

not a cause, but an effect. Remove the cause—the liquor traffic—and the effect will cease; but so long as the cause remains, the effect must continue. Nothing on earth could prevent it in this present civilization. The liquor traffic has brought on itself this agitation against it, by the abuses of which it is the parent. There was a time, not very long ago, when the traffic was considered as moral and respectable as trade in molasses. When the liquor business started out in this country, it was given as good a chance as any other business to be decent. It was supported by public opinion.

There was an old clergyman whose son ran a rum distillery, and this clergyman, in preaching in the towns along the St. Lawrence, carried several bottles of his son's rum as samples, and united the business of liquor agent with his profession of minister of the Gospel. The respectability of the church has not waned in these hundred years; neither has the grocery trade, or the dry goods trade. Can the same be said of the liquor traffic? Is it as respectable now to drink liquor or sell it as it was a hundred years ago? Where now are your deacon distillers? Where are your tippling church-members? Where are your rum-peddling ministers? Why will so few respectable business men have anything to do with the dirty thing? The trade has become a social outcast. We don't apply any rule to the whiskey business that we apply to any other business or social factor. What we say is, that a Christian clergyman is just as good as a liquor seller so long as the Christian clergyman behaves himself. If the pastor of this church were to get up next Sunday and preach the hateful doctrine of Free Love, what would you do? If the law could not touch him you would probably procure a rail and a bucket of tar, and punish him yourselves. The man who retails liquor over a bar is doing just what the disseminator of free love doctrines would do; he is helping to poison society, to spread degradation and moral and physical ruin among mankind. Individuals and institutions are not attacked and punished because of their names, but because of their acts. Mormons have a right to worship according to their religious beliefs, so long as they behave themselves, and don't transgress the laws of morality and the United States. The reason that Mormonism is now being rooted out is because it is a social pest—a cancer on the body politic. It is not against the men who deal in the traffic, but the traffic itself, that we war. A bedbug or a louse is as beautifully formed an insect, when examined under the microscope, as the ant or the bee. Why, then, are these former insects regarded with horror by all sensitive persons? Simply because of the way in which they make their living. We object to the liquor-dealer, not on account of himself as a man, but for the same reason that we loathe the louse and bedbug—because of the way in which he makes his living, sucking the life-blood of his fellow-men. If the man and the insects are to be compared, the comparison is in favor of the latter, for it is doubtful if one bedbug ever destroyed other bedbugs in order to support himself. Anything that is an injury to the country should be removed, any man who is opposed to its removal is a traitor to his country.

The liquor dealers say that their business is legal, and that all their fortune is invested in it. Suppose that I should live in a fine brick house in a good locality in your city, and should turn it into a slaughter-house. It wouldn't give much offence, perhaps, in winter, but when summer came every person who had a nose would know of its existence. The health officers would probably come to me and say, "You must not slaughter your cattle here—the place is a public nuisance." "But," I would reply, "all my money is sunk in these premises. I get my living out of it. It is unjust to take my living from me. Besides, nobody interfered with my establishing myself here." It is altogether likely the health officers would say: "We have nothing against you personally. But your slaughter-house is endangering the health of the citizens. You must go." And I would have to go, too. The whining of liquor sellers about the injustice of interfering with their business is very like the plea of the boy who, in the hope of inheriting his parents' property, murdered them both. When he was asked why the sentence of death should not be pronounced, he blubbered, "Please, judge, take pity on me because I am an orphan." It is sometimes claimed that the government has no right to suppress the traffic because it cannot lawfully interfere with "vested rights." The government has the right to put away any social nuisance. The government has a right to choke Louis Riel if it catches him, and it also has a right to choke the liquor business, which is the greatest of social nuisances. Liquor dealers themselves will not dare deny that their business is productive of evil. I have been fighting prohibitory battles on the platform for seven years, and I never yet heard the traffic defended by one of its champions. The most that is said in its favor is, that it is a necessary evil, and that, instead of attempting to prohibit it, it should be regulated. The same argument could be applied to the business of thieves. Why not regulate the business of the gentlemen who make their living by stealing. Why not say: "Stealing is a necessary evil. It will always exist, it can't be prohibited; therefore it is best to regulate it"—and so, at stated periods let the municipalities divvy up with the thieves. What's the use of the church fighting the devil? It can't abolish him. Why not make a compact with him, and agree that he shall have a certain percentage of souls? "Prohibition does not prohibit," is one of the stock arguments. But what class is it that is not prohibited by prohibition? Is it not the liquor selling class—the dealers, who will not hesitate to break the law of the land in order to supply their fellows with the poison? The business must be destroyed by this civilization, or it will destroy this civilization. The strength of a government and a nation is in the intelligence and morality of the people. Herein lies the only hope of the British empire and the American republic. It is therefore essential for the morality and intelligence of the people to be preserved and developed. It is plainly the duty of the government to foster all institutions which have this effect, and to abolish everything which has the opposite effect. It is right for the government to encourage and assist public schools, but it has no right to allow the existence of grog shops where the good effect of the schools is destroyed or neutralized.

