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THE FLYING YEARS.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE'S NEW YEAR SERMON.

Weight Not Measure Our Years by Our Sorrows, but by Our Joys—For One Stalk of Nightshade there are Fifty Blooming Marigolds and Harebells.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 2.—This morning at the tabernacle the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded some passages of Scripture concerning the longevity of the patriarchs. He gave out the following sermon:

My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly. These hours of toil and danger.

His text was Genesis, xvii, 8: "How Old Art Thou?" The preacher said:

The Egyptian capital was the focus of the world's wealth. In ships and barges there had been brought to it from India frankincense, and cinnamon, and ivory and diamonds; from the north, marble and iron; from Syria, purple and silk; from Greece, some of the finest horses of the world, and some of the most brilliant characters; and from all the earth that which could best please the eye, and charm the ear, and gratify the taste. There were temples adorned with red sandstone, entered by the gateway and guarded by pillars bewildering with hieroglyphs, and wound with brazen serpents, and adorned with winged creatures—their eyes, and beaks, and pinions glittering with precious stones. There were marble columns blooming into white flower beds; there were stone pillars, at the top bursting into the shape of the lotus when in full bloom. Along the avenues, lined with sphinx and fane and obelisk, there were princes who came in gorgeously upholstered palanquin, carried by servants in scarlet, or absever drawn by vehicles, the snow white horses golden-bit and golden-bridled, as they dashed at full run. There were fountains from stone wreathed vases climbing the ladders of the light. You would hear a bold slave and a door of brass would open like a flash of the sun. The surrounding gardens were saturated with odors that mounted the terrace and dripped from the arched, and burned their incense in the Egyptian moon. On floors of mosaic the Pharaohs were spelled out in letters of porphyry and beryl and flame. There were ornaments twisted from the wood of tamarisk, encased with silver, and glowing into foam. There were footstools made out of a single precious stone. There were beds fashioned out of a crouched lion in bronze. There were chairs spotted with the sleek hides of leopards. There were sofas footed with the claws of wild beasts and armed with the beaks of birds. As you stand on the level beach of the sea on a summer day and look either way and across the bay, and see white with the ocean foam, dashing shoreward; so it seemed as if the sea of the world's pomp and wealth in the Egyptian capital for miles and miles flung itself up into white breakers of marble temple, mosque, and obelisk.

It was to this capital and the palace of Pharaoh that Jacob, the plain shepherd, came to meet his son Joseph, who had become prime minister in the royal court. The rough and Jacob met, dignity and rusticity, the gracefulness of the court and the plain manners of the field. The king, wanting to make the old patriarch ease, and seeing how white his beard is and how feeble his step, looks familiarly into his face and says to the aged man: "How old art thou?"

Night before last the gate of eternity opened to let in, among the great things of departed centuries, the soul of the dying year. Under the twelfth stroke of the brazen hammer of the clock the patriarch fell dead, and the stars of the night were the funeral torches. It is a most curious thing, the road of life there are so many milestones, on which we can read just how fast we are going toward the journey's end. I feel that it is not an insignificant thing, the year that we have when I look into your faces and say, as Pharaoh did to Jacob, the patriarch: "How old art thou?"

People who are truthful on every other subject, lie about their ages, and do not solicit from you any literal response to the question I have asked. I would not put one under temptation; but I simply want this morning, to see by what rod it is we are measuring our earthly existence. It is with reference to this higher meaning that I confront you, this morning, with the stupendous question of the text, and ask: "How old art thou?"

