

to decline the flattering invitations which tempt you. We would advise you not to rebel against their rules for a year or two longer, and by no means to deceive them by making clandestine appointments. If you wish a young man to admire and respect you, do not let him suspect you to be capable of deceit, especially toward your relatives. Othello's jealousy found its germ in the subtle hint, "She has deceived her father, and may thee." If your friends see that you are discreet, and not too eager for the society and attentions of the opposite sex, they will before long relax some of their severity, and permit you to enjoy a little more freedom. As for "keeping company" with any young man, neither the expression nor the custom is permissible in refined society. If you are engaged to a young gentleman, you might go about with him; but the exclusive attentions of any man continued long enough to be observed by acquaintances cannot be accepted by any young woman without causing her to become spoken of and regarded in a manner the reverse of complimentary. You evidently need all the restraint your friends exercise.

"E. M."—It is not customary for writers to have their productions copyrighted before submitting them for publication in a magazine. If you wish to have your book copyrighted it will be necessary for you to give your true name. You can gain full information as to fees, mode of procedure, etc., by writing to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. Our time is too valuable to spend in reading the MS. of a book simply for the purpose of giving an opinion as to its merits.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—The Shah Jehan built the magnificent mausoleum Taj Mahal in 1631, in memory of his wife, Nour Mahal. The Taj is situated in the ancient Hindoo city of Agra, on the river Jumna. An article on the Taj Mahal, with two fine illustrations of the same, will be found in our Magazine for April, 1881. A few of the principal points of interest to the visitor in New York City are the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Egyptian Obelisk in Central Park; the tomb of General Ulysses S. Grant, in Riverside Park; Liberty Island and Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty; the Brooklyn Bridge; the Cooper Institute; the Astor Library; City Hall and Post Office; Old Trinity Church, on Broadway, at the head of Wall Street; St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue; and if a permit can be obtained, a tour of the city hospitals, and a visit to the public institutions of Charities and Corrections. "Old Mortality" is a novel written by Sir Walter Scott. There is more than one reputed author of the poem beginning:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,"

but it is popularly accredited to the gifted poetess, Ella Wheeler.

"C. H. L."—Your ideas about using a combination of goods for the "Fiamina" skirt in the June Magazine are very good. Thanks for your kind appreciation of the Magazine and patterns.

"LEOTA."—Your letter arrived too late for a reply in the last number. We cannot undertake to reply by mail to letters intended for the Correspondence Club.

"VIVA."—"Learned Blacksmith" is an epithet frequently applied to Elihu Burritt, who began life as a blacksmith and afterward became distinguished as a linguist.

"RAINY DAYS."—July 15th is St. Swithin's Day, and there is a popular superstition that if it rains on that day it will rain for forty days thereafter. St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, and was canonized by the Roman Catholic Church. He is said to have wrought many miracles, the forty days' rain, by which he testified his displeasure at being buried in the chancel of the minster instead of in the church-yard, as he directed, being the most celebrated.

"MRS. A. J. S."—The silver girdles, such as you describe, with full châteline attachments, are worn with handsome traveling costumes, at watering-places, and for morning and house wear. A silver girdle with châteline attachment for a fan can be used for evening wear, and would be suitable with almost any dressy house costume.

"A READER."—For the proper pronunciation of the name "Demorest" see the answer to "B. S." given in the Correspondence Club for July.

"HAZEL."—Seventy-five cents would be a reasonable price per yard for the inclosed sample of green woolen goods. No trimming except velvet collar, cuffs, and perhaps a vest, will be needed; or you might trim it with black braid. The necessary designs will be found upon consulting the illustrated fashions. Your sample of Japanese silk might be called a dark maroon; but it is comparatively worthless, and could not probably be found in any dry goods store. It might do for a morning jacket, but would hardly pay for making up. It would look well in draperies for book-shelves, or plaited inside the glass doors of a book-case.

