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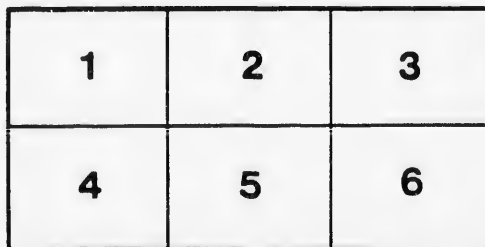
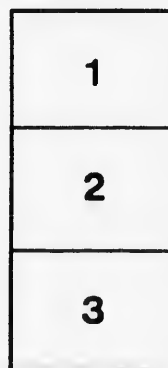
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“BLOOD-MONEY.”

A Temperance Sermon,

BY

REV. T. H. ORME, M. A.

DEREHAM.

*Published at the request and under the  
Direction of the Official Board of the  
Dereham Circuit of the Methodist Church,  
of which the author is the pastor.*

1888.

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## BLOOD-MONEY.

*Hab. 2.12 : "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood,  
and establisheth a city by iniquity."*

—o+o—

The " blood " of my text is the blood shed by the traffic in intoxicating liquor. The " woe " pronounced is upon the intelligent and responsible recipient of the revenue derived therefrom. For the confirmation of this interpretation I refer you to the chapter (from the first to the seventeenth verses) from which the scripture quoted is taken.

The only apology I have to offer as a minister of the gospel for treating the subject of the public revenue of our country from the sacred desk on God's holy day is because I find it in His word. I am to hear the word at " His mouth " and " declare it unto the people," so if you have any quarrel with me upon this subject I refer you to my Master from whom I have received my commission, and by whom I shall be judged. With Him you must settle this dispute.

From the summit of prophetic insight, through the telescope of inspiration, the prophet looked on and down to an age beyond his own. " For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak. It shall not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come (vs. 3). " Was our time and age included in that vision ? " Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity." Does that woe in any degree rest upon all or any of our towns and cities ? Let us see. The only way to safely and correctly answer this question is to inquire into the source of their origin and maintenance.

The nuclei of all our towns and cities of any import are the governmental institutions. As soon as a community in a new and rural section can secure the public school, post office, court house, and the gaol, they have laid the foundation of a town. The merchants and men of business soon gather around these institutions. Soon the town is built, and by the maintenance of these the city is established. Now, what blood-money, if any, is to be found in these? And just here permit me to say, the only apoogy I have again to offer for using so rude a speech as "blood money" is because I find it in the holy Book, and it is enough for its servant to be as refined as his master. We shall best reach the correct answer by inquiring into the sources of revenue.

These sources are *direct taxation*, that is, the government of our country comes to us and asks a certain portion out of every bushel of produce, or goods and chattels, we secure through trade and commerce. Or, in other words, they impose a certain tax upon all successful labor. Do you object? "No, it is money they demand." Well, what is money? Is it not the equivalent of labor? You have heard of a bank failing. The bank note was just as good paper and as well stamped the morning after it failed as it was the evening before. What made the difference? They could not substantiate that there was sufficient labor capital behind it. So it is a tax upon successful labor. What do they give us in return for this? They give us the absolute and unquestionable control of certain portions of their possessions under certain restrictions, upon, or out of which, to make our livelihood. They say to us, "Describe your lines, and, when we have agreed upon them, put up your limits. Then control this as you please, (so long as your control does not infringe upon the rights of your neighbor,) build your home to suit your convenience or taste, enjoy the comforts or luxuries of that home in your own way, sleep with your doors open or shut, and so far as our knowledge or consent is concerned, no one, except by our permission or consent, shall trespass upon it or interfere. You can, within these proscribed limits, say to every intruder, "hands



off," and if they will not listen, or attempt to resist your will, we shall place upon them an arm stronger than theirs, and put them within prescribed limits, beyond which they cannot escape to trouble." This is a great amount of privilege at a very small expense and trouble, a vast amount more than we could achieve by our own individual effort. Therefore there is no blood-money here.