There are many who estimate their life by mere worldly gratification. When Lord Dundas was wished a happy New Year, he said: "It will have to be a happier year than the past, for I hadn't one happy moment in all the twelve months that have gone." How that is not been the experience of most of us. We have found that though the world is blasted with sin, it is a very bright and beautiful place to reside in. We have had joys unnumbered. There is no hostility between the gospel and the merriments and the festivities of life. I do not think that we fully enough appreciate the worldly pleasures God gives us. When you recount your enjoyments, do not forget to mention the joys that do not go back to the time when you were an infant in your mother's arms, looking up into the heaven of her smiles; the days when the beams of the sun appear of hoisterous merriment; when you shouted as you pitched the ball on the playground; when, on the cold, sharp winter night, muffled up, on skates you shot over the resounding ice of the pond; have you forgotten all those good days that the Lord gave you? Were you never a boy? Were you never a girl? Between those times and this, how many inches, how many kindneses the Lord has bestowed upon you. How many joys have breathed up to you from the flowers, and shone down to you from the stars, and chanted to you with the voice of soaring birds, and tumbling cascades, and booming seas. There is a thunders with the noise of fire charged down the mountain side. Joy! Joy! If there is any one who has a right to the enjoyments of the world it is the Christian, for God has given him a lease on everything in the promise: "All are yours." But I have to tell you that a man who estimates his life on earth by mere worldly gratification is a most unwisdom man. Our life is not to be a game of chance. It is not a dance in lighted hall, to quick music. It is not the froth of an ale pitcher. It is not the settings of a wine cup. It is not a banquet with intoxicants and roasting. It is the first step on a ladder that mounts into the skies, or the first step on a road that plunges into a horrible abyss. So that in this world we are only keeping up the harp of a rapture, or forging the chains of a bondage. And standing before you, to-day, with life on one side and death on the other; song on the one side and groaning on the other; mansions on the one side and dungeons on the other; heaven on the one side and hell on the other—I put to you the question of the text: "How old art thou?" Towards what destiny

are you tending, and how fast are you getting on towards it?

Again, I remark that there are many who estimate their life on earth by their sorrows and their misfortunes. Through a great many of your lives the ploughshare hath gone very deep, turning up a terrible furrow. You have been betrayed and misrepresented, and upon, and assailed of impurities, and pounded of misfortune. The brightest life must have its shadows, and the smoothest path its thorns. On the happiest brood the hawk pinches. No escape from trouble of some kind. While glorious John Milton was losing his eyesight he heard that Salmastus was glad of it. While Sheridan's comedy was being enacted in Drury Lane theatre, Cumberland, his enemy, sat growling at it in the stage box. While Bishop Cooper was surrounded by the favor of learned men his wife took his fireman manuscript, the result of a long life of anxiety and toil, and threw it into the fire. Misfortune, trial, vexation for almost every one. Pope, applauded of all the world, has a stoop in the shoulder that annoys him so much that he has a tunnel dug, so that he may go unobscured from garden to grove, and from grove to garden. Cano, the famous Spanish artist, is disgusted with the crucifix that the priest holds before him, because it is such a poor specimen of culture. And so, sometimes through taste and sometimes through learned menace, and sometimes through physical distress—aye, in ten thousand ways, troubles come to us.

But I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your fact or talents; I do not know what you have done of these and other things; the impulsiveness of them; but I know this: There is for you, my hearer, a field to culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have wasted your moments, crowd them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these, neither eloquence, nor learning—yet at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast the insolent, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Consider the man who has measured life by the worldly standard and with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quinn, the great actor, said in his last moments said: "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbe said in his last moments to his confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me into a conceit with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bethought himself about the proprieties of the rick room and said: 'Give God a chair.' Godfrey Kneller, who in his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument. Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the serene glow of the face of Edward Taylor, as he said in his last moments: 'The breeze of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory.' Or, with Paul the Apostle, who said in his last hour: 'I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.' Or compare it with the Christian who said in his last moments: 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.' Or compare it with the Christian who said in his last moments: 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.'

