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"From Bar-Room to Pulpit."



LECTURE DELIVERED BY

Samuel W. Small,

—AT—

STOKES HALL,

Monday Evening, May 14th, 1888.

REPORTED BY

GEORGE C. SUTTON,

STENOGRAPHER.

DURHAM, N. C. :
D. W. WHITAKER, JOB PRINTER,
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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

It is said that on one occasion there came into the busy mart of a far Eastern city an aged, decrepit and travel-stained stranger. He moved about listlessly among the vast throng, apparently taking no note of the stores of merchandise and the wonderful displays on every hand. His appearance among them was so singular that it arrested the attention of some of the idlers along the street, and they followed him to see what he would do. Directly he came in front of a stand with gilded letters above the door, in which there were cages, and song-birds fluttered behind their bars—birds that had been captured in a far distant mountain and brought there for sale. And as the old man looked upon them, he ran his hand into the folds of his garment, drew forth a strange coin, and bought one of the cages. He regarded the captive bird for a moment, then opened the cage and turned it loose. It fluttered about the heads of the people, its long unused wings refusing to do their bidding, until at length, restored to its equanimity, it sailed and soared above the heads of the people, higher and higher, until its eyes caught a sight of its far distant mountain home; and the sight of that well remembered spot caused the long repressed melody of its little nature to gush forth from its throat in a glad note of triumph as it flew home to its native hill. One by one the old stranger purchased the cages, one by one he released the little captives as before, and each repeated the acts of its predecessor until all had climbed high enough to catch a glimpse of that distant mountain home, and adding their glad notes, winged their way rapidly from the busy scene, and sailed away in the far blue distance. And as the old stranger turned away, some one said to him curiously.

"Why did you do this strange thing?"

The old man turned upon them, a face radiant with sympathy and love, and said to them: "Gentlemen, I was once a captive myself." And thus to those little song-birds in the market place he had testified his gratitude for freedom by setting *them* free, and sending them on their way rejoicing.

So I say to you, my country-men, I was once a captive myself; I was once held in the galling chains of a slavery that was far more repulsive to the human soul than were those gilded cages to the song-birds in the market place. And when I think how in mercy the omnipotent arm of the Son of God reached down and lifted me up from the horrible pit, and placed me firmly on "The Rock that is higher than I," and put a glad song of rejoicing on my lips that I have been singing for two years and a half, and more, with increasing joy and gratitude, I would that I could imitate the example of that old stranger in the market-place, and with the precious coinage of God, pur-

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chase souls from the terrible bondage that so many of the bright and promising youths of to-day are bound in; and so many indeed of the gray-headed patriarchs of our times who are held in its terrible toils and by its terrible fascinations, and being dragged down daily to dishonorable graves and to everlasting hell. I think strongly, and sometimes speak strongly on this subject, but I believe there are but few men in the United States of America to-night who have better right to think and speak strongly of it, than the man who stands before you now. I had as noble a mother as any man ever had. She strained me to her bosom in my infancy, and poured into my young nature all the strong devotion of her own. She led me by the hand in childhood, and taught me the blessed lessons of the Gospel of Christ. I had a noble father, a man who walked among his fellow-citizens with front uplifted, who went to his grave with the admiration and respect of every man. They loved to instill into my young life a love for the good and true and the beautiful, and to implant there those seeds of truth that should spring forth in rejoicing, and make my career one of brilliant success. I was encouraged to believe that these things had become a part of my nature, and that they would remain there to purify and ennoble my career. But the time came in my history when I said good-bye to my home influences, and went out to seek an education and a profession in life. I passed through a college course, and graduated with some distinction. I went out into the world, entered the capital city of one of the Southern States, and began to prepare myself for admission to the bar. I was admitted, and entered upon a career that had every augury of brilliant success, and I labored assiduously to make myself a name and place among my fellow-citizens. I entered into a society in which I found the fascinations of the world all ripe; I found in the commercial and professional life there was great addiction to dissipation. And, as I moved and mingled among them, and obtained introductions into this circle of life, I found that these temptations to me were strong, and that there was that in my nature that compelled me to yield ever and anon to those temptations which I could not withstand. And as I yielded little by little, and drifted away from the moral maxims of my life, and gave up my regard for the Gospel of Christ, I fell more and more into sympathy with the crowd with which I mingled, and plunged more and faster into those acts of sin and worldliness. I found they were taking hold on my life, and claiming much of my time and endeavor from my business. And as these temptations increased and multiplied, I found that these passions and appetites of the flesh were strengthening themselves, and taking larger part in my daily life.

It is true, that at these times, I had warnings cast across my pathway. I would see some of those men high in official and professional life, who had climbed to position and honor among their fellow-men, suddenly overcome with the struggle upon the dizzy height, and finally come to earth with a mighty crash. One as strong of body as myself, who would brave the tides of worldliness and sin, confident in the strength of his own arm, confident of self-salvation, but like some strong swimmer in the flood, would at last sink and leave not a bubble

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behind to mark the place of his destruction. And his companions would rush on past his new made grave, singing no requiem over his bier, and planting no immortelle to his memory, simply caring to meet and gratify themselves with the evil pleasures that were ahead of them. But while I saw these disasters come upon my friends, I said, "These things can never come to me, because," I said, "if these passions ever grow so strong in my life as to threaten me, or begin to drag me down to degradation and shame, I have strength and will enough, I have ambition and purpose in life enough to resist and conquer them."

But I say to you to-night, and especially to my young fellow citizens, that I have come to believe with the whole strength of my nature, that there is no living human being who can give free rein to those vicious appetites until they have infused their hellish poison into every corpuscle of his blood and into every fiber of his nature, and then recover himself to manhood by the mere strength of human will power. I found that when I would have done it, when I gladly would have overcome them, I might as well have tried to bind the raging lion of some African desert with a rope of sand as to bind those hellish passions in my nature with the mere strength of resolution.

I went on in this way until God gave me a noble and devoted wife. But I told her that from the nature of my position I was compelled to become hail-fellow-well-met with multitudes of people with whom I was thrown in that great city, and to gratify the appetites their company demanded, I must go to places that must be nameless and strange to her forever. And when she would tell me the danger in these practices, and warn me of the danger in them, I used to laugh at her fears, and tell her there was no danger. I would say: "My dear, you don't understand the ways of the world. You don't know how necessary it is for a young man expecting to make a place and position among his fellow-men to make himself popular with the crowd among whom he mingles. He must yield some of his own opinions to the general voice of his associates. It won't do for him to magnify his own opinions about these things. You just keep quiet, and it will all come out right. When I have something of a competency ahead, then will be time enough to discuss these moral questions." And thus I would jest at her fears, and laugh away her scruples, while I was going into those places and mingling with these men in their riotousness and recklessness. This went on until God sent little children to my home. And as I looked across their cradle bars at the little horizon of their young lives, I would think that I must not taint their young lives by my crimes, and cause them to grow up in misery and despair. But these things went on year after year, these passions increased, my seasons of dissipation were longer and more intense in degree. Still there would be sober moments when I would think to myself, "I am worthy of a better life than this. I have powers that can be expended for better things than these." Then I yielded to the importunities of my wife, and thought perhaps the medical profession was right when they said the gratification of these appetites was the cause of my bodily troubles. I put myself into the hands of the most skillful physicians of my city, entered into their most careful regimen, and though these things had a temporary effect, when I went

back again to my original habits of life, these passions re-asserted themselves with tenfold force.

I then thought I would use an antidote for the liquor habit. We searched them out, and I think myself and wife spent a thousand dollars buying up these nostrums in this country and Europe, thinking possibly among some of them we might find an antidote for the trouble. But none of them gave me other than temporary relief, and all ended in disappointment and despair.

Men who occupied high positions in the State and nation, took more than ordinary interest in my case; they seemed to be personally interested in my success and my deliverance from the toils of that appetite, and in my beginning to live that career which they thought I ought. They saw that I lacked for neither money nor position. But I only took license of their kindness, and went on, laughing at their fears, and thinking I would be able to rescue myself from danger.

