

off his horrid companion ; looked up to the blue heaven he had abandoned. It was too late : hurried over the rapid, he was sucked into the boiling cataract, and dashed to destruction on the rocks beneath.

How doth such an illustration find its analogy in human life ! " His own iniquities," saith the Scripture, " shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." There is a deep and awful mystery in the downward progress of souls, when he who once was the master of sin becomes its slave. Alas, there are scores of men in every neighbourhood who would give all they have to begin life again. A reformed drunkard who moved in good society, once said to me that he would strike off his right hand if the penalty would sweep out of his soul the memories that haunted it. These men never intended to be bad, but step by step they lowered themselves. The lower elements of their nature first were freely indulged, then became importunate, then exacting, then domineering, then uncontrollable. Dear young man, the pride of a mother, the hope of a father, with an intensity of yearning love I conjure you to pause ere you go into the way of sinners. If your feet have turned aside, retrace, I beseech you, your steps. Your strong " No " now, may, through God's mercy, turn you from the pit of infamy, But soon