyard to weigh flour? And did He intend you to spend your life in doing nothing but to chaffer and higgler? My friend, He has put you in this school

to develop your energy for His cause and kingdom. There is enough unemployed talent in the churches, and in the world to-day, to reform all empires, and all kingdoms and people in three weeks. O, how much idleness and strong muscles and stout hearts! How many deep streams that turn no mill wheels and haul on the bands of no factory? God demands that he have the best lamb out of every flock, the richest sheaf in every harvest, the best of men of every generation; and in a cause where the Newtons and the Lockes and the Mansfields of the earth were proud to enlist, you and I need not be ashamed to toil. O, for fewer idlers and for more consecrated Christian workers!

Again: God intended business life to be to you a school of patience. How many little things there are in one day's engagements to perturb, and annoy, and disquiet you. Bargains will rub, and men will break their engagements. Collecting agents will come back empty handed. Tricksters in business will play upon what they call the "hard times," when in any times they never pay. Goods placed on the wrong shelf. Cash books and money drawer in a quarrel. Goods ordered for an especial emergency failing to come, or if coming, damaged in the transportation. People who intend no harm going about shopping, unrolling goods they do not mean to buy, and trying to break the dozen. Men obliged to take up other people's notes. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More bad debts. Another ridiculous panic. Under all this friction men break down, or they are scoured up into additional brightness. How many of us and I have known who, in the past few years, have gone down under the pressure, and have become petulant, and choleric, and crabbed, and sour, and pugnacious, until customers forsook their stores, and these merchants have become insolvent, and their names were pronounced with detestation! But other men have found in this a school for patience. They toughened under the exposure. They were like rocks, more serviceable for the blasting. There was a time when they had to choke down their wrath. There was a time when they thought of a stinging retort they would like to utter. But now they have conquered their impatience. They have kind words for sarcastic flings. They have a polite behaviour for discourteous customers. They have forbearance for unfortunate debtors. They have moral reflections for the sudden reverses of fortune. How are you going to get that grace of patience? Not through hearing ministers preach about it. Oh, no. If you get it at all you will get it in the world, where you sell hats, and plead causes, and tin roofs, and make shoes, and turn banisters, and plow corn. I pray God that, through the turmoil and sweat and exasperation of your everyday life, you may hear the voice of Christ saying to you: "If patience possess your soul, let patience have a perfect work."

Again: God intended business life to be to you a school for the attaining of knowledge. Merchants do not read many books, nor study many lexicons, nor dive into great profundities, yet through the force of circumstances they get intelligent on questions of politics, and finance, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a hard school-mistress. If her pupils will not learn in any other way, with unmerciful hand she smites them on the head and on the heart with inexorable loss. You went into some business enterprise, and five thousand dollars got out of your grasp. You say the five thousand dollars was wasted. O, no! that was only tuition. Expensive schooling, but it was worth it. Misfortune, with hard hand, comes upon a man and wakes him up, and by the very force of circumstances business men get to be intelligent. Traders in grains must know about foreign harvests. Traders in fruits must know about the prospects of tropical production. Manufacturers of American goods must know about the tariff on imported articles. Publishers of books must know the new law of copyright. Owners of ships come to understand winds and shoals and navigation. And so every bale

cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas, become literature to our business men. Now, what is the use of all this intelligence unless you give it to Christ? Do you suppose God gives you these opportunities of brightening up your intellect and of increasing your knowledge merely to get larger treasures and grander business? O, no! Can it be that you have been learning about foreign lands and people that dwell under other skies, and yet have no missionary spirit? Can it be that you have been learning the follies and trickeries and hollowness of the business world, and yet you are not trying to bring to bear upon them this gospel which is to correct all abuses, and abolish all ignorance, and correct all mistakes, and arrest all crime, and irradiate all darkness, and lift up all wretchedness? Can it be that, notwithstanding your acquaintance with the intricacies of business, you are ignorant of those things which will last the soul long after bills of exchange and commissions and invoices and consignments and rent rolls have been crumpled up and consumed in the fires of a judgment day.

