

Here It Is!
PLAIN! SHOCKING! TRUE!

*From The Dance
Floor To
Hell!*

By Evangelist
James R. McMorrow

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FROM THE DANCE FLOOR TO HELL



By Evangelist James R. McMorrow

As I sit down to pen these words, I have just finished a trip which took me from the rough waters of the Atlantic to the quiet shores of the Pacific. From one shore of our fair land to the other, there comes this cry from mothers, fathers, one-time wives and husbands, and young girls: "See what the dance did for me? my life is now ruined!"

So, dear friend, God being my witness, I cannot refrain from speaking boldly and plainly. Such preaching, I hope and pray, will save young people from the dance and pull those who attend the dance out of that terrible trap door to hell. It is because of these lily-fingered, jelly-fish preachers being afraid to speak out that America finds herself in her present mess. Let us realize that the Bible is shockingly plain. Paul spoke about fornicators and adulterers. He spoke of men leaving "the natural use of the woman burning in their lust" men with men. What a picture! But Paul spared not when the occasion called for it. The disciples said about Jesus, "Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb" (John 16:29). You may not like plain preaching, but here it comes whether you like it or not. Yes, some of you old world-soaked church members may swell up and burst if you want to, but if this will only save some from this soul-damning, body-destroying sin, I care not.

A church member the other day did quite a bit of "howling" about some plain preaching, saying he did not want his girls from ten to fourteen to hear it. Poor foolish mam-

mas and papas! Girls and boys much younger than ten today know as much as you and your grandmas did at thirty. You will not teach these "young sprouts", but if they desired, they could teach you. If you mothers want the surprise of your lives, call in the ten or eleven-year old boy and girl and ask them to tell you confidentially what happened today at school. If you could get the truth out of them, it would make your hair stand up like hazel brush.

The world has gone dance crazy. Even in towns that are not much more than a wide place in the road, the lodge dances—the theater pictures dancing—the high school dances—young people even in grade school can hardly get their lunch eaten in time to start dancing. "Yes," you say, "I want my girl to be graceful." Well, I would rather see her as clumsy as an ox than to see her on the dance floor.

Parents everywhere are asking, "What shall we do with our young people?" Why should they not worry a little? A nurse from California told me, "Six hundred operations on high school girls were performed in one semester to save the name of one of the Los Angeles high schools." These are the wages paid by the dance. Will a girl pay any attention to this?? Not if she is a dancer. It is about as hard to pull a girl off the dance floor as to blow the rock of Gibraltar down with a pea-shooter. Only Christ can rescue her from the claws of the dance.

Please do not start reading this with a closed mind. Do not think that I am some old grouch opposed to young people having a good time. I want you to have a good time, but the dance will bring heartaches, sobs, crying, and a wrecked life. This monster, the dance, saps its victims' very lifeblood, and eventually discards them, throwing them into a living hell.

Tattle O the many, many times people have said to me, "We cannot give up dancing." I know it gets into your blood and is hard to break from, but, dear misguided soul, if you do not give it up, you will go straight to hell, and there is no escape! When God's finger points you out for the destruction at the bar of justice, you will wish you had discarded the dance.

We shall consider some sane, sensible reasons WHY
THE DANCE SENDS PEOPLE TO HELL.

I. NO GOOD THING EVER CAME OUT OF ANY DANCE.

*ask any one who
knows*

As I write on this subject, may it be known that this message is not hearsay. Before taking up the work of the Lord, I attended, oversaw, and played for dance after dance in the middle west. I hate the dance because I know it from experience. I know why men go to the dance. I know why women go to this den of iniquity. I have seen people beaten up, cut all to pieces, stabbed, knocked out, and left for dead. I have had both eyes black as a poker, and my nose lying flat on my face. I do not say these things boastfully, but I know the dance. Still I would go, never wanting to acknowledge that there was anything wrong with the dance.

