

ANNUAL ADDRESS

—DELIVERED BY—

MRS. EMILY HOPPIN,

[Before the Yolo County Convention of the W. C. T. U.]

Woodland, Cal., 1890.

At the close of this third and last year of my relation to you, as County President, a resume of the work would be to you what Hamlet's reply to Polonius was, when tomorrow the work will be fully reported by the different unions.

It were fitting, however, that brief mention should be made of the county work, as it now passes into new, and I hope, abler hands than mine. Three years ago the county was organized with three unions and 105 paying members. It now numbers nine unions and 470 paid members, besides 165 honoraries.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has not only advanced the work of the W. C. T. U., but has advanced public opinion on the Prohibition question. To be sure, the brains of our learned Supervisors are somewhat muddled, and their recent attempt at so-called temperance legislation would be laughable were not their ignorance pitiful. The new ordinance is, in their opinion, a concession of the 1,300 voters who petitioned for the entire suppression of the saloon. Now the temperance people of this county have the warfare to wage against the saloon with the bulwark around them of some of our best citizens, vouching for not only the respectability and good moral character of the saloon keeper, but the respectability and good moral tone of the saloon itself.

There are some facts that should convince the voters of this county that the saloon should be prohibited, even though good men vouch for its respectability. One fact is, that night after night the saloons are filled with young men and boys. Another fact is, that so many of our officials are elected by the saloon vote. Another fact is, the number of deaths this year from this the same "moral" atmosphere. Another fact is, the expense it has been to the county of trying murderers of these men. And last, the desolate homes should convince the men of this county that the saloon is anything but a respectable place. Respectable places do not bring young men to drunkards' graves and felons' cells. Respectable places do not have a long procession of wretched homes, and sickly children, and ruined men and heart-broken women in their train. They do not cause women to look in the faces of their husbands with the cry, "I wish I were dead!" Surely, "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," and some day their work will be finished. This year I do not come to you with plans of work, but I want to talk for a little while of work which the W. C. T. U. is doing.

If my thoughts seem somewhat disconnected, you will please try to be patient, as the old lady was with the dictionary, when she decided that though it was "mighty interestin'," yet she couldn't just get the "hang of the story." Remember too, that a woman's mind is, at the best, a meandering one.

The county is the heart of the temperance work, and as the heart beats, now fast now slow, so throbs the pulse of the State and nation. In our ideal county organization, the President is a woman of gifts of mind and person, a woman of tact and good judgment, a woman of broad views and tolerant mind, and a woman of deep spiritual insight; one whose mind

"Is at leisure with itself,
To soothe and sympathize."

In our ideal county the Superintendents are Presidents of their departments, women who will act as guides to the local Superintendents, raise the money for department work, and attend to all the duties of their offices. Our county is not an ideal county; our officers are not ideal officers; we are only a handful of women, whose hands are overfull of home duties, reaching out of our homes to help make a purer atmosphere for our families. The temperance work is home work.

For centuries women have either been placed on a pedestal for worship, or kept for beasts of burden, or used for toys to while away an idle hour. For centuries women have only echoed the words of their husbands or fathers, but the drink-evil has entered so many homes, has broken so many hearts, the words, "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" has ceased to satisfy. Women have learned by sad experience that the hand that only rocked the cradle was a very weak hand. We may guard our children from vicious surroundings; we may fortify them against evil by judicious teaching, but there are places where the mother's work of years is undone in a short time, and the hand that rocks the cradle is powerless if it tries to do nothing else than keep the cradle moving to the lullaby song. Times change, and we change with them. Our lullaby is as soothing as of yore, the cradle swings to and fro, but we have found that the time must not all be spent by the cradle's side. We have to go out with the girl and the youth, to try to shield them from this curse of alcohol.

I often hear the words of a beautiful, saintly woman. She had reared four daughters to useful womanhood. She reared five sons to respected manhood, and then came one, the Benjamin who went astray. I can see her beautiful blue eyes fill with tears, and hear her voice of infinite pathos as she told me his words, when he recovered from one of his sprees, "Oh! mother, forgive me, I didn't mean to do wrong." Was either to blame? I think not. She did what she could, and he struggled in vain against the drink. Who was to blame? I can tell you.