Again: God intended business life to be to you a school of Christian integrity. No age of the world ever offered so many inducements for scoundrelism as are offered now. There is hardly a statute on the law books that has not some back door through which miscreants can escape. How many deceptions in the fabric of goods! Commercial life plies the land with trickeries innumerable, and there are so many people in Brooklyn and New York who live a life of plunder, that when a man proposes a straightforward, honest business, it is almost charged to greenness and want of tact. Ah! breathe, this ought not to be. But I have to tell you that it requires more grace to be honest now than it did in the days of our fathers, when business was plain, and there were no stock gamblers, and woolen was woolen, and silk was silk, and men were men. How rare it is that you find a man who can from his heart say: "I never cheated in trade. I never oversights the value of goods when I was selling them. I never covered up a defect in a fabric. I never played upon the ignorance of a customer, and in all my estate there is not one dishonest farthing." There are those who can say it. They never let their integrity bow or cringe to present advantage. They are as pure and Christian to-day as on the day when they sold their first tierce of rice or their first firkin of butter. There were times when they could have robbed a partner, when they could have absconded with the funds of a bank, when they could have sprung a snap judgment, when they could have borrowed illicitly, when they could have made a false assignment, when they could have ruined a neighbor for the purpose of picking up some of the fragments; but they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. Now they can pray without being haunted with the chink of dishonest gold. Now they can read the Bible without thinking of the day when, with a lie on their soul, they kissed the book in a custom house. Now they can look into the laughing faces of their children without thinking of orphans left by them penniless and homeless. Now they can think of death without having their knees knock together, and their hearts sink, and their teeth chatter, because there is a judgment where all defrauders, and jockeys, and tricksters, and charlatans shall be doubly damned. Now they can read in the Bible without finching: "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool." Alas! if any of you, for the purpose of getting out of temporary embarrassment, dare to sell your soul, or any portion of it. You may wake up in the midst of embarrassment and say: "No one is looking. This transaction may be a little out of the way, but it is only once, only once." On that one occasion you not only wreck your spiritual nature but you despoil your business prospects. You put one dishonest dollar in an estate, but it will not stand. You may take a dishonest

dollar and put it down in the very depths of the earth, and you may roll on the top of it the rocks and mountains, and on top of the rocks and mountains you may put all the banks and moneyed institutions, piling them up heaven high, but that one dishonest dollar down in the depths of the earth will begin to rock, and heave, and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. You cannot hide a dishonest dollar.

In the review of this subject there are two or three things I want to say, and the first is, let us have a larger sympathy for business men. I think it is a shame that in our pulpits we do not oftener preach on this subject and show that we appreciate the sorrows, and struggles, and temptations, and trials of everyday life. Men who toil with the hands are very apt to be suspicious of those who move in the world of traffic and think that they get their money idly, and that they give no equivalent. Men who raise the corn, and wheat, and rye, and oats are very apt to think that grain merchants get easy profits. The first is very apt to be jealous of the brain. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to all kinds of merchandise that they said commerce was the curse of the earth, and they recommended that cities should never be built any nearer the seacoast than ten miles. But we have become wiser than that, and yet know that there are no harder workers than those who plan and calculate in stores and banks and counting houses. What though their apparel be neat, what though their manners be refined, do not put them down as idlers. They carry loads heavier than a hod of bricks, they go into exposures keener than the cutting of the east wind, they scale mountains higher than the Alps and Himalayas, and maintaining their Christian integrity, Christ will at the last accost them, saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I also enjoin you to quit all fretfulness about business matters. Is there not something in your own household that you would not give up for the worldly success other men have? Besides that, if these trials lifted you up, you ought to bless God for the whip of discipline. The larger the note you have to pay, the greater the uncertainty of business life, the better for your soul if Jesus Christ leads triumphantly through. How do I know? I know it by this principle—that the hotter the furnace the better the refining. There have been thousands of men who have gone through the same path you are now going through with an aching heart. There are multitudes before the throne of God who were lashed with cares and anxieties innumerable, and were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were ejected, they were imprisoned for debt, they were maltreated, they were throttled by constables with whole packs of writs, they were sold out by sheriffs, they had to confess judgments, they had to compromise with creditors, and their last hour on earth was disturbed by the fact that their door bell rung loudly and angrily by the hand of impetuous creditor, who was surprised that that sick man should be so impertinent and outrageous as to die before he had paid him the last three shillings and sixpence. Oh! how men are tossed and driven! I had a friend who went from one anxiety to another; a good and great heart he had, but everything he put his hand to seemed to fail. Misfortunes clustered around, and after awhile I heard he was dead, and the first word I said was: Good! he has got rid of the sheriff's! There is a great multitude of business men who on earth had it hard, but by the grace of God they stand triumphant in heaven; and when the question is asked of them, "Who are they?" the angles of God, standing on seas of glass, will cry out: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Again: I want you to seek business grace. Commercial ethics, business honor, laws of trade, may do very well for a while; but there will come a time when the ground will slip from under your feet and the world will frown, and the devils will set after