Since my conversion, I have found many are still in this condition, my heart goes out to them, and I hope this message will help save them. One fellow to whom I talked the other day said, "There is nothing wrong with the dance." The same fellow a short time before wiped from his own face and clothes the warm blood of a man who had been stabbed to death. I say that no good thing ever comes out of ANY DANCE.

Many ask, "What about the dances of the Bible?" In Eccl. 3:4, the word says, "There is a time to dance." Miriam, when she saw how God delivered Israel, went forth to dance as did her maidens. David danced when he saw the ark returning to Jerusalem. When David was victorious the women expressed their joy by song and dance. David in the Psalms tells us to praise God with timbrel and dance. Jephthat's daughter went forth to meet her father with timbrel and dance. When the prodigal returned, they had music and dancing. We see it is right to dance if we are so happy in the Lord that our joys cannot be expressed any other way. But, these were far different from the modern sex and lustful dance. Bible dancing that pleased the Lord was a religious act performed by those of only one sex.

Consider the history of the modern dance, and you will see there is no good in it. For instance, the round dance began in France in 1627. It was started by a man by the name of Gault who became a dancing master. This man was so immoral that he even strangled his own sister to death trying to rob her of her virtue. He was guillotined by the French Government in 1632 for the crime. Not so

complimentary to the modern dance, is it? Well, the next time you are dancing, just remember where it started.

You might contend you are good, even though you go to the dance. Well, I hope you are a pure person, but you will not be if you keep fooling around that den of iniquity. Did you ever see prayer-meeting people at the dance hall? Did you ever see Bible-studying people dancing? Did you ever see people speak to others about Jesus on the dance floor? You never see a baptismal service at the dance. You never hear a gospel sermon, and you never see the Lord's supper served there.

Fights are common! Drunkenness is on every hand; there is plenty of hot, jazzy music to excite passions and lust. Broken homes, homeless children, crowds of people who never go to church, plenty of terrible language—these are associated with the dance. Babies without fathers, opposite sexes so close together you could not crowd a thin piece of tissue paper between them—these go with the dance. Say, brother, tissue paper is thin, but opposite sexes are closer together at the dance.

If you think good comes from the dance, just spend a little time in the men's rest room when the orchestra quits playing. Here come those great big, old bald-headed men, sweating and puffing. Listen to their conversation for a while, and you will change your mind about the dance being good. Listen, women, that man who seems so much like an angel when he has you in his arms is now talking about you. He knows just how he will rob you of your virtue. I dare you to just ask one of the men what he talked about between dances. Ask him, and then watch the color of his face. He will think for sure that somebody has told you. Women, if you could get that man to tell you all his heart, you would never again say the dance is an innocent little thing. These old women's minds are just as full of lust as are the men's. People, if you are fair, you will say there was never a worse thing belched out of the slime-pits of hell.

EVERY DANCE IS BAD AND THE NEXT ONE IS JUST A LITTLE WORSE because it breaks down the girl's modesty just a little more each time she tries it. The boy's timidity is destroyed just a little more with each dance. These are God-given qualities of protection. When these are gone, the person is no good for himself or God. Talk about a nice dance; there is not such a thing. Can you find a "nice" skunk or a "nice" rattlesnake? Well, neither can you find a nice dance. Somebody told the old farmer

about the Giraffe with his long neck and little head. The farmer said, "There ain't no such animal." Well, the same is true about a dance. There is none good—no not one.

Don't any of you people try to tell me there ever was a clean, pure dance. I do not care what kind of a dance it is—just as long as opposite sexes are involved. The dance in the public school, the dancing school itself, and the dance in the parlor are all dangerous, just as displeasing to the Lord, and as sinful as the modern night-club dance. "Why?" BECAUSE ONE PROMOTES THE OTHER, AND WITHOUT ONE YOU WOULD NOT HAVE THE OTHER. YES, ONE PROMOTES THE OTHER, AND THEY BOTH PROMOTE LUST.

