

that they may cut each other's throats? Shall we look at the dense masses of godless, hopeless toilers, who journey on in darkness to perdition, in the chief cities of boasted Christian lands? Shall we look at those nations which claim to be mentally and morally in advance of all the inhabitants of the globe, but who spend more money for strong drink than they do for bread, and whose yearly expenditure for all religious and secular instruction, and for all purposes of Christian charity, would not pay for the cost of the intoxicating drinks consumed by them in a single month?

“Shall we look to the centres of Christian civilization, where squalor crowds on splendor, and where Lazarus still lies, licked by dogs, hard by the rich man's gate; where in the midst of lavished wealth and wasted treasure, thousands of helpless women make their dire election between hunger and shame, starvation and damnation? Shall we explore the great cities of Christendom, where, surrounded by sky-piercing steeples and sweetly chiming bells, poor motherless, friendless outcasts wander wet and weary through the midnight hours, scorned by Simon the Pharisee and his proud wife and silk-robed daughters; finding no way to draw near to Him who calls the heavy-laden to come and rest; no place in the rich man's house to bathe his feet with penitential tears; no path open but the downward way; no gate ajar but the broad gate that leadeth to destruction? Shall we visit the gorgeous temples erected to Him, who more homeless than the foxes and the birds, was cradled in a wayside manger, and was buried in a stranger's tomb,—but the price of whose blood bought a potter's field where *strangers* might be buried?—we shall find by the smell of mint, and