

horrors! Can nothing be done to stop it?" Yes; dry up the fountain—the saloons! But society never thinks of that! It is so much easier to hang a murderer than to shut up a grog-shop! It is so much easier to lose souls than a revenue! It is so much easier to bury a drunken suicide than a live politician! So society keeps one hand full of blood-money and the other on the suicide's pistol!

4. The rumseller's hands were on that fatal pistol.

Coleman Brown's blood flecks scores of saloon bars; glistens in diamond shirt-studs on many a saloon-keeper's breast; mingles with the wine on the side-boards in their homes; gives a deeper color to the crimson upholstery, and the Brussels carpets! Whiskey killed him! And you, rumsellers, sold him the whiskey—for money! But that money was red with blood! black with crime! pale with tears! covered with the curse of God! Listen: "Woe, woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!" Coleman Brown's money will yet blister the hands that hold it. The rottenness of the grave is already upon it. It cries to Heaven for justice!

What are you going to do about it?

Drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. Cholera, small-pox, yellow fever—all epidemics combined—bring smaller fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. In our own city a great tide of life flows resistlessly into these saloons. Like moths around a candle, they will flutter around the fatal fire of the bar for a little time, and then their poor scorched bodies will make work for the coroner!

There are scores of men, and some women, in Portland, who are conscious that they are going to destruction, who have already ceased to fight that appetite which has transformed them into beasts and their homes into hells! Oh! the wild prayers for help that go up from despairing slaves of strong drink in Portland! Oh! the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the anguish, the mad protests that rise from drunkard's homes in Portland!

Hundreds more are just beginning. They don't feel the chains yet, but the chains are already on their hands. "At the last,"—that fatal "at last," which will surely come!—those chains will burn like red-hot iron links into their

very souls! The leprous hand of drunkenness is clutching at the young manhood of our city! Scores of them are already in the toils. This very Sabbath evening a boy, not fourteen years old, went reeling up one of our streets to his miserable home, from a Sunday pic-nic! Is there no help? Can this monster be throttled? Yes! But it cannot be done in a day, or a year. It may not be done in your lifetime or mine. The work is a hard and a slow one. But it is as sure as the fact that right is stronger than wrong! "The mills of the gods may grind slow," but they do grind, and "they grind exceeding fine." Whatever crime, or criminal, is caught between the upper millstone of God's truth and the nether millstone of his justice, will be crushed to powder! The great criminal, Alcohol, cannot escape!

What can be done to meet this great evil?

1. The people, and especially the rising generation, must be persistently and faithfully taught right views upon this subject.

The parlor, the pulpit, the press, the pedagogue and the platform, the five great educators of our day, must all be enlisted in this cause. They must strip this great crime bare and reveal its deformity, putridity and monstrosity; they must strip the whole question of liquor-selling, and liquor-drinking, of all sophistry, and all sentimentalism. The old and the young must be taught the truth—taught it till it becomes a part of their life—that it is a crime to sell liquor; that it is a crime, not a mistake or a misfortune, to buy liquor and drink it, as well as to sell it; that the man who sells liquors never could sell a glass, and never would buy one to sell, but for the bribe withheld in the hand of the man who drinks it. In our Sunday schools, and in our day schools, and in our homes, there must be formed and trained, a public sentiment, resting not on excitement, or crusading tidal waves, but on solid convictions of truth; a public sentiment that will demand the suppression of this horrible business, and which will enforce its demand!

This is your work and mine.

Here, I believe, is the secret of the whole matter. There are no short cuts. The days of miracles are past. God does not set aside his laws to

please us. He will not miraculously close saloons, in answer to prayer. Neither can you stop liquor-selling and liquor-drinking by laws.

What is law?—I mean now efficient law? Simply the expression of public opinion. Only that and nothing more. Laws are only mile-stones to mark how far public sentiment has traveled. If a law be in advance of public opinion in any community, it will be a dead letter.

Laws are not enough. They will not execute themselves. Public sentiment is the motive power which sets the dead machinery of law in motion, and makes law a power. Your law against larceny is a power, simply because the public sentiment in this community demands protection of property rights. Now, whenever we can educate public sentiment on this crime of liquor-selling and drinking to the same point, then we can put it down, as we now put down larceny. This is the only effectual remedy.

2. I believe that we should work in every honorable way to secure the enactment of better laws for the regulation of this great crime.

I am Prohibitionist on principle. But I try to take my common sense into this question. A prohibitory law in Oregon to-day would be practically a dead letter, simply because public opinion would not enforce it. What we need in Oregon to-day is a stringent license-law with Local Option clause—i. e., a clause giving cities, towns, and counties the privilege of choosing Prohibition by the popular vote. Add to that the Civil Damage clause—a clause holding the seller liable for all damages caused by his traffic, and where the seller is not pecuniarily responsible—making the judgment a lien upon the building in which it is sold. Such a law would take the money out of the business. Landlords would be careful about renting houses for saloons. A minister would not rent that building on Front and Washington streets for a saloon or a den of infamy! Such a law could be enforced. It would be infinitely better than Prohibition with the present state of public opinion.

3. One thought more: "To conquer," said Napoleon, "we must replace." To conquer unholy passion we must replace it by holy passion. Undeified religion in the heart is the only adequate remedy for the destroy-