



Make Room for Prohibition.

(Read at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Temple at Napa.)

Twas just a few short years ago,
Here, where our hearts are now aglow,
Such speeches had not dared to flow;
No room for Prohibition!
None dared offend the liquor power,
The very churches seemed to cower,
Nor dared its foe to shield one hour—
No room for Prohibition!

Up rose at last one sturdy soul
Who would not brook the fiend's control,
This motto blazoned on his scroll,
'Make room for Prohibition!'
He toiled, he strove, he would not stay
He made all obstacles give way,
A temple rose where one might pray,
'Make room for Prohibition!'

And lo, that Temple standing fair,
Breathed purity upon the air,
That spirit kindled others there;
Made room for Prohibition;
Torch kindled torch, heart answered heart,
Numb conscience awakened with a start,
That Temple filled in every part,
Made room for Prohibition.

And so we gather here to-day,
Another corner-stone to lay,
'Hip, hip, hurrah!' we proudly say,
'More room for Prohibition.'
More room! The country's waking fast!
The danger's recognized at last,
Our gags are all behind us cast,
'More room for Prohibition!'

And soon, yes, soon will come the day,
When all the land shall swell the lay—
When, turn your eyes wherever you may,
All—all's for Prohibition!
When liquor-selling, classed the same
As murder, theft, or deeds of shame,
Shall fail one weak excuse to frame,
God speed thee, Prohibition!

'Pacific Ensign.'

A Terrible Charge.

'Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?'

A solemn hush fell over the crowded courtroom, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move; his head was raised, his hands were clenched, and the blood was rushing into his pale, careworn face. His teeth were firmly set, and into his eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and in a low, firm voice, said:

'I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask the last favor on earth that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.'

'I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly, inhuman deed, I have no right to complain of, or condemn, the verdict of twelve good men, who have acted as a jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.'

'But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife.'

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk. The lawyers wheeled around and faced

the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly repress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

'I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, and most of the witnesses, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear before his judgment throne, where we shall be righteously judged.'

'If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder, and not for one-twentieth of a crime.'

'I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons in my town, I would never have become a drunkard; I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workman, a tender father, and a loving husband; but to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless them—cast out upon the cruel mercy of the cold world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State in which I live.'

'God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my open pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing, appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care, and sympathy of the church of Jesus Christ.'

'For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our home was a perfect paradise.'

'I was one of those who signed remonstrances against re-opening the saloons in our town. The names of half of this jury can be found to-day on that petition, certifying to the good moral character of these rum-sellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was necessary in our town. The prosecuting attorney in this case is one that so eloquently pleaded with the court for the license, and the judge who now sits on this bench, and who asks me if I have anything to say before the sentence of death is passed upon me, granted the license.'

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators, and some lawyers, were moved to tears.

The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

'No, no, your honor; do not close my lips. They are the last words I shall utter on this earth.'

'I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood money from the poor, deluded victims. After the State had made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice—by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law power will conduct me to the place of execution, and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God—and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one, but you have wilfully and deliberately murdered your thousands, and the murder mills are to-day in operation, with your consent.'

'All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor of this nation is responsible for nearly all the bloodshed, murders, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness, and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husbands and fathers to the prison and the gallows, and drives countless mothers and children out into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.'

'This infernal traffic is legalized and protected by parties which you sustain by your ballots: and yet some of you have the audacity

to say that you are in favor of prohibiting the traffic, while your votes go in the ballot-box with those of the rum-sellers and the worst elements of the land in favor of continuing the business! Every year you are given the opportunity of voting against this soul and body-destroying business, and wash your hands of all responsibility for the fearful results of the liquor traffic; but instead, you inform the government, by your votes, that you are perfectly satisfied with the present condition of things, and that they shall continue.'

'You legalize the saloons that made me a drunkard and murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.'

'Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of this State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic.—'Beebe Times.'

Fifty-Seven Years Ago.

'It is fifty-seven ago since the strongest medical declaration against alcohol in any country was published in England, and that declaration was signed by 2,000 medical men in Great Britain, in Ireland, and in India. It said, amongst other things, "We believe that total and universal abstinence from alcoholic and intoxicating liquors of all kinds would greatly conduce to the health, happiness and prosperity of the human race." . . .

'All evidence which has ever been collected has pointed to one conclusion, viz., that alcohol is not a food, and contains nothing answering to any scientific definition of food, but is essentially and radically a poison.'

'As regards the cumulative effects of alcoholic liquors, these are to be traced in the habits and lives of those who take them regularly and frequently. Temperance life offices are not sentimental in their conclusions in any degree. They simply take the money of the people and tabulate the results. Separate results have been kept since 1862, and during the forty-two years which have elapsed, the returns show that total abstainers live, on an average, eleven years longer than non-abstainers.—Dr. Dawson Burns, in the 'Medical Temperance Review.'

Jonathan Hayseed Says:

'The Christian voter who prays for God to sweep intemperance from the land don't mean it unless he is willing that God should use him as a broom to do the sweeping with.'

'It ain't so much more iron in big ships to fight furrin' foes that we need as more iron in the blood to rise up an' wipe out the great internal foe—whiskey.'

What do you think about it?—'National Advocate.'

Schoolboys' Wine: a Protest.

Writing to the 'Daily Mail' of a recent date, a correspondent, signing himself 'Middle Class,' makes the following cogent observations on the subject of boys being supplied with wine at Eton public school:—'As a member of the great stolid, stupid, respectable middle class, it has come to me as a surprise and a shock that the boys of Eton drink champagne or any other kind of wine. As a chemist, I wish to protest against it as a physiological outrage. What do lads of fifteen or sixteen want with stimulants? Their hearts beat and their blood flows quickly enough without this adventitious artificial aid. It is monstrous! If they want wine at fifteen, what will they require at forty? Nothing short of cocaine or morphia will satisfy them. In public schools stimulants ought to be absolutely interdicted, except when ordered by the doctor in the case of sickness.—'Alliance News.'

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