A young lady who attended one of my meetings wrote and asked if it would be all right to just dance with some high school students—mostly girls. We wrote her a fiery letter stating that such would be soul damning and a terrible disgrace as she was supposed to be a Christian. The young lady heeded the warning and did not go. We learned later that this little innocent dance became the talk of the town, and those young people who attended became a disgrace before the thing was broken up. Do not talk to me about your good dances. They are all as rotten as hell.

There is not one good thing about any dance. Why did Moses break the tables of stone on which the ten commandments were written when he saw the children of Israel dancing? Simply because the dance in which opposite sexes are involved breaks every one of the commandments.

Liquor goes with the dance. You very seldom see the dance hall but what you also see a bar. We had finished services on Saturday night, and the church people had long been in bed when the whole valley in southern California was shocked by a terrible crash. Ah, the same old story you have heard many a time was repeated. A boy just out of high school had been to the dance and was coming home drunk. He was glary-eyed, and he side-swiped another car. The boy and the car were scattered for one hundred and fifty yards along the highway. Upon a little investigation, I found he got his first taste of the dance in the school room. Wanting more, you can see what he got. The school dance started him, and the night-club finished him. Yes, a dance in the school or church only gives those who participate a desire for more, so down the street they go to finish up what the church many

times has started. The school dance was just as guilty as the road-house in sending this poor soul condemned into eternity. NO DRUNKARD EVER STARTED BY DRINKING WHISKEY; HE ALWAYS STARTS WITH BEER OR WINE. FOR YOU TO GO TO THE INNOCENT DANCE (as you call it) IS THE SAME AS A MAN WHO STARTS BY DRINKING BEER. LIKE PLAYING TAG WITH THE UNDERTAKER, he will get you in the end.

What happened to Lot when he started fooling around that no-good city of Sodom? His life was ruined, and so was his entire family's. His wife turned into a pillar of salt, and his daughters were found with child of their father. What happened when Peter began playing around the enemies' fire? Ah, he became just like the enemies of Christ. Any person spending his time in the dance and with this class of people will soon be an outright enemy of Jesus. The dance will lead a person to hell, then, because there is nothing good in it. Nothing good could possibly come out of it.

II. THE DANCE IS A TICKET TO HELL BECAUSE IT BREAKS UP HOMES.

The home is the oldest institution in existence. It has been put here by God. However, the dance is public enemy number one to the home.

You men do not want your wives—the companions of your bosom—in a strange man's arms. You women do not want your men being hugged by some other woman and his arms around her, her breast against his, her cheeks against his, his legs between hers. Well, brother, whether you like it or not, that is the position in which the dance puts you. That is the reason there are so many shooting scrapes connected with the dance. That is the reason so many women are stabbed and men shot at the dance. A man practicing such a position should be married before he started, and if he were married, he wouldn't have to pay a dollar and a half to hug his wife.

Yes, divorce goes with the dance just like cream goes with peaches. Any man who has any love for his wife will not stand for some strange man to pet and hold her in his arms hour after hour. "Ah," you say, "Brother Mack, I do not care how many men hold my wife and see her breasts, or for her to place her face close to theirs—that never bothers me a bit." I just want to say about you that you are either a first-class liar or else you do not love

your wife having married her only for lust's sake, Ah, some of you men don't like it. Well, I do not care whether you old cess-pools of iniquity like it or not. You can swell up and "pop" for all I care. The angrier you get, the sooner you will drop the dance.

Girls, if you want a man who will love you and give you a happy home, do not pick one up on the dance floor. He is there for lust, and you will never be able to trust him.

If you do not think the dance ruins and wrecks homes, listen to this. The Chicago Vice Commission started out to find the cause for so many girls going wrong. Jane Addams, who died recently, was on the Vice Commission. The Chief of Police was on it. A prominent preacher was on it. The Committee talked to three hundred prostitute girls in the city of Chicago. They asked, "What led you wrong? What led you to become such a sinner? What led you to become what you are today—a scarlet woman?" EIGHTY FIVE PERCENT OF THEM SAID, "MY FIRST STEP WRONG WAS CAUSED BY THE MODERN DANCE."