Again, I remark that there are many people who estimate their life on earth by the amount of money they have accumulated. They say: "The year 1886, or 1876, or 1866 was wasted." Why? Made no money. Now, it is all cant and insincerity to talk against money as though it had no value. It is refinement, and education, and ten thousand blessed surroundings. It is the spreading of the table, and the feast of the banquet. It is the lighting of the furnace that keeps you warm. It is the making of the bed on which you rest from care and anxiety. It is the carrying out at last of your decent sepulture, and the putting of you to rest, or which is chiselled the story of your Christian. Pope. It is simply hypocrisy, this tirade in pulpit and lecture hall, against money, and against the man who has it in his hands and feet, and sails, and ten thousand grand and glorious enterprises. But while all this is so, he who uses money, or thinks of money as his end, means to an end, will find out his mistake when the glittering treasures slip out of his nervous grasp, and he goes out of this world without a shilling of money or a certificate of stock. He might as well have a poor yardstick with which to measure his life. They who boast themselves in their wealth, and trust on the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a sufficient ransom, that he should not see corruption. "Wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others."

But I remark that there are many—I wish there were more—who estimate their life by their moral and spiritual development. It is not a selfish egotism for a Christian man to say: "I am purer than I used to be. I am more consecrated to Christ than I used to be. I have got over a great many bad habits in which I used to indulge. I am a great deal better man than I used to be." There is no sinful egotism in that. It is not a boast egotism, but a confession of the grace of God. I have measured my life by the amount of military tactics that I used to before I took up arms, and when I was a pest to the drilling officer. I know how useful for a sailor to be mizentoppled, than I used to before I had ever seen a ship. And there is no sinful egotism when a Christian man, fighting the battle of the Lord, or if you will, he is voyaging towards a haven of eternal rest, says: "I know more about spiritual tactics, and about voyaging towards heaven, than I used to." Why, there are those in this presence who have measured their lives by many a foe, and unhorsed it. There are Christian men here, who have become swarthy by hammering at the forge of calamity. They have had an entirely different phase of character from that which they once occupied. They are measuring their life on earth by golden gated Sabbaths, by pentecostal prayer meetings, by communion tables, by baptismal fonts, by hall-chimes in the temple. They have stood on Sinai and heard it thunder. They have stood on Pisgah and looked over into the Promised Land. They have stood on Calvary and seen the cross bleed. They have seen the apostles write on their heaviest troubles "light," and "but for a moment." The darkest night their soul is irradiated, as was the night over Bethlehem, by the faces of those who have come to proclaim glory and good cheer. They are only waiting for the gate to open, and the chains to fall off, and the glory to begin.

I remark again: There are many—and I wish there were more—who estimate their life by the amount of good they can do. John Bradford said he counted that day nothing at all in which he had not, by pen or tongue, done some good. If a man looks right, I cannot tell how many tears he may wipe away, how many burdens he may lift, how many orphans he may comfort, how many outcasts he may reclaim. There have been many who have lived their lives in the right direction, concentrating all their wit and ingenuity, and mental acumen, and physical force and enthusiasm for Christ. They climbed the mountain, and delved into the mine, and crossed the sea, and braved the desert, and dropped at last into martyr's graves, waiting for the resurrection of the just. They measured their lives by the chains they broke off, by the garments they put upon nations, by the smiles they traveled to alleviate every kind of suffering. They felt in the thrill of every nerve, in the motion of every muscle, in every throbb of their hearts, in every inspiration of their lungs, in every magnificent truth, "No man liveth for himself." They went through cold and through heat, foot blistered, cheek smitten, back scourged, temper trampled, to do their whole duty. That is the way they measured life—by the amount of good they would do. Do you want to know how old Luther was; how old Richard Baxter was; how old Philip Doddridge was? Why, you cannot calculate the length of their lives by any human arithmetic. Add to their lives ten thousand times ten thousand years and you have not expressed it—what they have lived or will live. O, what a standard that is to measure a man's life by! There are those in this house who think they have only lived thirty years. They will have lived a thousand—they have lived a thousand. There are those who think they are eighty years of age. They have not even entered upon their infancy, for one must become a child in Christ to be old at all.

