

# 'HOW GOES THE NIGHT?'

PREACHER SCORES BESETTING SINS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

## EVILS COVERED BY DARKNESS

Vulgarity and Wickedness of a Vice Theatre Pointed Out—The Saloons and the Dance-Halls Also Come in For Condemnation—A Dance That Cost the Life of a Saint—An Eloquent Appeal.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William B. B. of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 11.—In this sermon the preacher considers some of the besetting sins of modern society and warns Christians against yielding to their allurements. The text is Isaiah xlii, 11, "Watchman, what of the night?"

Have you an active imagination? If so, you do not need to go to Palestine, the land in which the ancient prophet wrote, for an illustration of the words of my text. There are watchmen everywhere—men who at night, while others sleep, are on guard protecting property and by their vigilance foiling the plans of thieves and conspirators who prow around in the darkness.

I was deeply impressed with this duty of the watchman by a spectacle I witnessed some years ago in the British capital. It was that of the ancient ceremony, still observed, of mounting guard at the old Tower of London. This tower, as you may know, is not really a tower, but a collection of buildings covering an area of thirteen acres. They are surrounded by a strong and high wall in which there are four gates, called respectively the Iron gate, the Water gate, the Traitors' gate and the Lion's gate. Within those walls some of the ancient kings held their courts and passed the nights in wild orgies and licentious dissipations. It was the place also where some of them defended themselves behind the barred gates against domestic enemies, as well as foreign foes. Here also many of the Insurrectionists were incarcerated and put to death. The execution axes which to-day hang upon the museum walls were wetted with the blood of many victims. Upon the blood-stained block, which is still kept as a gruesome reminder of the awful past, many bodies were decapitated. The frightened eyes that looked up at the rising sun for the last time from that block did not all belong to the masculine sex. There poor Lady Jane Grey died as well as the handsome Earl of Leicester, and Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino and Lovat.

But I am digressing from my subject. I would not have you loiter longer among these historic stones merely to see a few crown jewels and regalia, which are guarded in the jewel house. I would not have you linger longer among the breastplates and helmets and battle-axes and pikes and spears and casting nets of chivalric times which are now on exhibition side by side with the guns and bayonets, and swords and cannon of the modern British soldiers. But I would hasten you out into the open square, where the shrill fife is calling and the rolling of the drums tell us the guards are forming. To take their places by and in these watch-towers, just as the watchmen did away back in the time of William the Conqueror and during the reigns of the Plantagenet kings.

"Stand back, stand back!" cry the officials to the sightseers. "You must keep off the parade ground and give the soldiers room." A field officer in gold lace and clanking sword comes out of his quarters and takes his position on the right of the ground. "Fall in, fall in!" cry the corporals to their men. The different squads are quickly formed into one line. The sergeants report to the adjutant, the adjutant reports to the commandant of the Tower. The evening orders are now read. The bandmaster lifts his signal. The musicians pass down in front of the line and wheel back to their places. Tattoo is sounded. The flag is lowered. The sunset gun's guttural voice is heard. Then the soldiers march to their respective posts, and through the night, as on every night for well nigh 800 years on every tower and at all the gates a soldier is stationed as a military watchman to keep vigil until the day breaks.

It is merely formal routine duty that the British sentinel on the tower now has to perform, but in former times there was need of all his vigilance. From his watch-tower he might see the approach of a foreign foe, or in some part of the great slumbering city spread out on all sides below him he might witness the outbreak of insurrection. We can imagine how anxious in those unquiet times might be the tone of the officer of the guard, who, visiting him, would ask, "Watchman, what of the night?" That means, "How goes the night? What is the news? Tell me what you have seen. What are the prospects ahead?"

As I see the sun sink behind the Los Angeles hills I see ignited one by one the different lights of the many places of pernicious amusement. These different lights, strobing flames, begin to beckon the young men and the young women into their fascinating haunts. I see the stage curtains lifted before many an alluring group of actresses and chorus girls, such as was seen in the wealthy capital of Samaria on the night when a disreputable dancing girl, Salome by name, danced among the licentious guests of her stepfather, Herod, and by sinuous movements of limb and suggestive look of sin so captivated the drunken King that he promised her anything that she might ask of him, even to the half of his kingdom.