At last they thought a change of scene, new duties and larger responsibilities might help me; so they procured from the President of the United States my appointment in the interest of the government. I went to London, and there in the literary circles to which I had the entre, I found there were new phases of dissipation into which I could plunge, new orgies in which I could engage. I recovered at last from their influence by the strongest effort and with medical assistance, and was encouraged to go on my journey, and entered upon my mission with the idea that possibly there would be no return of these temptations. I established my home in Paris, and entered upon the discharge of my official duties, when there came one of those international occasions, when representatives of all the various civilized nations of the world meet to display their achievements in science, in commerce, industry and art. The occasion furnished every opportunity for dissipation, and it being my nature to investigate every opportunity, I soon fell away completely from every stand-by that I had set up between myself and those old temptations, and I fell far and long, and entered upon a career of madness in that modern Babel of Paris that brought despair to my wife, and at last stretched me upon a bed of sickness. Tired nature revolted at the outrages I had committed upon her, and seemed to threaten me with imminent dissolution. I was placed under the care of one of the most skillful physicians in France, who used all his skill to try and eradicate that terrible appetite for strong drink. He finally brought me back to health and strength. Then he applied his test to see if the taste had been eradicated, and found that it was only lying there dormant, ready to reassert its old supremacy. He said he did not believe there was anything known to the medical science of the world that would emancipate me from that appetite, and that probably some time in a mad mania I would take the suicide's knife or pistol and end a miserable career. With this terrible prediction I came home with my wife and little children to the city of Atlanta, and resumed my duties there as an official of the court and editor of a newspaper. In my sober moments I put the check on as far as possible, and yet in my soul there was a settled despair, for I believed there was no relief for me. It was only a question of time when this terrible monster should overcome and doom me to an everlasting hell, and with these terrible thoughts

about my soul, I threw off at last all restraint, and was going faster and faster into hopelessness and helplessness. It was at that time when there was gloom and sorrow in my home; it was at that time when I recognized that my children had come to know I was not the father to them that God intended me to be, and instead of running and leaping into my arms, when they heard my staggering foot-steps upon the stairs, they would hide themselves in other parts of the house to escape the possible consequences of meeting me. It was then that my wife summoned all her courage, and forgetting those feelings which would have influenced her at another time, resolved to make one desperate effort to save me. She went to Judge Hammond and said to him: "I know you are a friend to my husband; you have kept him in official position, and have made it possible for him to provide well for his family. But it is evident that his fate will soon overtake him unless something is done for him. I want you to help me make one such endeavor. I want you to prepare for me, in accordance with the laws of Georgia, that a notice shall be official and legal, that I may serve it upon the saloon-keepers of this city, notifying them, under the penalties of the law, not to sell my husband liquor upon any consideration whatever, upon any occasion whatever, or upon any pretext whatever." Judge Hammond took the code of the State of Georgia and drew up that notice legally. My wife signed and addressed every one with her own hand, trembling as she signed her name to each of those papers. The saloon keepers received those notices, coming with the authority of the law, and some of them blistered with the hot tears of my wife. And they obey them? NO! They stuck them up in the most prominent places in their bar-rooms, and made them a jest and object for the ribald laughter of the whole town. "Oh," you say, "why didn't the law stop them?" Why didn't the law stop these dirty devils in Durham? (Laughter). You answer for Durham and I will for Atlanta. But it's my time to talk and I will answer for you. I will tell you why it didn't stop them. It was because the men who were interested in the business knew they could control the caucuses, dictate the nominations and secure the election of a set of officials that were too cowardly to enforce the law. It is an outrage upon the name of law, it is an insult to the spirit of justice, to have a crowd in office who haven't the backbone or the honesty to live up to their oaths, [Applause] but pusilanimously refuse or fail to do it. [Renewed applause]. And if they cannot do it, there is but one honest thing left for them to do, and that is to resign like men, and tell them they won't hold an office that requires them to perjure themselves before man and God. [Applause]. I know that's pretty hot, but cold victuals have mighty little comfort in them. [Laughter]. That is the reason why it didn't stop them in Atlanta. There was another reason though. They said: "We know Sam Small's wife; we know her sensitive, retiring disposition. This is just a bluff game. We don't believe she will ever come in court and prosecute us. Why. Sam Small's sort of a public character, newspaper editor, politician, &c. She can't stand it." And the dirty scoundrels argued well. She couldn't and she didn't. You must not be surprised when I call them by that name. I know 'em. [Laughter]. When she found that effort was of no avail, in her despair she went one step further. She went to the Chief of Police of Atlanta, Capt. Conly, who is, by the way

Chief now, and said to him: "I want you to detail for my service the best detective you have." George Hamilton was detailed and entered into her employ, and out of her savings from her household allowance she paid his salary while he kept me under his eye. And when this terrible monster had nearly dethroned my reason, made me almost insensible to every law of friendship, love or family ties, like a fiendish beast in search of that with which to gratify his appetite, this man kept me under his view. And when I thought I had eluded his vigilance by sneaking in through the back door, and the man behind the bar was about to set the damnable stuff before me, he would appear and command him not to do it. And the bar-keeper, washing his hands in the invisible soap of his innocence would say: "Oh, of course not." He was just as innocent about it as Josh Billing's cat. Josh said he had a cat once that was as meek as Moses, but as full of the devil as Judas Iscariot, Esq. [Great laughter]. And when I walked away disgusted, and went back to my office in the court house, these disreputable rascals would smuggle the stuff to my room, in order to get the almighty dollar they knew I would give to the last nickel.

And thus for months and months, in spite of the outraged law, against the protests of a powerless people, against the tears and entreaties of my wife, who had gone herself to many of their bar-rooms and called them out and begged them face to face not to do it, they still kept me supplied privately with the means to continue my debauchery when they knew they were pressing me to a drunkard's hell, and they did it all for the dirty dimes and dollars that was in the infamous business. Not that I do not feel responsible for my actions in the matter, for I have since confessed it all to God, and asked him on my knees to forgive me for it. No, it was not the bar-keepers alone who carried on the work of damnation. In that there was a triple partnership. I was one party, the bar-keepers another party, and the State of Georgia was the third party, and there was not one of those bar keepers engaged in that work that had not paid the State of Georgia good hard money for the privilege of doing it. The money was in the public treasury, and the sycophantic, pharisaical, greedy devils of the State were enjoying the benefits of it. You don't like that idea, do you? I'm afraid that's making it a little too personal for some of you. It is getting quite fashionable now for people to say: "Oh well, the liquor traffic is a very disreputable business, but it is no use to be continually jumping on it with both feet." I say some hard things about the business, but I have a right to say them.

I paid twenty thousand dollars, and fifteen years of good hard service for the right, and I have a right to say what I please about them, but you haven't. Some people regard this jumping on the saloons and bar-keepers with both feet as a necessary evil, but I tell you there is not a bar-keeper in the State of North Carolina who is not as good as the crowd that allows him to be a bar-keeper. (Applause). He is as good as the crowd who create the class, and then repudiate their own work. I repeat it—they are as good as the crowd that makes them, and God Almighty will prove it to you at the judgment. And when the bar-keeper comes up there with his license signed by some of you big Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists or other church-people,

was all in perfect kelter he hitched the finest team of horses to it he had, and mounted the driver's seat himself to whoop 'er up. But she wouldn't whoop. (Laughter.) She just stuck right still. Every body began to get excited. They walked around the big machine examined it, and tried to find out what was the matter. The old farmer himself got down and soon discovered the trouble. He went to the telegraph office, and sent this message to the eastern firm: "Your machine arrived here all right, and I believe it will just suit. I think it will do everything you promised, but you forgot to send the crank along with it. Please send at once."

