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**ABSINTHE AND THE DRINK DEMON**  
**By W. B. Godbey**

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Rev. 8:10 -11: "And the third angel sounded, and a great star, burning like a lamp, fell from Heaven, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and fountains of water; and the name of the star is called Absinthe: and the third part of the waters were turned into absinthe; and many of the people died from the waters, because they were bitter."

This is one of the seven angel trumpeters who were sent from Heaven to proclaim awful judgment coming on the earth. You see the result of this terrible castigatory judgment is that one-third of the waters are turned into absinthe, e. g., wormwood. Here we see the origin of alcohol, which was discovered four or five centuries ago, and has so radically revolutionized the drink problem in all the world.

The apologists for drink are always referring us to the Bible, reminding us that Jesus made wine. The word is oinos, which means the pure, sweet, nutritious, hygienical grape juice. It is the same as Paul recommended to Timothy, who had a weak stomach, though he was Paul's favorite preacher. In Acts 2:13, e. g., "drunk on new wine," the translation is wrong, as it is not oinos, which means new wine, but gleukus, fermented wine; the oinos did not make drunk.

In that day I coffee and tea had not been adopted as table potables, but the wine was used where nowadays tea and coffee have taken its place. However, I do not drink either of them, or any other nervine, as I have long ago turned over my body to Him who made it, to be His temple forever and have taken the Holy Ghost for my only nervine. When He wants my nerves stirred up, He has the job. When preaching in the mountains, I sometimes gather some mountain tea and the good sisters prepare it for me to drink. It is no nervine, but a hygienic tonic.

I have traveled much in the Holy Land and historic countries where, especially on ships, they always have the wine. I never do taste it, for two reasons: the one, it is alcoholized and net fit to drink; the other, even if it were the pure oinos, they, the people, would stumble over my example, knowing that I am a preacher of the Gospel and always travel known as a Christian pilgrim.

The world is ignorant of the great fact I here reveal and explain. Be sure you take it in so that you can profit by it, and tell others to their edification. The reason why it is important now that the whole catalogue of whiskies, brandies, gins, champagnes and wines be abandoned, especially by all Christians, is because this third angel has sounded his trumpet and the star has fallen from Heaven like flaming fire (intoxicating drinks are fire), and this star has fallen on one-third of the rivers and fountains of water and turned them into absinthe.

We are living amid these awful castigatory judgments, which God, by His promissive providence has suffered to come on the earth to tempt and try His true people, and to inflict righteous judgments on the wicked.

(a) The apologists tell us that the wheat and rye and barley which make our bread, when distilled, yield up whiskey, brandy, gin, etc., and that the same is true of nearly all the fruits which we eat. All of the cereal grains and the delicious fruits are composed of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen, in the proportion of 12:10:10, in which they are not poisonous, but nutritious, and all right for bodily sustenance.

Three centuries ago, chemists, working and manipulating, to their own surprise, found that the above elements, under certain conditions, break up and assume the proportion of 4:6:2, in which a substance is formed, called alcohol. It ranks along with arsenic, strychnine, lobelia, foxglove, monkshood, etc., noted narcotic poisons producing death. When they first discovered it, they did not understand it at all. They concluded that a spirit came in and made the change, hence the use of the name "spirits" of wine, brandy, whiskey, etc. They certainly were correct in concluding that it was the work of the spirit, i. e., Satan and his myrmidons.

After they made this wonderful discovery of alcohol, with its potent intoxicating efficacy, they proceeded to apply the process of alcoholization to all their drinks. That is the reason why we cannot afford to take any of them, because alcohol is a rank poison. Consequently total abstinence from the whole catalogue of whiskies, wines, gins, brandies, etc., is to be sustained, because they are all alcoholized and will intoxicate.

(b) In the Middle Ages the barbaric Scythians were the most formidable warriors in the world. They poisoned their arrows, so that if the wound did not kill you the poison would. They

were so practiced and disciplined in the exercise of arms that, even if you defeated them and ran them off, they would retreat in sweeping gallop, and shoot back at their pursuers these poisonous arrows, with the most fatal results. Toxin is the Greek word for arrow. As their arrows were poisoned, when they wounded you they would normally impart the poison and kill you. Therefore intoxicate means to poison. Consequently we must avoid it altogether if we want pure blood. The reason why we are to abstain from all intoxicating drinks is because they all have this awful destruction in them.

