



LESSON LXII.

**Stop
Drink
Curse**

**Lay
Down
Arms**

**Make
Things
Worse**

Here is a Man with a Gun; he is in the Troop. And next to him is a Man who Drinks; and next is a Jail Bird, and next is a Sick Man. Each of These is just one of a great Crowd of his Class. It is the Aim of Good Men to have Peace on Earth, so that no Men need to Fight; and to stop Gin Mills and all their Ills, and to make all men Good so there need be no Jails, and to Heal all the Sick on Earth. This is a good Work, is it not? But if so much of the Earth has a Barb Wire Fence round it, and is Held by those who Own it; and if the World is now so Small that there is not Work for All who now ask for Work, would it not make things a deal Worse if Good Men could Reach the Aim they are at, Break up the Jails, Heal the Sick, Stop the Drink, and so on? Would it not Add new Crowds to the Out of Works?

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