WHERE SATAN SOWS HIS SEED

M. B. WILLIAMS

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THE WINE GLASS
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FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, Publishers

WHERE SATAN SOWS HIS SEED

PLAIN TALKS ON
THE AMUSEMENTS OF
MODERN SOCIETY

BY

M. B. WILLIAMS,
EVANGELIST

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little volume contains the substance of three sermons which I have been preaching, with more or less variation, for several years. They are stenographically reported, and carefully revised, with such additional extracts and quotations as I trust will make the book more valuable to ministers and teachers. The original flavor of these revival discourses has, however, been well preserved. I have sought to retain, as far as possible, the very atmosphere of the revival and the platform in these pages.

For their contents, I have no excuse nor apology. I would in no wise seek to palliate either fact or statement herein contained. Not only is all herein found—the hideous revelations, the revolting facts, and the thrilling incidents—literally true,—they are not a tithe of the truth, they but touch the hem of Truth's garment.

Constant experience in proclaiming these truths to very large audiences has convinced me that if these things were known, a vast number of young people and mothers would give up these dangerous delights, and become firm advocates for their banishment forever from civil-

ized society. Those who resent or deny what is herein set forth will be those whose ignorance unfits them to judge, or whose lusts and inclinations warp judgment, and bias truth.

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WHERE SATAN SOWS HIS SEED.

INTRODUCTORY.

TEXT: Galatians 6, 7-8;—Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

This text is not true simply because it is found in the bible; it is in the bible because it is true. Truth is much like gold, its quality is not affected by location. It is the same wherever you find it. Pick gold out of a mud puddle and it is still gold, but you will have to wash your hands. Take it out of the tar bucket, it is still eighteen karats fine; but you will have to use soap and turpentine, and part of the tar will still be there to wear off. Find it in a fountain of water, and your hand is but the cleaner because of the place where you went after it. It is so with truth. You will often find truth in a cheap novel, but you have been in a mud puddle after it, and some of the dirty water will stick to your mind. You may find truth in Ingersoll's lectures, but you have been in a tar bucket after it, and some of the lying assertions, the false

propositions, the misleading postulates and the ribald blasphemy will leave its impress on your mind like tar on the hand, and it will be many a long day before it is washed off. Find truth in the bible, the fountain of living waters, and your mind is but the cleaner for the contact.

What a simple truism this text is: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Sow grain, reap grain; sow pure thoughts, reap pure thoughts; sow evil, reap evil; as true on the one side as on the other. Sow a decanter on your sideboard, reap a thirst for liquor; sow a saloon, reap a crop of drunkards; sow a card-table in your parlor, reap a gambler in your home; sow a square dance, reap the round; sow the parlor dance, reap the ball room;

SOW THE BALL ROOM AND REAP THE BROTHEL,

with all its horrors and broken hearts, blighted lives and ruined homes, trampled affections and eternal despair.

I say to that farmer, "Sow wheat, reap wheat," and he smiles and says, "Don't you think I know that?" But I say to that same farmer when he drives down to vote for license, "Sow a saloon, and your boys will probably furnish the crop of drunkards;" and he says, "No; now you don't believe that, do you? and you certainly don't think you could make me believe it, do you?" You can no more run a saloon with-

out boys than you can run a saw mill without logs. Somebody has got to furnish the boys. A round half million of these boys each year enter for the first time an open saloon to take their first drink. Who furnishes these boys? And the crop unceasingly grinds out drunkards, delirium tremens, some turned over to the Keeley Cure, many buried each year. Who furnishes the boys for all this awful harvest? "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; as a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

I say to that farmer, "If you sow oats, you may be sure oats will be the crop." He smiles pityingly at one who has so little sense as to think he did not know all that. But I say to the man in the town, "Sow the card table in your home, and you will be apt to reap a gambler;" and he says, "What nonsense is this: is there any harm in a social game of cards?" Or another says, "I have no boy, and I am not at all afraid of my girls." But the devil has been at least six thousand years practicing on the hearts and in the homes of men, and you might possibly get a gambling, drinking son-in-law; and when you have a half dozen, more or less, of these unclean birds roosting on the branches of your family tree, you will admit that the devil has outwitted you at last.

I say to that lady, "Sow geranium seeds and you will reap geraniums," and she pityingly says,

"Do you think I expected to reap poppies?" But I say, "Sow the dance in your parlor, and you may by your sweet family help to feed a brothel some day;" and she curls her lip and turns with horror away, unwilling to hear me out. Yet the brothel is still fed, and its inmates increase, and they are recruited from our best homes in city and in country year after year.

I say again to that farmer, "If you sow a measure full of wheat, you will reap a binfull; if you sow a binfull, you will reap a car load." He says, "Certainly; did you think I would spend my money for help, put in my time on the land and plant my seed for the sake of getting back only what seed I planted?" But when I tell him, "Sow an evil thought, and you will reap many; sow an evil word, and you may reap your harvest in deeds; sow an evil deed and you will reap remorse for all the days of your life," he does not seem to understand what I mean.

Oh, the wonderful power of increase in a single seed when planted in fertile soil! I do not suppose it was ever known just what that increase might be until Mr. Jones, of Wayne Co., New York, the celebrated wheat originator and propagator, tried the experiment a short time ago. He put in one single grain of his best brand of wheat, and after it had sprouted,

took it up and divided the roots; in about three weeks time he took them up and divided again, and so on just as long as they could bear it. And when at the end of the season he reaped his crop, lo, that

ONE GRAIN OF WHEAT HAD PRODUCED TWENTY-TWO POUNDS

of grain! Find out how many grains in a pound, then multiply it by twenty-two, and you will have the power of increase in a single kernel. That increase was but for one brief season. Now, plant that twenty-two pounds next year, and so on through all the years of a natural life, and try to estimate what the harvest would be.

I one day preached to ministers on this subject. An old physician was in the audience, and at the close he came up to take my hand and said, "Brother Williams, I am an old, superanuated surgeon; I practiced forty years in Belleville hospital. Say to the young men when you preach to them on these subjects, that a man can sow in one brief hour the seeds of disease and death in his body that all the surgeons and physicians of earth cannot eliminate." One brief hour of sowing. How pleasant those hours seem to be to the young man! What delights cluster about those hours of revelry and debauchery, only sowing seeds that shall spring up with sorrow and pain and misery for all the

remaining days of a life, and perhaps through all eternity!

One night a man came to me and said, "I believe I am a Christian now; I believe God has truly forgiven me, and I am spending my life and my money in His service; but oh, sir, you have brought up memories of the past afresh in your sermon; the sowing of a single season; one sweet face that will come up before me night and day; behind it a ruined life, a broken heart; Oh, if I could only make it as though it had never been! I sometimes think I would give all my fortune, in fact my very life; but it is no use, I can't do it."

A few days ago I received a letter; pitiful and sad it was; from a young woman in one of the towns in Iowa where I was preaching. It was the story of girlhood folly; the brief flirtation of a season, the confiding heart, the ear ready to listen to the seducer's wiles, the theater party, the card table, the dance and the late night rides,

A GIRL THAT THOUGHT ALL LIFE WAS FROLIC AND FUN,

the fatal hour, the turning point of destiny, the shame, the sorrow, the life-long repentance, and the badge of that fatal, illicit love like a weight to sink both body and soul. "I have sought sympathy in vain; I cannot find it;" the letter continued, "and I feel worse than

alone in the world now. Is there any hope in this world or the next for me?"

Sowing and reaping; seed time of pleasure, harvest of sorrow and endless grief. I have often gone out on the search for some wild boy, some missing young man; I have sought through the dark basements and darkened upper rooms where no window was ever cut, and the secret sliding panal alone gave ingress or exit. I have recognized a face from a photograph; I have touched the shoulder, called him aside, and said, "Come with me." I have seen him tremble like an aspen leaf and ask, what it meant and who I was: and when I have refreshed his memory with some thought of home and loved ones, and asked him if he had no love nor care for them, I have heard him say, "Yes, but it's too late now. Go, tell no one that you have seen me; let me be forgotten, let me be as one dead to home and loved ones." And yet he was only a young man. So when young people say, "Why should those preachers be so strict, why should they seek to deprive us of our pleasures, why should we not frolic in the days of our youth?" I always say, "Go on, you may; but remember, that for all these things God will bring you into judgment; 'For as a man soweth, so shall he also reap.'"

A great writer has recently said, "The days of our youth are not the days for pleasure and

I. THE CARD TABLE.

I said, sow the card table, reap a gambler; yet after all these years of unchecked experience, how few there are who will believe this truism! Mother, have you a gambler for a son? Wife, is your husband a gambler? Daughter, is there a gambler in your family? Then you, at least, know something of the sorrow which your more fortunate sister has been spared; you, at least, ought to understand something of what I mean, when I say, "Reap the gambler for your crop, and you have reaped sadness and misery indeed."

Somebody perhaps already says, "Doesn't this preacher believe in amusements, recreation and relaxation?" and I say to you at once, "Yes, indeed I do; but recreation should be in its nature recreative, and all relaxation should be harmlessly and healthfully relaxing, while no amusement should ever be indulged in that would endanger yourself or another; and by the way, God never asks a Christian to renounce that which would not either harm himself or another by the keeping. There are so many amusements that are neither harmful nor questionable, so many pleasures that the church can sanction, so little time for pleasure with so much work to

do in the world, that the few debated, or the few amusements known to be harmful, should be cast aside without one vain regret.

And when you ask what is the difference between the pack of fifty-two playing cards,—the pasteboards with the hearts, the diamonds, the spades, the clubs, the kings, the queens, the jacks printed upon them,—and the game of authors or parcheesi or some other well known harmless game, I say to you unhesitatingly,

A DIFFERENCE ALMOST AS GREAT AS BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.

To imagine men gambling over authors or parcheesi, or any other of the many similar games, would require, indeed, a vast stretch of imagination. But the deck of cards, from the day it was invented to amuse an idiotic king down to the present time, has been constantly used as the gambler's tool. In a gambling den the card deck can be seen one very stand and table, piles of chips and glittering coins on every side, mingling with the oaths and the clicking of glasses and the harsh laugh,—that snapping of the pasteboards, that incessant snapping and rat-tat of the cards. With the exception of pool selling and the roulette wheel, nine-tenths of all the gambling done, at least off the race track, (if we except the stock exchange,) is done with a deck of cards. The boy inveigled

into a gambler's hell sees there first of all that harmless deck of cards that he has learned to handle in the home, and in spite of the rough oath, the flashing eye, the tobacco fumes, the beer glasses and the piles of chips, in that card pack he is reminded of home; and we are told on good authority by those who have spent all their lives searching this matter out, that nine-tenths of all the professional gamblers in this country learned to play cards at home, with mother, father, brother, sister or friend. I have watched it now for fifteen years, I may almost say twenty, and have rarely, if ever, found an exception to this rule.

I remember listening one day in Tremont Temple, Boston, to

JOHN PHILLIP QUINN, THE CONVERTED GAMBLER;

converted in jail after spending his life as a gambler, where the news of the loss of his home, then the death of his child, and after that the death of his wife, was brought to him; when the old man, crushed in spirit, with broken heart threw himself down before God and cried for mercy, promising him the remainder of his life for service, if he would but spare him and save him, and God took him at his word. That man is now keeping his pledge as he travels over this country in his private car

in his anti-gambling crusade; slugged by the thugs and gamblers of Hyde Park for exposing their trickery, he bears a nervous affection which may follow him to his grave.

After an hour spent in exposing the foolishness of thinking to beat a gambler at his own game, showing the gambler always had the sure thing with the young man, he leaned over the pulpit, pointed his finger at that large audience, and concluded in these words, as near as I can remember: "And now, after all these years of experience, and acquaintance with all the professional gamblers in this country, I can truly say that

THE PARLOR CARD TABLE IS THE KINDERGARTEN OF THE GAMBLER'S HELL."

It takes something more than the average assurance, or average brass for a man or woman, in the face of such testimony as this, to say, "Well, I don't see how there can be any harm in it."

If the world was composed of but one family, I would probably not preach this sermon on "Worldly Amusements;" but the great human family has many sub-divisions; where one part suffers, another part must also suffer; if one part escape the suffering, but by its boasted personal liberty causes another to suffer, woe be unto that one by whom offences

come! The saddest people that I meet with as I travel over the country are those who have gamblers in their homes. How often a mother comes to me and says, "Oh, Mr. Williams, can't you do something for my boy?" "What is the matter with your boy?" "I do not like to tell you, but he is a gambler." Oftentimes he is seventeen, eighteen or nineteen years of age; and when I say, "Why don't you complain and have him kept out of the gambling houses?" the answer is always the same: "I have, and they promised, but they have let him go back again." When I say, "Cannot you, by the cords of your love, hold that young boy down to your heart and home?" oftentimes she tells me, "He puts his arms around my neck and says he loves me, and promises each time that he will never do so again: but each time breaks his promise as before and sinks a little lower and a little deeper as the years pass by."

I was in a town in Illinois last year, when a leading business man said to me, "The boys out of our best families, some of them just home from college, have formed a club and rented a room in this town. They do not think we know it, but they are playing poker there every day and every night. Only small stakes; but now when we want a young man for our bank or our store, we have to send out of town to get him, generally to the farm where the boys have not

yet been tinctured with the follies of the town. The boys in town wonder why we wont use them. I do not think they really know now that we know what they are doing. Can't you say something to them to show them that they are ruining all their prospects for life?" I investigated carefully and found it was all true, and likewise found that out of that entire number there was

BUT ONE BOY WHO HAD NOT HAD SOCIAL CARDS IN HIS HOME

from childhood, and that one had been drawn away by the others. So you see those homes, nearly all church homes too, where social cards were allowed, made it just that much harder for the one family that did not allow them, to bring up their boys right.