"Out from the hearthstone the children
Pass from the breath of a mother's prayer,
And the father's vote, on the crowded street,
Consents to the snare for the little feet.
Oh! say: will your children come back as they go,
"Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?"

Oh! the depth of a mother's love. A love that reaches out of the home, reaches to the saloon, and even to the home of her whose house is the house of death—after the sons and daughters.

One of the most beautiful things to me in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the lowly work so many have elected to do. I visited in Chicago last fall the Bethesda Mission. The bed-rooms were filled with clean beds, where for a few pennies the traveller could have a good bed, a bath and cleansed clothes in the morning. I visited a gospel meeting in the same place. The woman in charge was assisted by some reformed men. The room was well filled, and before the meeting closed several men came to the front and asked for prayers. I watched Miss Cushman, the leader, and thought that surely her heart was filled

with human kindness, or she could never have worked with the class that was in the room that night. Yet the soul for whom Christ died was in each one of those rough men and women as in us, who were better bred and clothed, but after all,

"The clothes are but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for 'a that."

Among the departments of work in this organization, none are of more importance than ethical culture. It is a work little known or heeded, but it is a work which lies at the foundation.

If the principles of peace were taught in our public schools, we would have fewer murders recorded twenty years from now. If the principles of patriotism were taught, we would have fewer anarchist clubs, fewer scenes like that of the Haymarket. The United States flag should float from every school house, and the pupils be taught that the stars and stripes means protection for the weak, equal advantages for all, and belief in God.

I would like to see physical culture taught in our public schools. Men need physical training, and they get it. Women need it and do not get it, yet the physical condition of women affects the human race far more than the physical condition of men affects it. A poor tree cannot bear good fruit. It is a sin that a child must be sickly because its mother could not spare the time to learn the laws of health. Doctors thrive from the ailments of women and children. The healthful sports of boys are forbidden their sisters. I can remember when my love for base-ball and kindred games secured me the not very elegant name of "tom-boy," but I believe my perfect health to-day is due to the out-door sports of my girlhood. I wish our woman's Christian Temperance Union could clothe every girl in the garments advocated by Mrs. Jenness Miller, could put every girl through a course of gymnastics and out-door plays. I wish every school in this county could devote at least an hour a day to physical culture, then we would not see the round-shouldered, wasp-waisted girls we see on the streets now. The brain should never be cultivated at the expense of the body. Nothing can take the place of health, and to have health one must have exercise.

The physical training should be given in connection with hygienic teaching, especially with reference to alcohol in the wines and beer used so largely. In 1850 the mortality from bright's disease alone was one and a fraction in 1,000 cases. In 1860 it was thirty and a fraction. Perhaps the quantity of beer consumed in these days helps to explain these figures. There is no doubt that the American people are becoming more and more a beer-drinking nation, and after a while the German legend of the "Three Wishes" may be applied to our own people.

Tradition says a benevolent fairy once came to a German laborer, and said she had come to free him from his poverty, and would grant him three wishes, and what would he have for the first? Promptly came the answer, "Beer enough." What next? "Money enough." And now your third wish? After a moment's hesitation came the answer, "A little more beer."

The effects of beer-drinking have been showed to be a deterioration of the moral as well as the physical nature, and the teaching that will help to lessen this evil will help to develop men and women of fine physique, whose minds will have grown with their bodies, giving us a race that will progress toward the infinite in all that is great and good and true. "We have violated law upon law until we stand among ruins. Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman. Health should be universal. Genius should be the child of genius, and every child should be inspired; but now it is not to be predicted of any child, and nowhere is it pure."

Another reason why the Woman's Christian Temperance Union should try to introduce physical and ethical teaching in our public schools, is that a proper teaching of these laws would create a hatred of an evil that is undermining our social and religious institutions, and is appalling even the most careless. I speak of the increase of divorce.

The ease and sometimes absolute secrecy with which men and women can dissolve the marriage tie, puts a premium on divorce.

