

has no home. For him home has no charms—the prattle of his children has no music, and their wants, little in our account, but all important to them, are disregarded by their heartless father.

The great manufacturers and employers have the sobriety or intemperance of the country to a large extent in their hands. They are up to the mark now, at any rate, as far as mere knowledge is concerned, as to the effects of drinking on the capacity for labor as well as on the mental and the moral character of their servants—who does not see that even the principle of expediency fairly wrought out and clearly exhibited by the master, it would have the most powerful effect on the men. The generous self-denial of the master will distinguish the men, and the men will feel themselves honoured in resembling their master; and, thus, from the counting-room to the work-shop, and from the mansion to the cottage, there will be seen in harmonious reciprocity the things that be pure and lovely and just and true, and they will have a good report of all men, and of the truth itself.

It seems almost unaccountable that the advantages arising from the operation of this principle have been ignored or overlooked so extensively, and that among the many enquirers as to the best means of checking the progress and curing the evil of intemperance this one should have escaped the observations of thinking men when speculating on the elevation of the working classes. [He drew a vivid picture of the condition of the working classes, their hanging round the counting-house door until late of a Saturday night and the short distance from the office-door to the public room and the gin shop, and that just as the one was left the other was crowded.] He offered one or two suggestions of vast practical importance.

The first is, that total abstinence be a condition of obtaining employment. What a change such a condition would effect in all large manufacturing districts! Were the employers to form a combinations of this nature, were they so endowed with generous man-love, and with such lofty moral heroism, as in a body to resolve that "we will give no employment except to sober men"—why, in a month the tavern-keeper's occupation would be gone, and the demon of discord would be silenced, and the curse of squalid want would be banished from our homes; and for strife there would be peace, and for penury plenty; and contentment would take the place of misery, and confidence of jealousy; labor would retire home for rest and repose, and home, with its joys and its cares, would furnish the strongest and lasting inducements to labor; an era would commence in our civil and social history that would be marked by a third reformation—a reformation from the degradation of the drinking customs of our day. The other suggestion is, that the employers pay their men their wages on some other day of the week than Saturday, and make it a condition that the men be at work the next morning at the usual hour; that by the adoption of this practice, one half of the intemperance which now degrades our working men would forthwith vanish, for one half of the temptation to it would be at once removed. Surely, surely, employers have not looked as they ought at these facts. It has been illustrated, it has been pressed on the attention of these men, but somehow they adhere to the old custom. He further illustrated the practice of paying

journeymen carpenters, tailors and shoemakers late on a Saturday, thus depriving them of laying their money out to advantage, and compelling their wives late at night to procure the necessities of life at a much heavier cost. Be considerate, therefore, ye employers, of other things than the mere days work of your men, and remember that while capital has rights, so has labor, and that the products of both are alike increased and preserved when the rights of each are sacredly guarded. The last illustration of the law of expediency is the scope furnished for the working of this law within the pale of the churches of the living God. The Christian resolve is wherefore, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." Or as the circumstances in which we are now situate demand a change in the terms of this resolution which should run thus: "If drink make my brother to offend, I will drink no drink while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

