

our wise Government, that the only right to put the bottle to a citizen's lips inheres in the sovereignty, and the Province has delegated its alcoholic sovereignty derived from the people to John Smith, for without such leave of the people to do this thing, John Smith would be plain John Smith, and of no more consequence than a clergyman or a merchant of honest wares. He is knighted, as it were—Sir John Smith, dram-seller to their sovereign majesties, the people. Are you in that? I want you to remember that a saloon is as national and as lawful as a public school. I seem to see upon the face or the rags of every drunken man a legend like you often see on packages of whiskey or tobacco.



"Take notice, the manufacturer of this article has complied with all the requirements of the law, according to the Statute in such case made and provided."

Now in this gross sum that men call sovereignty, what are you? A digit or a dot? You'll say—a digit, by the grace of God, and a Christian man. Amen! but wait—

Suppose you are remotely in this thing. What of it? Listen. If by your consent—express or tacit—your taxes are diminished by the shame-gold of license laws, I say that in the sight of God there's blood on every dollar you own.

I am talking to men who acknowledge the binding authority of the Bible, and especially such as feel constrained to do temperance work. If you have a bottle anywhere, don't try to help intemperate men; the hand that holds the bottle cannot lift helpfully on fallen men; the heart that consents to a bottle cannot feel helpfully for fallen men.

