

A Bloody Monster

By T. De Witt Talmage.

(Excerpts from one of Mr. Talmage's sermons.)

Joseph's brothers dipped his coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain Joseph. Thus they hid their infamous behavior. But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation today. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindustani jungle has tracked this land, and with bloody maw has strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him."

There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah took to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Today a great multitude, which no man can number, are the votaries of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn. Could the muster-roll of this great army be called, and they could come up from the dead, what eye could endure the reeking, festering putrefaction? What heart could endure the groan of agony? Drunkenness! Does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room, and the minister with his tongue thick, into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his fame, fall a gibbering sot into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar? and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital? Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid to his honor. He got the skulls, and built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, they would make a vast pyramid. Who will gird himself for the journey, and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead, going up miles high on human carcasses to find still other peaks far above, mountain over mountain white with the bleached bones of drunkards?

We have, in this country, at various times tried to regulate this evil by a tax on whisky. You might as well try to regulate the Asiatic cholera or the smallpox by taxation. O, the folly of trying to restrain an evil by government tariff! If every gallon of whisky made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed forever.

I sketch two houses in one street. The first as bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Bountiful evening meal; gratulation and sympathy and laughter; music in the parlor; fine pictures on the walls; costly books on the table; well-clad household; plenty of everything to make home happy. House the second: Piano sold yesterday by

the sheriff; wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop; clock gone; daughter's jewels sold to get flour; carpets gone off the floor; daughters in faded and patched dresses; wife sewing for the stores; little child with an ugly wound on her face, struck by an angry blow; deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. The doorbell rings—little children hide, daughters turn pale, wife holds breath. Blundering step in the hall; door opens; fiend, brandishing his fist, cries "Out, out! What are you doing here?" Did I call this house the second? No, it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum imbruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

I sketch two men that you know well. The first was graduated from one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding thunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He had never looked so well. Everybody said "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!"

Man the second: Lies in the station house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police and carried in drunk and foul and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first. Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum, accursed rum!

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our physicians fall into suffering that their wisest prescriptions can not cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long resounding crash of shame. Some of your own households have already been shaken. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten and strangle and crush until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries, "O God! help!" But it is too late.

I have shown you the evil beast. The question is, Who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, first by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the truths of the Bible, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard has fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage, and swollen, and say, "Look, my son, rum did that." Looking out of your window at some one who, intoxicated to madness, goes through the street brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac, say to your son, "Look, that man was once a child like you." As you go by the grog-

shop, let the children know that that is the place where men are slain and their wives made paupers and their children slaves. A man laughed at my father for his scrupulous temperance principles, and said: "I am more liberal than you. I always give my children the sugar in the glass after we have been taking a drink." Three of his sons have died drunkards, and the fourth is imbecile through intemperate habits.

Again: We shall grapple this evil by voting only for sober men. How many men are there who can rise above the feelings of partizanship, and demand that our officials shall be sober men? The question of sobriety is higher than the question of availability; however eminent a man's services may be, if he has habits of intoxication, he is unfit for any office in the gift of a civilized people. Our laws will be no better than the men who make them. Cast politics aside, then, and vote only for sober men.

We expect great things from asylums for inebriates. They have already done a good work. I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated; namely, as an unlawful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons will not cure him, temperance lectures will not eradicate it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of brandy in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his wrist into the bowl, and then drank the contents. Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups. Clear the track for him. Away the children! he would tread their life out. Away with the wife! he would dash her to death. Away with the cross! he would run it down. Away with the Bible! he would tear it up for the winds. Away with the heaven! he considers it worthless as a straw. "Give me the drink! Give it to me!" There is no home so beautiful but that it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony.

Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but, day and night, stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

To the Saloon-Keeper

If woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor a drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day and every hour of the day! Do not think because human government may license you that therefore God licenses you. No enactment, national, state, or municipal, can give you the right to carry on a business whose effect is destruction.

I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of the men whom you have destroyed will, as it were, crowd around you, and pour their bitterness into your cup. They will show you their wounds and say, "You made them," and point to their unquenchable thirst and say, "You kindled it;" and rattle their chains and say, "You forged them." Then their united groans will smite your ear; and with the hands out of which you once picked the sixpences and dimes they will push you off the verge

of great precipices; while rolling up from beneath, and breaking away among the crags of death, will thunder, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!"

THEIR OWN RISK

There is no necessity for the United States to get excited over the plunking of the Arabic by the German submarine. The Arabic was an English ship which had been busy bringing cargoes of ammunition from America to the Allies and was on its way for another load. It was surely up to the Germans to prevent that if they could.

The theory that because two American citizens took a chance and were killed, the United States ought to involve itself in a bloody war is too ridiculous to merit the serious attention which it receives. As it happens the two Americans were not the most genuine article. Wood was an Englishman by birth and had gone to England to serve in the English army. He was only making a trip to this country, of which he was a naturalized citizen, in order to shape his affairs to return to the English service. Mrs. Brugiere, the other American lost, had lived for nine years in Paris because America was not good enough, but was coming back to avoid the war troubles.

These folks took the same chance when they embarked on a belligerent ship to go through the war zone that they would if they rode on land near the fighting line and were killed by a stray shell.

In time of war American citizens ought to keep out of the war zone and not be putting their country into danger of a war in order to serve their own personal interest. At least they should have taken a ship of a neutral country. It would certainly be a horrible thing to involve the United States in a war which would mean the loss of thousands of lives for a reason like this.

In time of war no one observes all the rules and American citizens who persist in going close to the firing line ought to carry their own risk, and not put the insurance onto their country.—Hutchinson (Kans.) News.

PEACE OR WAR

By C. E. Sugg, Henderson, Ky.

Ye men who cry for battleships,
For war on land and sea,
How far! How far! you are away
From HIM of Galilee.

You stir the flame of Hate that He
Sought to banish from our hearts.
Your task belongs within the realm
Of Satan's mischief-making arts.

Not "Peace on Earth, Good will to men,"

Can come from your campaign;
But strife and anger, jealousy
And their attendant pain.

"Prepare for war" you say—Oh men!

That's first what brings it on;
We'll never gain the love that binds
With bayonets and guns.

GOD made men so that they respond
To invitation, and in kind;
And battleships and soldiers
Invite resentment in men's minds.

Armaments of Peace bring Peace,
And armaments of War bring
War;

His coming was not heralded
By lightning's flash, but by a Star.

A Peaceful Star whose soothing beams
Stirred not to anger but to love;
His Son-ship was proclaimed
Not by a lion but by a Dove.