

ruised. We know how the father gave the best years of his life and the mother her girlhood bloom to develop the bright, brave boy. We know how he entered your trap with good muscle, nerve, brain, character. Do not bring such a specimen, bring a finished job and show us how you have improved the raw material. Could you induce a liquor dealer to come up here and hold him up? What does he say? You say to him, "You make drunkards." His very first excuse is, "I do not have any old drunkards hanging around me." If it is a good thing to make a drunkard, a drunkard must be a good thing after he is made. Suppose, ladies and gentlemen, the minister should come here and give you as a reason why his church should be endorsed, that he did not have any old Christians hanging around his prayer-meetings. Would not that be a good advertisement for the Christian religion?

I saw by the papers that at the Des Plaines, Illinois, camp-meeting they called together on the platform all the old men and women who had been in Christian work fifty years, and there was a crowd gathered in the auditorium to hear their testimony; the papers stated that as these old veterans in the service of Christ gave in their testimony of the wonderful love and goodness of God, the feeling pervading the meeting was wonderful. Why do not the drunkard-makers come here and call up a number of their veterans—a number of men they have worked on for ten, fifteen or twenty years, with red noses, bleared eyes, ragged clothes, worn out shoes? Bring them up here and exhibit them to prove the beautiful effects of liquor drinking on the individual, and through the individual upon the state of which the individual is a unit. Let the liquor seller now act as interlocutor—open the Bible and read: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," and then call on them to testify. Upon their evidence we would be willing to rest the whole case against the vile traffic. Why will not the drunkard-makers do it? Is their business so mean, so low, so devilish, that when they have finished their work with a man who has stood by them through thick and thin, giving them his money, character—everything, they kick him out and say: "He is a dirty drunken dead-beat." "We do not want any old drunkards around us!" The representatives of the business are ashamed of its results. Such is the evidence in the case.

Go down the street; a new wagon is standing by the curb; you stop to admire it, and at last say: "I wonder who made it." "I did, sir," answers the wagon-maker. You look at the man. He is dressed in poor clothes, but see how proud he is as he contemplates his finished