

led the van in the conflict against the advancing hosts of social demoralization; and we stand with Frances Willard, who, to the graces of a refined and Christian womanhood adds the culture of the scholar, the sagacity of the statesman, and the eloquence of a Portia; her finished periods and entrancing spells having kindled the enthusiasm of tens of thousands along every valley, across every prairie, and around every shore on this American continent. In such alliance we, the advocates of the discredited White Cross movement, find an inspiration for confidence and an example for courage in the warfare.

It is the utterance of Matthew Arnold that if from the Greek we learn the grandeur of intellect and the science of beauty, it is from the Jew that we have derived that choicest gift of God to the race, the institution of the family. The institution of the family! What is it? It is the corner-stone of every Christian state. It is the asylum of all virtue, and that white rose of purity under whose fragrance all that is sweet, beautiful and divine in society has been fostered. To protect the family in its integrity and virtue, to bear aloft the ideal of social morality, is the most fundamental and beneficent work which can engage the sympathy and fearless endeavour of any man on this footstool divine.

We are here to level our impeachments and emphasize our denunciations against the conspiracies that are at work to degrade public sentiment and destroy the virtuous life of society. We are here to impeach the academies of music and theatres, high and low, as at war with virtue and the sanctity of the family. Look at the modern drama. Let any man take up the list of plays blazoned on our streets, and, as a Boston critic of the stage has well said, "there is scarcely one but reeks with foul travesties of social honour and virtues."

It is time some should lift up their voices in our city against the influence of our modern stage. Over the portals of every "academy of music" and every theatre may be written in burning characters the insignia,

"Who enters here, shall know sweet innocence and purity of thought no more." That blighted flower, can it ever bloom again? I say, never.

I impeach those booksellers and news vendors as at war with virtue, men who stand behind counters and deal out the black-lettered literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depths of the French novel of Zola, George Sand and others. Look at the sons and daughters of Christian families; what company do they keep? In the retirement of their own room, in the silence of the midnight hour, they companionate with the pimps and vagabonds, and profligate and outcasts, creations these of the Bradons, the infamous Ouidas and the Swinburnes, all garnished with the splendour of descriptive diction, but still the product of the foulest minds of our age. The habitual companionship with vice pollutes every chamber of imagery and leaves immortal memories that no regenerative power can efface in life.

Into every family, in form of novel or sensuous newspaper—the cess-pools into which pours the moral refuse of the city—into every family this printed pollution is insinuating itself, and like the tainted hand, once clasped, leaves you a moral leper forever. The time has come when a moral censorship should be exercised over this class of literature in the household, and a boycott be proclaimed against every book store, every news office, that gives forth its poison to set our youth on fire of hell. Such marts of literature should be placarded in our houses as the moral pest-houses of society. I ask this audience to endorse this principle and practise the precepts. Will you do it?

I warn you, mothers, stand by your boys in the time of their moral strain; stand by your home. Never a summer passes which does not record some social disasters, which find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears.

They stand aloof, the scars remaining, Like cliffs which had been rent asunder, A dreary sea now rolls between,