

that Toronto is the best city I ever saw. I never saw a city stand out in such bold moral life as this city does and if this city, with all its church members, would proclaim itself as on God's side on every question, what an easy task it would be to put this traffic out of your land, and it would not only be the best moral city in the world, but the city in which no man could get liquor to debauch himself and his family. Who is the liquor interest run in favour of? We will say the 226 men in this city of Toronto want to sell liquor. What for? To make money. Now if you will take these two hundred and twenty-six men and pension them out of your treasury at \$1,000 a year, and not drink a drop of liquor for twelve months, you will be in the best financial state you have ever been in, and, if we want to be kind to those fellows, let's say, "We will pension you \$1,000 a year and take care of you for the balance of your lives." I wish we could get this city to do that. I have nothing against bar-keepers, but I will say this much to the mayor and aldermen of this city, if one of those liquor men were to go up and say, "Gentlemen, I want to get a license to sell whiskey, and I am going to have two of your boys drunkards before ten years from to-day," the board that grants licenses in this city would say, "Get out of my presence; you have no right to come here. I'll kick you out of my office." And yet every time they come in they get a license to debauch somebody's boys. They might as well debauch the alderman's boys as any one else's. I don't know who grants these licenses. I don't know your law upon the subject, but this much I do know, that, whenever sentiment and conscience is right, law will be right and you will do with this question just as you please. This is a free country; this is a democratic country; the majority rules in everything. And when the majority of this town says, "We don't want whiskey," then, if the minority want it, let them emigrate. Whenever the majority of the voters of this city says, "We don't want whiskey," whenever a majority of the voters of this city says, "We want prohibition men in office in this city," they will have them. When a majority of the voters of this city says that whiskey shall not be sold in this city, then there will be no whiskey sold in this city. I wish you could see it. With your noble Queen of England you still have a democratic country, and the majority of voters can carry things anyway they like. I wish you could see it.

EVERYBODY MUST HELP.

The leading temperance man in St. Louis went to the leading merchant, who was a Methodist, and said: "Sir, we are hard at work in the temperance cause and we need money. Won't you contribute?" He said: "No, sir, I am no fanatic. It is none of

my business. What is it to me if they want to drink it? I won't give you a dollar. It is none of my business so long as me and mine don't touch it." The next day he walked down to the leading depot. He was expecting his wife and daughter, and in a few minutes he looked at his watch. The train was due and he walked into the telegraph office and said: "I see the train is due from the east and it has not come. Is there any trouble?" "Yes, sir," they said. "There has been a wreck up the road some forty miles; have got no particulars." He hurried to the superintendent's office and he said: "My wife and daughter are aboard of that train. What's the trouble?" "We have had a fearful wreck; many are killed on the incoming train. We are going to run a train out there to meet the train that is wrecked." He rushed out of the depot and got on board of that train. And when he reached there, lying on the ground mangled and dead, was his wife and daughter among others, and then he turned around and there sat the drunken, besotted engineer under a tree, so drunk that he didn't know his own name. Running into a station, a freight train was pulling on a switch, and he ran his engine ahead of time, and ran into the freight train and killed several passengers. That man brought the corpses of his wife and daughter home, and he hunted up that temperance worker and he said, "I told you I didn't care who should drink whiskey, but I want to come to you now to tell you it does make a difference to me. My precious wife and daughter are in their graves now. Just draw on me whenever you want money to run this cause and I will be a friend of temperance and its work as long as I live in this world."

And I tell you, brethren, when that question is brought face to face with us in a shape like that it makes a difference to every preacher in this town who drinks whiskey and who does not. When this question is brought home to fathers and mothers like this, practically in many cases, I can always show you prohibitionists. When a man's boy has been debauched, I will show you a man that can be called on for money and help. When a young man's father has been ruined by whiskey he says, "I will do all I can to help put this cursed stuff out of our community." When you and I look around to-night, there is not one of us but must admit that some member of our family has been cursed by this fearful stuff. God has given me enough warnings that it is my duty to do as much as I can to put this curse out of our community forever.

FOOLS AND SCOUNDRELS.