"AN EARNEST SUBSCRIBER."—Write to any bookseller for the newest work on knitting and crochet, and you will obtain what you require. Such a volume will cost about \$1.50. We know of no work devoted exclusively to afghans. We shall give some directions for making them in the Home Art Department of the Magazine before long.

"H. C. W."—Special directions for putting the patterns together are given in the Fashion Department of the Magazine. If you purchase another June Magazine, you will have the illustration you need. Thanks for the items relating to women.

(Continued on page 807.)

What W. C. T. U. Means.



"WHAT does W. C. T. U. mean, anyway?" asked one sailor of another.

"W. C. T. U.?" said the other. "Why, it means just what it says, that the *Women* will C. T. U."

A better answer could not possibly have been given. It describes exactly what the women designated by those four familiar letters are doing. It comprehends more than appears at a glance—more than those not thoroughly posted on the work of this organization may imagine.

W. C. T. U. means that in the United States there is an army of over two hundred thousand women who propose to "see to" some gigantic evils that the men have let alone. Their badge is the tiny white ribbon, emblem of purity; their motto, "For God and Home and Native Land."

W. C. T. U. means a nation of mothers roused in defense of their children; a nation of wives coming to rescue their husbands; of sisters trying to save their brothers and friends. It means that every day, at noon, there is going up, from a hundred thousand hearts, an earnest prayer to God for help in fighting against the evil of intemperance.

In this conflict old animosities are blotted out. The women of the South say to the women of the North, "We are with you in this work. W. C. T. U. stands for 'We Come To Unite' 'For God and Home and Native Land.'"

W. C. T. U. means what the politicians are now saying, "The saloons must go;" and in saying it they are only echoing the cry the women have been making until it has at last aroused the country. But for them this temperance question would not yet have arisen; and but for the fight they will continue to keep up, all attempts to suppress the liquor traffic would fail. The women are fighting it, not with brute force, but with *intelligence*.

Every day there is going out to all parts of the country reams of paper teaching the evil effects of alcohol. Beer may go out by the hogshead, but this follows by the barrel, and is a powerful anti-saloon weapon. One of the largest rooms in the old Bible House, New York, is the headquarters of the National Superintendent of Literature, Miss Julia Colman, where she has provided every possible device for teaching temperance, from wall-papers, picture-cards, charts, and mottoes, to books, tracts, and periodicals.

The W. C. T. U. army is not confined to these United States. Like Queen Victoria's empire it knows no setting sun, for it encircles the globe. The tiny bit of white ribbon may be seen peeping out from the folds of a woman's dress in Canada, Alaska, the Sandwich Islands, and many countries in the Old World. Its wearers speak divers languages, but the little emblem, like the Freemason's grip, proclaims them all one sisterhood.

New members are rapidly joining the ranks of the White Ribbon Army. New Unions are being constantly formed. One lady, Mrs. Mary T. Leavett, is making a tour of the world for the purpose of establishing new organizations in every country. Miss Charlotte A. Gray, Organizer for Europe, has started strong Unions in Belgium, the most drink-cursed country of Europe, and in Switzerland, where, owing to the same curse, there are no longer the hardy mountaineers of Tell's time. She is now in this country, seeking to establish a stronger bond of union between the societies of the Old World and of the New World, and as a result of her efforts there is to be, in September, an International Temperance Conference at Zurich, Switzerland, to strengthen still more the co-operative powers of all the temperance organizations in the world.

In the United States the work of organization is going rapidly forward. Women are traveling through each State, organizing Unions in counties and towns, wherever they do

not already exist. Each president of a local Union becomes vice-president of the county; each county president, vice-president of the State; each State president, vice-president of the national; and our national President, Miss Frances E. Willard, is Vice-President of the World's Woman's Temperance Union.