John the Baptist lost his life on account of that dance. But many a man, not like John, in prison, but in orchestra chair, has lost his head, both morally and spiritually, as the result of an immoral show on the theatre boards. There may be good theatres. I know that some people whom I respect attend the theatre. But I know there are also vile theatres. I also know some of these vile theatres are attended regularly by some so-called good people. And I also know that these vile shows are the haunts of spiritual and physical death.

When I wrote this sermon there lay upon my study desk a powerful editorial upon "Stage Abominations." It lately appeared in one of the greatest secular newspapers of the present day. This editorial was not written by a minister, but by a layman who perhaps never enters a church. It said: "It does not seem possible that the public will much longer tolerate the abominations that are constantly being inflicted upon it from behind the footlights of the theatres of the present day. Surely the vulgarities and indecencies of actors and actresses of the present day who substitute filth and vile insinuations for wit and humor are not so licensed that they can be allowed to go on forever without rebuke. The nasty and offensive jokes, the immoral action and the language of the slums and the vile resort are all too frequently forced upon the ear and seen in the streets and public places of the town without being flayed in our faces when we pay good money for a seat in the theatre. If the stage has become so impoverished that it must resort to dirtiness and suggestive vice to maintain itself it were better to abolish it entirely as an institution." Then this editorial goes more into detail to denounce the trend of the modern theatre which blasts the lives of its audiences by what they see as well as hear. Does any man in the face of such a powerful philippic declare that thousands and tens of thousands of men and women every year are not morally contaminated by the filthy streams of conversation which playwrights and actors and actresses roll over them in the theatres in the long winter nights?

But as a watchman I must not allow my eyes to follow only one class of people. While the theatre audiences are moving through the streets to witness these distorted and often impossible plays, through the open doors of the saloons I can see the stages on which are being enacted scores and hundreds and thousands of tragedies in real life. Each one of these tragedies is as pathetic as that of a Hamlet, an Othello, a Merchant of Venice. Each one has more of pathos within it than could ever be found in the misery and woe of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," or a Seton Thompson's "Autobiography of a Grizzly Bear." Oh, the tragedies of the saloons! As a watchman on God's watch-tower who can ever refrain from sympathizing with them and shedding tears of deepest sorrow for them? "Oh, no," exclaims some cynical man. "I have no sympathy for the drunkard. If a man wants to stop drinking he can stop. The only reason why the drunkards do not stop is because they do not want to stop." Ah, my cynical friend, you are wrong. I have no sympathy for that egotistic and self-inflated young man who to be smart leads about a saloon and deliberately cultivates a taste for drink. But there are thousands of men who do not want to drink. They do not know how to stop drinking. They have never yet heard of the grace of God which will save them if they would only let him save them. Aye, I go further than that. I believe there are thousands of drunkards to-night who would be willing to take an axe and with it cut off their right hands if they could only be freed from the curse of drink. They are fighting drink every day of their lives, but in their own strength they cannot stop. And so to-night as a watchman on God's tower I see thousands of the finest brained men and women going to destruction through the rapids which lead toward the awful Niagara of delirium tremens. I hear them shouting and cursing and see them tumbling and fighting and resisting and yet yielding and going down and down and down. Through the lights coming from the open doors of the saloons I see these victims heading toward eternal death.

"But, watchman," some one asks, "are these all the sights and sounds of death that you see and hear?" Alas, alas, no! For, while one crowd is passing through the hallways and ascending the stair of the immoral theatres, and another crowd is staggering slowly on with flushed cheeks, hurrying toward the bar behind which liquor is sold, which in the end will prove as fatal as the poisonous hemlock quaffed by a Greek philosopher, I see still another multitude of death seekers. These pass me not in rags or with slow and leaden steps. They are dressed for the ball-rooms and the low dance halls. They move in regular step with the tramp, tramp, tramp of many soldiers, but with the sliding and graceful step of the waltz, the two-step, the polka and dances which we should not and will not mention.