Many a mother has carefully trained her boy at home, then sent him to the town or city to make his way in life. His boarding place has been a home where cards were played, and that has been sufficient to cause his ruin. I was as much interested in the testimony of Robt. Kilgore as in anything that I ever heard. Sent from his country home to Cincinnati, where he entered the service of the Pinkerton Detective Force to be trained in detective work, he found his boarding place a Presbyterian home. What was his surprise the first night after supper to

see the table cleared away and a pack of cards brought out! When invited to join, he at once said that he did not understand it, he did not play. One night a member of the family being absent, one of the daughters, of whom he was now very fond, invited him again. He replied, "You know I do not know anything about it."

"I will teach you," said she.

But seeing that he still held off, she continued—

"Do you think we would play if it was wrong?"

He said he did not think so if they believed it wrong.

"Do you think I would ask you to play if there was any harm in it?"

When he looked in her earnest face and pleading eyes, his last argument took flight, and he said "No," and sat down to learn. What was his surprise to find an aptitude for the game, so much so that

HE AND HIS FAIR PARTNER COULD SOON BEAT ANY OTHER TWO

when they played.

One day, getting out of the office a little earlier than usual, the young man of the home met him on the street and invited him over to a room to play a little while. When he sat down and played, liquor was brought in on a

given signal, and he saw that he was in the back room of a saloon;—and by the way, most saloons have such an attachment, either in the rear or overhead or down stairs. He indignantly got up and left the place, saying, "You have played me a mean trick." But in other days he found himself there again, and in other days he did not hesitate when the liquor was passed.

Thus from bad to worse he went; and finding the shortest cut to fortune lay in his skill with cards, he did not hesitate to play for money. Years passed; he was launched on a gambler's career. As he told me about it one day he said he could not bear to think of those days. Gambler, teacher of scientific boxing, light weight prize fighter,—one followed the other, and all mingled together.

One night a young man who had come in from the country seemed an easy prey, and he took him to a house of ill repute with gambling room attached. When he knocked on the door, a gruff voice asked who was there. He replied with an oath, "Open up, or I will show you" having forgotten that a night or two before he had had trouble at that place and threatened to clean them all out. They recognized his voice and thought he had come to keep his threat. There was the sharp report of a pistol; he

FELT SOMETHING WARM SPATTERED ON HIS SHOULDER

and cheek; heard the heavy fall of the man at his side; reached up his own hand to find the young man's brains upon his coat. The bullet had passed through the stranger's head, killing him insantly. Kilgore hastened down to the Queen & Crescent depot and took the first train for Atlanta. There he lay in hiding for some time, but afterwards opened gambling rooms in a Tennessee town.

One day the money was piled high, and pistols lay on each corner of the table. Knowing that that final struggle must end in blood he had everything ready; and when he showed the lucky card, was about to sweep the stakes into his pocket, but the quick flashing of knives, a gashed and lacerated body, a fall on the floor. the overturning of table and chairs, and he was then dragged out on the street and left by the sidewalk in the burning sun to die. As consciousness returned, he was aware of voices about him. Some said, "He is the one that has ruined our boys; good enough for him, he has met his fate." Then the sweet voice of a kind, Christian woman saying "He is some mother's son." After that darkness!—and on recovering consciousness he found himself in her home, in a comfortable bed, being cared for

in the name of Christ. And yet he did not reform.

But one night in Pensacola, Florida, where my friend John B. Culpepper was preaching the wind blew down the tent, forcing them to hold their services in the church. That church lying in Kilgore's path on his way to a gambling room, he saw the crowd, stop, elbowed his way in, and heard the burning words from that man of God. This led almost immediately to his conversion. He is to-day a preacher of the gospel, but his body is cut, gashed and scarred with knives and bullets, and his soul with many sins; while thirteen years of iniquity, with all their awful sowing to the wind, go to make up a part of that life, and all due to the fact that

THAT PRESBYTERIAN FAMILY COULD SEE NO HARM

in a game of cards. Sins without number, two different murders largely chargeable to his life, and therefore chargeable to that family, while the girl not only ruined the man, but lost her sweetheart in the bargain. "As a man soweth so shall he also reap." This striking example is only one out of unnumbered thousands that are living in this country to-day, that are about us on every hand.

How tame, how insipid the social parlor game

of cards becomes to most people when they have had a little taste of poker! How hard to get the young man back again to spend the evening at the social game, when he has found the club room, with the "small stakes to make it interesting," so much more attractive! Then society said, "We, too, will make it interesting;" and the progressive euchre, and progressive cinch and progressive whist clubs arose. At first it was but a small stake; many games for a little prize representing only a dollar. Then the prizes increased in value and the nights of playing increased in number, until every night in the week saw these little companies gathered; and the prizes went from one dollar to five dollars, and so on, until I heard of a town in Mississippi last year where the final prize was a silver vase valued at $125.00, and I heard that the scramble for that vase was almost as fierce as the scramble for a jack pot in a club room at three in the morning.

Every town, upon a little investigation, brings out these tales of duty neglected, minds filled only with the play; often times any number of stories of cheating and double-dealing in order to win the prize, and by ladies of whom such a thing would hardly be imagined.

The tendency is evil from first to last. I say almost nothing of these other grounds; such as waste of time, frivolity, the mind filled with

foolish thoughts, hours lost never to be found again, habits of carelessness engendered, mental sloth and indolence regarding useful books and study, and a thousand and one other things as the outgrowth of this; but simply that the tendency is always and ever toward the gambling table,

WHICH AT LAST MEANS THE GAMBLER'S HELL,

the lowest gambling dives.

A few weeks ago we were in a town where, during the meetings, five gambling rooms were closed. When we learned who were the frequenters of these places, we found that they were the husbands and sons of the so-called best homes of the town; young men who had once been in the Sunday School, some young men who even at that present day were attendants on the Sunday School class. In almost every instance we could trace back that tendency to their homes and the card table in the parlor.

The Sunday School teacher who is known to play cards, at once loses all influence for good on her pupils; the Sunday School teacher that plays can retain no child's confidence who has ever heard an honest sermon on this subject. I was told but a short time ago of a little boy who heard some people talking about the card clubs in his town, and when he heard the name of his

Sunday School teacher mentioned as playing he came up and asked the question, "You don't mean that my Sunday School teacher plays?" And when they told him Yes, that she did, he asked again, unwilling to believe. They assured him that it was so, whereupon the little fellow went away to his room and cried bitterly as if his heart would break. It was so pathetic that I was not at all surprised when his Sunday School teacher said, for his sake she would quit.

Dr. J. G. Holland says: "I have all my days had a card playing community open to my observation, and I am yet to be made to believe that that which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations — the tendency of that which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters — can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but they can never dignify it. I have at this moment ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards, over them I have murdered time and lost Heaven.'" Bishop Vincent says: "The fact is that the path to the innermost hell of gambling is through the clover-bloom of fashionable card playing. The victims in the gambling dens today were once votaries in the parlors of fashion

where no (or only nominal) stakes were set up and where people were bent on nothing but 'fun,' or 'to pass the time,' or 'to be in style.'"

I was in a town not long ago where

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SCHOOL BOARD WAS AN INFIDEL,

which of course, I consider a great misfortune to, and blot upon, the escutcheon of any town; but when a young man, candidating for principal in one of the public schools, in drawing out his handkerchief, drew with it several playing cards which fell to the floor, the infidel chairman exclaimed, "I do not think we have any further need of a meeting; a motion to adjourn will be in order!"

"Why," said the astonished young man, "don't you want to see my recommendations?"

"No," said the chairman, "that is sufficient (pointing to the cards); we do not want any man for principal of our schools to teach our children, that carries those things around in his pocket." I want to put that down to the credit of the infidel, and give him a long mark.

I have before me in my note book the names of the parties, the town and the state, which make up this sad story: A certain Sunday School teacher played with her scholars. She taught one bright boy how to play. He was very apt at the game, and in a short time be-

came an expert. Like Kilgore, he thought he saw in it an easy way to wealth and became a professional gambler. But long years of dissipation, with many reverses and attendent disgrace, shook his mind to its foundation; he became insane, and is to this day in the insane asylum at Anna, Illinois. His Sunday School teacher still lives in the town, where I preached last year. She is now

A MARRIED WOMAN WITH AN UNCONVERTED HUSBAND.

What could all her Sunday School teaching in all the years of her life do to offset the sin and horror of that ruined life? of that insane criminal? the crop produced in part from her frivolous seed time, the sowing of that small game of cards.

"For the benefit of those who have little knowledge concerning gambling I insert an extract from the report of Anthony Comstock, agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. This report is for the year 1889. He gathered these facts from newspaper reports for a single year. One hundred and twenty-eight persons were either shot or stabbed over gambling games; six attempted suicide; twenty-four committed suicide, and sixty others were murdered in cold blood; while two were driven insane. Sixty-eight persons were ruined by

pool gambling and betting upon horse racing. Among the crimes committed to get money to gamble with were two burglaries, eighteen forgeries, and eighty-five embezzlements, while thirty-two persons holding positions of trust in banks and other places of mercantile life absconded. The enormous sum of $2,898,372 is shown by this record as the proceeds of the embezzlements and defalcations, as published in the newspapers for a single year beside all those which never came to the public gaze." *

IF WE KNEW ALL THESE SECRETS

and understood the devious and winding ways of nature, what awful mysteries would be resolved! what horrors would appear before our eyes! That day when the sea shall give up its dead, when the waters shall pass away; when all the wonders and the horrors of that slimy life beneath the wave shall be seen by the eye of man;—that day, I say, with all its wonders and all its secrets would be little compared with the horror if we could but strip away the veil to-day and see the sins and miseries of life that have been caused by so-called good people who have encouraged the game of social cards. Is the pleasure, indeed, so great that you can afford to risk all? If you are a church member, can you afford to

* Quoted from Popular Amusements;—Sinks.

trouble the church of God? to bring discord and dissension into her membership, causing greater burdens to rest on spiritual pastors' hearts, while other pastors backslide rather than to preach bravely out on these things, but countenance and sanction them, and let them go from day to day to set such an example before the younger ones that are coming?

II. THE WINE GLASS.

Hand in hand with the card table, the wine glass always goes. Many a foolish mother justifies the use of wines and brandies in her cooking and her pudding sauces on the ground of argument that this little will not do any harm. There was a time when there was some excuse for such people; there was a time when we understood little or nothing of the laws of heredity; when we knew nothing of that strange freak to-day classed as atavism, or the reappearance of even remote ancestral traits; when we knew little or nothing of the reappearance of an appetite handed down from father, grandfather, or great-grandfather to the life of his child; when we knew as little about the inheritance of passions as we knew how to account for the reappearance of physical ancestral traits; when regeneration was supposed to be all-sufficient for everything, and degeneration was not understood and the term hardly ever used. But to-day the student, at least has some understanding concerning these things. He knows that alcohol produces an alcohol appetite, that the alcohol appetite forever craves alcohol and is insatiate, ever demanding "More, more! more!" that that appetite is often inherited,

handed down from a father to his son, or a grandfather to his grandson; which appetite or tendency, so long as it remains latent and undisturbed will do no harm. In that it is like powder; but so soon as the match is applied, the explosion comes, and a single taste of liquor to that smoldering appetite is often sufficient to explode the powder, and the conflagration burns out mind and character, hope and light, spirit life and body too. How often we hear, "What harm in just a glass of pure wine?"

"DON'T BE FANATICAL;

it's not poison liquor, it is made from the pure juice of the grape." But it's fermented, isn't it? Then it is alcoholic wine and contains a percentage of alcohol which can do its deadly work just as thoroughly as the alcohol in whisky, gin, brandy or rum. Sow that wine glass, and reap your decanter; sow the decanter, and reap the barrel. In other days the poor, struggling, drunken wretch that walks the street is the last vestige of the rotting harvest.

I was once called to a jail to see a prisoner. When I came in he took me one side and handed me a beautiful specimen of workmanship; —it was the Lord's Prayer done in several styles of lettering, an emblematic scroll about it, with the picture of the ark at the top, and

the dove of promise with the olive branch of peace; and so on down, with various types of Christ, to the birth in the manger, the crucifixion on Calvary, and finally the ascension from the Mount of Olives. I asked him where he got it, and to my surprise he said, "I made it." The jailer confirmed his statement, and showed me a ruler and the stub of an old pencil with which he had done it on a board laid out on the jail floor. I asked him what he would have me do with it.

He said, "Take it; frame it; hang it up in your reading room; put my name on it if you like, and point to it as a warning for young men. I can make my thirty, forty or fifty dollars a week when I am sober, at my work; but no sooner do I get a day's wages than the power of appetite masters me, and when I come to myself I am always in the jail."

Then he told me the history of his early life; how in his home at his mother's knee he learned to sip a little swallow of wine, how the appetite grew upon him until he left home and found

THE APPETITE WAS MASTER.

His hair so gray, he looked as though he might be sixty years of age, yet he said he was only thirty-eight; it was dissipation, worry, anxiety and shame that had caused it. I begged him to try and be a man yet.

He said, "Too late! too late!" but finally promised he would try again. Unfortunately, I did not know when he got out. The kind jailer gave him a little money. It was Saturday afternoon. The next afternoon he appeared in my men's meeting, rose to his feet, steadied himself by the back of a chair and exclaimed, "Young men, look at me—and see a lost soul!"

I saw by his face that he had been drinking, and yet I let him tell his story, much as he had told it to me in the jail,—of his promise to try once more and of his failure so long as he had a dime in his pocket. Then he turned and went out. Workers quickly followed him; but he would not return. His closing words, like his first ones, had been, "Look at me, and see a lost soul!" The deep, hopeless, sepulchral tones sank that day into my heart, and they have been ringing there all these years. We saw him no more, but a little later a partially decomposed body washed up in one of the sloughs of the Mississippi told the sequel to the story of the lost soul, yet,

> "Once he was pure as the morning dew,
> As he knelt at his mother's knee,
> No eye so bright, no heart so true,
> And none was so fair as he."

But she put the wine glass to his lips, and the bloated, rotting mass, not fit even for the friendly slab of a morgue, was the harvest. As she

sowed, so did she reap. Will she see the result of the sowing through all eternity? God knows!

