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PLAIN TRUTHS ABOUT
DANCING



SERMON

AS PREACHED BY

Rev. C. Fenwick Reed

EVANGELIST

GREENCASTLE, IND.

Published by Request



All profits on sale of this sermon will be used in the work
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The DANCE

He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption.—Gal. 6:8.

6/30/31 Sac. Bk. Stone 33

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I DO NOT know of any text more suitable to the subject before us than that just quoted. By the expression of the faces of those before me, it is quite evident that I am not expected as a preacher of the gospel to defend or utter a word in favor of dancing. Why? Why should a preacher of the gospel of righteousness not be expected to preach in its defense? If there be no harm in dancing, as many contend, why am I not expected to defend that harmless (?) amusement? *Have we a dual standard of morality, one for preacher, and another for hearer?* I maintain, as a preacher of the gospel of Christ, I have as much right to dance, smoke, swear, drink, play cards, attend the theater, and any other so-called amusements, as any man. If it is wrong for a preacher, it is wrong for any man. I speak from a point of morality. We are amenable to the same Judge.

There are still some, though possibly not so many, who advocate a "broader Church." Many who were once champions of such, are now anxious to find a way out of the difficulty their "broadening" has created.

They suggested, "Let the Church go to meet the world, and the world will be won over to the church." They did; but it is the same old naughty world, with possibly this difference: before it was an enemy

without, and now it is an enemy within the Church. Water is good for a ship to sail on; but it is bad for the ship when the water comes on board—the *ship* will go down, *not* the water. The world is the place for the church; not the world in the Church.

This vast congregation, crowding every inch of space available as sitting or standing room, convinces me that there is much interest in this question. I look into your eager faces, and there is not the least intimation there that any one expects words other than condemnation of the dance from me. No wonder, when every evangelical Church condemns it as a Church. True, there are local organizations that practice it, and black sheep in every fold who think they are the entire fold or Church, and because they like it, practice it. They are not "the Church," but often only a disgrace to the denomination whose name they bear.

I unflinchingly, and without fear or favor, denounce the dance. Be it clearly understood at the outset, *I speak of the dancer, and not the dance*. Now let me proceed to give reasons for denouncing the dance:

1. *I denounce the dance because it is injurious to health.*

I say the dance is injurious to health, and with this statement all thinking and observing people will agree. I have no objection to healthful exercise, but this form of exercise is most injurious. It is practiced at night after the day's toil is over, and often after extra rush and work to be at liberty to attend. It is invariably carried on quite late, often until midnight, and sometimes until morning. In one waltz, if

I remember correctly, it is necessary to cover a distance in stepping equal to nearly two miles, and that at a rapid gait.

An English exchange states that a careful calculator, estimating the space covered by a dancer, finds that in a program of twenty waltzes, four polkas, and two quadrilles, a good dancer would cover close upon twelve miles.

Let a mother ask her daughter to take a twelve mile walk after 9:30 o'clock at night. Way, she would nearly faint at the thought of it, yet see what a distance is covered in a ballroom! And all this at night!

For these reasons alone it deserves condemnation from all who would value a healthful constitution. On this ground alone it is condemned by all laws of nature, every argument of reason, and every phase of genuine religion. Just fancy a healthful exercise announced to commence at 10 o'clock, and continue until midnight! Dancing is a health-and-nerve-destroying pleasure, robbing the system of much needed sleep.

Dr. Adam Clarke says that "the man who sits up late at night, not only burns the candle at both ends but puts a red-hot poker in the middle of it." If that be true of sitting up late, what about the midnight dance? Nature winks at the dancer, but says, "The reaping time will come." Look at the jaded faces and forms of dancers you meet after the ball is over. What time do young ladies breakfast? How do young men feel after dancing until two or three in the morning?

2. *It is injurious to health*, because it is practiced in heated rooms, in rooms heated

by excited people, people who have breathed continuously for hours near one another; and often, to make matters worse, the air is polluted with the fumes of wine and spirits, and sometimes champagne (the real pain follows in the morning). There are exceptions to the wine part, but not to the other.

3. *The shameful way* in which the ladies dress is decidedly injurious to health. It is unnatural, unbecoming. It seems some will not be satisfied until their waist is small enough to button a collar around. Nature winks again, saying: "Reaping time will come. You will pay the price."

Thackeray says, "The man who dances is an ass." I did not say it. I said Thackeray said it. I have too much sympathy for the donkey.