"Are all dances bad?" asks some young girl. "Is every one a dance death?" Are all our young people enemies of Christ and bad who ever visit dance halls? This is a question which is often honestly and anxiously put to me by my young people. Well, my young friend, you have asked me a blunt question, and I will answer you in just the same way. First, I will say and emphatically say, that I do not believe all young people who go to our dance halls are intentionally bad. I believe, yes, I know, some of them go there without an impure thought. They go for the pleasure of meeting other young people and of passing an evening in each other's company. In the next place I will emphatically state that I believe one of the most pernicious, one of the most awful causes of spiritual death in our cities to-day is the dance hall. And in support of my second statement I will say that in all the United States you cannot find one minister or layman noted for spiritual or evangelistic power who is not an enemy of the dance hall, through and through, out and out. They all, without an exception, believe that the dance hall is the depleter of spiritual life, consequently they are, and always will be, out and out, through and through, enemies of this destroyer, this insidious foe of spiritual life.

As I spoke in reference to regular theatre goers, I now speak in reference to the regular dance hall devotee. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous.

night coming for those who will not yield themselves to Christ's love. That these words of my text can truly be changed into the lightness of an eternal and peaceful day was never more impressed upon me than some years ago when I was going around the world. As I found the opening description of this text not among Syrian hills, but among the "wilderness of rock" in the London metropolis, so I will find my closing scene not in Jerusalem, but upon the troubled waters of an angry Pacific. For days and weeks we had been treading the quiet paths of the "trackless deep." The ocean had heretofore been very kind to us. It was truly pacific in every way that its name signified. But then, like some of our old friends, it changed. Its heart of kindness became a heart of hate. It seemed to have not the purpose to be loving, but only the desire to destroy. Day in and day out we battled with the tempest. "The worst storm I ever knew," said the captain. "Many good ships have been foundered in less storms than this." The surface of the sea was a raging mob of demons. The wind, shrieking through our rigging, was like a chorus of lost souls yelling out in rage.

After three days of storm I went to my berth and tried to sleep. Hour after hour we were wedged in our berths, unable to sleep. At last in the darkness I arose to dress and go upon deck. No sooner did I step upon the floor than the heaving ship hurled me across the stateroom, out through the door and clear across the deck. I picked myself up, bruised and stunned; then I looked about me. What was my surprise to find the storm over and the stars out. A sailor turned to me and said: "Mate, it will soon be clear. We shall soon have a calm sea. The storm is past. See yonder star by the edge of the horizon. That is the morning star. The sun will soon be up." Yea, as I stood there holding to the ship's ropes I knew the sea was growing calm. Soon quietly and peacefully the sun arose. The angry waves stopped their battering; the winds ceased to laugh and yell. That afternoon we sailed into the harbor. The morning had come for the end of the tempest. So at last for all those who love Christ the night is not the emblem of calamity, but of the morning. The morning with its heavenly day break—the morning, with its emblem of eternal peace. Will you not to-night, with Christ's help, take the night as the emblem of the day?

No matter what she may do a woman never regards herself as contradictory.

**IN MODERN DAYS**

THE WAYS OF DOING THINGS HAVE GREATLY CHANGED.

No Branch of Science Has Made Greater Advancement Than That of Medicine—Thousands of Lives Prolonged by Modern Discoveries.

"Few things have developed as rapidly during the past quarter of a century as the science of medicine," said a well known practitioner recently. "And undoubtedly the most striking phase in its progress is in the treatment of the blood. In the old days it was thought that opening a vein and letting the blood out was a cure for most diseases. The utter fallacy of that theory was discovered a while. Then the symptoms of the disease were treated and the blood disregarded. That also has been shown to be a wrong practice, for, though driven away for a time, the symptoms always return if the cause is not removed, and the disease is worse than before. It is the root of the disease that must be attacked and deep and important developments in modern medical science have been in discovering that, in most diseases, this lies in the condition of the blood. If the blood is thin and poor, the nerves and vital organs cannot receive their proper nourishment, the system becomes run down and in a condition to invite disease. Build up the blood, restore the worn-out nerves and you remove the cause. When the cause is gone the disease will vanish."

An instance of the truth of this is given by Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxford, Ont., who says:—"I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with dizziness, headaches and general prostration. I tried several medicines but instead of getting better I was gradually but surely growing worse. I became so weak I could no longer work, and it was while in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a few weeks I began to gain strength; my appetite returned, the headaches and dizziness vanished and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done in my life. I cannot thank you enough for the good the pills have done me, and I hope they will long continue to help other sufferers."

Indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, anæmia, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, the functional ailments of women, and a host of other troubles are all a disease of the blood, and that is why they are always cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which actually make new, rich blood, thus reaching the root of the disease and driving it from the system. The great success of this medicine has induced some unscrupulous dealers to offer pink colored imitations. You can protect yourself against these by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or may be had direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A fine complexion often is false on the very face of it.

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"But, watchman," some one asks, "are these all the sights and sounds of death that you see and hear?" Alas, alas, no! For, while one crowd is passing through the hallways and ascending the stair of the immoral theatres, and another crowd is staggering slowly on with flushed cheeks, hurrying toward the bar behind which liquor is sold, which in the end will prove as fatal as the poisonous hemlock quaffed by a Greek philosopher, I see still another multitude of death seekers. These pass me not in rags or with slow and leaden steps. They are dressed for the ball-rooms and the low dance halls. They move in regular step with the tramp, tramp, tramp of many soldiers, but with the sliding and graceful step of the waltz, the two-step, the polka and dances which we should not and will not mention.

"Are all dances bad?" asks some young girl. "Is every one a dance death?" Are all our young people enemies of Christ and bad who ever visit dance halls? This is a question which is often honestly and anxiously put to me by my young people. Well, my young friend, you have asked me a blunt question, and I will answer you in just the same way. First, I will say and emphatically say, that I do not believe all young people who go to our dance halls are intentionally bad. I believe, yes, I know, some of them go there without an impure thought. They go for the pleasure of meeting other young people and of passing an evening in each other's company. In the next place I will emphatically state that I believe one of the most pernicious, one of the most awful causes of spiritual death in our cities to-day is the dance hall. And in support of my second statement I will say that in all the United States you cannot find one minister or layman noted for spiritual or evangelistic power who is not an enemy of the dance hall, through and through, out and out. They all, without an exception, believe that the dance hall is the depleter of spiritual life, consequently they are, and always will be, out and out, through and through, enemies of this destroyer, this insidious foe of spiritual life.

As I spoke in reference to regular theatre goers, I now speak in reference to the regular dance hall devotee. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous. You never saw in all your life a person who was conspicuous for her love for the dance hall who was at the same time conspicuous for her devotion to the service of Jesus. The two loves do not exist in the same heart. They are altogether incongruous.

But standing in the watch tower to-night I see more than the gleaming lights of the evil resorts luring the victims to their fascinating but fatal haunts. I see dark shadows in the streets where no lights are. I see these dark shadows following the burglar and the "hold up" man and the murderer with his pistol and knife. I see the dark and tightly closed houses from which no ray of light is coming. These houses look deserted, but they are not deserted. They are outposts of perdition, silent but haunted with devils and gamblers and conspirators who are flagrantly breaking the laws of the land. I see the low dives of a great city reeking with human vermin. I see also where the counterfeiters are silently doing their work in the stillness of the night. Night is a symbol of social calamity, sin and death. So we find that most of the lowest outcasts of society try to conceal their evil actions in the darkness of the night. It is the time when the devotees of sin hold their high carnival. It is when the death dealers are able to deliver their hardest blows with the least chance of detection. But with God the night is not only the emblem of calamity, it is also the harbinger of the day, for as Isaiah traveled forth into the darkness as a divine prophet he "saw the gleam of the sunrise coming over the eastern hills." Yes, he saw the time when righteousness would claim its disciples as well as the time when the enemies of God should be hurried away to their eternal incarceration.

"What of the night, Isaiah? What of the night?" cries the officer of the guard. Then the prophetic watchman calls, "I see the morning cometh and also the night." That means: "I see the righteous triumph through God. I see also the enemies of God scattered in complete defeat." "What of the night? What of the night?" You call to me, I answer: "The morning cometh for the disciples of Jesus Christ. I see also the eternal

For them? "Oh, no," exclaims some cynical man. "I have no sympathy for the drunkard. If a man wants to stop drinking he can stop. The only reason why the drunkards do not stop is because they do not want to stop." Ah, my cynical friend, you are wrong. I have no sympathy for that egotistic and self-inflated young man who to be smart leads about a saloon and deliberately cultivates a taste for drink. But there are thousands of men who do not want to drink. They do not know how to stop drinking. They have never yet heard of the grace of God which will save them if they would only let him save them. Aye, I go further than that. I believe there are thousands of drunkards to-night who would be willing to take an axe and with it cut off their right hands if they could only be freed from the curse of drink. They are fighting drink every day of their lives, but in their own strength they cannot stop. And so to-night as a watchman on God's tower I see thousands of the finest brained men and women going to destruction through the rapids which lead toward the awful Niagara of delirium tremens. I hear them shouting and cursing and see them tumbling and fighting and resisting and yet yielding and going down and down and down. Through the lights coming from the open doors of the saloons I see these victims heading toward eternal death.