We bemoan the corruption in public affairs. Let us go to the fountain-head, and we will find that it comes largely from the corrupted homes. We believe that alcohol is at the bottom of many of these wrecked homes and lives, but there are other causes of divorce, and I believe it is the province of this organization to strike at the root of this evil, for divorce entails evil consequences upon the children, and it cannot help but give them lax ideas of the marriage bond, which should be a most sacred and lasting one.

"Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder." It is true that those whom God has joined, man cannot sever, but alas! God does not always join the man and woman. The lust of the eye, and the lust of the flesh often join them, and what can you expect but unhappy homes.

Many men think it no sin to be governed in their selection of a wife by merely physical charms. Many women think it no sin to marry drinking, licentious men. Then they wonder why they are not happy, and rush to the divorce court for relief.

My friends, married life must necessarily consist largely of self-denials, and giving up each to the other. Out of these will come a truer measure of happiness, and the self-denials will result in happiness after awhile, provided there is not absolute cruelty and wrong-doing. I would not make divorce laws too stringent. I do not believe a woman ought to live with a drunkard or licentious man, but divorce is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. One ounce of prevention would be in more stringent marriage laws.

Fifty years ago marriage was more difficult to accomplish than it is now, when a man can rush to the county clerk, get a license, and be married within an hour. Then the bans were published weeks beforehand. The greatest publicity was given to the contemplated marriage, and the publicity was a safeguard. Personally, I would like to see the Woman's Christian Temperance Union working for stricter marriage laws. Then there would be less marrying in haste to repent at leisure.

Another ounce of prevention is one which we cannot help. It is the many social organizations which fill a man's time, and make a circle of engagements first with the Masons, then Odd Fellows, then Workmen, then something else, until every night is filled.

In the club-houses which, in Woodland, are in the form of back offices in hotels and back rooms of saloons, the amusements are smoking, drinking, gaming. The wives sit in their homes alone. I know many a woman who never sees her husband from six o'clock until mid-night. Do you wonder some seek the divorce court?

You may say, women have their club-houses, and how is it about the W. C. T. U. for instance? But women's clubs and organizations are not for the purposes named above, and they rarely take a woman from home in the evenings.

Another ounce of prevention would be the study of the laws of being.

I would have the laws of heredity taken up in every public school, and the child taught the harmfulness of trifling with those laws. In the good days that are coming, by and by, the laws of selection will be carried into the human race as well as into the brute creation. Men, in these days, pour over the genealogy of the brutis, will study for weeks the ancestry of horses for the sake of having a swift horse. Selection will be most carefully made, yet many of these same men think in the human race all are alike, one as good as another.

Blood will tell, and when people study the antecedents of those whom they wish to marry, and children learn the laws of heredity, there will be fewer cases for the divorce courts, fewer cases for the prisons.

I read, awhile ago, of one notorious woman whose descendants had cost the State of New York a million and a half of dollars.

The "Whistler," a California paper published in the interests of the wine dealers, speaks of our emulation of foreign drinking ways, and adds, "And the result has been that we, a young nation, are aping the ways of these foreigners, and the habit has so grown into our natures that our sins, if sins they are, are visited upon our children, and will go down to our children's children, gaining strength as they run the gauntlet of generations, or gradually growing weaker according to the manner in which the question is treated by the fathers and mothers of the present day."

One of the best ways of counteracting these habits which, according to the reports of the liquor men themselves, are undermining our government, is teaching the children in our schools the sciences of heredity and hygiene, and the effects of alcohol upon the system. Young men and women know so little of these laws, and when the years bring knowledge they cry, "Oh! if I had known these things sooner." I would like to see in our public schools, half an hour each day, devoted to physical culture, one hour each day spent in the study of heredity and hygiene.

A quixotic idea, think you? But, my friends, book knowledge is not everything. The weal and woe of the human race is far more important, and could these lessons be taught, fifty years from now would see a different race, physically, mentally and morally, and our children would rise and call us blessed.

Another remedy, and I believe the all-powerful one, for doing away of evils is bringing the gospel to all. Personally, I believe the day of Prohibition will not come until the day when Christ is king all over the world. Prohibition cannot come until men are educated to believe in its merits, and they will never believe in it until the day when Christ enters their hearts and lives.

