

There is No Harm in Dancing eBook

There is No Harm in Dancing

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Contents

There is No Harm in Dancing eBook.....	1
Contents.....	2
Table of Contents.....	4
Page 1.....	5
Page 2.....	7
Page 3.....	8
Page 4.....	9
Page 5.....	10
Page 6.....	11
Page 7.....	13
Page 8.....	15
Page 9.....	16
Page 10.....	17
Page 11.....	18
Page 12.....	20
Page 13.....	21
Page 14.....	23
Page 15.....	24
Page 16.....	25
Page 17.....	26
Page 18.....	27
Page 19.....	28
Page 20.....	29
Page 21.....	30
Page 22.....	32

[Page 23.....](#) [34](#)

[Page 24.....](#) [35](#)

Table of Contents

Table of Contents	
Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
W. E. PENN	1
	1
PREFACE.	1
INTRODUCTION.	1
SAMPLES OF FRUIT FOUND ON THE TREE OF DANCING: DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS	21
	21



Page 1

W. E. PENN

With an Introduction by Rev. J.H. *Stribling*, D.D.

St. Louis, Mo.

Lewis E. Kline, Publisher and Bookseller.

1884

“Buy the *truth* and sell it not; also *Wisdom* and *instruction* and *understanding*.”—PROV. 23-23.

“There is a way that SEEMETH right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of *death*.”—PROV. 14-25

This little book is respectfully and kindly dedicated to all Husbands, Fathers and Brothers, who love their Wives, Daughters and Sisters, by

The author.

PREFACE.

During the past seven years I have delivered the substance of the foregoing Lecture on Dancing, as a part of my work as an Evangelist, before not less than one hundred thousand people. I have been requested by hundreds of *fathers* and mothers, young men and girls, *husbands* and *brothers*, and pastors of churches to publish the Lecture in the form of a book, that its influence may be extended to fields I shall never visit. It is in compliance with these requests that the little book is written, with the hope that at least some good may result in begetting and fostering a better state of morals in our day and generation, and in checking the terrible increase of crime which is rolling over the earth like a mighty wave of the ocean. If I shall ever hear that this little book has had some humble part in stopping one poor soul from taking one more step down the “*Broad road*,” or that it has done any good in the world, I shall feel well paid for all the time and trouble it has cost me in getting it into the hands of the printer. Most of persons speaking or writing on the subject of the dance, are “*hear-say*” witnesses, but I profess to having been an “*eye-witness*,” which I propose to prove by all the *bad* men, or those who have been *bad* men, who may carefully read this book. Their verdict will be: “*He has been there.*”

While I believe that hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, and pastors, and Christians, will bless the day this little book was written, and will offer many earnest prayers for the author, I shall expect many

Othellos to curse me with all the bitterness of their souls, because I hope it may be said wherever the book is read: "OTHELLO'S *occupation is gone*."

The author.

INTRODUCTION.

Major W.C. Penn, the author of the following treatise on the modern dance, has requested the writer to pen a few thoughts introductory to a theme he has presented with such pith and power to listening thousands in his travels as an Evangelist.

Page 2

Various inquiries have been made as to how Major Penn, a lawyer in a lucrative practice, and with all the attractions of wealth and of fame before him, and in a quiet, lovely and elegant home, with a wife who has ever been as a guardian angel to his pathway, was led to change his vocation to that of a wandering Evangelist, and how it is that he now stands before the world beside Knapp, and Earle, and Moody, and other world-renowned Evangelists of the 19th century, in leading multitudes to Christ as a Savior?

It is answered and centered in the sublime truth: "The love of Christ constraineth us." As the stars are dimmed and lost sight of in the brilliancy of the rising sun, so earthly pleasures, riches and honors fade and dwindle in the glory of the Cross. As God was pleased to use the writer as an instrument in getting brother Penn into this work, so it seemed proper that a few incidents and facts which led to it, as remembered in our associations together, should be stated.

It was in Jefferson, Texas, where our brother then resided, that I first saw him, in May, 1874, during the session of the Southern Baptist Convention, at that place. But it was in June, the year after, at his own home and during a series of meetings in the Baptist Church, that I began to know more of him, as he brought up in our social interviews a review of his life religiously—as he told of the time when, in the ardor and vigor of youth, in Tennessee, at a meeting, he sought to defy and brave a gospel message from the venerable brother James Hurt, by taking a front seat; and then how his soul was convulsed and his heart melted, as God's message wrenched the bolted door of that heart; how he struggled with the agonies of conviction for sin, during the long, weary hours of night; and how the joys of pardoning love through Christ came to his soul with the brightness of the morning. As these conversations were reviewed, he told of frequent backslidings, and how far away from God he had been. Then he told of some things he had done in the Sunday School and in the Church, and then at times gave his opinion as to the best way of conducting a series of meetings and other things pertaining to Christ's Kingdom. During these conversations the question was asked: "Bro. Penn, are you satisfied and sure that you are in full discharge of your duty?" After a pause he replied, as if conscience was awakened:

"No Sir. I am not satisfied, and have not been for years past." Then said he: "You are the first man that ever asked me that question." Then the writer made known some impressions about him that must have been made by the spirit of God, for he never had just such an interest to burden his heart previously, and that was that God had a peculiar and wonderful work for him to do. "But," said Bro. Penn, "at my age, in my profession and in my condition, I cannot believe it to be my duty to preach the Gospel"—his age being at that time forty-two years. Among

Page 3

other things said at this time by the writer, as he now remembers them one was: That the Spirit of God leads and teaches us in strange ways, often, as to what God would have us do, and that our methods of holding meetings seemed to the writer as being deficient in some things, and that the good of the cause required a change from the ruts and grooves in which these meetings had been run, and that we were making our services monotonous and chilling out spirituality by common methods of conducting divine service, in protracted meetings. Another thought was: That he and men like himself, as lawyers, that were given to talking and that knew much of men and the world, if the love of Christ was burning in their souls, might do a great work in going out and helping in such meetings, even if they never engaged regularly in the ministry.

But it was in Tyler, Texas, at a Sunday School Institute, in July, 1875, that a new era was to dawn on Major Penn.

It was a fixed impression in the mind of the pastor that there ought to be a change in our manner of conducting revival services; that the time had come to begin the work, and that Bro. Penn was the man to inaugurate such a change. In prayer this matter was carried to the Lord for His direction. It was a settled impression in the heart of the writer, as pastor of the Baptist Church, that the Church and community needed a series of meetings at this time. There were preachers present of experience, piety and ability, and he had no doubt they would remain and aid in such services if invited to do so. But contrary to what was a common practice at the close of such meetings, and after imploring the Lord to direct him, he could not, from his heart, ask any of these preachers to stay and aid in a meeting.

