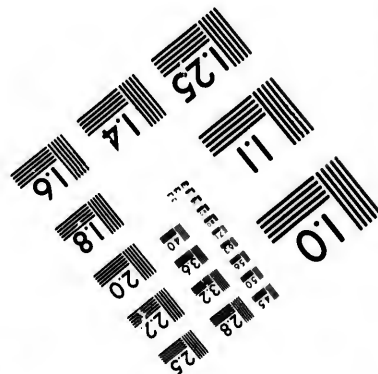
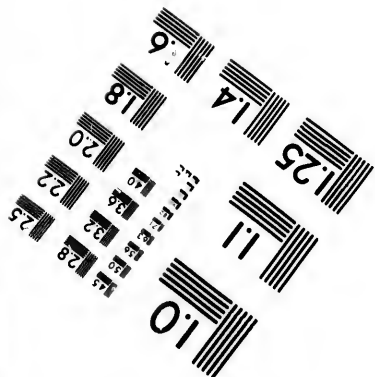
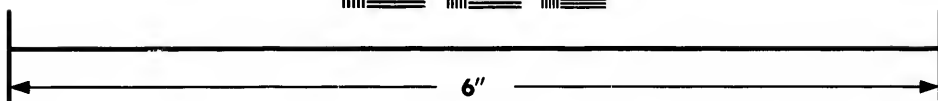
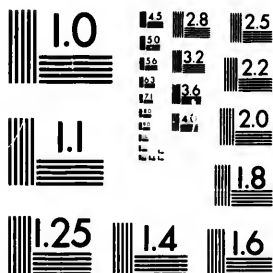


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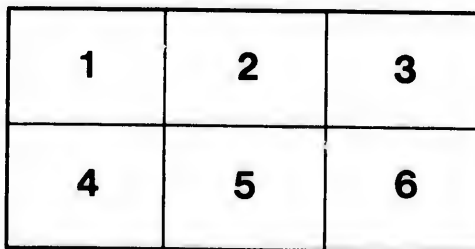
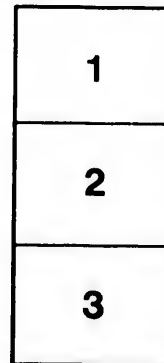
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"The Sacrifice to Devils: The Table of Devils: The Cup of Devils."

A Temperance

...SERMON.

..... PREACHED BY

REV. A. LOGAN GEGGIE,

..... IN

ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

....TRURO, N. S....

the evening of December 13th., 1896.

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" The Sacrifice to Devils: The Table of Devils: The Cup of Devils."

A Temperance

...SERMON.

Preached by the Rev. A. LOGAN GEGGIE, in St. Paul's Presbyterian
Church, Truro, N. S., on the evening of December 13, 1896.

To recall verbatim an address, which was largely extemporaneous, is almost an impossibility. Had I foreseen the publication of the same, I would have written and thus preserved intact my thought. At the request of friends I have attempted a reproduction of my sermon. In that reproduction, my memory has been aided by copious notes, which I used, and did not depart from in the delivery of address and which have acted as milestones to mark out the way. I have consciously modified no phrase and have rigidly adhered to an argument, as well as an outline, which would have been drawn up more carefully had I foreseen this eventuality. Within brackets, I have interlarded what did not find a place in the spoken discourse, here introduced to give emphasis. In honest speech I have spoken on a difficult problem of social life, and now in this form, I commend my message to God, and recommend it to my fellow-citizens with the hope that through it good may be done.

A. L. G.

The Sacrifice to Devils. — The Table of Devils The Cup of Devils.

I Cor. 10:20, 21. "But I say that which the Gentile sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils; ye cannot be partakers of the table of the Lord and the table of devils."

To nerve myself for the work of the evening, I have, during the past week, been making a possible forecaste of the future—a forecaste which I pray God most fervently may never be realized. I have been looking ahead of me for ten or twelve years, and have been thinking of my own boy, grown to young manhood and surrounded by the baneful influences of the twelve liquor saloons which are said to exist to-day in the town of Truro. I have shuddered to think of the possibility of these influences, proving too strong for him, and drawing him into the current of the deadly stream. What if through my neglect of present duty, my boy should in that future come staggering to his father's door? Other boys, with as good a training as he possibly can get, have been ruined through this cursed influence, proving too strong for them—stronger than even that of the best home training. Brethren, we ought to look ahead. We must do something to purify the surroundings of our boys. God help us to sweep away the existing saloons before they become so imbedded in our social, commercial and civic life, that their removal will have become an impossibility. (Samson met a lion in the way, and the problem with him was "I must kill that lion, or the lion will kill me)."

