

carry out his schemes. They may have no such intention, and laugh at the very idea of this. They may be working each for his own hand, and seeking to accomplish only their own purposes; but for all that, they are doing the devil's work, whether they are conscious of it or not. And pay of a certain sort he gives them too. When men indulge in sin, they are tempted by the pleasure or prospect of gain, which it affords them. And that there is a certain pleasure connected with many kinds of sin, it were useless to deny. And this may be regarded as the pay which the devil gives his servants. But look at it, turn it over in your hand, and consider it, and you will soon see that it is counterfeit coin—a miserable imitation of that pure and permanent happiness which the pursuit of true and rational enjoyment, in a pure and legitimate way, brings along with it.

They seek the sweets of social intercourse, and they are taken in with the revelry and wild excitement of the festive board. Would you have a proof of the counterfeit nature of the enjoyment which Satan palms off upon his victims for happiness? Look at that one, on the morning after a night's revelry; the sick stomach, the aching head, the empty purse, and the reproaching conscience, all testify not only to the counterfeit but destructive nature of the wages in which they have been paid. But we have not done. If the spell is not broken, and the victim rescued, you will see him again, the miserable wreck of what he was, with situation lost, character blasted, means squandered, health broken,—a grief and disgrace to his friends, a worthless waif, without an object and without an aim, a burden to himself, tossed about in wretchedness, till a premature grave buries him out of sight.

It is much the same with all the different kinds of pleasure which Satan provides for those who seek enjoyment in an unlawful way. And those who, with open eyes, rush into decided and unmistakeable sin, or who deliberately plan and execute transgression, with a view to the benefits which it promises,—do they really profit by the iniquity? No; it is only counterfeit coin which

they are paid in, which will not pass current in heaven's market place, and purchase true happiness and lasting enjoyment. But Satan not only cheats his dupes with counterfeit money, HE OFTEN SO INFATUATES THEM AS TO INDUCE THEM TO SERVE HIM FOR NAUGHT.

This is the case with profane swearers, who seem to be wicked merely for the sake of being so. It is difficult to see what object they can have in their profanity. If they would reflect for a moment they could hardly fail to see that they have nothing to gain by the practice, and scarce any assignable purpose which they can hope to accomplish by it. The drunkard has a taste to gratify, an insatiable longing to satisfy, a consuming desire for company and excitement, which afford him pleasure at the time; the liar may have something to conceal, which, if discovered, would be injurious to him, and he lies to hide it, or he lies from very vanity, to magnify himself or to accomplish some object which he thinks desirable; and the dishonest man has the hope of gain for a temptation;—but the swearer has nothing to gain by his wickedness, no pleasure to gratify, no enjoyment however short to procure, and no purpose to accomplish. He insults God to His face, and dares him to do His worst, without the poor excuse of having something to gain for his wickedness. "What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a shrewd man once to a person whom he heard using profane language. "He does not pay me anything," was the reply: "Well," the good man continued, "you work cheap; to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and all for naught! You certainly do work cheap, very cheap indeed.*

It is probable that there may be some swearers among our readers, and if so, we would remonstrate with them upon their folly in making such sacrifices and running such tremendous risks, and all for naught.—Why not try to get something for your pains? Why not say to your master as Peter did to

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