With a wisdom that seems almost God-given, these women of the W. C. T. U. have so directed their efforts as to reach nearly every class and condition of people. They have found their way to the isolated lumbermen up in the Northern forests, and the miners in their far-away camps. They enter jails, prisons, and almshouses. Everywhere they carry with them "something good to read" in the shape of temperance tracts, books, or papers. They go to the firemen on duty at the engine-houses, the policemen waiting at their stations, the soldiers lounging in their barracks, with the same reading matter, that is often received only to help while away time; but the result is often greater than could be expected. For the sailors, Mrs. Sarah A. McClees, appointed especially to look after their welfare, prepares motherly letters which she sends out accompanied with a pledge-card bearing the "Stars and Stripes" wrapped around the dear ones at home. Above is the consecrated motto, "For God and Home and Native Land."

At State and county fairs, where once the liquor-seller was monarch of all he surveyed, the women now set up their booths and dispense temperance drinks and temperance literature.

Even to the churches their mission takes them—sorrowfully, that there is need of such seeming presumption—to beg the ministers to note once more Paul's sublime words about meat making his brother to offend; and to the deacons, turning down the leaf of the Bible at "Woe to him by whom offenses come." Their plea is, fermented wine in the communion cup has been a stumbling-block to more than one reforming drunkard. Why use it when the pure, unfermented juice of the vine answers every purpose, and is wholesome and safe?

Then into the Sunday-schools they go, to teach the evil effects of one great sin—the destruction of the body by strong drink. From the churches they go to legislative halls, and bear the stigma of "lobbying," or whatever else is heaped upon them, that they may secure temperance instruction for the young, or constitutional prohibition for the people; and, with the fearlessness of the first temperance "crusaders," they go to the polls and try argument with the voters in order to carry the day for temperance.

Such conduct as this, of course, is frowned upon by "society women," and the temperance worker is often ostracized by her peers; but even here an entering wedge is being placed. The white ribbon is now worn by more than one woman whose place in society makes it impossible for her to be frowned upon. She can invite her society friends to her parlors, give them music and singing, and engage them in a discussion of temperance, at least, and in this way many are won.

Again, the mothers are called together in friendly meetings and there advised as to the necessity of keeping alcohol away from their little children, and so providing their tables that nothing there shall excite a thirst for strong drink.

Each of these distinct features of the work is carried on under its respective department, in charge of a superintendent. Tabulated, these departments are: Organization; Scientific Instruction; Sunday-school Work; Juvenile Work; Temperance Literature; Prison and Jail Work; Soldiers and Sailors; Work among Miners; Drawing-Room Work; State and County Fairs; Legislation and Petition; Evangelistic; Flower Missions; Unfermented Wine; Press Work; and Social Purity.

The last-named has only recently been added to the list,
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but is looked upon as of great importance. Impurity is often called the twin evil of intemperance, and against this, too, the women have set their faces. More than this, they have raised their voices in plain, straightforward protest. Miss Willard, herself, whose capacity for work seems unlimited, has taken the superintendence, and is pushing it with her characteristic vigor.

Thus, earnestly, unitedly, systematically, and prayerfully, the women of the W. C. T. U. are "seeing to" the welfare of mankind.
E. L. BENEDICT.

Presidents of the W. C. T. U.

WE take great pleasure in announcing that in the November number we shall publish the first of a series of biographical sketches of some of the most devoted and earnest women of our age, the State Presidents of the W. C. T. U., each one of which will be accompanied by a beautifully executed portrait. We shall begin with Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the National Organization and Vice-President of the World's Woman's Temperance Union. The portraits will be reproduced by "process" directly from photographs, and therefore will be as accurate as photographs themselves. One always feels a certain satisfaction in knowing just how persons look whom they hear of but cannot see; and after the completion of the series these pictures can be combined in an album, and will form a handsome collection for future reference.

The Van Vliet Mystery.

IN the November number we shall publish the opening chapters of a new serial story with the above title, from the pen of Grafton Dean. The plot is laid in a New England town, and the story is as dramatic as it is thrillingly interesting. Although of an entirely different class, it will be found quite as intensely exciting as "Allan Quartermain," which is concluded in this number.

