

them down. It is estimated that every day in Christendom \$80,000,000 pass from hand to hand through gambling, or \$128,100,000,000 every year.

BAD BOOKS AND NOVELETTES.

"But," I said, "it is eleven o'clock, and we must be off," and our carriage rolled on toward the gates of hell. Who shall describe them? They are burnished until they sparkle in the gaslight; they are mighty, and set in sockets of deep and dreadful masonry; they are high, so that those inside may not climb over; they are heavy, but swing easily in to let those in who would be destroyed. I went in, and I am here this morning to sketch them. We did not stand looking at the outside. I shall tell you what these gates are made of.

Gate the First—Impure literature. A great deal of the bad literature is not gripped of the law, but it is in your parlors and your libraries. Some of your children read it at night after they retire—the gas-burner swinging as near as possible to the pillow. Much of this literature is under the title of scientific information. It is appalling that men and women who might get from their family physician all the useful information needed, and without any contamination, should wade chin deep through accursed literature under the plea of getting useful knowledge, and that printing presses, hoping to be called decent, lend themselves to this infamy. Fathers and mothers, be not deceived by the title "merciful work." Nine-tenths of such books come hot from the lost world. Then there are the novelettes flung over the land by the million. No one systematically reads the average novelette of the day and keeps either integrity or virtue. Oh, this is a wide gate of hell! There are a million men and women in the United States to-day reading themselves into hell. Scour your house to-day to find whether there are any of these adders coiled on your parlor table. One bad book or picture may do the work for eternity.

DISSOLUTE DANCING.

Gate the Second—The dissolute dance. You know of what I speak. It is the first step to eternal ruin for a great multitude of both sexes. You know what postures and figures are suggested by the devil. They who glide in the dissolute dances glide over an inclined plane, and the dance is swifter and swifter and wilder and wilder, until, with the speed of lightning, they whirl off the edges of a decent life into a fiery future. This gate of hell is so wide that it swings across the Axminster of many