While singing the last song, at the close of the service on Sunday night, the writer approached Major Penn, who had been aiding in the singing, and said to him: "Bro. Penn, I am going to appoint a prayer meeting at 9 o'clock in the morning, and as your train does not leave until 2 o'clock to-morrow evening, I shall expect to see you at the meeting; will you come?" To which he replied. "I have some business with the clerk of the Federal Court, and if I get through in time, I will try and be here." A prayer meeting was announced for 9 o'clock the next morning. At the appointed hour a fair congregation had assembled, and a few minutes after 9 o'clock Maj. Penn came in and took a seat not far from the door. The writer approached him and said: "I want you to conduct this meeting." He replied: "You must excuse me, I am a lawyer, and do not believe in mixing things in this way. You conduct the meeting or get one of those preachers sitting there to do it, and I will help in singing or lead in prayer, if desired." To which the writer replied: "If all the preachers in the world were here I could not permit one of them to conduct this meeting, and I am not physically able. You *must* do it." To which he answered. "Very well, I will conduct a prayer meeting."

Page 4

The meeting was opened as is usual, when Brother Penn arose and read a portion of the 20th chapter of John, and then talked about fifteen minutes, which seemed to awaken a very deep interest throughout the entire congregation. At the close of this talk quite a number of wives, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters arose one after another and in great earnestness asked prayer for their loved ones. While singing the last song, the writer asked Brother Penn to remain and conduct a service at night, which he positively refused to do, saying that he must go home. Whereupon the writer publicly entered a protest against his leaving. Sister Penn and others of the company from Jefferson consenting, he agreed to remain one more day. At night the house was crowded, and great interest manifested by Christians and by many unconverted. A prayer meeting was announced for 9 o'clock the next morning. At this meeting the house was well filled, with a decided increase of interest. One or two conversions-and a number of inquiries were made.

At the close of this meeting the writer said to Brother Penn, "You cannot leave this meeting, it will never do, there never has been such an interest in this town since I have been here." To which he replied "I am bound to go home, I have no partner and no one to attend to my business." The writer then arose, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ entered another solemn protest against his leaving, saying: "I believe before God that it is Bro. Penn's solemn duty to remain here and carry on this meeting, and it is my firm conviction that if he leaves he will commit the great sin of his life, and I call upon every member of this church and of this congregation, who will join me in this protest, to stand up." The entire congregation were standing in a moment. He then said to the writer privately: "I tell you I am bound to go home; I promised my wife yesterday that I would be certain to go home with her to-day, and I know that she is bound to go home." The writer said: "Bro. Penn, you are mistaken; Sister Penn would not have you leave this meeting to go home with her. She will go with the young people." He then went to where his wife was sitting and said to her: "I promised you yesterday that I would go home with you to-day, and I am going to do it." Sister Penn looked up in his face with tearful eyes and trembling lips, and said, as only a true, noble hearted Christian woman could have said: "I can go home with the young people, I do not think you ought to go." This seems to have been the last hair that broke the camel's back. We have seen many striking photographs of the Major as taken by artists in his travels, and in various attitudes, but a picture delineating his features on this occasion would be preferable to all others.

As he rose to respond to the protest of the pastor, Church and congregation, with his head thrown back, his eyes dilated, his lips quivering, his voice stammering and tears coursing their way down his cheeks, he tried to give expression to his astonishment and the deep emotion of his heart; he seemed to realize that it was *God's call*, and that he could not resist it.

Page 5

It was circulated through the town that a *lawyer*, and not a *preacher*, was to conduct services at the Baptist Church. Some thought it a strange freak in the pastor to suggest, and in the Church to approve such a thing. Various opinions were freely expressed as to the leader in these services. Then it was spoken in low tones of voice among some good people, in substance, after this fashion: "Did you ever hear of such a thing? Here are preachers all over the country that we know, good men, who can preach the gospel, and here they've called in a *lawyer to carry on the meeting*. Lord have mercy on us, what are we coming to any how?"

At every street corner and place of business, in the saloons, offices and homes throughout Tyler, Maj. Penn and the services were discussed, while his Satanic Majesty and his allies were busy in trying to cripple and crush the good effects. A mighty and irresistible attraction drew crowds to the house of God.

At times it was apparent that the leader was embarrassed; now and then fretted and and chafed; then at a loss what to say or do; and more than once was he tempted to say he would leave the meeting; and that he had not remained there to be slandered and persecuted. But he was reminded that the best of men had thus suffered, that God had furnaces through which we must pass, to burn up the dross, and that in the midst of this state of things the Church was being revived, wanderers brought back, souls awakened and converted from day to day, and that he had the sympathy, prayers and co-operation of many pious, devoted hearts. Again the new leader, after wrestling in prayer for grace and direction, took courage and was renewed by the spirit of God to go on in pulling down the strong-holds of iniquity. But Satan was not yet overcome, he made another powerful assault upon him.

When the meeting had been in progress about ten days, abuse, misrepresentation, lying, together with the basest and most contemptible slanders, were hurled at him with unmeasured severity. It was a new ordeal, and he was tempted stronger than ever to lay off his armor and leave the meeting. He decided to go home, and so stated to the pastor, saying: "You have already kept me here longer than any man on earth could have done, and now I am determined to go." "Well," said the pastor, "I am sorry to hear it, and believe you will commit a great wrong, and will incur the displeasure of Almighty God in leaving here at this time, and still further, I beg you to bear in mind this truth, that duty never points in two ways. If it is your duty to be in Jefferson practicing law, then it is not your duty to remain here and carry on this meeting. God only can guide you aright." This conversation occurred in the afternoon. At night the Major was in his place, and said to the large congregation: "My friends, I have heard to-day of so many slanderous reports about me that I determined to go home, but remembering that

Page 6

so persecuted they the prophets, which were before me, and that they persecuted my Master even unto death, I have only to say: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?' I shall go on with the meeting, 'looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of my faith,' to sustain, protect and guide me in all things." It was, perhaps, the drinking of this cup of persecution that passed our brother across the Rubicon, that burned all the bridges behind him and caused him to bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God.

"'Tis ever so thy faithful love
Does all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall
That Jesus may be all in all."

As the meeting continued, and as the scores and hundreds came together "at the sound of the church-going bell," from day to day the leader seemed to develop in power from God to move, melt and sway the hearts of the listening crowds, as he sung and prayed and talked "of Jesus and his dying love." After more than five weeks' continuance, the services closed. Scores were converted, many valuable additions were made to the Church, Christians were renewed and developed in piety of heart and life, and the leavening and saving power of the Gospel was extended through the town and surrounding country.

This meeting was the beginning and earnest of the blessings and success that has attended Bro. Penn's labors for more than nine years past, while in his life we see that,

"Defects thro' nature's best productions run.
The saints have spots, and spots are in the sun,
And that he, with all of Adam's race,
Are only 'sinners' saved by grace."

