

charger, dig in their swords, and with glittering lance dash down upon the iniquities of cities that have been three or four thousand years dead. They will corner an old sinner of twenty or thirty centuries ago and scalp him, and hang him, and cut him to pieces, and then say:—'Oh, what great things have been done!' With amazing prowess they throw sulphur at Sodom, and fire at Gomorrah, and worms at Herod, and pitch Jezebel off the wall; but they wipe off their gold spectacles, and put on their best kid gloves, and unroll their morocco covered sermons, and look bashful when they begin to speak about the sins of our day, as though it were a shame to mention them. The hypocrites! They are afraid of the libertines or those in their churches who drink too much. Better, I say, clear out all our audiences, from the pulpit to storm door, until no one is left but the sexton, and he waiting merely to lock up, than to have the pulpit afraid of the pew. One thing I like about a big church is that if a dozen people get mad and go out you don't know they are gone till the next year."

The policy of silence and soft sentiments has been tried for a long time; it is well, therefore, occasionally to meet a preacher who seems to understand, literally, the directions God gave, once, to a preacher:—"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet; and shew my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins," Isa. lvii. 1.—Ed. C.C.M.]

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Matthew xvi. 18—"The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

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"IT is only ten o'clock," said the officer as we got into the carriage for the midnight exploration, "and it is too early, for the theatres have not yet dismissed." The places of iniquity are not in full blast till the people have time to arrive from the theatres. So we loitered on and the officer told the driver to stop on the street where is one of the costliest gambling-houses of the city. Coming up in front all seemed dark; the blinds were down; the door was guarded. We were admitted and found around one table eight or ten men in mid-life and well dressed. All was going on in silence save the noise of the rattling chips on the gaming table in one parlor, and the revolving ball of the roulette table in the other. There was something awfully solemn in the silence, the intense gaze, the suppressed emotion. No one looked up. They had money in the rapids. Some of them may have seen horses and carriages and home and family rushing down into the vortex. Some of these men come in by private key, some by careful introduction, some are taken in by the patrons of the establishment. A young man put his money down on the roulette table, and lost; put more money down, and lost. Then he felt in all his pockets for more money, but found none, and severely silent he turned his back and passed out. While we sat there men lost their property and souls. Merciless place. Not once in all the years of that gambling-house has there been one word of sympathy uttered for the losers. When men have their property wrung out of them they go out, some to drown their grief in strong drink, some to ply the counterfeit-er's pen to repair their fortunes, some to the suicide's revolver—all of