

# Sin is Not a Plaything

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An illustration of sin's treacherousness. Some years ago a noted wild beast tamer gave a performance in England. He took lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment astonishing the audience by his complete control over them. As a closing act, he introduced an enormous boa constrictor, twenty—five feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old, and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The music of an Oriental band steals through the trees, a rustling sound is heard and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops, its head erect, its bright eyes sparkle, its whole body seemed animated. The tamer comes forward and at a signal from him the snake slowly approaches as it has every day before and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher it rises, until the serpent and the man seem blended into one, and the hideous head is raised above the man. Why, we cannot say, but at that very moment the deadly serpent—nature seemed to return. The man gave a scream, the audience burst into applause, but the cheers The tamer's scream was a death wail of agony, the cold shining folds had embraced him for the last time. The audience heard bone after bone crack as they tightened upon him. His plaything had become his master and destroyer.

Oh, what a picture of sin! How dreadful is the power of sin.