

righteousness must mean temperance and charity, honesty and generosity, purity and helpfulness, the right use of sacred things, and the fear of God.

The world cannot give free rein to appetite. Its business is not sensual gratification and pleasure. Life is a stewardship. It has a tremendous accountability. Men have no right to withdraw their powers from the mighty strife, to blunt them, to deprave them. They stand for too much, they are related to interests the value of which all human wisdom cannot compute.

We all suffer when any part of the body politic is diseased. The hundred thousand drunkard graves hold the brothers and sons and fathers of the sober men of this country, and have withdrawn an army of producers and world builders before their time. The same is true of the letting down of any moral standard, of the inculcation of any irreverence, the licensing of any loose tendency in ethics. If the narrow, shallow thinking that would secularize the Sabbath, that would give commercial respectability to drunkard making, would herd by itself and gather its destructive work into its own zone, it would soon be exterminated by rapid processes of annihilation.

The saloon fits the motto: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But God expects better things of you. And when you come with every power at its best, cool, clear, strong, capable, the Son of Man hands you your commission, and looking around upon His works and upon you, says: "Greater works than these shall ye do."

Think of the saloon as preparatory to these tremendous times, like a college or a Christian school! What agreement hath light with darkness? It is something we must get rid of at every cost. Every

discovery, every invention, every new force, every extended horizon of thought, every revelation of destiny in every form of progress, all condemn us. The superintendent dare not put a drunken man on the engine of the Empire State Express. How dare we go into the new century with our leading business a drunkard-making industry, with millions of capital that intimidate politicians and hush to silence pulpits and subsidize the press and defy law?

The question is one that is assuming alarming proportions. It increases in wealth and extends its borders, it is damning society and borrowing the livery of the Church and enlisting ministers as its apologists. It is a volcano, quietly active; church bells ring on its peaceful slopes, villages cluster about its crater, children pick flowers among its quiet lava beds. A puff of smoke, a distant rumble, a flash of sulphurous fire, a thin shower of ashes. These alarm some. But they are nervous people. They are fanatics. Yes, but there was a crevasse that opened last year and a hundred thousand were swallowed up. The church bells tolled, requiems were heard and things went on as before, only there are orphans plenty and multitudes of widows and many widow graves, the symbol on the tombstone—a broken heart. But then the crevasse was on the other side of the mountain. One has opened every year for ten years, for twenty years—a million graves, two million—no man can number. But it is an inactive volcano. And the crevasse was on the other side. It was not under your home.

But it is a volcano. Our congress is built on it, our legislatures are in its valleys, our homes are all up its sides, our churches, our schools, our manufactories; our ships are harboured at its base.