

of our villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait, secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor." And you, people of Canada, (hear the unwelcome truth,) Judas-like, stand by and say to these your minions, "what will ye give, and we will betray the innocent into your hands?"

Were you living under the dominion of a despot, whose word was law, you would not be responsible for this alliance of Government with grog-shops; but your Legislators and Judges are your own servants, and for their actions you are accountable. If a family is beggared, robbed, or murdered by the traffic in strong drink, the bonus given for the privilege is in your treasury. Every farthing thus received by you, is the price of blood! Every tear wrung from wretched wives and helpless children—every dying groan of the wild and infuriate drunkard—every family altar desolated—every stain of this moral leprosy, which has marked society with spots, redder, more indelible and infectious than ever polluted the house of Israel—all these, and all other untold and indescribable evils of the traffic, are authorized and sanctioned by your laws!

The remedy to be Applied.

Repeal every law that licenses, or sanctions, or protects, the vender of intoxicating beverages. The despotism that originated this abominable system of indulgence, and every Government, free or despotic, that has adopted it, have assumed a prerogative that no power in Heaven, Earth, or Hell, can claim to exercise. Society may be impotent to punish, but it never can license a wrong. Is the sale of intoxicating beverages a wicked business? Does it corrupt our youth? Does it waste property? Does it impair health? Does it destroy reputation? Does it endanger life? If so—what Government can license or protect the traffic, without downright injustice, without absolute oppression? Every subject has a right to demand protection for his property, health, reputation, and life. Experience proves that all are in fearful peril in a land of grogshops.

Dissolve your Partnership with the Traffic.

If our children, our property, our friends—if all that we hold dear, must be sacrificed to fires more cruel, more deadly, than were ever kindled at the funeral pile of Pagans, in the name of humanity and humanity's God, let the *partnership* between you and the workers of this iniquity be dissolved.

The Traffic must be branded as Criminal.

Another thing which we think imperatively demanded, is, to declare the traffic in intoxicating beverages a crime and punish it as such. If all the evils to which we have referred result from this business, what crime recognized by our statute, compares with it for turpitude? We are aware that universal custom has sanctioned the practice, but this furnishes no reason why it should not be stripped of its legal robes, and branded as we brand other vices, with the seal of infamy. The African Slave trade was once not only recognized as a lawful trade, but the guilty thieves

who stole negroes from the coast of Africa were many of them church members; now they are hung up as pirates. The long standing of any business, or the respectability of the actors can never sanctify a crime. You have laws to punish the thief, the highwayman and the murderer—you have even provided a punishment for the potty gambler, the profane swearer and the Sabbath breaker—yet for the crime of liquor selling, which necessarily and universally results in profanity, Sabbath breaking and gambling—which directly incites to most of our murders, arsons, robberies and thefts,—you have fixed no penalty, but have even licensed "*good moral men*" to perpetrate it with impunity. Either repeal your laws, making murder and robbery a crime, or punish the creature who nerves the robber's arm, and whets the murderer's knife.

The Rumseller must be punished as a Criminal.

People of Canada would you throw a protection around the sanctuary of home—would you have your sons and your daughters shielded from the desolating scourge—transform society—empty your Lazar houses and open the "prison doors to these who are bound?" If this be your desire, you must seal up the fountain whence flows the blighting and desolating flood. You must declare that the vile panderer: a degrading passion, shall be cut off from a fellowship with reputable society. You must consign the incorrigible rumsellers to the prisons now occupied by their ruined victims.

It is our firm conviction that the dark flood of evils growing out of intemperance will never be averted until liquor vending be declared a misdemeanor, and those who bid defiance to moral appliances, be punished as other culprits, who rob community of property and life. In the progress of the temperance reform the power of moral suasion has been effectually upon those who are engaged in the murderous traffic.

Moral appliances alone cannot arrest the Traffic.

The miserable drunkard, the heart-broken wife, the ragged and starving child, have all made their touching and eloquent appeals. Alms-houses and prisons, crowded with wretched inmates, have sent forth their piteous tales. A countless company of liquor sellers, ruined in body, estate, and reputation, have lifted their voice of warning; and that the whole earth might know the wickedness, and the blighting and damning nature of their business, God has uttered his voice, and pronounced a woe upon him, who dares to put the bottle to his neighbour's lips. The voice of the majority has in some places been heard through the ballot-box, but with like results. A large powerful *Guerrilla band*, "armed and equipped as the law, directs," still make war upon us, without pity—visiting their death blows without mercy, upon every age, sex and condition.

Our position is Right and should be Maintained.

We know that we are taking an advanced and high position—but if it be true, why not occupy it?—why not assume a battle ground from which you cannot be driven, while God's moral government endures? Here you may deal blows upon your enemy that must sooner or later overthrow him.