Tonight I do not intend to trouble you with an exhortation, based upon the story of Noah's debauchie, nor even of Belshazzar's feast, (nor do I purpose discussing the question of Bible wines); rather will I view the situation, as it affects us here, living, as we do, in the closing weeks of the year 1896, and in the town of Truro, and surrounded, as we are, by the prevailing conditions of rum-selling and rum-drinking.

The passage of scripture, which I have chosen, provides me with material that, in my present application of it, is well fitted to enable me to deliver a straight and strong message on the present situation. I have chosen my text deliberately, intelligently. God help me to speak the truth in love.

I.—"THE SACRIFICE TO DEVILS."—THE SIN OF IMPURITY.

The sin of impurity is a delicate subject to discuss here. It is impossible for me to tell out before a mixed audience what might be told. I will say this, that there is more immorality in our midst than the majority of us are aware of. The physicians, if all reports be true, could unfold a tale in this connection. The individual, who is given over to this kind of life, is sacrificing body and soul to devils. There are no public dens of infamy in our midst, thanks to the vigilance of our police officers in this direction. The wonder to me, however, is that we are not in a worse condition, when we think of the number of little wits of boys and girls of 12 and 14 years of age, who are allowed by

their parents and guardians to run about these streets at an hour when they ought to be in bed. If we will sow, we must reap.

II.—"THE TABLE OF DEVILS."—THE SIN OF GAMBLING.

This evil is in Truro. I cannot but refer to the testimony of Mr. Rautenberg, as given in the Opera House a few months ago, to the effect that there were present in the audience those with whom he had gambled. And we are training our children up into this evil. Every concert company which holds out this inducement to the public that every ticket purchased on entrance will give a chance to win a prize—every business man who announces that a certain amount of purchases confers the privilege of guessing or drawing for a prize; every euchre party in our homes, where prizes are announced as won—these all are but a feeding, an education of the gambling instinct. Much could be said here, but another question demands our attention to-night.

III.—"THE CUP OF DEVILS"—THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

My present application of this phrase is to the saloon. "You are extreme," some one exclaims. "Both the language here and your application of it is extreme." It is to me both painful and amusing to hear and read some men's views on moral questions. If Paul had been living to-day, he would have been called "extreme," and, in all probability, called so in some party organ. The newspaper editors would have scalped him, as the New Glasgow Enterprise tried recently to scalp the Rev. H. R. Grant of Trenton. Poor creatures are some of these editors after all; they can't see beyond their small politics. "Extremists!" and if you can find a more extreme man in his own line than an editor of a party organ, trot him out. I begin to-night with an extreme man and if I sin in this direction, I will sin in good company. "Cup of devils," writes Paul, and some one (who has never done anything well, save to sit on the fence, and he poises perfectly), protests "That's too strong; tone down your language; be more moderate." Imagine the great apostle standing in the midst of nineteenth century rum and ruin. He looks out upon that surging sea of alcoholism and sees the millions it has slain, lying dead at the bottom, or strewn on the beach, and, as he beholds the serpent uncoiling itself from its victim, cries, and he can do nothing else—"cup of devils!" But I hear some of you say, "Paul was a religious enthusiast." All right; we'll leave Paul in the meantime. There is another whose judgment might be taken in this matter, and he was no "sanctimonious prig." He is probably the greatest literary genius of English literature. Shakespeare, when he reviewed the ravages of the wine cup and beheld its terrible effects on human life, wrote these words:—

("To be now a sensible
Man, by and by a fool, and presently
A beast, every inordinate cup
Is unblest'd, and th' ingredient is a devil).
Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil."

