

the offence of offences, THE RUM TRAFFIC, to the annihilation of which the Sons of Temperance of fifty years ago were pledged—a pledge which we to-night renew, and declare we will not rest content until, in the words of Gough—"The last distillery has been destroyed ; the last stream of liquid death dried up ; until the last weeping wife's tears are gently wiped away ; the last drunkard's child lifted up to stand where God meant that child and man should stand ; until the last drunkard has been nerved to burst his burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chain."