Another source of revenue to the country, is that which is derived from marriage licenses. The government of the country says to us, "It is your right to take advantage of the divinely appointed conjugal affinity, or relationship existing between the sexes, and thereby virtually establish the home and perpetuate the race. But for the right to enjoy this sacred privilege we lay a tax at its threshold." What do they give us in return? They give us the sacred and indisputable enjoyment of the institution in the social economy that is the base of national greatness, social happiness, and moral purity. That which makes "home" and "mother" the sweetest words in all human language is the fact that they are the *divinest* words in all language human. Besides, the government provides for the entailment of our accumulations and labors to our posterity. If our wills are made according to the mutual compact between us, they provide for its execution. If by accident or otherwise we fail to do this, they see to its retention in and equitable distribution among our posterity. These again are incalculable blessings secured to us at a cost of labor and anxiety infinitely less than we could secure them by our unconcerted efforts. No "blood-money" here. Does some one object that this is not a source of revenue to the country at all, inasmuch as all the revenue derived out of the fees for marriage licenses is expended in paying the agents who executed them and secured their registration? We reply, is not that the design of all public taxation, to meet the expense in the enactment and enforcement to the end of public protection and comfort?

Another source of revenue is that derived from public works, such as post offices, railroads, canals, etc.

These are a wonderful convenience in transit and communication, imposed only by the consent of the individual, or the majority of the community concerned. So without discussion we may dismiss this department with the statement, no blood money here.

Another source of revenue is excise and custom duties. The amount realized from these this current year was \$28,687,001. The revenue from customs is the tax imposed upon certain articles of food, fuel, clothing, raw and manufactured material, implements, tools, etc., imported into our country. That from excise are those manufactured in our country. As it is a vexed question among all classes as to the wisdom or unwisdom of this regulation, it will not be prudent for me to discuss these sources of revenue, save to say with the exception of one, or, at most, two of these commodities. They provide a large part of our protection, subsistence and luxury. No blood-money here. The exception shall next be considered.

The last source necessary to examine is that derived from the tax imposed upon the right to import, manufacture and sell alcoholic liquors. The statistics that we now quote are taken from the official records of our country. These records are open for the examination of all who desire to question and verify their correctness. The record is that of 1884, the last year the entire country was under the reign of license, and as we are asked to return to license we think it only fair to examine it under its own reign. Thank God, since partial prohibition has been adopted under the "Scott Act" the record has been changed greatly for the better, e. g. nineteen counties under license in 1884. Commitments for drunkenness, 708. Same counties in 1887, 194. These figures speak for themselves. What do we get in return for this? We get in return two barrels of flour, taken annually out of the mouths of every Anglo Saxon family in England, United States and Canada, by the consumption of the grain necessary to manufacture these spirits. We get in return *one half* of the insanity that dements our fair Dominion. We get in return *two-thirds* of the pauperism by which our

Canada is blighted. We get in return *three-fourths of the crime and criminality* by which our young country is cursed. Yet if this were all we might submit, although it is sufficient to make every man, loyal to his country and race, enter his uncompromising protest against this terrible traffic in human souls. But when we add that we get *annually seven thousand of our fellow men swept off the stage of action into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell* by this terrible leak of human life, for the Book says, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Suppose you compute four-fifths of these to be married, and four children to each family, and certainly this is not an extravagant computation, we get over twenty-two thousand children turned out upon the street, unfed, unclothed, uncared for, to fill our country with paupers and our courts with criminals. But the saddest fact of this case is we are partners in this crime. You ask in what way? Let me explain: The government of our country comes to a certain class of society and they say to them, (I care not which way you put this, as there must be a mutual compact between all contracting parties. You may reverse the order if you please, but we say they come to them,) "Gentlemen, you may acquire the best manufacturing sites you can get in the country, you may put in your machinery and manufacture what Dr. Richardson, the highest scientific authority of Europe, was pleased to define, "distilled damnation;" you may straighten yourself up in society, and claim a legal and respectable recognition in the community. No man shall legally dare to put a blot upon your social and legal respectability *if you give us a few cents out of what you make for the revenue of our country.*" They come to another class of society and they say to them, "Gentlemen, you may acquire the best wholesale sites in the town or city you can get, you may build your institution and roll in your stock, from the hog-head that lies in the cellar to the phial that flashes in the plate-glass window, you may send out your agents throughout the entire country, disseminating all they can of this *fire of death and hell*, and you too may look society in the face, and claim a legal recognition for morality and

