

the whole civilized world. With its iron hoof upon the neck of a million helpless women, whose dying groans may be heard in every city, town, and hamlet on this and other continents of the globe, congealing the life-blood in the veins and heart of a million helpless orphans, whose mothers have died of neglect and cruel treatment, and whose fathers have been led as oxen to these human slaughter-houses which infest the land. And yet in the face of all this woe, this desolation and death, men who would be considered benefactors to the race will give their consent, their influence, their voice, and their vote in favor of the cursed traffic.

"Oh, cursed, cursed sin, traitor to God,
And ruiner of man, mother of woe,
And death and hell, wretched, yet seeking worse,

Polluted most, yet wallowing in the mire,
Most mad, yet drinking frenzy's giddy cup,
Depth ever deepening, darkness darkening still."

What then shall we do? Shall we continue to support the traffic in Dartmouth? No one believes more heartily than I do that men ought to be persuaded, entreated, and expostulated with to abandon that which they know to be offensive to God, and ruinous to their fellow men. But is there a man in this congregation who has faith enough to believe that if all the God-fearing people in the town were to go to each of the men engaged in the rum business, and entreat them to quit it, that they would do so? We know they would not. There is money in the business, and we know that those whose only object in this world is to make money are incorrigible. They will not

be turned from their evil purpose by any amount of moral suasion that you can bring to bear upon them. I have nothing against men making money. I rejoice to see men accumulating wealth when they do it honestly, but I hold that it is an outrage on society for a few men to grow rich at the expense of a thousand helpless women and children. But what shall we do about it? You say that we cannot override the customs of society, or defy that power which has given these men the right, in the legal sense, to carry on the traffic. Very true. But who gave them the legal right? Our own citizens. The "powers that be" have said to every community in the Dominion, you can do as you wish in this matter. You can employ men to carry on the infamous business, or you can forbid any man to engage in the traffic. What then can we do? We can put this matter in its true light before the intelligence of this community, and hold it there for a little while, and the people will rise up in their strength and rid themselves of the curse. In this matter the voice of the people in each community is supreme. And if men of influence and position had done their whole duty in this respect in the past, our town would not to day be afflicted with eight corrupt wounds, eating up the vitality of the state, and sucking the life-blood of the churches.

If there are any present who are very conservative or very timid, they will think I am speaking pretty strongly. I can afford to speak strongly and to plead earnestly when pleading the cause of the weak against the strong,