your soul, and you will want more than this world can give you. You will want the eternal rock to stand on. For the lack of that grace you have known men to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies and you have seen their names bulletined among scoundrels, spit upon, and blistered by scorn, and ground to powder. They not only lost their property, but their souls were mauled, and blasted for eternity. You could count up scores of such persons, while there are others who, tossed on the same sea, sustained by the grace of God, have all the time kept their eye on the lighthouse. Men coming out of that man's store say, "If there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Stern integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the future world flashed through the show windows. Wrath never stamped that floor, nor did sly dishonesty cover up imperfections in goods. Love to God and love to men were the principles that ruled in the store of that Christian trader. Some day the shutters are not let down from the store window and the bars are not taken from the door. Men pass along and stop, and go up to read a card on the door which announces: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That death—it is talk in commercial circles that a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray: "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain. He has suffered his last loss. He has ached with his last fatigue. The results of his Christian industry will bless his children after he is dead, and bequests to the kingdom of God will gather many sons into glory. Everlasting rewards in place of business discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

THE PLEDGE AND STRAW-BERRIES.

One of the best temperance lectures ever delivered fell from the lips of a little child in Covington, Kentucky, the child of a reformed man. "Father," said she, "are you always going to wear the blue ribbon?" "I hope so, my dear," was his reply. "So do I," said the little one. "Why do you hope so?" asked her father. "Because I've never had so many strawberries in my life as I've had since you signed the pledge and put on that blue ribbon."

Men who are not feeding saloon-keepers' children can afford luxuries for their own.—Temperance Banner.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN RANDOLPH.

Somebody put out the report in the South part of Randolph county, last Monday, that there was going to be a negro insurrection, that a large company of colored men were coming toward Thomasville, leaving death and destruction behind them. As this report spread, many families left their homes and fled to the adjacent towns for protection, and it is stated that from four to five hundred men were under arms ready for the attack. The whole thing grew out of this little thing: A small company of colored men who are employed in the Steele Mine left in a body—going to Thomasville to vote. Somewhere along the route they got whisky and got drunk—stopping at a house they called for something to eat, but failed to get it. They used some abusive language and left. From this some poor, timid folks got scared and the report flew like wild fire that the niggers were rising, and great excitement prevailed, and as it was about election time many were willing to aid in exaggerating the thing to further their own selfish ends.

The Prohibitionists lost largely by the negro scare. Negroes and whites were kept from the polls and many Prohibitionists were fooled into voting the Democratic ticket for fear of putting the Republicans in and thus assisting negro insurrection.—Prohibition Leader.

The fealty of the rum league to party is gauged by the party's fealty to the rum league.

Saloon-ridden partyism is important to protect the home.

W. C. T. U. DEPARTMENT.

CONVENTION NOTES.

There is just one issue upon which the people, not the politicians, of America are united. It is not the tariff, for that is the chameleon among issues, taking its color from the personal selfishness of capitalists or the interests, real or imaginary, of different industries. It is not the Southern question, for that is the dead lion among issues, in whose skeleton we white ribboners have found already the honey-comb of loving comradeship. It is not the labor question, for that is the elephant among issues, not yet grown to full size, and generally feared save when attended by its keeper, Grand Master Workman Powderly. But it is the prohibition of the liquor traffic, that earthquake among issues, which, by blending our homes in indistinguishable ruin, has shaken us together in our great brotherhood of fear and anguish. This earthquake extends under the sea. The curse of Cain was not so deep as shall be God's curse upon the nation that in the light of Christ's gospel, curses the barbarians of Congo with "the crazy drinks."—Miss Willard's Address.