Subscriptions may Commence at any Time.

WE receive numerous letters asking if subscriptions may commence at any time. Certainly they may, as many do not care for back numbers, while others wish them for some special purpose. We always keep back numbers on hand to supply such as may wish them.

"Where is My Pattern?"

WE are continually receiving letters asking the above question, and almost invariably, upon looking the matter up, we find the non-arrival due to carelessness on the part of the writer.

We receive innumerable coupons with no name or address written upon them. These can often be traced, when a complaint arrives, by the postmark on the envelope; but it is amusing to read in the letter of complaint, "Where is my pattern? I know I have made no mistake, etc.," and many will not believe they have been so careless as to forget to sign their name or to mark the pattern desired, or to inclose the two-cent stamp for each coupon, or have omitted some other essential detail.

Our friends will be doing us a great favor if they will *always* write when anything ordered from us fails to arrive. We assure them it will *never* be any fault of ours if they are not eventually satisfied, as our business is so systematized that the fault is not likely to happen in our office. Oftentimes it is some fault with the Post-office; but, whatever it may be, if they will write to us, we will see that it is set right; for it is to our interest to satisfy everybody.

The Most Important and Startling Sensation of the Century.

The Poison of Alcohol and the Necessity of Legal Prohibition.

By W. JENNINGS DEMAREST.

THE very interesting and effective argument that has recently been given to the cause of Prohibition in the new disclosures of science regarding the poisonous character and the deleterious effects of alcohol on the human system is calculated to awaken the most profound attention all over the country.

No one can read the statements that are made and the proofs that are given as to the awful consequences that always follow the use of beer, wine, cider, brandy, whisky, etc., without being startled and horrified with the results; and no sane person would continue to use alcoholic poison when they come to know what a train of diseases and other evils by follow its use, besides the awful consequences of hereditary taint that is transmitted to posterity. These arguments are fortified by such high and unquestionable testimony as to leave no room for doubt respecting their truthfulness, and at the same time are so well and clearly defined, and easily understood, that there is no ambiguity or uncertainty about the poisonous nature of alcoholic liquors, and the inevitable poisoning of the system, even when taken in what are usually regarded as moderate quantities.

The facts prove that total abstinence from the poison of alcohol is not only desirable, but is absolutely indispensable; that the least quantity of alcohol taken into the stomach poisons every fiber in the body, and predisposes the human system to all the diseases that are common to humanity. But it is not only the body that is predisposed to disease by the alcoholic poisons: more especially is the brain power weakened and made incapable of its usual functions, and finally reason is dethroned and the victim left to the ravings of a diseased brain.

Everybody knows this occurs every time an unusual quantity of alcohol is taken into the stomach. We say the man or woman is drunk, which is another way of saying that the brain is poisoned. Numerous attacks of this poisoning finally create a chronic dementia, besides a strong craving or insatiable appetite that is not within the will power left in the individual to resist, until disease of some form is the natural termination. It is calculated that not less than one hundred thousand individuals in the United States die every year through the poisonous effects of alcohol; but if the truth could be known, there are probably double or even triple that number who die from alcoholic poison, most of whom do not figure on the death-rolls as the victims of alcohol, but whose deaths are attributed to nearly all the common diseases that are included in the usual lists, among which may be enumerated pneumonia, neuralgia, diabetes, dyspepsia, rheumatism, apoplexy, kidney troubles, liver complaint, and, in fact, nearly every other disease in the catalogue.

What a world of disease, misery, and suffering, therefore, would be obviated if this poison could be suppressed, and this monster evil of alcohol poisoning banished from the world by legal Prohibition! And this can be done with the greatest ease and certainty when the good and intelligent people in the community realize its true character, and choose to combine for this purpose. The facts in reference to their nature, and the consequences that follow the use of these stimulants should be distributed broadcast all over the country.