4. *It creates needless expense.* I have not time to dwell on this. It is patent to all that many a family suffers in the effort to keep up with the style and the dance. Poor men dress their daughters to their own ruin, and the ruin of their own and other people's business.

One young man informed me that it took him two years of hard work to pay the debts contracted while he was a member of a fashionable young man's dancing club. He stated that the dances he attended (they were all select affairs) cost him an average of fourteen dollars a dance. All the members of the club were young men working on salary. Of course, they had a good time, they claimed—young ladies wore beautiful flowers, and were treated royally; but the florist, caterer, tailor, merchant, and others had also a good time "waiting for their

money." Awfully nice time, wasn't it?

5. It is supposed that the only manner of entertaining a company of men and women is the dance, in which every nerve, muscle and passion of the body is brought to highest tension. This is so false a notion that it is beyond defense.

6. *I say the tendency of the dance is immoral.* Hear me, young man at the rear of the church; hear me, then you will know what I said. If I am misquoted, as I do not doubt I shall be on the street tomorrow, you may put it down to some fellow like that who is not enough of a gentleman to keep quiet while I talk. *I DO NOT SAY ALL WHO DANCE ARE IMMORAL. I say the tendency of the dance is immoral.* There are many pure and noble young men and women who dance, and it is for the salvation of these I raise my voice in warning; for I feel sure if the pure and noble men and women who dance knew the evil and the real nature of it they would not continue. If they knew the evil associations, they would not darken the doors of a dance hall again.

I am tired of the cry, "I see no harm in it." Such people remind me of a picture of a clown representing Ingersoll. Looking through a telescope to see the moon, his cap was over one end, and with closed eyes he looked, saying, "I see no moon." Open your eyes and ears, and you will soon see and know the great harm of the dance.

I say fearlessly, and with confidence, that every right-thinking man and woman will agree with me that *the modern dance is worse than the saloon in its influence.* I can

persuade ten men to give up drinking, where I can persuade one young person to give up the dance and be saved. It is the great hindrance of thousands of our young people coming to Christ. The greatest crime of the age, and the worst form of depravity is that so rarely spoken of from our pulpits. I refer to sexual depravity. It is the sin of all sins, which the Word of God thunders against. *The greatest feeder of passion and lust is the dance*, as every man who dances will be able to testify if he will take time to think. Simply let me say in support of the above statement, that there is nothing in the saloon and its influence to equal the dance in inflaming the passions and leading to sexual depravity in its worst forms.

I charge the dance with being the hot-bed of immorality; a feeder of sensual passion, and in that worse than the saloon. Sow the dance, and you will reap the brothel, with all its horrors and broken hearts, blighted lives, ruined homes, and eternal despair. The houses of shame and ill-repute of our cities are filled with the result, directly or indirectly of the dance.

In the New York *Journal of Education* the police report showed that three out of every four fallen women in a certain district attributed their fall to the dance. A Roman Catholic bishop stated that nineteen out of every twenty fallen women in the confessional declared that they fell as a result of the dance. Prof. Falkner, a converted dancing-master, declares that two-thirds of the dancing girls go astray. Prof. La Florris says seven out of every ten, and the matron of a home for fallen women says out of

2,500 fallen women in San Francisco, three-fourths of them were led to their downward fall through the influence of the dance.

The following two hundred cases are of girls who are today inmates of the brothel, with whom I talked personally. They were frank to answer my questions in regard to the direct cause of their downfall, and I gather that these were ruined by

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Professor Falkner further states: "I know of a select dancing-school where, in the course of three months, eleven of its victims are brothel inmates today." Think of it! Three-fourths of the poor, fallen women start in the downward road through the dance! These are no new facts, but just the repetition of what has been going on for years, and increasing. Last year the Woman's Christian Temperance Union reported five hundred thousand of these poor fallen women in America, who merchandise their bodies and thrive on the sins of lust. Do you know that the average life of a fallen woman—following life of sin—is only from three to seven years? They go from one stage to another, ever downward, victims of their dissipation and disease, like a moth over a candle, fluttering for a few brief years, only to fall at last in the eternal burnings. These figures herein are gathered carefully from various sources—Christian workers and police superintendents and others who have

carefully investigated the matter. Think over it! Three hundred and seventy-five thousand out of the half-million prostitutes have been led to their evil course through the dance. *Is there anyone here so degraded that they see no harm in that? Am I my sister's keeper?* No, not always; for if you countenance the dance or the ballroom you are your sister's murderer, both in body and soul! Even after I have given such figures as to-night, I hear some who thoughtlessly say, "I don't believe it." You would not say that without careful investigation, unless you were a coward at heart, afraid to investigate, or too sinful to renounce the evil. And while you may say again, "Young lady, it has never done you any harm," I will not stop to argue that question with you. I do ask you (Christianity laid aside, if you please; religion out of the question), "Have you no womanly interest in womankind?"

