

was danger that the frequenter of the roof might fall off. Therefore the command was that a battlement should be put up. Another forcible illustration of this high regard for human life is given in our text: "But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified unto his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman, the ox shall be stoned, and the owner also shall be put to death."

While these laws in their letter are not applicable to these times, the spirit and the principle of them are still valid, just, and practical. The principle was meant for all time and all nations. For the principles underlying and inherent in these laws are to be the bases of all social and political life. There is an institution in our land to-day to which our text forcibly applies; and it is here because the nation has forgotten to allow these divine principles of law and life to have their proper weight and force. It will be well for us to pause and calmly survey the situation. If we are drifting from our solid anchorage we may well seek to get back into a position of safety. If, in the struggle for national glory, achievement, wealth, we have forgotten that Almighty God has spoken concerning nations, we had better stop long enough to propound a question or two of vital importance to us as a people. It may be that we shall discover our mistake in ignoring Divine commands and shutting our eyes to direct and implied duty. Let this old, pushing ox against which the Scripture legislates stand for the liquor traffic, and who will say that the figure is not an apt one? Then let us answer some questions concerning this ox, which must be asked and answered before a true and adequate and just judgment can be passed.

I. The first question to determine is this: Does the old ox push with his horns?

Not long ago I read of two instances of men being gored to death. One occurred at a man's own barn, on his own

premises; the other was on a city street. A wild steer broke loose from a herd of cattle that were being driven to market and ran wildly through the crowded thoroughfares. Before it could be captured a number of individuals were caught upon the sharp horns of the infuriated beast and tossed to death or injured for life. In these instances one would not need to stop to argue as to whether or no this wild steer pushed with his horns. The evidence is his work; the forceful testimony are the dead and mangled bodies of his victims. The best, strongest, and most corroborative testimony that this old ox—the liquor traffic—pushes with his horns are the facts before us—the living and the dead facts; the numbers who bear about in their bodies the marks of this beast's attacks, and the thousands who fill drunkards' graves. No logic, no sophistry, no reasoning can overthrow, break down, or demolish the testimony. One has only to point silently to the statistics of the medical profession, to the records of inebriate and insane asylums, poorhouses, and penitentiaries. He has only to go out into the graveyards of communities and with the index finger point to the spot where repose the remains of those who died from the effects of drink. He has only to visit the homes of the widow and the orphan, whose lives have been one long succession of sorrow and suffering and blood; whose careworn faces, tear-stained countenances, and early gray hairs say more eloquently than words, "Caused by drink." One has only to produce mothers whose hearts are aching to the bursting as they have seen their boys, and their girls, too, caught upon the horns of the brute of strong drink and tossed to death. He has only to produce the infant and child that wails for sustenance in many a miserable attic, sleeps upon a heap of straw while the parents are lying in a drunken stupor on the floor. I say, one has only to point to these facts, without uttering a word, to silence all argument respecting the truth or falsity of what the