

familiar axiom in the material world, that the two—the home and the saloon—cannot long exist together. Their respective interests are antagonistic. The success of the one is to overthrow the other. These are but assertions, but the truth of them has so often been demonstrated by the most indisputable argument that, like the first proposition, they are axiomatic to every thinking man. The home life makes men better; the saloon life, worse; the home life builds, maintains, and worships at, the altars of God, the saloon life destroys them and erects in their stead, and bows before, the shrine of Bacchus. The one perpetuates good government, the other rebels against, and destroys it; the one proclaims the Gospel of Peace, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man, the other proclaims the despotism of Rum, and the reign of terror; the one takes hold of God, the other is the embodiment of the spirit of hell itself.

Standing between the two, as a civilized people, we look into the home, threatened as it is with all the menacing influences of the saloon, and repeat the question, "To be or not to be?" and our hearts, throbbing as one heart, echo back the answer from every nook and corner of the nation, "TO BE!"

Repeating the question, with our eyes to the saloon, and in the broad sunlight of an advanced civilization, the same hearts echo back the answer in full and rounded tones, "NOT TO BE." And so shall it quickly be if our minds and purposes promptly respond to the quickened pulsations of our hearts, and to both we are FAITHFUL.—*Official Organ.*

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

Judge Johnson, of California, in passing sentence of death on a criminal, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague-spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting-place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool, which by spontaneous generation breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I WOULD NOT BE THE OWNER OF A GROCERY FOR THE PRICE OF THIS GLOBE CONVERTED INTO ORE. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught, which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. IS IT NOT HIGH TIME THAT ALL THESE SINKS OF VICE AND CRIME SHOULD BE HELD RIGIDLY ACCOUNTABLE TO THE LAWS OF THE LAND, AND PLACED UNDER THE BAN OF AN ENLIGHTENED AND VIRTUOUS PUBLIC OPINION?"—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

"It is not my business," says the editor when some mysterious voice commands him to write the truth. "Here are six hundred dollars' worth of advertisements of the liquor trade in my paper, and I must not oppose the traffic;" and so the ceaseless influence of the press is often on the wrong side.

"It is not my business," says the church, "it is a political question; very good people are divided upon it, and it would disturb our peace. We will try to save those who come to us, but we cannot go to the saloons after them." Meanwhile the saloon comes to the church with its influence, and boys from the Sabbath school and men from the pews are drawn into the awful whirlpool.

"It is not my business," says the pastor; "I try to preach the gospel, but there are A and B, they own stock in this business, and Y rents his property for a liquor store; it would drive them from our church, if I should be plain, and they are very good men after all."

"It is not our business," say they all, and so the slaughter of home, morality and life goes on.

All, did we say? Nay, not all. "It is our business," said the wives, mothers and sisters of Ohio, on their knees before God. "It is our business," echoed the pallid lips of the women of many States, and they went out in throngs to plead alike with those who drank and those who sold;

to plead with strong men to arouse themselves, and with the law-making power for protection, and to so plead with God that they dare to put Him in the reckoning when they say, "It is our business."

What good has been accomplished? The curse is with us yet; some good laws have been repealed, some bad ones made, and the right has been trampled down with impudent scorn.

This has been done; it has been shown that the strongholds of this traffic are appetite and avarice.

The first, by early education and the grace of Christ, can be controlled and overmastered.

The second is in the realm of law, and one day, not far away, national power will crush a business that, like a vulture, feeds upon blood.

This more has been done:

The great problem has been simplified by the lifting above the divided ranks of all temperance people of this simple standard: "Total abstinence for the individual; total prohibition for the State," and by calling all to the battle who dare to say on that line, It is God's business and it is ours.—*Vermont Witness.*

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

We will close this article with some startling statistics in reference to the liquor traffic in the State of Illinois, but especially we wish to call the attention of the public to the expense, pauperism, litigation, crime and degradation in the four license counties, St. Clair, Macoupin, Monroe and Madison, as compared with the counties that have no license to sell intoxicating beverages. They are Edwards, Piatt, Wabash and Wayne—all of the eight counties being located in the state of Illinois. The statistics from which this is compiled cover twelve months, in 1879 and 1880.

LICENSE COUNTIES.		NO-LICENSE COUNTIES.	
No. of voters.....	30,637	No. of voters.....	12,100
Breweries.....	17	Breweries.....	0
Distilleries.....	6	Distilleries.....	0
Saloons.....	639	Saloons.....	0
No. of bbls. beer made.....	4,308	No. of bbls. beer made.....	2
No. of bbls spirits made.....	65,906	No. of bbls. spirits made.....	0
Convicts sent to State prison.....	42	Convicts sent to State prison.....	1
Persons sent to almshouses.....	561	Persons sent to almshouses.....	44
Expense of jails.....	\$11,003	Expense of jails.....	\$ 708
Expense of pauperism.....	28,556	Expense of pauperism.....	3,506

After making due allowance for difference in population, the license counties compare with the no-license counties as follows:

On number of State's prison convicts.....	17 to 1
On persons in alms houses.....	5 1-2 to 1
On expense of jails.....	5 1-5 to 1
On expense of pauperism.....	3 1-4 to 1

—*The Cimeter.*

A DOCTOR ON ALCOHOL.

Alcohol, said Dr. Lorgan, of Utica, in the course of a lecture recently delivered, does not get into the circulation the same way that food does; it passes from the stomach to the liver, from the liver to the heart, from the heart to the lungs, and back again to the heart, and thence through the circulation to every part of the body. He explained how alcohol increases heat in the system. A small quantity, say about an ounce, will send the blood to the capillaries on the surface, and there increase its heat; but if the quantity is increased, and continued, the capillaries are kept distended, lose their power of contraction, the blood becomes stagnant in them, and the result is a shivering cold. Hence the temperate man can endure more cold than the intemperate man. His blood is in a healthier condition and he more readily recovers from diseases, medical or surgical.

He said that one who is in the habit of drinking immoderately soon falls into ill health, suffers from loss of appetite, sick stomach, furred tongue, offensive breath. His limbs become tremulous, his face dull and expressionless, his eyes red and watery—fishy; tubercles appear upon the face, and his nose becomes brilliant, bottle-shaped. His stomach becomes covered with inflamed patches, its lining becomes softened and thickened, and filled with ropy mucus that forbids digestion and induces dyspepsia. His liver becomes diseased, first enlarged, then reduced in size, hardened and irregular in shape. Its surface is covered with elevations from one-quarter to one-half of an inch in diameter, resembling hob-nails. Hence it is called hob-nail or drunkard's liver, from its resemblance to the soles of hob-nail shoes. In time this condition obstructs circulation in the liver,