

here that think that this thing of Temperance, with its national divisions and all its paraphernalia, is but a very small thing after all. They look down with a holy contempt upon all this movement. A few years ago he was lecturing in Ohio, and there was a young lawyer from Mississippi, a lawyer by profession, but a drunken, gambling loafer by practice. When he had closed his remarks, this lawyer stretched up himself and said to a friend from Tennessee, this man Cary does appear to have some talent, but he is engaged in a very small business. Well, there is that kind of creature everywhere, that cannot appreciate anything of a moral kind—that look down with contempt upon the efforts made to reclaim man from the thralldom of this monster vice. It is the parent source of almost every crime that disgraces the public records. If so, why is it permitted in a Christian land to pour its burning lava upon all classes of society. Shall it be permitted to do so? The Sons of Temperance say no,—the waves of this mighty evil shall be stayed in their desolating progress. He did not think that there was a pious Christian on earth but would join in the prayer that God would arrest the liquor maker and the liquor seller in their work of evil. There is not a child who is suffering from the evils of intemperance, or a poor wife in her lonely home, but can move an arm that shall shake the world. The prayer of that humble child shall be potent for good, and he pitted the man that stands in the way when the needy cries. Every child suffering from this vice is putting up a petition in the language of the Psalmist—arise, O! Lord, and vindicate the cause of the needy, and break the arm of the cruel oppressor.—What surprised him most, was the amount of stupidity in regard to this subject throughout all communities.—They seemed to have become so familiar with it, that they were in the habit of passing by the evil without reflecting on its magnitude. It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte could look abroad upon the fields of slain, and could witness the wounds of the dying and hear their groans, without a single emotion—without shedding a single tear. He had made up his mind, that in order to arrive at the summit of his ambition, he could wade through seas of blood. But on one occasion he saw a dog standing by the dead body of his master, and it lifted up its head and raised a piteous yell. Napoleon burst into tears. Why this difference? There was a power in this appeal that had worked upon his sympathies. A steamboat lately blew up on the lake, and your papers were full of the accounts of it, and the greatest sympathy was raised throughout society, yet half a dozen men may die of *delirium tremens*, a curse and reproach to all connected with them, and not even a newspaper paragraph appears in reference to it, or society be in the least affected by it. It seems that we have become steeled and hardened in the one case, while our sympathies are all affected in the other. More persons died upon this continent last year from the effects of this vice, than did during the ravages of cholera, yet when cholera made its appearance every countenance turned pale. Yet these moral pest-houses are reared up everywhere. Here in this city you have one for every twelve families, and you tamely submit to it, and absolutely put a certificate into a man's hands to do his infernal work according to law. A man if he wants to

beggar families, rob wives of their husbands, and children of their fathers, goes to the City Council and asks a license to do so. He is told he may have it by paying so much. Here, take it, go and peddle misery and death and wretchedness in society, but you must put a little of the price of blood into the treasury. (Applause.) This licensing system, of all the things in this world,—the whole system of making and selling liquor by license, to sanction the business, is a system of fraud and deception and villany from beginning to end. Intoxicating drinks have not a redeeming feature to save them from the condemnation of every decent man on the face of God's earth. God has said—woe to him that giveth drink to his neighbour,—and he blessed God that he had connected his woe with just this kind of business. For every one distiller that had got rich in his business, he could show twenty who had been ruined. There were at present twenty-two distilleries and breweries in the place where he lived. He knew one man there—a class leader, who built a church out of the proceeds of his distillery. He used to sing on the Sabbath day—

“Come thou fount of every blessing,”—

he is now a drunken vagrant, without a place to lay his head. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink. He knew a Presbyterian elder who was engaged in the traffic. He had all the comforts and luxuries of life about him. He had a good trade, and an unbounded credit; but somehow he got to drink a little, and very soon his establishment was broken up, he was excommunicated from the church, his wife was divorced, and the last account of him was that he was cutting cordwood at 25 cents a-cord. The history of liquor-sellers is just as bad; and he would tell the man that sells liquor,—although the civil functionaries license you to do your murderous work, if you want to be ruined just prosecute your business. It is wonderful that men will adhere to this business with so much pertinacity. Out of 67 liquor sellers in Ohio, 54 have died, 46 had died drunkards, who were respectable men when they were licensed. He had addressed the unhappy inmates in the Ohio Penitentiary, and out of the 400 who were there, 200 were liquor sellers. Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink. The licensing system is the vertebræ, the back-bone of the whole infernal traffic,—take it away, and the whole will tumble into ruins. He would want a license if he was to sell liquor, that after he had sent some poor fellow reeling, staggering home, he could take and see if it was all right. Or when he came to lie down upon a bed of death, he should ask for his license to be placed in his bony fingers, that his glazed and closing eyes should behold it, and he should like to have it deposited in his coffin, that when he stood before the bar of God and heard the dark catalogue of his crimes read over, he might say that license at the feet of the Judge, and there tell him that he was but an agent of the City Council of Toronto, and when the Corporation would be called up to answer for the misery and the death, they would say the people called upon us to do it; we are the servants of the people. Thus are you, the people of Toronto, just as guilty of making drunkards so long as this licensing system continues, as if you stood behind the bar and peddled damnation by