respectability. If one dares to question we shall come to your defence *if you give us a few cents out of what you make for the revenue of our country.*" They come to another class of society and they say to them, "Gentlemen, you may acquire the best retail sites in the city or town, or four corners in the country, you may build your *drunkard manufactory*, put in your plate glass windows and marble-top counters, make everything attractive around your premises, so that you can fascinate and deceive the unsuspecting, then proceed to rob the community of its most hopeful and promising subjects, break every mother's heart, tear from the altar of every wife's heart its dearest idol at the expense of her life-blood, blast every home, leave nothing behind you but the black desolating curse of idiocy, pauperism, crime, death and hell, and you may straighten yourself up in society, and claim a legal recognition for respectability and citizenship. Should any *dare* to put a spot upon your reputation we shall paralyze the arm *if you give us a few cents out of what you make for the revenue of our country.*"

I fancy I hear you saying with David, with the emphasis of righteous indignation, "As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die." Amen! if you mean politically. May the conviction abide till our enfranchised responsibilities are executed! Yet let us be cautious lest some ruthless Nathan shall thunder, "Thou art the man." "But," you reply, "you have accused us of partnership in the crime." "Yes, I admit it. But who is the Government?" The members of parliament at Toronto and Ottawa." Who are the members of parliament? "The representatives of the counties or constituencies." What do they represent in these constituencies? "The people." Yes, and who are the people? "We are the people." Yes, we are the people. It is our proud boast that we have a government from the people, by the people, and for the people.

You ask, "Is not this a Christian country?" Thank God, it is, and unchallenged, I will permit no

one to say a word against the land which not only gave me my birth, but has taught me all I know of Christ, salvation, and heaven. "Does not every member," you ask, "before entering upon his duty and privilege as a legislator, have to make oath upon the Bible that he will legislate according to the principles of equity, and by that act acknowledge it to be the basis of all equitable legislation? Bless the Lord! May the day never come when any man can enter those sacred halls without this admission! Do you again ask, "Has not every administrator of these laws, from the Judge upon the supreme bench, down to the lowest magistrate of the realm, before he can enter upon his duties, to swear upon the Book that he will equitably administer those laws, thereby acknowledging God as his Judge?" We give glory to God! May it never be otherwise! Yet again, you press me, "Has not every subject of the realm, in securing the arbitration of these laws, to swear upon the sacred canon that he will 'tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help his God,' thereby acknowledging this as the eye of Jehovah?" Praise is due to God for this fact. And lastly, you interrogate me, "Is not every citizen, before he can exercise his franchise, compelled to acknowledge allegiance to the God of our Bible? For if you suspect he is not voting legally you can swear him upon it, thereby compelling him to swear fealty to God. With gratitude to God we admit this to be true.

Now, will you stop and look at the dilemma in which you have placed us? A Christian government elected by a Christian people that will put a bludgeon upon the end of a law that they swing down upon heads and dash the brains out of seven thousand of our fellow-men annually, and consign them to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell! A Christian government, elected by a Christian people, that will put omnipotence upon the arm of a law that will throw itself around twenty-two thousand helpless children and fling them out upon the street, unfed, uneducated, uncared for, to become vagrants, vagabonds, gaol birds, and gallows

victims. A Christian government, elected by a Christian people, that will put talons upon the end of a law that will reach for the heart-strings of seven thousand wives, or mothers, and will draw them ruthlessly out, while the blood is spilled all along its pathway and lifts itself to heaven, like the blood of Abel, crying for vengeance in behalf of the innocent victims. A Christian government, elected by a Christian people, that will mix up a hideous seething chaldron of iniquity and empty it out in almost every community, and as it rolls along, its waves lash themselves against almost every door, *leaving the black, blighting curse of idiocy, pauperism, crime, broken hearts, blighted hopes, ruined homes, and eternal death.* Compassionate Heaven! It is the marvel that Thou hast not reached for the Book, and relegated us to the people that are called Pagan, and the nations named Heathen, for amid all their barbarity and cruelty they have not, by their consent, added this to their list of curses, while they have been calling conventions, seriously considering the advisability of sending missionaries among us to convert us, when they have read the list of its atrocities. And yet churches and preachers are lectured by these parasites, sucking the life-blood of humanity through this infamous traffic, as to the unsanctity and impropriety of bringing this theme into our pulpits and conferences. The marvel is that men of conviction and piety have been so long quiet. If we keep silent longer, the "stones shall cry out of the wall" against us for our tacit complicity, that have already thundered against them for their actual cruelty, for the mortar has been wet with the blood of men and the tears of riven hearts. "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity." "But we get a large revenue out of this traffic." Now you have revealed the secret of its toleration, solve the problem of the revenue the country derives out of, and the dealers receive from, this traffic, and you have sounded its death knell. Appetite may have, and has, a strong hold upon our people, yet their higher and better nature calls for, and will co-operate in, its removal. But avariciousness is the shrine at which this