I believe that the most effective way to-day of shutting off the liquor traffic is through evangelistic work. If every man who calls himself Christian could see that every time he encourages the liquor traffic in any way, he is sinning against God's law of loving one's neighbor as oneself, then the saloon would have to go, and the only way to reach men and women, both those who are Christians and those who are not, and induce them to use their influence against the saloon, is through Christ.

This work should belong to the church, "for it should claim every lofty generous Christian as its own—every brave, brotherly word as its echo," but does it? Does the church lead reform? Not at all. Reforms often, if not always, spring from people within the church. But before the church mothers them, they must pass inspection as respectable. How was it in anti-slavery days? Did not the church, for years, not dare to touch the subject of slavery? Was not the question forced upon it, and then was it not taken up with fear and trembling? I can remember that ministers were sometimes driven from their pulpits for advocating anti-slavery doctrines, just as some ministers are now for preaching Prohibition doctrines, but the church should recognize kinship with every philanthropic society, although it might not approve of all its methods. I wish this temperance work could have been begun where it ought, but it did not. It was the handful of women who began it, and when the tide of Prohibition became too strong the churches took it up. It is not for me to arraign the churches, which I believe in most sincerely, but I do believe in these days, they have drifted away from Christ's teachings. I read this advertisement in a Washington paper:

"WANTED—By a gentleman and his wife, old residents in Washington, half a pew, or two seats in St. John's Episcopal Church. Best of social references given." This reminds the paper of a little story of Lincoln: "An office-seeker came to him loaded with references from first families. President Lincoln told him he could have the office, and handed him back his papers." "Don't you want to place the papers on file?" "said the young man." "I supposed that was the custom." "Yes, it is the custom," "said President Lincoln," "but I thought you would better take them, as you might want to join St. John's Church."

In Woodland, a few years ago, a lady came to me with the complaint that another woman was coming to church, and she didn't believe she was a good woman. My friends, is the church to gauge all questions by the social yard measure? Are none but respectable people to enter the house of Him, against whom the charge was made that "he went with publicans and sinners?" The

God who even sanctified that greatest ignominy of being born of a virgin. Is it for you or for me to stand one side with the Pharisee's prayer, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are?" Is the church not to sanction any movements until they receive the approbation of society? The "voice of the man who lives with God should not only be as sweet as the murmur of the brook, but it should be as clear as the trumpet against evil." "He enslaves his children's children who makes compromise with sin." Nothing else but Prohibition should do for the church, no half-way measures should satisfy it.

What is the relation of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to the church? What it is can be told by a vote taken in the National Convention in Chicago, when Miss Willard asked all to rise who were connected with the Sunday school. Every woman of the 466 rose but two. The women of this organization are among the best helpers the church has in every town, and it should be held in the same relation that the missionary societies are. The church is largely taken up with its dogmas. This winter has witnessed the spectacle of the most learned divines of the country spending weeks arguing the doctrines of predestination and preterition, but as Emerson says, "The origin of evil, predestination and kindred doctrines never darkened any man's road unless he sought them." What men are groping for is Christ. The theologian comes out of his seminary with his log-arithms, his Greek, and his 'isms, and what does he know of human woes and sorrows. His most important lesson is all un-

learned. A woman goes down into the shadow of a great darkness, and there she feels the Christ-heart that takes in all humanity, and as she brings the babe along into childhood and youth, her whole being wants to help him. That is the reason why the church members are nine-tenths women. They are trying to learn the lessons that will make them better women, better mothers, and to-day the Women's Christian Temperance Union in all its forty-two departments is the advance guard for the church, and as such deserves its most hearty support. The spiritual nature of woman is becoming intensified. She is standing like a sentinel before her home, and challenges every evil, and exalts every good. The lives of many of our temperance women are what the life of every Christian should be,—an alms, a battle, a conquest and a medicine,—and as such needs recognition and help from every fellow Christian.

Rev. Herrick Johnson spoke in the National Convention of a sunset he once witnessed in Switzerland, when it seemed as if heaven's gates had been opened, and a bar of light thrown down as a pathway from earth to heaven, and he said that as he had seen the work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in alleys, and garrets, in prisons and hospitals, among the tempted and outcast, the burdened and heavy laden, it seemed to him that these places of toil were the mount of heavenly vision, on whose top God had let down a path for the ransomed ones; and many a waif, and sinful men and women had been saved to God by the loving ministry of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and for that reason he believed in them, although he could not endorse all their methods.

