

a bloody monster, by whatever name you may call him. He murders the fathers of thousands of our dear boys and girls every year in his showy saloons as well as in his dark, dirty cellars. He poisons men and women to death. He robs his victims of their money first, and then kills them afterwards. A hard-hearted demon is this demon of drink.

There are other giants of sin, too, besides Alcohol. There is the giant of UNBELIEF, who scoffs at Bible-religion just as Goliath scoffed at the Lord's armies. The way to meet this wicked infidel enemy of your soul, is to find the simple truth in God's Book, just as David found the smooth stones in one of God's books. Your faith can use the sling as well as David used his. Many a little child's faith in Jesus Christ has slain the huge scoffing giant of unbelief. Yes! and that last enemy, Death, has been conquered by the sweet child of Jesus who has said in her last moment, "Blessed Saviour! take me home!"—*Sunday School Times.*

### ENTHUSIASM WANTED.

D. L. Moody, of Chicago, made a speech in England lately. In the presence of scholars, noblemen and a large crowd he said:

We want something more. We want enthusiasm in God's work. We find it in the world. Men are desperately in earnest in business circles. Hell is in earnest. Why should not we? We talk about infidelity, and all the isms that are creeping over the world. I am more afraid of formalism than anything else. Let the children of God but see eye to eye, and Christianity will overcome all the hosts of hell and death. There is as much power in the gospel to-day as ever. Man has been as bad as he can be. He was bad in Eden, he was bad for two thousand years under the law, and he has been bad these eighteen centuries under grace; but, my friends, there is power in the gospel to save. When men are willing to give their lives to work for God, then He takes men and uses them. One thing I admire about Garibaldi, his enthusiasm. In 1867, when he was on his way to Rome, he was told

that if he got there he would be imprisoned. Said he, "If fifty Garibaldis are imprisoned, let Rome be free." And when the cause of Christ is buried so deep in our hearts, that we do not think of ourselves, but are willing to die, then we will reach our fellowmen. Five years ago I went to Edinburgh, and stopped a week to hear one man speak—Dr. Duff, the returned missionary.

A friend told me a few things about him, and I went to light my torch with his burning words. My friend told me that the year before he had spoken for some time, and fainted in the midst of his speech. When he recovered, he said, "I was speaking for India, was I not?" And they said he was. "Take me back that I may finish my speech." And notwithstanding the entreaties of those around, he insisted on returning, and they brought him back. He then said, "Is it true that we have been sending appeal after appeal for young men to go to India, and none of our sons have gone? Is it true, Mr. Moderator, that Scotland has no more sons to give to the Lord Jesus? If it is true, although I have spent twenty-five years there, and lost my constitution—if it is true that Scotland has no more sons to give, I will be off to-morrow, and go to the shores of the Ganges, and there be a witness for Christ." That is what we want. A little more, a good deal more, of that enthusiasm, and Christianity will begin to move, and go through the world, and will reach men by hundreds and by thousands.

### LOVE-SONGS TO JESUS.

At our prayer-meeting to-night we sang with full hearts and voices that simple heart-song of love:

"Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe;  
Sin had left a crimson stain,  
He washed it white as snow."

This is chorus to a hymn that has more of passionate devotion to Christ in it than it has of æsthetic poetry. It was composed for Sunday-schools, and is set to a sweet stirring tune of the best old Methodist stamp. It always rouses our people, and brings back revival joys and the taste of the fruits when we sat