I unhesitatingly state that, as a rule, the dancing masters and mistresses are immoral men and women. Of course, there may be exceptions; but I do not know of one exception. I am not speaking of the dance in your little city; but of the dance at large. I do not know your dancing trainers, nor do I know how many you have; but if not openly classed as such—possibly they have a big question mark after their name—have at least a question mark after their name.

Again I say I charge the dance with being the hotbed of immorality, and the feeder of houses of prostitution. In my work as a missionary in the slums of Liverpool, England, I have seen the fruits of the dance. In that place, clergymen, if they will, can carry

the gospel and visit such places, and no one will question their motive. It fell to my lot to visit the sick, bury the dead girls, and, when necessary, baptize the children that were damned into the world in these vile houses, for even a harlot wants her child to have a chance of heaven. In the round of visitation, in company with another preacher, struck with the number of inmates and the surroundings, I asked the madam after the service how she managed to keep such a place and such a number of inmates in that neighborhood. For answer she pointed across the street to a dancehall of a respectable type, declaring that there were few inmates in the house except when a dance was on across the street. When asked for an explanation, she declared that the men, after dancing for hours with the ladies across the street, after seeing them to their carriages or homes, their passions aroused beyond restraint, sought the company of the girls in her gilded house of sin and shame.

In the dance modesty is played with and virtue is tempted to ruin. It has been said in defense of the dance in your town, and perhaps the young man is present who said it, "There are more girls who do not dance who have gone astray, than those who do dance." That may be true; but it is no argument in favor of the dance, for I venture to say that if the girls did not dance, the vile wretches who ruined them were votaries of the dance, whose passions were inflamed and lust set wild by the liberties of the dance. That dancing girls have not openly fallen is no proof that they have not done so. They are too smart in this age.

Let me ask you, Does the man who knows the way of the ballroom go there to seek a wife. Not much. However vile he may be, when he wants to marry he wants something pure for a wife. He does not want a woman for a partner for life around whose waist every licentious man in town can boast of having had his arm. After marriage few care to dance, or have their wife dance, who really know the truth about dancing.

Have you ever noticed that boys play football alone, baseball and almost all these games alone? Yet to dance they must have the girls. Why? Let the boys dance alone. Call a dance for boys alone in the opera house, and for girls alone in another distant hall. How long will it last? A few turns, then when John Smith has hugged Bill Jones across the floor a couple of times they will quit, and inside of half an hour they will decide it is too tame—there is nothing to it. And the girls. How about them? Ah, yes, I know you dance alone sometimes; so don't look so cross; but you know it is only when there are no boys around. Yes, I know I have seen the girls at school and in the seminary dancing alone. Yes, I admit it all; but you know they had a handkerchief over their arm, and stretched their imagination to its utmost extent to fancy that that piece of rag was a boy.

No, neither the boys alone nor the girls alone would dance long. I am sure not until midnight. *What is missing?* Why not dance alone? *Why?* I'll tell you. *It is because the dance has its mainspring in sexual passion.* You may call it what you like,

it is there. Let the ladies dance alone, and the dance is dead. *I do not impute to all who dance an impure motive by any means;* still that may and does exist of which many are unconscious.

You say the dance I speak of and your dance are different. I say the dance of society and the dance of the slums is the same. It is all dancing. If there is any difference, it is in favor of the slums, in that they have more clothes on than in the society dance. If I should go into your home and find some of you ladies with your sleeves rolled up to your elbows while you were washing your arms, you would scream and run into another room even if you had a shirt-waist with a high collar on. At the dance you do not have any sleeves and no collar or it is buttoned under your arms and tied up to your shoulders with dainty ribbons. I say it is shameful, immodest, and decidedly immoral in its tendency, and calculated to inflame the meanest that is in man.

