

Sermon preached before the Ministerial Conference, at Manchester, in which he thus vindicates "energy in prosecuting the work" of opposing drunkenness:—

"I am well aware that some of us are denounced as enthusiasts and fanatics on this subject. I do not know how it was with you, but I own it is one of the hardest trials of my patience, to hear very commonplace men, and very cool philanthropists speak of us patronizingly as "well meaning individuals." Keeness on the question is justified and demanded both by reason and Scripture. "Having even the garment spotted with flesh;" what does that word mean? A garment is not guilty, and why should we hate it? A loving heart feels its meaning without the aid of criticism. He who has a true hatred of sin cannot look with callousness on any of its accessories. He who truly loved his brother will shudder at the sight of the weapon that shed his blood. If human sacrifices were still rife in our beloved land—if certain places were set aside as shambles, where victims by hundreds were laid on the gory altars of a cruel god, you would hate would you not, with a perfect hatred, the bolted door and the grated windows of that horrid place. You are not human if your heart does not burn within you as you pass. Now I say it deliberately, after weighing my words, the dram-shops of this country are such slaughter-houses—as displeasing to God, and as murderous to men. Hecatombs of human victims are sacrificed there. Not offered in sacrifice to an idol you say? No; it would be some palliation of the sin if they were. The blind heathen thought that thereby they did God service; but these modern murderers have not superstition as an excuse. They are done for filthy lucre's sake. Men, our own flesh and blood, are lured, drugged, and burned to death in these dens, that other men may make money by the process. I sometimes stand on the pavement and look in at the open door. I see naked, haggard parents, men and women, standing at the counter. They stood there yesterday and the day before. They are frequenters of the place. They are known as customers. It is known that what they buy and drink there, is eating out their body's life, and bringing wrath upon their souls—is breaking the hearts of their parents, or casting children, diseased, ignorant, and profligate upon society. Inside the counter the dealer stands. He has stripped his coat, and is working in his shirt sleeves. He is dealing out the means and material of ruin to his brother, and taking his money in. I cannot be cool. My head burns and my heart throbs. That man, stripped, and labouring and sweating there, appears to me Moloch's high priest slaughtering the sacrifices. I confess it, I never pass the place with coolness. I hate—God is my witness, I hate the burnished counter, and glittering brass, and glaring light, and painted signboard, all the accessories of the crime—the garments of the idol, I hate them, for they are spotted with the blood of men. In compassion alike for the seller and the buyer, alike for the publican and the drunkard, I plead that an arrestment be laid, by the mighty hand of the nation, on this murderous process."

THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

"Truth, Lord! yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the Master's table." Every thing is here. All christianity is concentrated in one happy sentence. She believes in her lowliness; she believes in God's absolute supremacy; she believes in the secret propriety of the apparent inequalities of His providence; she believes that those inequalities can never affect the true universality of His love. God is all, yet she is something too, for she is God's creature. Men from deep places can see the stars at noon-day; and from the utter depths of her self-abasement, she catches the whole blessed mystery of heaven; like St. Paul's christian, "in having nothing, she possesses all things." No humility is perfect and proportioned, but that which makes us hate ourselves as corrupt, but respect ourselves as immortal; the humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes on the skies! Oh! with what joy did the blessed teacher see himself foiled in that high argument! how gladly did he yield the victory to that invincible faith! how did he joy to see the grace thus budding which he himself had planted. He who gave Jacob the strength to wrestle with Him of old, gave the Gentile mother the power to vanquish him now! "O woman great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou