

fantastic temperance philosophy* is in placing it and Christ's Church side by side, that Gospel of which I have spoken and that horrible rum traffic. You can see whether there is any compatibility between that church of the earnest men and women who prayerfully are trying to give to the spirit ascendancy over the sensual, and that saloon which is pouring out day and night, Sunday and week day, into dishonoured homes, into prisons, into asylums, into graveyards, a ceaseless procession of ruined and cursed men of all ages and of all social estates and conditions. Put them side by side and watch the two congregations going in and watch them coming out, and follow them where they go and ask yourself if there is any part of that saloon, any smell of it, any light of its eye, any colour of its face, any measure of its footstep, any breath, any brain, any heart of the best there is in it or the best you could make out of it, that would fit into the gospel or assimilate with a grand spiritual Church of Christ.

To make rum-selling respectable is to give it the middle of the highway. To have the thing made respectable for our best people to go there undoubtedly the rum-sellers would give a hundred million dollars in the next thirty days. And it would be the best investment they ever made. But when the churches get to running saloons, the rum-seller will have the respectability without money and without price. They can take down their screen doors and put up their shades. They will be doing only what the churches are doing.

The one thing on the Lord's earth which we thought we did not want to do is to secure respectability to the rum traffic. We had

supposed that the one thing that prevented the awful traffic from spreading over the whole land like a rotting mildew, and blighting every school district and farm community and village and town, was that the Church always had put the brand of infamy upon it and taught that it was a frightful evil, that it is a sin to put the cup to your neighbour's lips, and a burning disgrace for a man to get drunk anywhere. Make it now a church practice and who will withstand the horrible inundation of woe—how could any voice be lifted against it?

Would one saloon close? Forty would open where there is not one to-day. If they have twenty thousand saloons in New York City against the protest and preaching and prayers of the churches, what will they have when the churches go into the business themselves? You simply would furnish a ceaseless supply of wine-made drunkards, from your fairest young people, to the whiskey saloon for their final damnation. The proposition is about as rational as it would be to propose to furnish the orphan asylums with the harmless and playful kittens of the tigers' jungles. They grow up.

Upon looking the matter all over, I am convinced that Dr. Rainsford's plan is a good one except for one reason. There is only one objection to it, and all there is of that is that it is not within a thousand eternities of the Gospel of Christ. There isn't a thing about it that suggests the Gospel. But then, as that is no objection to some minds, no doubt you will find people who will think the scheme a good one. The rum-seller will. But there are some of us who believe that the Lord is a jealous God, that Christ has not gone into partnership with Belial to run His kingdom on a company plan; some of us believe that darkness is not to be fought

*That the saloon is a social necessity for the poor man, and as such should be provided for them by the Church.