

—off all the week buying bonnets and caps for the children. Oh, what shall we do!" To be sure not; the money spent in these articles does not create an appetite until everything else is forgotten, as does this one of drink. You'll find, as I have already intimated, all the legitimate trades are a kind of holy brotherhood; the success of one is the success of the others. The trade in drink is a kind of Ishmael; its hand is against every man, and every man's hand ought to be against it. Brethren, do you believe this? I want you to see it. You go and buy a hat, and you'll soon find that there is something else wanted. The coat that was old, but looked as if it would last a little longer, seems rather white about the seams. You try not to perceive it. You say to yourself that you don't want another coat just yet; but still that hat says, as plainly and continuously as a new hat can say anything, "Go to the tailor!" It is so persistent that at last you exclaim, "I really do think that I want a new Sunday coat," and you buy it. Then the trousers are not just the thing. So the hat led to the coat, and the trousers. Does not that show how all trades are linked together? A man had a sofa presented to him, that he might rest a little when his day's work was done. It was new and handsome. His wife, after admiring the lovely sofa, thought the carpet looked wondrously shabby. Husband said the carpet was all right; it did very well before. Wife—one of the gentle sort, who knew the power of snowflakes falling one by one—said nothing more for a bit, but soon returned to the charge. "The carpet really is much worn, and such an old-fashioned pattern; the sofa would look ever so much better with a new carpet." Nobody could deny that, and thus the carpet was had. But then the wall paper was altogether out of harmony, monstrously so; and this reflected on the taste of both parties. Neither wished to be suspected of bad taste, and so the paper was ordered.