night coming for those who will not yield themselves to Christ's love. That these words of my text can truly be changed into the lightness of an eternal and peaceful day was never more impressed upon me than some years ago when I was going around the world. As I found the opening description of this text not among Syrian hills, but among the "wilderness of rock" in the London metropolis, so I will find my closing scene not in Jerusalem, but upon the troubled waters of an angry Pacific. For days and weeks we had been treading the quiet paths of the "trackless deep." The ocean had heretofore been very kind to us. It was truly pacific in every way that its name signified. But then, like some of our old friends, it changed. Its heart of kindness became a heart of hate. It seemed to have not the purpose to be loving, but only the desire to destroy. Day in and day out we battled with the tempest. "The worst storm I ever knew," said the captain. "Many good ships have been foundered in less storms than this." The surface of the sea was a raging mob of demons. The wind, shrieking through our rigging, was like a chorus of lost souls yelling out in rage.

After three days of storm I went to my berth and tried to sleep. Hour after hour we were wedged in our berths, unable to sleep. At last in the darkness I arose to dress and go upon deck. No sooner did I step upon the floor than the heaving ship hurled me across the stateroom, out through the door and clear across the deck. I picked myself up, bruised and stunned; then I looked about me. What was my surprise to find the storm over and the stars out. A sailor turned to me and said: "Mate, it will soon be clear. We shall soon have a calm sea. The storm is past. See yonder star by the edge of the horizon. That is the morning star. The sun will soon be up." Yea, as I stood there holding to the ship's ropes I knew the sea was growing calm. Soon quietly and peacefully the sun arose. The angry waves stopped their battering; the winds ceased to laugh and yell. That afternoon we sailed into the harbor. The morning had come for the end of the tempest. So at last for all those who love Christ the night is not the emblem of calamity, but of the morning. The morning with its heavenly day break—the morning, with its emblem of eternal peace. Will you not to-night, with Christ's help, take the night as the emblem of the day?

No matter what she may do a woman never regards herself as contradictory.

**IN MODERN DAYS**

THE WAYS OF DOING THINGS HAVE GREATLY CHANGED.

No Branch of Science Has Made Greater Advancement Than That of Medicine—Thousands of Lives Prolonged by Modern Discoveries.

"Few things have developed as rapidly during the past quarter of a century as the science of medicine," said a well known practitioner recently. "And undoubtedly the most striking phase in its progress is in the treatment of the blood. In the old days it was thought that opening a vein and letting the blood out was a cure for most diseases. The utter fallacy of that theory was discovered a while. Then the symptoms of the disease were treated and the blood disregarded. That also has been shown to be a wrong practice, for, though driven away for a time, the symptoms always return if the cause is not removed, and the disease is worse than before. It is the root of the disease that must be attacked and deep and important developments in modern medical science have been in discovering that, in most diseases, this lies in the condition of the blood. If the blood is thin and poor, the nerves and vital organs cannot receive their proper nourishment, the system becomes run down and in a condition to invite disease. Build up the blood, restore the worn-out nerves and you remove the cause. When the cause is gone the disease will vanish."

An instance of the truth of this is given by Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxford, Ont., who says:—"I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with dizziness, headaches and general prostration. I tried several medicines but instead of getting better I was gradually but surely growing worse. I became so weak I could no longer work, and it was while in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using the pills for a few weeks I began to gain strength; my appetite returned, the headaches and dizziness vanished and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done in my life. I cannot thank you enough for the good the pills have done me, and I hope they will long continue to help other sufferers."

Indigestion, neuralgia, heart trouble, anæmia, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, the functional ailments of women, and a host of other troubles are all a disease of the blood, and that is why they are always cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which actually make new, rich blood, thus reaching the root of the disease and driving it from the system. The great success of this medicine has induced some unscrupulous dealers to offer pink colored imitations. You can protect yourself against these by seeing that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or may be had direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A fine complexion often is false on the very face of it.

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