

Standing by the Dyke Ramparts of Society

and pressing back with persistent and powerful force the threatening floods of drunkenness and drunkard-making, which else would have deluged our society, and involved our homes and our communities in almost irretrievable ruin.

Where, else, would have been the wisely and effectively restrictive laws which now cripple and restrain the liquor traffic at every turn, compelling it to respect our Sabbath, to stop its deadly work at night, to keep its polluting hands from our children, to spare habitual drunkards, to compensate the wives and mothers of the victims, to lock its doors on election days, and limit its salesmen to about one in 500 of our people? Does anyone believe that any of these laws would have been framed and enacted by the pressure of the liquor traffic itself? Where, else, would have been these wiser and infinitely more effective Prohibitory Laws, which, in large portions of country make the liquor traffic an outlaw, hunt it from alley to alley, fine it, imprison it, and, standing upon the granite rock of "no compromise with wrong," proclaim relentless and perpetual war on the worst enemy to society and good government? Where would have been that stern and strong and immeasurable force of public sentiment, which, say what you will, is more and more becoming in all Christian countries the outspoken and irreconcilable enemy of the Dram-shop and the Still, and which silently and effectively directs the tendency of each generation toward sobriety and temperance effort—where, I say, would this have been but for the long seed-sowing and careful watching of fifty years?

A half century ago Anglo-Saxon Society was almost wholly under the dominion of the alcohol delusion. The Pulpit was either its silent or active apologist; the Press sounded its praises and scoffed at the cold water fanatics; Legislation fostered the system which promised rich revenues; Fashion deified it, and, in its temples, Medical Science worshipped hourly; while, beneath all, the victims were being ceaselessly laid upon its altars, and their cries muffled by the loud acclaim of general laudation.

Upon this blank chaos of a great social sin, where Conscience slept and Thought was dormant, the spirit of Temperance began to move. The voice of her warning was heard by thousands, and they turned away from the deceitful danger; Persuasion whispered softly into innumerable ears, and drew her tens of thousands towards a better and surer ground; the lighted lamp of Truth was held aloft, flooding the darkness with its healing rays, and by its aid myriads abandoned the