

TO THE DRUNKARD

My Dear Friend: while I have been thinking about you — your present pitiable condition, and, sooner or later, your terrible fate — the very room in which I am writing to you seems to have become filled with shadows of the most gloomy and mournful character, and my own heart is oppressed with questionings as to how you will feel, what you will say and where you will flee on the Judgment morning!

How to write you I scarcely know. To say that you are in the wrong — filling your life up with wrongs as dark and terrible as hell itself — would surely be but saying what must be too well known to you, for what drunkard is there who does not read in all that surrounds him the sad, sad tale of the bitter wrongs done himself and others through the dark days of his drinking experience.

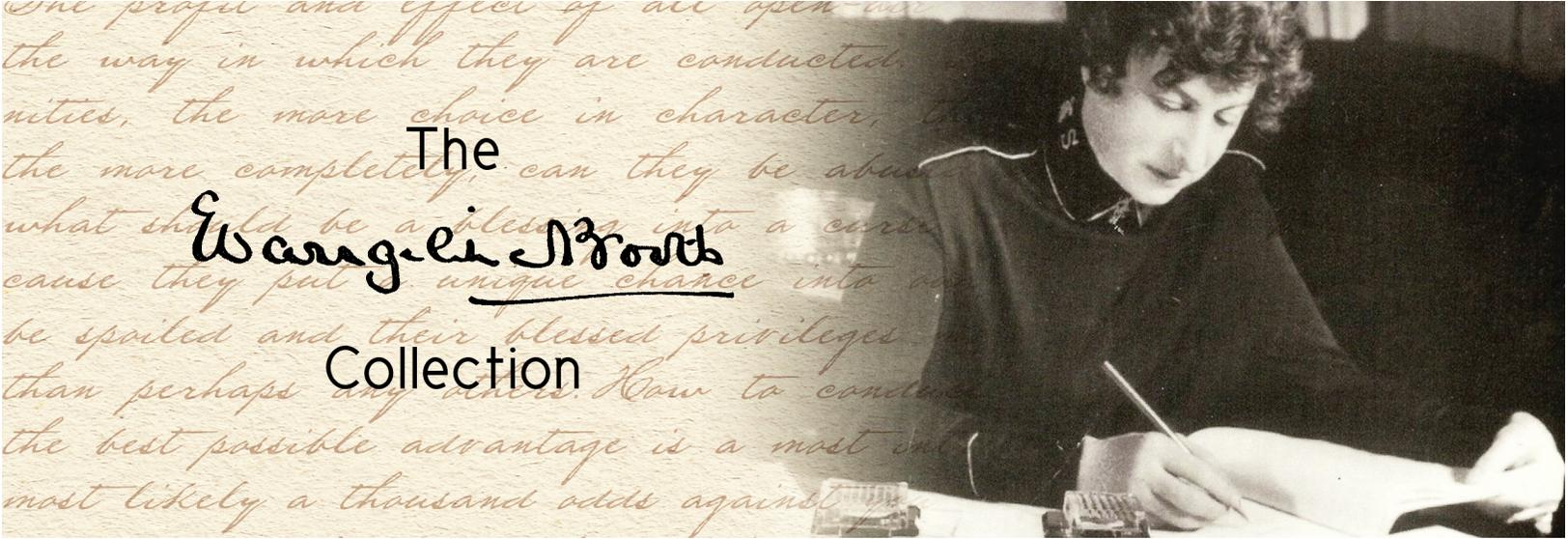
OH, THE HORRORS OF DRINK!

I could weep as I think what terrors it has brought into your life. What might you not have been but for its cruel, destructive death-touch? You may argue I do not know your circumstances, but you must allow me to say I think I do, for I have seen some hundreds of men and women, once bright and happy as possibly you were, and with as high and good intentions as you may have had, dragged into all they most hated and abhorred, and away from all they most loved and honored, through drink, though I fancy I can see you with all your once bright prospects, standing mocking beside your dark and miserable condition.

When you stop and think, how bitter your regrets must be! There arises before you the thousands of things you have done when you were drunk that you would have

ALMOST GIVEN YOUR BLOOD TO UNDO
WHEN YOU WERE SOBER!

That first blow you gave the fair brow of your wife, which sent her weak from staggering against the wall. When in soberness you looked upon the black bruise standing up on the poor face, seeming to brand all time and eternity with your sin, you could not believe it had been given by



you to the one you loved, the one you promised to cherish and protect and take care of; yet it was — only you did not know what you were doing! You were drunk — drunk when you gave that blow, but sober when you faced the terrible effect of your drunkenness, just as sober as you will be when you face all the evils drink has forced you to commit before the bar of God! What a charge your past will make a upon you there! What a long line of accusing, condemning wrongs your sins will muster! How they will point at you! With what loud voices they will call out your name! What a lot they will have to say about you in that great judgment hour! Your whole sad, dark story will be told then; everything will come out — all the sins into which drink has dragged you. How tears, want, groans rascality of every description were all plentiful wherever you were — how you let the children's faces grow paler, their forms slighter, their features more pinched, while you bartered their bread across the counter for beer, and maybe even have not hesitated to exchange their raiment for the liquid fire which has burned up all that was manly, true and kind within you.

Then there are your dear old mother's prayers and entreaties which you have spurned from the age of your boyhood, until her broken heart ceased its throbbing's and the Man of Sorrows kissed away her grief within the gates of gold.

