

that you are the cause of it; He has it all charged against you, and at the Judgment Seat you must answer to that charge.

Then let me relate another incident that occurred in South Clark St., City of Chicago. A middle aged man, bearing an air of gentility, despite his thread bare garments, enters a pawnbroker's shop; upon the counter he lays a small parcel, and demands for it the sum of ten cents; the pawnbroker opens the parcel, and gazes upon a tiny pair of shoes scarcely soiled. Where did you get these? was the question asked: At home, was the response. You had better take them home again to your child, said the pawnbroker. She does not want them, said the father, she died last night; but I want a drink and must have it. Fathers, what a picture, your only child sleeping safely in the arms of Jesus, your broken-hearted companion watching beside the lifeless form of her loved one, and you in the pawn-shop pledging the little shoes for that which will separate you and your child forever. Fathers, you that are addicted to excessive drinking, stop and ponder. Have you ever prayed? Have you ever asked the Almighty God to give you strength to overcome your besetting sin? If you have not, I beseech of you go to your closet and in the name of Jesus of Nazareth ask for strength. Look upon your dying, bleeding Saviour; behold Him in the agonies of death, stretched upon the Cross of Calvary. He too was offered a stupefying potion. He shrank from it. Do thou likewise; "Ask and ye shall receive." You say these scenes are fiction, would to God they were fiction; there would be less misery and woe, less crimes, less dilapidated buildings and mortgaged farms, and less victims for the scaffold! Are there no sorrowing wives in this town who are ekeing out a scanty living, by plying the needle from morn to night? No broken-hearted mothers lamenting the untimely end of the beloved boy? No fathers standing with outstretched arms