You see he could not use the balance of the machine without the crank, although it was perfect in every other detail. Well, that's just what is the matter with the temperance movement in this country. We have enough temperance sentiment in the country to run twenty worlds as big as this. But without the crank we'll run it in the ground. Did you ever think how much sentiment we have got? Everybody in the church is in favor of temperance. Oh yes. Every body in the liquor business is in favor of temperance. Every old brewer and distiller in the country is a temperance man. Every old red-nosed sot revelling upon the streets is in favor of temperance. Oh yes, they are all in favor of temperance. That's the reason I ain't. (Laughter.) I quit being a temperance man sometime ago. I found out I couldn't run with the crowd in favor of it, so I quit. Did you see that locomotive down there that draws that train of cars, ten, fifteen Pullman cars, if you please, by the city, going at the rate of forty, fifty or sixty miles in the hour? Why that is an omnipotent piece of machinery. It seems almost as if man could hardly have conceived it, much less have run it. Everything has to clear the track for it as it comes thundering along. And did you notice that pile of pig-iron lying there by the track? The only difference between the two is, the locomotive is a pile of organized iron, while the pig-iron is not. Do you see the point? (Applause.) We have got plenty of temperance sentiment in this country, but it has never gotten beyond the pig-iron state. It is lying around all over the country, stuck away in churches, in the temperance lodges and unions, Good Templars, and all sorts of little organizations. It is splendid in quality, superabundant in quantity, but it is lying around, unable to move itself. What we must do if we ever redeem this country from drunkenness, riot and debauchery, is to take this pig-iron sentiment in favor of temperance, throw it in the furnace of love for humanity, God and native land, run it together in one mass, pour it out on the anvil of eternal purpose, hammer it into shape with the good right arm of religion and determination, then harness up a few cranks to it, and move out to victory. (Applause.)

And I'll tell you something singular about that crank business. Do you know that during the fifteen years I was pouring those damnable decoctions of the bar-room down my throat, debauching my body, ruining my usefulness to myself and family, taking the bloom of health from the cheeks of my wife, and pouring my hard earnings into the tills of these infamous white-aproned wretches standing behind their

bars—during that time no one ever said: "Sam Small's a crank." Is that not strange? I will leave it to your honest, sober judgment to-night, as honest people, as to when I was a crank, whether it was then or now. I'd hate to trust some of you though. (Laughter). I would rather be the veriest pauper in creation to-night, a very Lazarus at your doors, my body covered with putrefying sores, with dogs for doctors, and be the sober, God-fearing, humanity-loving crank I am to-night, than to own this whole world in fee simple and be the hell-bound crank I was then. (Applause).

I was just in a condition bordering upon insanity on one side or a suicides death upon the other, when by a providence of God that was strangely ordered, I was at that time, on the 13th day of September, 1885, led to take my children for a days outing and enjoyment. I took them down to the train and bought tickets for Cartersville, Ga., where Sam Jones was preaching at the time. I went up there that day, not thinking of Sam Jones, or caring much whether I heard him or not. I only knew the man by hearsay. I had heard that he had a peculiar way of talking, that he used slang phrases in the pulpit—and I had heard so much in that line that I had fallen into a sort of contempt for the man and his style as I understood it. I was mighty orthodox in those days about my style of preaching. And I have since found out that the bigger sinner a man is, the more orthodox he is along that line, and if you had any bar-rooms in Durham I could prove it to you in about fifteen minutes. If you vote them back in June, and I come here again, I will try to prove it to you. These red-nosed devils love to sit around a table and guzzle down their damnable stuff, and talk about preaching. Why, it's a favorite subject with them. Whenever you hear them talking about Sam Jones, or Sam Small, or Talmage, or any of those fellows, you may be sure some of them have been knocking the fur off of a few of them. I have seen a great many people who belonged to the church that didn't seem to have any fixed ideas about how the Gospel should be preached, but I never saw an old soak around a bar-room that wasn't chuck full of ideas on the subject, and perfectly willing to give them to you on the slightest provocation. You may sit around and listen to them a while, and you'll hear one of thme say: "I tell you, that kind of preaching is never going to convert the world; oh, no." Another one will say: "Well, if anybody wants to talk Christianity to me, he mustn't come at me in any such style as that. He must be gentle and lovin' like about it." And then the meanest old bloat among the lot will say: "If I was going to preach the Gospel, I would do so and so." You sit there and listen to them about fifteen minutes, and you will come to the conclusion that all that's needed to transform them into a first-class theological seminary is an act of the legislature incorporating them. And if they had incorporated one of these institutions down in Atlanta about three years ago, I would have been Dean of the faculty. (Laughter and applause).

I wanted my preaching done in that style you read about in good old books with the leaves all torn and the backs off. I wanted the preacher to come into the pulpit all buttoned up before in a shining

black suit that looked like it just had a coat of coffin varnish, with a white necktie, a stake and a ridged collar, and looking as dignified as if he had just come from one funeral and was just going to another. He would open the Bible and take his text, and then begin with his firstly, and secondly, and thirdly and so on until seventeenthly and lastly. He thought if he ever made anybody in his congregation smile, or so far as getting up a laugh, he thought the devil was going to scoop the whole concern. (Laughter). I wanted the thing done decently and in order. But I have gotten over all that nonsense. And I went up there that day to hear Sam Jones, and found an immense crowd. There was no place where I could comfortably seat myself. So like my friend here (referring to the stenographer on the stage) I took a seat on the stage by my fellow-reporter, and pulled out my note book and began to take notes as a kind of an apology for being there. I felt that my presence needed some kind of an apology. (Laughter). And directly Sam Jones got up and began to talk to the great crowd. He was a little bit of a tallow-faced fellow, and I didn't think he could do much, but I thought: "Old fellow, I'll follow you a little ways to see how you do this thing." I began to take shorthand notes, and presently he swung out in the midst of his discourse, and began to preach that wonderful sermon on "Conscience, Record, God and Judgment." He hadn't preached more than about fifteen minutes before I discovered there was a man preaching there, and he was preaching good hard common sense, or rather uncommon sense to me. I finally said to myself: "Look here old fellow, you're preaching right along down the road I've been living. I guess I'll follow you a little closer, and see how far you know that road." I laid my pencil down, and paid close attention to him.

The power of God came upon him as I had never seen before, and as he preached, the arrows of conviction flew thick and fast in the midst of that vast audience, as he swayed it at his will. Men and women were breaking down under conviction of their sins, until as he closed with his wonderful peroration and called upon them to come and surrender their lives to God, they came up into the altar by hundreds, and made the unconditional surrender to God. I sat there by that time as deeply a convicted man as there was in the audience, but pride was still dominant, and I kept my face straight. I labored to stifle those convictions, and no one could have told that I was at all disturbed; yet my soul was surging, and I was aflame with the fires of an outraged conscience. I had been illuminated with the power of the holy ghost, and as I stood there, I was the most miserable man on the face of the earth. But I still maintained that stolid front in the midst of it all. And I went away and took my children back to Atlanta, and when I got to the city I sent them home, and went to hunt up some of my companions. And although it was Sunday, we went to one of our favorite haunts, and there all that night we drank and gambled and debauched ourselves, blaspheming the name of God, and trying to have one of those scenes that result in insensibility. I drank like a famished demon, and tried with all my power to become insensible to the thoughts that were holding me literally over the verge of despair. I tried with all my power to place myself thoroughly

under the influence of the liquor, thinking I would be able to drown out the voice of conscience that was bringing before me the pictures that my memory had dragged up of those seventeen years of sin and worldliness, and they flashed before me as a very phantasmagoria of hell itself. Although I tried with all my powers, insensibility would not come. Those things still pressed themselves in upon my soul.

All day Monday I was recklessly and riotously drunk on the streets of the city. Some of my friends would say: "why, what's the matter with Small, that he enters upon a debauch so soon after emerging from another?" I waited all Monday night for the same insensibility from those accusations of an outraged conscience until the small hours of the morning. I waited until the hour of five o'clock, when I knew the bar-room doors would be thrown open, and I was out in search of liquor. I tried my best to debauch myself thoroughly, but some how or other the liquor would not have its old time effect on me. My brain kept perfectly clear, and would not succumb. And sometimes as I stood at the bar-room counter, ready to gulp the fiery poison down, my hand would tremble and I would set the glass down, and letting my head fall upon my clenched fist I would mutter: "God have mercy upon me a sinner."

I was sitting at one of the tables in a bar-room of the city at ten o'clock that day, when one of my friends came in and touched me on the shoulder and said: "Sam, your wife is out there in the carriage; she has been driving about looking for you, and if I was in your place I would go out and get in the carriage with her and go home."

