

vote in support of the traffic? Let them answer for themselves. A few of them will say, "It will be sold any way, and it is better to have it regulated by law." A pretty good argument, if they could only change that clause in God's Law Book which reads, "Let us not do evil that good may come." The others would answer, "Those who are disposed to sell will sell, license or no license, and so we had better make them pay for the privilege, and thus add to our revenue and lessen our taxes." Upon this class without doubt falls the "woe" of the text. Let us see the rottenness of this argument. There are eight men in this town selling by license, for which they pay fifty dollars each, thus giving to the revenue \$400. But now, on the other hand, what does it cost the town of Dartmouth to support the traffic? 1. Pauper's bill, \$1,200; 2. To supporting County Prisons, \$500; 3. Salary of a second policeman, \$500; 4. Low estimate of charity given, \$700; total, \$2,900; all of which, or nearly all, we pay every year as the result of the rum traffic.

But I feel a little ashamed for having looked at the subject from this standpoint for a moment. It seemed necessary to meet the groundless argument of those who take this stand. Let not dollars and cents have any place when dealing with this monster, not even though a thousand dollars came pouring into our revenue from the foul business for every one dollar which it takes to support it. *No.* But that which ought to haunt every one of us by day and by night is the fact that scores of pinched and shivering children go from

door to door begging for a crust of bread. Is it possible for such to escape falling into temptation and sin? Can we wonder if many of them shall, in a few years hence, be found looking out through the iron bars of the prison in yonder city? Shall we look upon them and despise them when in a short time we shall see them steeped in the same vices and hardened in the same crimes which have overtaken their wretched parents? Who then, I ask, will be responsible? These eight rum-sellers only? *Every man* who has given his name to a petition for the granting of a license; *nay, more, every man* who has not, in every legitimate way, given the full weight of his influence against the curse. Oh, the wretchedness and woes which follow in its train as it goes stalking through the earth, the very embodiment of evil and crime, the essence of every iniquity. Wretched homes all over the land, filled with broken-hearted women and starving children. Pauperism, insanity, suicides, riots, murders, and executions, all pointing to this fiend as their ultimate source and moving cause. Wherever the traffic flourishes there you will find of necessity crime, desolation, and death. It is the mother of every vice, the feeder of every disease, the origin of woe, an outrage on society, and a sin against heaven.

It hurls its silt and defiance in the face of the honest politician, in the face of the philanthropist and preacher. It is the bane of commerce, the palsy of every honest enterprise, the constant dread of travellers by sea and land, the bane of society generally, spreading out its withering, corrupting influence over