

introduced him to the Mayor of the town, a large manufacturer, who took us over his great establishment.

On passing a certain bench the Mayor stopped and remarked significantly: "*that is where I used to work.*"

What had made him what he was? All could be summed up in one word—INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

A certain part of that district was *that* and it is to-day, with foundries, rolling-mills and collieries; great works that had all grown up in two generations out of the skill, intelligence, and thrift, of a blacksmith and his brother; men of singular capacity, perseverance, and godliness; men who in their prosperity remembered the cause of God and contributed munificently to sustain it.

All the sober and industrious working men in that district did not rise to be employers. That would have been an impossibility. I give the foregoing as instances of what was possible to some, while as to the rest, I can say from personal knowledge that they were both respectable and respected.

But in the district just spoken of there were thousands of men of another sort, skilful enough in handicraft, but lacking in moral fibre, never darkening the door of a Church, who made no progress in life, lived in miserable homes, and ended their days as poor as they began. Why? They were lacking in the character that Christianity would have given them.

They regularly spent in luxuries,—drink, tobacco, and sport,—twenty, forty, or even fifty per cent. of their earnings. Not many of these men were absolutely drunkards, in the ordinary sense of the term. But they spent a large amount of money in drinking, and a large amount of both time and money in sport.