Yet we rejoice and praise God for what has been manifested in his growth and development in his work mentally and spiritually, for the life, power and efficiency infused into our churches by his ministrations—for his rebukes, exposures and denunciations of sin, in and out of the Church; for holding up Christ at all times, as the only hope of lost sinners; for tearing away the mask of a heartless formality in the profession and practice of religion; for the thousands of all classes and ages in the forests and prairies of Texas, where he has pitched his great gospel tent, and in the cities of Galveston, Houston, San Antonio, Dallas, Ft. Worth, Mobile, Memphis, Louisville, St. Louis, and in the cities of California, in scores of crowded places of worship; in smaller towns and in the country, who have been brought to Christ as lost sinners through his instrumentality; and that at all times and through his whole ministry

he has declared “the whole counsel of God,” and made no compromises with error and heresy.

As to the disquisition of Maj. Penn, which frowns on the modern dance, we ask for it a careful reading and an honest and practical application of its facts, arguments and illustration, as the prize, practical essay of the age on this subject, so far as is known. That it is clear, pointed and overwhelming in its exposures of the evils and crimes, the corruptions and abominations of the modern dance is confirmed by experience and observation.

Page 7

Let every lover of the dance, every friend of morals and of religion, and each professing Christian, read and circulate this production among all classes of men and women.

And may the blessings of God attend it's circulation, as it may be scattered into thousands of homes, and an increasing blessing attend its author and his labors.

J. H. *Stribling*,

Rockdale, Texas. October 14, 1884.

"There is No Harm in Dancing."

"Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit."—Matt. 7, 17.

If "*There is no harm in dancing*," it must be a good tree, and if it is a good tree, we shall be certain to find that it bears good fruit, and if we find the fruit hanging on its boughs to be sound and wholesome food for the *physical, mental* and *spiritual* man, we should strive to have these trees planted in all our homes, our churches, Sabbath-schools, school-houses, colleges, seminaries, or other institutions of learning. But if we find the fruit injurious, to either the physical, mental or spiritual, to such a degree that its injurious effects are not overcome and destroyed by the benefits conferred upon us by the other two, it should be condemned by every friend of humanity.

Every tree should be cut down, and every dealer regarded as an enemy to his race. Some trees are very tall and *graceful*, and dressed in beautiful foliage, but the fruit is deadly poison. Some trees are not comely to look upon, but the fruit very good and wholesome. So it is not the tree, but the fruit, to which we must look. Some fruit may be very bad but not dangerous to society, because of the very small quantity on the market, and because it is not good to the *taste*, but little, if any, of it is used. But this is not the case with dancing, for there is a large quantity of it on hand all the time, and a great deal of it is used, because it is *palatable* to the *natural* taste of men and women. The demand is always far greater than the supply.

This fruit being so very popular, of such great demand, we must conclude that, as it is bound to be either good or bad, it must be very good, or very bad. Now, reader, before we proceed to examine this fruit, please do the author and yourself the justice to sign your name to the following vow:

"I do *solemnly* vow that I will carefully read the following pages as nearly as possible free from all *prejudice* and *partiality*, with a desire to know the truth, and that I will a true verdict render, according to the honest conviction of my own mind and heart.

“(Here sign name.)_____”

When and where are the trees of dancing to be found? They grow in the night and generally perish with the darkness when the morning light appears.

Page 8

“This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light; neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved.”—John 3-19-20.

The trees are to be found in many private residences, dancing schools, dancing academies, seminaries and colleges, where our girls are educated; in public halls, in side shows, in some of our *so-called* churches, in beer shops, beer gardens, variety theatres, music halls and houses of ill-fame. In the five last-mentioned these trees grow much taller, larger and more luxuriant than anywhere else, because it is supposed by *naturalists* that they are more indigenous to this kind of soil. In these places those are the favorite trees, the trees admired above all others, because of the fruit they bear. Why the virtuous and the vulgar are so fond of the same fruit, I shall not try to explain. I must leave this knotty, ugly problem to be solved by *wiser* and more experienced heads than mine. I asked the proprietors and proprietresses of these last-mentioned places where they procured the sprouts from which all these great trees had grown; these trees that have grown so tall and strong, and the bark so thick, that they do not vanish with the darkness when the morning light appears, but grow and flourish in the brightest day, *even better on SUNDAYS than any other time*.

They all, without a dissenting voice, made answer and said: “*The seeds* were planted in the decent, respectable parlors, generally among the polished and refined people of the towns and cities—were watered and cultivated by the fathers and mothers, and then transplanted into the dancing schools, church festivals, and then they are removed to the public halls, and here they are kept until the bark on *some* of them becomes hard enough to be carried to the beer gardens, masquerades, variety theaters, music halls and other towns and cities in Sodom and Gomorrah.”

Without the fascination for dancing, which is *germinated* and *cultivated* in the private parlors among the *nice, respectable, refined* people, many of the largest towns and cities of Sodom and Gomorrah would soon be depopulated. We next come to enquire who it is that attends dancing parties, balls, hops, *etc.*, and when they usually break up. But one answer can be given, *viz.*: young men and young women, together with young married people, with an occasional *sear and yellow leaf repainted*.

With a very few exceptions, dancing parties, balls and hops are made up of young men and girls of every grade of society, from the poorest to the wealthiest in the community. Now it must be admitted that there is as great a desire in the hearts of the poor young men, and as great a desire in the hearts of the girls of poor parentage to make a favorable impression in society, as there possibly could be with the wealthier classes. As a rule, it may be said that not more than one in twenty of all who participate in dancing parties have a sufficient “cash balance” to gratify their pride in the purchase of the supposed necessary outfits in clothing, jewelry, *etc.*, without any misgivings as to the future comforts and necessities of life.

Page 9

When we consider the large number of young men, young husbands and fathers and mothers who are not able, in justice to themselves and those looking to and relying upon them for a support, to keep pace with the rich in their extravagance, and that all must come together on the same floor, in the same room and pass in review before the merciless critics always to be found in the ball room, and find that the weakest and most vulnerable points in human nature are here attacked by three of the devil's most powerful armies, under command of three of his most stratagetic and experienced generals—ENVY, JEALOUSY and WOUNDED PRIDE—we may at once proceed to examine the fruit of dancing. Nearly all of our young people are in love with some one, and not unfrequently two or three or more are in love with the same one, or the lover imagines that he or she has from one to a half dozen rivals, which is the same to them as if it were true. It is often the case that an engagement exists, or there is grave suspicion of its existence. A dancing party or ball is in prospect. The same preparation must be made by rich and poor. One young man who chanced to be born of rich or well-to-do parents, and one young lady the same, order their outfits, and they are paid for not unfrequently out of the usurious interest wrung from the fathers and mothers of the poorer young men and girls. Now the poorer and less able to purchase the necessary all outfits, which are always costly, *must go*. They must go, because they *love* the dance. They are PASSIONATELY fond of it.

