

"a gin palace or some temptation to drink. The other day when a benevolent man had established a sailor's home, I was told there were two hundred places to drink round about it. How then can we contend against the legalized and multiplied facilities and temptations to intoxication? This is my answer to the bland objurgation of those who tell us the ministers of religion are not doing their part. Let the Legislature do its part and we will answer for the rest."

Westminster Abbey resounds to the eloquent words of Canon Farrar, who in the very ears of England's nobility continually pours the hot torrents of his denunciation upon the Traffic, which, if not destroyed, will, he declares, itself become the destroyer of British greatness; and so he leads on in the van of the Old Established Church, which to-day has its Temperance Societies in every parish, and from proud Archbishop to humble layman is moving for the right.

Time fails, to tell of Presbyterian Synods and Congregational Assemblies, and Baptist Conventions, and Methodist Conferences which in an almost universal acclaim, voice their demand for individual Abstinence and Legal Prohibition.

##### 5. *Science has uttered her calm and emphatic condemnation.*

Fifty years ago, and practical science was asleep on the question of alcoholic beverages. Custom had wrapped her in its swaddling bands, and custom, even among medical men, had its sway.

You all remember the era of blood-letting. My first recollections of a doctor were of an old Irish gentleman who would come driving furiously up in his gig, with his long coat-tails streaming in the wind. The lines would drop, the knowing horse come to a sudden stand-still, and the doctor bustle into the house. His first call would be for a basin, towels and hot water, and shortly thereafter I would see a bowl full of my father's best blood borne out and away. Strange indeed! The blood of a man is his life, and so the doctors, in order to make a man real lively and well, used to compass their object by robbing him of a quart or so of this precious essence of life. They did what *had been done*; it was the custom.

But the moment the question, Why? was seriously asked, this custom disappeared, and now not one doctor in a thousand bleeds a patient in one case out of ten thousand. Science has vanquished custom.

So custom had hallowed the use of Alcohol. No one knew how or why it acted, but it was the correct practice to give it. And for an ache or a pain, a fever or a chill, an appetizer or a digester, a remedy or a preventive—the prescription was ready and inevitable.