What we need in our work is more personal responsibility. It is no easy path we are travelling. The road lies upward to the very end. The hand of every political intriguer, every wicked man and woman is against us. Yes, and the hands of many good men and women are against us. Our own love of ease holds us back. We seem to be making so little progress sometimes, and our brains weary, and our hearts tire. Then too,

"There are briars besetting every path,
Which call for earnest prayer.
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer."

We all find it hard to work against the adverse criticism, the combined power of men, the indifference of women, the lukewarmness of so many who should be our best allies. We become discouraged with others, most of all we become discouraged with ourselves. We look at our work, and think it is nothing but a bubble. It will all be burned. Wrong seems to

wood, ha
triumph. Right

"The years seem long,
The foe grows strong,
Hope falters and is dumb.
But God's time is the harvest time,
And that is sure to come."

Let us try to do this work well, even though it involves discouragements, self-sacrifice and often misconstruction of our motives. God's path is not a flowery one apparently, but some of us have learned that

"The soul wherein God dwells
(What church can holier be)
Becomes a walking tent
Of heavenly majesty.
How far from earth to heaven?
Not very far, my friend."

It can begin in our own hearts, here and now, for each one of us, if we will have it so. . . We can obtain, if we will, the inward and spiritual grace, that will carry us past the discouragements through the self-sacrifices, and perhaps the griefs, up to the steps of the great White Throne.

As our beloved Miss Willard said, in her address this year
"The world laughs at our expectation of celestial peace
with sneers, what answer have your prayers?"

"Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be un-
Her feet are firmly planted on the rock;
Beneath the wildest storms she stands un-
Nor quails beneath the loudest thunder's
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer
And cries, It shall be done—sometime, some-

FROM MICHIGAN.

A Yolo County Lady Writes a Spicy Letter From the Great Lakes.

ED. MAIL:—It is not so very many years ago that a journey overland to the East would have afforded material for a volume of adventure. Often the story would have recorded perils, hardships and suffering. Not infrequently the traveller did not survive, as the numerous graves along the old emigrant trail attest. Since that time so many thousands have been swiftly whirled over the route that the few days of travel are as devoid of anything uncommon as a trip from Sacramento to Yolo; and the cars are so luxurious, the conveniences so ample, the porters so willing to anticipate your wants (by the influence of a little fee) that the journey is divested of much of its tedium.

The Sierras are passed in the night, and the following day carried us over the alkaline plains and in sight of the old emigrant trail and the Humboldt river. Sage brush, dirty Indians, distant mountains and the rumble of the train become monotonous to one who has traveled the road before, so my pen refuses to record anything of interest. The second morning finds us at Ogden, where we exchange sleepers, and the Union Pacific begins. It is a delightful trip to take the narrow gauge at this point and go through the mountain passes and defiles of Colorado and Utah. I have tried this route, and at this time of the year it is varied and charming in its pleasures and splendors. The Mormon city with its refulgent temple with its immense dome is the first sight, then come in succession the bright valley, which has been transformed by Mormon industry, the sights of Soldier canyon and the wonderful Castle Gate. We pass, taking this route, the marvelously beautiful Gunnison Valley, the high Marshall Pass, from which a magnificent view is presented, and the gloomy grandeur of the deep black canyons of the Gunnison and the grand canyon of the Arkansas.

But I postponed these attractions until my return and hastened on over the Union Pacific. It is not as picturesque a line as that through Colorado and Utah, but there is much that is beautiful to be seen. The surprise is to see how villages are springing up, villages where the Chautauqua circle flourishes, and the streets look like those of Illinois and Ohio. Along the Platte river are beautiful farms with every appearance of thrift on the part of the owners. Nebraska has turned out differently from the expectations of the pilgrims of '49, and a diversified agriculture enriches the farmers, where every one supposed the land was fit only for grazing purposes.

