

ing, trading and resort, plotting and hiding, and would sink into almost total insignificance compared with their present awful proportions. How will you remove the drinking places? You will not sing them out, frown them out, pray them out, speak them out, or lead them out.

You must DRIVE THEM OUT with the strong scourge of the law. They exist by law, are kept by law, protected by law. Only by law can they be annihilated. So long as they remain, the cause exists. Remove the cause and the disease can be coped with. Let it remain, and so long death will strike down the innocent, and the sound of mourning be heard in the land.

3. *The results of moral suasion alone are not satisfactory.*

It has done a glorious work. Light has been spread, truth scattered, convictions fastened, and good incalculable resulted. But withal, the amount of liquors drunk has increased—the waste has amounted up to almost fabulous figures—the pauperism and crime have made rapid strides. In spite of moral suasion, 120,000 persons die annually in Great Britain from intemperance, and fully 100,000 in Anglo-Saxon America; the terrible army of drunkards go on tramp, tramp, tramp, to the grave of disgrace; billions of dollars are annually wasted, and millions of bushels of grain destroyed on this *poison* that, as a beverage, never helps, always harms; criminals in long line march to jail, prison, and scaffold, seven-tenths of whom have graduated in the demoralizing drink hells of our country; children come up in our homes and schools, and their tender feet march out to the recruiting drill shops of

drink, and soon they pass to fill the ranks of drunkards gone; homes tumble in ruins about the dead hopes and ruined happiness of once happy inmates; womanhood bleeds at heart, and manhood sinks into devilishness before the awful breath of this withering curse. The platform may speak, the pulpit preach, the printing press teach, and the home twine all its tendrils of love. In vain. The dram shops are kept running by law—the mill wheels revolve ceaselessly, the cruel, relentless machinery, manned by avarice and appetite, each day receives its golden grain of human good, and grinds not its mournful grist of human woe.

The mill must be stopped. Only the law will do it.

The rumshops are a constant *immoral suasion*, nullifying and hindering our *moral suasion*.

There are 4,000 of these, big and little, wholesale and retail, in Ontario.

They are open from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10.30 p.m., five days in the week, and until 7 p.m. on Saturdays.

These shops have men behind the bars whose whole business is to supply as many drinks as possible; are open 95 hours per week, displaying their temptations, using their associations and allurements, and busy rivetting the chains of appetite about young and old.

The influence of these men is bad; the atmosphere of the bar room is bad; its associations are impure and degrading; its teaching power, tending towards ruin and utter vileness, is simply incalculable.

Shall we quietly submit to have 4,000 places constantly flooding society with their *immoral suasion*? Think of it, Christian readers.

"THIS MOST DETESTABLE TRAFFIC. I USE STRONG LANGUAGE BECAUSE I SEE THE MISCHIEF THE TRAFFIC IS DOING. I KNOW THAT EVERY EFFORT I MAKE AS A MINISTER OF RELIGION IS MORE THAN NEUTRALIZED BY THE EFFORTS THAT ARE BEING MADE IN AN OPPOSITE DIRECTION."—THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.