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weaker will be your will, dimmer your sense of moral beauty, more desperate your passions, till at length you will feel bound, and then find yourself borne over the rapids a lost and helpless wreck.

There are indeed young men who, in an unguarded moment, have gone into scenes of temptation, and have turned away with horror, like a bird that, having strayed into the poisonous atmosphere of a chemical laboratory, has rushed back quickly to the pure air of heaven. But such cases are the exceptions. There is a witchery about sin. One night in a music and dancing-saloon may so pollute the imagination as to break down the barriers of years. One throw at a gaming-table, or bet on a race, may so excite the craving for this perilous speculation, that it may be followed by the frenzy and suffering of years of gambling. One indulgence of the lusts of the flesh may so damn a man in his own eyes that in a year he may be utterly foul. Dear young man, nothing deadens the conscience so much as sin; nothing creates a desire for repetition so much as sin; nothing rises in its demands from every concession made to it so much as sin. Among the most striking things in our language is a sentence of Jeremy Taylor on the progress of sin: "Sin startles a man—that is the first step. Then it becomes pleasing; then it becomes easy; then delightful, then frequent; then habitual, then