You say, "In other days such things were not said." "Literature shows us that fifty to a hundred years ago everybody seemed to have these things upon their tables." True; and as someone has said, our present day saloon system is but the blossom on this century plant of indulgence; and as you read the pages of their writers, it takes no careful student to see the results, even in those early days. Byron, out of whose surcharged soul English poetry gushed and bubbled like water from a fountain, went down as one of the wrecks. Passionate, wicked, in almost all his writings;

HIS EYES BEHELD STRANGE WOMEN,

and his tongue uttered perverse things.

Out of the "Carnival of Venice" he writes: "I have scarcely slept for a week; I will work the mine of my youth to the last vein of its ore; and then, good-night, I have lived and am content." But it was only a few years later, from a neighboring city, —his tone, how changed! his spirit, how broken!—when he wrote,

"I have squandered my whole summer while 'twas May,
I have spent my life, both interest and principal;
And deem not what I deemed, my soul invincible."

And the curtain of night went down on that brilliant life, and the darkness of the shadows of

eternity have been cast athwart his pathway from then till now.

Charles Lamb—brilliant, lovable, witty; dramatist, poet, humorist; whom some one has said "caused one world to laugh in his life, and two to weep at his death"—wrote words like these in his last days:

"The waters have gone over me; yet out of their depths, could I be heard, I would cry aloud to those who have set foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the first flavor of wine is delicious, look into my degradation and see what a fearful thing it is to feel one's self going over a precipice, yet with open eyes and passive will; to look calmly on his own destruction, yet feel it all emanating from himself; could he but look into my eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverish looking forward to to-night's repetition of that folly; could he but feel all godliness depart out of him, yet not forget the time when it was otherwise; could he but feel this body of death, out of which I cry hourly for deliverance, yet with feebler and feebler outcry; it were enough to make him dash the sparkling cup to earth in all the mantling pride of its temptation."

You see, they suffered then as we suffer now, they began to understand it then as we understand it now,—so much better now; for from the day that Noah planted his vineyard and shame

overtook him in his family with his boys, and the day that Lot drank with his daughters and defiled them while under its influence, through English poetry as well as Greek and Roman history, on to the present day in which we live; the wine glass, making merry the heart of man, has made mad his brain, and has blighted the home.

III. THE THEATER.

We naturally associate certain amusements with each other in our minds; — the card table, the wine glass, the theater. Yet I am aware that some who would repudiate the first and second, would seek to justify the third. But to most Christians the theater is of such doubtful expediency that it has been relegated to the category of forbidden amusements. This, like all other similar evolutions, has a reason back of it; for the English theater, which might be called the theater of modern times, had its beginning in the church. The purpose of its founders seems to have been to make it a handmaid of religion. But they failed in their purpose, and instead of finding the help that they expected, they found only a continual source of worry and of harm; until finally, little by little, they were obliged to drop it, and at last repudiate it entirely. Spasmodic efforts have been made now and then to bring the stage back to its early purpose, or purify it and reform it as a teacher of morals; but it has constantly sought its own level, or it has ever gravitated downward, as by an immutable law.

I am unable to learn of a single theater in this country that does not constantly allow not

simply trash and rubbish but open filth upon its stage. Preachers of righteousness are by no means alone or peculiar in making this charge; you can find it in the columns of almost any daily paper, while the best dramatic critics are free to state it and seem to deplore it. They use such terms as "trash of the most unadulterated description," "outrageous indelicacy," "disgusting," "positively shocking," "demoralizing," and many others of a similar nature. Some are even now prophesying that the day will come and is not far distant, when if the stage is not purified it will simply fall to pieces of its own corruption. I am not now speaking of the low "vaudeville," the ten cent "varieties," or any other of the second and below classes, but of the average play, playwright and player: for the pure play with a good moral, devoid of harmful stage setting, is so infrequent as to be the rare exception, never the rule.

PASSION, LUST, INTRIGUE AND DOUBLE-DEALING,

woman's infidelity to man, man's coarseness, infidelity, and oftentimes brutality, both to woman and man, form largely the groundwork of their plots. Coarse epithets, profanity, ridicule at religion, loud hints, suggestions, innuendoes, and *double entente*, are freely scattered from the lips of actors and actresses. So

pronounced is this that one runs no small risk in trying to see a pure, elevating and refining play. So much was this appreciated by the great actors, Booth and Garrick, that they would not allow their own children to attend the theater or witness any play until they themselves had first seen and heard it. McCready, one of the celebrated English tragedians, would not permit his daughters to attend the theater. The old English play writers are now considered too obscene to be placed on the shelves of libraries: yet he was deemed a fanatic in those days who would raise his voice against it. You may trace it in all countries, from the outrageous comedies of Aristophanes to the filth of Ford and Massinger, and the only difference is that this broad obscenity has been replaced by lewd and lascivious insinuations; while the great Prince of playwriters can not even be read in mixed assemblies unless an expurgated edition is used.

Go back to the earliest times, and you will find the stage a school of vice. The Roman theater was no exception to this rule. Dr. Schaff says: "The Roman theater became more and more the nursery of vice, and deserved to be abhorred by all men of decent feeling and refined taste." Little by little the growth of the church enabled her to surpress some of the worst features, such as gladiatorial

combats, and the most obscene exhibitions, but the evil still remained to a large extent. In the middle ages the play still continued and the church was contaminated whenever she attempted to enter into partnership with it. The theater was introduced into England to be a handmaid of religion, but says Macauley, "From the time the theaters were opened

THEY BECAME THE SEMINARIES OF VICE."

And Sir Walter Scott added: "It was abandonded to the vicious. The best portions of the house were set apart to abandoned characters." Dr. Hadyn says: "Nothing but the genius of William Shakespeare saves the English stage from the contempt of good and pure men."

That the theater has power—almost unlimited power and capital—is a fact. The theaters of New York alone are said to be valued at $10,000,000; and their annual expenditure is about $6,500,000; yet that does not go as an argument for their value. The liquor traffic has a far greater power and far greater capital, but no decent man or woman would think for a moment, in this enlightened day, of advocating the liquor traffic.

Rev. Perry Wayland Sinks says in "Popular Amusements": It is a startling comment,—startling and lamentable because it is known to

be true—that there is not a theater in the United States to-day which is sustained, or which can be sustained and made profitable to the management thereof, by pure drama or by morally unobjectionable productions alone. Even Shakespeare's matchless plays fall flat as financial ventures, except when an actor of world wide reputation has been the attraction which has carried these plays into deserved but only moderate success for the management, and that too for only brief engagements, and in centers of intellectual and artistic tone." And he might have added, but few of these plays can be produced without careful expurgation, without offending, not only the fastidious, but those who care anything for pure expression and clean words.

It is said that there are but four or five managers in the United States who even attempt to keep their theaters up to what is called by theater going circles a high standard. And Dr. Herrick Johnson has ably shown by referring to plays presented by one of these managers for a season that he fell far below the ideal.

If these things are true there is certainly much wisdom in the following words taken from the

NEW YORK PRESS.

"There is entirely too much nastiness and immorality in real life to make it desirable to

reproduce it upon the stage. The stage was meant to portray human nature in its better moods, for if the better mood is not the fitly surviving mood, then human nature perishes into brute nature. The drama of the hour is artificial; it panders to the passions, to nervous greed for excitement, to eroticism. Instead of teaching a moral, it mocks our tested notions of morality. Instead of teaching humanity that good is preferable to evil, it makes light of virtue and places vice in an alluring light of epigrammatic raillery. And yet, no one is to blame for such a state of affairs but the public."

It is said that Dr. Brand sent out over eighty letters to prominent Congregational pastors in the leading cities of the country, asking their judgment as to the effects of theater-going upon the Christian life and usefulness therein. He received between fifty and sixty replies. Of this number about a half dozen took a negative position as to occasional theater-going by Christians; yet these say it is the exception and not the rule where theater-goers are active and spiritually minded. Two, favor occasional theater-going. "But all the rest" says Dr. Brand, "believe in the expediency of

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR ALL GOOD PEOPLE,

as the theater now is." And certainly we must admit that what tends to make a good

man bad will certainly make a bad man worse. Therefore if it is harmful for a Christian, it is more harmful for one who is not. What further argument could be needed for the fair minded?

We must also remember a very large proportion of so-called actors and actresses (literally performers on the stage), are of known immoral character. The Booths, Mary Andersons, Henry Irvings, and Ellen Terrys are few and far apart. Most companies, when in cities permitting it, will run the play on the Lord's Day as well as any other. There seems to be an utter absence of everything save that abandon which so often comes with, if not brought to this profession. And it would seem that those who wished to cultivate purity of heart would hesitate a long time before paying out money to hear and see this class of people. But when once the ear becomes familiar and the eye accustomed to these sights and scenes behind the glamor of the foot-lights, the finer sensibilities seem to become dull. "We first endure, next pity, then embrace."

When that celebrated discussion was opened in Chicago a few years ago by Dr. Herrick Johnson, a renowned star actor then in the city was heard to say: "Would to God I dared to say all I know and feel about this matter! But Dr. Johnson is right, only he has not told half the

truth." There is much talk about purifying the theater, but so far as any observer can see, it is only talk. The stage still seems going as it has traveled for many years, — from bad to worse.

I take a few quotations from Dr. Johnson's "Plain Talks" :—

"The New York Evening Post says, 'There has probably been a greater mass of meretricious rubbish, — interpreted a little farther down as 'appeal to baser instincts,' 'feverish slop,' 'Nauseous twaddle,' etc., — set on the New York stage during the last ten years, than during the whole of its previous existence."

"The Philadelphia Press says, 'The stage has reached that point of degradation which Dr. Johnson deprecated and Byron deplored;' and it speaks of the mountebanks of the play house and their disgraceful descent into the darkest ages of the drama."

"The Chicago Times says, 'Twenty-five years ago such an exhibition as is nowadays nightly made in this class of amusements (modern comic opera), in the most matter of fact way, would have come nigh to landing

THE WHOLE PARTY IN THE POLICE STATION."

If these things were not so, but plays were pure, elevating and refining; if the legitimate drama could be made profitable to the managers; it would still be great unwisdom to constantly

frequent the play house. Life, not in its reality, but unreality, is found there; life devoid of drudgery, glittering with tinsel, unquiet life, life highly spiced and seasoned, is here portrayed; until the weary humdrum of an every day existence seems so insipid that the feet naturally turn to the theater again. A wonderful fascination hovers about the stage; while all the tragedies, with splendid suffering and noble agony, dying heroes whose death we await in breathless expectation—and ever love to see them die, because they die so well,—takes from nature its tenderest sensibilities, deadens the heart to actual suffering; and that which seems so real, while yet we know it is unreal, lends unreality to all that is real in life; while the youth whose means are limited will waste a large proportion of his salary if once he yields to this temptation and finds the fascination about him.

It is far safer to deny one's self the play and opera entirely, than to run the risk of any of these dangers. And the world has ever classed the church member who constantly frequents the theater, with the inconsistent and hypocritical.

IV. THE DANCE.

Joined to these evils, of Cards, Wine, and Theater, and to some extent greater than all the others, we find the dance of modern society. If there was but one family on earth and all people were closely bound together by the ties of blood, it would perhaps not be necessary to say these things concerning the dance, or any other of these amusements; but such, fortunately, or unfortunately, is not the case. The great human family is subdivided into many families, each one to some extent interdependent upon the other. If you do not do right in your home, it makes it harder for me to do right in mine; if you are loose in the training of your family, it makes it difficult for me to be careful with mine; if you foster all kinds of amusements in your home, you multiply the difficulties of any careful parent who seeks to rear his children for God and the church. Therefore, we are all interdependent one upon the other.

The question is often asked, "Do you include the square dance when you speak of the dance of modern society?" I find it is but a short distance from the square to the round; sow the square, reap the round! There was a day when

the stately cotillion satisfied and the plain country dances were all-sufficient. But that day has passed and gone. The blood of young America is too hot for the square dance. It does not satisfy; it simply opens the way and leads out to the fancy dances of the present time. To one who learns to waltz, the square dance is coarse and insipid. The devotee of the waltz finds no other joy quite so great, no other amusement quite so fascinating, and though the young lady may sometimes scarcely understand what it is that causes her pulse to beat so quickly and the blood to flow with such exhilaration, the young man does know, her partner understands it and she will know some day; while in the more common walks of life, which some of you call vulgar, the square dance is almost as pernicious as the round.

Last year I walked over to a park that I might watch a fourth of July picnic. Attracted by music, I soon found myself by the band stand, where a dancing pavillion had been erected. It was a square dance that was in progress, and when I watched for a few moments, I saw a young man grasp his partner by the waist for the swing and swing her with such gusto that

HER FEET WERE POINTED ALMOST DIRECTLY AT MY HEAD.

I made up my mind to include hereafter, the

square dance, as well as the round, in my strictures. Of course, some of you would not be guilty of such an impropriety: nevertheless, one place is the seed plot, the other the harvest.

If asked to give to the unconverted one reason why dancing as an amusement is harmful; and if limited to one reason which I must give in a brief sentence, I would say: Its fascination is so great as to cause you to decide for it in preference to Christ and the Church. This is especially true of young ladies; for I do affirm that more young ladies are kept out of the enjoyment of Christianity and the spiritual work of the Church by this amusement than by any other, or indeed, I might say, all other causes combined. This assertion cannot be made so sweeping with regard to young men, as liquor and harlotry, profanity and dishonesty, all enter largely into the forces that keep them away from God. But with young ladies, who would be ashamed to swear, would scarcely think of more than sipping a little light wine, who hold their virtue dear, who love society with their whole heart, it is different; they find those dangerous delights, to which they only have access through the ball room, or the

MOON LIGHT RIDE IN A NARROW-GUAGE BUGGY,

fascinating enough to turn their brains and seem ingly render them unconscious of the awful fact

that Christ, His Church and humanity are receiving the cold shoulder for their wicked selfishness.