Let us look for a moment at the ball room. Harry brings Mary, and they stand talking a moment, when Harry sees some of his friends and introduces them to Mary. "Mr. So-and-So, Miss So-and-So," and they bow and scrape, and in the same manner he introduces the whole five. After a moment or so, Harry claims two or three numbers on the program with Mary, and slips off to find other fish to fry. The young man who was first introduced approaches Mary and says, "Pardon me, Miss, but could I have the pleasure of a waltz with you this evening?" "Certainly," says Mary, and then blushing so sweetly she informs him that

having been introduced to so many she has forgotten his name. He obliges her with the desired information, and enters her name upon his program. She can not remember his name, but is going to dance with him. *Yes, even further than that, some will go and dance with men dressed up in all manner of disguise, and not knowing who it is, they will dance with them.* All the young men who have been introduced approach Mary with the same request, and it is granted in the same manner. Some names she does not ask for, but manages to make a mark—red tie, dark mustache, or some such sign. The music begins, and Harry leads Mary out on the floor, and puts his arms around her waist. (By the way, let me give you a pointer. That is bad form now. According to the latest meeting of the dancing masters in the East, it is no longer permissible. You see I am up to date! The new way is for the gent to place his hand at the lady's back in the middle of the waist, and let the other hand hang down free and useless at his side.) However, Harry has not caught on to that, and with his arm round Mary and her hand in his, while her face rests near his shoulder, and he is translated into the seventh heaven of delight, the music begins, and off he goes hugging Mary to music, for that is all it is. Then after a while Mr. No. 1 comes along and claims his dance, and Mary has forgotten his name again; but that is a small matter and soon righted, and with his arm around her off they go hugging to music also; and so on, until the whole five young men whom Harry introduced to her have enjoyed the

same privilege. Mary's mother sits looking on the scene, and goes into ecstasies over the attention her daughter is receiving, and from such nice young men, such good young men! O, they are Harry's friends, and sure to be good. What does Harry know about his friends? I tell you, a young man does not know his own brother or a mother her son in this day and age!

A young lady, tired with the continuous dancing, left the ballroom with her partner, and entered the conservatory. They sat down together on a bench. In a little while her mother happened to want her, and in her search entered the conservatory, and stood rooted to the spot by the sight that met her gaze. There sat her daughter, with her head resting on the young man's shoulder, his arm around her waist, the other hand gently holding hers. Stamping her foot, the mother demanded of her daughter an explanation of her conduct, crying, "How can you so far forget yourself as to act in such a manner?" She simply replied that it was his turn for a waltz, and she was too tired to dance, so she said, "I am giving him a sitting still waltz." Evidently a hopping round waltz is moral, but a sitting still waltz is not.

Suppose Harry, with five companions, meets Mary on the street, and he proceeds to introduce them. After the introduction is over he slips his arm round Mary and squeezes her hand. She will stop him, and ask if he does not know he is on the street. Mr. No. 1 comes and puts his arm round her, and she slaps his face; and when the second fellows attempts it, she screams for

help, and the police come, and if you have a patrol wagon or "Black Maria" the young men are hustled in and off to jail, and charged with immoral conduct on the public street. What, I ask, in the name of God, whose I am and Whom I serve, what makes that moral in the ballroom, with its heated atmosphere, waxed floors, immodest and immoral dresses and seductive music, which is immoral on the street?

In a ballroom at night a man's wife is lugged to music for several hours, other women's husbands and single men embracing her. Their breath is breathed upon her naked shoulders and bosom, his arms encircling her, her face close to his in the mad and giddy whirl of the dance. Next morning the same man calls at the house on business; the husband is out. The friend is saying good morning, and trying to impress the importance of the message on the mind of the wife, his hand on her shoulder, and the other holding hers. Coming in by another door, the husband is unnoticed; but he sees them. In a moment there is a flash, a report, a scream, and the man falls at her feet. Why? Shot by the husband? Why? Taking liberties with his wife, and the jury sides with him. If any man touched your wife or daughter outside the ballroom as he does in it, you would knock him down. If you did not, you would deserve it yourself.

I said to a young girl: "You would not let a young man take the liberties with you outside of the dance hall that you do in it." She quickly replied, "We do not expect him to do so outside." Evidently she did expect

it while there, and that was why she went.

But you say you do not dance with immoral young men. So a young lady said to me in a town in Indiana. I asked, "With whom do you dance?" She informed me that she danced with George —, and pointed him out. She said, "He is a most exemplary young man, and strictly moral." I declare to you people that had I a daughter I would not let her touch him with a ten foot pole. Why, the previous night he kept me up to the small hours of the morning pouring out such a tale of sin and immorality that one would shudder to hear in the slums of the darkest city. He declared himself to have been too vile and immoral to seek salvation at the hands of God. Yet he was counted most moral and received into the best homes with open arms, and, like a beast, turned loose to prey upon the virtue of other innocent girls.