The following announcement is intended to be a feasible method for reaching every intelligent reader in this country on this momentous question.

A BOOM FOR PROHIBITION.

MALIGNANT AND POISONOUS EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL, AND THE
NECESSITY FOR LEGAL
PROHIBITION.

The most convincing and effective Prohibition argument ever issued will be found in the *Prohibition Bureau Record Extra*, containing the recent disclosures of science respecting the inevitable and horrible effects of alcohol on the human system, and also the hereditary taint transmitted from one generation to another by the users of the alcoholic poison contained in wine, beer, brandy, whisky, etc.

Price 20 cts. per 100, or \$2 per 1,000, post free. When names and addresses are furnished, they will be mailed singly at the the same rate. Address,

NATIONAL PROHIBITION BUREAU,
32 E. 14th Street, New York.

Everybody should read this interesting argument.

Specimen copies sent on receipt of a one or a two cent stamp.

It is to be hoped that this method of distribution will be gladly and promptly used by the friends of humanity to disseminate these new and startling facts in regard to the poisonous and deadly effects of alcohol, that is now flooding our country with crime, disease, and pauperism, and thus awaken the people to the indispensable and absolute necessity for legal Prohibition, as the most certain method to secure the annihilation of this curse of all curses from our land.

Prohibition in Iowa.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGES ARE THINGS OF THE PAST—THE WALLS
OF THE CHAMBER SLOWLY BUT SURELY CLOSING ABOUT THE
RUM TRAFFIC.

"THE success of the prohibitory law—its absolute enforcement in over eighty counties in the State, and the popularity it has gained where it has been enforced—has vindicated the Republican position, proved the party's sincerity, and given it much of its prestige. Thousands of saloons have been closed during the past year, among them the most defiant strongholds in the state.

"In the large cities where the law is enforced, the business prosperity is the greatest, and the improvements most rapid, showing that the enforcement of the law helps a city in business respects, instead of injuring it, as so many prophets of evil have always predicted. Indeed, the enforcement of the prohibition law, and the strength it has gained with the people have been so marked that the leading Democratic papers are beginning to urge that their next State platform shall passively accept the situation since it would be suicidal to fight it. The Republican officials of the State, from the governor down, have shown such a determination to enforce the law that there is no longer any doubt that the Republican party is in dead earnest, and means to keep its promises, both in the letter and spirit. Indeed, it has become so popular to enforce the law that the Democratic officials and judges are vying with the Republicans, and vigorously helping to enforce the law in its fullest meaning. The resolute action of the courts, also, in grappling with the distilleries with the same vigor as with the saloons and breweries, has made the party stronger with the people. The leviathan of the liquor cause, the great distiller at Des Moines—the last of the breast-works behind which the liquor interests made their stand—has been before the bar of the courts as an offender, and has been dealt with under the laws the same as the offending breweries and saloons. This has added more strength to the prohibition law, and to the party enforcing it, than the closing of many thousand saloons had done before. It proves that the rich and

strong in Iowa can no more defy the law than the poor and weak."

From the above presentation of facts two things are quite apparent :

1. The liquor traffic in Iowa is on its last legs. The walls from the four sides of the State have closed in on the victim until it is in its expiring agony. The end is certain and near. As surely as the night follows the day, so surely will this great commonwealth soon be freed from the curse of drunkenness.

2. In Iowa the Republican party is a Prohibition party. Although for a time timid and seemingly unwilling to enforce the law, yet now, with commendable energy and earnestness it is enforcing it. Yes, prohibition does prohibit; and if there be any doubting Thomas, let him come and see, and he will be no longer faithless, but believing. For "things seen are mightier than things heard."