They must go, or it may be said they could not go on account of their poverty. They must go, in order to keep pace with their rivals, so as to keep an eye on them, lest they be supplanted in their affections. These are three powerful inducements. Without Divine aid they are irresistible when brought to bear on the young.

THEY MUST GO!

THEY WILL GO!

THEY DO GO!

Here thousands of fathers and mothers have been compelled to yield to the entreaties of their daughters, and sometimes their sons, in purchasing costly apparel, jewelry, *etc.*, when they knew they were not able, outfits that never would have been needed but for the dance. Hundreds of thousands of young men, with small salaries, in moderate circumstances, have been induced, under this heavy pressure, to resort to many dishonest devices in order to make the necessary preparations. Clerks have sold goods above the market price and put the excess in their pockets. They have often *borrowed* money from their employer, *without his knowledge*, small amounts, from day to day. They have borrowed from friends by telling them they had money coming from an estate, or friend or a debtor, which they knew to be false, and in the same way, or by other false statements, have bought articles of clothing, made large livery bills, which they knew would never be paid. Many conceive the idea they

Page 10

can raise the desired amount at the gambling table, and here do *their first* gambling. Where one succeeds, at least one hundred fail. Some raise the required amount by transferring a few cows, yearlings, steers, a horse or a mule, to distant pastures; some are caught and some are not. Those not caught are in a far worse condition than those in the jail or in the penitentiary, because they have been checked in their mad career, and the others are emboldened by their escape to commit other and greater crimes. "Be sure your sins will find you out." Yes, inexorable, unerring justice is on the track of all evil-doers, and will be certain to overtake them sooner or later. Hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers, and young married people, have been brought to poverty and misery; some, within my knowledge, to alms-houses, by the heavy draws made upon them by their sons, daughters and wives, in preparing for dancing parties and balls. For weeks before the ball comes off—and here let it be understood that I mean the ball to cover hops, dancing parties and all manner of dancing—the young people are wild with excitement; they are almost wholly incapable of any kind of business. All manner of domestic affairs are almost entirely neglected by the girls and young wives. The bright anticipation of great pleasure in the near future, turns some of their little shallow brains up-side-down, and they are often seen in a sort of deep reverie, wearing a blank gaze, having very much the appearance of poor unfortunate idiots. If the father, mother, husband, brother or teacher speaks to them, unless it be on the subject of the ball, they grin like a baboon and snap like a mad dog. If we run on at the rate we are now going, it will not be a great while until it may be found to be cheaper to build a few asylums for the sane, and let the idiots and lunatics run at large.

THE BALL. THE HOP. THE DANCE.

IT IS ALL THE SAME.

Well, the long looked for day has come; it is now 8 P.M., and the boys, girls and young wives are in their rooms donning their new and costly apparel, which has been bought, borrowed or *stolen* in divers and sundry ways. Some have been paid for, some will be paid for, and some will remain open accounts until judgment day. The wealthy and those who never pay their bills will be dressed in the costliest, richest apparel, because only these classes can afford these luxuries. EXTREMES WILL MEET. The young men go and bring in their girls, and when they get to the door, they are met by the committee of reception, who politely show the ladies a side room where they will go and lay off their wraps. The young men go out into the corner of the yard or in the woods and lay off their *wraps*—in the nature of a bottle of whiskey or brandy—or they have left them in a buggy or carriage, or a room has been set apart for this purpose, and the WRAPS have been provided before-hand, or they are to be found in a convenient drinking saloon.

Page 11

THE WRAPS ARE THERE.

The girls wear their wraps around them. The boys *wear* themselves around their wraps. These *wraps* are brought into requisition as the physical man begins to weaken under the excessive and unnatural exercise. Unnatural, because the hours designed by God, our maker, to be used in rest and sleep are appropriated to another and very different purpose. Here the tempter discovers another weak point, and he makes the attack. The great draw made upon the physical forces makes it necessary—the tempter says—to use an artificial stimulant, which is here often taken the first time, and which is not unfrequently repeated, until many are so much under its influence and some get so drunk—no, become so suddenly *indisposed*, that they have to be carried home. These entertainments seldom break up until the light of the morning begins to appear, but I will compromise on 2 o'clock, A.M. At 9 or 10 o'clock, P.M., the performance begins, and I propose we shall *candidly* and *honestly* examine this basket of fruit. Whether designed or not, it is simply a fact that many of the girls and women are dressed in such a way and manner as best and most successfully to excite the baser passions of men.

If the style of dress often, yea, nearly always, seen at the *fashionable* balls and dancing parties is wholly without any evil design—innocently following a fashion—and if those who thus dress are really ignorant of the effect it has upon the opposite sex, it is high time their eyes were being opened. If this be only a fashion, and I want to believe it is nothing more, but when I remember distinctly that this manner of dressing for balls and dancing parties has been the fashion for forty years and that it has never changed, *except to become a little more so*, and that all other fashions have changed at least twenty times, my belief staggers and hangs its head for very shame. This fruit alone has sent hundreds of thousands of men, women and girls to premature graves, dishonored graves, felons' cells, and to an endless hell. That this semi-nude condition, in which many girls and women are seen in the dance, has been productive of a vast deal of sin and crime, no honest man certainly will deny. In the whirl of the gay and giddy dance, we see:

Strong men and women fair
Are now within the tempter's snare,
With arms around each slender waist,
Each woman held in *close embrace*.

If all the *thoughts* could be made known
Of seeds of crime which here are sown,
'Twould cause the *hardest* cheek to blush
And every *virtuous* heart would crush.

But so it is, and ere must be, While men and women thus agree *To tempt themselves, and others too*, TO SINS AND CRIMES OF DEADLY HUE.