Now, I do not know what your advantages or disadvantages are; I do not know what your fact or talents; I do not know what you have done of these and other things; the impulsiveness of them; but I know this: There is for you, my hearer, a field to culture, a harvest to reap, a tear to wipe away, a soul to save. If you have wasted your moments, crowd them to Christ. If you have eloquence, use it on the side that Paul and Wilberforce used theirs. If you have learning, put it all into the poor box of the world's suffering. But if you have none of these, neither eloquence, nor learning—yet at any rate have a smile with which you can encourage the disheartened, a frown with which you may blast the insolent, a voice with which you may call the wanderer back to God. "Oh," you say, "that is a very sanctimonious view of life!" It is not. It is the only bright view of life, and it is the only bright view of death. Consider the man who has measured life by the worldly standard and with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quinn, the great actor, said in his last moments said: "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbe said in his last moments to his confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me into a conceit with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bethought himself about the proprieties of the rick room and said: 'Give God a chair.' Godfrey Kneller, who in his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument. Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the serene glow of the face of Edward Taylor, as he said in his last moments: 'The breeze of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory.' Or, with Paul the Apostle, who said in his last hour: 'I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.' Or compare it with the Christian who said in his last moments: 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.'

And though so fickle you have proved, My heart has loved you well, And mournful is the sound to me Of this your passing bell. I've heaped the holly on your grave. The Christmas berries red, And as I saw you take your flight Sad were the words I said.

Good-by old friend, the hour has come When you and I must part; You've thrown some sunshine on my way, Some shadows on my heart. You've smiled on me, you've frowned on me, As many another friend; In fact, upon your varying moods I could not long depend. And though so fickle you have proved, My heart has loved you well, And mournful is the sound to me Of this your passing bell. I've heaped the holly on your grave. The Christmas berries red, And as I saw you take your flight Sad were the words I said.

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This is a good day in which to begin a new style of measurement. How old art thou? You see the Christian who estimates his life by the worldly standard and with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the Christian standard. Quinn, the great actor, said in his last moments said: "I hope this tragic scene will soon be over, and I hope to keep my dignity to the last." Malherbe said in his last moments to his confessor: "Hold your tongue! Your miserable style puts me into a conceit with the death scene of a man who has measured life by the worldly standard, when he ought to have been praying for his soul, bethought himself about the proprieties of the rick room and said: 'Give God a chair.' Godfrey Kneller, who in his last hours on earth in drawing a diagram of his own monument. Compare the silly and horrible departure of such men with the serene glow of the face of Edward Taylor, as he said in his last moments: 'The breeze of heaven fan me. I float in a sea of glory.' Or, with Paul the Apostle, who said in his last hour: 'I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.' Or compare it with the Christian who said in his last moments: 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which shall fade away, but the crown which I give me.'

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THE UNWISDOM OF CAPITAL—STRIKES AND PROHIBITION—THE PERSUASIVE POWER OF SONG—THE CONSERVATISM OF CULTURE. AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1886. We are holding the second series of Field Meetings—Rev. C. H. Mead, myself, and the Silver Lake singers. Two have been put in here at this great knitting town, so familiar by name to all who these weeks past have read the daily press dispatches. Lookouts and strikes are making Amsterdam notorious. Last week a riot was imminent, but now the "Knights" are quiet. Indeed, little real disturbance has been seen at any time; and would the outside world know why? The "Knights" are practical Prohibitionists! Their officers are forbidden by Knightly law to drink; and during these weeks of strike and lockout, the entire membership, by official order, have kept away from saloons. The thing that amazes me most, in all this labor connection, is that capitalists, mill owners, employers everywhere, do not for their own self-interest stamp out the liquor traffic. I heard a reason here, yesterday, that amazed me not less for a moment than the fact itself. Said one mill-owner: "We can't afford to put away saloons, for if we should, these laborers would all be running mills themselves pretty soon, and where should we look for hands?"

So it would appear that when at work the mill operatives do not prohibit themselves, though they may forbid their officers to personal prohibition. Perhaps if they made a common rule for official and private, in the Knights of Labor, and at all times boycotted the saloon, there would be less occasion for strikes, and labor would more surely come to its own.

It is a rule, within the range of my own somewhat wide observation, that large manufacturing towns afford richest harvest for liquor sellers, and that in them the reform spirit fights ever against greatest odds. There is another rule, parallel with this, viz, that great manufacturers are fast allies of the old parties, and opposed to the union of morals and politics. Take the leading mill men of the town, and they are Republicans. They oppose temperance at every opportunity. They are more bitter against third party effort than any others. They give no help toward putting the saloon out of labor's way. Is this all because of misguided selfishness or pure ignorance? The ways of capital puzzle me, I confess. Its best good, its highest profit, lies along the line of total prohibition; yet everywhere in the main, it keeps fast league with liquor and with the parties responsible for liquor power. For years I have marveled over this fact. And more than ever I am convinced that our platform teachings must grow strong and insistent as to this material side of temperance. While sentiment may not be abandoned, let a wise selfishness dominate, until we get the ears of capital, and persuade it we are right. How shall we win a hearing? One method has been demonstrated here. On Saturday night we had but a hundred to hear us, and that was a fair sample. I am assured, of the Amsterdam temperance audience. But on Sunday afternoon a good sized church was filled, for our gospel temperance service; and last night, despite an all-day storm, and wretched streets, the large opera house was packed by those invited to a dawnright Prohibition meeting. Nothing like it has been known before, for the meeting was a magnificent success. We held the crowd and gave them the strongest party diet till half past ten. It was a surprise to everybody. What wrought so wonderful a change? Music! Not the die-away sort which abounds generally at temperance meetings; not these old familiar favorites which form the stock of church choirs, and the average glee club; but those fresh and virile, and aggressive party and prohibition songs which the Silver Lake quartet have made and acquired for their own use, and with which they set even an old-party audience into rapturous good feeling. I am not making this reference to advertise the Silver Laker. They don't need it. Their own effective singing advertises them widely enough. But I want once more to urge on our friends the more liberal employment of music, and a wiser selection and adaptation of it in their campaign work. Fairly good singers abound at every cross-roads. Get them enlisted. Supply them with Prohibition Songsters, published by the National Temperance Society, and coax them into careful practice. It will pay. Tell them you have "Rescue the Perishing," till you are tired; and that it is not proper advice to Republicans anyhow. Bid them sing with the spirit and with the understanding also—the understanding that men are to be won over from bitterness and prejudice to mellow toleration, and full belief, through the rare efficacy of song.

HAMILTON, N. Y., Dec. 16. Your college town is conservative. The rule holds generally good. For years this pretty village of two thousand people has been dominated by temperance conservatism. Madison University set the level of public sentiment; and the University seemed careless whether its young men faced saloon perils or no. License theories over weighted prohibition. The few Prohibitionists were thought impracticable, and discounted. A great and influential Baptist church sounded never a keynote of radical reform. Men and women alike among those who are social and educational leaders, were indifferent to the onward march of humanitarian effort outside. Hamilton had living missionary zeal in behalf of remote brethren, but no active concern about or help for the awful evils which beset American homes. I know, you see, because I have often been here and felt the public pulse. So I read, with some surprise, after our late election, that in

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And though so fickle you have proved, My heart has loved you well, And mournful is the sound to me Of this your passing bell. I've heaped the holly on your grave. The Christmas berries red, And as I saw you take your flight Sad were the words I said.

Good-by old friend, the hour has come When you and I must part; You've thrown some sunshine on my way, Some shadows on my heart. You've smiled on me, you've frowned on me, As many another friend; In fact, upon your varying moods I could not long depend. And though so fickle you have proved, My heart has loved you well, And mournful is the sound to me Of this your passing bell. I've heaped the holly on your grave. The Christmas berries red, And as I saw you take your flight Sad were the words I said.