One word only can Shakespeare think of by means of which to designate the inebriating cup, and that is—devil. Paul and Shakespeare

—the greatest spiritual genius of the christian church, at whose feet thousands have sat and have gathered inspiration for life, and the greatest master in English literature, by whom men are taught the choicest language and noblest thoughts. Good company to be in, I say; may it be given me to stand strong and unflinching in the company of such men. "Devil, cup of devils;" Aye, follow its ravages, its insults to God and humanity, right from the days of the drunken debauchee of Noah, down to the present moment, and only one word can be written across its trail, and that—devil. Had you been at our Bible Class meeting the other Sunday, you would have learned that one of the meanings to be attached to the word devil is deceiver. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is *deceived* thereby is not wise." Is Paul wrong? Is Shakespeare wrong? Am I wrong in thus applying the phrase? It is verily "the devil in solution, in dilution, in pollution."

a. IT IS MANUFACTURED BY DEVILS.

"Stop, you are too severe, your language is unwarranted." Well, we'll see. I cannot go to the root of moral evil, but I, speaking for myself, have never been able to charge God with the invention or manufacture of "the spirit of wine," as we know it here. By whomsoever the method of distillation was invented, or its principle was discovered, the devil has the business in hand to-day. "Don't you know," I have heard men argue, "that some very good men are engaged in the business to-day. Guinness, of Dublin stout fame, is one of the largest paying philanthropists in the world." It is a pity that the poor Lord cannot run His own business, but has to go hat in hand to beg of the devil to help Him out. It is a fine spectacle to see the wealthy brewer building up the social fabric with one hand and tearing it down with the other. Yes, men would have us believe that the devil has become a great benefactor to the human race. He ought to have become an angel ere now. Burn's charitable wish for him surely is being realized -- "wad tak' thocht au' men'." The church herself has been brought under great obligations to the rum-business. Poor church, she handles betimes tainted, tarnished money, tainted, and tarnished with ruined lives. (Wherein, you ask, lies the difference between the dollar bills of a rumseller and of a decent citizen? God who stands over "against the treasury" marks the difference and that ought to be sufficient). In some places, the church is a rum-ruled institution with false prophets and toad-eating ministers in her pulpits. How often is she in league with the liquor trade, as when some of her officers must go to a saloon for the wine for sacramental purposes, and this has often been done? I thank God, I put no "cup of devils" into the hands of communicants at the Lord's table in this place. I say it frankly, I would rather live on my finger-nails than serve a church dominated by the rum interests. These men have laid the church again and again under obligation to them, and thus, for their own ends, have destroyed her testimony against evil. God help us to keep ourselves free of this muzzle.

b. IT MANUFACTURES DEVILS.

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains; that we should with joy, pleasance, revel and applause Transform ourselves into beasts."—*Shakespeare*.

(Would God it were only beasts). Where is the shame and sorrow of your town manufactred to-day? Did you ever see any good come out of a saloon, or out of association therewith? It has turned many a prosperous merchant into an indolent wreck. It has changed many a good kind husband into a veritable beast. It has *deformed* many a loving, tender parent into a tyrannical demon. "What would he not have been, but for the liquor—the curse of ruin?"

C. IT DEGRADES THE MAN THAT ENGAGES IN IT.

It destroys his better nature. Can you find a real, genuine, public spirited man engaged in the business? He knows himself to be unfit to take a hand in the public affairs of the country and he rarely attempts it. I have known some decent kind of men go into the business, but it so lowered the whole tone of their life, that they dropped out of good society. (And I know some men, who, in appearance, are too good for the traffic, but they are in it and I am sorry for them).

No business has had more sophistry brought into its service to bolster it up than it has had. Allow me to-night to prick some of the bubbles.

1. "*The saloon keeper does not drag anybody into his bar to drink.*" And because he never does that, never holds the bottle to a man's nose, he should be allowed to sell to every one, who of his own accord, comes to buy. Then, why not treat the druggist in the same way? He never asks a man in to buy arsenic (and there are many uses of arsenic, besides suicide,) and yet he is prohibited. Is not this an infringement of private rights and personal liberties? But the rum-seller does worse than drag a man into his bar to drink. He takes advantage of a man's weakness. He lives on the failings of his fellows. A base appetite enslaves a man and when the passion masters him, when the man is temporarily insane, when he is morally dormant, the social vampire, behind the bar, plies his craft. Who would not be an Uncle Tom loaded with chains rather than a drunken, man-despising, God-defiant Legree? The slave loaded with chains is a free man compared with the slave of drink.

