

face is crimsoned because of the master's shame. Now, we behold the scene in the vineyard of Noah repeated. Children covering a fallen parent's nakedness—screening his besetting sin. Then we witness a sight perhaps the most doleful of any—gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave. A mother weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not. A father watering with his tears the fresh-beaten sod that roofs the sepulchre of the pride of his heart and the expected prop of his home, and making this his plaintive elegy—"Oh! my son! would to God I had died for thee!"

This is no mere fancy sketch. It is stern reality. The very throat of our country is in the monster's grip. That remorseless hand threatens to throttle us. And is this a time for rose-water and sugar-plums?

Are we rude when we shout "Hands off!" and put ourselves in the attitude of resistance? Are we to prophesy smooth things, and use the velvet lip and honeyed words when confronting a foe whose likeness the master hand of God has drawn when He says: "His throat is an open sepulchre: the poison of asps is under his lips: his mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: his feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in his ways."

ADVANCE ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

Oh! friends, if we are to hasten the day when "violence shall no more be heard in our land—wasting and destruction within our borders," we must cry aloud and spare not, and lift up our voices like a trumpet. Well may we say with Esther, "How can I bear to see the destruction that is coming on my kindred!" And should we not feel the force of Mordicai's appeal as British Patriots and Christians? "If thou altogether hold thy peace, then shall enlargement and deliverance come from some other source, but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed,—and who knows but that we have come to the kingdom, even for such a time as this?" May the Lord in his own time consign this guilty Haman to the doom he has marked out for so many. But, oh! why should he be the one whom the King—whom the State—whom the Community—whom our Civic Rulers "delight to honour." The Jews of old, were not in such danger