

this church or that, about this minister or that; I only come to show you what religion's done for me [he looks at his neat dress; and they look at his fresh face and merry eyes], and to show you what God will do for you. Now, a good many of you love your old mothers and your wives; but too many of you love pots of ale and pots of beer instead. It's all very well for those who have plenty of money: when death enters their dwelling, it is a deal easier for them than it is for a poor drunkard, for you hav'n't been as I have been to the churchyard nine times, where under the green grass I buried a wife and eight children; a wife who had to swear her life against me—children! God help me and them! Them, my children! One in particular, that I have heard cry "Mammy give me a bit of bread," and I have gone out with the determination that I would get some, and I have taken my fiddle and gone to a public-house, and they have filled me with drink until the good resolution has fled from me. I went by a public, and my friends called out "Joss, here's a mug inside. Do you know what a mug is?" Everybody laughs, and wooden leg shouts in reply, "A green 'un"—and slaps and caresses his remaining leg in a perfect ecstasy of recognition. "I was the greatest drunkard, blasphemer, wife-beater out of hell—ragged! I wish you see my coat—used to wear my muffler pinned across it so (gesture) nobody could see I hadn't a shirt; you know the dodge!" This announcement is received with suppressed cheering. "What am I now—how do I look? People sometimes say to me, 'You don't preach the Gospel.' Why, if I don't preach at all, but simply stand up here on the platform, and turn myself round and let you look at me. Look at me as I was in my rags, and what I am in my new coat. Look at my health, face, and cheeks; look at me—it is the Gospel—a living testimony of the power

of God to save the chief of sinners." I notice in the different lodging houses that the attention of the listeners is gained as much by the speaker's ready mode of turning everything to account and power of retort as by his honest pathos and manly earnestness. For instance, there is a door partly open; before the speaker utters a word—"Shut that door," says the landlord. "Let it be," says Joss. "It'll do, and thank God the door of mercy is always open."—"Talk about prisons, I never was in one!" shouts a listener. "That's because you never was caught," replies Joss. He describes what benefits he has received from Providence, and a drunken fellow yells out, "We've only your word for it." "If you tell lies, don't measure me out of your book," is the retort. Joss pictures the horrors of drink in the East-end of the city. A drunken woman with a bloated face, black eye and swollen lip, shrieks out, "It's a lie." Joss, quick as lightning, turns upon her and presents her and her disfigured countenance to the audience, saying—"The Devil tells lies, but has sent you to bear witness to the truth of what I say." "Away with your religion," cries another; "you make a good thing out of it." "You are mistaken, my friend, it's religion that's made a good thing out of me!" Only, however, in one lodging-house—and that a model (?) one—did we find any disturbance. In every case not one of the occupants left the room, whilst the speaker was addressing them; but many dropped in, shyly and wonderingly at first, and with but one exception—a Roman Catholic—they gradually took off their hats reverently, and listened attentively to all that was said. In the great lodging house where, as I before mentioned, upwards of four hundred congregate nearly every Saturday, the attention was manifested by silence and steadfast looks. The anecdotes, illustrative of the various knaveries connected with the speaker's former life were laughed at; but in an instant