When I see all around me here such grand results from the enforcement of the prohibitory law I feel that all this talk about license and taxation is the veriest twaddle. Why, one month of Iowa prohibition would do more to clean out the saloons in Ohio or New York than a hundred years of license or taxation. We don't have any Francis Murphy Gospel Temperance Meetings here. We don't need them. They would be of just about as much use as a last year's almanac. Urge a man to sign the pledge out here? We have something unspeakably better for that man than the pledge. He is safe, for we have no saloons, no temptation staring him in the face at every street corner and cross road. The law, like God's angel of mercy, stands between that man and the peril of strong drink. Put away saloons and the man is safe without any pledge—too often a rope of sand, broken a thousand times where it is kept once. The drunkard, above all men, should vote for prohibition.

Earnestly urge the duty of total abstinence? Why, a man can't do anything else than abstain out here. He is bound to be on that side of the question. He don't deserve any credit for his total abstinence. He can't get anything to drink. This country is as dry as a crust from a loaf of bread baked in the ark.

If Francis Murphy were out here he would need an entirely new programme for his meetings. He could not appeal to the saloon-keepers, for they don't keep saloons any more. They have packed up and left, or gone at something honest and useful. No use to appeal to the drinkers, for the best of reasons—there are none. He would hardly care to pitch into the prohibitionists. They are rather too numerous. Yes, he would need a new programme. His earnest appeals for men to come forward and sign the pledge would sound very much as if some old-time abolitionist would put in his appearance and earnestly urge men to vote the old liberty ticket. With his little moral suasion scissors he and his friends are clipping off some twigs from this great upas tree of intemperance. Out here the people are laying the prohibition ax to the root of the same tree.—*Iowa State Register*.

The Good Time is Coming.

WHEN I heard an eloquent speaker quote the concluding lines of Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children"—

" 'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart;
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But a child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.' "

I said to myself: "The liquor traffic is doomed by the curse of the children; if 'a child's sob in the silence curses,' what an aggregate of maledictions rests upon the hoary head of this heartless scourger of mankind! 'A child's sob,'—this feeble appeal of helplessness finds the God-heart quicker than the prayer of the strong."

When we look at the sufferings of innocent little ones, the heartless cruelties, the sacrilegious devastations perpetrated by this monster, and turn to see it lift erect its hideous head and look us full in the face with triumphant, scornful defiance, we have wondered why the omnipotent arm of the Everlasting has not hurled him on his face with the blasting lightnings of His vengeance! Surely his cup of iniquity is full to overflowing.

Talk of mysteries,—the greatest mystery to me is that the enlightened Christianity of our civilization has so long permitted the liquor traffic: it seems strangely inconsistent with the American spirit, that is so keenly susceptible to right and wrong. How can the noble minds, brave hearts, and sensitive consciences of Christian Americans, the history of whose noble deeds eclipses the knightly chivalry of old,—how can they have been blinded so long? But,

Deo gratias, we are waking, we are waking!

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of thunder gathering round?

Do you feel the nation tremble as an earthquake shakes the ground?

'Tis the waking of a people;—'tis a mighty battle-sound.

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might?

They are girding on their armor; they are arming for the fight;

They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the right.

For the power of sin hath bound us, and the power of sin hath reigned,

Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained,
And the struggling nation shudders as her forces lie enchained.
It has filled the scales of Justice with unhallowed, blood-stained gold;

And her sword to smite crime's minions now lies powerless in her hold,

For the serpent of the still hath wrapped around it fold by fold

It hath trampled on the hearthstone and hath left it desolate;

It hath slain the wife and mother, and hath filled the world with hate;

It hath wrecked the noblest manhood, and hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown?

Shall it firmer draw its fetters, firmer bind the nation down?

Shall this grand young country longer cringe and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo. Rouse ye, gallant men and true!

Rouse ye, broken-hearted mothers! See! the night is almost through.

Rouse ye, every man and woman! God is calling now for you.

