

in the business, or because they own houses where the traffic is carried on, or because they have mortgages on these houses, or because the liquor men are good customers in the store and workshop. The traffic has, like an old cancer, its roots spread deep into the heart of our system, and unless we stop it now and here, it will soon seize hold of our vitals, so that our pulpits will be muzzled as some of our newspapers are to-day.

This sympathy may seem a small matter in people's eyes, but what does the word of God say as to the law of sympathy?—"He that biddeth a sinner God-speed in his sin, is a partaker in his evil deeds;" and again, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." That is one discouraging feature in the position of temperance,—this cloud of misplaced interest and maudlin sympathy that surrounds the law-breakers.

2. Another element in the darkness and discouragement of our position is the *unwillingness of temperance people to put the law in force against its violators*. We fought a hard battle to get a law put on our statute book, and having it put there we seem to be content. This picture once given of a celebrated statesman suits us. We have, like a cautious, some would say cowardly boy, chalked up on the wall, "No traffic in strong drink," and then we ran away. We have forged and sharpened our sword, and then let it rust in the scabbard, while the enemy is laughing at us, and threatening to ride rough-shod over us. There is a public prosecutor appointed to see the law enforced, and all we have to do is to let him know of cases where the law is infringed. But people do not like to do this, and you see how this false and unmanly squeamishness has emboldened the liquor traffic, and what it has brought us to.

We hear people on every side say, "It is a mean thing to be an informer." I admit there are cases when it is mean? but there are cases when it is noble, patriotic, brave. Last Sabbath we read about an informer, and I do not think you found in your hearts much fault with him. Who was the informer? Paul's nephew. He informed his uncle that a plot was laid against his life, and his uncle who never did a mean thing, told him to inform the military authorities. The Pharisees, no doubt, would call him a "sneak," and if they knew it they would no doubt kill him. But you say life was in danger, and it is right to inform when life is threatened, or character, or property. Let us look at this distinction. It is bad to kill, to rob, to set fire to people's houses; but what say you to tempting men to drink—drink till property is gone, till character is gone, till wife is starved or murdered, till soul is lost, and heaven lost, every-