

ness in prison. He has reaped more than he had sown. While I am speaking here, some man may commit in this city an act which it will take all his life to atone for, or say nothing of the other world. I remember reading in French history of a king who asked one of his courtiers to make something to torture his enemies. He suggested a cage, in which the occupant could not stand upright. It did not take more than two or three minutes to make that suggestion. The cage was made. The man himself was put into it, and he lingered there four or five years, until he died. So, remember, we have to reap the same kind of seed, either in this world or in the other world to come. Does not the drunkard reap? In a few years a man becomes a slave to strong drink. He thinks he has a good time; his mother has gone to her grave with a broken heart, the children are ragged and wretched, his wife is sinking to the grave. At last every friend has left him. The reaping time has come. And a man must reap, more, and he will find this is the case with liquor as with everything else. It is so with adultery. It may be done in the dark, but it cannot be kept from the light. I want to lift up my voice against this fearful sin. If a man gets drunk, every one knows it. If the adulterer may blast the character of some beautiful girl and she may be ruined, but he will hold up his head in the society, thinking the crime will never come to judgment and the sin never to be brought to light. He has thrived that woman, soul and body. But she will face you at the bar of God; and you, adulterer, will have to face that sin. Men should be warned of this. You may come into church with a pretty wife and family, and think that no one will know your past sins. But be sure your sins will find you out. There is a God of equity and justice. He who is in inquiry will not go unpunished. Do you believe that God will allow that woman to suffer, to be cast out of society, and be rejected by you by whom she was cherished, and yet allow you to go unpunished? Some one will say, "how does this agree with the doctrine of the atonement?" I always thought that Christ paid the penalty, and that if I turn to Him, He will forgive my sins, and that will be the end of it." He may forgive the penalty, but certain consequences are going to follow. I will give an illustration. A wretched drunkard left his wife and children and was absent for years. When he returned after a long absence (he being considered dead), he found that his wife belonged to another. He was not allowed to see her. He told me himself that no one knew what he suffered. There are certain consequences which you have to reap, even if you are forgiven. I heard Mr. Gough say that he would give his right hand if he could forget one act in his life. I believe it was his treatment of his Christian mother. When I was preaching at Chicago, a man who was at the meeting asked to see me alone. I consented. His head fell on his breast and he wept like a child. He told me his trouble—it is the same old story. He was a business man, an officer under Government; but he got speculating, and needing some money, he signed \$40,000 worth of county bonds and sold them to eight different parties, intending to call them in before the time the coupons were to be presented, and no one was to know, and no one was to lose anything. He did not intend to be dishonest, yet he was dishonest. He could not recover himself; he could not face the law, he thought, and he had fled. He said he had a wife and three children and it was hard to bring disgrace on them. I would surrender myself and bear the punishment, but for the thought of what they would suffer. He asked me for advice. I said, "Let us pray together." We did so, and I then said I would think

the matter over. The next day the man came again, and said, "I will not trouble you with my case; it is all settled. I have determined to go and surrender to the law." He was hidden for a week and would go and look at his sleeping children. He took the train for Missouri. There he kissed his wife and then left his once happy home; then he gave himself up, was tried on eight indictments, and was sent to prison for eighteen years. Although such an offender, I believe he was at length a child of God, but he had got to reap. Some one has said that God rides in a chariot of two wheels, law and grace. At one of my meetings at Chicago, a young man asked my permission to address the young men. He pleaded with them to come to Christ. He said: "If you have any one who cares for your soul, treat them kindly, for they are your best friends on earth. I once had a father and mother who prayed for me morning and night. My father died, and then my mother became more anxious than ever for my conversion. I used to tell her I wanted to see something of the world before becoming a Christian. Sometimes I would come in unexpectedly and find my mother on her knees. At last it got too hot. Either I must become a Christian or get away from my mother's prayers. So I fled. I got a message from home indirectly. I heard my mother was sick, and I knew my conduct was killing her. I felt I must go home; but I resisted and declared I would not become a Christian. I did not go home. A month passed. I heard that my mother was much worse. I had to go home. On my way to the old homestead, I had to pass the village graveyard, and I thought I would go there. I could not tell why my heart began to throb. I saw by the light of the moon that there was a newly made grave. For the first time in my life I prayed for my lost soul. Father gone, mother dead—they are the only two who ever cared for me. No one knows but God what I suffered. I never left the spot till the sun rose next morning. I believe my mother's prayers were answered; but I never can forgive myself." I believe he is a child of God, but he has to reap. Take care how you treat your father and mother. Show them kindness. Do what you can to make their lives sweet, so that you may have a quiet conscience when you get into the shady part of life. But there is a higher motive. Do it because it is right; because there is no one who loves you like a mother and a father. I beg of you to give up sin. If your right hand offend, off with it. I was preaching in Hartford a number of years ago, and took for my text, "Let the wicked forsake his way." An excursion train had come into the city. After preaching, I spent about five minutes in pleading with the audience to forsake sin. Five members of the Bible class sat in front of me. I heard the teacher praying, "God save my class to-night." The excursion train started. I went to my hotel, and learned that the train had fallen through a bridge and that a good many of those who heard me the night before had been ushered into eternity. During the day news came that those five young men were standing on the platform of the car when the bridge broke, and that they were discussing whether they would give up sin or not. A good many present will never hear me again, and if I could say something that would lead to the conversion of one, I would be repaid for my visit to this city. But you cannot come to Christ and be saved unless you are reconciled to Him. Then, indeed, your life will flow sweetly and you will have the blessing of heaven every day in your soul. Take the warning. On one of our railroads there was a land slide and large quantities of earth fell on the track. It was just before the evening train arrived. There was