

"Night Life in 'Winnipeg'"

Text—Isaiah xxi. 11: "Watchman, what of the night?"

It was night when an escaped fugitive, bruised and bleeding, crept across the city, seeking for back streets, scaling fences, avoiding city lights, dodging the police; afraid of the dawning light of the morning and seeking for the shelter which had been promised to him.

In one blinding flash of light we have gazed for a moment on the sin of our city. What confessions we have listened to! It reminds us of the sad exclamation of Francis Bacon in the hour of his disgrace: "My lords, it was my act, my hand, my heart and my shame. I beseech you all to be merciful to a broken reed."

Winnipeg has been held up to the eyes of the world. The whole English speaking race has been looking at Winnipeg. Several years ago Winnipeg, by vote and voice, approved of a lenient interpretation of the law in the matter of social purity and the denizens of the underworld "took notice." Ever since the segregation question was left unsettled, the criminal class has regarded our city as a velvet spot. Whatsoever a city soweth that shall it also reap. It reminds us of the remark of Mrs. Lincoln after the assassination of her husband: "This seems like some terrible dream."

Startling events have been happening right here in this neighborhood. The places and establishments mentioned as having been brought into the limelight are, most of them, right here next to us. The auctioneers' mart, the apartment house, the hotel, the department store, the office building, the restaurant—they all exist within a stone's throw of this building. But when I stand here and speak of the shame of sin and the blight of rum I am classed as sensational. Sensation is better than stagnation. Give me your sympathy, support and backing and, as God lives, I will strike mightier blows.

The whole succession of incident and event, as presented in the newspapers, is soaked in rum and baptized with alcohol. When the acting conspirators meet for the first time, they meet in a bar room. Its: "Have a drink!"—"We had a drink!"—"We all drank!" Certainly. It's dope, drink and dram. When men want to rob God and cheat the devil—they drink. I heard D. L. Moody, once, as he rebuked two rum-soaked tramps who had eulered one of his inquirers' meetings and sought to annoy and tantalize the