generation is ready to sacrifice all that is nationally, socially, and religiously dear. Therefore, though with great reluctance, because of its intense selfishness, I proceed to examine the essence of my text.

The cry was, in 1884, "We receive six million dollars out of this traffic, there are but four million people in this country, therefore we receive one dollar and a half a head, man, woman and child, out of it," and this is still the rallying cry. In the first place the statement is not correct. The figures for that year were five millions, two hundred and fourteen thousand, nine hundred and eighty four dollars, and our population exceeded four millions. But for the sake of argument, we grant the contention of the friends of the traffic, that we did get \$6,000,000 out of it, and there are but 4,000,000 of population. That is the profit side of the case, from a financial aspect. What about the loss? Let us see. In the first place the direct cost to the country is \$27,628,000, that is, we spend that sum directly over the bars annually, under license. "But," says some one, "I don't drink, it is the men who drink pay that." God have mercy upon that selfish heart or small head! That man who thinks of no interest but his own, and determines to serve it at the cost of the ruin of his fellow-human, is hardly human himself. Yet let me advise you. You do pay a part of that. Now, if you make money and save it, it will be seen in good improvements upon your place, in house, barns, fences, etc. If your neighbor is a drunkard it will be apparent in the want of improvements upon his place. Why? Because he has spent his money over the bar and therefore has none with which to improve his farm. When the assessor comes along he values your property at twice the amount he does his, and when the collector comes along you pay twice as much taxes. The revenue of the country must be raised. He has paid his money over the bar, and therefore has nothing to pay, you have, and are taxed to make up the deficit. And in the second place we spend indirectly, to regulate this traffic, \$22,372,000. Do you ask what I mean by indirectly? I answer, if one half of the insanity is the result of this traffic, who builds and supports the asylums? *We do, out of our taxes, or out of*

our country. For we are the people, and we are the country. If two-thirds of the pauperism comes out of this traffic, who keeps the poor? *We do, in poor houses, or from door to door.* If three-fourths of the crime and criminality comes from this traffic, who pays for it? *We do, in building gaols and court houses, supporting judges, constabulary, lawyers and criminals.* So now what have we got? \$50,000,000 for the privilege of collecting \$6,000,000. That is, we pay over \$11 a head of our population for the privilege of collecting \$1.50, and get the terrible list of immorality and mortality to boot. Wonderful economy! What merchant would long do business upon such a scale?

But suppose we get the six millions clear gain, does that make it right? Does the fact that we make money out of any enterprise make it equitable? If money-making is the principle upon which we judge of the wisdom and rectitude of a business, then let us never be heard blaming the thief, for he makes money out of stealing. He steals to make money, and succeeds, therefore his occupation must be right. "Oh! that is a very rough and humiliating comparison." I admit it, yet the only distinction I can make is, the one is illegalized robbery, and the other is legalized robbery. How does a thief steal your property? By taking advantage of your weakness, or ignorance, or both. He comes at night when you are asleep. Why? Because you are ignorant of your surroundings, and therefore of his coming. He steals softly and quietly into your room, gets near to your purse or valuables. His presence arouses you, but that moment he directs his revolver upon you with the statement, "Stir and you are a dead man." Why don't you resist? Because that bullet would be your death. It is too strong for you. Your wisdom is to keep quiet. He keeps that bullet directed upon you while he takes your valuables, and moves away out of reach of your recovering him or them. How did he get them? By taking advantage of your weakness and ignorance. This he did contrary to law. But the proteges of this traffic, *according to law*, have, by crying out "revenue," been taking ad-