Yes, we are waking; and if we could lay our ear to the great heart of the earth to-day, we would hear it pulsing to the "tramp, tramp, tramp" of the mighty army of Prohibition: her forces, all equipped with that invincible American weapon, the ballot, are rallying to the standard; and, strange to say, since we've determined to fight, we are no longer regarded by our powerful adversary with that provokingly placid, patronizing air of benign condescension—much the same expression, I fancy, with which a huge giant would regard an indignant baby who had doubled up its little fist in his face.

But we have determined, like Jack of old, to cut away with the ax of Prohibition the legal bean-stalk that supports him, and let him fall headlong to the earth. Yes,

" We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor-taxes;
We've turned the grindstone long enough;
'Tis time to swing our axes.
We've had enough of forging chains,
This demon drink to fetter:
Good bullets from the ballot-box,
Well sped, will fix him better.
We've had enough of shame and wrong,
Of cruel spoliation:
Who fears to say it loud enough
To thrill the state and nation?"

Yes, we've had "a genteel sufficiency" of license—high, me-

dium, and low. I did say the greatest mystery was the traffic's long toleration; but on a par with that for mysteriousness is how intelligent Christian men can reconcile their consciences to a compromise with the evil by high license; to ask for the prohibition of a crime, and when the government deigns to fling them the bone of high license, sit down with spaniel-like content to gnaw it! If some of our personal-liberty-loving citizens regard Prohibition as unconstitutional, what do they think of the constitutionality of this class legislation, pray? If the traffic is wrong, no amount of license will make it right: if it is right, accord its privileges equally to rich and poor. If the business is not a dangerous one, why does the law hedge it in with the many restrictions and prohibitions that exist against it now? Taxation is the judgment from a sordid, mercenary, conscienceless, financial standpoint; Prohibition is the judgment from a standpoint of principle: and Prohibition we mean to have. It may require time and strength and patience; but "we'll get there all the same."

During the reign of Caligula, an Egyptian obelisk was brought to Rome as a trophy. No mechanical skill then known was great enough to raise this to an upright position, and so for centuries it lay prostrate. When Sixtus the Fifth ascended the chair of St. Peter, he resolved to place this in front of the great cathedral. He accordingly sent for plans from all the master architects of the then known world, and from among them selected one which promised success. The day was set, and gigantic preparations made. After solemn high mass in the cathedral, the Pope, with his retinue of cardinals, ascended a raised platform, in the presence of thousands and thousands of people, gathered from all parts of the world. In order that the command of the master architect could be distinctly heard, the edict had gone forth that no one should speak, under penalty of death; so that vast concourse stood mute.

Suddenly, the command is given, the mighty machines begin to move, the monument rises slowly, up and up and up, and—stands still! at an angle of forty-five degrees. The men tug at the pulleys till their veins swell to well-nigh bursting on their brows, but it stands still. The master architect encourages his men until they struggle with almost superhuman effort, but it stands still. The face of Sixtus blanches, and despair is settling on the multitude, when the death-like stillness is cleft by the clarion voice of Brescia: "Wet the ropes!" he shouts, "wet the ropes!" A moment of breathless suspense, and the voice of the master echoes the command: "Wet the ropes!" Instantly streams of water leap into the air, the hempen cords contract, and the monolith stands erect, amid the triumphant shouts of the populace.

In our own beloved land there is to be raised a grander monument than that which stands in front of grand old St. Peter's at Rome. Christian men, at the wheels of the church, school, society, and temperance organizations have been bravely tugging away, and they have almost succeeded; it is almost up, but it is standing still at an angle of forty-five degrees; it is standing still, and white-faced sisters, wives, and mothers, with the future of their loved ones in their hearts, are eagerly questioning, "Will it rise, or will it fall?" Fall? Never! As the voice of Brescia, long ago, cleft the silence of that old Italian city with "Wet the ropes!" so we cry "Prohibition! Turn on the stream of Prohibition!" and by God's help it shall lift erect in our glorious country a monument that shall bear a beacon-light of hope to the hopeless, of harbor to the shipwrecked, of liberty to the oppressed.