I had been sitting there in a half dazed state, thinking whether it would be better for me to go out behind the saloon, and end my miserable existence with a pistol shot. But as I listened to what he said it sank down into my soul, and I went out of the place, got into the carriage with my wife and went home. I sat there, thinking over my deeds in the past, and the fumes of the liquor seemed to leave me. I saw very clearly back to the beginning of my transgressions; I saw the very first glass I had taken, remembered the first oath I had sworn and as these things flashed before me, I saw what a terrible sinner I had been, and conviction came to me with all the force of despair. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, and got up and went to my library. There I knelt down by the sofa, buried my face in my hands, and remained there until four o'clock in the afternoon. I was struggling all the time to make my peace with God, to surrender everything, and give myself unreservedly to him.

But the terrible passions of my nature seemed to protest against it all. They surged through and through me until every part of my body was in pain, and my brain seemed to be on fire. I suffered more physical agony than I had ever suffered in my life before, and there seemed to be no relief for me at all. At last, when I was almost exhausted, I simply looked up and said: "Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'tis all that I can do," and fell across the face of the sofa in a sort of faint. For a moment I was almost insensible, and then all my feeling came back to me, and my brain was clear and active. I did not know what had happened to me. As I lay there a queer, singular feeling came over me, and I thought at first perhaps my mental struggle and physical pain combined had produced paralysis. But as I

raised my body and straightened out my clenched fingers, I found I was not paralyzed, and I leaned back with an expression of thankfulness that it was so. And there came such a strange calm to me; my brain was perfectly clear, my flesh was cool and natural, all pain had gone out of my body, and I found my spirit was as clear and calm as it possibly could be. I wondered what it meant. It came to me all at once by a very inspiration from above, that this was the peace of God that passeth all understanding, and for which I had been praying all that afternoon. It came so quick that I leaped to my feet and clapped my hands together, for God had made me a saved man, and I knew it on the instant. I ran out of the room as fast as I could and down the stairs. It seemed as if I wanted to see my wife worst just then than I ever had before. I found her in her room with her face buried in her hands. Brushing the tears from her eyes, I kissed her and said to her: "My dear, don't cry any more. God for Christ sake has forgiven my sins, and I'm going to make you the best husband, and the best father to my children in this town. And that is the best thing the grace of God can make out of a man."

She looked up into my face for a moment, and then buried her face in her hands again. I tried to get her to explain to me what was the matter. She told me afterwards. She had tried to gain admittance to my room, and did not seem to be able to make me hear. She heard me groaning, and thought perhaps I had attempted what I had so often threatened to do—cut my throat or taken poison. She had been debating what to do, and was about to leave the house to get some one to go to my room and see what was the matter, when she heard me jump to my feet in the room over her head, heard me as I came out of the room and down the stairs. And when I came up to her and kissed her, she looked up into my face and saw a smile there that she could not interpret at all, and a conviction came over her all at once that it was the first exultation of the insanity that had been so often predicted, and had taken that religion turn from the fact that I had attended religious service the Sunday before.

While she was going through that paroxysm of sorrow, God seemed to put it into the hearts of my little children that it was true, and my little eleven year old girl rushed up to her mother's side, and said: "Papa's in earnest; I believe it is so, and I thank God for it. Papa's going to be a good and sober man." Her little brothers, hardly knowing what they did, came up too, and the three little ones thanked God the best they knew how for what had come to their home that day. When they had gotten through with their prayers, I said to them: "Children, get your bonnet and your hats, and come and go with me." It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon. I took the carriage and drove over to a job printing office that was near, and said to the proprietor: "Henry, I want you to print me a lot of little circulars, dodgers, about this size, and when you get them printed, I want you to send them out over the city." "Well," he said, "what do you want printed?" I wrote for him: "Sam W. Small will preach at the corner of Marietta and Peachtree streets this evening. Everybody invited." He looked at me sort of dazed like and said: "Why, I won't print any such stuff as that." "Why not?" said I. "Oh," he says, "if I was in your place, I wouldn't do anything like that." "Well," I said, "if

you won't print them for me, I'll go somewhere else." He said I had better get somebody else, and as I walked out of the shop, he turned to his brother and said: "Will, Sam oughtn't to be going around in that fix with those children in a carriage." He thought I had gone crazy sure.

I went across the street to another printing establishment where they had less scruples or more time, and I got them to print my circulars, making the announcement that I would preach that evening. I got the newsboys on the street to take them out all over the city, and by that time it was getting along towards night, and I took the children in the carriage and drove home to prepare myself for the exercises of the evening. [Laughter]. That's an expression I have picked up since. My wife looked at me searchingly as I came in, and seemed to be satisfied. But presently she called our boy out to her, and said: "Sammy, where have you children been with your father?" He had his pocket full of the circulars he had been distributing around, so he pulled one out of his pocket, and distributed her one. [Laughter]. She took it, and read it. I think she must have read it twice from the length of time she took. She handed it back to him, and I could see she wasn't taking much stock in that enterprise, and I thought I had better keep quiet. When the time came for me to proceed to the place I had appointed, I told the children again to get their hats and bonnet and we went down to the place. It was where they were boring the artesian well, there at the intersection of the two most prominent streets of the city. My three little children were the only backers I had that night.

As I stood up there I saw a great crowd had gathered in response to those notices. A great many had seen me drunk on the streets that morning, and believed it was just a drunken freak of mine, and some of them didn't come at all. Those that were there did not come right around the platform, but roosted around on the sidewalks, just like a crowd will when it don't know whether a thing is going to come off or not. I read one of the Psalms, and then began to speak to them. I told them all the salient features of my life in their midst, briefly, as I have done to you, or not so briefly either, I said: "I want to make to you to-night, a new proclamation. I now surrender myself to God. I have been four hours to-day wrestling before a throne of grace, until at last God has spoken peace to my soul. And as I stand before you to-night with my sins washed away, I now cut myself loose from every tie that binds me to my old life, and come over solely and entirely unto Christ, and here and now under these silent stars and in the presence of you all, I dedicate my time, my talents, my all to him who has redeemed me." Then I asked them to pray with me, and I offered my first public prayer. I then dismissed them, and took my children home. They dispersed with many doubts. There wasn't a dozen men in that audience who thought there was any possibility of this being an honest declaration of faith. Many were the things said about it. Some of the very fellows I had been drinking and gambling with the night before were holding caucuses about it. They jested and laughed about it, and said I would be drunk again very soon. Some of them even went so far as to bet on it. I believe I am the only man

in America whose conversion was made the subject of gambling in the pool-rooms. Some bet I wouldn't hold out two weeks, and one fellow, bolder than the rest, said I would last a month. And he said he would be willing to lose that much any time to see me keep sober a month. But I didn't know anything about this then. A year later when I stood in Trinity church, in Atlanta, by the invitation of its members to deliver my anniversary sermon, the people came around me by hundreds, and congratulated and thanked me, and promised to pray for me. After I had told them of those blessed twelve months of service for Christ, and had closed and received their congratulations, one of my old chums and companions of those other days came up and took my hand. He was a young man of magnificent talents, splendid genius, and he had been educated in the best schools of America and Europe. He might have been one of the shining lights in his native State, or in the councils of the nation but for this terrible appetite for strong drink. And instead of being an ornament to his family and an honor to his native city, he is now a drunken outcast from his native city, and from the very friendship of his own relatives. But he came up to me that night with tears in his eyes, and taking me by the hand, he said: "Sam, old fellow, I am glad to hear the things you have said to-night. I bless God for the new life you are leading. And I want to say to you, old fellow, never come back to us any more. But there is no hope for me now," and as he turned away with tears in his eyes, his nature reassured itself, and looking back at me with the old quizzical expression, he said: "I tell you old fellow, I was mighty skeptical about you when you started, and if I could just have had a pointer that you were going to do this, I could have bankrupted the whole town on it." [Laughter]. When I went home that night after preaching my first sermon, I found that the stone had been rolled away from the sepulchre of my wife's dead hopes, and she had returned to her pristine vigor and beauty, and from that day to this we have had one of the happiest homes and happiest families in America, although God has visited us and taken home to himself one of our little ones. Yet by his grace and the power he has given us, we know it was for the best, and have thanked him for saving me from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, and placed my feet on the way that leads from earth to heaven.

The next day, however, when I woke in my room, that terrible appetite for strong drink came back to me, and plunged me into the most terrible fears. As I lay there on the bed before I had risen, it surged through me like molten lava, and the perspiration stood out all over me. I clenched my hands and held myself in the bed while that awful paroxysm passed over me. My wife asked me how it was. She thought God had forgiven my sins, and I had conquered that appetite, but now it had come back again. I told her I had surrendered it all, and promised God when he forgave my sins to do all I could to overcome it, but it is back upon me again. She said she still had some of the antidotes in the house that I had formerly used, and she would get some of them, or some hot coffee, and try and settle and quiet my appetite. I told her: "No, that won't do. It has always gotten the better of me." I got up and started out and

she asked me anxiously where I was going. I told her there was but one thing to do, and that was to go right up where I was yesterday. I knew if I went down town with that terrible appetite surging through me there would be no hope. So I went up to my library and begged Him to take that terrible appetite from me. I told Him my whole situation, and talked as familiarly with Him as any son to his father; and after telling Him all, I begged and pleaded Him to save me from such weakness, and prayed God to save me. At last, after two hours, that sweet, sweet feeling came over me again. My skin was cool and all right, and my brain was clear and calm. I investigated the whiskey business, and found I had no appetite at all, and felt like I never would want any more. I jumped up and said: "it is gone." And so it was. I went out of that room and I felt that I had left it all behind. I was satisfied it was gone. And I testify to you to-night that I have never since that time had one desire to go back to strong drink.

Thus I have briefly gone over some of the experiences through which I have passed, from the time I fell away into dissipation; how this terrible appetite came near wrecking me for time and eternity; and how, through the grace of God, I have gained this present strength, and testify of it to you all.

While this story may have some singular features, while it may not be one that comes under your experience and observation often, still there would be no reason to speak of it in your presence to-night, were it not to impress upon the conscience of every patriotic and every Christian man the fact that there is a deep and eternal responsibility upon you, to take this terrible traffic out of the midst of the people, and these temptations away from our weaker brethren. It is not a question of whether Christ can save the drunkard—we know he can. It is not a question of whether he will—we know he will whenever he has the opportunity. It is a question of whether you and I, after having these revelations spread before our eyes, and some of us having had experience through our loved ones, shall permit our fellow-citizens to be dragged down to that condition where only the omnipotent arm of God can reach them and save them. Some of you Christians will get down and pray: "Oh Lord, come down and save us from this terrible sin of intemperance, and cast out these terrible dens of iniquity. Oh, Lord, come down and sweep this mighty evil from the land." And the Lord don't come, and he ain't coming. That is not his job. And you can set it right down in your theology that he is not going to do anything for you that you can and ought to do for yourselves, and you need not wear your pants out around the altar praying God to come down and run the bar-rooms out of North Carolina, when you ought to do it yourselves. [Applause]. Don't sign their licenses; oppose the act of the Legislature that permits them; don't elect a mayor and council that signs up the bill of permission. [Applause]. God ain't going to come down here and undo your dirty work. Clean up your own devilment, and then he'll give you his blessing.

Some fellows say to me, "Small, its no use for you to be laboring to try and convince me the whole business is wrong; I know it's wrong as well as you do, and I am just as good a temperance man as

you are." "Well," I say, "I'm mighty glad of that. Shake." [Laughter]. I say: "By the way, what's yoor plan of getting rid of it?" "Oh," he says: "I ain't got any plan; haven't got that far yet." "Well," I am sorry of that, but you are a temperance man, and you ought to have an opinion on this subject." "Well," he says, "since I think of it, Small, I have got one opinion on the subject." "Well out with it. Let's hear it." "You will excuse me," he says, "for mentioning it in your presence, but I never thought you preachers ought to have anything to do with this business." [Laughter] Well I reckon so. That lets you out. I don't want to hear any more from you, for when a fellow comes out and says that, he and the devil are agreed on one point, and I don't want to hear any more from him. [Laughter]. That's just what the devil thinks about it.

I believe if you could telephone to hell to-night and ask the devil what particular piece of information he would like to transmit to the preachers of Durham, he would say: "Tell them to do anything they wish, providing they let my liquor business alone." He knows he would be running on flat wheels through this country, without his liquor business. Barrels, and jugs, and demijohns, and bottles constitute his rolling stock [Applause].

And you will everlastingly cripple his business, if you will demolish all these things he uses as implements for his hellishness. He knows that whenever the preachers of this country do become a solid, unified body against the business, he has got to hustle; and the business has more life in it to-day in America because the preachers are divided on the subject, than it has because the politicians are in league with it. I know what I am talking about, because I have seen it in twenty odd States of the Union, and I say to you that whenever the preachers and the people whose names are on the church rolls of America stand up and vote as one man, with one purpose, the thing is doomed forever in this country. [Applause]. The devil don't want the preachers mixed up with it. Not that I've had any recent personal communication with him, but I know it. That's why he tells his crowd up here to be everlastingly protesting against the preachers having anything to do with it.

You never saw a bar-room-visiting, long-praying-in-public-Christian, going around who thought the preachers ought to have anything to do with it. There is no more disreputable character to be found in the world than one of these old sour-smelling jugwumps in the church of Christ. [Laughter]. His opinion! Where did he gets his opinion? He never originated it. If he was to take it out there in the middle of the road, turn it loose and set a hound dog on it's track, he would tree it in a bar-room in less than ten minutes. [Great laughter]. And the bar-room got it fresh from the devil. The devil never had a bigger pic-nic than when he gets one of these preachers to point his little popgun up in the air at an angle of about sixty degrees, and if the little thing was to go off, the only thing in the universe that would be in danger would be the dog-star or moon, if they happened to be around in that quarter. [Laughter].

There he is, firing away at sin and iniquity, iniquity and sin, sin and iniquity. The devil knows he don't own anything up in that direction, and don't get at all excited about it. He justs crawls up under the muzzle of the little gun, and looks and waits to see if

anything is going to happen. But whenever the preacher rolls his pulpit right up to the front, makes a parapet of it, and levels the old Krupp guns of the gospel right down at the congregation at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and takes good square aim in that direction, there's going to be a mighty hustling. Something 's got to get up and dust. There's going to be a fight there. The devil never gives up any advantage he may have without a square fight, and you may look for hair and blood and toe-nails all over the field. [Laughter]. And in most cases the preacher has got to furnish them. And whenever the preachers do this, the devil has got to get out in the field and scratch for a living. [Laughter].

I'll tell you a man who has my profoundest sympathy—one that I feel like going and setting up with. It's the preacher who has packed off on him a crowd that keeps him continually in hot water to tell which is the biggest end of his congregation, the wet end or the dry end. And there's plenty of churches around the country that are just in that fix. Its nip and tuck to tell which has the majority—wet or dry. And there's some of them not very far from here, ain't there? [Laughter]. Of course there ain't any right in here. But they are near enough for any of you to go visit them.

The preacher don't dare to preach against temperance, because that will offend all the real Christians in his congregation, and he don't dare to preach in favor of temperance, because that will offend all the old jugwumps of his church, and they will begin to get up and go out, and take their pocket-books with them. And this brings in the bread and butter question, and they get a fellow on that. So his guns are spiked. He does not dare to draw the line of demarcation between the devil on one side, and loyalty to Christ on the other, and so he tries to hold both ends down. And he presents a funny spectacle, don't he? When I see him I am reminded of an Irishman and a Dutchman who were partners in a mining claim out in the Sierra Nevada mountains. They owned a little claim on the hill side out there, and were working it for all it was worth, and it wasn't worth very much either. One day they had been out digging for wealth, and the mists of the mountain had settled on their clothes, and made them soggy, and very uncomfortable. The Irishman went to his wardrobe—an old cracker box, to get his dry clothes. But the Dutchman thought he would take a quicker way. So he gathered together some pine knots, placed them in the fireplace, stuck a match to them, and soon had an immense blaze going up the chimney. He backed up to it, and began to rub his hands as he felt the genial warmth; the steam was coming off him and he was wiggling and squirming about, when the Irishman turned around, and saw for the first time that his partner was bow-legged. He didn't exactly catch on to what was the matter with him. And as he saw him standing there, the steam rolling off him like a young Vesuvius, and the fire shining behind him, and he twisting and wiggling about, he began to get alarmed, and yelled out to him: 'Look out there, Hans, be jabers, yer warping. [Great laughter]. And when I see a preacher trying to straddle this question so as to hold both ends down, and he twisting and wriggling around trying to evade it, and with the fires of perdition burning brightly behind him, I feel like shouting: "Watch out there Brother, you're warping. [Great laughter]."