vantage of the ignorance of the country, (who have not inquired into the question), and have gulled them out of \$44,000,000. And when they wake up to the fact they have swung under the noses of our fellows whose appetite is depraved by the same traffic and cry, "*Your money and your life,*" while it wrings out the scanty means left, that ought to go to feed and clothe the naked and famishing home. But another replies, "I have no sympathy with a revenue gotten from so cruel a source. I would not stain my fingers with the accursed blood-money. My trouble is we can't stop it. It is here to stay, and we may as well have something out of it, as to let those engaged in it have all the gain, and we suffer its results." What! And become partakers of their evil deeds? If you license this traffic, you not only say it is right, but by receiving the revenue out of it, become a *partner in the business*. No, brother, "let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth" rather than I put my pen to, or lift my voice in favor of, such an unholy compact. Can't stop it! Is that true? If it is, it's the first time in the history of the Anglo-British race that they declared a thing to be right and had to beat a retreat. Can't stop it! Who says so? Not the majority who have declared by an overwhelming vote, and who form the government of the country. Can't stop it! Who says so? Not the major part of the minority, for they are not directly interested in the business. Not the drinker, for to drink does not break the law. Can't stop it! Who says so? *The men engaged in the traffic*. Have they not said this of all law? Did they ever keep the license law, or any other? They have, by common consent, always been outlaws. And shall a minority of outlaws, comprising at most one in every four hundred, rule the other three hundred and ninety-nine decent, respectable, law abiding citizens? If this is true, then good bye to home, virtue, and religion. Can't stop it! Let us see. Suppose a corporation secures a piece of property opposite one of your churches or school houses, and proceeds to erect a building upon it, and you chanced to pass that way.

Naturally enough your curiosity led you to enquire the object of the institution. Your question was promptly answered by the statement, "It is to manufacture smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, iteh, malaria, and other infectious diseases." If you are a father, the answer flashes in your eye, before it is spoken by the tongue. "No, sir, that institution can't be built there." "Why?" "Because our boys and girls live here, that is why." "Yes, but we have a charter from the government, and we pay license for it." "License or no license, charter or no charter, that institution can't be built here." That father does not wait to go home till he notifies the whole neighborhood, and they respond more promptly than they ever did to any old logging-bee or raising they ever had. The convention is unanimous in adopting a resolution, and selecting a deputation: their expenses are raised on the spot, they proceed at once to the seat of the government that issued the license. There is no preamble to their resolution, there is no lifting of their hats or getting down on their knees: they say, "Gentlemen, we understand you have chartered an institution to manufacture malarial and infectious diseases in our neighborhood. That institution can't be built there." "Why?" "Because our boys and girls live there." "Oh yes," they answer, "We are aware that some of your families may and will become its victims, but our country must be sustained, and they pay us a revenue for the privilege. I see the righteous indignation of these fathers flash in their eyes while they reply, "*Revenue!* Who pays the revenue of this country, is it not its citizens? Strange way to secure a revenue by killing off its source. Revenue or no revenue, that institution can't be built there." And it isn't. Before they leave, the pen is drawn through that contract, and word is sent at once to cease operations, with pledges for entire indemnity for all loss. Why? Because they know that their political necks are upon the block, and you have raised the axe of your franchise, and off comes their head if they refuse. But suppose they refuse? I see another deputation at that institution the next morning. They

have hold of a battering ram, and in goes that door. A dozen of the grey-haired fathers who have grown stiff with age and toil are at once supple and young, they have hold of axes, and down goes that institution; fire is in it, and these men are *politely* bowed out of the neighborhood, never to return upon such an errand; *and they go*. Yet you tell me they can swing an institution under the noses of our boys and girls, that is twice as bad. For all the former can do is kill the body, while the latter will kill body and soul in hell.