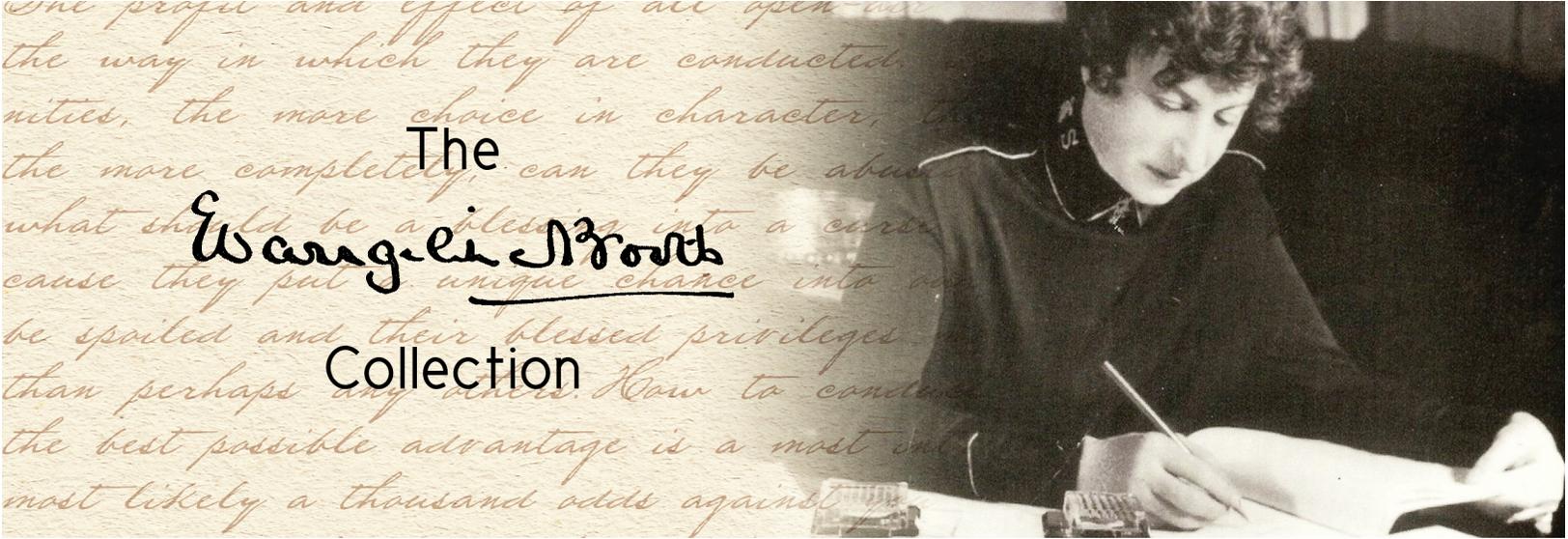
How will you — how can you answer these charges? They will not be exaggerated, neither will they be any less than what they are. Here on earth some have thought worse of you than you are — some better than was true; but God knows exactly what lies at your door. There will be

THOUSANDS OF ACCUSERS, BUT NOT A SINGLE DEFENDER.

The saloonkeeper, whose brazen till has felt no reluctance in the taking of your all, will not support you in that hour. The man who mocked away your rising repentance, who pulled your coat sleeve when he saw your lip quiver in that soul stirring meeting, will be no help to you before the Great White Throne. True, he will be there, but too occupied with his own heavy account to help you in answering yours.

But why should I speak so much of the future? Is not the present enough? Have not the judgments of God already met you? Are you not struggling with the bitter,

CONSEQUENCES OF WHICH YOU ARE YOURSELF THE CAUSE?



Are you one who has been long hopelessly tossed by the billows of this ruin, or have your feet but ruthlessly played about its treacherous waters? Its curse is all the same stamped upon your past, and most likely upon all around you.

O drunkard poor, helpless, hopeless and forsaken my heart aches for you! I know how despairing you feel, all hedged in by a thousand snares, and you think it is useless to try for anything better, but you must not forget Jesus died — died for you — suffered and shed his blood to save you, and that low as you may have got, wretched as you may be, strong as are the bonds, which bind you, His dear, saving hand can reach you. He can lift you up, he can help you, He can even make you happy, for his great Salvation can save you. God is your only hope! You have tried resolutions — turning over a new leaf — signing the pledge — shunning your old associates, but all has failed. It is God's arm upon which you want to hang your soul's burden; His nail pierced hand to burst the fetters that hold you — the power

TO SLAY THE RABID APPETITE WITHIN YOU!

His riven side to be your hiding place. Oh, that just now your heart should break, and the cry of your contrition should even now — although it may be late — reach God's mercy, that heaven should rejoice over you, a poor, dark sinner, coming home — home at last! Your feet are sore with the hard traveling of a transgressor's ways. Your every hope is gone. Come home to God, and all your wanderings he will cast behind his back, your transgressions blot out as a thick cloud, and the wounds of your heart He will heal. He has done it for thousands who today live to His glory and shout His praises. He can; he will; He wants to do it for you. Get down on your knees and ask Him — get hold of the hands of your little children, and tell your wife how sorry you are for the past, and all of you together go to Jesus, or make your way to the Army Hall. The officers and soldiers will sing around you while you find the Salvation of God, which will wash away your sin, and sweep away all your sorrow.

I am praying for you.

Evangeline Booth