

BIG SINNERS IN HIGH PLACES.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage is preaching a series of special sermons on the questions of the day, and on Sunday, March 30, his subject was "Big sinners in high places." Speaking of "intemperance and the co-ordinate crimes," he said:—"I admit there has been some improvement in this thing. Senators notorious for their drunkenness are either dead or defeated or stay at home. The grog-shop that used to flourish in the basement of the Capitol, where senators once went to get inspiration for their speeches, has been abolished, although it is said that there are places in the Capitol where members can get very strong lemonade. The plague is not yet stayed. I knew a man who, only a few years ago, was an example of integrity, and honored everywhere. I went to Washington. I had not seen him for years, and I thought I would send my card into the House of Representatives, and call him out. The card went in by the sergeant-at-arms, and my old friend that I had not seen for ten years came out staggering drunk. In this country the temptations to intemperance in public life are so great that more of our men in office die of delirium tremens, and the kindred diseases that come from intemperance and an impure life, than from all other causes combined. There is one weapon that slays more senators and congressmen and legislators and common councilmen than any other, and that is the bottle. How few of the men who were in prominent political offices twenty-five or thirty years, when they died came to honorable graves! The family physician, to relieve the family and keep them from national disgrace, said it was gout or it was epilepsy, or it was obstruction of the liver, or it was exhaustion from patriotic services! But God knew it was whisky. It was the same habit that smote the great man down that smote the dark villain in the alley. The one you wrapped in a coarse cloth and threw into a rough coffin and carried out in a box wagon and put down in a pauper's grave, without prayer or benediction; the other gathered the pomp of the city, and the name was on the silver plate, and lordly men walked uncovered beside the hearse with tossing plumes, on the way to the grave soon to be adorned with a marble pillar of four sides, which shall be covered with the story of the man who died from patriotic services. The difference between the two was this—the one put an end to his existence with logwood rum at two cents a glass, and the other perished in a beverage at three dollars a bottle. I write both of their epitaphs. On a shingle over the pauper's grave I write it with a lead pencil; on the white shaft over the senator's tomb I cut with a chisel, "Slain by strong drink." It is a simple fact that dissipated habits have not in this country been a hindrance to a man getting office, if he be sober sometimes; if the governor can get straight enough to write his message; if the judge's tongue is not positively thick when he delivers his charge; if the vice-president is not drunk when he is sworn in that will do. So we have had world-renowned Secretaries of State carried out drunk from their office, and senators of the United States arrested at midnight in houses of shame for uproarious behavior; judges and jurors and lawyers by night, while the trial is going on by day, gambling and singing the song of the drunkard. Oh, it is a sad thing to have a hand tremulous with intoxication holding the scales of justice, when the lives of men and the destinies of a nation are in the balance; to have a charioteer with unskillful hands on the reins while the swift destinies of government have been dashed to pieces, and empires have gone down in darkness and woe! What was it that drove back your armies in the last war so often? Was it your sons and fathers? No! It was because drunkenness so often sat in the saddle. What are those graves on the heights of Fredericksburg, as you pass down to Richmond? Was it the sword or the bottle that slew them? The bottle! for that day drunkenness rode in some of the stirrups, leading forth your sons and fathers to death. There is dissipation in all the high circles as well as the low. A trial in the courts ever and anon reveals the fact that impurity walks in robes, and dances under the palatial chandeliers, and drowns on the damask upholstery. Sin is tolerable, if it is only rich. Stand back and let the libertine go by, for he rides in a 3,000 dollar turnout. Meanwhile, political parties are silent, lest they lose votes; and newspapers are quiet, lest they lose subscribers; and ministers of the Gospel are still, lest some affluent pewholder should be disgusted. But God's indignation gathers like the fiery flashes around the edges of a blackening cloud just before the swoop of a tornado. His voice sounds through the country to-day, in the words of the text, 'Woe unto thee, O land, when thy

king is a child and thy princes drink in the morning.'—*Temperance Record.*

DOES PROHIBITION DECREASE THE CONSUMPTION OF LIQUORS?

The whisky sellers and their friends continually assert that the prohibition of the liquor traffic cannot be enforced—that there are more liquors used in prohibition states than in license states. Prohibitionists deny the statement. There is no use disputing about so plain a matter. There are lots of reliable figures to settle the question.

The following facts appear by inspection of the official internal revenue and population tables, published by the government.

Let us compare two new western states, including Kansas. Kansas (prohibition) contains a population of 1,000,000. The state pays internal revenue to the government on spirits \$69,112; on fermented liquors, \$26,823. Total liquor tax for year including June 30, 1883, \$95,935. Divide that number by the population, and it will be found that Kansas pays less than ten cents per capita of population, as tax to the government for liquors used.

Nebraska is a license state with a population of 453,000. The internal revenue paid to the government by Nebraska, on spirits, \$1,680,607; on fermented liquors, \$56,409. Total liquor tax paid by Nebraska, for the year ending June 30, 1883, is \$1,737,017. Divide that number by the population and we have \$26.83 as the tax per capita paid by Nebraska on liquors. This shows that there was over thirty eight times as much liquor used in Nebraska, in proportion to the population as there is in Kansas. That is the difference between license and imperfectly enforced prohibition, in two contiguous western states. The Brewers' Congress recently reported an immense falling off of sales in Kansas, and very largely increased sales in Nebraska.

Now let us try two contiguous eastern states. Vermont has been a prohibition state since 1852. Population, 332,300. Tax on spirits, \$12,298; tax on fermented liquors, \$1,603. Total liquor tax per capita, four and two-tenths cents.

New Hampshire, lying alongside of Vermont, and settled by the same class of people, is still a license state. Population, 347,900. Tax on spirits \$65,685; on fermented liquors, \$259,804. Total tax per capita paid by New Hampshire, ninety three cents. This shows that New Hampshire, under license, uses over twenty times as much liquors in proportion to population as Vermont does under prohibition.

Maine lies joining New Hampshire on the east, and, under prohibition, her internal revenue tax is about the same per capita, as Vermont. About one twentieth that of New Hampshire. Then on the south, we find Massachusetts, under license since 1874, with a per capita tax of \$1.18. These figures may be certified by anyone, in a few moments, by inspection of the revenue tables.—*Junction City.*

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

We are very apt to think of grape growing countries as sunny climes, overflowing with beauty and mirth, where people are happy because they drink wine plentifully and drink no strong drink. The picture, as drawn, is often a fascinating one, and there is no limit to the extent to which the imaginative mind may be led. It is an ideal earthly elysium, in the mind of many, inhabited by Hebes and Apollos, the air filled with the sounds of music and laden with fragrance of ripe fruits and rare exotics.

But, when reached, it seems to be a rather prosy place after all. The real fact is that wine is not a popular beverage in the countries where it is made; indeed, it is only popular among the shoddy aristocracy in the slums. It is one of the things vulgar people ape when they become suddenly wealthy, because they imagine it fashionable among the more solid upper strata of society. It takes time for them to learn that the upper strata long ago learned to prefer powerful cordials and strong liquors.