

The White Ribbon

FOR GOD AND HOME AND HUMANITY

VOL. 2.—No. 20.

CHRISTCHURCH: FEBRUARY, 1897.

2s 6d Per Annum.
Post Free.

What is the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union?

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To the ordinary observer the Women's Whiskey War in the United States, of which this great organisation was the sequel, appeared to be only an ephemeral outburst of enthusiasm, but in this momentous and solemn uprising of women there was much that the ordinary observer did not discern. The hand of God was in it. The seed of that world embracing Association, the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was in it.

The originators of the Whiskey War were a few "weak women," naturally timid and shrinking, but, for the great work to which Providence had called them, "strong in the strength which God supplies." They had been brought to feel that the desolating curse of inebriety was a curse too heavy to be borne; and they saw that neither

THE CHURCH NOR THE STATE was willing to incur the odium and danger of grappling with it in any thorough or adequate fashion. The sacred fire, which soon spread far and wide, and which warmed so many devout hearts, was first kindled in the bosoms of a few godly women in a little village in Ohio, called Hillsboro'.

It was on Dec. 23, 1873, that this movement began. Dr Dio Lewis had been

speaking in Hillsboro', and in the course of his address he had told the story of the misery which his mother, himself, and his brothers and sisters had suffered through his father's intemperance; and, further, he told how his mother, a deeply pious woman, had induced a liquor seller, who had been in the custom of supplying her husband with drink, not only to refuse to sell him the poison, but also to

GIVE UP THE BUSINESS altogether. She had visited this publican and asked him if she might pray with him; and he not only gave permission, but knelt beside his casks, and demijohns, while she poured out her soul in fervent petition that the Holy Spirit would work in him change of heart. That publican never again sold intoxicating liquor. Having told this story, Dr Lewis asked how many of the women present at his meeting would pledge themselves to do with the publicans as his mother had done with this man. Seventy stood up to express their willingness to enter upon a campaign of prayer for the deliverance of both drunkard and drink-seller. On the 23rd of Dec., these women, with others, met in the Presbyterian Church in Hillsboro' to devise a plan of campaign; and, after they had prayed and taken counsel together, they sallied forth into the streets on their holy mission. The march of seventy devoted women through the streets of

Hillsboro' on that bleak December day, singing the hymn: "Give to the winds thy fears," presented a spectacle of a solemn and most impressive character. As they reached the various drink-shops they stopped, sang and prayed, standing around the door or kneeling on the kerbstones before it. Not only did these cultivated, delicately-nurtured ladies sing and pray, but they made direct affectionate appeals to the drink-sellers to give up a business far more perilous to themselves than to their customers. A considerable proportion of them did—strange to say—give up their business.

MULTITUDES OF DRUNKARDS gave up the drink, a profound impression was made on the minds of the public in Hillsboro', and the movement rapidly spread to all the region round about.

Some of the effects of the Whiskey Crusade were, it is true, ephemeral enough to satisfy the most cynical. Ere long, the trade in drink flowed back and filled its old channels. Men, whose consciences had been quickened under the stimulus of the epidemic enthusiasm of the time, grew callous once more. A large proportion of the drunkards, who had bravely struggled for self-mastery, and had fondly thought they had achieved it, fell back into their old habits—their drink-depraved physical condition having rendered them unable to with-