

The Pastor's Duty in The Great Campaign.

"Cry aloud. Spare not. Lift up thy voice like a trumpet."

As Set Forth by a Pastor.

Every pulpit should be a flame of indignation—a quivering earthquake of power in protesting against the liquor traffic.

Every minister should be a voice and a conscience to his people on this subject. By careful instruction—by the power of persuasion—by the ministry of song—through the voices of children—by the pleadings of men, in addresses and sermons, and prayers, in private conversations, and public utterances, by the press, and pulpit, by petitions, and pledges, and ballots, he should keep up the unremitting warfare.

The minister should arouse and rally, and lead his men to the primaries, and put God-fearing men in nomination and press the battle at the polls to secure their election.

The minister ought never to cringe, or flinch, or hedge, or apologize, or temporize, or mince matters in dealing with this hydra-headed monster. He ought to stand up four-square to every kind of opposition. "Cry aloud. Spare not." Fearlessly proclaim: The saloon paralyzes law and holds with an iron grip its administrators. Stamp it out. The saloon burdens the state with the waste of untold millions. Stamp it out. The saloon pollutes the

face of civilization. Stamp it out. The saloon is a standing menace to the church of God, and every righteous cause upon earth. Stamp it out. The saloon defiles the body, blights the mind, and ruins the soul of its victims. Stamp it out.

Rev. W. K. Beans, Pomona, Cal.

Drinking Men Can Be Reached.

When the beautiful army of the "drys" marched and countermarched in Muncie, Indiana, Saturday afternoon, a group of men, quickly identified by their general appearance and remarks as being "wet" sympathizers, stood on the curb in the business section and laughed and scoffed at the procession. It was a silly affair to them, and they had no interest in the hundreds of innocent faces, pure and sweet, which peeped out from the myriads of flags and banners.

Suddenly one of the group started and said: "Why, there's my little boy in there. Yes, that's him." The man looked more intently and then, in a voice heard by many, added: "And there's my little girl, too. They're both in there." And the people near the man followed his directions and saw a chubby little lad carrying a sign reading, "Vote for me, papa." The little fellow held the stick to which the placard was tacked in one hand, and with the other clasped the hand of his sister.

The father stood and gazed at the children, who did not see him, for a full minute. The crowd watched him intently, feeling he was about to make a great decision in life, and he did. Without further word to his companions, he sprang through the lines, ran up to the

children and greeted them. The boy smiled and said, "Oh, sister, here's papa," and she smiled, too. The man reached down and, picking up the little miss, who was having a hard time of it keeping pace with the procession as she waved a small flag with her free hand, perched her safely in one of his strong arms, and marched away with the great moving army of law and order. The crowd watched, bewildered. Silently they kept their eyes pinned to the flag which the tot waved triumphantly as far as they could see it.—Muncie Star.

Things Admitted.

The drinking of whisky is the most fruitful source of human misery. That's admitted.

The saloon is the world's chief death-trap, the center of devilishness on the earth. That's admitted.

The existence of this chief death-trap has been authorized by municipal, state and federal laws, and the ruinous business is as legal as any other business in the land. This is also admitted.

The number of communicants in the Christian churches of this country approximates 28,000,000. Counting but one member in five of the Protestant churches, and one in six of the Roman Catholic church, as voters, a conservative estimate places the Christian vote of the nation as not less than 5,200,000. This, too, is admitted.

The drink evil stands squarely in the way, as no other obstacle does, of the progress of the church and the evangelization of the world. Here again admission is freely made.

Why Hesitate?