It is a shame for Christians to use alcoholized wines in the ministration of the Lord's Supper. It was never known in the apostolic age, as alcohol was never discovered till long rolling centuries afterward. The wine with which our Savior instituted the Supper was this oinos, the pure juice of the grapes, with no intoxicating properties. When the alcoholized wines are used it is Satan's sacrament, instead of the Lord's.

(c) The "strong drink" in the Old Testament was the fermented wine which intoxicated, and they were forbidden to take it. Therefore the great temperance problem hinges on the fact of the alcohol in all the beverages, in consequence of which they not only dethrone the reason, pervert the judgment, and prostitute the intellect, but poison the body and lay the foundation of innumerable diseases and premature death. Alcohol thus admits the drink demon into the body, mind and spirit. I've been told about a great church festival, in a California city, where the members drank to intoxication and ate to gluttony. One beautiful young lady got so drunk she could not stand on her feet another minute, but could only lie prostrate. They said she had only drank seven bottles of champagne! She was a prominent Sunday-school worker, the organist, and active in the meetings.

(d) Since that third angel trumpeter has blown, and the star flaming with fire has fallen on one-third of the watery fountains, and all the demons, as you see above, were cast out of Heaven, why not recognize one in this instance? The result of this awful satanic intervention is that this absinthe drink superabounds, because one-third of all the fountains were infected with this absinthe, i. e., poisonous alcohol. Oh, how people are drinking it, in the night and clandestinely!

In Jerusalem I made inquiry about an old friend of mine living there. I became acquainted with him on my first visit sixteen years ago, but this time he was absent and I did not meet him. How sad was my surprise when my dragoman told me that he drank a bottle of brandy every day unknown to the people, because he availed himself of the night-time to do his drinking. He also told me about a bright and interesting son of his own, who, while intoxicated, had killed an officer of the law, and was in great jeopardy.

These evil spirits are just waiting to come in, find an abode in the human breast, and there abide, their mission being not simply the occupancy of the soul, but the damnation of the same. Before the discovery of alcohol excessive drinking would make people hilarious, but not devilish and dangerous. Now the great argument for universal prohibition is that alcohol demonizes its subjects until there is no telling what they will do.

A young man in a Kentucky county-seat, out in the Blue Grass region, a few years ago was hung for murdering both his mother and his aunt. He testified on the gallows, giving whiskey as the

sole cause of the awful crime; the murder demon, coming in with the ingress of the absinthe, utterly demonized him, till he took a knife and cut his victims throats.

For a similar reason, Tom Wolfork, of Georgia, literally butchered several members of his own family, actually aiming to kill them all.

When I was a poor boy, toiling for my education, the Lord raised up a friend who kindly helped me through. He had a little boy, the most sedate, studious, orderly, upright and angelic I ever knew. The Lord used me to educate him. In his young manhood I heard it whispered that he had begun to take strong drink. He had always been so good, upright and orderly that I thought certainly it must be a mistake, as I had never seen any sign of it. Finally, in the closing exhibition of the college session, while in an immense multitude to hear their speeches (and he was one of the speakers), he actually drew a revolver and broke up the assembly with a row, resisting all the officers could do to down him.

Afterward he seemed to get convicted over it, straightened up, and was believed to be reclaimed. He went on, and entered into wedlock with a noble young lady, a member of one of the first families in all the land. For some time he bade fair to do well, pursuing the mercantile business, and with a bright and interesting family growing up around him. But eventually the drink demon prevailed; he bankrupted himself and his father-in-law, and treated him so badly that he brought him down in sorrow to the grave the same terrible fate overtaking his own, father and mother. Meanwhile he utterly abandoned his family, lived as a debauchee, and wound up by hanging himself. He was only one of the millions of demonized people. Before the drink demon entered this boy he was a paragon of every virtue, with the most noble and promising traits literally shining in his life. He was considered without a fear until he began to drink, when soon the demon entered him, and he actually became so diabolized that he would do anything. He lost all natural affection for his children and parents \_ actually choked his poor widowed mother, in order to force her to give up to him a little money which she had. When she died he actually played the demon while they were burying her; though within three hundred yards of the grave, he purposely stayed on the street, using profane language and making allusions to her in the phraseology of "that old woman," thus showing up in his life his awfully demonized condition, and finally winding up by suicide.

(e) You see in the case of the Gadarene (Luke 8th chapter) that, when Jesus was about to eject the demons, they pleaded with Him not to cast them into Hell, which is their dismal prison, and which they dread worse than anything else in all the universe. But they asked Him to let them enter the swine, a herd of 2,000 grazing in full view. When He granted permission, passing out of the poor victim they entered the swine. Then the animals rushed precipitately down the mountain, plunged into the sea and all drowned.

This was quite a financial loss to the Gadarenes, consequently they begged Jesus to leave their country. When you want Jesus to leave you, He always goes. In this case He went, and never, never came back. Therefore, beware that you never do ask Him to leave you, lest He never return.

I have often visited the land of Gadara. It is now a desolation without an inhabitant, excepts as the Bedouin Arabs pitch their tents and, abide awhile, and then go on; this is their custom in all

their perigrinations on the earth. They are a great people in all that region, wandering over western Arabia, the land of Moab, Ammon, Edom, Philistia and all Palestine, as well as Syria and "the land of Uz."

I have been in their cities frequently. They never live in houses, but always in tents, only abiding temporarily, till they take them up, load them on camels' backs, and migrate away to some other location.

When the world got ready to do the greatest work of the age, forty-seven years ago, i. e., construct the Suez Canal, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, one hundred miles long, one hundred yards wide, and forty-five feet deep, at the cost of one hundred millions of dollars and twenty-five years of constant labor -- when it would do this great work it went to the Bedouin Arabs and hired three thousand camels to do that work.

So these stout, docile animals, so guidable and easily managed, getting down on their haunches for the load, and rising at the bidding and carrying it to its destination, on their great, strong humps, carried up that immense quantity of earth removed in that vast excavation, and carried down all that world of nicely hewn stones to build those great embankments on either side of the Canal -- one hundred miles long, twelve feet wide at the bottom and six feet at the top, and forty feet high. These embankments are to hold in the sea.

Of, course they employed Arabs to manage the animals in the execution of that great work.

The Koran of Mohammed retains the Old Testament patriarchs and prophets, but rejects the New Testament's Savior, recognizing Jesus Christ as a prophet only. Therefore those 200,000,000 of people are entirely without a Savior, believing and teaching that they are saved through the prophets, of whom Mohammed is the greatest. Being without a Savior, they need evangelization just like heathens.

Although this is true, they believe that they are the Lord's true people, and that all others are wrong. They are exceedingly aggressive in their evangelistic work, especially in Africa, preaching all over the Dark Continent and fast proselyting those 200,000,000 of pagans into the complicated entanglements of Islamism. Thus they render them much harder to reach and save than raw heathen.

These Bedouins claim to be the children of Abraham through Ishmael and Esau (and we have no right to dispute their claim), and all believe that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were staunch Mohammedans, as the Koran recognizes and teaches. From the fact that Father Abraham, though a millionaire, never lived in a house, but always in a tent, which he carried on a camel's back in his wandering life, everywhere reporting himself a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, traveling to his house above the stars "not made with hands but eternal in the heavens" from this fact the Arabs take their reason for living in tents.

The reason why tent-making was so lucrative in Paul's day that he could in that way make a living for himself and associate evangelists, was because that great nation (the Arabs) is dependent

on tents for houses, believing, as they do, that if they live in houses they will backslide from the orthodox faith of Father Abraham.

We see how, in the case of the ten thousand demons ejected from the poor Gadarene lunatic, which entered those two thousand hogs (i. e., five devils for every swine), they immediately rushed into suicide. I would certainly be like them in that respect, much preferring to die rather than to become the habitation of demons. Not so with the people of our day, who are ready to take in every tramping devil that comes along with something new and sensational in the way of sensual gratification to offer them. They just take them in and furnish them a home, until many, like the Gadarene, actually have in them a multiplicity of demons. Such was evidently the case with the poor victim above described, whom they drove into suicide.

(f) This is the great argument in favor of the Prohibition movement, which we are happy to find so aggressive in our country, illustrated by the election of a governor in Ohio and one in Kentucky on that line, who are now presiding over the people. The thing to do is to roll on the temperance ball over the states, capturing them one by one till they go "dry," and then we can make a sure run for the President of the Union.

I have been preaching for fifty-eight years. Began as a beardless stripling and served long in the local ranks; then spent many years in the pastorate as a circuit rider; then as Presiding Elder of a district; and finally, twenty-seven years ago, our good old sanctified Bishop McTyre, presiding over my Conference, took me out of it and put me in the evangelistic work, giving me the whole Methodist connection, i. e., the world, for my field of labor: till the Lord sends the angels for me.

Responsive to that appointment, I have preached across this continent on my great inter-ocean tours, times immemorial. Have also prosecuted four great evangelistic tours through Europe, Asia and Africa, helping the missionaries in my travels around the world.

(g) In my long service, I have been a red-hot teetotaler, by precept and practice, in all lands, pursuant to the temperance pledge which I took when a boy. This was when the Sons of Temperance first organized in our country; mounting a horse, I rode eight miles in order to join and to sign the pledge.

As a circuit-rider, I always made it a rule to run whiskey out of my dominion. Kentucky, my native state, is the leader of the Union in the whiskey manufacture and traffic, having world-wide notoriety for the excellence of her production.

On one occasion, when sailing on the Pacific Ocean, I was introduced to a man on the boat who, at that time, was under the influence of intoxicants. He shook hands with me so cordially, congratulating me as a Kentuckian, as to stir up my curiosity, as I was unable to locate and identify him. Consequently I interrogated him, observing, "You have the advantage of me, as I do not remember you. Please tell me where I have met you." "Oh said he, "you never did meet me before; we are strangers, meeting now for the first time." I remarked, "Why! your cordial congratulation as a Kentuckian led me to conclude that you were an old acquaintance whom I failed to identify." "Oh," said he, "not that I know you, for I never before met you; but I love Kentucky whiskey!"

While we labored under the embarrassment of whiskey superabounding on all sides, and taking the pre-eminence in all markets throughout the world, we preachers had a temperance association, meeting once a year and making appointments through the whole state, that we might canvass it and work up the temperance interest in all localities, and be ready to do our best in the establishment of local option throughout the state.

Though I was so pressed with work, in constant revivals, that I never attended that temperance conference, they always appointed me in charge of the temperance interests in the circuit to which the Conference sent me. Therefore I made it a rule, when I arrived on a circuit, to immediately convene all the friends of local option, and to organize my territory for an indefatigable temperance campaign. I had in view the spread of local option throughout my territory, by the elective franchise. I just went ahead holding meetings, making temperance speeches, and working up the interest, until they would finally vote for local option, driving whiskey entirely out of the country. I am happy to say that we always succeeded soon or late, as our policy was "never to give up the ship" however terrific the storm. Frequently my time would expire and the Conference move me before the final victory, but the ball always rolled on till crowned with glorious triumph.

I passed through some terrible ordeals. Have had revolvers shaken in my face by demonized saloon-keepers, with awful oaths. "We will shoot you, if you do not let us alone," they would say. "We have our license and the law gives us a right to sell whiskey, and we will shoot any man who interferes with our legal rights. We have paid our money for license, and you cannot keep us from selling whiskey; we will kill you, if you do not let us alone."

As to the shooting, I simply responded: "I never loaded a firearm and do not know how. So you need not be afraid of me, as I am not going to hurt any of you; but I give you fair warning, as a friend who loves you, that, if you shoot me, somebody else will shoot you. It is impossible for you to live after you kill me."

(h) On one occasion, in Indiana, where I spent the war period, as I was a Union man, leaving Kentucky when the battle got hot, going North and remaining until the war was over, and then returning on one occasion while there, and in charge of a large and flourishing school, we were determined to keep strong drink entirely out of the community. When the war closed two ex-soldiers came immediately to our town to open a saloon. When I heard of it, taking my leading assistant teacher with me, I went at once to see them; endeavored to hold a friendly conversation with them on the subject, begging them to desist from their iniquitous enterprise. I was unable to keep them in a good humor. Getting mad, and putting their hands on their revolvers, they said: "We have just returned from Dixieland, killing the rebels, because they were disloyal to the Government. We have a Government license to sell whiskey, and if anybody interferes with us we will shoot him as we did the rebels. We have bought our stock, and are now ready to set up. You cannot keep us from it nor scare us out of it. We have the law on our side, our license in our pocket, and woe be unto the man who interferes with our rights! We will shoot him as a rebel against the law which has already authorized us to sell whiskey in this town. So we warn you to go away, attend to your own business, and let us alone; if you do not, we will shoot you."

I responded: "We will never let you alone, but do all in our power to keep you from running a saloon in this town. As to the shooting, if you shoot me, somebody else will shoot you. I have circulated an appointment for a mass-meeting in the Methodist Church tonight, which will run on every night until you give up your satanic enterprise of selling whiskey in this town. We are not going to let you do it, come what may; you cannot do it; if you undertake it, you will have trouble all the time, lose money, and be sorry that you ever went into the business. Mark it down that we are not going to let you run a saloon in this town; we will prevent it at any cost. God bless you. Good-bye."

That night the church was packed and speeches were made, winding up by a unanimous vote just as I had told the men. Of course it was all reported to them. As the days went by, many waited on them and talked to them as I had done. They continued to answer roughly and menacingly, but never did open the business.

(i) Soon after the war closed, pursuant to the clamor of old friends, I migrated back to Kentucky, whence I had departed as a result of the great battle fought at Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862. That was when I was president of Harmonia College, whose building was so riddled with cannonballs that while, with repairs, it stood a number of years subsequently, yet it never was rebuilt, the railroads all missing the place. In the Lord's good time we rebuilt our Holiness College at Wilmore, near-by, on the Q. & C. R. R.

The Civil War for four years had lifted the floodgates to all phases of diabolism in the states desolated thereby, and had especially opened a wide door for the whiskey traffic ad libitum. Therefore, when we returned to Perryville in 1866, we found it flooded with Satan's whiskey. The Lord used your humble servant to lead off in a temperance campaign; first in a lodge of Good Templars, with closed doors, in order judicially, in the fear of God, to feel our way and to gradually work up an interest, having for its culmination the relief of the community from the awful nuisance.

Eventually, when we got strong enough, leaving the lodge-room with closed doors, we went to the Methodist Church and held more meetings, soliciting and receiving help from surrounding towns. We moved on until we got a majority, and elected delegates to the Legislature to ask for local option in the west end of the county which afterward extended throughout the county.

Our delegates went to the Legislature, then in session, and felicitously succeeded in procuring an act on local option. All the saloon-keepers closed up but one; he made a bold stand, certifying that he had license and was going to exercise his rights. (However, "blind-tigers" had to be driven away by nightly castigations and floggings administered by parties in disguise.)

Amid all, this one man went on with his saloon, talked boldly about his rights and privileges, and said he would not be scared out. Eventually, in broad daylight, we held a great mass-meeting in the Methodist Church, winding up with a procession of the whole crowd from the Church to the saloon. It was led, by our oldest man, a faithful local preacher, carrying, in his arms the open Bible, and followed by the magnates of the temperance cause. A committee of forty or fifty women had been appointed to go into the saloon and pour out the stock.



When we reached the saloon, and notified the keeper of our business, how those mothers of Israel and daughters of Jerusalem were going to pour out on terra firma every drop of his goods, he turned pale and begged them to desist. He assured them that he would move out with all possible expedition, leave the place and never return.

Our critics say that local option is a failure and does not hold. That was forty-five years ago, and it has held good ever since. At first the saloon element was very bold and aggressive, believing that they could defeat us in subsequent elections and bring it back. As we have a large Negro population there, they thought they could buy them and carry the election. In this they made a failure, so it has been a long time since they have made any effort to bring back the rum demon.

(j) Owing to the great and rapid progress of local option in the different states, so many voting dry and others to do so in the near future, we have great reason to thank God and take courage and to labor for the enlightenment of the people and the growth and development of the anti-saloon sentiment. Let us do this till we can actually capture the great Union for Prohibition; have it established by law throughout the different States and headed by the general Government. The wave is rolling so rapidly, and the tide is rising so fast, north, south, east and west, that we all ought to thank God and take fresh courage. The whole Union must wake up, and set out afresh, assured that victory over the drink demon is much nearer than we had, even dreamed. The thing needed is simple and faithful dissemination of the truth appertaining to this momentous interest.

Carthage fought Rome for hundreds of years for the metropolitanship of the world. Meanwhile the great statesman Cato lived his long life and passed away. He was the champion statesman of Rome, and was an orator second only to Cicero, his noble comrade. For years and years, when this great man closed a speech, in the Senate he always left these words ringing in the ears of the people, "Carthago delenda est!" (Carthage must be destroyed!). It was, for Rome either to destroy her great rival or die. Therefore she fought Carthage for life for all those years, finally succeeding in the utter destruction of her great and uncompromising rival, as wonderfully defended by Hannibal, the greatest military man in the world in his day. He committed suicide because the Romans whipped his army in the battle of Zama, after he had signally triumphed over them in the battle of Cannae. There among the slain were, eighty, Senators of the blood royal, and it took Hannibal's army three days to gather the spoils from the bodies of the slaughtered knights.

