

Now see the dreadful picture of prohibition: The Iowa farmer sells his one thousand bushels of corn for \$400; with this money he slyly goes, with the devil in his eye, and lifts the mortgage off his farm; then the infamous scoundrel goes and buys a dress for his wife.

Not content with all this, he adds to his infamy by subscribing for newspapers. Once sunk in infamy he goes down and down until finally he takes a pew in church, and sends—yes, the devil send his boy away to college!

And with prohibition in Iowa, where is that corn? Why it has gone over to Illinois. Lucky Illinois has paid that \$4,000 revenue on it, and her citizens—her lucky citizens are drinking it up. And when this is done, while the foolish Iowa farmer is sunk so low as to ride around in a carriage, and his shameful wife is wearing a sealskin sacque, the happy Illinois farmer is putting a beautiful mortgage on his farm. His boys are not wasting their time in school houses like wicked Iowa boys; they are improving their minds in saloons; in the happiest condition of drunkenness they are slumbering in the warm, cozy gutters, or their happy parents are bailing them out of goal.

I have drawn these two pictures; I have shown you how your State without this devilish prohibition, would go up to glory. I have shown you how, without prohibition, your families will end their days in lovely poor-houses; I have shown you how, with temperance, your poor-house would become bankrupt and your goals empty; I have shown you how, with temperance, your women will become so infamous as to buy pianos, paint homes white, send their children to college, and do all those infamous things.

Now, which will you choose? Think of two hundred bankrupt poor houses in your State, and then decide.

ELI PERKINS.

Dated in a Missouri Saloon.—Home Protector.

HAIL THE DAY!

Ring, ye bells, from every steeple,
Usher in the glorious day,
Peal for Temperance, tell the people
Night has passed from earth away.
Tell them that the dawn is breaking,
Let your joyful voices say
That at night the masses waking,
Greet the dawning—Hail the day!

Through the nation long has slumbered,
Now she lends a listening ear;
Millions in our ranks are numbered,
Surely victory is near;
Angel forms are bending o'er you,
Help the helpless, clear the way;
Brighter scenes are yet before you,
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Shout the war-cry, Prohibition,
Raise to heaven a joyful song,
Tell to men of lost condition,
Justice shall not tarry long,
Though the wicked band together,
Hand to hand in fierce array,
Evil shall not reign forever,
Dawn is breaking—Hail the day!

Gird ye on the temperance armor,
Dare to battle for the right;
Let mechanic, preacher, lawyer,
Each arise in all their might;
Sovereign people, yours the power
To command and all obey;
Morning dawns, the day and hour
Break upon you—Hail the day!

Mourning sisters, wives and mothers,
Your deliverance draws near,
For your husbands, fathers, brothers,
Joyful tidings soon shall hear.
Courage, win the race before you,
Weep not, faint nor pine away,
Temperance star is beaming o'er you,
Day is breaking—Hail the day!

Oh ye tempters, when you, trembling,
Vanquished, humbled to the dust,
Scarce your guilty tears dissembling,
Learn too late that God is just;
When an outraged people risen,
Sweep your power to curse away,
Will ye from your country's prisons
Greet the dawning—Hail the day?

Who will help us save the drinker?
Help us bind the tyrant Rum?
Christian, Jew, and you Free-thinker,
All are wanted—will you come?
For with us no creed or faction
Rules with undivided sway
We are seeking men of action,
Will you help us then to-day?

Friends, the temperance standard raising,
Swell our ranks on every hand,
And our beacon-fires blazing,
Flash the warning through the land.
Who will then, like cowards driven,
Bar our progress, block the way,
While a day of grace is given?
Come and help us—breaks the day!

Standard Bearer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by Abraham Lincoln over 40 years ago, before the Washingtonian Society at Springfield, Illinois:—

"Although the temperance cause has been in progress many years, it is apparent to all that it is just now being crowned with a degree of success hitherto unparalleled.

The list of friends is daily swelled by the addition of fifties, of hundreds, and of thousands. The cause itself seems suddenly transformed from a cold, abstract theory, to a living, breathing, active and powerful chieftain, going forth 'conquering and to conquer.' The citadels of this great adversary are daily being stormed and dismantled: his temples and his altars where the rites of his idolatrous worship have long been performed, and where human sacrifice has long been wont to be made, are daily desecrated and deserted. What one of us but can call to mind some relative, more promising in youth than his fellows, who has fallen a sacrifice to his rapacity? He ever seems to have gone forth like the Egyptian angel of death, commissioned to slay, if not the first, the fairest born of every family. Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest, all can give aid that will; who shall be excused that can and will not? Far around as human breath has ever blown, he keeps our fathers, our brothers, our sons and our friends prostrate in the chains of moral death. To all the living, everywhere, we cry, 'Come, sound the moral trumpet, that they may rise and stand up an exceeding great army': 'Come from the four winds, O breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live.' If the relative grandeur of revolutions shall be estimated by the great amount of human misery they alleviate, and the small amount they inflict, then, indeed, will this be the grandest the world shall ever have seen.

Of our political revolution of '76 we are justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nation of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem