

loose moralist can cover vice by self-deceivableness, and where the subtle infidel, the scoffer, and licentious mingle together. Religion is ridiculed, and the clergy spoken of with a sneer. Filthy books are circulated—books of infamy which minister to the vilest tastes, which taint and befoul the imagination with unclean images, and which a man can no more look at without defilement than he can touch molten pitch and be clean.

Wherever a young man turns for worldly amusement he meets danger. Towns swarm with brilliantly lighted saloons, which hold out their meretricious attractions. There is the drama, music, and art. It was ascertained that in two hours one evening six hundred young men entered one music-hall in London. Were these rooms harmless, he would be an enemy to human happiness who objected to them. If they are demoralising and ruinous to the health and character of the inexperienced, he is a friend who points this out. It is little suspected how women with bedizened head-dresses and flaunty robes are folding around them the last shreds of their modesty; how married men hide under white waist-coats polluted hearts; how, while "grey hairs dance, devils laugh and angels weep;" how bankrupts wear forced smiles; how the victims of disease and death hide their ghastliness by flowers, and light their rapid progress to the grave by flaring gas-light. It