These next statistics appeared in the Carthage (Mo.) Evening Press, January 4, 1947: "During 1946, 566 marriage licenses were issued in the office of Ray Harvey, County Recorder, while in the two divisions of circuit court (here and Joplin) 1,031 divorces were granted. Thus, there were approximately fifty-five percent more divorces issued in the county than were marriage licences issued. The number of divorces issued in the county has more than doubled since 1943." Of course, all of these homes were not broken up because of the dance. But, this demon played her part. You would not be surprised at these figures if you could attend some of the hot houses in the larger towns and cities in that county. Yes, you would be surprised that not more homes were broken than the press records.

Believe you me, I would not sleep with a wife that all the men in the ball room had pawed over for five hours. You married men and women, you should be ashamed of yourselves and if you want a decent home, you had better quit the dance RIGHT NOW.

III. THE DANCE LEADS TO HELL BECAUSE IT RUINS AND WRECKS GIRLS' LIVES.

Men who attend the dance have this saying, "Get a girl to attend the dance, and what you want comes after-

wards." That is the real reason for the dance. If you ask them why they dance, they will say, "For exercise." Well, if the dance is for exercise, what is the hugging for? Is it for exercise too?

To show you what I mean by wrecking girls' lives, I will quote Mr. T. A. Faulkner who once was a dance master: "The pure and innocent dancing school girl, as pure and innocent as an angel three months ago, returns home that night (the night after the ball) robbed of the most precious jewel of womanhood—virtue. She has no longer any claim to purity. Her self-respect is lost. She sinks lower and lower. Society shuns her, and she is today a brothel inmate. Think of the anguish of her mother's heart, the sadness of that father's face, or the dreadful gloom which settles over that once happy home. At the same time the brute of a man responsible for her ruin goes on in society, is invited into the best homes and is a hero. He is only a libertine with a heart as black as hell, a purpose as sinister as the devil himself."

The man that causes the girl to fall will reap in eternity punishment, but here on earth she is disgraced and he is honored.

How does the dance ruin a girl's life? Well, follow this. Here is a girl, young and beautiful—the pride and joy of her parents. One day she receives a letter that the dancing school will open. The parents want their pride and joy to be graceful, you know, so she enters the school. She shrinks back when the dance master takes her into his arms with his legs against hers. But, thinks she, "All waltzers do it, so it is all right for me." The school continues, and the young lady becomes a graceful dancer. She makes friends with a fine young man whom she thinks she can trust. After three months, the dancing school was to close. So, the last night was to be the crowning ball of the season. The girl's father brings her. No sooner do they arrive until her charming Apollo meets her. "Ah," he says, "she is to be mine for tonight." The father soon goes home. Eleven, twelve, one, and the ball goes on. Now, as we look on this dance floor, the lights are low, music is soft, with heart beating against heart, hand clasped in hand, her partly nude swelling breasts against his, her head on his shoulder, her bare arm around his neck, her limbs interwoven with his. He presses her to himself until every nerve of her thrills with contact. They bend to and fro, but she hears not the music. Their faces are together, but she does not shrink. Her life as

well as his, is inflamed with passion and lust. But, the music stops; the ball is all over; but things are not over for this couple and many others if the truth was known. The car is waiting. As he opens the door to let her in, his eyes burn with lust: "Now is my chance; I cannot let it slip." And he does not let it slip,—either. This girl that entered the dancing school three months ago so pure and innocent is robbed that night of the most precious jewel of womanhood. The next morning she thinks suicide. No, he will become my husband, and it will not be so bad. But, will he? No! He continues in the dancing school when it starts, continually seeking others to disgrace. She is disgraced and ruined while he goes on with his hellish work.

O parents, hear me when I plead with you! Never let your girl go onto the dance floor in high school or any other place! Gold, farms, riches cannot buy back her purity when she has fallen. From the dance floor to hell! Brother, it will send you there, too.

An ex-dancing master of the west coast questioned two hundred girls who were soon to become mothers. Out of the two hundred, one hundred and sixty-three went down via the dance.