One thousand and two political meetings were held in New York city last year, and 792 of these were held in saloons.—Miss Willard's Address.

We are firmly persuaded that the separation of the people into two distinct armies, one voting for men who will outlaw the (poison) curse and the other for men who would legalize it, must come, and that such separation cannot come too soon. To-day the sheep and goats are mixed, and that is not the method of a wise shepherd. To-day the temperance people are a mob and not an army, save as the drums beat, the recruiting goes forward and the battle is being set in array by our brave brothers, the political prohibitionists. God bless them in these crucial hours! Their work is slow and hard and thankless—harder than the crusade itself! Indeed, I think of them as the Crusaders of the present, worthy sires and sons of women brave and true. To recruit and drill an army is the gigantic task to which they have set their heroic hands, turning aside from the armies of the past whose watchword is in Pennsylvania, "give the platform to the temperance people and the candidates to the saloons."—Miss Willard's Address.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG WOMEN

Young women, you have it in your power to make the drunkard's ranks very thin in the next decade. The men who will fill drunkards graves in ten and twenty years from to-day are now learning the simple easy lessons in the beginning of evil. This is why we appeal to you to set your faces like flint against the custom of social drinking. Make it unpopular. You can do it! Brand it as a disgrace to tipple, to drink wine at social parties, to guzzle beer, or even to sip the seemingly innocent cider. Many a poor victim lies now in his grave because he learned the relish for alcohol in cider. If these dangerous habits be made unfashionable in this decade the poor chain-gang of drunkards will be small in the next. You! young women, have just this responsibility upon your shoulders. Do you toss your heads and say "very well, we will assume the responsibility! We will do as we please! We will not be temperance fanatics! We shall serve wine at our social! The young men of our acquaintance are not so weak and silly as you. They were drunkards by a little wine." A day is coming when you must face the Great Judge of the Universe and give an account! What will you say when He says, "I gave you a bright jewel, your influence, what have you done with it?" Before you can find your tongues to make answer there will confront you the lost and ruined souls of young men whom you, in your lovelessness, tempted to turn from their mother's counsel and enter the road to ruin.

O, dear girls, wherever you are, this is just the responsibility you carry. May God give you grace and courage to stand by your convictions and to frown down the fashionable drinking customs of to-day.

MARY C. WOODY.

"AS MANY AS I LOVE."
REV. III. 19.

As many as I love love!
The shadows fall upon our sunny hours,
Darkness and sorrow move
Amid our treasures, in our joy-built towers
Yet this sweet comfort, ever may be ours—
As many as I love!

As many as I love!
To human eyes God's dealings oft seem dark;
But he would only prove
The sunlight where the cloud alone we mark;
He says—if wounded souls would only hark—
As many as I love!

As many as I love!
O burdened, sorrowing heart, this is for thee.
Thy Father's hand above
In meeting out these trials but to be
The measure of a good thou canst not see:
As many as I love!

Oh! earth's affections are but poor to this
Which reaches from above!
They, mortal frailties, change, and fade, and miss
But this thought gives everlasting bliss—
As many as I love!

As many as I love!
When life, work, pain and waiting all are o'er
Our earth-tied feet shall move
Upon gold-cast streets on the celestial shore
And we shall sing with saints forevermore
As many as I love!

BARTER

"Give me the gold from off thy hair,
The rose upon thy cheeks that lies,
Thy singing voice that everywhere
Makes laughter in the trembling air,
The young joy in thine eyes."
"What will you give to me, oh say,
Thou gray old man with restless wif
For love's entrancing moon of May,
For dawn and freshness of the day,
And life that leaps and sings?"
"Lo! I will make thy footsteps slow
Across the flowers that bend and wave;
And for thy gold will give thee snow,
And silence for thy laughter low,
Darkness, a grass-grown grave."
—Boston Transcript.