But the answer is nearly always the same, "I am not ready to give up the dance; I do not see any harm in it." Any such amusement, or anything else that is so fascinating as to make you choose it in preference to Christ and His Church, my girl, is in itself and must be classed a harmful thing. But before I am through, if you are a fair minded and honest person, I think I will be able to make you see more, at least, of the harm that is both in it and about it.

If I should be asked, as I often am, "Why is it wrong for a church member to dance?" I would answer in a brief sentence, "Your church is against it, and in fact forbids it." But you say, "Do all churches forbid it?" And the answer may be truly given, "They do." The greatest, the best and the most spiritual men and women in all the leading denominations are agreed as touching this one thing. No church could speak more strongly against it than the Catholic Church does, and the greatest and most spiritual Bishops of the Episcopal Church have repeatedly pronounced against it. The Presbyterian Church in her assemblies, Synod and Presbytery, has again and again made it the subject of their addresses

and resolutions, placing their severest strictures upon any elder who will allow parlor dancing in his home or send his children to a dancing school, and advising individual churches to deal according to discipline with members who persist in breaking these rules. The Congregational Church, a church of purely local government, and the Baptist, whose every church is self-governing, have in their associations, assemblies, conferences and gatherings, pronounced against it again and again.

For this cause was the Methodist Church raised up in a day and time when the fearful conditions of worldliness and sin in the established church had rooted out well nigh every semblance of life, and left it with only a name to live but dead. When the wine glass, the card tables, the race track and the dance had become the amusements of the clergy, whose only thought was for their living, as well as the common membership; when the salvation of a soul was unknown, and the doctrine of the new birth had been lost somewhere in the ball room or under a card table; then was the Methodist Church raised up of God to proclaim the doctrines of regeneration and a holy life. While the church, in all her multiplied denominations bearing the name Evangelical, has pronounced against the dance again and again, and from her spiritual pulpits, sermons argumenta-

tive and denunciatory have been heard until it is a generally accepted truism among all Christ loving, soul-winning Christians, that the pastor who will not preach against it, or sees no harm in it, must be either too ignorant for a spiritual leader, or too cowardly to pose as a soldier of God; and while it is true that many churches do tolerate it, and tolerate members in their communions who indulge in it, the fact still remains that if it is a spiritual church or one that tries to be such, it tolerates it for the sake of the poor weak members who persist in indulging in it, hoping that as they grow in years they may grow in sense, if not in grace, until they shall see both the sin and the folly of the indulgence, and even yet be saved for Christ. But the church that encourages it and patronizes it is simply too unspiritual to do any aggressive work for souls, and like a sauce pan, is only waiting to catch the unspiritual drippings from revival churches who will not receive dancing members.

Every revival brings out some half converted members who, restless in the world, and fearing the wrath to come, seek asylum in some friendly church; but, unwilling to cast their lot with spiritual people, hoping still to serve God and mammon—

A SORT OF GOOD LORD, GOOD DEVIL, CROWD

—hunt up some worldly, flattering church

where they will receive a hearty welcome, dance, devil and all.

For fear you who have not investigated may doubt the position claimed for these churches, I will cite some utterances. Many of these are already familiar, by constant repitition, to the student of such matters. I begin with the oldest of all churches, the Roman Catholic, and read from the pastoral letter of the Archbishop and Bishops when assembled in Plenary Council in Baltimore:

"In this connection, we consider it to be our duty to warn our people against those amusements which may easily become to them an occasion of sin, and especially against the fashionable dances, which, as at present carried on, are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety, and are fraught with the greatest danger to morals."

Only a few days ago the Bishop of the diocese of Green Bay, in Wisconsin, not only preached against it as strongly as I possibly can, but in regard to the Saturday night dances so prevalent, he said that henceforth the sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be refused to any who persisted in attending them, as thereby they were utterly unfitted for the services of the Sabbath and the worship of God. But what is true of the Saturday night dance is true of any other dance, the difference simply in that it is a

trifle nearer the Lord's Day; yet all days to the Christian are Lord's days in that each one must be lived in holiness.

I never understood so perfectly the position of the Roman Catholic Church on this subject, as I did one time in conversation with a Jesuit priest, when I asked, "Why is it that your church, which we have been led to believe was lax on the Sabbath question and the Temperance question, (Thank God, they are getting stricter and more careful every year on these great questions) — why is it that your church should be so exceedingly strict on the dance?"

WE HAD BEEN DISCUSSING THE CONFESSIONAL,

pro and con; I had given my thoughts and reasons against it, he had given his for it. Here he said, "Another argument for the confessional; we at least have the advantage of knowing when our people fall, where they fall and how they fall; and we have found that almost every lapse of female virtue in our communion is traceable to the round dance."

No wonder that their letters and sermons are so severe. From the pope downward, through archbishop and bishop, clergy and laity, the Catholic Church has taken this high ground concerning the dance.

The Episcopal Church is often thought to be most lax concerning these amusements. That

may be true, but it is not true of that church or her priests wherever they are deeply engaged in mission or soul-saving work; it is only the careless non-revival or non-mission church that encourages these things. Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, Senior Bishop, and one of the most spiritual at the time of his death, a man who could neither be called narrow nor ignorant, wrote as follows:—

"In the period of youthful education, I have shown that dancing is chargeable with waste of time, the interruption to useful study, the indulgence of personal vanity and display, and

THE PREMATURE INCITEMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

At the age of maturity it adds to these no small danger to health, by late hours, flimsy dresses, heated rooms and exposed persons; while its incongruity with strict Christian sobriety and principle, and its tendency to the love of dissipation, are so manifest, that no ingenuity can make it consistent with the covenant of baptism. It would give me sincere pleasure to have expressed a very different opinion, because I am well aware that few of my readers will relish my unaccomodating sentiments on such a theme. But candor and honesty forbid, and I may not sacrifice what I believe to be the truth, in the service of worldly expediency."

In Virginia I have found the Episcopal

Church more spiritual than in other places. Some of the rectors are my warmest friends. Many of them are free to preach, and preach plainly, on these subjects. Bishop Meade, erstwhile of that state, spoke as follows on this theme:—

"As an amusement, seeing that it is a perversion of an ancient religious exercise, and has ever been discouraged by the sober-minded and pious of all nations on account of its evil tendencies and accompaniments, we ought conscientiously to inquire whether its great liability to abuse, and its many acknowledged abuses, should not make us frown upon it in all its forms? It has always been considered so disreputable to excel in this as a public performer, that such persons have been excluded sometimes from civil, and always from religious privileges, and from respectable society. Can the practice of it, then, even in a more private way, be suitable or becoming to a serious Christian? Very few persons can be found who do not answer, no. I shall not dwell on these two arguments further, for obvious reasons. To my mind they are conclusive to show that social dancing is not among the neutral things which, within certain limits, we may do at pleasure, and even that it is not among the things lawful but not expedient, but that it is in itself wrong, improper, and of bad effect."

And for you who think that the puritan bishop of Vermont and the strict old bishop of Virginia are a little behind the times, old-fogyish and over-righteous, I come to Ohio and use the testimony of Bishop McElvaine, when he writes,—

"Let me now turn to two subjects in which there is no difficulty of discrimination,—the theater and the dance. The only line I would draw in regard to these is, that of entire exclusion. And yet, my brethren, how easy it is for the imagination to array both these in such an abstract and elementary simplicity, so divested of all that gives them their universal character and relish, that no harm could be detected in either! The question is not what we can imagine them to be; but what they always have been, and will be, and must be, in such a world as this, to render them pleasurable to those who patronize them. Strip them bare till they stand in their simple innocence to which their defenders' arguments would reduce them, and the world would not have them."

"If the writer be asked whether, in his view, in the pomps and vanities of this wicked world which are renounced in baptism, are included theatrical amusements and dances, he answers without hesitation in the affirmative. If he be asked whether, under the apostle's exhortation 'Be not conformed to this world,' they are

included as matters of worldly conformature to be forsaken, he answers, certainly. If he be asked whether these things are consistent with the cultivation of a spiritual mind and the maintaining of a rightful Christian influence by example, for the good of man and the glory of God, he must answer, they are, in his view, very inconsistent with such duties. He thinks that they are renounced in baptism, that their renunciation is ratified in confirmation, and professed in every participation of the Lord's Supper. He prays that the time may come when all communicants will unite in rejecting these things."

I will take one more, this time from the cosmopolitan state of New York, that well known name which has become a household word, Bishop Coxe. It is from one of his Pastoral or Lenten letters. I have been accused of preaching plainly on this subject, but I can preach no more plainly on this phase of it than the good Bishop writes in this letter:—

"The enormities of theatrical exhibitions and the lasciviousness of dances, too commonly tolerated in our times, are so disgraceful to the age and so irreconcilable with the gospel of Christ, that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn those who run with the world to 'the same excess of riot' in these things, that they presume not to come to the holy table. Classes

preparing for confirmation are informed that I will not lay hands, knowingly, on any one who is not prepared to renounce such things, with other abominations of 'the world, the flesh and the devil.' Let all such choose deliberately whom they will serve; and if salvation be worth striving for, let them be persuaded to a sober life, to self-denial, and to the pure and innocent enjoyments which the gospel not only permits, but which it only can create. It is high time that the lines should be drawn between wordly and godly living; and I see no use in a Lent that is not sanctified to such ends."

Could any man use stronger language in speaking of it from the purely spiritual standpoint, refusing confirmation and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to all who persist in it? Again I find him quoted in Bishop Vincent's little booklet "Better not." "The gross, debasing waltz would not be tolerated for another year if Christian mothers in our communion would only set their faces against it, and remove their daughters from its contaminations, and their sons from that contempt of womanhood and womanly modesty which it begets. Alas! that women professing to follow Christ and Godliness should not rally for the honor of their sex and drive these shameless dancers from society."

Let me give a few words from one of the ut-

terances of the Presbyterian General Assembly:—

"Whilst the pleasures of the ball room and the theater are primarily intended by the 'dancing and stage plays,' forbidden in the answer to the 139th question in the Church Catechism, the spirit of the prohibition extends to all kindred amusements which are calculated to awaken thoughts and feelings, inconsistent with the 7th commandment as explained by the Saviour in Matt. v; 27–28. That, whilst we regard the practice of promiscuous social dancing by church members as a mournful inconsistency, and the giving of such parties for such dancing, on the part of the heads of families, as tending to compromise their religious profession; and the sending of children by Christian parents to the dancing school as a sad error in family discipline; yet we think that the session of each church is fully competent to decide when discipline is necessary, and the extent to which it should be administered."

Would to God this last thought was as true as those that precede it! But when we sometimes find even members of sessions, ruling elders in these churches, who, in spite of all these solemn utterances by the General Assembly, persist in disgracing the Church of God by not only tolerating, but encouraging these very things,—to the disruption of spiritual unity, to

the propagation of the worldly spirit here so mourned,—how can such a session deal with a recreant member? "Let him that is without sin among you first cast the stone." And many a session, incompetent by the failures, laxities and sins of its own members, upon whose heads holy hands have been supposedly laid, finds itself helpless and supine in the midst of a growing tendency to wordliness; which, of course, unfits the church for spiritual work.

Then, if our sessions, boards of deacons, and official boards generally, are guilty of these things, how can they cope with the evil and administer discipline, as the General Assembly seemed so fondly to imagine?

I find in other deliverances of Assemblies, Presbyteries and Synods, such words as these: "A Christian professor who in any way encourages the gay and fashionable amusements of the world, especially dancing and attendance upon theatrical performances, furnishes satisfactory evidence that he has not yet put off concerning the former conversation, the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts, nor put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness; and that to him, at least, the promises and hopes of the gospel are a very unsatisfying portion. He thus brings dishonor and reproach upon his religious profession, throws a stumbling block in the way

of sinners, offends them that are weak, and greviously wounds the Saviour in the house of His friends."

Again: "Synod does therefore recommend and enjoin that the session of all churches within our bodies treat these sins as other recognized sins are to be treated, and by proper instruction, condemnation and reproof, endeavor in the spirit of Christian gentleness and fidelity to remove all such members from our churches; and that, when milder measures fail, they proceed, by the exercise of discipline, to correct the evil, or to separate those who willfully persist in these sinful practices from the body of Christ."

These may be multiplied ad infinitum, while from public books and sermons by the most eminent divines in this church, utterances might be cited sufficient to fill many large volumes, all of them as strong as these which I quote.

The Baptist Church stands almost undivided in her pastorate and associations on this subject. I quote here one article only, which I find taken from the Baptist Quarterly by Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, in his most admirable little book, "May Christians Dance?" (in which the Doctor vigorously assails the evil in his own terse way; and while you will find the words perhaps astonishingly plain, yet before I am through you will certainly see that they are none too plain.) The Doctor quotes:—

"Our accusation is that the dance, instead of affording an opportunity for mutually ennobling companionship between man and woman, inspired with a chaste and sweet interfused remembrance of their contrasted relationship to each other,—that the dance, instead of this, consists substantially of a system of means contrived with more than human ingenuity to incite the instincts of sex to action, however subtle and disguised at the moment, in its sequel the most bestial and degrading. We charge that here and not elsewhere, in the anatomy of that elusive fascination which belongs so peculiarly to the dance, we lay our scalpel upon the quivering secret of life. Passion,—passion transformed, if you please, never so much, subsisting in no matter how many finely contrasted degrees of sensuality,—passion, and nothing else, is the true basis of the popularity of the dance.

"For it is no accident that the dance is what it is. It mingles the sexes in such closeness of personal approach and contact as, outside of the dance, is nowhere tolerated in respectable society. It does this under a complexity of circumstances that conspire to heighten the impropriety of it. It is evening, and the hour is late; there is the delicious and unconscious intoxication of music and motion in the blood; there is the strange, confusing sense of being

individually unobserved among so many, while yet the natural 'noble shame' which guards the purity of man and woman alone together is absent,—such is the occasion, and still, hour after hour, it whirls its giddy kaleidoscope around,

BRINGING HEARTS SO NEAR

that they almost beat against each other, mixing the warm mutual breaths, darting the fine personal electricity across between the meeting fingers, flushing the face and lighting the eyes with a quick language, subject often to gross interpretations on the part of the vile-hearted, —why, this fashionable institution seems to us to have been invented in an unfriendly quarter, usually conceived as situated under us, to give our human passions leave to disport themselves, unreproved by conscience, by reason, or by shame, almost at their will.