After we cross the Mississippi we see in the parched fields proof of the severe drought which has in places cut the crop of corn to one-half its usual yield and in places destroyed it entirely. Chicago is reached at last and the growth and beauty of the city makes a strong impression on us, and make us think that Chicago will

soon be the second city of our country. San Francisco must be the third. I find the general belief is that within five years three great railway systems will complete their through lines to the Pacific and of course add greatly to the population and prosperity of California.

Michigan is a beautiful State, and the St. Joseph valley, where I am now, is one of its richest sections. The people here are largely descended from immigrants from New York and the Eastern States. You will find genuine culture among all, and the towns are exceedingly attractive at this time of the year. One town has streets completely shaded by towering but spreading maples and oaks. The homes are cool and attractive. Tho' loyal to our own sunny clime of the sunshine, I must confess to a great love for the shady groves of the dear old valley.

Occasionally one runs across a "Silurian"—Yolo does not hold them all—and it is amusing to see the ideas some have of California. A gentleman said to me the other day (one who is well up in literature and science): "I suppose you have to ride horseback where you are." "No," said I, "I'm not quite equal to horseback riding. I have to depend on a carriage and pony." "Ah! Mexican ponies, I suppose." I smilingly assented, but wondered whether the Yoloites, who pride themselves on their high-steppers, would enjoy hearing them called "Mexican ponies." But this well informed man has not realized that California has in anywise changed from the Mexican province described in Morse's Geography. Every one talks to me of Los Angeles and seems to think that is the one place in California, and when I tell them of the climate, soil and products of Yolo, they are surprised and say they supposed Southern California was the only place where fruit could be raised. Right here let me ask the question if a little printer's ink, judiciously applied, would not be advisable. Many families of culture and means could be led to Yolo county by the means of a little knowledge of its resources.

In conclusion, let me say that notwithstanding the pleasant showers and delightful greenness and freshness of our lake bound State, I prefer the dust and sunshine and luxuries of sunny and golden California. E. A. H.

NILES, MICH., Aug. 27, 1887.

Miss Willard As I Saw Her.

BY EMILY HOPPIN.

It is not always easy to say the deepest thing and the sweetest thing at such a time as this. Human love stands bewildered between its own loss and the glory into which our loved have gone.

Miss Willard's life has been an inspiration to thousands of us, and I consider it one of my great privileges to have seen her, to have heard her speak, to have clasped her hand.

It was in a National convention in Chicago, I think, in 1888. There was a galaxy of brilliant women on the platform, among them Julia Ames and Mrs Lathrap—the latter a wonderful woman, logical, witty. The vast audience listened to her every word, but when Miss Willard rose to speak, the audience was tumultuous in its welcome.

Words cannot describe her—the magnetism of her manner; her voice, so clear it was heard in the remotest corner of the great room; so sweet, it seemed like music. Her words you can all read, but you cannot read the eloquence and beauty of her face and manner. As she turned to the audience it seemed as though her words were addressed to you personally, her smile meant for you alone; and the lessons she taught me in her writings I shall carry through life.

Her life and words have taught me that we are here to grow enough to take our part in another's life or lives. We are surrounded by limitations that retard our growth, but the failures these cause keep us from being content.

There is that within us that is always endeavoring to reach beyond them; this is the divine in us, and God constantly renews it from without and within—from nature, as seen by us, from humanity as felt by us, and from God Himself, dwelling in us.

Unless we find out these limitations, and work within them, our life is useless, and we have thrown away the divine in us. But knowing them, we need not say, "I will be content with what I have." Rather, we ought to say, "Our true life is beyond—an infinite life of happiness, knowledge and love, and we will not cease to strive toward the perfection unattainable here, but attainable hereafter.

The secret of Miss Willard's power lay not so much in her knowledge, nor her magnetism, but in her humility and her love. The truly great are always humble, and Miss Willard was no exception. She knew her power perfectly, and no one ever received more praise than she; yet she lived above it, and thought of it only as it should help her to greater living.

The most beautiful legacy Miss Willard has left to us is her wonderful faith. Never did it seem to fail her. She kept it in the midst of a slothful, criticising world. She was one "Who never turned her back, but marched breast forward;

Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
Should triumph;

Who rose, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."