In this very Church some young ladies said in my hearing, "If you dance at all, you must dance with boys you would not speak to on the street." You do not dance with immoral boys. Why, a doctor said to me not long ago, "Hardly a dance passes in the town but some young fellow comes to me to relieve him of his intense pain, pain he is suffering as a result of his immoral life." I repeat it, the tendency of the dance is immoral. It is a feeder of immoral houses, and worse in its terrible influence than the saloon.

Could the pure and innocent ladies who dance but hear the conversation after the dance is over, I am sure no lady who has any self-respect would darken the doors of

a dance-hall again. If the ladies could hear the manner they are discussed in the dressing room by the men with whom they have danced, that would end it for them. If that is not true, let any of you votaries of the dance say so. If I do not speak the truth, then tell me so now. I defy any one to say it is otherwise. I have heard it again and again. Sometimes I go to hold a meeting in a town where, for lack of religious hospitality, they send me to a hotel to stay. Again and again have I seen the dance there, tables cleared away, and the dining room turned into a ballroom. Under such circumstances it is impossible to sleep, and I have often gone down to see how they do it, and have seen them there with their heels aspiring to the place of their heads. I have often sat down in a room to one side; men have come in from the dance and discussed the form, figure, character, and morals of the ladies they have been dancing with in a manner that made my blood boil with indignation. In one case I remonstrated, saying, "No gentleman would speak of a lady in such a manner." He replied with language very abusive. I warned him that if I was a preacher I was a man, and would not, as a man, permit him to discuss any lady in my presence, however low she may have fallen, in such a disgraceful manner. I had, if anything, more right than he had, being a guest of the hotel. This seemed to be fun for him, and he proceeded to talk of some one he had just danced with, in a disgraceful manner. I stood it a moment, then—his companions saw what happened,

and, well—they picked him up. Later he came and apologized.

I have seen it all the way down from the lords and ladies of the aristocracy, down the social scale to the dance in the slums and dens of iniquity, and unhesitatingly say the dance is vile in its tendency. I have seen it among the saloons and demimonde of Paris, and fearlessly say the dance in its tendency is immoral. Modesty is played with and virtue tempted to ruin.

There are but two classes of people who dance—those who are pure and innocent, and those who know the evil, and dance because they enjoy it. You know the evil now.

Where are the most accomplished dancers? Not in your palaces and mansions, but down in the haunts of the abandoned women of the slums of our large cities. Why? Because they were once pure and innocent, and in their wealth and affluence they had the best teachers. They fell, and great has been the fall, until abandoned, ruined, lost, they led a life of revelry in haunts of infamy and sin. Ah yes, I saw many of them, the finished product of the dance. Once beautiful and innocent, that day as she sat at the piano and played the songs of Zion with the skill of a trained musician, played as I have rarely heard any one play in our churches, played until hot tears came to the eyes of many of the girls in that parlor in that house of sin as I led the meeting, and preached Jesus unto the fallen there, my heart was strangely moved, that one so accomplished should have fallen so low. I saw her when thrust out of that so-called respectable house of shame she

entered another of lower grade. I saw her going down the ladder of sin until down at the bottom, in rags and filth, bruised and battered, buffeted and tossed by the world, and scorned by rich and poor, she sank in deepest despair. 'Twas then after a meeting, while I talked with her of salvation and urged her to accept the Savior of Mary Magdalene, in a burst of confidence she told me her story. And such a story! It would make the angels weep, and shame even devils. It was the old story of the dance and its giddy whirl; then the ride home, and promises and vows, and—she fell. Then, when ruined, abandoned, spurned, turned from her palatial home, no friend, adrift on a cruel world, struggle to support her child, its death, weeks of suffering, then down, down, down the awful pathway alone open to a ruined girl, she tried to drown it all in drink and sin. After a fit of weeping she drew out of her dress bosom a dirty picture, and even then pressed it to her lips in memory of the past. "There," she said, "there he is. 'Twas he who did it." The image was burned in on her heart. A man! Must I say a man? There in evening dress, and a picture of aristocratic manhood. She put the picture again into her bosom. I could not persuade her to leave her sin. He, the greater sinner—worse than a murderer—still in his home of luxury; she suffering the torments of a living hell. Her home darkened with a shadow, and her parents bereft of their child by something worse than death. 'Twas a sad story, and I could not forget it.