"We say the dance is not fortuitously such. It is such essentially. Its real nature is shown by what it constantly tends to become in new figures introduced stealthily from time to time (under silent protest from any who suffer their modesty to be overborne by the fear of being charged with prudery), a little more doubtful than the old, and in wanton whirls, like the waltz and the polka. Always the dance inclines to multiply opportunities of physical proximity and contact between the sexes,—always to make

them prolonged and more daring. * * * But if what has already been said and suggested fails to convince any that our analysis of the pleasure of the dance is true, we have a little problem to propose for their solution: why is it that the dance alone, of all the favorite diversions of gay society, requires the association of the two sexes in it? * * * And then consider, ye Christian fathers, and brothers, and husbands, to what horrible hazards of contact the opportunities of the dance expose your daughters, and sisters, and wives. For who that has gained any experience of the world is ignorant of the fact that hardly once does a considerable party assemble, even in the most respectable society, without including some man whom his associates know to be a libertine at heart, if not in life? To think of pure women being pastured on, with palms of pollution, and with imminent eyes of adultery, by such a

HUMAN BULL OF BASHAN

the evening long in the promiscuous "corral" of the dance! What better facilities could be imagined for an accomplished voluptuary to compass the capture of his prey? * * * Oh, Fashion! Fashion! What power thou hast to brow-beat holy nature, so that she dares not speak to assert her sacred claims against thy imperious sway! * * * We abruptly

dismiss this hateful subject without completing the discussion of it. If our readers have winced at the exceptional plainness of speech which we have used, we beg them to believe that it has cost us sincere pangs of resolution to use it. But we have written under duress of conscience that did not suffer us to shrink. The engineering skill of the devil has defended the dance with a masterly dilemma that leaves open barely two alternatives of attack about equally ineligible. You may either exhaust your strength in demonstrating the minor and incidentals of the usage, in which case you can win an easy but also a barren victory; or you must freely encounter the peril of damaging your own fair fame for purity, and deliver your blow full at its inherent and essential immorality. We have deliberately chosen the latter alternative. We can trust the honest heat of indignation that has warmed our words to take away the offence of their extreme fidelity. As for the risk of being charged with bringing the impurity that we find, we contentedly accept it. It is a charge which two classes of persons certainly will not prefer. These two classes are, first, those who know us, and, secondly, those who know themselves." *

* The author of the above article is evidently William Cleavar Wilkinson, as I found nearly the entire article in his little book "The Dance of Modern Society." M. B. W.

I cite the above article in full, and though you may think it exceeding plain, I assure you it is none too plain, nor is it overwrought; and while Baptist ministers may differ in their opinion to some extent, I believe this to be a fair expression of the concensus of opinion among them when they have carefully observed the dance, its workings and results.

The Disciple Church, or Church of Christ, is as pronounced on this amusement as any other denomination. Rev. Benj. Franklin, a recognized authority in that church, says in one of his published sermons:—

"We have a solemn charge from the Apostles to give no offence, neither to the Jews nor to the Gentiles nor to the Church of God. Dancing is offensive, not to the ignorant, prejudiced and weak people; but to the best informed, the most pious and devout. If there were nothing else against it, that would stamp it with the seal of condemnation. It is under ban, not only in the view of pious persons, but all classes; no one in the church or out of it regards it as any credit to dance, or to be a good dancer. The view of most, generally is that people of the world—young and thoughtless people, and lovers of pleasure, of amusements and entertainments,—the irreligious, may dance; but religious persons, who profess godliness, who have been made partakers of the divine nature and are led by

the Spirit, and have the mind of Christ, do not dance. It would be shocking to the minds of all people with an ordinary education in this country, to see anyone rise from the communion table, go into the next room and join in the dance, for pleasure, amusement or fun. So would it be equally shocking to the mind to see any one go from the dance—even your refined parlor dance, under the eye of parents and confined to proper hours—into the assembly of the saints, and take a seat at the Lord's Table. * * * Those who lead in the dance; for pleasure, amusement or entertainment,—we care not what their pretext for it is, whether for 'healthful exercise,' 'relaxation' or 'to learn gracefulness,'—are not the people that lead in religion, in worship, or piety. * * *

IF THERE WERE NONE BUT DANCERS, NO CHURCH DESERVING THE NAME WOULD HAVE AN EXISTENCE. * * *

"It is on the down grade; the demoralizing side of the question. It is a vice, and like all vices, needs no advocacy. It is not an article of culture; it needs no culture, but is a spontaneous growth that comes in the absence of cultivation. It will not bear argument, discussion or investigation. It is no accomplishment, acquirement, or credit in any way, and not a thing to mention to the credit of anyone after

death. * * * It is easy to pull down, but laborious to build up. * * * One dancing master can demoralize and pull down society more in three months, than can be repaired by the whole community in five years. * * * Some dancing is worse than others, and some dancers are worse than others; some are not so bad as others, but there are none good, they are all evil, and only evil, and that continually!"

As I have before said, the Methodist Church was raised up to down these things, and to show to the world a peculiar people, because zealous of good works instead of fleshly lusts and pleasures. Now and then, of course, you will find a worldly Methodist trying to immitate some society church, disregarding the very principals upon which his church was organized; but they are exceptions, not the rule. In General, Annual and District Conferences, there has always been a seemingly unanimous opinion; and the Methodist Discipline (p. 131, ¶ 240) specifies dancing under the head of "Imprudent and Unchristian Conduct," as follows:—

"In cases of neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulging sinful tempers or words, the buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, signing petitions in favor of granting license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, becoming bondsmen for persons engaged in such traffic, renting property as a

place in or on which to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors, dancing, playing at games of chance, attending theaters, horse races, circuses,

DANCING PARTIES, OR PATRONIZING DANCING SCHOOLS,

or taking such other amusements as are obviously of misleading or questionable moral tendency, or disobedience to the Order and Discipline of the Church—first, let private reproof be given by the Pastor or Leader, and if there be an acknowledgement of the fault, and proper humiliation, the person may be borne with. On a second offence the Pastor or Leader may take one or two discreet members of the Church. On a third offence let him be brought to trial, and if found guilty, and there be no sign of real humiliation, he shall be expelled."

From the new Discipline of the M. E. Church South as published in 1894, I take an extract from the pastoral letter of the Bishops, p. 322 ¶610:"An explicit utterance was given by order of the last General Conference in our pastoral address on the subject of 'Worldly Amusements.' We now repeat that utterence; we abate none of its teachings with respect either to the manifest inconsistency of such indulgencies with the spirit and profession of the gospel, or the peril which they bring to the souls of men.

"Thus multiplied and insidious forms are a

source of perpetual temptation and damage, and are denounced by the Word of God, and by that part of the General Rules which forbids the taking of such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus! This denunciation is explicit and comprehensive and 'the name of the Lord Jesus' in this connection is a decisive test, and we are content to leave the issue to its sovereign arbitrament. Amongst those indulgencies which cannot stand this solemn test is the modern dance, both in its private and in its public exhibition, as

UTTERLY OPPOSED TO THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY

as taught by us. When persisted in it is justifiable of judicious action by the church authorities."

P. 292, ¶531. "A presiding elder decided in the case of a local preacher, complained of for having the art and science of modern dancing taught, that the case came under the rule of the Discipline forbidding 'improper tempers, words, or actions.' This decision on appeal was sustained by the Bishop on the ground 'that it is contrary to the spirit of the New Testament and the Discipline to teach the art and science of modern dancing any where, or to practice promiscuous dancing any where,' and all the Bishops concurred."

Rev. W. P. Lovejoy, M. A., of the North Georgia Conference, in his valuable book, "The Mission of the Church," says of the dance:—

"It lays its lecherous hand upon the fair character of innocence, and converts it into a putrid, corrupting thing. It enters the domain of virtue, and, with silent, steady blows, takes the foundation from underneath the pedestal on which it sits enthroned. It lifts the gate and lets in a flood of vice and impurity that sweeps away modesty, chastity, and all sense of shame. It keeps company with the low, the degraded, and the vile. It feeds upon the passions, it inflames, and fattens on the holiest sentiments, turned by its touch to filth and rottenness. It loves the haunts of vice and is at home in the company of harlots and debauchees."

Many more like the resolution following might be found no doubt by searching, but one is sufficient and answers the purpose as showing the feeling of all associations by the deliverance of one.

The General Association of the Congregational Church on June 12, 1895, in the State of Iowa, passed the following resolution:

"Resolved: That in the opinion of this association, the practice of dancing by the members of our churches is inconsistent with the profession of religion, and ought to be made a subject of discipline."

The following is from a sermon preached by Rev. S. J. Beach of Cedar Falls, before the Association of the Congregational Church of that district:

"Even an imperfect inquiry will develop the fact that many of the best people oppose it strongly; and that many of the frivolous and impure find in it their chief delight. This in itself is damaging evidence. The effect is not so easily ciphered out, but the New York Journal of Education is responsible for the information that the chief of police in that city said that 'three-fourths of the abandoned girls in this city were ruined by dancing.' A Roman Catholic bishop of the same city reported also in general terms that 'the confessional revealed the fact that

NINETEEN OUT OF EVERY TWENTY WOMEN WHO FALL CAN TRACE THE BEGINNING OF THEIR SAD STATE TO THE MODERN DANCE.'

This is all strong evidence. The tendency of the amusement is undoubtedly to excess. The associations of the amusement are varied. In some places it is the parlor of a friend with the attendance of pure-minded and respectable people, and the most proper behavior. In others it is the promiscuous ball, with all its excesses and evil features. And in still others it is low

society, indecent conduct, intemperance, shame. Where the associations are bad, the question is settled for the best people and the whole condemned, as whatever might be allowed only gives countenance to the vicious. Examination along these lines has led the great body of Christian people to take strong position against dancing."

Now you can plainly see that any church member who, in the face of all this testimony, persists in indulging in the dance of society is a disturber of the peace of his church, is at variance with the best of its ministers, both individually and in deliberative bodies, and instead of praying for the peace of Jerusalem, he is doing just the reverse. I do not know that anything is wrong for a church member that is not wrong for any one else; at least there is but one difference, the church member is under contract to abstain, the worldling is not. Therefore the only difference as to harm received is that the church member receives the added injury that comes from regarding lightly an obligation, breaking holy vows, and being a disturber of spiritual harmony.

If one is bound and determined to dance, he should either refuse to enter the church, or, having come in he should quietly withdraw. I sometimes meet an ex-member who has done that very thing; I always refer to them as one

who got a divorce from Christ that she might continue to dance with a dude. The church has offered so much, and in Christ's name will ever continue to perform it, that one should look long and earnestly before departing from its communion for the pleasures and sins of the world. The day will come when you will require that church to perform its last sad rites and offices over your dead body.

MUST THE MEMORIES IN THAT HOUR BE OF YOUR UNFAITHFULNESS,

when the words that should be spoken to comfort your loved ones that remain must be spoken in faint praise, and words concerning your faithfulness be used sparingly? to say nothing of the outraged Christ, in whom alone you can hope, and to whom alone you can look for help and succor.

But I imagine some are saying, the church is too strict, she is not careful enough for her young, for their enjoyment and their amusements. I repudiate the charge in toto; the church is not too strict, but too lax. Who could charge strictness on any branch of the church to-day? Almost any one can enter her membership if he has a respectable suit of clothes, no matter what his business or his life may be. Some slight glossing, a little sugar-coating, a touch of nickle-plating in the way of reform, and if he

has any money, or if she is in society, a church door marked "Orthodox" will always open to them; if not one denomination, another certainly will; while scores of members are carried in almost every church without spiritual life, without profession, if not living in open sin. This is no day in which to make the charge that the church is too strict. God has a daily controversy with the church now for her laxity in these things. The church loves her young; she has been very indulgent with them. She has hoped that they would learn better, and sober down after they have sown their wild oats, and has often backslidden herself catering to the worldly whims of her Christless members; and when she seeks to draw the line, what a cry always goes up from the worldly crowd within her borders! She sees at once that she is dealing with a mixed multitude, that wheat and tares are growing together; and for fear of pull ing up the wheat in seeking to weed out the tares, she subsides, takes another long nap in Zion, and when she awakens to put on her strength finds that she has none to put on. She doesn't like the term "revival"; attempts to have a "gospel meeting," when no one is converted; or if a few come knocking at her doors for membership,

THESE BABES IN CHRIST ARE IMMEDIATELY PACKED ON ICE

against the fires of judgment! No; do not say the church is too strict. Your very rebellion has made it lax; and it has sacrificed power and privilege for your sake time and again, for which you will have to answer to God at last.

There are reasons for all that she has ever said and all the action she has ever taken against the dance.

These reasons may be all summed up briefly under two heads:

First, the dance is unspiritual, and a positive exterminator of spiritual life.

Second, the dance is immoral; in fact, the hot-bed of immorality and vice. Let me repeat,—the hardest young person to reach for Christ is the young man or woman devotee of the dance.

I was one morning speaking to a Sunday School in Missouri. A powerful altar service was in progress. Two young ladies came to me and, pointing to another one standing by a seat, said, "Will you step down and speak a word to that young lady? She is a friend of ours, but has hurt our feelings and insulted us, when we asked her to give her heart to Christ. Perhaps you can say something that will make an impression on her."

I thought I would try, and so stepped down, asking her, "Are you a Christian?"

"No, sir."

"Would you mind telling me why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes; I do."