(k) All intoxicants in the present age are alcoholized, fraught with a narcotic poisonous to the recipient. This actually opens the door for the ingress of a demon who will undermine the reason, dethrone the intellect, and cauterize the conscience, i. e., close it up so that the victim is utterly reckless, and ready to do anything and everything suggested by the demon. (See I Tim. 4:1.) At the same time this demon inflames the brutal appetites, and transforms the victim into a cyclone of demoniacal passions, incorrigible tempers, and vile and abominable lusts. Therefore no one is safe when these demonized people are about.

The normal effect of this universal prevalence of diabolizing intoxicants, under the vast diversity of cognomens (the most of which are pronounced harmless even by the carnal clergy), is to transfer this world into a pandemonium, till nobody will be safe anywhere. We know not when we are exposed to an incarnate devil, ready to take our lives.

In my travels in the Old World, I found the priests and popular clergy not content with the use of wines, but they carry with them brandies, and especially Scotch whiskey, which has notoriety in all Europe, western Asia and northern Africa. It is much in demand, and going to the ends of the earth.

As the Old World is fortified so impregably by the great fallen churches -- 400,000,000 of Catholics, who constitute the rank and file of Christendom -- in traveling over the country, when approaching a city an inquiry is made, "Are these people Christians, Moslems or pagans?" and the answer comes, "Christians," then there is but one more question, "Are they Greek or Latin?" (In the Old World they do not say Roman Catholics, but Latin Christians, in counter distinction to the Greek.)

It is really awful to contemplate the drunkenness of the clergy of these churches. The prophecies of Scripture give us one certain sound, everywhere denouncing the "harlot of Babylon." We cannot wonder, when we contemplate a round million of priests, debauched by libertinism and demented with strong drink, and yet, though in this doubly satanic bondage, the leaders of the people. How can they lead, them? Only the way they themselves are traveling -- down to an awful Hell.

(1) As Holiness people, we have the greatest work in all the world, i. e., to evangelize the 900,000,000 of heathen, 400,000,000 of Catholics (Greek and Latin), 200,000,000 of Mohammedans with no Christ, 10,000,000 of Christless Jews, and 150,000,000 of apostatized Protestants, aggregating in all about 1,700,000,000. Since there are so many, therefore we are all needed to tell the sinking millions about the omnipotent Savior. For that reason, though seventy-eight years old, I am running to the ends of the earth, meeting all the little Holiness bands I possibly can, encouraging their drooping souls, and stirring them up to be true to God, having no leader but Jesus, no guide but the Holy Ghost, and no authority but the precious Word.

This is God's triple leadership. Pilgrim, be true to it and you will never go wrong. This is also our palladium, against which all the fiery darts of the enemy will be hurled in vain. It is truly the seal of faith, and the climax of the panoply in Eph. 5:6.

In this passage we find the aggressive weapons for our warfare beautifully revealed -- the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God with its two edges, the salvation edge, keen as lightning, and certain to cut out of you everything Satan ever put in you, if you hug it heroically, and in case of delinquo you are obliged to meet the damnation edge. This is equally as sharp as the salvation edge, and indubitably certain to cut off your hopes of Heaven.

Then the helmet, which protects the brain, the great center of the nervous system and the citadel of all intelligence and reason.

And the breastplate of salvation. The breast contains the vital organs, therefore the breastplate will fortify you against all mortal wounds inflicted by the enemy.

(m) While Holiness people all stand for a full salvation experience, lived and preached each revolving day, we are all, ex necessitate, red-hot, uncompromising Prohibitionists, and cannot be anything else. Therefore, we are ever ready to work in temperance campaigns.

I know a Methodist preacher to whom a saloon-keeper in his town contributed a \$5 bill, remarking to the steward, "I give this to your preacher for attending to his own business," i. e., preaching a whole year and not attacking his saloon. If I had been in that preacher's place, I would have sent it back, refusing to take it, as it was blood money, which the saloon man was paying him for tacitly helping him drag souls down to Hell

In my evangelistic tours twenty-five years ago, I stopped in a beautiful Tennessee city. When calling for my mail, I observed that a very showy building adjoining the post office was superscribed, "Palace Saloon." In my first meeting, before a crowded audience, I made bold allusion to it, exhorting the people to wake up, whet their swords, put on the panoply, and get ready for the conflict, assuring them, "The devil is nigh; he has his palace in the middle of your city, hard by the post-office, in the most conspicuous place, where everybody will come within reach of his fiery missiles. I am not mis taken, for I have seen it in glowing capitals -- PALACE SALOON."