Again: Out of twenty-five thousand women in San Francisco, three-fourths of them were led to ruin through dancing says a professor.

A matron in a rescue home said, "Seven-tenths of the girls received fell through the dance and its influence."

An archbishop says that nineteen out of twenty women coming to the confessionals say that the dance was their downfall.

Dr. Phelps writes, "It is estimated that the life of infamy which usually lasts about six years and ends in suicide amounts to forty thousand women in New York City." The Police Commissioner of New York said, "Three fourths of these women went down through the dance. Get this! Over one-half million women in the United States attributed their falls to this modern dance.

Judge E. E. Porterfield of Kansas City declares, "The youth of America is dancing its way to hell THROUGH THE DANCE HALL AND THE MOVIES." The dance plunges the victim from the imaginary heights of glory to hell itself.

You women who read this (even church women) may shrink in horror, but let me tell you that the women and girls are as much to blame for this cess-pool of iniquity

as are the men. You women have asked for it. Many of you pull off your clothes, shorten your skirts, run around in shorts, and paint like a harlot. The poor girls of the world do not have much of an example when they look at some of you church women. If a woman is professing to be a Christian, she has no business wearing shorts, and dressing and painting like a prostitute. One preacher said, "YOU CAN COUNT ON ALL HELL BURSTING LOOSE WHEN WOMEN STOP BEING LADIES AND LOOK LIKE ROWDIES."

Some say, "But what about a little, innocent masquerade dance? That could not harm girls." Dr. W. W. Hall gives this: "In a western city a masquerade ball was given. Music and wine were not absent. There a young couple was tightly clasped in each others arms. All advances he made toward her she allowed, believing them to be a part of the dance. 'Tis midnight, and the young couple with the woman leaning heavily upon the arm of her gentleman escort is winding their way to the outskirts. There they go, and upon yonder hill under a large shade tree while the leaves close their ears, the moon hides her face in shame, and angels turn away to weep, a young woman and man offer upon the altar of lust all that ought to be held dear—virtue, womanhood, honor and manhood. Seeking to see her face, he pulls the mask from his fair companion, and at the same time taking off his own, said, 'My God, Sister! You?' She said, 'My God, Brother! Is it you? Oh, what would mother say?' One went into eternity via a morphine bottle; the other by a gun. When they meet on the red hot pavements of hell, do you think they will say, 'No harm in a little dance?'" That is the reason why I say that every dance is as rotten as hell can make it.

From the dance floor to hell! A dance master on the west coast, Thomas Faulkner, had one sister. Her name was Ada. She was young and beautiful. Thomas warned her of the danger of the dance. One day she came up missing. Thomas Faulkner's own words: "When dying at the tender age of eighteen, she wired me to come. I found her dying, the victim of a dreadful disease, with little painted prostitutes standing crying about her bed. She had been trapped and sold into white slavery. She made me promise that I would give my life to Christ and help undo the wrong that I had done. She made me promise that I would enlist every other power and every other person possible to aid me in the same, saying, 'It's too late

to save me, Tom, but you may save the other fellow's sister.' I promised her I would do my best."

As I pen these words, there are thousands of girls walking this same road. You who read these horrible outcomes of the dance, O won't you get this message into their hands? Perhaps you can save them! Pray for them; then give them this tract.

Many mothers will still insist upon their daughters' attending the dancing school. Let me tell you it is a sin just as sure as she does it. The old dance masters are many times men whose minds are regular cess-pools of iniquity. Faulkner says, "I know a dancing school where eleven girls went astray in one month."

I am going to give you a girl's letter written to Mr. Paul Brown (Field Secretary of Christian Endeavor of Calif.) just before she committed suicide. This girl, even though once knowing the Lord, because of the theater and the dance was led to hell and jumped headlong right into it. She wrote two letters. In the first, she explained her downfall and desires that Mr. Brown warn mothers and daughters. The young lady takes him as it were to the very rim of hell and causes Brown to see the anguished souls in torture, to hear their moans and cries. In the first letter this poor lost soul pleaded, standing between the living and the dead, that men walk close to the Savior.