They have said to me that I have said very hard things about this question. When preaching in Chattanooga, Tenn., I said, "Nobody but an infernal fool will drink whiskey." Well, sir,

the old, red-nosed fellows got awful mad with me about that, and I do not blame them much. They cussed around next day and said I called them the worst kind of fools. Well the next night I took them up on it, and said, "You are mad with me up here about what I said about drinking last night. There was a poor fellow waked up in jail one morning—and he waked up just as the jailor came into the room—and he jumped up and looked around and said, 'Where am I?' The jailor said, 'You are in jail, sir.' 'In jail?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In jail for what?' 'In jail for murder.' 'In jail for murder?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Whom have I killed?' 'You have killed your wife, sir.' And the man just staggered back and fell perfectly unconscious on the floor. In an hour he aroused himself and called aloud for the jailor, and when the jailor came to the door, he said, 'Sir, go and get a mob of men and a rope, and take me out of this jail and hang me to the first tree you can find, for I have killed the best wife a man can ever find in this world.'" What man will drink whiskey? Will anybody but an infernal fool drink that which will make him butcher his wife? If you are drinking that stuff just now, if you are imbibing that liquor day after day, it may be in less than twelve months from to-day you will butcher your wife in cold blood. If I had told that man three weeks before, "That stuff is going to make you butcher your wife," my! he would have knocked me down in my tracks, and yet, in the last six months, I have counted with my own eyes, in newspapers in America, cases in which twenty men have butchered their wives while they were drunk, and yet they will drink it!

INFERNAL SCOUNDRELS.

Well, I said another thing which was mighty strong, but some things that I will tell you—I cannot say without saying them with a vengeance—I cannot. I said, "Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell it." The liquor fellows got mad. They met on the streets and they gave it to me lively. "I'll take you up, old fellow. You're a liquor seller. Now I'll deal fair with you. I have nothing against you. I simply stated facts! That was all. Now listen. If every liquor dealer in this city to-morrow, will meet in the parlor of Market Street Church, and after we all meet there, we will march down Market Street, and then turn up 9th Street, and we will turn into a poor hovel where a poor ruined woman lives; we will look at the lonely, pale, ragged, desolate wife and we will get her to tell her history; where she was born, and how she was raised, and how she married an industrious man twelve years ago, and how they moved here to Chattanooga, and how he got to drinking. He would go to this bar-room and that, and drink, drink, until

the deepest poverty seized upon his home. Last year he committed a fearful crime while drunk and he is now working out a ten years' sentence in the Tennessee penitentiary. And we will just walk up and put our ear to her side, and just hear the blood drip, drip, drip, from her broken heart, and after we have listened to the blood drip, drip, drip, if you say that anybody but an infernal scoundrel will do business like that then I'll take back what I said!"

Why, bless your soul, honey, they never came. They never met me. Well, in another place I said, "I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal! I'll steal before I'll sell whiskey!" Well that made them mad. It looks like as if everything I'd say would make them mad. One fellow tackled me. I didn't say anybody that would sell whiskey would steal! but said I, "You will agree with me when the facts are brought before you." "What facts?" said he. "Up yonder lives a poor widowed woman, and her husband died and left her about \$10,000. That woman has been indulgent with her boys, and those boys have spent their money with you, and you know that last year one of her sons was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years, and the other one is a poor wretch now, a curse to his mother. His mother sits up yonder now all broken hearted."

"Which would have been the best, for you to have crept up there and stolen that \$10,000, and left her boys poor, or, to take that money and debauch her boys and break her heart?" He said he didn't believe in any such logic, and just walked off and left me.

Put that question right. My congregation! When I look at a thing like that, I declare to you I cannot see how sensible men can license a traffic that can only bring woe and misery to the poor women and children of the country. I can't see it to save my life. And I believe in less than fifty years from to-day, that our children will look back upon our age as the barbaric age—the age that licensed people to sell whiskey. Our children will look back at the havoc caused by whiskey under the administration of their forefathers. Good Lord, raise us to the point at which we will wake up and put this accursed stuff out before any more of our children are ruined.

THE power that supports the destroying traffic is not in the dramshop. If left to themselves and not protected by law, they would quickly perish as common nuisances. The power, and hence the awful responsibility of their continuance with all their malign evils, is in our Christian churches and Christian homes. It is in the hands and upon the souls of our Christian voters. They could crush this monstrous crime with a blow, if they dared to stand out together before God.—G. T. Stewart.