

anticipations of those whose destiny is bound up in his, and piercing their hearts as with a dagger. He might have conquered with fair play and an open field; but his feet were caught in the net which the law had spread in his path. The maddening poison that has perhaps sealed his fate in the present life, and for all eternity, was sold to him under the sanction of legal authority. Now, we want the Legislature to withdraw this sanction, and to say to every citizen in the Dominion: "*You shall not put a stumbling-block in your brother's way.*" Who will tell me that is an unreasonable request?

Then again, "*Moral Suasion*" fails to induce the dealer in alcoholic drinks to abandon his business. Of this we have ample evidence in the number of establishments where drunkards are manufactured. There are twenty men at present duly authorized to carry on this evil work in Owen Sound, with, I suppose, a fair average who are aiding and abetting without authority. I am not going to say anything unnecessarily severe of liquor-sellers. Some would make short work here by saying, "All who can be reached through their moral sensibilities have been; and the class of men now engaged in the traffic are likely to continue at it, reckless of consequences." A distinguished living preacher says, "There are those engaged in the liquor business who would sell though the walls of their dark hiding places were reeking with the gore of the slain, and although clattering skeletons were evermore dancing through the gloom. They would sell though the lurid flames of eternal death peered through the crevices, and the groans of the damned shook the floor on which they stood." Perhaps he is right in regard to some of them; but I am quite sure there are many exceptions. I am persuaded there are generous-minded men, kind fathers, affectionate husbands, and obliging neighbors, employed in this miserable work—men who have consciences, too, whose reproving voices they cannot at all times silence—men whose lives are rendered uncomfortable by a fierce and frequent conflict with their better nature.

"Well, but," you say, "how do they manage to continue in such a calling?"

If conscience is not entirely satisfied, it is benumbed and quieted in this way:—"I am making money by the traffic—my capital is invested here—I have my family to support—no one need purchase my spirits unless he chooses, and it is not my business if he beggars or kills himself drinking—and if I don't sell, somebody else will."

The utter weakness of this logic is, in most cases, perceptible to the blunted moral sense of the man himself—especially when, at times, there arises before his mental vision an excited crowd of those whom he has injured beyond reparation, uttering charges against, and making demands of him which he would wish to shut out, but cannot.

One cries, "You have destroyed my husband. You have brutalized the man who once loved me, and made it the aim of his life to render me happy. You have metamorphosed the noble form which once, like a giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter, into a drivelling sot."

Here a group of little ones are saying, "You have taken away our father, the one that was so kind to us, and that we used to so joyfully meet on his return from business, striving who could tell him first and most concerning the events of the day; and you have given us one on whose approach we all run away to hide—one who strikes mother, and takes the money she earns to the tavern, leaving us to suffer from hunger and cold."

Yonder gray-haired parents are asking, "What have you done