

a power in the land, because of the wealth thus represented, while it demands protection with arrogance which is simply amazing.

The brewers are making desperate efforts to hold their ground against enlightened public opinion. They talk loudly of unjust and hypocritical legislation, and call upon each other to decide "whether we will, as men and fathers, protect our trade, and so our wives and children, and maintain our liberty and rights?"

The wine manufacturers and dealers are on the alert, resolved to support only such men for office as will ensure the most liberal legislation on the liquor-traffic.

But are a few to be made rich by the poverty of the masses? Are a few to live in princely mansions, while the masses herd in reeking cellars and wretched tenement houses?

No, a thousand times no! The Christian men and women of our country will not permit this.

A business ruined! God grant the nefarious business of drunkard-making may be ruined for ever. To this end let us work and pray, giving of our time, our influence, and our money.


If for those engaged in the liquor-traffic there is no other means of support, let us open for them the doors of our poorhouses, bidding them enter and share the comforts enjoyed by their victims.

The country can better afford thus to provide for them, paying in addition the large government revenue of which they boast so much, than permit them longer to make an ever increasing drain upon our national resources.

Let liquor manufacturers and liquor dealers look to themselves; for so sure as God is God, and right is right, their business is doomed.

#### A Crooked Preacher.

By ERNEST GILMORE.

 HAD been over to the depot with quite a number of friends, bidding "good by" and "God speed" to a former pastor of our church. As I was return-

ing home in an omnibus I found that I had the misfortune to have a gentleman (?) rather the worse for liquor as a fellow-traveller.

He was rather quiet at first, however, and we gave him little attention. One of the gentlemen in the omnibus, a prominent member of the "Reform Club," was conversing with me in regard to the many estimable qualities possessed by the minister who had just left us for new fields. He felt particularly excited because this true friend and good worker in the temperance cause had gone from our midst, and after getting quite warm upon his subject, he said, referring to a person who had been dissatisfied with our pastor, "He don't like him because he is outspoken; he wants a *crooked* preacher, one who will go around him and not touch him, and *hit somebody else*. That's what he wants," he finished emphatically.

The drunken man in the corner noticed the angry gesture of the speaker, and he convulsed us all by his inimitable talk immediately afterward. Rolling his eyes over his audience he said, "He wants—wants—a crook—crookit preacher, does he? Well, if he wants—hic—a crookit preacher—I'm a crookit preacher; he better have me."

As drunk as the man was, he evidently knew what he was saying, and in spite of my involuntary laugh I sincerely pitied him and besides pitying him I learned a lesson which I do not expect to forget. It was this: we do not need crooked preaching in the pulpit—preaching that will slide around us gracefully, and hit our neighbours a good sound whack. It is exactly as the poor inebriate said: if any one wants *crooked* preaching, "I'm a crook—crookit preacher; he better have me." Who can preach a more crooked sermon than one continually practising crookedness?

What we want in the pulpit is straightness, not crookedness. We do not want a pastor who hesitates to speak what he thinks, or *ought to think*, because that member of his congregation sells

liquor, and *that other one* imports it; because this man rents a building for the sale of intoxicating drinks, and *this, that and the other member* are moderate drinkers; because *this* wealthy member believes beer is healthy, and consequently has his cellar well stocked with it, and *that one* does not believe in drunkards, but thinks "people ought to enjoy the good things of life with self-control."

No, no; we do not want *crooked* preachers to break the *bread of life* to *famishing souls*. What we need are brave and fearless preachers, who will preach the *truth*, whoever it may hit; who will work with a will to advance the cause of Christ and temperance. We want preachers only who are as bold, as loving, as earnest, as sympathetic—such as will seek to gather in all the crooked sheep in spite of any "wolves in sheep's clothing," who may possibly get hit while the work is going on. We want straight preachers, who consider religion and reform interchangeable words, and who are unswerving in their utterances of unflinching protest against the demon in the cup. We want temperance pulpit and temperance Sunday-school, infusing loyalty to all humanity, and temperance in all things, into the minds and hearts of our people generally.

And you, poor, "*crookit*" preacher, we want you. You have gone down low enough, every day you sink deeper, and hope of extrication grows more doubtful. Look up to the many pitying *human* eyes watching you with grieving. Imagine, if you can, the wondrous yearning of the *Divine* eye of Him who will reach down His omnipotent arms at your weakest call. Your *crooked* sermon has been too lengthy already; perhaps while you have been preaching it, lives near and dear to you, have gone out in agony of blasted hopes, and broken hearts, perhaps little ones, which God gave you in love, have closed their weary little eyes upon the bosom of the Good Shepherd. Still, if these things have been, there is still hope.