Some one in the audience ran to the saloon and told the proprietor what I was doing. He came immediately to the church. When I had dismissed the congregation, he attacked me for a quarrel, and, as he was a giant twice as large as myself, of course he already espied the victory. The brethren tarried and saw that he did me no violence, though he was exceedingly mad. The next day when I was in the post-office, a few women and children present and the postmaster in his apartment fenced off, he came in very angry, and proceeded to abuse me in a demoniacal rage, beating the air around me with his herculean fists and threatening me violently. The women and children took fright and ran out, thus leaving me alone with the demonized saloon-keeper. He gave me the biggest cursing I ever heard in all my life, myself meanwhile playing dummy to him, as my Savior had taught me at Herod's judgment-bar, where He never spoke one word though the king did everything in his power to get Him to speak and to work miracles.

I did nothing whatever in the way of protecting myself, and when the police arrested him did my best to &et them to excuse him and just to let me pray for him. To this they did not consent, but fined him a sum of money so heavy that it was too burdensome for his purse and ran him into a downward financial trend, culminating ere long in bankruptcy, and disqualifying him to run his saloon. Meanwhile his robust and vigorous health declined, superinducing the great destroyer, consumption, which eventually fixed its grapple on him never to let go. He became a subject of public charity.

The Lord's people, working with him in the interest of his soul, and trying to get him ready to meet God, found him, to all appearances, really penitent and appreciative, but ever and anon muttering his mournful wail, and saying to them that the Spirit left him while he was cursing the preacher, and had never come back any more. They wrote to me, sending me his confession and asking my pardon. I answered them with all encouragement for his soul, assuring him I had never held anything against him, and had been praying for him ever since my unhappy acquaintance with

him. I exhorted him to drop the curtain over me, along with all the dark past; to put it under the blood, take Jesus for everything he needed, and shout the victory over the devil and Hell.

The saints continued to wait on him to the end, but never succeeded in seeing him manifest the fruits of the Spirit in the salvation of the Lord; but to the last he bewailed the fatal hour when he cursed the preacher.

(n) All Holiness people should pray and labor night and day for the removal of this worse than heathen shame, i. e., the distilleries and saloons. We must have the stern arbitrament of the civil law, making the manufacture and sale of alcoholized drinks a penitentiary offense. In Bible times this awful narcotic poison, alcohol, was unknown, so, while drinking to intoxication made them hilarious, it did not demonize them and precipitate them into every species of crime.

A friend of mine, whose house was always my home in a certain Oklahoma town, had an amiable saint for a wife, and she and I thought him very near the kingdom, and felt sure that, in the Lord's good time, he would enter in. He had been a successful merchant for a series of years, overwhelmed in business, and thought he would go out and rest a little while.

It is, dangerous to be unemployed, because Satan will take advantage, as he did in this case, for the man began to patronize the saloon. In a few weeks the demon got into him, ran him wild, and he committed suicide.

Satan has all his myrmidons working hard, in every conceivable way, to fill up Hell, getting people to kill one another, commit suicide, and by all conceivable devices to wind up this probation in his kingdom, in which case he gets them, gets them forever. N. B. There is but one step between me and death ( I Sam. 20:3) We are liable at any moment to cease to breathe, and to find ourselves out of these bodies and walking among the angels or encompassed by the demons. Therefore we should do our utmost to press local option, prohibition, anti-saloonism, and every combination which concentrates the people against the horrific work of the drink demon, never failing nor giving the trumpet an uncertain sound.

When I was a boy so few people would work in the temperance enterprise that it was thought it would never amount to anything. The changes in our favor are wonderful, whole states rising up and voting down the saloon. It is an auspicious outlook, and, as Holiness people, we should not only preach regeneration and sanctification everywhere, but heroically rally under the temperance banner, pushing the war to the very gate of the enemy and showing the whiskey devil no quarter. Eph. 5: 18: "Be not drunk on wine, but be filled with the Spirit," should be our constant battle-cry. While of course the use of intoxicants is utterly out of the question, we must not only abstain from them, but push the anti-saloon campaign, vote the Prohibition ticket, and be deaf to all political shibboleths, so that the whole world will know where to count us.