Two days after I went to lecture in her home city on life in the slums. A committee of gentlemen were invited to meet me

just before the meeting in an elegant home. I was introduced to them all, and pleasantly received. The last presented was a tall young man, a true type of the votaries of fashion. His face startled me. He came with outstretched hand. I hesitated, heard his name, and spurned his hand, for there before me, coddled in luxury, and welcomed into every home, professing to be interested in the poor, stood the original of the picture I saw in the slums, and the author of her fall. He demanded an explanation of my conduct in refusing to shake his hand. I simply said I would as soon shake with a viper as he, and if he wished an explanation I would make it freely, for I had seen his work in the slums the day or so before. He did not press for anything further. No wonder I stirred things that night, for my whole soul was on fire. Next day I returned home, and as soon as possible went down into the slums and sought the girl. I found her in the morgue. They found her in the river, dead. They did not know her and simply said she was "one of the lost." Stepping to the slab, I put my hand in beneath the bosom of her dress, and pulled out the picture, for even in death 'twas near her heart. I wished to keep it, but instead we buried it with her in that lonely grave without a single soul to mourn at its brink. Not one? Ah, yes, the very angels must have wept at such a scene. I wept for somebody's sister and some mother's once sweet babe. He knows not of her death. He thinks he will never see her again; but his conscience will haunt him to his dying day, and when the end shall come, before that great throne he shall see her.

Yes, and the great harvest of his sin. The lowest in the slums have usually been the highest in the social scale.

My brother, sister, as you sow, so shall you reap. If you teach your wife or your husband to dance, or countenance it before marriage, it is not likely that he will be content with one waist after marriage.

It is said that the women of France "began to dance with their *soles*, and ended with their *souls*, and the latter were more soiled than the former." You will not be likely to fare better than they.

Where did the women of the slums mostly feel the clutch of the arm of the licentious man around their waist? In the great majority of cases, at the dance. And you, church member, is not the fact of your misgivings on the subject a very powerful argument against it? Ought you as a Christian, for such you profess to be, ought you to live in such an atmosphere of doubt? Such doubt will hinder your spiritual growth. If you are spiritual and dance, you will dance your spirituality away.

If you never danced against the voice of your conscience, and you dance after tonight, you will do so. I, for one, think a woman who knows the sin and danger of the dance and continues in its practice, has lost all self-respect, or dances because she too enjoys the evil and sin of it. A lady said after I had preached on the dance in a certain town, that I had made the dance awful, and her young son had never had an impure thought in his head until he heard me, and she warned me if I went astray I would be to blame. I asked her if when her boy was ill and she

called the doctor, and he said the boy had measles, did the doctor give the boy the measles? No, she said he only told her what he had. So I have not made the dance bad. It was immoral before I was born, and ever has been so in its tendency.

If the dance is harmful to morality, it is destructive to spirituality. In Ripley, Ohio, after a talk on the dance, next morning an indignant company of its votaries gathered together in a store, and roasted me in great shape. I suppose they wanted to rotten egg me. If they had, I would have staid all summer. The proprietor of the store asked if I had not told the truth. They had to admit I had. He then said that he had danced from childhood, and only quit because he got too fat to dance, and the man who said the preacher had not told the truth was a liar, only he put it stronger.

A dancing master in Sturgis, Michigan, in conversation with the pastor on the street, was asked if he had a daughter if he would let her dance. He refused to answer; but after dinner told the preacher if he ever had a daughter both he and his wife had resolved she should never learn to dance.

Now I have delivered my message. A message that has burned into my soul like a fire for years, and burdened my heart. My words may be strong, but it is because they are blood-red with conviction. I care not what you think of me, with the wall of the ruined and lost souls ringing in my ears, I can not keep from speaking. If I can but prevent one soul from going to ruin I shall be happy. Judge my message in the court of public opinion, and I fear the verdict. In

the court of worldly desire, it will not be acquitted. Bring it before the bar of conscience, and I stake my all on the verdict, for conscience is on our side.

...other, beware! The streets of our large cities tonight will be walked by hundreds of girls once pure as yours. The house of sin and shame will reek tonight with the laugh and revelry of the darkest sin, and be filled with "somebody's daughters," who were once pure like yours, and who but for the dance would be pure and noble still.

Young women, beware! You dance on the verge of immodesty, and near the vortex of vice. Young man, if you would be pure and healthy, physically, mentally, and morally noble, shun the dance as you would a viper. My time is more than gone. I leave my message with you. I preach from the same text tomorrow. There is much in it. May the God of peace go with you! Amen!

*Dancing - card playing and
theaters going wrong for
Christians.*

1st Jno. 2: 15-17.

Jno. 17: 14 & 19

1st Pet. 4: 2-5.