

never be fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost, but clothes with curses the land it was meant to save and adorn, changing its greenness and bloom to sand. Let each ask his own conscience, while the stars, those old silent watchers listen for the reply, that they may bear it to Him "who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins."

"Are there any in my employment who are working for half wages? whom I am cheating with their own consent? While I fare sumptuously every day, are these men straitened to procure bread for themselves, their wives and children? While I live in a fashionable suburb, breathing pure air, in large airy apartments, do these men (without whose labour I could not live) when their work is done, that work extending in many instances, over a space of ten and twelve hours, do they leave these hot crowded work shops, to seek repose in a suburban cottage home, where each may open his window and inhale the sweet air which is necessarily denied him through the day? or on the contrary are his hard earned wages barely sufficient to provide him a so-called *home* in some filthy alley, or low street, filled with groggeries, offering temptation at every step of the way to his poor home, which 'his wearied and ill fed frame is little calculated to resist?"

Truly there is little to be gained, by teetotal and temperance societies, when men know that however hard they work, no matter how abstemious they are, the money they earn will not afford them a decent home, or a good dinner; one of the best workmen I ever knew, one whom I honour for his faithfulness and integrity, more than I honour many masters, acknowledged in my presence, that he could not afford to pay pew rent, to send his children to church!

Yet another question I would have you ask, "When I go home to enjoy a social party in my own or my neighbour's