2.—"*No man has a right to dictate to another what he ought to drink.*" That is very wise. Does the law never dictate to a man what he ought *not* to drink? But who is dictating in this instance to a man *what* he ought or ought not to drink? As far as I understand the nature of the present agitation, the law dictates *where* he is not to drink, and that is *not in a public saloon*. It is the bar-room we are attacking. The license law does not go into a man's house and strike the decanter from the table or sideboard and say, "Thou shalt not drink;" but it has put it into the hands of the people to say whether or not the saloon shall exist in our midst, and, as no license has as yet been permissible, the law is, "no saloon." The greatest curse is the open bar—the public saloon. It is a menace to social purity, personal character, public morality. For the safety of not a few, it must go.

3. "*No one has a right to demand that I should be a total abstainer because my neighbor round the corner abuses himself through his drinking.*" Let me again say that no one, in the effort to put this law into operation, aims at total abstinence by force. It is not so much a ques-

tion of personal habits as it is a question of public safety. The above stated is the argument the New Glasgow Enterprise used against the Rev. H. R. Grant of Trenton in its recent editorial already referred to. Poor Enterprise! and its editor, to reveal his ignorance of the situation, had to drag in the late Dr. H. Crosby, of New York, to help him out. "My neighbor has a gangrened arm. Must I cut off my arm because of his disease?" The editor could not see through the fallacy. If Dr. H. Crosby was sociologically related to his neighbor as he was physiologically, then his analogy would stand criticism; but the Rev. Dr. and his neighbor were members of the body politic and the one member affects the other in many ways. Crosby's gospel was that of a selfish individualism—a kind of "man, mind thyself" policy; it is not Christ's gospel. The poor Enterprise thought it had done something great when it secured the services of such a man and argument against Mr. Grant and prohibition. In point of fact I would almost as soon take an opinion from the devil on the question of holiness, as take an opinion from Crosby on that of prohibition. Howard Crosby was a high license man and did not believe in prohibition.

4.—"*You cannot legislate a man into sobriety.*" Thank you, for nothing; but who is going to legislate a man into sobriety? Jailor Richardson has managed something like it tolerably well, but then the bars keep the victims from the bar. No one ever has thought of making men sober by means of legal enactment merely, any more than we think of making men honest or pure by this means. We have legislated on murder and on theft. When such legislation was effected, did we withdraw all moral education, based on the moral law, from the home, public and Sunday School, and pulpit instruction? Had we done so, I wonder how these laws would have operated? We have legal suasion, tolerably effective to-day, in these departments because of the force given to it by the moral suasion of religious and moral educators. And no prohibitionist contemplates dealing with the liquor problem and passion in any other way. Legislation and education must operate one upon the other for all time to make either effective.

5.—"*License is the only remedy, the only solution.*" And this is their highest wisdom. But license, high or low, is neither a remedy, a restriction, nor a solution and certainly is not a settlement. It intensifies the evil and darkens the problem. Would you license a man to debauch your citizenship? Have we not a license system in dear old Scotland, and has license checked the evil there? It has created, through state sanction, the traffic into a most gigantic producer of pauperism and crime, and has made Scotland probably the most drunken nation under the sun. I grieve to say this but I cannot help it. You will legislate, will you, to license a man to make his fellow-man drunk; then legislate to jail him until he is sober. That seems the height of wisdom or the depth of folly; which? Imagine this town a license town. You reeling, staggering form is the authorized product of a legalized local factory, and you signed the license paper. But it is your own boy that comes staggering drunk to your own door. Don't be angry at the rum seller. You licensed that man to debauch your boy, and your own chickens have come home to roost.

The only remedy is the total abolition of the saloon—the public bar, for that is within our power at this moment, and I am suggesting no impossibility. It can be done, if only we will arouse ourselves and demand that the men appointed to manage the affairs of the town and upon whom rests the sacred oath of office, shall attend to this matter, or get out and make room for better men.

