

since been the liturgy of humbled souls, and every verse of which seems vocal with a groan. But he could not undo the sin. In his own days the enemies of truth blasphemed through him, and, since that time, in every generation, wicked men have encouraged themselves in wickedness because of that great crime, and the atheist hath barbed his arrow in the blood of that murder. Voltaire, when he came to die, longed that his blasphemies against Christ should be expunged from his writings. He wished what was impossible; his errors led to all the horrors of the French Revolution, and have shattered since then the peace of thousands. A drunkard may obtain forgiveness, but his example may have taught his own son to brutalize himself. A young man may turn away from the evil courses he followed, but he may leave the silly youth whom he first tempted, to go floating down to the bottomless pit. There is a thought that often appals me. It is nothing, as it seems, for the seducer to play upon innocence, to instil poison into her sweet affections and her maidenly instincts. He has done, as he thinks, a manly thing, when he has crumpled up the beautiful flower of her chastity, and left it to be fouled in the mire. Ah, hard is the father's shame and the brother's scorn she bears. Cold are the streets that she treads at night, and lonely is the garret where she soon lies