"Well, then, it is because

I LOVE TOO WELL THOSE THINGS THAT YOU PREACH AGAINST,

the theater, the card table, and the dance." She said this in a defiant tone, and as I had but a minute to spare, I simply replied, sadly: "That is the saddest thing I ever heard. I have heard a poor drunkard crying in the gutter, as he raised his hand, only to sink back again in his dispair, 'Too late! too late! No help for me now!' and I have said, 'It is sad.' I have seen a poor fallen woman look despairingly up to woman-kind as they turned their eyes away; I have heard her cry, 'Oh, if I could but have another chance, but no one will believe me now!'—and I have said, 'It is sad, unutterably sad!' But you, and what you say, seem sadder and worse to me than all."

She replied, "Well, I never had anyone tell me that I was worse than a drunkard before."

"You know I didn't say that."

"Well, what did you mean?"

"I mean I would take the chances of the

drunkard, or the poor fallen woman, despairing, yet penitent, before I would take your chances with God."

"I should hate to tell what I think of your opinion."

"My poor girl, I am not interested in what you think concerning my opinion; I am only interested in your soul." And I turned back, leaving the arrow to rankle.

A moment more, and she had left the room, swinging herself out of the door and on to the steps, the skirts of that brown dress swishing through the doorway like a fox's tail around a brush heap. Of course she was mad; but she had insulted her friends, and I thought I would say something that she would remember.

A friend of hers said that if I had been milder, I might have done more good. But there was another revival in progress in the city that continued eight weeks, where the evangelist never preached about such things, "but only preached the gospel." She left my meetings and went there every night for the entire winter, as I afterwards learned; but came out worse than she went in, for the gospel had been to her "a savor of death unto death."

I told the incident one night, and said: What did that girl do? Could she but see herself drawn toward the cross under the pleading words of Christ, "Come unto me,"—words

falling so divinely sweet that even the careless ear must stop and listen,—"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;" and she would draw a little nearer to that bleeding side. "I go to prepare a place for you;"—a little nearer still. "And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto—"

Just here the sound of the fiddle is heard in the land. A simpering lad presents his arm; a new sparkle is seen in her eye, and her voice is heard:—

"Good-by, Lord Jesus. I must go now and dance with this dude." And she never came back!

The audience said, "We never heard anything like that," and I replied, "What is the use of my saying something that you have always heard?"

There will come a time when she who has forsaken Christ for these things, will be forsaken of him;—"Depart from me; I never knew you!"

Oftentimes young people argue, when asked to accept Christ, "I don't see any harm in dancing;" this before a single word has been spoken about it. How do you account for that? Why, something in the heart or in the mind always says, "You will have to give up your sinful pleasures." Then that lie creeps out, "I see no harm in it." If you saw no harm in

it, you would never have mentioned or thought of it. Why didn't you say, "I see no harm in eating a piece of pie;" or, "I see no harm in lemonade." Those things never entered your mind. You said, "I see no harm in dancing," because you knew there was harm in it, and you knew that the church forbade it, discountenanced it, and you should give it up at once, like any other sin or weight, on receiving Christ. No Christian would dream of having power with God or with man for good at such a place, or if known to indulge in such amusements. No one but a dunce would think of following out these amusements and being a personal worker for souls at the same time.

I heard of the following conversation a short time ago: A brother speaking to his sister concerning the young man to whom she was engaged, said, "Bessie, have you ever asked Will if he was a Christian?"

"No," said she, "but I am going to tomorrow night when we are at the ball."

A couple of days later the brother said, "Bessie, did you speak to Will about his soul?"

"Yes," she replied.

"What did you say?"

"I asked him if he was a Christian."

"What was his reply?"

"He said, 'No, are you?' I told him, yes,

but he said, 'Why, what are you doing here then?' "

That is about the way Christian work will always pan out when done by a dancing Christian.

As soon as a revival effort is on foot, that is about the first thing thrown up against the movement and the church by the unsaved;—your members dance, play cards, run to all these things;

ARE THEY ANY BETTER THAN THE REST OF US?

We do these things and make no profession; they make their profession and still do them. They are hypocrites; we at least have the saving grace of open honesty in our deeds." This may be simply an excuse offered by the unsaved; but it is, to say the least, a convenient one; still, it does not change the facts.

Last spring a young man came to my room just before the evening meeting, and asked me this question: "Mr. Williams, can you tell me what it means to be a Christian?"

I told him, "One who has repented of his sins by turning from them, and daily seeks to follow Christ in everything."

That led to other things. Finally he said: "Well, I have been listening to your sermons, and have been wondering who was right; for you preach it just as my old father and mother taught it in the home. But I have been told

that they were Puritans, and behind the times. I came to this town and accepted a position a year ago. I used to be a church member, but I did not bring my letter. I entered a church family to board. The lady is prominent in general church work, but has a card party, or a parlor dance, or something of that kind, about three or four nights in a week. They seem to be such nice people, and were so kind to me, that I fell in with their ways. I was then ashamed to bring my letter, and they never spoke to me about it, so I have drifted on, and I now consider myself a backslider, if, indeed, I ever was converted. Now, what has been bothering me lately is this: Were my old father and mother right, or are these society-going, city-Christians right? If the latter, I made up my mind there was nothing in religion; if the former, that I did not have any of it."

I talked with him a little while as best I could, and he went on up to the tabernacle. I knew the family that he was boarding with, and I said some terribly plain things that night.

The next day, at the close of the bible meeting the lady with whom he boarded rose and said, "I have been converted all over again. I see how wrong my life has been; that I have been a stumbling block in the way of others. Henceforth, my life shall be for Christ."

She went home and put up a family altar in

place of the card table and dance; and when I gave the call for penitents that night, the first to spring down from the platform of the choir was that young man. She, like hundreds that hear this sermon, had blocked the way, at least for that one soul, into the kingdom. When she got out of the way, he came in.

How many dear pastors I have talked with whose hearts were bowed down, who sought for fields green and pastures new, because of these besetting sins in their churches. If I were a pastor, I would do one of two things: I would preach so plainly, and love my congregation so hard, that if I could not preach and love them away from these sins, I would tear it all to pieces and make it over again, if I had but a dozen to start out with. You can do more for God in one year with a dozen consecrated souls, filled with the Holy Ghost, than you can do in a dozen years with a membership of hundreds when worldly, frivolous, light, trifling, unspiritual and powerless, paralyzing the power of the few, who can do little against so many. Until something of this kind happens, the church will never get her greatest victories.

In the town of W—— I preached three sermons on the dance. The town seemed literally given over to it.

GREAT OPPOSITION AROSE,

but little by little subsided, until the opposers

numbered only a handful, and hundreds of souls were born to God. One of the violent opposers at the close was a young man not a church member. Two of the others were ladies, members of a fashionable church, who insisted that they "saw no harm in it." As soon as the meetings were over, they began arrangements for getting up a party. When they found the sentiment of the majority was against it, they still continued to argue, "Certainly there is no harm the way we do it."

One of them was a young mother with a babe. They were driving out one day in making their arrangements, when the horse become frightened, ran away, overturned the buggy and threw them out upon the curbing, rendering one unconscious. Friends and physicians worked with her for hours to restore her to consciousness. When at last, late in the night, she opened her eyes, the first words and only ones that she said were these: "I'll never dance again;" and immediately relapsed into unconsciousness.

It doesn't take God long to change the opinion of one of his frivolous members. A little tap on the head or spine, an undertaker measuring for a coffin, or a shroud—something of this kind is a wonderful power in changing such opinions.

The young man referred to said:

"I'LL DANCE ANYWAY;

no preacher shall change my opinion. If we can't get one up at home, I'll go where we can get one." There had been a party arranged at a neighboring town, and he decided to go. His mother begged him not to, but he said, "If it's the last dance I ever attend, I'll go even if it kills me." Then she gave him money and told him to stay at the hotel that night, and not to attempt to return on the freight which came up after midnight. But he spent the money for wine, and disregarded his mother's word.

In the morning there was a knock at the mother's door. When she opened it and looked into the frightened faces awaiting her there, she exclaimed, "You needn't tell me; I know it all,—my boy has been killed!" It was even so. He had stepped on the front end of the caboose, missed his footing, fallen under the wheels and was instantly killed. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

In the town of Ft. H——a choice young Catholic girl heard me preach on "Worldly Amusements," in which sermon I read extracts from Catholic bishops and archbishops. She was much impressed; and when I said, If you as Christians persist in dancing, think next

time you go on the floor, "Have I gone where Christ could not follow? or have I forced him to come into this place?"—for he says, "Lo, I am with you alway." Next, "Is it congenial to him here?" Imagine His arm about you, He your partner for that waltz. When she went out, she said, "I will never dance again."

But her young man friend insisted that she must go to a party that he was helping to arrange for, and he said, "It is that Protestant meeting that has disturbed you." Finally she consented, on condition that he would not ask her to dance. But when there he insisted that he could dance with no other girl unless he had first danced with her; and her friends said,

"YOU WILL SPOIL HIS EVENING,

and our pleasure too." She was at last prevailed upon against her wishes. But when the music struck up and they were about to start, she gave a little cry and dropped onto the floor,—the music stopped and the frightened people rushed about her; they carried her into the dressing room, and with some effort brought her to herself. When she revived the young man said, "Oh, what is it? what is the matter? what have I done?"

"Take me home! take me home!" she cried. And he did not argue the question any more, but immediately took her home.

"What was the matter? Were you ill?" he asked.

"Oh, I thought my blessed Lord was right there, and I imagined his arm about me, and his awful look, and I couldn't stand it!" she answered.

I did not hear that he asked her to go any more.

Young men are not particularly fond of such scenes, especially in a ball room.

In a Georgia town, the other day a young pastor resolved that where his people went, there would he be also. And when they arranged a dance, to their surprise he was found in their midst. Of course, it occasioned some embarrassment; and when he asked the privilege to lead in prayer, it occasioned something more than embarrassment. But in the South a great respect for the Ministry of Christ prevails, and on the second call, even at a dance, they consented, and knelt in prayer. When he had made a fervent, earnest appeal to the Almighty, he arose, thanked them for their courtesy, and went out. They managed to step through a cotillion, and then, with evident disapproval, broke up and went home. The dance never mixes well with prayer. Good preaching on the subject in the pulpit, followed up by good praying in the ball room, would soon eliminate the dance; at least from church society.

Then secondly, its immoral side. Many of my hearers and readers will say, with some honesty and much warmth,

"I DO NOT SEE WHERE THE IMMORALITY COMES IN."

Well, I have no doubt that in the parties that you have attended the flagrant immoralities and marked tendencies to vice have been absent. Had they all been introduced at once, as I have seen them in the city ball room, some of you would have at once made provision for returning to your mammas. First the sowing, then the reaping,—sow the country dance, reap the city dance. But, so far as the round dance is concerned, and even the swinging in the square dance, is it not true that such a position would not be tolerated anywhere else, under any considerations, in respectable society?

Is it a married couple dancing? and can that man look on and see another's arm around the waist of his wife, enfolding her in that long, voluptuous, sensual embrace, and then say, "It is all right; there is no harm in it?" Can a father or a brother see one after another put his arms about that daughter or sister as the hours of the night pass, press her form against his own,—perhaps against the form of a *roué* or a lecher,—and say, "It is all right?" If so, I could hardly expect to appeal to him by

anything that I might say or write. Can that pure girl feel the arms of those men, one after another, about her waist, feel herself pressed against his form, and still say, "I see no harm in it?" Can that fond, doting mamma, who has no better business than chaperoning her daughter to such a place, look calmly on and see it all and still say, "It is all right; I see no harm in it?" My only other question is, if so, what kind of stuff can you be made of?

Somebody has said of the round dance, "It is hugging set to music."

A young lady said to me last year, "How long since you attended dances, Mr. Williams?"

I replied, "Fifteen years, thank the Lord! The dances that I attended were as carefully managed and as free from harm as any dances could be; simple and old fashioned, in a country town; but generally there was a bar room underneath the dance hall, and not a few of the male dancers would repair there for liquid refreshments, while the dance went on." "But," she said, "the position has changed since your day in the ball room."

"Yes," I replied, "I noticed as much in a leading society paper published in New York a few days ago, where, in commenting on the latest evolution of the waltz brought out in Boston this season, known as 'The Dream,' the editor said, in substance, something like this:

'The fondest devotees of the dance ought to find satisfaction in this latest phase; the position brings the partners so close together that a case knife could not pass between.' That is closer than they used to dance in my time, so the position evidently has changed."

And yet, did you never think that this contact between the sexes is legally tolerated in but one other place besides the ball room, and that the marriage bed? Scripture says: "Marriage is honorable, and the bed undefiled." But any such position apart from the marriage bed is both dishonorable and defiling. If, by any possibility the woman escapes defilement, the man probably will not. This is why the Catholic bishops and archbishops regard the dance as "fraught with the greatest danger to morals," and why Bishop Hopkins sees in it, the "premature incitement of the passions."

I have never flatly disputed the girl who says it has never done her a particle of harm. I sometimes say, it may have done you harm that you will realize later if you do not at the present time. But when she tells me that no thought of passion, that no impurity or lust, has ever entered her mind in connection therewith, I simply bow and say, "Thank God."

Ex-Professor T. A. Faulkner, formerly proprietor of the Los Angeles Academy, and Ex-President of the Dancing Master's Association

of the Pacific coast; who has recently been converted and written the startling book, "From the Ball Room to Hell;" says of this girl: "I have heard girls express utter innocence of having any improper emotion aroused by the waltz, but I do not believe this to be strictly true of any girl; if it is, I am sorry for that girl, for she has sad lack in her nature. Male and female, God created them, and placed within them emotions intended to be shared only by man and wife; and if others indulge in these emotions and continually arouse them by assuming the waltz position, which is only fit for man and wife, they commit a sin against God and Nature.

"If these passions are aroused, one of two things is certain to happen;—sooner or later

SHE WILL YIELD TO TEMPTATION AND FALL;

or, in ruined health, reap the sad harvest of unsatisfied passion."