"Oh!" you say: "I don't object to the preachers all preaching temperance if they will confine themselves to temperance, but I don't like this idea of dragging politics into the pulpit." Well, you are right about that. I don't either. I object to it just as much as you do. I have a personal interest in seeing that that is attended to. I am terribly against it. But tell me this: did you ever see any politics in a barrel of liquor? Mighty nice for you to talk about politics in the pulpit, you old rascal; you don't want your favorite jumped on. Every time a preacher says anything against liquor, it's "politics in the pulpit." Did you ever see any politics in a barrel, or demijohn, or decanter? Say, some of you who have been tangled up with it lately, did you see any in it? Stand up and let's see. I was tangled up with it once myself—with all kinds, colors, conditions and brands of it—and I never saw any politics in any I got hold of. I've seen plenty of liquor in politics and politicians, but I never saw any politics in the liquor. My experience and observation is that it will make a Democrat drunk as quick as it will a Republican. Hardly either. No, I'll take that back. The Democrats are generally more familiar with it, and it takes longer, but it "gets there all the same." (Great and prolonged laughter). It is no respecter of persons. But you'll hear one of those old roosters in the church that don't want his toes stepped on about this business saying: "Oh, don't preach about that; it's got to be a political question now; it isn't a moral question any longer; it's a political question. You mustn't bring it into the church." Well, suppose you take it and wrap it up tenderly and preserve it until the next political convention comes along. You take it up there, and say to them: "We have a question here that's kicked out of the churches; they say it's a political question, not a moral question, and we have carefully preserved it for you." How many of the leading politicians of North Carolina are just itching and dying to have this made a political question? I tell you though they are doing some tall kicking because they afraid it is going to be one. That's what's the matter with Hannah. (Great laughter). Well, you take it up to the convention and they say: "What in the world did you bring that thing up here for? Go back with it. We don't want it. It's a moral question, and you people ought to deal with it in the church, in the home and temperance societies. You oughtn't to drag it through the mud and mire and dirty cess-pool of politics." Who made politics dirty? That's the funniest confession I ever heard a crowd make. They object to you dragging the question into the dirty cess-pool of politics, while they have their heads just sticking out of that cess-pool. But this is the way they treat the subject. They say it's a moral question, and the church says it's a political question, and they toss it back from one to the other: Moral question—political question. Moral question—political question, and they keep it up in the air where you can't get at it at all. Thank God it is a moral question, and every man should stand on the right side of it. Thank God it is a political question, and I thank Him that we have at last got a political question that has some merit in it. (Applause).

Then you conclude to take it up to those statesmen who have charge

of national politics. I had the distinction of being connected with the United States Senate for a couple of years, and I got right familiar with some of the statesmen up there. Got drunk several times with a number of them. Well, you take the question up to Washington, and ask them to carry it out for you. You approach one of those cold, dignified Senators who represents an old New England constituency, and you tell him you have a large question of national importance that you want to submit to him. "Of course, sir; I shall be very glad to hear you on it." And you begin with your preamble, and your whereases and he listens patiently till you are through: "Oh, yes," he says, "that is true, and I quite sympathize with you. It is very commendable, and I quite sympathize with you, sir." "Well, Senator, what do you propose to do about it. Don't you feel like using your vote and your influence as a United States Senator, one of the great legislators of this country and of the age; don't you feel like putting it on record that you were one of the movers in this, that you were identified with the greatest movement of your times?" "Well, I'll tell you, my dear fellow, all my sympathies are in that way, but the times are not propitious for it." "Why not," you say. "Well, because we have these larger questions of national interest that must be attended to first. There's the tariff and protection, and the return of the Rebel flags, these things must command our attention first." You argue with him a while and finally pin him down and he'll say: "Now, my dear fellow, if you have any regard for the great and live issues of the day, don't bring that old preserved thing in here now." "Well, why not?" "Well, I'll tell you, my dear fellow, you will get the people to thinking about this thing, and there will be a necessity for revision and readjustment, and I am afraid my party and my friends will go to the devil in the readjustment. (Laughter). You see we just lost the last presidential election by a scratch, and it will never do in the world to take those risks again."

Well, you see there is nothing to be gotten out of that old fellow, so you start out to find one of those hearty, hail-fellow-well-met Southern or Western Democratic Senators. You find him, and to be sure, there is a faint suspicion of *Aurora Borealis* on his nose, but don't let that scare you. (Laughter). You say to him: "Senator, I have a great question here I would like to submit to you. It is a question which involves the interest of the people. A question such as Thomas Jefferson advocated, the greatest good to the greatest number, and it is in perfect harmony with all pure Democratic principles." "Well," he says, "all right. Let's hear it." Anything that's got Old Tom in it suits him. You begin with your preamble about the greatest good to the greatest number, etc., and he says: "Yes, sir; that is all right. I am in favor of that." But when you strike the temperance part of it: "Well, I don't know. Maybe so. I don't know about that. For the Lord's sake give us a rest." (Laughter). You want to pin him down and press the point. "Well, I'll tell you. In the first place we can't have anything to do with that." "Why not?" "Well, that would be a sumptuary law, and therefore contrary to the genius and history of the Democratic party." The old sour-smelling

hypocrite. Sumptuary law: Why, if he saw a sumptuary law coming up the Potomac river as big as a steamboat, he wouldn't know it. (Great Laughter). He read it in a newspaper, and thought it must be something tremendous.

We have got a sumptuary law—the oleomargerine bill. That is a sumptuary law that goes for the butter on your bread. (Laughter). And all the old hypocrites in the Senate, Democrats and Republicans alike, supported it, the President signed the bill, the Secretary of State affixed the great seal, and they were all pledged to support and defend it. They were greatly exercised over an old firkin of bogus butter. The Democrats didn't complain of that being a sumptuary law. Do you remember how we used to read about that greatest of all bills, the oleomargerine bill? How it kicked up the devil in town? How the fellows that worked in the oleomargerine factories went home and beat their wives and kicked the babies? I believe we could have let that question gone by for a while, and exerted these mighty powers in tearing away this damnable liquor traffic. I would rather be choked to death on axle grease than to be burned to death with this damnable stuff of the bar-rooms. (Great applause).

"Oh," the Senator will say: "if you have any interest in the old Democratic party, in the party of Thomas Jefferson, and if you want to see the Democratic party have a good square chance, don't bring that in now." "Why not?" "Well, I'll tell you. We just won that last Presidential election by a scratch, and if you bring this question in and divide us, I am afraid we will go to the devil in the next election." And that's the end of it. Both of them are alike; both afraid of going to the devil in the next election if this question is brought in, and that's why I am in favor of bringing it in. (Laughter and applause). "Oh, we could be happy with either dear charmer away." Did you ever belong to the Democratic party? If you didn't there's some chance for you yet. If you ever belonged to the Democratic party as I did, you found very soon after "jining" it that there was nothing to be expected from it in the shape of prohibition of the liquor traffic in this country, I mean nationally speaking. Did you ever see a photograph of the attitude of the Democratic party toward the liquor traffic? I wish I had one here to show you. It reminds me of the story of two Irishmen who were cleaning out a cess-pool, and one of them went too near the edge and slipped in. The other yelled over to some other Irishmen who were working near: "B'ys, come over and help Pat out. He has slipped in the pool." "How dape is he in" they answered. "Faith B'ys, he is in up to his ankles." "Oh, if he is only in up to his ankles, he can walk out." "Walk out, the devil, he's in head foremost." (Great laughter). That's just the way with the Democratic party. It's in up to its ankles, but it's in head foremost. And the fact is, it will be an act of humanity and national charity to devise some means of saving the party from a death of delirium tremens or smotheration. Then some of my Republican friends will say: "Small, that's a first-rate way of putting it. That's just exactly what's the matter with the Democratic party. Now you come over and join our party. I say: "Which is your party?" "Oh,

the G. O. P. of course." "G. O. P. What's that? Gone out permanently?" "Oh, no," he says. If there's anything in the world that does make a Republican feel sad, it's any reference to gone out permanently. "Oh, he says, "it's the Grand Old Party, of course. You'd better 'jine' it. I tell you it's the only temperance party in the country. Everything that has been done in the last thirty years in the direction of prohibition has been done by the Republican party." Well, that strikes me as being about the biggest lie that's been told in the last thirty years. (Laughter).