The following is the experience of a lady whose name is withheld, but who has distinguished herself in literature, and made a world-wide reputation:

Page 12

"In those times I cared little for polka or varsovienne, and still less for 'Money Musk' or 'Virginia Reel,' and wondered what people could find to admire in these slow dances. But in the soft floating of the waltz I found a strange pleasure, rather difficult to intelligibly describe. The mere anticipation fluttered my pulse, and when my partner approached to claim my promised hand for the dance, I felt my cheeks glow a little sometimes, and I could not look him in the eye with the same frank gayety as heretofore." But the climax of my confusion was reached when, folded in his warm embrace, and giddy with the whirl, a strange, sweet thrill would shake me from head to foot, leaving me weak and almost powerless, and really obliged to depend for support on the arm which encircled me. If my partner failed, from ignorance, lack of skill or innocence, to arouse these, to me, most pleasureable sensations, I did not dance with him the second time. "I am speaking openly and frankly, and when I say that I did not understand what I felt, or what were the real and greatest pleasures I derived from this so-called dancing, I expect to be believed. But if my cheeks grew red with uncomprehended pleasure then, they grow pale to-day with shame when I think of it all. It was the physical emotions engendered by the magnetic contact of strong men that I was enamored of—not of the dance, not even of the men themselves." Thus I became abnormally developed in my lowest nature. I grew bolder, and from being able to return shy glances at first, was soon able to meet more daring ones, until the waltz became to me and whomsoever danced with me, one lingering, sweet and purely sensual pleasure, where heart beat against heart, hand was held in hand and eyes looked burning words which lips dared not speak. "All this time no one said to me, 'You do wrong;' so I dreamed of sweet words whispered during the dance, and often felt, while alone, a thrill of joy indescribable, yet overpowering, when my mind would turn from my study to remember a piece of temerity of unusual grandeur on the part of one or another of my cavaliers." Married now, with home and children around me, I can at least thank God for the experience which will assuredly be the means of preventing my little daughters from indulging in any such dangerous pleasure. But if a young girl, pure and innocent in the beginning, can be brought to feel what I have confessed to have felt, what must be the experience of a married woman? She knows what every glance of the eye, every bend of the head, every close clasp means, and knowing that, reciprocates it, and is led by swifter steps and a surer path down the dangerous, dishonorable road."

I read in the Scripture, in that ever memorable sermon on the Mount, this significant declaration: "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed

Page 13

adultery with her already in his heart.” Some may not receive this as sound doctrine, because it is the language of Jesus Christ; but this will not give relief, because the *corrupting* influence would be just the same if Christ had never said one word about it. Christ only gave the great sin a name by calling it adultery. It was in this way the seed was sown in the heart of the Psalmist David that caused him to commit one of the greatest crimes ever committed on earth. See 2 Samuel, 11 Ch. In the same way the seed has been sown in the hearts of thousands of men in the ball room, in the dances and in the private parlors, which has ripened into disruptions of the marital relations—has ripened into husbands murdering their wives, has ripened into husbands losing their wives by elopement, has ripened into husbands being murdered, has ripened into young men killing each other; and last, though not least, has resulted in the utter ruin of hundreds of thousands of the fair daughters of our land and country. Taking the declarations of Jesus Christ as true, and no honest man can doubt it, *there never was and never will be a dancing party or ball that the great sin He referred to was not and will not be committed in the hearts of some men.*

Here permit me to ask an important question, and solemnly charge every reader to make answer as upon oath:

WITH WHOM IS THIS GREAT SIN COMMITTED?

If common honesty compels fathers, husbands and brothers to admit these things to be true, will you ever again permit your wives, your daughters or your sisters to be found at one of these places, however decent the people may be, while they are under your control? If you do, after your attention has been called to the hideous deformity of the dance, God, man and your own conscience will condemn you. Whatsoever of evil or crime may be committed, unyielding justice, unmixed with mercy, will certainly hold you responsible. This last objection to the dance will hold and be just as good against the theaters and operas, because no one will deny but that a special effort is generally made at these places to excite the passions of men and women by an indecent exposure of their persons. To say the least of it, Christians have no business at these places.

A Christian has no business at any place where he cannot go in the name of Jesus Christ, because the Scripture says: “They shall walk up and down in His name.”—Zach., 10 ch. 12v. Micah, 4 ch. 5v.—“His name shall be on their foreheads.”—Rev., 22 ch. 4 v. “Ye are my witnesses.”—Isa., 43 ch. 10 v. Can a Christian, a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, “walk up and down” in a ball room in His *name*? Can a Christian go into a ball room with the name of Jesus Christ written on his or her forehead? If a man has His name written on his forehead, and he goes into a ball room, theater, opera, or a drinking saloon, does he not, by that act, hide the name of Jesus Christ? Can a Christian be a witness for God in the ball room, theater, opera, or drinking saloon? *If*

not, his testimony is false, and he is a perjured man! I have no doubt some very nice people—*society people*—will be terribly *shocked* at the developments herein made.

Page 14

I was raised in the country, and I remember a varmint got to visiting our poultry yard and carrying off those *roosting nearest the ground*, which were generally our *improved blooded (society)* chickens, and whenever we would get after him, he would run down through a *very muddy* place, and take refuge in a hole in the bank of a creek. We rather dreaded the task of following him through all this *mud and filth*; but, as a last resort, rather than let him have all the poultry, or allow him to continue his depredations at pleasure, we waded through the mud down to his den and dug into his hiding place; and when he was struck on the head with the back of a hoe, he too was *terribly shocked*.

Now this little animal was not, as may be supposed by some, one of the “common or unclean,” but he was one of the elite, a regular *society* mink. He was covered with very fine fur, but had his stomach filled with stolen chickens. I leave the application to all to whom these presents may come, GREETING. *When I want to buy a hat, I never take one unless it fits me.*

More or less of the girls participating in the dance are engaged to be married, and great effort is made to keep this a profound secret, so she very naturally has every man for a partner except her intended. Here is music in the back-ground, if her intended is present, and he is sure to be there if he is in striking distance—if he is not down with typhoid fever or in prison.

This music is in his heart, in the nature of clamoring for blood, by a legion of different sized devils. It may be there is not one man in the room that would have his girl under any consideration whatever, but he imagines that they all want her. The female outfit for the ball consists of girls and a number of young married women, and some a little older, and some old women, forty to fifty years old, with grown children, false teeth, false hair, and bloats to swell out their wrinkled cheeks, and they, too, are dressed in the *fashion* with red ribbons, and blue and green; these furnish the *disgust* for the occasion—and one of them has been known to furnish disgust enough for a city of ten thousand inhabitants, and of the very best quality. Let us return to the basket containing the young married people, and examine the fruit therein. Reader, did you ever see the young married woman watching her husband as he glides up and down in the merry dance, *with an old sweetheart in his arms*? If you never did, the first opportunity you have, take a good look at a cat's eyes in the dark and in imagination transfer them to the young wife's head, and you will have a very correct idea of how *sweet* and *amiable* she looks.