I preached one night on these things in a mission in Atlanta, and at the conclusion the superintendent arose and said: "Brother Williams, you have made a very plain talk to-night, and yet these things are undoubtedly so. I was called not long ago to visit a dying girl who had once been converted in this mission. I found her in despair. When I asked her how she had happened to drift away, she told me that

her brother had insisted on her attending a dance with him. She didn't want to go, and insisted that she would not dance; but after reaching the place, he compelled her to dance with him, after which he brought a young commercial traveler and introduced him. But when she refused to dance with his friend, he said, 'If you don't dance with this man you are no sister of mine.' So, against her best judgment, she went onto the floor and danced set after set, number after number. She became fascinated with this young man, who, presumably under promise of marriage, accomplished her ruin.

"Thus, disgraced, she returned to the mission no more; she was cast off by her brother;

TOOK UP THE LIFE OF A FALLEN WOMAN;

and, brought to her deathbed by dissipation and disease, remembered the forsaken Christ and His mission, and sent for me, saying in conclusion, 'Pray with me before I die; I have suffered enough, and I want forgiveness if I can possibly find it!'"

That girl was known by many in the mission, and the incident added force and weight to my words. If there was only now and then an isolated case like this, it might be harder to build his sermon; but listen to this, again from Mr. Faulkner:

"The most accomplished and most perfect dancers are to be found among the abandoned women. Why? Because they are graduates of dancing schools. If any should wish to ascertain the truth of this let him ask the girls themselves."

One night after I had preached on the dance, a mother came to me and said: "My eyes have at last been opened. When I sent my little girl to the dancing school, she returned and I asked her how she enjoyed it. She said she didn't enjoy it.

"Why?

"'I don't think it's nice to have to hug boys,' said the little thing.

"I told her to go on and not be foolish; but after listening to these awful revelations, I have made up my mind the child was wiser than her mother, and she shall go no more."

Mr. Faulkner continues: "I have for several months been working in a mission at Los Angeles, and where I have before seen causes at work, I have now had ample opportunity of seeing the effect; and I have heard some of these unfortunate ones cry out in bitter anguish, 'Would to God I had never entered a dancing school!'

"The following 200 were cases of girls who are to-day inmates of the brothel, whom I talked with personally. They were frank to

answer my questions in regard to the direct cause of their downfall, and I gathered that these were ruined by—

Dancing school and ball rooms, -	163
Drink given by parents, - - -	20
Willful choice, - - - -	10
Poverty and abuse, - - - -	7
	200

"I know of a select dancing school where, in a course of three months, eleven of its victims are brothel inmates to-day."

Remember, these are the words of the Ex-Dancing Master, but a few months ago the leader in all these things, now saved by the grace of God; and who elsewhere says: "It is the greatest sorrow of my life that I have been so long, and in such an influential way connected with an evil which I know to have been the ruin, both of soul and body, of many a bright young life; and if in the hand of God I can be the means of leading one-fifth as many souls to Christ as I have seen led to a life of vice and crime through the influence of the dancing academies with which I have been connected, I shall be more proud than I have ever been of any previous achievement.

Certainly the words of a man who has

LEFT A LUCRATIVE POSITION,

of which he was the recognized head on the Pa-

cific coast, to enter these humble lines of mission work, and who will make so humble an open confession, are worthy of a close, attentive hearing. He says again:

"Where did the majority of drunkards take their first drink? Let me answer: the first drink of the drunkard was just a social glass; the first game of the gambler was just a social game; and three-fourths of the outcasts had a man's arm about them for the first time when they were young girls at a social dance. There are in SanFrancisco 2,500 abandoned women. Prof. LaFloris says: 'I can safely say that three-fourths of these women were led to their downfall through the influence of dancing.'"

Think of it young lady, or young man, you who love and respect womankind, you who, perhaps, have sisters of your own; three-fourths of all these poor abandoned creatures started on their downward course by dancing! Yet these are no new facts, nor are they fresh statistics; similar ones have been in use—changed only by fresh adjustments, verified again and again—for many years. The latest figures as to the number of fallen women in America were gleaned last year by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They say about 500,000 of these poor creatures in America merchandise their bodies and thrive on the sins of lust. Did you know that these unfortunates, whose aver-

age life in America is said to be from three to seven years; this land where none of the restrictions and safeguards that surround prostitution in the Old Country are provided; go from one stage to another, ever sinking downwards, victims of their dissipation and disease,

LIKE MOTHS OVER THE CANDLE,

fluttering for a few brief years only to fall at last in the eternal burnings; did you know, I say, that the figures given by Prof. Faulkner and Prof. LaFloris have been given again and again by Salvation Army workers, police captains and lieutenants, superintendents of metropolitan police forces, and all others who have carefully investigated the matter? Ponder now carefully what that means; 375,000 out of the half million have been led to their evil courses through the dance. Is there any one so degraded that they can see no harm in that?

Am I my sister's keeper? No, not always; for if you countenance the dance or the ball room, you are your sister's murderer, both in body and in soul! How often I hear, after using these statistics, of some one who thoughtlessly says, "I don't believe it." You would not say that without careful investigation unless you were a coward at heart, afraid to investigate, and too sinful to renounce the evil; and while you may again repeat, young lady, that it

has never done you any harm—and I will not stop to argue the question with you—I do ask (Christianity laid aside, if you please; religion out of the question), have you no womanly interest in womankind?

It has been charged against your sex that

WOMEN WILL DO LIKE A PACK OF WOLVES—

when one falls, the rest stop just long enough to tear him in pieces and leave nothing but his bones. When a woman falls by the wayside, how many tongues, if not teeth, are ready to shred that fallen character, till naught but the skeleton of a life, with all its hopes, is left bleaching by the way! Yet all women are not so. Some are kind, tender, patient, pleading, loving, compassionate; and we can naturally expect that she who in fidelity, was found last at the cross where men forsook their Lord and fled, and first at the open tomb, while disciples sat waiting in despair, would best understand, and know how to live out the teachings of that heart that said unto the sinful woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

If you, in your cold, chaste nature, or your stately self-possession, escape these temptations and resulting evils; what about your little roly-poly, fat, voluptuous sister that attempts to follow you? A man touches you, and you repel him with a glance; his hand touches her, a bun-

dle of nerve and passion, and she shakes and trembles like a bowl of jelly. A few honied words, whispered in her greedy ear, under the influence of those soft, enticing strains of music, and she is his willing slave, and mistress if he but desired it; and many a man frequents the dance only to find these willing cases. Emboldened as the days go by he assumes more difficult conquests. In many an instance the result is never known, save by the two guilty ones, unless in wine or treachery he boasts his deeds in some choice circle or the club. In case the discovery is made, the poor girl, in flight,

SEEKS TO HIDE THE STORY OF HER SHAME

in some dark plague-spot of our cities. Thus the brothel is ever kept full, and its inmates will never fail to be recruited while the dance goes on.

In the city of O——, a city given over to dances, licentiousness and charity balls, I preached on this subject; and the cry often heard, "I don't believe it! I don't believe it!" was rife on every hand. One old mother, a prominent member of a prominent church, with a daughter that had been marriageable at least in other years, loudly exclaimed (calling a young man by name), "He has led the dance in this city for years, and I am sure he is a very nice young man, a fine catch for any girl!" I heard of it,

and thought I would see how fine a catch he was. I also said, "If you doubt my facts and figures, I will get some for you from nearer home; they are always easy to find."

In my investigations I came upon the agent of the Humane Society, told him what I wanted, and asked him if he would help me. He replied that he did not profess to be a Christian, even though occupying such a responsible position, but he was interested in humanity, and believed all I had said was true, and could reinforce my statements with many local facts and figures. I asked him if he knew how many girls had fallen in that town recently. Of course he said "No;" but out of the number he had been able to find and rescue something like 80, I believe,—and had taken to the home for the friendless all except some who were of wealthy families, and who had been taken to Chicago and New York instead by their parents, and brought back after a little time. Then I asked him if he could tell me how many of this number had fallen through the dance.

He replied, "About all of them, I think."

"Do you know them personally," I asked.

"Every one," he replied.

"Go over the list again, and see if you cannot find an exception to prove the rule."

He went carefully through his books the second time, and on closing them replied, "Not

a single exception; I solemnly believe that every one of this number attributes her fall to the dance."

My next question was,

DO YOU KNOW THE SEDUCERS OF THESE GIRLS?

"I have their affidavits here in each case," he replied.

"Are you willing to tell me the names?"

"Yes; if you need them." And when he ran over the list, lo, and behold! it took in tradesmen, merchants; professional men of all ages, classes, kinds and degrees; that made up the busy life of Main Street. And six different girls had made affidavit that one young man was the author of their ruin, and this young man was he of whom that fond old mother said, "He would make a fine catch for any girl." All of this had occurred within twenty months in that town. If the curtain could have been raised a little higher, what other disclosures might not have been made?

I have noticed with interest since that day the contention in that town between the ministers and the church women who persisted in charity balls and "could see no harm in it."

This feature of the dance so prominent and important in our large towns and cities deserves special mention. I refer to

THE CHARITY BALL.

Of course, we see some excuse and perhaps a little reason when these great fashionable gatherings are called for sweet charity's sake. The very thought of the thousands of dollars that will come pouring in for the poor and the needy will cause many good men and women, who at other times would not countenance the ball-room, to at least buy a ticket—perhaps to go and indulge a little, or to sit as a spectator, countenancing it by their presence if not by actual participation. The gallery and the boxes are full. At last the dancers enter for the opening promenade, and now the beautiful and brilliant leaders are ready to open the ball. See those quivering and pulsating frames; the clasping arms, and close embrace; the beauty's head upon her escort's shoulder; the arms of one man about another's wife; heaving breast and beating heart; fluttering pulse and heated breath, all mingling in this intoxicating whirl!

But then, dear father, as you watch your daughter whirling there, content yourself—Old Fool that you are—it is for "sweet charity's sake" you know. You, husband, who do not dance, but, O, your wife does, sit and watch her now—Imbecile—and see that man that used to know, perhaps love her in other days, see the happy look upon his face as his arms enfold

her; but then, supposing you are a cuckold, it is for "sweet charity's sake" you know. And now, dear, doting mamma, that daughter that you hoped would make a catch for many a long, long day—well no doubt but she has made one to-night. You may take a journey with her before long, but never mind, it is for "sweet charity's sake." But why not have the music in harmony with the object of the ball? Now the caller-off exclaims: "Partners for the next waltz." This is a new charity ball dance: "The Scene is in the Drunkard's Home." The sounds that come from the orchestra are to be interpreted as follows: The solo by the trombone represents the drunkard as he enters his house. The hoarse notes of the basso—the falling furniture.

THE SHRIEK OF THE CLARIONET IS THE CRY OF HIS WIFE

as he drags her by the hair across the room. The other shrill notes in obligato, are the cries of the children. We will send money to these, may be, to-morrow. We would have you listen, and we would have you view the sorrows now while the dance goes on.

And then this new dance, which has just been arranged for our Annual Charity Ball, is called: "The Dying Consumptive Polka." The minor that runs through it is the continual

coughing of the mother, as she says her last good-bye to the little ones. The finger touches on the strings of the first violin represent the wails and groans of the bereaved children in their poverty. Notice the artistic effect. We have a fine orchestra to-night. Do not let the minor dampen your ardor or chill your joy. If it pains or frights the lady, press your partner a little closer. Let her rest her head upon your shoulder. Be not afraid now, my lady, surely that robust dudelet's arms will let no harm come to his fair partner.

O, horrid mockery! that I, to give my few poor dollars to the needy and the sick, must needs dance and whirl the midnight hours away in all this voluptuous folly, and make their needs an excuse for my licentious greed!

Eugene Sue has pictured the Carnival of Death in the face of the plague and in defiance of the fever. It is a horrible scene, but it is sweet and noble compared to the charity ball.

Why not be frank and plain, and say: "I see no harm in fornication, adultery, seduction, bastardy, brothels, harlotry," and all the long line of awful shame and sin. Some woman says, "I don't think it is nice to talk about these things." When you quit doing it, sister, I will quit talking about it. But the brave preacher of righteousness can never be

hushed by a worldly, sensual church member, who either will not see, or will not hear, or will not heed, no matter what is said.

One night after preaching on this subject in a Virginia town, I received a letter from a man thanking me for the plain handling of the subject; and saying that he had a personal interest in it, as he had once had a happy home, but had none now.

"When we were married," said he, "we both danced; but after marriage, I thought it was time to stop. My wife did not agree with me, and when I would not go with her, she insisted on going with somebody else. One night she went and never came back, and now I am left alone to be father and mother to my three children. You cannot preach too strongly on the subject."

The next night I read this letter from the platform. The following day, in a boarding-house, the landlady said to her boarders, "I have heard a good one on the evangelist."

"What is it?" they all cried.

"You know that letter that he read last night? Well, he has been reading that all over the country, telling in each town the same story."

"Oh, I guess not," said one.

"Oh, yes; I know it is so," she replied.

"And I know it is not," said the man.

"Do you doubt my word?" said she. "I

know it is so; a lady friend that I have the greatest confidence in has just told me, and said she heard him read it in other places."

"But I know it is not so," said the man.

"Well, how do you know?" asked the lady.

"Because I am the man that wrote the letter," he replied. Then she went out to see if the squash was done.

One who has never paid special attention to these things would be surprised at the vast number of similar incidents that are brought to light when once the evil is fairly attacked. Many a pastor lives so secluded a life; himself a good man, abhoring all that is evil, and cleaving so closely to his good books and study, that he knows little of what is going on in the world. Therefore, when he undertakes to preach on this subject, he sweetens it up and smoothes it down and oils it over, until his congregation make up their mind to one of two things,—either that he doesn't see much harm in it, or doesn't know much about it.

This evil must be handled much like a refractory child, who refuses to yield to kind words or coaxing: whom to whip with a wheat straw only makes worse, while a genuine switching will sometines tame his spirit when everything else fails.

