

thing lost. What say you to that? Are there any cases of that kind going on at present hereabouts? Would it entitle a man to be called a "sneak" to inform on work which is sending these men and their families to ruin? Come now, friends, let us call things by their right names. Would that informer, whose information may save a family, a soul, from ruin, be a sneak? I leave you to answer that question. "In malice be children, in judgment be men." But what about "paid informers?" Candidly, as to them, I do not like them; but, like many other things we say nothing about, they may be a necessary evil. It would be far better if we could secure convictions on the evidence of respectable men high in office, members of churches, reeves and magistrates, who drink in defiance of law. Plenty such witnesses might be secured, and then there would be no need of paid informers. But the law recognizes paid informers, who are called detectives; the very bill you passed last year against the liquor traffic recognizes them. There are cases when no man in this community would complain against a paid informer. You suffer loss from bad money. Would you complain of the paid informer who, by buying the bad money, detected the counterfeiter? You are in danger of murderers, who go about stabbing men in the dark. Would you complain of a paid informer who, by giving these murderers a chance to stab, not you, but himself, saved his own life, but brought these men to justice? Would you say he was a sneak? And if drink was ruining some one we love, or if we had hearts large enough to feel for the woes of poor heart-broken wives and starving children, we would see the evil of the liquor traffic in such a light that the wickedness and meanness of the paid informer, (supposing it was great,) is nothing to the wickedness of the crime against which he informs. It is like the kettle sneering at the pots for being black, or Satan rebuking sin to hear men who are breaking the laws of heaven and the laws of earth, who are breaking men's heads and women's hearts, for the sake of the money they make in an unholy trade,—I say it is like a black vessel or a black spirit rebuking its fellows for being black, to hear such men sneering at the wickedness of a paid informer, and holding up hands, on which is the blood shed in our recent riot, in horror at the wickedness of the informer's business. We hear much of the cant of Christians: but it cannot hold a candle to this cant of the Licensed Victuallers. Truly it is true,—“They strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.”

But these informers are personally men, some will be heard saying, of very bad character. Of the men I know nothing whatever; but if they