

of their neighbours; the complaint which the Creator and Judge brings against them is that they sat still and allowed their neighbors to be slain. "If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul doth he not know it? And shall he not render to every man according to his works?"

As to methods, there is room for variety of opinion and diversity of action. I would not demand uniformity in this crusade against the infidel. If I could see a levy in mass of the Christian community, I could bear a very large measure of freedom in the action of the several corps. The main thing needed is a determination in every true man's heart, to do something, each in his place and according to his abilities—something corresponding in effort and energy to the power of the adversary, and to the damage he is doing to our country and our King.

Very frequently a strong dash of the ludicrous is thrown into the look and gait and action of a drunken man. This feature is important. It insensibly leads to lightness in the contemplation of the whole affair. When one is induced to laugh at any fact, he is not likely to take it seriously to heart. It seems as if the Author of Evil had obtained power to throw an air of levity over the scene, that he may not be disturbed in his deeds of murder. We should not be caught in this snare; we should not be thrown off our guard by this device. Granted that on the surface the scene is often laughable, it is certain that beneath it is written all over, Lamentation and woe. Check the mirth if it is suddenly excited; let the mirth be drowned under an instant flood of tears. Let deep compassion for a fallen brother, and strong indignation against his destroyer, and reverence for the creature and the law of God, combine to drive off all levity, as wind drives smoke away. The attitude of the ancient prophet, who wept day and night for the slain of his people, becomes us better than mirth or indifference, in view of the ravages of intemperance.

If a foreign enemy should invade our shores, you might, without risk of mistake, undertake to tell the subject under discussion in every group of two or three that might be seen laying their heads together at a distance in the street. Every man as he met his neighbour would eagerly get or give the latest intelligence of the advance or retreat of the loathed or dreaded enemy. Why should not each man keenly question his fellow for news regarding the greatest destroyer of the population. Why should not every heart burn with desire to repel his advance? Why should not every hand wield some weapon against the common foe? This kind goeth not out by an idle wish, or a finding fault with the methods of other men. A passionate determination to exterminate the plague must pervade the sound portion of

the population. The fiery cross must be carried round ere the tide of the invasion be turned back.

A few years ago a sloop laden with coals was beached on the shore of the Solway, near Wigton, on the Scottish coast, in order that her cargo might be carted away during ebb tide. While the vessel lay high and dry on the sand, some men were sent in beneath her to effect some necessary repairs. While the work was going on, some person outside observed the hull keeling slowly over to one side, and gave the alarm to the workmen. All escaped but one. The ship in leaning over caught his limbs before he had time to creep out, and locked him fast between the hull and the sand. The man lived and spoke, and took counsel with his neighbors, but remained pinioned to the spot. All hands went to work. They tried first by lightening the ship of her cargo, but this method proved too slow; they tried by digging in the sand, but this method also failed; they tried by attaching hawsers to the ship's mast, and setting a great number of men to pull, but their united efforts failed to heel her over to the other side. The men were not able to liberate their comrade. In their abortive efforts a precious hour—the precious hour for there was but one—had been lost, and now the tide of the Solway came rushing in like a race-horse. All that were free fled before it, and left their imprisoned companion to his fate. The sea soon slackened the grip of the ship's side, and set the captive free; but before it lifted of his burden it had quenched his life. The water drowned him, and then let him go. Deliverance came too late, and his lifeless body was washed up in the surf.

Calamities greater in extent frequently occur among our seamen, but I do not remember one that was so excruciating in its nature, and cut so keenly into the people's heart. The living man saw the tide approaching, but could not get out of its way; felt the water wetting his hair—felt it cold, covering his brow, and yet must needs lie still—lay still till it stifled him; and thus with the whole town turned out on the beach, spectators. I suppose there was no dry eye in Wigton during that awful hour. I suppose there was few who slept deeply on the following night. It is right that man should be shaken in the depths of his being by witnessing a brother so miserably perishing.

We must not deceive ourselves. We see multitudes caught as fast between their own appetites and the fiery flood which these appetites feed on—caught and held till a tide, mightier than that of the Solway, comes up with its awful rescue. They cannot wrench themselves away. It is better in such a case to lose a limb, and save the life; but, alas! neither the man who perished in the waters of the Solway, nor the men who perish by drink, have strength, even though they had the will, to tear off the limb in order to save