In the so-called full dress ball of the city (which should be more properly named an

"undress ball")you find the harvest of the town and country dances. Like the parlor dance, which never satisfies, but only opens the way to the "swagger" party; so the country dance only makes the girls hungry for a stylish ball dress and a chance to show it in some city swell affair. But

THE DRESS THAT YOU WEAR AT THE COUNTRY DANCE WOULD BE LAUGHED AT IN THE FASHIONABLE SOCIETY

of the city; there they must be short-waisted at the top, while sleeves are a superfluity. If you have been carefully brought up, the first sight of a fashionable city ball room would undoubtedly shock you.

I heard of a colored maid in the South, who was draping her young mistress for the ball. When the young lady rose throwing a scarf over her shoulder, the astonished colored girl asked, "Yo' isn't ready, is yo'?"

"Yes, Prudence," replied the young lady.

"Why, yo' aint gwine wid all yo' meat a-showin' dat a-way, is yo'?" she asked, raising her hands in undisguised horror.

I read of a toilet not long ago, in one of these fashionable affairs, where there was no semblance of a sleeve, but a little gold band ran over the shoulder, connecting the bodice; the dress cut so low that every breath caused the

breast of the wearer to be apparent, and heave like a little billow,—a description peculiarly Byronic. If you, my girl, can stand such things, and escape with health, both of body and mind, you must have a constitution of iron, like the squaw of the noble red man, for it is enough to make a man catch cold to look at you. But he doesn't take cold; his blood runs fierce and hot. Do you think a man can mingle in such a throng, gazing on your half concealed charms,—far worse than the form in all its nudity:—can hold you in his arms, press that palpitating bosom against his own, twine and intertwine his limbs with yours, and feel no passion. What could such a man be made of?—what, indeed, but putty, basswood or marble? Pure though you may be in heart and intention, can you imagine that he will remain pure under such temptation? I have always thought that if he did, nothing short of a miracle could account for it.

The man that goes from your presence to discuss your form and spend the rest of the night in a brothel, will say on reading this, "Such things ought not to be spoken or written; to the pure all things are pure." But his mind is foul; his body is stamped with the lecher's black mark; otherwise he would be glad of these warnings.

Remember, young lady, that

SOCIETY PLACES MANY BARRIERS ABOUT YOU;

that, reared in a good home, you have been taught from childhood to prize your virtue like a gem from heaven. If you fall, unless you have great wealth, society will cast you out, fold its arms on its cold breast, and receive you back no more forever. But what of the young man? Not a single barrier of this kind has society reared about him for protection. He is at liberty to spend his hours with you in the ball room, escort you to your home, and spend the balance of the night satisfying the passion which you have aroused. Society condones his offences, smiles at his brilliancy, and says, "Only sowing his wild oats; he'll come out all right one of these days, he'll marry and settle down." Yes; and when at last he marries, whether his bride be you or another, she will have the satisfaction of knowing, if her eyes are open, though she herself may have been pure in life, that she comes to the arms of a man who is a moral leper, who has been common with womankind; and receives in exchange for her virgin purity a *blasé* rake, or a worn-out *roué*, whose name is as common on the lips of the *demimonde* as to the devotee of fashionable society. Now I wish to be strictly understood in saying that I do not believe all men who dance are as bad as this; but I do believe, from

careful and constant investigation, that the large majority belong to this class.

Drinking and dancing seem to ever go hand in hand. I was in the town of T——— in Indiana last year, over night. I staid at a very fine hotel, but going down a little late for supper, I found them arranging the dining room for a ball. The floor was waxed, and they told me that one of the swell clubs was to have a party there that night. Now, thought I, I have another opportunity of watching the modern dance. On general principles I do not believe any person opposed to the dance, especially any Christian, should be found there as a spectator, countenancing it by his or her presence. But this was no pleasure to me, it was simply a matter of investigation.

Standing in the upper hall, I was able to look down on the dancers from a distance. They observed most perfect decorum, they seemed to be exceedingly careful in manner of approach, and little fault could be found aside from the embraces of the round dance. During intermission I came down into the hall; watched them from a nearer point of observation. The young men were handsomely dressed, evidently the leading society young men of the town. The young ladies were exceedingly pretty. Their dresses were beautiful from the floor up, that is, as far as they went; but oh, such a

display! I confess, I had not seen the like since I was weaned. As I came back through he hall, I noticed a large number of the young men returning from the bar room. An hour or two later there was another intermission. I noticed the young men going to and from the bar room again; and when, at midnight, I came from my room and looked down on the dancers once more, it seemed that everything had changed. The positions had changed, the partners had grown very familiar with each other, the embraces were much warmer; and that intertwining process, which seems to be the delight of the accomplished round dancer, was at least successfully accomplished with every whirl. Now and then some young man seemed about half silly, evidently under frequent potations. And when the party broke up and I had been sleeping a little while, I heard the voices of the young men who had returned from escorting the young ladies to their homes. They were in the bar room directly under my room. They were talking over in boisterous voices the affair of the night; while glasses clicked and jokes were passed, stories were told and songs were sung until the early light of breaking day appeared and dispersed the revelers.

Sleep was impossible. And just at daylight I heard my next door neighbor, who had been tossing on his bed for a couple of hours, arise

and dress, going out slamming his door angrily behind him, with an oath. His night's rest, like mine, had been disturbed. I did not say "Amen" to his profanity, but thought if one would be justifiable under any circumstances it might be there.

And yet, I have no doubt that

MORE THAN HALF OF THOSE GIRLS WERE CHURCH MEMBERS;

and the half-drunken young men would say to me, "What's the harm; you are fanatical. The finest girls in our town, church members, too, go to the dance, and they see no harm in it." Constant observation convinces me that these things are going on all the time.

The question is often asked, "Did they not dance in bible times?" Oh, yes; without doubt! In bible times they danced and swore, they drank and stole, they committed murder and adultery. The Scriptures carefully chronicle these facts, but as carefully warn against the commission of these deeds. Dancing was, in fact, a form of religious exercise at times; but never the dance of modern society, as far removed from it as the East is from the West. Among the heathen religions, we find several that encourage lascivious dances. But the dancers were a class by themselves, in the main ostracised from good society. We find heathen

religions building temples for lust and licentiousness; like Egypt and Babylon; where the best citizens—so Maspero and other Egyptologists tell us —must send their daughters for a season, after which they would return to the home in good marraigeable condition. But the Christian religion, or the Jewish religion never, in all its history, countenanced anything like that. The religious dance was the mere motion of the body, a physical manifestation of the ecstacy of the soul. The sexes never met and embraced in any such dance; that was the farthest thought from the mind. And when it was employed as an amusement, the sexes were still separate, they were in perfect attire, they were not in closely heated, ill-ventilated ball rooms—the sexes in each other's arms,—but out under the open sky; the moving bodies, rythmic and undulating, turning in the poetry of motion to the soft music of their simple instruments. The modern dance is the worst perversion imaginable of this ancient religious exercise.

"Didn't David dance?" I was once asked.

"Yes."

"Then what is the difference between his dancing and mine?"

I replied, "David went alone by himself and danced naked before the Lord; you get in a crowd and dance half dressed before men.

But even then, one of David's wives spied on him, and great trouble came into the home thereby. Thus, I am taught in this lesson that it is safer not to dance at all."

I insert here a part of Byron's Apostrophic Hymn to the Waltz. He could not be called over-particular in regard to morals certainly, but the waltz was too much even for him.

THE WALTZ.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Terpsichore!—too long misdeem'd a maid—
Reproachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine
The least a vestal of the virgin nine.
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude;
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneered at, unsubdued;
Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
If but thy coats are reasonably high;
Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield;
Dance forth—sans armor thou shalt take the field,
And own—impregnable to most assaults,
Thy not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
The whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
This night devotes, despite the spur and boots;
A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes:
Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
A modern hero fought for modish manners;
On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's fame,
Cock'd—fired—and miss' his man—but gained his aim;
Hail! moving Muse! to whom the fair one's breast

Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energize the object I pursue,"
And give both Belial and his dance their due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine,
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine)
Long be thine import from all duties free,
And hock itself be less esteemed than thee:
In some few qualities alike—for hock
Improves our cellar—thou our living stock.
The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

* * * * *

Fraught with this cargo—and her fairest freight,
Delightful Waltz, on tip-toe for a mate,—
The welcome vessel reached the genial strand,
And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
Not decent David, when, before the ark,
His grand pas-suel excited some remark;
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Display'd so much of leg, or more of neck,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

* * * * *

Endearing Waltz—to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance forego

Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms demand,
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public sight
Where ne'er before—but—pray "put out the light."
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far—or I am much to near;
And true, though strange,—Waltz whispers this remark,
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!"
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

* * * * *

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yore,
With George the Third's—and ended long before!—
Though in your daughter's daughters yet you thrive,
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starched stays make meddling fingers ache
(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage, women in their shape;)
No damsel faints when rather closely pressed,
But more caressing seems when most carressed;
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

Seductive Waltz!—though on thy native shore
Even Werter's self proclaimed thee half a whore;
Werter—to decent vice though much inclined,
Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind—
Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael,
Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
The fashion hails—from countesses to queens,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads,

And turns—if nothing else—at least our heads;
With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practice what they can't pronounce.
Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of "Waltz."

* * * * *

Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
Hoops are no more, and petticoats not much:
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.
The ball begins—the honors of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate—or royal or serene—
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts were once supposed to be;
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced;
The lady's in return may grasp as much
As princely paunches offer to her touch.
Pleased round the chalky floor how well they trip,
One hand reposing on the royal hip;
The other to the shoulder no less royal
Ascending with affection truly loyal!
Thus front to front the partners move or stand,
The foot may rest, but none withdraw the hand;
And all in turn may follow in their rank
The Earl of Asterisk—and Lady—Blank;
Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's host,
For whose bless'd surnames—vide "Morning Post,"
(Or if for that impartial print too late,
Search Doctor's Commons six months from my date),
Thus all and each, in movement swift or slow,

The genial contact gently undergo;
Till some might marvel, with the modest Turk,
If "nothing follows all this palming work?"
True, honest Mirza!—you may trust my rhyme—
Something does follow at a fitter time;
The breast thus publicly resigned to man,
In private may resist him—if it can.
O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and many more!
And thou, my prince! whose sovereign taste and will
It is to love the lovely beldames still!
Thou ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite
Satan may spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this?
To teach the young ideas how to rise,
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;
Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame:
For prurient nature still will storm the breast—
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye—who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form,
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most endearing thought resign,
To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint;

If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
Or give—like her—caresses to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

* * * * *

Are there, then, no circumstances under which the modern dance is justifiable?

Well, possibly, though I would not advise it. A young man might dance with his grandmother, if she was not rheumatic, and no harm come of it; or even with his mother or sister. A man might dance with his wife, and under certain restrictions and limitations, it might prove a healthful amusement. But who ever heard of a man dancing with his wife, save as a matter of conventional form? He goes, it may be, with his wife, dances with her once or twice to take the curse off, then turns her over to the arms of others that he may enjoy the pleasure with other men's wives. A man would no more think of going to a ball and

DANCING ALL NIGHT WITH HIS WIFE,

than he would of going out and sawing and splitting wood all night in the moonlight. He might enjoy it for a little time in the home, but I have noticed that a very few minutes are always sufficient.

But here comes the difficulty in the way of the home dance and the family party. First, it

is difficult to keep it all in the family. Secondly, but slight discrimination is made by the observers. To them the dance is the dance, and if you sanction it by indulging in it in any form whatsoever, they follow your example, but follow it at length and to extremes. I know of some schools where this pernicious practice is indulged in: first, girls dance with girls, then little by little the sexes begin to mingle. The girl that will not join in the dance is called a "wall-flower." I have even known of a teacher ridiculing a girl, who had been carefully trained at home, because she would not dance with the other scholars. This should be ferreted out and hunted down wherever it is countenanced, no matter what the school; unless parents agree together to have such a school, sending their daughters for teaching in this accomplishment, where the head fails, and the heels are the last resort.

A young lady in the town of W——, the daughter of a minister, a choice Christian girl, had thus been dancing in the high school during the progress of a revival. Some of her friends came to her one day and said: "Jessie, did you know that you were standing in the way of one of your friends who ought to be converted?"

The girl was much surprised, and said, "No. How can that be?"

"Because you have been dancing."

"Why," said she, "I never went to a dance or a ball in my life."

"No; but she has been watching you at school in the dances there, and she has had the greatest confidence in you, and looked to you more than anyone else; but her confidence in your religion was shaken when she found you joined with the other girls in the dances."

The girl burst into tears and said, "I never dreamed that I was harming anyone by such an act as that. I will go to her at once and explain it, and promise her that it shall never occur again."

She did so, and the two went forward weeping together. She had at once won her friend for Christ. How people watch us! How little we know how far our influence is reaching, whether for good or for evil! And, it is, after all, the little things that make up the sum of life.

We have now found *ten* dangers connected with the dance:

First, The danger of its fascination to the unsaved; so great as to ofttimes keep them from becoming Christians.

Second, Its danger to the Christian, in dulling spiritual life, and making their holy calling seem insipid.

Third, Its more than danger of unfitting the Christian for ever being useful to God.

Fourth, The certainty that a Christian who dances can never be a wise soul-winner.

Fifth, Its danger to morals; not only to the one indulging, but for others who seek to follow his example.

Sixth, The certainty that many who go to the ball room will return no more, but fall in seeking to tread that dangerous path.

Seventh, That it is the feeder of the brothel.

Eighth, That young men are driven by the ball room to the brothel.

Ninth, The young lady that encourages it, therefore, encourages the brothel. And—

Tenth, While the round dance is encouraged by society, society cannot put down the brothel, for it remains a physical necessity for men.

Therefore, admitting any or a part of these statements to be facts, and they are easily demonstrable, one who says, "I see no harm in dancing," thereby says, "I see no harm in profligacy, licentiousness, harlotry, the brothel and all its attendant evils."

With this concluding thought, I leave you to your own reflections. You may pass such criticisms on me or the book as you see fit. You may deceive wife, husband, mother and friend; you may even deceive yourself, until you shall still say, and almost believe it, "I see no harm

in it!" But "be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."