THE UNWISDOM OF CAPITAL—STRIKES AND PROHIBITION—THE PERSUASIVE POWER OF SONG—THE CONSERVATISM OF CULTURE. AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1886. We are holding the second series of Field Meetings—Rev. C. H. Mead, myself, and the Silver Lake singers. Two have been put in here at this great knitting town, so familiar by name to all who these weeks past have read the daily press dispatches. Lookouts and strikes are making Amsterdam notorious. Last week a riot was imminent, but now the "Knights" are quiet. Indeed, little real disturbance has been seen at any time; and would the outside world know why? The "Knights" are practical Prohibitionists! Their officers are forbidden by Knightly law to drink; and during these weeks of strike and lockout, the entire membership, by official order, have kept away from saloons. The thing that amazes me most, in all this labor connection, is that capitalists, mill owners, employers everywhere, do not for their own self-interest stamp out the liquor traffic. I heard a reason here, yesterday, that amazed me not less for a moment than the fact itself. Said one mill-owner: "We can't afford to put away saloons, for if we should, these laborers would all be running mills themselves pretty soon, and where should we look for hands?"

So it would appear that when at work the mill operatives do not prohibit themselves, though they may forbid their officers to personal prohibition. Perhaps if they made a common rule for official and private, in the Knights of Labor, and at all times boycotted the saloon, there would be less occasion for strikes, and labor would more surely come to its own.

It is a rule, within the range of my own somewhat wide observation, that large manufacturing towns afford richest harvest for liquor sellers, and that in them the reform spirit fights ever against greatest odds. There is another rule, parallel with this, viz, that great manufacturers are fast allies of the old parties, and opposed to the union of morals and politics. Take the leading mill men of the town, and they are Republicans. They oppose temperance at every opportunity. They are more bitter against third party effort than any others. They give no help toward putting the saloon out of labor's way. Is this all because of misguided selfishness or pure ignorance? The ways of capital puzzle me, I confess. Its best good, its highest profit, lies along the line of total prohibition; yet everywhere in the main, it keeps fast league with liquor and with the parties responsible for liquor power. For years I have marveled over this fact. And more than ever I am convinced that our platform teachings must grow strong and insistent as to this material side of temperance. While sentiment may not be abandoned, let a wise selfishness dominate, until we get the ears of capital, and persuade it we are right. How shall we win a hearing? One method has been demonstrated here. On Saturday night we had but a hundred to hear us, and that was a fair sample. I am assured, of the Amsterdam temperance audience. But on Sunday afternoon a good sized church was filled, for our gospel temperance service; and last night, despite an all-day storm, and wretched streets, the large opera house was packed by those invited to a dawnright Prohibition meeting. Nothing like it has been known before, for the meeting was a magnificent success. We held the crowd and gave them the strongest party diet till half past ten. It was a surprise to everybody. What wrought so wonderful a change? Music! Not the die-away sort which abounds generally at temperance meetings; not these old familiar favorites which form the stock of church choirs, and the average glee club; but those fresh and virile, and aggressive party and prohibition songs which the Silver Lake quartet have made and acquired for their own use, and with which they set even an old-party audience into rapturous good feeling. I am not making this reference to advertise the Silver Laker. They don't need it. Their own effective singing advertises them widely enough. But I want once more to urge on our friends the more liberal employment of music, and a wiser selection and adaptation of it in their campaign work. Fairly good singers abound at every cross-roads. Get them enlisted. Supply them with Prohibition Songsters, published by the National Temperance Society, and coax them into careful practice. It will pay. Tell them you have "Rescue the Perishing," till you are tired; and that it is not proper advice to Republicans anyhow. Bid them sing with the spirit and with the understanding also—the understanding that men are to be won over from bitterness and prejudice to mellow toleration, and full belief, through the rare efficacy of song.

HAMILTON, N. Y., Dec. 16. Your college town is conservative. The rule holds generally good. For years this pretty village of two thousand people has been dominated by temperance conservatism. Madison University set the level of public sentiment; and the University seemed careless whether its young men faced saloon perils or no. License theories over weighted prohibition. The few Prohibitionists were thought impracticable, and discounted. A great and influential Baptist church sounded never a keynote of radical reform. Men and women alike among those who are social and educational leaders, were indifferent to the onward march of humanitarian effort outside. Hamilton had living missionary zeal in behalf of remote brethren, but no active concern about or help for the awful evils which beset American homes. I know, you see, because I have often been here and felt the public pulse. So I read, with some surprise, after our late election, that in

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