We have a good law in spite of some strange anomalies in the working of it. Very conflicting verdicts are given of our local liquor license law. Some say it is no good; others, on the other hand, declare that its failure proves the general failure of such legislation. I shall not condemn the law until it has been fairly tried and it has *not yet had a fair trial*. I admit frankly that there are things in the working of it, I do not understand. I would like to have an explanation of what seems to me a strange, an unwarranted piece of partiality in the administration of law. Allow me to picture a scene that might take place to-morrow morning in your council chambers. We enter the court at ten to find the stipendiary magistrate in his chair. He is there to maintain the dignity and majesty of the law and to give justice in every case, according to his best knowledge of law and justice. Into the court room steps the Chief of Police, bringing with him a young man. Poor fellow, he is a drunk and disorderly. He was so drunk on Saturday night that he knows nothing about it. The Chief gives evidence, and the poor fellow is fined five dollars or a week in jail. He has not the five dollars, and no one being at hand to hold himself responsible for the amount, he must go to jail. I do not condemn this administration of law. If society is to be protected, the whole transaction must be upheld. But who is this coming in? It is the License Inspector. He takes his seat at the table and sorts out some papers. There is going to be a liquor suit. We have already seen what they do with the drunkard; we will wait and see what they do with the drunkard-maker. A stoutly-built, well-dressed, clean-shaven, young man enters the court house and quietly seats himself also at the table. He is the liquor seller's lawyer. (The Inspector is generally his own lawyer). The lawyer lifts up and examines the papers. The case is called. But where is the accused—the man who is to be charged with a breach of the law? The poor drunkard had to appear and answer personally to the indictment: this man—the drunkard-maker—is permitted to appear, and has invariably appeared, in the person of an agent. But *where is the accused?* He, the bold gentleman, is in his hotel, behind the bar, or there by proxy, serving his sympathizing friends with drinks and making money to pay his fine, should he be unfortunate enough to be convicted; whilst his agent is doing his best in the court room to clear him by every means within his power, sometimes, as it seems to us, almost taking charge of the court. But his client is convicted. The prisoner or rather criminal now, is not present, and does not go to jail, and gets plenty of time to pay the fine; whilst his victim, some mother's unfortunate son, lies lonely and sad behind the prison bars in yonder jail. In the name of God and justice I ask is that a fair, impartial administration of law? To me, it is a farce, a sham, an insult to justice. I charge no one with mal-administration, for I do not know who is responsible here; I simply submit the question to the powers that be.

Why is not the law carried out? We are told that to do so would cost money. Has any reform been carried without expense—any law been enforced without cost? Law is an expensive luxury, both for corporations and individuals. When I pressed the matter of law enforcement on the attention of a prominent town official the other day, I was immediately reminded of the fact that the town had paid enough for liquor suits. It had cost the town \$2,600 for one campaign—the campaign carried on some five or six years ago by the Town Clerk, at the request of the license committee of that day. There are many points, in connection with that campaign, which I would like, had I time, to emphasize. It is however modern history and I need not further refer to it. The result was somewhat disastrous as far as fine-collecting was concerned. It went the other way. Have the temperance people ever heard the end of that so-called blunder? It was *no blunder*: it was an honest attempt to put the existing law into force, and what if it did fail and cost money? Have other experiments, as conspicuous in failure, not been made? Some three or four years ago, the street committee tried to improve Prince street and not before time. Carloads of slag were brought from Acadia Mines and spread on our principal thoroughfare. Some of us thought we were going to have a street upon which we might walk in the wettest day and not damp the soles of our slippers. But the experiment failed and the slag has been, with pick and shovel, dug up and dumped, if I mistake not, into Salmon River. And so as regards the flatstones used a year or two ago on our side-walks. Does any citizen condemn the expenses thereby incurred and declare that no future effort should be made to improve our thoroughfares because of past failure? These were experiments, honestly made by our street commissioners, to improve our streets and sidewalks, and though the experiments failed, the expenses were legitimate. How is it we do not here of these expenses, and there is nothing to show for them? No one questions the propriety of spending town funds in legitimate experiments to improve our streets. Why should any one question the propriety of spending town funds wisely in legitimate experiments to protect public morals and to vindicate the law that governs us? I am not advocating rash action, but I do urge firm and vigorous effort to maintain law and order.

You remember how some years ago political feeling ran very high in our local affairs; and the bad blood which irritated and agitated our civic life had to be let out. It was the battle of lawyers, for the profession held the knife and used it until the town was nearly bled to death. Thousands of our town funds were worse than wasted. I suppose one good result remains that the town will be more careful in the future as to law-suits. Now, my point here is this, Nothing is said of these expenses; some even defend them: many will not condemn. And yet when we speak of enforcing existing laws against the saloon we are met with the cry of the costs. Why is this?

