

him to declare that the God who is "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity" has so constituted the universe that true and enduring prosperity can never result from sin, and the claim that it can is blasphemy against the Most High. All the story of Scriptural retributions—Sodom, Egypt, the Babylonian captivity—are the minister's test cases ready at his hand. Profane history is full of illustrations of the disastrous recoil of promising wickedness. Wherever this claim of revenue and prosperity from vice raises its head, it is for the minister to fight it with the thunderbolts of God. Our God is not so poor as to be a pensioner on the resources of the devil. Here the minister is to be the instructor of business men, and not an inquirer or learner at their feet. Not one of them can foretell the business of a year. His vision sweeps two eternities.

Here the pulpit has long been too modest and too timid. There is in an ambassador a timidity which is criminal. The protest of the ministry will not be vain. Under all their schemes business men have a conscience. They can feel the shadow of death, the forecast of judgment. Those who hear the minister are the thoughtful and earnest, the reputable and often the mighty. Those deeply impressed with the supreme worth of moral interests and their vital importance even for material success, will leave a host.

It was by such work that fiery, fearless Lyman Beecher from his pulpit controlled a continent, broke down duelling, built up temperance and made gambling infamous. A striking instance of this, which touches the very lottery question of to-day, is thus told in Rev. James A. White's *Personal Reminiscences*:

"A FIGHT WITH LOTTERIES.

"The circumstances of his ministry in Boston were intensely

exciting. The great Unitarian controversy was in progress. The subjects of temperance, slavery, infidelity, Romanism and lotteries were hotly discussed. It was Lyman Beecher who stamped indelibly the brand of infamy on lotteries as well as intemperance. I saw and heard him do it, and remember it as though but yesterday.

"The Legislature of Massachusetts was in session. A bill was before it in behalf of Bunker Hill Monument, which then stood a monument of reproach to New England enterprise; for it was but half finished, and had remained thus for many years. It seemed that the only way to secure funds for its completion was by a State lottery. The final vote on the bill was to be taken on Monday. During the previous week Dr. Beecher prepared a special sermon in opposition, and had a personal invitation given to the members of the General Court to attend its delivery on Sunday evening. All the body pews of the church were reserved for them. There were galleries on three sides.

"The house was filled to its utmost capacity. The attention given was most absorbing. The discourse was intensely dramatic and personal. The public and private effects of lottery gambling were portrayed with simplicity and honesty of description, but with startling and terrific coloring. Youth, morals, business interests, social order, widowed mothers and orphaned children, the wreck of homes and character, the blight, the ruin, the remorse of conscience and the woes of the lost in hell through the direct or indirect influence of lotteries, were worked up with marvellous vividness and power from the first stroke of the master's pencil to the close. There was an intensity of momentum that was almost painful till the matchless climax came. Then the passionate preacher stopped as suddenly as did the white horse and his rider in the apocalyptic vision. His spectacles were taken off. His manner became subdued and solemn. Leaning over the pulpit, with his right hand and index finger thrown sharply forward, with a fiery penetration of eye and a marvellous inflection of voice, with a most adroit assumption of the personal character and feelings of the petitioners them-