

soever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." It is evident that this precept applies to all that we may say or do in our amusements and pleasures, as well as in the more serious affairs of life. Those amusements and pleasures which can stand this test, are safe and commendable, but those that are condemned by it, are unsafe and dangerous. Apply this test to the parlour dance and the public ball; to the home card table and the gambling saloon; to the amateur plays and the sensuous theatre; and the indelicate carnival. What is there of an elevating character in any of these amusements? In what degree do they help us to overcome the carnal nature that is in us? How much do they contribute to nobleness of character? Who asks a blessing on a game of whist? Who can pray that a dance may make them purer? Who goes to a theatre to promote their truest welfare? And what does a carnival leave in the memory, that will help to make one more chaste? I have observed that those persons that are fond of these engagements, are not deeply in love with their Bible, nor are they the true helpers in the church of God. And those homes that have their dance parties and whist games, are not characterised by family religion in a marked degree, and often there is none at all. It is Christ and His church on one side, and the world with its cards, dances, theatres, and carnivals on the other.

I have heard that I said from this pulpit, that I approved of card-playing. Every truthful man here who heard me preach that sermon to young men, on "Is the young man safe?" knows very well that I never said that. What I said was, that "there is no sin in the cards themselves, but the associations are so corrupt, that it is unsafe for any one to touch them." In just the same way dancing in itself is not wrong, that is dancing in the abstract, but did you ever see dancing in the abstract? The parlor card-table claims freedom from the vulgar associations of the gambling tables, around which sharps and flats gather; but you know as well as I do, that thousands have been hopelessly ruined for time and eternity through card-playing, the taste for which they first received in their homes. Cards have led to gambling, and gambling to forgery, and forgery to prison, and sometimes to suicide. You know very well that those young people, who are infatuated with card-playing, never become worth anything in any of the noble attainments of life. Amateur card-players get so fascinated by the games, that they will meet night after night, and waste time, and health, and money in the folly. And they have gone so far in this iniquity, as even to spend God's holy day, in a secluded quarter, in card-playing. Not a great while ago a number of young fellows were gathered together in a dirty hole of a garret on a Sabbath afternoon, around a pack of cards. Think of it, ye Fathers and Mothers, to what an extent this thing will lead the boys, when they will break God's holy day, to satisfy a craving for card-playing. These bold youths locked the door, but their fathers got scent of this demoralizing thing, and obtaining a forced entrance into the place, there they beheld their own sons with cards on the table, and money stakes beside them. Say you, "I suppose you read that in the *Boston Herald*?" No sir, I had it from the lips of a father in this town, and I suspect it was not many blocks from this church, where the scene was transacted. But from whom do these young fellows learn this evil habit? Alas, from full grown men. Men who have their secret gambling room, where they spend half the night in winning and losing money around a pack of cards. And I suspect that that blindless window (lately they have put up a blind, to the more easily blind