

thieves, pickpockets, burglars and the like. This open, barefaced way of getting money that is not yours, is revolting to you. The temptation assumes a more subtle form. It comes in a less revolting garb. It takes a more popular form. There is a pile of gold—fifteen thousand dollars. You would not try to get it by forgery; you would not try to get it by burglary; you would not sit down at a gambler's table, and by a dexterous shuffling of the cards try to get it; but if you thought you could get it by a little bet, or by buying a few lottery tickets, you would make the investment, and anxiously wait until the drawing-day came round. As I understand the Bible, the one method in God's sight is as dishonest and dishonourable as the other. Money gotten by burglary, by forgery, by the professional gambler at the faro table, is, in my judgment, no more dishonestly gotten than money won by a bet or by a lottery ticket. The philosophy of the whole business, from midnight burglary to fashionable lottery, is the same—it is trying to win money without working for it; to get something for nothing. This is the principle of burglary, forgery, gambling, betting and buying lottery tickets. I want to be clear and emphatic here. I do not want anyone to go home misunderstanding me. The farmer who tills the ground, the mechanic who works at his trade, the manufacturer who makes the goods and the merchant who sells them; the editor, the teacher, the professional man, give a fair equivalent for what they get. They each add to the material wealth and welfare of the community. Their money is honestly earned. But those who depend upon chance for their money are not worthy to be classed among these honest toilers and traders. They belong to a lower order of creation altogether. They are the parasites and leeches of society.

The air just now seems laden with the feverish malaria of lottery. The success of London's shame! The success of this lottery has emboldened men in other parts; and we hear of incipient lottery schemes being projected everywhere. While I am at it, let me speak the truth. I believe the Christian Church is responsible for a good deal of the gambling and raffling that goes on in society. The Church in many instances has degraded herself, has spotted the white garments of Christ by stooping to raise money by grab-bags, fish-ponds, and the like, in connection with bazaars. In the days of the Church's corruption we read of "pious frauds." The age of pious frauds in the Church is not at an end. Some of the modern methods of filling the exchequer are of the same character. Judgment must begin at the house of God. For as long as the Church in any way countenances these dishonest ways of getting money, she cannot rebuke the world for its sin. If she undertakes to lift her voice in protest, the laughing world will turn round and say, "Physician, heal thy-

self, pluck the beam from thine own eye before you undertake to point out the mote in mine."

I do not throw all the blame on the buyer, or excuse those who concoct these schemes. I have no sympathy and less respect for the whole herd of men who are trading and fattening on the weaknesses and follies of their fellows. The man who cleans the street and the boy who blacks our boots earn an honest dollar, and are entitled to and will receive the respect of all right-minded persons. But the person who devises and carries forward a lottery scheme, and who, by the deceptive bait of a large prize, entices the weak and foolish to commit to him their hard-earned money, should be looked upon with disdain by all honest and honourable men. He may occupy a prominent position in society—he may even wear the title of Reverend to his name, and trade on the confidence that men put in a true minister of Christ. They may do it under the mask of benevolence. They may try to palm themselves off as benefactors and philanthropists—Heaven save the mark—but they are neither one nor the other; they are leeches, ready to suck the life-blood out of the community, greedy of filthy lucre, trying to line their pockets with other people's money—wolves in sheep's clothes. I have lived in this city long enough to know that there is a strong current of stern, inflexible justice in the community. Men of enterprise and push are looked upon with the respect they deserve, but there is a wholesome and righteous disdain for the man who violates the eternal principles of truth and honesty. The city authorities put an extinguisher on the man who used to gull the guileless on the market-stand. We intend to establish the city and land in righteousness.

Had I time, I would expose the kindred sin of betting which is intimately associated with the race-course. Horse-racing as a business is destructive to character. In England it has come to perfection, and has proven itself to be a most demoralizing institution. Thomas Hughes, M.P., the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," says, "of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in the country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality, to the belauded institution of the British turf." Sir Wilfred Lawson declared that "the whole system was an organized system of rascality and roguery." These are hard words, but that's the English of it.

I can only allude to gambling. Not a single word can be said in its favour. There is no passion more demoralizing, none more difficult to overcome. A single illustration will show its hardening, conscience-searing influence. Under the shadow of the cross, Roman soldiers sat down and gambled for the seamless robe of our Saviour. "No earthly creatures but gamblers could be so lost to all feeling as to sit down coolly under a dying man and wrangle for his garment,