Page 15

Who among the living will ever forget that poor unfortunate girl, in the State of Georgia, who was assassinated in the ball room by a jealous young wife? The civilized world was shocked by the announcement of this terrible tragedy, which was purely the fruit of the ball room. These parties were not of the low and vulgar, but were of the society people of the age. How many husbands have in the same way and for the same cause had all the baser, brutish passions aroused to such an extent as to have their reasoning faculties dethroned, and have been driven by the raging devils within to commit many of the greatest, most shameful and most disgraceful crimes that ever blackened the records of a criminal court? How many have cursed and abused their wives while on the way home from the ball room? How many, after their arrival at home, have used their superior physical strength in abusing their wives in a most shameful and disgraceful manner? How much of all this was the result of a frenzied imagination, and not for any real misconduct? How many of all these cruel wrongs and outrages are never known except by the parties themselves? How many fathers and mothers have neglected their children by leaving them in incompetent and unsafe hands, while they spent the night in the ball room? How many husbands have left their wives, in poor health, sometimes sick in bed, with two or three little children crying around them, while they have spent the night in the ball room dancing with other women? How many men and women, and especially women, from physical and mental causes superinduced by the effects of the ball room, have been driven to madness, and have thus become inmates of insane asylums, or have deliberately taken their own lives? O! for the pen of a Milton or a Pollock! But this would not suffice, because these questions can only be answered at the Judgment Bar of God, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

THEY WILL BE ANSWERED THEN.

How many girls have innocently and *ignorantly* killed themselves, or have sown the seed of some terrible lingering disease, by checking the course of nature, by bathing or otherwise, in their preparation for the ball room, which they would not have done to attend any other place? How many women, all over the country, are suffering the pangs of death from this cause alone?

One of the handsomest and most accomplished girls I ever knew, at the age of eighteen, ignorantly killed herself in this way. I know through physicians of many others who have wrecked their health in the same way. Let the invalids among the women tell their physicians the *truth*, and then let the physicians and the *graves* speak out, and the world would be horror-stricken at the awful report. Whiskey has slain its thousands, but the ball, the hop, the dance, its tens of thousands.

Page 16

In this connection I wish to give young men some wholesome advice, which, if observed, will keep them out of a great deal of trouble, and save the payment of a great many bills. Whenever you hear that an old clock, an old carriage, an old saw-mill, an old steamboat, or a woman or girl who is *passionately* fond of dancing is on the market, be certain to remain in bed or get the sheriff, which is much safer, to put you in jail until these articles are disposed of. I respectfully refer to all who have had any of these articles *knocked off on them*.

When the ball closes, the young men take the girls to their homes. In a little while the girls—darling angels—are in the land of dreams, but they certainly never dream that they have been “sowing the seeds of eternal shame, sowing the seeds of a maddened brain.” They never dream *that they are responsible for all the sins and crimes that flow from the ball room*, BUT THEY CERTAINLY ARE, because if they would not go to these places, there never would be another ball or hop or dance upon the face of all the earth.

MEN WILL NOT DANCE BY THEMSELVES.

If they do, they will not injure any one but themselves, and they will be certain not to keep late hours. While the girls are dreaming, the young men are assembling at some favorite room or corner down in town. If Jim gets there first he waits for Bill, and then they wait for Jack, Bob, Ben, Charlie and the balance of the club. When they are all in, one or two of the older ones propose to go across the way and take a drink at the corner saloon, which is still in blast; yes, running at a full head of steam, or rather mean whiskey. Now here is a very strange thing. I have never heard of but one first-class saloon closing until after the ball closed, and in this case the owner was very sick and the bar-tender had skipped with the cash balance. Some of these boys have been taught by their old-fogy fathers and mothers that such things are not to be found on the straight and narrow road, because there is no *room* for them along this road, *and no use for them either*.

I have carefully examined my way-bill to heaven, and it was made out by one who knows every foot of the way, but I find no mention made of drinking saloons, ball rooms, theaters, operas, houses of ill-fame, and *such like* places as being on or near this road. The same one has furnished me a way-bill to hell, and I find all these places mentioned as being on the line of this road. Whenever you find yourself, dear reader, at one of these places, you may know beyond the shadow of a doubt that you are not in the narrow road; and with equal certainty you may know you are in the broad road. Now these boys are evidently on the broad road, because the devil's sutler-shops are not to be found anywhere else, for the very good reason that he cannot get a permit to put them up on the narrow road. He would put them in the very center of heaven if he possibly could.

Page 17

His impudence and daring is only equaled by his fathomless corruption. The man or woman who will dare to say that these places are found on the road to heaven, certainly has a very poor idea of heaven and its inhabitants. If they are to be found along the straight and narrow way, and the travelers along this way are to enter and participate in the things therein going on, then they are certainly designed of God to *aid in the salvation of immortal souls*. If this be true, on entering the narrow way the first refreshments we shall get are to be found in one of these places, having this sign over the door; "FIRST CHANCE," and the last thing we pass in this life, just before we enter heaven, will be another one of these houses with this inscription over the door: "LAST CHANCE." Some of these boys don't understand it this way; they have been raised to think that "*there is no harm in dancing*," but were never told that the dancing shops of all kinds are on the same road with all the drinking saloons and other places of a like character. No, the same parents told their sons that the drinking saloon is next door to hell, and these are the ones we read about in the Bible, who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." That is to say, in those days when Christ was on earth, there were some people so peculiarly constituted that they strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel; but we live in an age of improvement, an age in which some people strain at a gnat, and swallow a Jumbo with perfect ease and in the most graceful manner.

I know an advocate of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who often dances all night, most *gracefully*, and in the morning she turneth up her little nose, just as *gracefully* as the elephant turneth up his snout when Peck's bad boy has thrown him a piece of tobacco, *at the awful drinking saloon and saloon keepers*. The private parlor dance is the beginning, the first depot on the great air-line route from this world to the city of destruction; here the boys and men are drawn into the coaches by the general passenger agents: the MOTHERS, WIVES, DAUGHTERS, SISTERS and SWEETHEARTS. This line is advertised as the finest and best equipped road beneath the sun. Fine sleepers; all the way through, without change. Special guarantee against accidents. This road is laid with smooth, glass rails, and the wheels are made of India rubber. Drinking saloons, beer gardens, and some other places I'll not mention, are the wood yards and tanks, where fuel and water is procured which gets up the steam that draws the train with increasing velocity down to the great city of destruction. When the train stops for wood and water, all the passengers are expected to take part in the very interesting and social performance. But here are same boys who beg to be excused. "Can't excuse you," cries the brakeman. "Come along, you can take a small *stick* in the way of a cigar;" and so these boys, not wishing to appear ugly and incur the ill will of the

