

bought by the sale of honor and the people's interests for this life and the next, becomes an accessory after the act, and who shall say that God will not hold him equally guilty.

I wish I had kept separate from my other correspondence all letters that have come to me in the last two years pertaining to violations of the liquor law. They would make a goodly budget. Usually, they ran like this: "There is a hotel in our town that is constantly violating the License Act. What shall we do about it?" My invariable reply was, "Go to your license inspector and tell him the circumstances." The answers to this piece of advice were couched in varied language, some of it pretty strong I can assure you, but the gist of each reply was "it would be only a waste of time, the place is notorious, has been complained of before; he knows, or might know, the condition of affairs as well as we do."

But the local authorities are often none the less venial in their relationships to the traffic. What think you of a chief of police who is taken home in his own patrol cart, or of one who gets into a drunken brawl in a neighboring town and must be jailed, or of others of whom it may be said that the law is no more sacred to them than it is to the saloon keeper they are set to watch?

What about the police magistrates who can sentence according to the evidence in a case of common theft; but where the happiness of the home, the sacred interests of wives and children, are the articles stolen, are able to find a "reasonable doubt" even in the most conclusive testimony?

But let us turn from further contemplation of these derelict officials and see what are the other clouds that lower above us.

An-organized liquor fraternity publishing a monthly paper now, and expecting to issue a weekly before long, is surely one of them. In sending out a recent private circular to the trade they enclose an appeal made by the Dominion Alliance, and encourage their supporters to work in the approaching elections after the manner suggested by the Alliance, viz.: "For men of their views, regardless of party leanings." They call for the active support of every liquor dealer, in order, as they explain, that the trade may be banded together "and thereby form a strong organization which would be able to combat the efforts of the Dominion Alliance, or other temperance bodies, and prevent further restrictive and prohibitive measures from becoming part of the License Act of this province."

They declare that they have already been a substantial aid to the trade, and venture on the following declaration, that "The last session of the Local Legislature was the first meeting of that body for years at which no amendment advocated by the temperance party became law, and this result was attained by the work put forward by the Association."

What is the subtle force that keeps this mass of shadow from vanishing before the burning rays of modern temperance education and sentiment?

Nothing less than a semi-paralyzed church—a church that has not yet fully cleansed its own altars of complicity with the traffic; a church that sometimes fellowships the maker and seller of the poison, and yet more often accepts a part of his profits with which to rear its temples; a church that rallies with enthusiasm to the ballot box for a trade or party issue, and must be coaxed or dragged to it for a moral one.