As she closed this first letter, she said, "Monday will see me out of this world forever, unmissed, unloved, unmourned. O, that someone really cared, that God could reach me now and help . . ."

(Signed)

"A heart broken, lost soul, bound for hell"

SECOND LETTER RECEIVED BY BROWN ONE WEEK
LATER:

San Francisco,
March 24, 1913

Dear Mr. Brown,

This letter will be sent to you one week later, one week after I am dead, for tonight I cease to exist. I am leaving this with friends to be sent one week from now. My object: To speak to you as though from the grave and that what I say will be the more impressive.

I have not always been degraded. I once knew the price and joy of a surrendered life and good society; people of refinement and education were my friends; BUT

THE PLEASURE OF THE WORLD ALLURED, THE DANCE, THE CARDS, THE WINE, and I was swept off my feet into the whirling waters of sin and suffering and now—suicide.

Mr. Paul Brown, this to you is my very last word. I am going to tell you why I am going to kill myself. . . I am a prospective mother . . . The only decent thing left to do is to put my soul out of the way.

A Lost Soul.

From the dance floor to Hell, and so goes another poor soul!

IV. THE DANCE SENDS PEOPLE TO HELL BECAUSE IT EXCITES SEX AND DEVELOPS LUST.

The names of the dances suggest LUST: the Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug, the Boston Dip, the Whirl Swing, the Hesitation, the Hug-me-tight, the Pretzel Twist, the Naughty Waltz, the Silver Shake, the Shimmy, the Half Nelson, the Jitter-bug.

What is the attraction of the dance for modern society? The answer is SEX. SEX EXCITEMENT IS THE LIFE OF THE DANCE. If people do not dance because of passion and lust, why do men not dance with men and women with women? It is told of several married couples how they liked to dance just among themselves. They all said, "Just for exercise and fun do we dance." One man, however, did not like other men pawing around over his wife, nor did he like the dance. On a certain night, the dance was to be at his house. He met Mr. A at the door and welcomed him in, but said that each man would dance with his own wife tonight. Mr. B was told the same. When C came, he was similarly instructed. Finally, the dance rolled into action. Each man grabbed his own wife and started. It was not long until A's corns began paining something terrible, and he had to go home. B's bunion began throbbing. C's rheumatism disabled him, and D's stomach soured suddenly. The truth was, the dance broke up so early they could not get the refreshments served. The next day the school children were called in to eat the the dancers' refreshments. Why do men's corns, bunions and rheumatism not bother them when they are dancing with other women? Well, the truth is, they are so interested in petting the other woman, they forget all else. A blind pig could see that Lust is the reason for the dance. NO MAN IS GOING TO PAY A DOLLAR AND A HALF

TO HUG HIS OWN WIFE. HE IS PAYING THE DOLLAR AND A HALF TO HUG SOME OTHER MAN'S WIFE.

When Moses came down from the mountain after talking to God, what did he see? "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf and the DANCING: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and break them beneath the mount . . . And when Moses saw that the people were naked; (for Aaron had made them naked unto their shame among their enemies) . . ." (Exo. 32:19, 25).

Isn't it strange that nakedness goes with dancing? Get men and women as close together as wall paper is to the wall, and they start pulling off their clothes. The dance of the children of Israel with their clothes off was about what we have passing as the modern dance today. What is there in the dance that makes people want to pull off their clothes? You probably have heard of Sally Rand, the fan dancer. Well, she at least had a fan. Why is it that when a man gets his arms around a woman, he wants her clothes off? Why does she want to undress? What about that? Women do not wear corsets any more at the dance. They would rather flop around all over the dance floor. Lust is the background for every dance.

A man one time said that his daughter was just as pure after she had danced a year as she was before she started. The daughter, however, was truthful, and said, "No dad, I am not as pure as I used to be." Then she looked up at the preacher and said, "Pray for me." Mothers, if your daughter dances, her mind is evil and a cess-pool of iniquity, or if it is not now, it soon will be if she keeps on.