For about half an hour the lecturer dwelt eloquently on the evil results of the liquor traffic, and quoted several pathetic incidents from his own experience. He predicted the speedy triumph of the principle of prohibition. "The time will come," he said, "when you will no more license men to debauch and ruin the loved ones of the women of this province, than you would license them to enter the chambers of these women and steal their jewels."

Tales and Sketches.

A NO-LICENSE TOWN.

"No prohibitory law, entire or partial, really prohibits," say the talkers and their opponents. "If men really want to drink they will do so; they will find ways and means of getting liquor, if it even comes to laying in wholesale supplies of the coveted article, and drinking it in the privacy of their own apartments." Perhaps so, and yet it is strange how seldom men do this; they don't, as a general thing, drink milk in public, or make a social occasion of eating toast or cornbread, and yet though it would be just as easy to buy whiskey at wholesale prices and keep it on their closet shelves, they generally prefer to procure it in bar-rooms, paying the proprietors thereof the large profits always made on small sales, and thus season the draft with a sense of conviviality and good fellowship. A side argument, by the bye, on the side of closing all such places.

I am staying just now in a no-license town, Newton Centre, Mass. It was some days before I realized the cause of the peculiar quiet gentility of the place, but having once experienced it and understood the reason—"my willing soul would stay in such a place as this" to the end of its mortal pilgrimage, and never again be vexed by the sight, smell, or sound of grogeries, liquor selling groceries, saloons, or taverns.

But it is the story of the influence of "no license" upon one family which I have to tell. The mother thereof is an old servant of my entertainers, who left them years ago to marry a gay, handsome young man, and led the usual tenement-house life of her class in Boston, that city which, having once known the blessings of prohibition, deliberately stepped off its vantage ground on the assumed higher plane of license.

The young man was a good workman, able to command high wages, but, alas! not only able but willing to spend a large portion of them in places where the "social glass" steals alike the money and the brains of its votaries; and, of course, the lives of the wife and five children who by degrees filled the tenement-home felt the usual effects of such indulgence. Badly clothed and poorly fed, the little ones were only kept off the streets by the indomitable energy of the mother, who by degrees came to supplement the earnings of her idle and drunken husband by labors which told sadly upon her originally robust constitution.

She still loved her husband with that enduring affection which causes so much astonishment at the long suffering of drunkard's wives; and, in spite of the discouraging prophecies of all her friends and acquaintances, made effort after effort for his reclamation. But in vain; good resolutions and temperance pledges were as burned tow in the presence of ever-open and attractive saloons, and all sense of duty, backed by affection and responsibility for the support of those whom he had called into existence, melted like wax in the genial sunshine of the good-fellowship which poured out and offered the tempting glass.

Year after year the long-suffering wife reasoned, expostulated, prayed, and waited, and year after year the whole family sank lower and lower in degradation and distress.

Perhaps had the man prayed himself, the result would have been different; but the trouble in such cases is that the majority of drinking men do not pray, nor can they often be induced to do so, neither, in spite of the ideas often advanced in sermons concerning the lofty grandeur of self-conquest, and due regulation of appetite as opposed to the weakness of virtue that is only induced by compulsion, do we find men of this stamp much given to stern self-denial. Facts prove that the majority of our people are born with weak wills and hereditary tendencies towards self-indulgence, and our efforts for the promotion of temperance and the building up of good citizenship must be adopted not to what might be in Utopia or the millennium, but what is now in this nineteenth century and these United States.

As the Keiser children began to grow up their mother felt more and more the need of doing something to reclaim their father for their sakes if not for his own, and at last she persuaded him to remove to Newton Centre, where a comfortable house could be hired for the same price as the narrow, dirty tenement had cost, and where pure air and bright sunshine were free to all.

And here, almost beyond her hopes, was a miracle wrought. Instead of going to the nearest town where liquor could be had, which would have been very easy, as the steam cars run at an almost nominal rate, Keiser suddenly gave up all his drinking habits, devoted himself industriously to his trade, which, being that of a plumber, gives him three or four dollars a day; has laid up money, and is talking of buying a little strip of land and putting up a house for himself; the eldest boy has a good situation in town, earning seven dollars a week, which he religiously gives to his mother; the second gets one or two more by doing "chores" for the neighbors, and the whole family attend "meeting" on Sunday comfortably dressed, and like any prosperous citizens of the American Republic, and all this has been accomplished in less than three years.

What is the secret of the change? Simply this: Keiser was no dipsomaniac, driven by an insane and irresistible impulse to surmount every ob-