Too long have we been footballed from party to party, being made fair promises, every one of which is broken for fear of the organized opposition of the liquor dealers. We are asked to repeal our local option law, because it is not enforced. Why is it not enforced? Because neither of the political parties want to enforce it, lest they lose the support of the drunkard makers. And no law that materially curtails this traffic will ever be enforced until the friends of Prohibition, who are the friends of God and humanity, rise in their might, and in one concerted act, by a stroke of their enfranchised axe, take off the heads of those political tricksters, consigning them to the limbo of disgrace, and put in power a party of purity and righteousness. But in the meantime, brethren, we must keep our local option law on record lest our disgust at trickery may be interpreted as a change in sentiment.

We beat no retreat. We are marching to victory. Our forces are marshalling for the decisive and triumphant struggle. A short time ago a deputation of the drunkard-makers waited upon a leading statesman of this country, and after presenting their case, they wound up by vending their invectives upon the churches and preachers. In his reply he said, "Gentlemen, go home and make the best of your business while you have got it, and let the churches and the preachers alone." Referring to the preachers, he continued, "They are the most unselfish class of men in our country. Their greatest weakness is the bigotry that divides the lines of their operations. But when the churches of this country unite upon this question,

gentlemen, you may prepare to migrate. Mind, I have told you." Thank God, the churches have locked hands upon this question. Every synod, every association, every assembly, every conference of the churches of this country, have declared in the name of God and outraged humanity, this drunkard-making *by-law* must go. With Christ leading, what the churches are honestly and earnestly agreed upon, *must be done*.

Already I hear the echo of the shout of victory. In 1871, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, the triumphant German army came to Berlin for a reception of welcome. As each regiment approached the city gate, from the Thiergarten, it was halted by a choir demanding what right it had to enter. The regiment replied in song, reciting the battles it had fought, and the victories it had won. Then came a welcome from the choir, "Enter ye into the city." And so they came, each one challenged, and each one welcomed. They marched up the Lidens, between rows of captured cannon, with the banners they had borne and the banners they had taken, till they came in the presence of the statue of grand old Frederick the Great, whom they saluted by flinging their trophies at his feet, acknowledging him as the creator of Prussia. And so we are in the din and heat of battle. Already the peon of victory has reached our ears. Church is flanking church, and county is flanking county, in holy alliance against this fiend of death. We are coming from every polling division to be reinforced by every county, and it in turn by each province. Soon we shall be at the gates of the Capital of our country, demanding a right to enter. And when they ask our authority, we shall cite the battles we have fought, and the victories we have won by the forces of moral suasion and consecrated ballots. Then they shall be compelled to surrender with the statement, "Enter ye into the city."

But our work will then have only rightly begun. God has been ringing in our ears, "Take ye away the stumbling blocks out of the way of my people." This, then, we will have done. Then it shall be ours to

"you  
forcen

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying ;  
 Snatch them in pity from hell and the grave."  
 And bless God, I believe there is no fellow-human so  
 far sunk in the mire of drunkenness, prostitution, or  
 prodigality, but the blood of our loving Redeemer can  
 cleanse, and the everlasting arms of the Eternal can  
 compass, and lift up into His presence, "till with open  
 face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we  
 are changed into the same image from glory to glory."  
 Then we shall march up to the gates of the city celestial  
 which hath foundation, following our captain, Christ,  
 and shall cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be  
 ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and let the King of  
 glory come in." And the watchers at the gate shall  
 ask, "Who is this King of glory?" And we shall  
 answer in tones that shall make the very arches of  
 Heaven ring, "The Lord, strong and mighty, the  
 mighty in battle, the Lord of Hosts, He is the King of  
 glory." Then the gates shall lift up their heads and  
 swing back their doors, and we shall march into the  
 city whose jasper walls and golden streets are resplend-  
 ent with the glory of its King, whose river of life ripples  
 into golden beams, the rays of the Sun of Righteous-  
 ness, while we shall proceed to enthrone—not a dead  
 statue,—but a living Christ, and at his feet fling our  
 trophies, while we sing, as we never sang on earth :

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,

Let angels prostrate fall ;

Bring forth the royal diadem,

And crown Him Lord of all."

While the rescued shall bring up the refrain :

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,

To be exalted thus,

Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,

For he was slain for us."

ERRATA :— "Our," on page 2, line 39, should be  
 "your," and "of law" should be inserted after "en-  
 forcement", on page 3, line 38.



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