


—
"A CART-ROPE INIQUITY" SUN
DAY'S SUBJECT,
 —

Chapter 5, Verse 18: "Woe Unto Them That Sin As It Were With

Cart-Rope.—Vigilance Advised.

There are some antiquities that only nibble at the heart. After a lifetime,



their work, the man
still stands upright
respected, and hon-
ored. These ver-

strength enough to
gnaw through
man's character.
But there are other transgressions
that life themselves up to a point

portions, and seize hold of a man and bind him with thongs forever. There are some iniquities that have such great emphasis of evil that he who commits them may be said to die with a man.

rope. I suppose you know how the
make a great rope. The stuff out of
which it is fashioned is nothing but
tow which you pull apart without an
exertion of your fingers. This is spun
into threads, any of which you could

easily snap, but a great many of these threads are interwound—then you have a rope strong enough to bind an ox or hold a ship in a tempest. I speak to you of the sin of gambling. A certain rope in strength is that sin, and I wish more especially to draw your at-

tion to the small threads of insurance out of which that mighty inquiry is twisted. This crime is on the advance, so that it is well not only that fathers and brothers, and sons, be interested in such a discussion, but that wives and mothers, and sisters, and daughters look out lest their present home be sacrificed, or their intended home be blasted. No man, no woman, can stand aloof from such a subject as this and say: "It has no practical bearing upon

my life; for there may be in a short time in your history an experience in which you will find that the discussion involved three worlds, earth, heaven and hell. There are gambling establishments by the thousands. There are about five thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of all the gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest, because they are merely the ante-chamber to those that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first

go out on Broadway, New York, to the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughters" and Doris' "Dante's and Virgil's" and "The Prisoner of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and—
and, sumptuous beyond parallel.

[illegible]

may stake them. If I stake them I may lose them; but I may win five thousand dollars. Whichever way it turns I have the excitement. Shuffle the cards. Lost! Heart thumps. Head dizzy. At it again—just to gratify this desire for hazard.

Then there are others who go into this sin through sheer desire for gain.

is especially so with professional gamblers. They always keep cool. They never drink enough to unbalance their judgment. They do not see the dice so much as they see the dollar beyond the dice, and for that they watch, as the spider in the web, looking as if dead until the fly passes. Thousands of

young men in the hope of gain go into these practices. They say: "Well, my salary is not enough to allow this luxury. I don't get enough from my store, office, or shop. I ought to have finer apartments. I ought to have better lines. I ought to have more richly flavored cigars. I ought to be able to entertain my friends more expensively."

won't stand this any longer. I can
with one brilliant stroke make a for-
tune. Now, here goes, principle or no
principle, heaven or hell. Who cares?"
Then a young man makes up his mind
to live beyond his income. Spies be-

Many years ago a sermonistic police of New York I visited one of the famous gambling-houses in that city. It was night and as we came in from all seemed dark. The lights were down; the door was guarded by a couple of men, and an officer with the guard at the door, we were admitted into the hall, and thence into the parlors, around one table, finding every one in the same dress, all dressed all the work going on in silence, save the noise of the rattling "hips" on the gaming-table in one parlour, and the rattling of the roulette-table in the other parlour. Some of these men, we were told, had been in the terms in prison; some were shipwrecked sailors, and some were city-dealers, and some were going their first rounds of vice, but all in the same way. The table, as large or smaller as the room, was surrounded by a low, low, there was something awfully solemn in the silence of the place, and the suppressed emotions of the men, and the women, and the children, all had money in the rapid, and I have no doubt some saw, as they sat there, horses and carriages, and houses, and the things of the world, and the things down into the vortex. A man's life might have been worth, a farthing in that presence had he not been there, and the things of the world had been supposed to be on a Christian's mind of observation. Some of these men went by private key, some

Dwight L. Moody's Boyish Horror of
the Grim Destroyer.

[illegible]

By F. F. O'Haver, Harrodsburg, Ind.)
During a round of pastoral visits, I

the first prize was \$100,000. The prizes were distributed among the audience, or to sell books, which were sold at a profit. I took, but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put out a certain number of packages of tobacco. In Cincinnati the purchaser of this tobacco, in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys are sent to buy a certain quantity containing nobody knows what, until they open them and find they contain \$100,000. They go home and tell their fathers in their wall gotten in a lottery; and he brain of community tated to find out some new way of getting things together, and making for them.

When, there are the threads that make the car tape, and when a young man

called at a country residence, and before he had been five minutes in the Bible and had prayed. Contrary to my custom, I concluded to read the first passage at which my Bible opened. It was the story of the woman as I began to read the lady of the house began to weep, and continued to do so throughout the reading and prayer.

"Upon rising from our knees, she burst into tears, and told me the first time she had ever seen her mother since her mother on earth, and that she died at that very room, and she sobbed as if her heart would break." I have never seen her since, but many years, but I notice she has been regular in attendance since.

Who will say that a mother's saintly life soon ends? But the Spirit does not lead His servants?

Little Jennie disobeyed her mother
one day, and she made her leave her

arrived on in the name charity; and the more you remember at the close of the day, that Christ has been with you, and that he has been with the orphans and widows of the world, the more will you be disposed to go forth, the proceeds to go to the orphans and widows of the soldiers and sailors. What gifts have you who had charge of those gifts? What have you for the orphans and widows? Why, they would have died upon their feet to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. No man can have such a charity, that he shall think that it will sharpen your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things; be honest or die.

The Hostess-Society possesses a power that is almost magical. Guest—it does, indeed. How easily, for instance, it transforms an ass into a