He next remarked in the second place that those on whom it is incumbent to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors are the drunkards: that is, persons who habitually impair their mental or bodily powers by the use of poisonous drinks, the essential constituent of which is a chemical compound known as alcohol. He then showed the different phases of drunkards. The most disgusting of all the tipplers is the man who, in common phrase, is always drinking and never drunk. In meaner phrase—he is your loafer lounging about the bar-rooms of your way-side inns; his hanging about the village public house and waiting if perchance he may find some good soul who will treat him to a single glass, as he has not tasted a glass the whole of that blessed day. (Laughter.) He seems never to be a bed; he is the last seen in the presence of the rum shop at night, and is first seen in the morning. He has always news of importance to tell you; he is the gazetteer of the place, almost as good and sometimes better than sixteen morning papers. (Laughter.) And then his dress is what is called "seedy." He is the man with the "shocking bad hat." He sports a white neckerchief that is always of that peculiar white which the ladies call "dirty;" and his suit of black is often a very bad fit; peculiarly short about the arm-pits, and slyly deprived of its velvet nap.—(Laughter.) This man is a mere excrecence on the body social, not only not useful but useless and hurtful. There is too your social drinker, your roaring roystering drinker, whom it almost sets on fire, and blazes with a lurid heat which the fire water alone kindles. His flashes of merriment sets the table in a roar; his comic songs are applauded; he is the life of his companions; the first to begin the last to cease; and it may be when all has subsided around him and sunken in sleep, he is sitting alone like Satan over the fallen angels. There is, also, your solitary drinker as well as your social; the man who drinks alone, and who if there be pleasure in drink, monopolizes it all to himself. He is one of the secret worshippers of Bacchus, and renders to him his undivided homage. The man of all others who shows by his conduct that he drinks because he likes it. Sometimes his own house is the scene of his indulgence, when his wife and children are a-bed—for he dares not or fears not to make a beast of himself in their sacred presence, and often you find him in that most convenient place—the

back shop! When he—the lecturer—was little acquainted with the drinking habits of this city, he was struck with the fact, that during almost all hours of the day he saw some of our most respectable men—apparently merchants or otherwise—belonging to the middle and higher ranks of life, hurrying through an entry; he was sure that it was not to the bank they were going, nor the counting-room, nor ware-room for they were no sooner in than they were out! (Great uneasiness.) His curiosity was excited; he ventured, partly because he was a stranger, to make the slightest possible inquiry, and the mystery was soon solved: it was the entry to the convenient "back shop," where, having tossed off their glass, the one hies to his ledger, the other to his store,—each having wiped his mouth and said, "I have done no wrong!"

There is in addition to those classes yet another—the sly drunkard, the man who gets drunk by stealth, who with a liking for drink has a liking for his good name. But he watches his opportunity; but when in company with a kindred soul, he drinks until he gets drunk with greediness—when the mantle of hypocrisy which was wont to cover him and hide his deformity is torn from his shoulders and he is left naked and bare and branded with the name of the hidden drunkard. There is also your fitful drinker, who gets drunk periodically, often longer or shorter as the case may be. With what gusto he swallows it after his abstinence—by so much as he was resolute when he was sober by so much is he resolute in his drunken career. He would introduce yet another specimen—the religious drunkard. Start not at this strange conjecture. Alcohol, while it affects the whole mental and moral powers of the drunkard, affects those which may be regarded as characteristic of the individual, and hence the vulgar affirm that "drink brings out what's in." He was no phrenologist, yet it is a fact that almost in every case of a drunkard in whom the bump of veneration is largely developed, the tendency to engage in religious conversation is very marked and peculiar. When he is in his cups, indeed, it is only on these occasions that he manifests any such signs. Nor is this all, for there is nothing which pleases him more than a tilt in the political arena. Your religious drunkard is a great contravertalist—he is a defender of the faith—he stands up for the whole doctrine of the confession—he would lay down his life for any one of the five points.

And then, too, the devotional spirit is excited, and if there be family worship attempted from one week end to another, or from one year end to another, it is when the father comes home considerably "sprung."—(Laughter.) But however willing the spirit the flesh is weak. He would give an example. A person living in the city of Perth in Scotland, well, whenever he got home, whether late or early, he would ask his patient, heart-broken wife, why she had gone so soon to bed, and where were the children, and up they had to get, and books had to be brought out and the chapter was read, and the family were kneeling, but no sooner had the wretched self-deceiver assumed this position than he fell asleep! It was a task to rouse him—for, oh! how dead is a drunken sleep! When he staggered on to his chair and set him down—"Now," says he, yawning, "is not that better than going to your beds like a parcel of brute beasts."—(Laughter.) One other specimen—I refer to your elegant drunkard, who tries to falsify