

a fashionable parlor and across the ball-room of the summer watering-place. You have no right to take any attitude to the sound of music which would be unbecoming in the absence of music.

Gate the Third—Indiscreet attire. The attire of women for the last few years has been beautiful, but there are those who always carry that which is right into the extraordinary and the indiscreet. I am told there is a fashion to come from Paris shocking to all righteousness. I charge Christian women neither by style of dress nor adjustment of apparel to become administrative of evil. Perhaps no one else will dare tell you, so I will tell you that there are multitudes of men who owe their eternal damnation to boldness of womanly attire.

RUM'S RAVAGES.

Gate the Fourth—Alcoholic Beverages. In our midnight exploration we found that all the sins of wickedness were done under the enchantment of the wine cup. That was what the waiter carried on the platter; that was what glowed on the table; that flushed the cheeks of the patrons who came in; that staggered the steps of the patrons as they went out. The wine cup is the patron of impurity. Nearly all the men who go into the shambles of death go intoxicated—the mental and spiritual abolished, the brute ascendant. Tell me a young man drinks and I know the whole story. No man ever runs drunkenness alone. That is a carrion-crow that travels in a flock. In other words the wine cup unbalances and dethrones one better judgment, and leaves him a prey to all the evil appetites that may choose to alight upon his soul. There is not a place of sin in the United States to-day but finds its chief abettor in the chalices of inebriacy. The court that licences the sale of strong drink licenses gambling, licences libertinism, licences diseases, licences death, licences all crimes, all sufferings, all disasters, all woes. It is the legislatures and courts that swing wide open this grinding, roaring, stupendous gate of the lost.

THE FIRE ESCAPES.

"But," you say, "tell us how these gates swing out to allow the escape of the penitent." I reply, but very few escape. Out of a thousand that go in nine hundred and ninety-nine perish. Suppose one of these wanderers should knock at your door, would you admit her? Would you introduce her among your acquaintances? Would you take the responsibility of pulling on the outside of the gate of hell while she pushed on the inside of that gate, trying to get out? You would not. You