Page 18

brakesman, walk into a saloon for the first time. They first take a cigar, but soon the brakesman (an old stager) laughs them to scorn and confusion, and not being able to stand the fire, they throw down the cigar and take their *first drink in a drinking saloon*. After the drinks have been repeated a few times, one of the brakesmen, well under the influence of whiskey or wine, takes a careful look at all present, and if satisfied there is no relative or sweetheart in hearing, he then and there tells an *anecdote* on one of the nice girls or married ladies with whom they have been dancing, that certainly would bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the blackest devil that inhabits the world of outer darkness. The drink, and anecdotes of the same character, *only worse, if possible*, are repeated until interrupted by the appearance of a half-witted looking young man, entering from a back door, who seems to have something of great importance to tell the bartender. He talks low, but sufficiently loud to be heard by the boys, for it is really for their ears. "Have you heard the news?" "No, what news." "Why, about Bill Jones; he went in back here to-night with only five dollars for a stake, and he has just now gone home with *five hundred dollars* in his pocket." Then the boys slide out, and as soon as out in a dark corner, they begin to enquire to see if a stake can be raised among them, finding none, one or two being confidential clerks, go to the store, bank or other place of business, and *borrow* fifteen or twenty dollars, having no doubt of their ability to win a few hundred dollars in a little while, and then replace the *borrowed* money without it ever being known. Soon the *borrowed* stake is in the hands of the dealer. They repeat the drinks, and then *borrow* some more in the same way, which goes into the same hands as the first, and thus they continue until the appearance of day-light, and then reeling to and fro under the influence of the mean whiskey they have been drinking, and the ponderous weight of their sins and crimes, they go to their rooms, cursing the day on which they were born.

THEY HAVE LOST ALL SELF-RESPECT.

They are now at sea without chart or compass. When a man or woman loses their self-respect, they are moral wrecks. "WANDERING STARS." There is nothing left to build upon. It is from this cause that thousands commit suicide, both men, women, and girls. It is the continual gnawings of the conscience over the secret sins and crimes they have not the moral courage to confess. Like the hidden spark of fire in a bale of cotton, it continues its ravages until the whole bale is reduced to ashes. This will account in great measure for the hundreds and thousands of *unaccountable* suicides of to-day, which are principally confined to the young of both sexes.

Page 19

I do not mean to say that all the young men go to drinking saloons as soon as they carry their girls home, or as soon as the ball or dance is over. No, many of them go to other places, such as are described in the 5th chapter of Proverbs. *Men will not deny this.* Who caused these men to go to these places? Shall I answer? Shall I tell the truth? If I do, I must say it is the virtuous wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts, who have been participating in the dance. *Every man knows that this is true.* Let every honest physician send in a report of all his male patients, giving the disease of each and the cause, and then let us have a correct report from the dead of the same kind, and I am confident that no husband, father or brother would ever permit his wife, daughter or sister to be seen at a ball or dance. HUSBANDS, FATHERS, BROTHERS, your wives, daughters and sisters do not know these things, *but you do know them*, and now that your eyes are open, will you, can you, as a husband, father or brother, ever permit the females under your care to even take the chance of being RECRUITING OFFICERS for these sinks of perdition, THESE ANTE-CHAMBERS OF HELL. These places, dripping with the blood of hundreds and thousands of young and middle-aged men, who, but for their enchantment, might have been good and true men, and have filled honorable graves. These places have broken the hearts of thousands of wives, mothers and: sisters, when they have seen their loved ones bound in the fetters and chains of eternal death. These funnels, through which thousands and millions of souls of both men and women have been poured into an endless hell.

I have tried to furnish fair samples of the fruit of dancing, if I have failed, it is an error of the head and not of the heart. It may be said by some that I have occupied forbidden ground in writing a book to be read by the public generally. In reply I can only say that I have simply *followed the varmint to his hiding place.* I have not used any stronger or more indecent language than was used by Jesus Christ, and God forbid that I should ever be guilty of the sacrilege of saying or even thinking that Jesus Christ was *vulgar* or wanting in *refinement*; that ever I should say of and concerning Him: "*I am holier than Thou.*" If the things I have herein mentioned have flowed from the ball room, if I have stated FACTS, and *I know that I have*, you should not get mad at me, but get mad at the *facts*. If a man lends a helping hand in removing a *dead dog* from the yard, it is not the man that is indecent, *it is the dead dog*. The man shows his decency and kindness by condescending to give aid in removing the stench from the premises, and no one but a contemptible *snipe dude* would stand off and turn up his nose and call the man indecent and vulgar. If I am wrong, I rejoice to know that I am in the best company on earth, for the whole religious world, with a *few*

Page 20

exceptions, regards dancing as an enemy to good morals, and as *destructive to all spirituality*, because it is productive of so much evil and NO GOOD. Who upon all the earth has the opportunity of knowing the true inwardness of dancing like the Catholic priests and bishops? Who ever held and used such a *probing instrument* as the CONFESSIONAL? Who on this earth can come as near knowing all the acts and deeds, yea, and the very *thoughts*, that do pass through the minds and hearts of men, women, boys and girls, as the Catholic priests and bishops can know of and concerning those under their charge? Arch-Bishop J. Henry William Elder, Co-Adjutor to the Arch-Bishop of Cincinnati, has issued a circular letter to the clergy in his Diocese, from which I take this very significant clipping:

“THERE MUST BE NO ROUND DANCING AT ANY TIME, AND NO DANCING OF ANY KIND AFTER DARK.”

What meaneth then this blating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear? Why does Arch-Bishop Elder inhibit the round dance even in *day-light*? Mr. and Mrs. ECHO and their girls and boys will please answer *why*? And why has he inhibited *all kinds* of dancing after dark? Will some member of the same family please rise and explain?

“Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.”

While this circular letter has an existence upon earth, let all *so-called* Protestants and their friends, who say “*There is no harm in dancing*,” and who participate in dancing of *any kind at any time or place*, or who simply attend such places, or who remain at a place after it has been turned into a dance, (for the aiders and abettors of crime are just as guilty as their principals), hang their heads for very shame, as poor old dog Tray hangeth his head when caught in company with sheep-killing dogs, and especially when some wool is found in his teeth. Paul was present when Stephen, the first Christian martyr, was put to death; he only held the clothes of those who cast the stones, but he was just as guilty of murder as though he had cast the fatal missile, *by his presence, and making no objection he was consenting to the crime*. To have relieved himself of the blood of Stephen, he should not have gone to the place where the murder was committed, if he knew, or had good reason to know, that a crime was to be committed. If he had gone there with the belief that it was an *innocent, harmless* gathering, and after getting there he saw their murderous intent, he should at least have left immediately and thus have withdrawn all his influence and supposed sympathy with the criminals. The holding of their clothes did not make him guilty, but was only *cumulative* evidence of the murderous intent in his heart.

