

their columns with brewer's and distiller's advertisements. These newspapers great and small will hunt after every incident of a startling nature, even at a great cost to make their columns full of news, spicy and otherwise. Murders, suicides, drunken brawls among the poor, but not among the rich, forgeries, larceny's and very prominent space is given to a ministerial scandal. But on the iniquity of the government being a party to this soul-cursing monster; on the connection between the leaders of politics and this Goliath; on the fact that this mighty one has done more to turn this earth into a hell than all other evils combined; they rarely utter a word, much less write a full and clear denunciation of this fiend.

Of late years there have been hundreds of clear, scientific deliverances from the most eminent physicians of the age, declaring in favor of total disconnection with this modern Goliath. Conscious that such opinions were against his influence, he set to work in his own secret way to bribe a number of medical men to formulate a deliverance in their associated capacity, in which they stated that total abstainers do not live as long as those who drink Goliath's products. With much eloquence, the papers that subsist largely on Goliath's pap, have held this "deliverance" from beery London, up to our gaze, and ask all temperance opponents of Goliath to reverse our opinions about alcohol shortening men's lives. One newspaper expresses profound satisfaction with the result of the very thorough investigation made by the British Medical Association. Indeed.

Now come with me to Minneapolis, and behold 700 of the greatest physicians any nation can produce the world over. They meet to discuss the advancement of the sublime work to which they have devoted their lives. To deliberate on the latest discoveries and the newest treatments in their profession. Among other acts of that great body constituting the "American Medical Association," here is word for word, a resolution passed and published as their matured thought on this Monster of this century.

"RESOLVED, That in view of the alarming prevalence and ill effects of intemperance, with which none are so familiar as members of the medical profession, and which have called forth from eminent English practitioners, the voice of warning to the people of Great Britain concerning the use of alcoholic beverages we, the undersigned members of the medical profession of the United States, unite in the declaration that we believe alcohol should be classed with other POWERFUL DRUGS; that when prescribed it should be done WITH CONSCIENTIOUS CAUTION, and a sense of GREAT RESPONSIBILITY."

"RESOLVED, That we would welcome any change in public sentiment that would confine the use of intoxicating liquors to the use of SCIENCE, ART, and MEDICINE."

Though I am a British subject, I prefer the clear statement of our American cousins, to the deluding report of my English brethren. For the latter does not agree with the analysis and experiences of the hundreds of Insurance companies which have watched this aspect of human life, (its longevity in connection with the liquor traffic) for the past quarter of a century. And which find that it pays to give a premium to total abstainers on life insurance.

All this vast and intricate machinery under the supreme control of Goliath, has been worked with such skill, at such lavish cost, and with a persistency that brooked no denial, regards no mountain too high to level or tunnel, and no valley too deep and broad to fill up or bridge, till this Philistine has succeeded in controlling the powers, that are elected to control the people. So that he is petted by the so-called statesmen; feared by the supposed leaders of commerce; idolized by the great artisan majority; tacitly supported by the gagged papers, and legalized by the state as a just and honorable business power.

## II. THE GIANT'S DEFIANCE.

Verses 10 and 11. "And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man that we may fight together. When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid." The Goliath in the text, did not defy any of his own nation, or people, for they were under his dominance and direction, but the people of God he hated, and

clenching his teeth he dared them to meet him in battle. King Saul and his people were dismayed and full of fear, and they anticipated an awful and complete defeat. When the monarch's heart failed and his warrior's courage was shrivelled up at the roar of this Philistine what hope could there be for the nation? When all other sources were dried up, there was yet one full and free. When all human powers failed, there was just one power by which deliverance could come. That One source that One power by which this monster's defiant mockery could be turned into deep humiliation, was the Almighty God. His is the strength that will always avail against evil, and the power by which minorities conquer.

Behold there comes forth the little agent of the divine Omnipotence. A mere lad, without military equipments, unskilled in the use of battle axe or spear or shield. In one hand he has his shepherd's staff, and in the other a sling, and in his pocket 5 smooth stones. As Goliath saw his rudely-checked opponent, he despised him, outlined his victory in boastful terms, cursed his little antagonist for presuming to accept the challenge, and prophesied that his body would be a sweet morsel for the fowls of the air. In battle array the two armies are drawn up on the opposite sides of a great valley. From the mountain tops the on-lookers of Commanders, officers and soldiers are viewing with eager eyes the approaching conflict, and humanly speaking, very unequal one. Equipped in shining armour, preceded by his armour-bearer, the great Giant of Gath marched forward, the military hero and defender of his people. Indignation, scorn, and vanity are imprinted on his face, as he anticipates an easy victory over this boy warrior. Without armour, or helmet, or sword, except the armour of righteousness, the helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit, David the shepherd lad steps out into the arena of conflict. "What," say you, "can he do with that staff and sling, in contending with the giant of a score of great battles?" Ah, wait a minute. You see what is in his hand, but you do not see what is in his heart. You do not see, that by a mighty faith in the God who made both him and the giant, he is linked to the Omnipotence that can hurl a billion giants into a heap of bones. Face to face they come, the monster of nine feet and a half, making the ground to tremble as he treads it in anger, while his little antagonist is calm and cool. Before Goliath can get within a spear's length of David, the boy takes a stone from his scrip, and raising his sling over his head he aims at that one open spot, (the ventilator in his forehead of his armour,) and away it flies whizzing through the air; till it stops right in that very place, and amid the breathless gaze of the thousands of onlookers, down falls the great champion of the Philistines. Do you say "Slain by a shepherd boy?" I reply "NEVER, but by the hand of God." It was not by might, nor by power, but the Spirit of God, that this victory was won. Read the ascription of the victory to the God of battles in verses 46 and 47.

To day this modern Goliath, the liquor traffic, has grown to be an incomparable giant. Owning vast and almost uncountable wealth (besides which the Goulds, and Astors, and Vanderbilts, and Rothschilds are mere pigmies;) possessing unmeasurable influence in politics; and has interwoven his business about so much of commerce to-day, that he has assumed with impunity an attitude of the most defiant character. He does not as a rule defy any of the afore-mentioned friends of his business. He knows that he can and does command whole political parties to bow to him at elections, so that by a nod from his head, a general election has been swung right over to the improbable side. It is true that kings and premiers fear him, and any words of displeasure from him strike terror into their hearts. For are not the keys of the national exchequer generally held by this giant of thousands of millions of money? And are they not fearful to offend him, lest he precipitate them into bankruptcy? And are not many newspapers so bridled by the golden bite of this millionaire king, that they too, crouch at his feet?

Who is it that this modern Goliath in reality defies? Who is it that he has not conquered? Whose power is it that he invites to battle? Listen. At a meeting of brewers in Sandusky, Ohio, only a few miles from my last pastorate, in Mount Vernon, the following was posted on the walls in large letters, as a motto, "down