Why, the Republican party had charge of this government for twenty-four years solid, running the whole concern from snout to tail. And what have they done? They could have stopped it; they could have put the thing under the ban of the law; they could have submitted an amendment and abolished the tax that allows the thing to flourish under the protection of the law. They could have done this in any year of the twenty-four, but they went out of control and left the country in a worse shape than they found it. And now they have the cheek of a brass devil, and claim: "We are the only temperance party in the country." (Applause). The Lord save us from any such temperance party. I wish I could show you a photograph of the attitude of the Republican party toward this question. I could show you the Democratic attitude, because you could draw a bead on it. But you could never get the Republican party, for you never could get a focus on it. You would just have to keep moving around continually. It never has stood in one place long enough to get a photograph of it. It absolutely baffles instantaneous photography. There are a great many good, honest Republicans in the country to-night, who, if they could just see their party dodging around as I have seen in twenty States of the Union, would exclaim: "Is that the thing I belong to? Well, if it is, and it will just stand still long enough, I'll jine out." (Great laughter). That reminds me of a story Sam Jones tells. He was going along the streets of a city one night, when he was accosted by a fellow who was pretty well under the "influence," who said to him: "Sam, hic-hold on there Sam. Would you-hic-be kind enough-hic-to tell me which-hic-is the opposite side of the street?" "Why of course," said Sam, "that's the opposite side of the street over there." "Well," says the fellow: "that's awful funny." "What's funny?" said Sam. "Well-hic-I just met a fellow over there-hic-and he told me it was over here." [Great laughter].

That's what's the matter with the Republican party. It's hunting the opposite side of the street on this question, and you'll generally find it on the side where it can get most votes. Anything to meet the exigencies of the occasion; anything to get enough votes. All it wants is to "Git thar Eli." (Great laughter). Well, there you've got them. You can take your choice. I can't tell you which one is the best. Thank God they are neither one mine. I feel like the old darkey down in Georgia. The preacher was preaching about sin, and drawing a distinction between secret sins and open sins. "Bredren," he said: "here am de open sin. Dat am de straight and broad road to hell an' damnation. Here am de secret sin. Dat am de straight and narrow way to death and destruction." The old darkey back in the congregation raised up and

said: "Well, if dats de case, dis nigger's gwine to take to de woods." (Laughter).

Here's the Democratic party. That's the broad and straight way to hell and damnation, and the Republican party is the straight and narrow way to death and destruction. This fellow is "gwine to take to the woods." You can do as you please. But in this issue here in Durham, it is not a question of Democracy; it is not a question of Republicanism; it is not a question of third partyism; it is not a question of taking to the woods. It is a question of righteousness, of justice, of sobriety, and of good government for yourselves and for your neighbors, for your wives and children, and every man of whatever creed, of whatever political affiliation, should stand on the right side of it. (Applause).

There is no sense in any good man, any honest or patriotic man standing on any other than the prohibition side of this question, as far as Durham is concerned. It is not a question here of whether some party is going to lose, or some party is going to gain. It is a question of whether you lose your boys, and the bar-room shall gain their souls for hell. [Applause.] It is boys against barrels; daughters against demijohns; it is wives against crime; it is your self-respect against the miserable little sum of revenue to be derived from the business. I tell you I would rather be Judas Iscariot, in hell to-night, without my thirty pieces of silver, than to be a live, walking Christian in the town of Durham, and for the sake of a few dirty dimes and dollars in the public treasury, vote the bar-rooms back to debauch and disgrace the street. [Great applause]. Every man that loves his wife, that loves his children, every man that loves his God, is going to stand square and vote against it on election day. If there is a man that will not do it, let him be anathematized.

If there is anything contemptible, it is one of these fellows who will say, "I have not studied the question sufficiently to decide which way I am going to vote. There are considerations that can be urged on both sides that make it extremely difficult for me to decide which side I am going to vote for. Sometimes I think I will vote against the bar-rooms, but men will get liquor, and if you don't sell it to them they will smuggle it in, now why not license it, and get some revenue from it?" Judas Iscariot said, when Mary Magdalene broke the alabaster box of ointment and spikenard at the feet of the master: "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence?" What do you want with this revenue. With all your promise for the future, with your strong, active, stalwart business men; with your skilled mechanics; with your capable men in every profession and field of labor. With all these, shall you confess to the world that you are unable or unwilling to support your own city, but have to ask the bar-rooms to rob your neighbors to help support you? It is contemptible, and I don't believe you will do it. Then there is another class who talk like this, "I don't think I will take any side on this question. I think it will be better for me to be neutral. I have friends on both sides of the question, and I have customers, some of whom are against it, and some for it. I don't believe I'll take sides at all." And when a fellow gets so low down that he will take that position, I don't be-

lieve that the devil will let him stay in hell without giving bond that he won't steal. [Laughter and applause]. Absolutely weighing up a few dimes against decency, sobriety, christianity and the prosperity of his city. And then there are these little politicians that are always running for something, or always getting ready to run for something. Court house crowd you know. He sits around the court house all day; goes down early in the morning, borrows somebody else's newspaper, reads the news from Raleigh and Washington, gets a few political ideas into his head, and then proceed to hold the country up by the tail for the rest of the day. [Laughter]. Ask him about this question. "Well, I don't know. I'm undecided yet." "But," you say, "You are a politician, and ought to know what you are going to do about this." We want to know whether you are going to be honest about this business or not. You have got to say whether you are for justice and sobriety and christianity, or whether you are for the devil, the bar-rooms and disgrace." And there he'll stand and shake in his little old boots, afraid to give his honest opinion. He reminds me very forcibly of a conscript I heard of during the war. He had been conscripted and forced to go to the front, and they had him one day on the picket line, and the Yankees were around there very close; every once in a while a bullet would go zip-zing by him, and he began to get scared. "If I get a good chance to get out of here, I'm going to git." Directly he saw a good chance, and crawled off in the underbrush, and was making for the rear, when he ran up against the Colonel. "Halt!" said the Colonel, "where are you going, sir?" "Colonel, I'm going to the rear." "What are you going to the rear for? Are you wounded?" "No, Colonel, I'm not wounded, but I am a coward. I always was a coward, and I told them before they conscripted me not to do it; I couldn't fight." "Well, you turn around and go back, or I'll have you shot; and if I was a coward, I wouldn't be a baby about it." "Colonel, I wish I was a baby, and if I had my way about it, I wish I was a girl baby." [Great Laughter]. These fellows are cowards. They will do anything in the world to keep from taking side on a moral issue. And whenever you catch one of them here in Durham, just keep sticking it to him until you make him come out on one side or the other. [Applause]. And there is another class who says: "Well, I don't believe in liquor; I am opposed to it, but my righteous soul revolts against the idea of interfering with personal liberty." You old hog, it's your own liberty you are after; liberty to sneak around and suck a bottle. Personal liberty.

Whenever you hear one of these fellows going around singing his yah-i-yah-i-yah (imitating a donkey) you just take him around behind a saloon and wet his gullet, and that's the last you'll hear of his yah-i-yah-i-yah-i about personal liberty. He hasn't drawn a breath of personal liberty since he began his braying about it. I am in favor of personal liberty as Blackstone defines it. I stand on that, and it requires me, as a moral man, as a sober man, as a law-abiding man, as a patriotic man, to vote against the saloons every pop, and every time I get a chance. (Applause). There are plenty of this personal liberty crowd out in Ohio. They have got up a little party of their own,

they call it: "Bund für recht und Freiheit." I told them I could tell what that meant on phonographic principles. I translated it: "Band for human wreckage and free hell." "No, dat's not it," they said, "it's a league for right and liberty." What rights and liberties do they want? Are they not satisfied with such as we have? It's mighty singular that these fellows have to run away from Germany, and come over here to live on what few rights and liberties we have been having for the last 100 years or so. League for Right and Liberty! Let us see what sort of rights it is they want. There are only two planks in their platform: First, opposition to all Sunday laws. Second, opposition to all liquor laws, and the planks fit together like they were tongued and grooved in the workshop of the devil himself. (Laughter). "You American peoples haf got the wrong idea; you are all tangled oop on the liquor laws; you ought to haf more liberty on the question. Efery man ought to haf the right to drink his peer according to the dictates of his own conscience, yust like they do ofer in our coontry." "Well," I tell them, "the ships are going back every day, and it's just as cheap in that direction as it was in this direction." "Oh, but you haf your ideas all tangled oop on this subject; we vant to get you abreast of the times." He reminds me of an old Dutchman who was going along the street, pretty full, and as he come on down the street he heard some fellows blowing their horns up in one of the buildings; they had organized a brass band, and had just gotten their instruments. Every fellow was tooting away for himself, and the result was a sort of mugwumpery in music. The old Dutchman had some music in his soul as well as whisky in his corporosity, and he concluded he would go up and investigate the thing. He succeeded in making his way up the stairs, and poking his head in the door: "Vas dis der blace where you got dat prass band?" "Yes; what can we do for you?" "I vast yust going by der street, and I thought I would coom oop here, and see you fellows." "Well, are you a musician?" "Am I a musicianer? Of course I am a musicianer." "What can you play?" "Vat can I blay? I can blay anything. I can blay him. I don't care a cent. Dat's right, aind it?" They had one of these great big bass horns with about a hundred crooks in it, and they asked him if he could play that. He looked at it, scratched his head, and walked around it looking at it. Finally he called the captain over to him, and said: "Look here, I tell you vats the matter. If I felt vell, if I only yust had my wind about me, I could blow him out straight the first time." (Laughter). And if these "personal liberty" fellows are going to straighten us out on this question, they've got to have their wind about them. I want them to understand that the conscience of the American people is being awakened to the enormities of this traffic in strong drink, and without regard to party, without regard to creed, without regard to age, color or condition, they are arousing themselves to the fact that the highest prosperity and the highest manhood of their country can never be attained as long as this terrible traffic is imposed upon the American people. And we intend to make this country not only distinctively American, but American distinctively in this fact: we are going to

make this infamous business go. (Applause). I say to you to-night that all over this country, this aroused conscience is coming to the front; it is progressing; it is organizing; it is combining; it is coming in mighty power, and the day is not far distant when this grand temperance army from every party, from every church and every creed, from every color, will join hands, lock their shields together, catch steps to the music of a new emancipation song, and march up solidly to cast the ballot that shall forever wipe this infamy from American history and American soil. (Great applause). And I think the people of the town of Durham, in the good old State of North Carolina, will be upon the prohibition side in the next election. It was upon the soil of this grand old North State, at Mecklenburg, where that grand declaration of manhood, independence, and opposition to the tyranny of the world was signed, that sent its cadence ringing down the ages to bid all future generations hope. You have that bright distinction in the history of your country, and it stands to-day a very Koochinoor in the diadem of freedom. You ought to set by the side of it the bright pearl of prohibition, of this damnable traffic, this red carbuncle of crime, misery and disgrace. Then you will have done something worthy of the history of your State.

Launch upon this issue the boat that is to carry you to defeat or victory. It is wafted on its way by the prayers of our wives, our sisters and our daughters; it is cheered on its way by the songs of our little children, who are singing the blessed songs of the victory of the Cross of Christ. We set the flag of home and country peak and aft, and with honest hearts and the eternal power of God, we are going to anchor at last with our praises of victory, in the harbor of peace and prosperity. [Applause.] And we invite you in the name of Christ, in the name of manhood, in the name of love for mothers, wife and daughters, in the name of sobriety and prosperity for self and neighbor, we invite you to embark with us upon this holy crusade. We ask you without reference to religion, without reference to party, without reference to any other interest than that of the common good, we ask all Christian men, all noble and patriotic men to join us, and God with us, we will proceed in the fight, enjoy the fruits of victory, and when the palms are waving and salutes are firing, and victory is won, the grand blessing of God will descend upon a delivered people. [Great Applause.]

I don't want you to be like that old Methodist preacher down in Georgia who was going to attend Conference. He had had a big revival at his church and a great many people had been led to see the error of their ways. And, for a wonder, he had been paid his salary in full, and as he felt pretty good over it, he went and expended the biggest portion of it in a plug hat and linen duster. And with his good reports in his pocket, he started to the wharf to take the boat for Conference. He had his grip-sack and umbrella in his hand, and was going along thinking of what a good report he had to make, and what a good appointment they would give him in return for it. He was perfectly happy, and didn't have anything against anybody. But just as he turned the corner to go down the hill to the wharf, the old boat blew her whistle—whoo! "What, can it be that boat is going off without me?" He started down the hill on a run,

his umbrella swinging in his hand and his coat-tails sticking out behind. And just as he got to the wharf the boat was hanging off about ten or twelve feet. He gathered himself up in a bunch, got a good foot-hold, and sprang for the deck. He landed up against an old fat fellow and scattered him all over the deck. He picked himself up, looked around and found his hat and umbrella; about that time the fat fellow came too, sort o' got his second wind, and turning to the preacher he said: "What do you mean by coming on here in that style? This boat's coming in." [Great Laughter.] If he had just waited a minute he could have stepped on in good shape.

I want all true and honorable men; men of families—fathers—husbands—I want you to rise up in your manhood, and say it is right to man, and to country, to abolish this monster traffic in strong drink. I want men, in the name of their own manhood, in the name of country and in the name of God, to put the seal of their protest against it on the fourth day of June. (Applause). I tell you the grand old boat is going to make the landing, in good shape, with every sail set, with no mast broken, her banners streaming in the breeze, and with the sunlight of God's approval shining upon her, as we shout the hallelujahs of victory. (Applause). Then some of you belated old fellows will come tearing down the hill, all puffing and blowing, with your coat-tails swinging out behind; you're mighty anxious to get on board then, when everything's over, and we don't want you.

Fellow-Citizens—let us do right whether the heavens fall or not; let us do right because it is right; because it will set us right with ourselves, with our neighbors, and with our God. And in return for it he will give us that honor, peace and prosperity that he intended for so glorious a country as this. He will give us sons shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, and wearing the breast-plate of Righteousness; having the shield of Faith, and wearing the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. He will give us daughters sandaled with Truth and Virtue; their limbs shall be covered with lustre of silver and gold, and their breasts shall be emblazoned with the record of their good deeds. Their beautiful shoulders shall be draped with the cloak of humility, and they shall go scattering charity on one side, and mercy on the other. Their throats shall be encircled with precious pearls of truth, and their lips shall be tuned to prayer, and songs of thanksgiving to God.

And these shall go up into that grand palace of plenty that shall rear its dome where peace and happiness reign supreme. Mounting the grand stairway of noble purpose, they shall go in between the majestic columns of strength and wisdom, and entering in at the door over which is inscribed the motto: "All that's pure may enter here," they shall lay aside their dust-stained garments, and put on a robe of Righteousness, which is Jesus Christ. Upon a dais in the East of the vast rotunda is seated a maiden by the well of life, and in cups of silver dripping from the crystal waters, she offers the golden libations to those who have entered.

And over there is Faith. She is clinging close to the Rock of Ages, while the waves of the sea of sin and worldliness dashing at her feet, cannot dampen the hem of her garment with its highest spray.