Page 21

Reader, if you go to a ball or dance, knowing it to be such, you are a participant in all the sins and crimes which would not have been committed, if such ball or dance had never been. So if the gathering be for a *sinless, harmless* purpose, and you find, after arriving at the place, that there is to be a dance, and you do not leave immediately, you will be just as guilty as though you had gone with full knowledge of what was to be. The encouragement and endorsement of your presence makes you just as guilty as those who join in the dance. There is no difference, except in degree, between the select parlor dance and the masquerade ball, because the one is the stepping stone to the other. Not one in ten thousand have done their first dancing at the masquerade ball, just as not one in ten thousand ever took their first drink of whiskey in a drinking saloon. But let it be remembered that hundreds of thousands have taken their first drink of wine or whiskey at a ball or dance.

One of the greatest sins committed by children and young people is *disobedience to parents*. It is one of the greatest, because it is one of the first, and because if cultivated it becomes a cesspool of iniquity. It is a Pandora box, out of which ten thousand troubles, trials, difficulties, sins and crimes will come. I claim that the *love* of dancing is the most fruitful source of *disobedience to parents* to be found beneath the sun, because it becomes a *ruling passion*. If anything will cause a child to disobey its parents, it is to forbid them going to a ball or dance when their heart is set upon it. *They go and then deny it*. For all the disobedience brought about in this way, the parents are generally far more to blame than the children because it is the parents' fault that they have ever learned to dance. Some parents have an idea that dancing is a necessary branch of education, that it makes their children *graceful*, but never look far enough down the line to see that they are opening the way to *graceful* disobedience, *graceful* liars, *graceful* thieves, *graceful* gamblers, *graceful* drunkards, *graceful* prostitutes, *graceful* whoremongers and to every sin and crime that men and women can commit beneath the sun. They are opening the very gates of hell to their own children.

MANY, if not all, of the following sins and crimes are committed at *every dance, hop or ball*, and every one present, whether participating in the dance or not, is equally guilty with the perpetrators of all the sins and crimes, which would not have been committed if there had been no such gathering:

SAMPLES OF FRUIT FOUND ON THE TREE OF DANCING:

ENVY.

JEALOUSY.

PRIDE.

DECEIT.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS

BACKBITING.

Page 22

STRIFE.

HATRED.

LASCIVIOUSNESS.

EMULATION.

SEDITION.

LYING.

THEFT.

DRUNKENNESS.

SABBATH BREAKING.

GAMBLING.

EMBEZZLEMENT.

SUICIDE.

VULGARITY.

FORNICATION.

ADULTERY.

OBSCENITY.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

DIVORCE.

LUNACY.

WANTONNESS.

CRUELTY.

IDOLATRY.

PERJURY.

SEDUCTION.

PROSTITUTION.

ABORTION.

INFANTICIDE.

ASSASSINATION.

MURDER.

“AND SUCH LIKE.”

Every honest man is compelled to admit that these sins and crimes are the *natural fruit of dancing*; THAT THESE THINGS DO FLOW FROM THE DANCE. I frankly admit that all these sins and crimes may and do come from other sources, but I challenge the world to point to any *one* thing that produces as many of these sins and crimes as the dance. The drinking saloon is a prolific source of evil, but not one-half as much as the dance, for it must be borne in mind that *men only* attend the saloons, and that many of them are sent there *from the ball room*, and many, who never would have seen the inside of a drinking saloon but for the ball or dance. *The ball is a feeder for drinking saloons, gambling saloons, and houses of ill-fame.*

I have delivered this lecture on dancing in seven States, before about one hundred congregations, numbering from three hundred to ten thousand people. I have called on all the men, old and young, saint and sinner, at nearly every place, to give an expression of opinion from what they had seen themselves, or what they had heard from those who had attended balls, hops, and such like places, as to the correctness or incorrectness of my charges against the dance, and out of I think not less than fifty thousand men, I have never found but SEVEN who stood up, thereby saying they did not believe that the sins and crimes I had mentioned had ever flowed from the ball room, while nearly all the balance stood up before their wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts, saying that they do believe, from what they *know, and have seen* and have heard from those who attend balls and hops, that these sins and crimes are the natural fruit of all kinds of dancing, where the sexes dance together. A few, perhaps one in twenty, kept their seats, not expressing their opinion either way. Of this class I think I may safely say that *four-fifths* failed to understand my proposition, or thought it not necessary to rise; but if they had stood up, they would have been with the affirmative. While I am not an apologist for saloon keepers and gamblers, I want to record the fact right here that I have had more or less of them in my congregations, at nearly every place where I talked on this subject, and I have never known one, no, not one, to keep his seat when an expression of opinion was called for, and not one was found among the *immortal seven*.

Page 23

There are many men worse at heart than gamblers and saloon keepers. If they and their families were treated by the Christian people with more kindness, and less like they were outcasts, hundreds and thousands of them would become Christians. I do not claim that all who attend dancing parties, balls, and hops are ruined, but I do claim that *all who attend such places take part in the eternal disgrace and ruin of others*. There is not a man or woman among the living, or the dead, who has made a practice of attending such places, but that has the blood of one or more *lost souls* upon their garments, *and there it must remain throughout the ceaseless ages of ETERNITY, unless it be washed away BY THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST*.

My sainted mother and my wife have attended and participated in the dance, but, like hundreds and thousands of girls and women of to-day, they never had the most distant idea that the dancing party or ball was a cesspool of iniquity, for, had they known the things brought to light in this little book, they never would have made one step in that direction. I believe that God has forgiven them, because, like Paul, they did it ignorantly. "I obtained mercy, because I did it *ignorantly*."—I. Tim. 1-13. Reader, if you ever go to one of these places after your eyes have been opened, as they must be now, you cannot plead *ignorance*, but you will sin *wilfully* and *knowingly*. See Heb. 10: 26, 27.

Those who are turned into the paths of shame, of vice, and of crime, are described in the Bible in the following terrible language, and where could a better description be found? "Woe unto them! for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gainsaying of Core. These are *spots* in your feasts of charity when they feast with you, *feasting themselves without fear*. Clouds they are without water, *carried about of winds*, trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots. *Raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own SHAME*; *wandering STARS* to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."—Jude, 11, 12, 13.

Mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, if there is a doubt left in your minds as to the charges made against dancing, will you do yourselves, and those under your influence, the justice to ask your husbands, fathers and brothers to read this little book, and give you their *honest opinions*?

* * * * *

VERDICT.

This is to certify that I have carefully read this little book, and give it as my honest conviction—from what I have seen and what I have heard from those who have attended dancing parties, balls and hops—that the charges and specifications are true, and believing them to be true, I here promise to use all my influence against *all kinds* of dancing, while I live on earth.

Page 24

(Here Sign Name.).....

Try and get four others to sign with you.

* * * * *

If this little book should be of benefit to any one, I would like to know it. As it is my intention to get out a second edition, I desire to collect all *the facts* I can in support of the charges and specifications against dancing. Ministers of the Gospel, physicians, and fathers and mothers, can render me great assistance if they will.

Names of correspondents will not be published without special permission.

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