

the grinding poverty of the people was, after all, a stumbling block in the way. (Hear, hear.) He thought there was something of mockery in proceeding down to those lairs—he could hardly call them homes—and preaching to those who lived in them, and therefore he thought the social feature was one that did affect the whole question, and he pressed upon them every one to think of the one great work their blessed Lord came to found, the work committed to every man—be he clergyman, minister, or layman, to set a loving and Christian example in their own lives, a desire to help their brother so far as he would allow them to help him, to stretch out their hands to those in trouble, and to pray in the solitude of their chambers that hearts might be broken and changed, and men and women be brought nearer to God. Then there was the bringing down of the prayers into their own lives, caring little how men might misunderstand or misrepresent them, knowing the old, solid truth that Christianity was true, and in the end would prevail. (Cheers.) If they would throw themselves in the power of God, into this temperance cause, willing to do everything to rescue the fallen and help the strong, they would create at last such a power that the whole of England would be won to their side, and they would at last find angels going in where they themselves had preceded, and would find educated and uneducated classes joining together in one great brotherhood. A larger proportion of the social difficulties of this day would then pass away, they would turn their workhouses into colleges for their youth, they would turn their prisons into far more useful purposes than at present, perhaps into Art galleries—(laughter)—they would find crime diminishing, love increasing, and men and women far more able to say their prayers if this stumbling-block of drink were removed. (Cheers.) He challenged them all, in conclusion, to forward this cause—dear to the heart of the Son of God—the temperance reformation, body, soul, and spirit of the English people. (Great cheering.)—*Alliance News*.

THE TYRANNY OF DEBAUCHED APPETITES.

Shall vicious appetite rule this land?

Shall a debauched and debauching thirst be the absolute sovereign of this nation?

Shall the hunger of depravity and the lust of iniquity be the fetters and chains which will enslave our people in a bondage more abject and miserable than any known to civilized man?

Shall drunkard-making, pauper-making, lunatic-making, widow-making, and children-starving, be the highest and most honored of employments, and shall the drunkard-makers, pauper-makers, lunatic-makers, widow-makers, and children-starvers, be our lords paramount, who shall make our laws, select our Judges, appoint our rulers, and drive us like cattle, hither and yon, as they shall choose?

Shall we have escaped the odious tyranny of king, priest, landholder, soldier and aristocrat of other lands only to fall under the vastly more loathsome despotism of professional law-breakers, and selfish and sinister panders to depraved appetites?

This is the vital question of the hour.

The professional drunkard-makers, pauper-makers, and children-starvers, seek to rule us that they may have greater scope and liberty in their vile work. They are using the wretched victims whom their prostituting arts have debauched and depraved to fasten upon us a yoke which will force every man and woman in the land to become their aids and accomplices in the devilish scheme of drunkard-making and pauper-making; they would drag the whole Government, Presidents and Governors, Congress and Legislature, Supreme Courts and minor judiciaries—down to the gutter level of the saloon, the boozing den, the dive, the deadfall, and the brothel, and corrupt with a poison for which there is no antidote, every pure spring of political thought, aspiration and action.

If we would not have this thus, then there is but one alternative, one resource, one relief, and that is, *Pulverize the Liquor Traffic*.—*Toledo Blade*.

WAITING FOR PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

It is said that prohibitory laws are well enough where there is a public sentiment to back them up; but otherwise they are inoperative. There are a good many assumptions in that statement, and a good many things which at best are only half true. But granted that it be altogether so,

and that it is in vain to look for any result without public sentiment to enforce the statute, why is there not this sentiment? It is just simply because so many men are saying "if," and "and," and "but," and all that, when they talk about the suppression of this evil of liquor selling by law. If only every man who says "I should be in favor of a prohibitory law if there was a public sentiment to sustain it," would just say "I am in favor of a prohibitory law, that would make public sentiment," there would be no division of ranks, and no doubt about the opinions and determination of the people.

But waiting for public sentiment! What kind of an attitude is that for a true and earnest man to take in the presence of a needed moral reform? Paul did not wait for public sentiment to support him in preaching the gospel; he went to work and made public sentiment. Richard Cobden did not wait for public sentiment to be well defined and clamorous before he began his agitation for corn law repeal, he set out solitarily and alone, and winning John Bright and a few other able men to his side, he traversed the land, planning, speaking, agitating, he created a public sentiment before which Sir Robert Peel and the whole Tory party were only as so much chaff before the wind. Bismarck did not wait for public sentiment to push him to the task of unifying and solidifying Germany. He pushed the people and brought them to his own mind. The heroic Garibaldi did not wait; he saw clearly what ought to be done to redeem Italy from the thralldom of the Pope, and make it a nation among nations, and he threw himself into the breach and led the way to victory. The dead Gambetta did not wait; he took the people in the hour of despair and trained them into hope; when they were in confusion and organised them; when parties were plotting, and dethroned dynasties were scheming for reinstatement, and made France a republic. Neal Dow did not wait for public sentiment to support him in his demand for prohibition. Month after month, year after year, he and his faithful co-workers wrought at the business of making public sentiment, and they did it.

Public sentiment does not make itself. When there is a vigorous public sentiment on any question of morals, it is because somebody has taken an advanced position and educated and drawn the people up to it. If all who think and even say it would be a good thing to close liquor saloons, and to put out the fires in these distilleries and breweries, and to stay the vast waste of strength and thought and time and money, and homes and hopes and lives, would only say it without any "ifs," and "ands," and buts," and having said it, would stand by it, public sentiment on this liquor business would swell and press on like an in-coming tide, and in a little while there would be laws looking to the suppression of this evil, which would have in them the force of the right hand of God.

Meanwhile let no man nor woman lose heart, for in spite of back-setting eddies here and there, and stagnant basins, the great stream of temperance sentiment and conviction and purpose moves steadfastly forward.—*Rev. F. A. Noble, D. D., in Steuben Signal*.

THE BEER DELUSION.

What is beer? It is, in fact, nothing but colored, flavored, and fired water. A pint of beer is a pint of water with a pinch of hops, a spoonful of alcohol (coarse whisky), and a few particles of the worst parts of the malted barley. Talk about this beer being the "juice of the malt," the fact is it is the *juice of the pump*, and the proper name for beer would be *adulterated water*. It is all water to begin with, but by the process of brewing it gets colored, flavored and whiskied, and then is puffed off as our "National beverage," as the working-man's drink. I have carefully gone over all the processes connected with beer making, consisting of malting, mashing, fermenting and fining, and am prepared to prove that it is still only water—spoiled water—though colored, bittered, and whiskified. In its natural state water is one of Heaven's best gifts; it quenches thirst, dilutes our food, supplies the secretions of the body, and like all God's best gifts is plentiful and cheap. There is nothing so good as "honest water" for quenching thirst; in fact, in whatever shape you take it, whether as tea, ginger beer, lemonade, or in fruit, it is the water these contain that quenches thirst. Look at that beautiful sparkling glass of water as it stands beside your plate, it costs you nothing, it will do you good and no harm, it will assist digestion, it will not excite and then depress, you will drink no more of this fluid than is proper. And will you then, instead of drinking the clear, nice, transparent element, in its natural state, insist