Now, brother pastor, why in the name of the God of Holiness, and of debauched and ruined souls and their weeping, despairing kindred, why do we not arouse ourselves, and seek to put a stop to this work of destruction? Two

hundred and fifty thousand voting saloon-keepers are demanding immunity from punishment for their crimes. Up to today their request has been granted. Five million two hundred thousand voting Christians should now ask for their complete overthrow. If we ask aught we will win. Why, oh why, should we allow them to remain? The liquor men have subjected us to a tyranny worse than that which any other page of history records. They have bound us in bondage worse than any other human slaves have endured. For a price we have licensed hell, and given the devil permission to produce poverty, profligacy, cruelty, wretchedness, death. We submit while he transforms heirs of heaven into felons, harlots, paupers, madmen and murderers. We permit an organized devilish despotism to be reared at our own doors which possesses money without limit, and audacity without bounds. This institution is the school of anarchy, the prolific breeding place of crime, the nursery of every human woe, the irreconciled and irreconcilable enemy of the Christian church.

Our Army.

Let us remember what a great host, and disciplined like an army, the minister of the gospel represents. Where does the Methodist Episcopal Church stand? An army 6,825,971 strong for prohibition. The Congregational Church? Seven hundred and twenty-one thousand five hundred and fifty-three for prohibition. The Baptists of all kinds? Five million four hundred and thirty-five thousand seven hundred and forty-four. An immense prohibition army. The great Presbyterian Church? One million eight hundred and seven thousand five hundred and sixty-four. The Disciples? One million four hundred and thirty-one thousand three hundred and eighty-three. The Friends, The United Brethren, the Evangelicals, all the other protestant churches? All, all for prohibition. An immense army. Then see the auxiliaries that join us by the thousands and millions. The W. C. T. U., the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A.,

the Y. P. S. C. E., the Epworth League, the Baptist Young People's Union, the Good Templars and many other organizations. The children of our Sunday Schools are singing with their sweet voices the battle songs of our great reform. Every good influence on earth is with us. God and the power of his throne are engaged in our behalf. Not a revival of religion anywhere that does not make votes for our cause. Not a soul on earth struggling up out of the depths of sin and oppression but what finds he must strive against this awful foe and as a consequence is praying the God of all grace to blight this hellish traffic with the curse of his love and justice.

We would be glad to supply you with literature telling how the Catholic church stands on the question of saloon suppression, giving many quotations from prominent clergymen in that church.

The resolutions passed by our conferences and presbyteries and conventions say all are against the saloon. With that doctrine our pulpits ring. But the whisky people continue to grow sleek and fat, and increase in gold and goods, while the vast army of Jesus Christ loiters. Brother, the great God **yearns** to save this world. He will do it just as soon as his church will lend co-operation. There can be no great sweeping revival of religion in this country until the Christian church shall arise in its might and smite this monstrous, murderous, legalized liquor traffic.

It Means War.

Of course this struggle between the church and the saloon means war—perhaps to the death. "We have not yet"—many of us—"resisted unto blood, striving against sin." If we do our whole duty this year against this bloody foe, we will find it means war, war. Speeches are good. Prayers are good. Resolutions are good. Deunciations are good. But all these combined are powerless to rout our altogether vicious enemy. We must **fight**. We must fight

hard. We must fight with the strength born of desperation. It is a war, not a picnic. In the name of God and righteousness and of besotted men and suffering women and starving children we call upon you to get ready.

Our Opponents.

The distiller is against us. The brewer is our foe. The saloonist our sworn enemy. The respectable citizen who rents his property for whisky purposes antagonizes our every effort. The gambler is against us. The dive keeper is against us. The politician has no use for us. The weak-kneed merchant and professional man who think more of their business than of their principles are against us. The time serving Christian who thinks more of his party than of his fealty to Christ is against us. **All the satanic forces that are operating to pull men and women down to hell are against us.**

So then, my brother, the specific duty which the pastor has on his hands is to make trouble for the whisky power. That of course will mean trouble for some of us; but that is the soldier's lot. The cause is worthy the sacrifice.

This year the issue is clear. We have it on our ballots "Saloon or No Saloon" in all the state. Every vote, everywhere within the state, that if deposited would swell our majority **MUST GO INTO THE BALLOT BOX NOVEMBER 8.**

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