Brethren, I would be the last to advocate another Temperance campaign such as the one that has been referred to. This I have to say, however, about that campaign so abused and maligned to day, that it was not the failure that some would have us believe that it was. The town has since had nearly the whole amount refunded through the success of subsequent prosecutions—a success largely due to the effects

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of the previous agitation. The Inspector two years ago turned into the Town Treasury about \$700, last year \$1000, and what he did last year he can do this. But the money, expended on the other experiments, has been a dead loss to the town; and this latter fact should add greater force to my argument, that, however necessary it is to improve our streets for the wayfarer it is more necessary to protect our town for the wanderer.

Whatever and whoever is to blame, we are in a strange muddle and mess at the present time. The rum element bids defiance to law and order and morality and the churches. Why is not the curse of the open bar, at least, swept from our midst? The existing law is dead against it. Some tell us that

THE LICENSE INSPECTOR IS TO BLAME.

Members of the Town Council tell us so. Whilst I shall to-night make other shouldrs share with him the responsibility, I will not shelter the Inspector. I have not a cloak of charity big enough to cover his sins of office. He has the sacred oath of office on him, and he is not doing much; he is doing very little. Liquor-selling seems to suffer very little on his account. I have often felt that if he will not do his duty, or if he cannot do his duty, according to the letter of the law he is sworn to execute, common decency ought to say to him: "Resign, and make room for another." The law is flagrantly and openly violated and there are times when we might as well have no Inspector at all. I cannot screen him. He ought to do better with or without instructions from the Council. He has a strong law behind him, strengthened in some places for his special benefit. But *he is not wholly to blame*. No public officer has received more wretched treatment at the hands of past Town Councils than he, and the present Town Council seems no better than their predecessors. They have given him no encouragement to do his hard, thankless task. He evidently pleases his masters and that is enough.

I BLAME THE TOWN COUNCIL OF TRURO

as much as the Inspector, for they, too, have the solemn obligations and responsibilities of the law resting on them in their oath of office. You know how responsible government is carried on amongst us. The citizens elect a Town Council, the members of which are the deputies of the citizens to carry on the affairs of the town for them. These Councillors re-depute these duties to other men, such as our police officers, city engineer, etc. These officials are not the servants of the citizens; they are the servants of the Town Council, and receive their orders and instructions from the Council. The private citizen has no more right to instruct them, (for instance, no more right to instruct the Chief of Police), than he has to instruct your Post-Master or Chief of customs. I submit our License Inspector is a public official and has no more right to receive instructions from private citizens, not even from the Temperance Committee, than from the Town Council. During the summer of this year, the Temperance Committee and W. C. T. U. drew up a petition and had it largely signed, and, through it, approached the Council praying them to instruct the Inspector to act more vigorously in the enforcement of the law. The Town Council replied that they had no control over the Inspector. I was so astonished at the reply, that I could not believe it. When, with others, I received this communication, I turned to the statute which governs in this instance and I learned the following facts. I found that the Town Council of Truro