But in order to do this we need Prohibition power on the throne, and Prohibition sentiment behind it: men of pure, incorruptible principle; men who can lift their brows heavenward and let the eye of the noonday sun search in vain for a blemish; men with the moral courage of their convictions, who spurn to truckle to the enemy's power.

And to place such in power we need men with Christian consistency enough to vote as they pray: not men who mock God with the prayer "Thy kingdom come," and then use the most powerful means in their possession to hinder the coming of his kingdom.

I have heard some attempt to piously justify this inconsistency of praying one way and voting another, by saying that "Prohibition seems to be an undervaluation of the grace of God, which

gives strength to resist temptation." The Son of God has taught us to pray "Lead us not into temptation;" "he that loveth danger shall perish therein" and it does seem to me an impious mockery of God to pray "Lead us not into temptation," and then legally protect these street-gauntlets of temptation, and compel not only weak men whose faculties of soul and body have become enfeebled and their will-power of resistance destroyed by drink, not only these, but the boys, to run them. Shame! I say, shame! It seems to me impious as the blasphemous challenge on Calvary: "If thou be Christ the Son of God, come down from the cross and save thyself." Can we expect God to work a miracle in removing the saloon? He has placed in your hands the instrument whereby you can work out the answer to your prayers, and the responsibility of its continuance rests with you, and will rest with you until the whole duty of prayer and work is done.

We are too prone to stifle the reproaches of conscience by shifting the responsibility on the shoulders of the government. Who is the government? The people. Who are the people? You, voters. You are the government; and it is to the voters, individually and collectively, that the children cry:

"How long, how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart?"

Yet there are those who will sing, preach, talk, pray, and shout for temperance, and yet hold up their hands in "holy horror" at taking temperance into politics: while the moneyed liquor-forces, behind the bulwarks of their legal intrenchments, stand, a Gulliver laughing to scorn the futile efforts of the Lilliputians;—stand, a vaunting Goliath, flinging hate and defiance in the face of the army of the Lord. Shall we sink on our knees in the dust to supplicate him? He is as insensible to the entreaty of a prayer as is the marble headstone to the tears shed above the grave it marks. Supplicate him? No! but, like David of old, with the smooth, sure stone of the ballot, smite the forehead of the boasting braggart; this only will bring him to our feet: then, with the sword of Constitutional Prohibition, sever his hideous head, and hold it aloft before the temperance army, that shall break forth in such a Te Deum as this old earth has never heard.

Don't take it into politics? Are we, then, to cowardly yield to them the strongholds of power from whence they deal death and destruction upon our forces? Don't take it into politics for fear of soiling it? If the politics of the American nation have become so corrupted as to contaminate everything with which they come in contact, then it is time they were purified. And who is to do this? The men by whom they were corrupted? Not at all. They are to be driven forth as were the vendors of the temple—with the lash: it is the temple of liberty and justice, and they have made it a den of thieves. Take it into politics; take truth everywhere: it can't hurt the truth. "Truth," some one has said, "may go down into hell: it may make it uncomfortable for the devils, but it can't hurt the truth."

Our cause is destined to be triumphant. As yet it is the cause militant, the forces of right against the forces of wrong; it is war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt! We are few in number; they are many. Therefore, let each be a hero in the strife, and, like James Fitz-James of Scotland, when surrounded by the forces of Roderick Dhu, throw himself against the giant rock of principle, draw his trusty blade—the ballot—and cry:

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Let every minor difference be bridged by the common greatness of our cause; and in unbroken column, in solid phalanx, with abiding faith and trust in the God of battles, let us go forward.

"Forward, march! The field's before us,
Homes we love at hand;
With the God of battles o'er us,
Tread we now the land.
March! till purity shall level
Safe highway for peace.
March! 'gainst fiendish rout and revel.
Forward for release,
March!"

ADA A. MOSHER.