

starvation cried "shame" upon him. He felt the indignity of it quite as much as he did the pangs of hunger. That he, his father's son, should "perish with hunger" while the menials of his father's kitchen had "bread enough and to spare," stung him with an infinite sense of degradation. The whole situation reminds us of the description which another prodigal gave of his sorry plight when he spoke of it as a wallowing in "a horrible pit" and in "miry clay." Yes, there came a day when the shame of it all lay heavy upon his soul. He thought not only of what might have been, but also of what ought to be and what used to be. He was haunted by accusing voices out of the past. "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." With a mighty longing in his heart for redemption from all this degradation he arose and went unto his father.

This, it seems to me, is the worst of all sin's consequences; the utter degradation of the soul. There is fearful debauchment in the last stages of sin's work. It sets the soul among the swine-troughs. It reduces the courtier to a slave. It strips the purple from the king's son and makes of him a slouching vagabond.