It used to be a low-necked dress, but now it is NO NECK ON THE DANCE FLOOR. Say, one could make a fortune supplying a dancing woman with dresses. It would not cost much more than forty-five cents.

At the average dance for the entire evening, it is estimated that a person will travel between 14 and 16 miles. Throughout the whole evening, impure, stale air is breathed. People are moving continually; dust particles fill the air. Men and women are perspiring freely. No use to talk about going there for exercise and health. You may as well take your exercise rolling around in a pig pen if it is for health.

The dance is the mother of lust. It inflames sex passion. That is the reason you men and women, boys and girls, dance. If you do not dance for this reason now, you will

soon be dancing for that purpose. Could the dance exist for any other reason than to inflame passions when men and women have such close contact that day light does not divide them?

**V. THE DANCE FLOOR LEADS TO HELL
BECAUSE THE BIBLE CONDEMNS SUCH A PRACTICE.**

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" (Matt. 5:27,28). If men and women go on long in the dance, they will be committing adultery in their hearts. This scripture makes one dance just as evil as another.

"Ye are the salt of the earth" (Matt. 5:13). Salt is known for two things: first, to preserve or save; second, to create thirst. A Christian is the instrument in the hands of the Master to save people and to create in their lives a hunger and thirst after righteousness. My dear friend, you have lost your power and testimony for Christ if you step your foot onto the dance floor. You also become a stumbling block, and in doing so, you sin against Christ (I Cor. 8:12). If the salt have lost its savor, it is only fit for the dung hill, said the Lord.

According to the Bible, the dance is the road to Hell. Turn in your Bible to Gal. 5:21 and read: "Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings (dancing), and such like: of which I tell you before, as I have told you in the past, that they that do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Again: "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." (I Cor. 6:9,10). There is the doom of your dancing crowd.

They lose their testimony for Christ; they committ adultery in their hearts and in reality later. Paul said revelers cannot enter heaven.

We have noticed that the dance floor leads to hell because no good ever came from it; because the dance breaks up homes and ruins girls' lives. The dance excites and stirs the passions and lust. The dance is condemned by the Bible as soul-damning. So, if you are a dancer, you will dance your soul right into hell. O mothers! fathers! daughters! will you not, will you not put out of your life this terrible sin?

Just to clean up morally, however, will not save your soul. Jesus said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Ye must be born again. Let me close this message with a true, but heart-breaking happening, taken from Harry W. Von Bruch's book on The Modern Dance. One dark Saturday morning in the very dead of winter, there lay dying in the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, a young woman of twenty-two summers. Once she had been a beautiful, charming girl, the very pride and joy of her friends and parents. As she lay dying that cold morning, she wandered back to a little innocent dance which finally brought her shame and disgrace.

Among the personal effects was found in manuscript the poem, "Beautiful Snow". The poem was delivered to Enos B. Reed, at that time Editor of the National Union. The poem appeared in the paper the morning following the girl's death, before her body was laid away.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing—Flirting—Skimming Along.

Beautiful snow! It can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!
Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the folks gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in maddening fun.

Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying By.
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive and its heart is a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!
How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.

Ringling—Swinging—Dashing They Go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow;

Snow too pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with filth in the horrible street.
Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.

Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to Die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low!
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow.
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face!

Fathers—Mothers—Sisters All,

God and myself I have lost by my fall:
The barest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is one or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.
How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again;
If the snow and ice struck my desparate brain.

Fainting—Freezing—Dying Alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of snow coming down!
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.
Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth now
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning—Bleeding—Dying For Thee,

The Crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
"Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my weak prayer?"
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Dear Friend

CONSIDER—

- the love of God,
- the suffering of Christ,
- the sorrow of sin,
- the shortness of this life,
- the certainty of death,
- the coming of Christ,
- the fact of judgment,
- the glories of heaven,
- the terrors of hell, and
- the value of your soul

before you choose the life of sin and the death of a
sinner.