Once, in a great camp-meeting in Waco, Tex., the sisters of the W. C. T. U. sent a delegate to us preachers, requesting our signatures to an obligation never to use alcoholized wine in the Lord's sacrament. Of course we gladly assigned the document. I told the delegate to mark my name with a star, and to tell those heroines to use it freely without ever consulting me; when they needed a name to put it down unhesitatingly. The bearer was much surprised.

My reason for committing myself unconditionally to everything those noble women were doing was because I knew that all their work was against the rum demon, consequently there was no danger of making a mistake.

Davy Crockett was an illiterate pioneer of the West, eminent for his eccentricity, patriotism and solid common sense. Hear his motto: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." He was killed in battle in the Mexican War.

Since we know we are right in fighting in the temperance cause, therefore we are all to be radical; to have our guns loaded to the muzzle and ready to fire at a moment's notification. As Holiness people, we are a unit, and can be relied upon in every emergency of this Prohibition war, till we banish the drink-demon brigade out of the republic, not only filling the Presidential chair, but also the Governor's seat in every state, with truly patriotic Prohibitionists.

If you are infidels, believing only in this life, the above would be a sine qua non -- to make this world as heavenly as possible. Infidels should, by all means be solid Prohibitionists, because this world is all the heaven they will ever get, whereas the drink demons transform it into a hell. While the interests of this world would make us total abstainers from all intoxicants, our glorious heavenly commission, "Be ye filled with the Spirit," precludes all nerviness i. e., coffee, tea, and especially tobacco. As all of these artificial stimulants, arousing the nervous system, usurp the office of the Holy Spirit, and conduce to grieve Him away, we should have nothing to do with them. In the Old World, if you stop but a few minutes with a friend he gives you a cup of coffee or tea. As I never did use any coffee, I simply declined it from the beginning, but, to reciprocate their courtesy, I took the tea, until I found it laying its chain of slavery on me, so that I was beginning to crave it. Then I bade it adieu forever, and in my subsequent Oriental journeys have simply declined all the hot drinks they offered me.

God is perfectly free to do everything good and nothing bad. He wants to give us His own freedom, and, if you only knew it, this freedom is heaven on earth. You cannot take these nervines and enjoy this freedom, because they put their hands on you and make you their servants, by creating an appetite so that you cannot enjoy perfect rest without them. Every soul longs for sweet, perfect rest in Jesus, so we desire nothing but God and the Holy Spirit; fill us with Him and we still desire nothing, but more of the same thing, in a richer endowment of Gods. This precludes all of our tinkering with nerviness which will impart an appetite and bind a chain.

(o) A Holiness evangelist, traveling along in Nebraska, saw a large eagle on a box near a tree. He would rise and fly, but as he had a chain on him he could only circle round and round after he had reached the end of the chain. The man of God, sympathizing with the poor bird, inquired about his ownership. They pointed him to the merchant in the house near the tree. Entering, the evangelist asked him to sell him the eagle. The man declined, observing that he had bought the bird before it could fly, and he wanted to keep it. The evangelist insisted so hard that the man asked him what he wanted with it. "Oh," said he, "I do not want anything with him. I just want to buy him so I can take that chain off of him."

The Holy Spirit used the matter, and touched the heart of the merchant so that he himself went out and took the chain off. At first the eagle, thinking the chain was still on him, sat there as usual, and uttered the mournful cries which had touched the heart of God's prophet. Eventually he rose and flew up, as was his habit, and when he reached about the attitude of the chain's length, he began to circle round and to utter mournful wails, as hitherto, thinking that he could go no higher. In a few minutes he discovered that he could fly on, and so he began to soar, flying higher and higher, meanwhile circling around, apparently as a matter of his own convenience, while climbing the skies into loftier attitudes. He continued to soar and circle until he had gotten far up into the blue, ethereal firmament, so high that he only looked the size of a raven; still higher, till he looked like a sparrow. Thus instinctively he passed out of gunshot, so that if a sportsman should fire on him, the bullet would break down, fall harmless to the earth, and never hurt him. Then he began to shout aloud, uttering tremendous screams of delight because he was free.

Reader, let me recommend to you the freedom which not only knocks off the shackles of condemnation and the manacles of depravity, gloriously delivering you from everything wicked, but emancipates you from the injudicious habitudes of this probationary life which more or less encumber the Lord's people, making them the servitors of an appetite for coffee, tea, and all other nerviness. God bless you all.

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THE END