nominated the Inspector (and no authority, as far as I can learn, can appoint an Inspector over their heads), that the Council hold his bonds for the due performance of his duties, and receive all the money collected in fines, over and above his salary. I found also that the Inspector only holds office during good behaviour and can only be dismissed by a majority vote of council called for that purpose. The only power, reserved by the Local Government, is that of affirming or vetoing his appointment, and of approving or otherwise his dismissal. All the law says is this: "The License Inspector is the official of the Town Council; but shall not be dismissed without cause, which seems sufficient to them and the Local Government," (I am not reviewing the law; I am simply interpreting). When I had carefully read the law, I was more amazed still at the opinion of the Council. I could not understand how men of good judgment could conclude as they did. I said there is something here I cannot see through, but they shall not fling dust in my eyes. I determined that I would, some day, express myself on this subject and I have done so as fairly, as calmly, and as clearly as I know how. The poor ignorant ministers, some think they can easily play them off, but one stands here who won't be played off. I will again tell these men of the council chambers that they blundered for themselves in this matter. Strange that the Council, which hold the Inspector's bond for the due performance of his duty and receives all the money collected as fines, should have no control over him. It seems as if these gentlemen are willing to have all plums of benefit but refuse the thorns of responsibility. I will tell you where they blundered, and, if I mistake not, I have so told your Mayor. When the Temperance Committee approached them, had they said this: "Gentlemen, we are not aware of the remissness in duty of the Inspector in view of existing or possible circumstances, but if you will point out to us a feasible plan by which a more vigorous policy of liquor suppression might be pursued with safety, we will consider it." Then, the committee would have had forced upon them the burden and responsibility of their own petition. If the committee were able to come again before the Council with specific instances of remissness in the Inspector's work, and also with an outlined policy in accord with the law, then the Council could have instructed according to their best judgment in the matter. If, then, the Inspector did not carry out said instructions, a satisfactory case for dismissal would have been made out and the Temperance Committee would have been committed to the policy of dismissal. If the Local Government refused to sanction such dismissal, then again we, in the Committee, would have been committed to a policy of making it "hot" in those quarters and occasions, when the franchise would tell; and I, for one, pledge myself not to be untrue in such an emergency. But the Council lost its opportunity. They have pursued the wrong policy and were we not such fearful, timid creatures we would have made them to hear from us in the deaf side of their heads. I hold the Town Council of Truro responsible to the people for the non enforcement and violation of a law which they swore to maintain. I hold them responsible until February, and then I hold

THE CITIZENS RESPONSIBLE.

The gentlemen of the Council Chamber from the Mayor down to the most uninfluential member of the Council have been false to their oath of office, as I understand that oath. They have not served you right in this matter, and if you return them, you are simply declaring

can learn, can that you are satisfied with their record. (Their financial record is not told his bonds here under review). Oh, I know how you have done this thing in the 1 the money ast. I am going to lay the blame where it must ultimately rest. If an also that the election were to take place in one of your wards to-morrow for a Comm- can only be cillor, your miserable politics would come in and partyism plus ruminism purpose. The would win the day, and wrong would triumph. I am not speaking of affirming or without the book Suppose you were to-morrow to place in the fight his dismissal. a reliable temperance man; but he is a Tory. The miserable gritism of official of the some ward heeler would see its chance for its party, and a secret alliance which seems with rum would do the rest. And what is true of the one party is true reviewing the of the other. Don't protest, I could give you name and surname of men read the law, I slaughtered thus to serve party ends. Yes, citizens, you have tried to I could not put down liquor selling. Allow me to remind you of a sad episode in they did. I the history of the liquor war in the town of Truro. I have heard the they shall not story so often that I have concluded it must be true. I would to God it day, express could be successfully contradicted. If I have been wrongly informed, linly, and as I hope some one will correct me. It took place before my day, but it is bad enough to have stagnated and paralysed all temperance agitation played off. regards the incident, that the like may never occur again. You had ey blundered once a true man, occupying the mayoralty chair, who tried honestly to which hold do his duty by a law he had sworn as chief administrator of the town to and receives successful in closing the saloons. The shutters, I am told, were on per him. It their windows and the bar-room doors were closed and some of the s of benefit liquor-sellers were in jail. What happened? Can it be true? Christian where they merchants and (shall I say it? I must), christian ministers are said to . When the have voted him out of office. That night when his opponent won the is: "Gentle- election, so I am informed, the shutters were removed from your saloon nsppector in with a free hand, and the devil of rum and riot held high carnival. Is point out to that true, men? If so, then may God humble you in the dust of true suppression the problem of liquor is to be solved. e committee You may have the abolition of the saloon, if you want it. God, in e ability of their the olden time, gave once, as the reason for an existing wrong, this:— n before the "My people love to have it so." It is in your hands to cleanse your tor's work, public life of the public nuisance and curse of a public bar. Give your , then the local law a fair chance. It has had but the veriest ghost of a chance. ment in the There is a section in it—the very strongest of all the sections in my mind ntractions, a —which has not, as far as I know, been put into operation. Why, I t and the I know not. I refer to the 125th section of the Statute of 1835 (or 109th e policy of section of 1836). It runs as follows:—

"Any house, shop, room, or other place in which it is proved that there exist a bar, counter, beer-pumps, kegs, jars, decanters, tumblers, glasses, or any other appliances, or preparations similar to those usually found in taverns and shops where liquors have hitherto been accustomed to be sold or trafficked in, shall be deemed to be a place in which liquors are kept, or traded in, in contravention of the 57th section of this Act, unless the contrary is proved by the defendant in any prosecution; and the occupant of such house, shop, room or other place shall be taken prima facie to be the person who has, or keeps therein, such liquors for sale, barter, or traffic therein."

What does that section involve? I have no certain knowledge of a bar in any hotel in Truro, except what I have learned from outside sources. I am informed there is a bar in the Learment House. I gathered my first information of said bar from the report of the opening of that House as contained in our local press and our papers do not lie. Now what does the above section mean in relation to that bar, and the occupant of that House? *It will place Mr. Learment on the stand to prove that said bar is not used for the sale, or traffic in liquor.* To deny it would mean perjury, and the penitentiary, and he would scarcely dare

to run that risk; to confess it would mean penalties imposed under section 57 (1886) and stated in section 69 (1886). It would involve the presence of the defendant and his witnesses, and would be a formidable section for him to fight. If he were absent, judgment could go by default, and the trouble and the risk of witnesses for prosecution would be dispensed with.

I ask, why has not the Inspector put that section into operation? It would put every hotel keeper (except our Temperance Houses) on the defence. It would abolish the bar. You demand that this be done immediately—that this section be put into operation, and you will have dealt a death blow to treating, which is the backbone of liquor drinking.

Do not go to your prayer meetings and pray for the destruction of the liquor business and then when it comes to an election campaign, go and vote anything, if it be party. It is not my province to nominate your candidates, and I shall not do it. That is your business and get to work and do it, but in no hole and corner way. See to it that you nominate reliable temperance men—men who have a good prohibition record before they seek your suffrages. If possible, put men into the field who are commercially and financially, as well as socially independent of the liquor interests, and who *will not have to meet the temptation to shirk their duty in relation to the suppression of liquor-selling because of possible business complications with the trade.* Fight your battle out and if you are beaten "they never fail who die in a good cause."

Men, I have delivered as straight and honest a message on the situation as I knew how. I have spoken on behalf of no personal or party interests. I have tried to speak the truth as I know it. Before God I lie not. I deeply regret I have been forced to speak as I have done. I might have spoken on general principles, but, to me, the time has come for something more definite. We have a law with its machinery. We wish to know why it is not working. I may to-night have aroused antagonisms and created animosities toward myself. I will regret that much, but were I asked to say my say again, I would say it anywhere or at any time. I will stand by this tomorrow and you need have no fear of that. What I have spoken, I have spoken, and am prepared to speak the same message in any public hall where occasion requires. The questions discussed are some of the questions which must be discussed in the present situation.

My last word is an appeal on behalf of your boys. There is a serpent in the path and you must crush it. Don't come into your prayer-meetings and whine out a prayer for prohibition, for the abolition of the saloon, and when you are done, you would not lift your little finger to put your prayer into effect. In the name of the wives, whose eye-lids are weary with watching and heavy with weeping for the husband who comes late and with unsteady, staggering gait; in the name of the sons and daughters who can scarcely lift their heads because their fathers are being branded as drunkards; in the name of the weak men and women whose lives are becoming a burden, and whose existence is almost unendurable; in the name of the future of your little ones—a future that is big with possibilities, and laden with destiny—possibilities and destiny that may be blasted by the curse of liquor; in the name of that eternity into which we are all hastening and in the name of that God before whom we must all appear, I call on you to-night to smite down the foe, as long as it is within your power.

I read lately a story of the late Dr Howard Crosby. He was addressing, on a certain occasion and in a certain hall in New York city an immense gathering. He was discussing license as the proper method for dealing with the liquor problem. He drew a picture. A tiger was loose on the streets. He described in terrible detail the ravages of the brute. He thought it would be better to have certain restrictions placed upon its movements—better to shut it up in one street or two. He appealed to his audience, and some one in the gallery shouted down, "shoot the tiger." And the man in the gallery was right. Men and brethren, there is a tiger in your streets, this is what I plead with you to-night to do with this monster beast of prey. "*Shoot the Tiger!*" And may God's breath wither the hand that may be raised against you.

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