

swallow, his eye has lost its soul-like power, his hand its masterly skill, his feet their firmness, his whole person its manly dignity, and he is a thing degraded and defiled. But still he is a man; and if we do not we ought to pity him. For oh! what is seen, is but a faint index of the sad ruin that is not seen. The man has a soul; for he is still a man. The soul within that man was once beautifully pure; for it came from God. We ourselves for the moment, as we stand by with the sourness of hypocritical propriety drawn upon our faces, and the cautious hand of prim respectability upon our garments, lest the touch of a filthy inebriate contaminate us in any way, are struck with the thought that after all the man bears the impress of having been made for better things. We see he is a ruin. We know that he might, yea, we pray that he may one day be restored. But there is money to be made, or there are friends to see; and it does not do to spend much time and thought upon the misery of others so long as we have ourselves to look after. So hurry along to business and to pleasure, and let the drunkard have another roll in the mud.

Alas for you and me, my fellow sinner, if God acted in this way towards us. Glory be to his name he does not.

We are familiar with the fact that God made man upright. The race, when planned and planted in Eden by God, was perfect in its beauty and beautiful in its perfection. The clay tabernacle of the soul was lovely in its undying strength within and without. The soul itself, a full-orbed, gloriously clear creature, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, moved about in and with that living temple, and it was lovely. It bore the image of the Eternal. Like Him it stood clothed in the freedom with which the God of heaven is eternally clothed. In its free power it towered sun-like upon the hill of God. There, beneath its Father's smile it was upright.

But, in a moment, it fell. "Oh what a fall was there!" Man whom God had made to be his own child, rebelled. Duty, the just debt each intelligent creature owes its Maker, was refused. Man turned his back upon the King of kings, and insulted Him to His face. He left his God.

But the Lord did not forget man. No, He went after him crying "Turn ye, turn ye." But man hurried on, on, far through the gates of safety into the wilderness of sin. Men multiplied and spread over the earth; and the name of the Lord was forgotten.

We may not be in the habit of thinking it, but still it is a most