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THE
GIANTS
AND
HOW TO FIGHT
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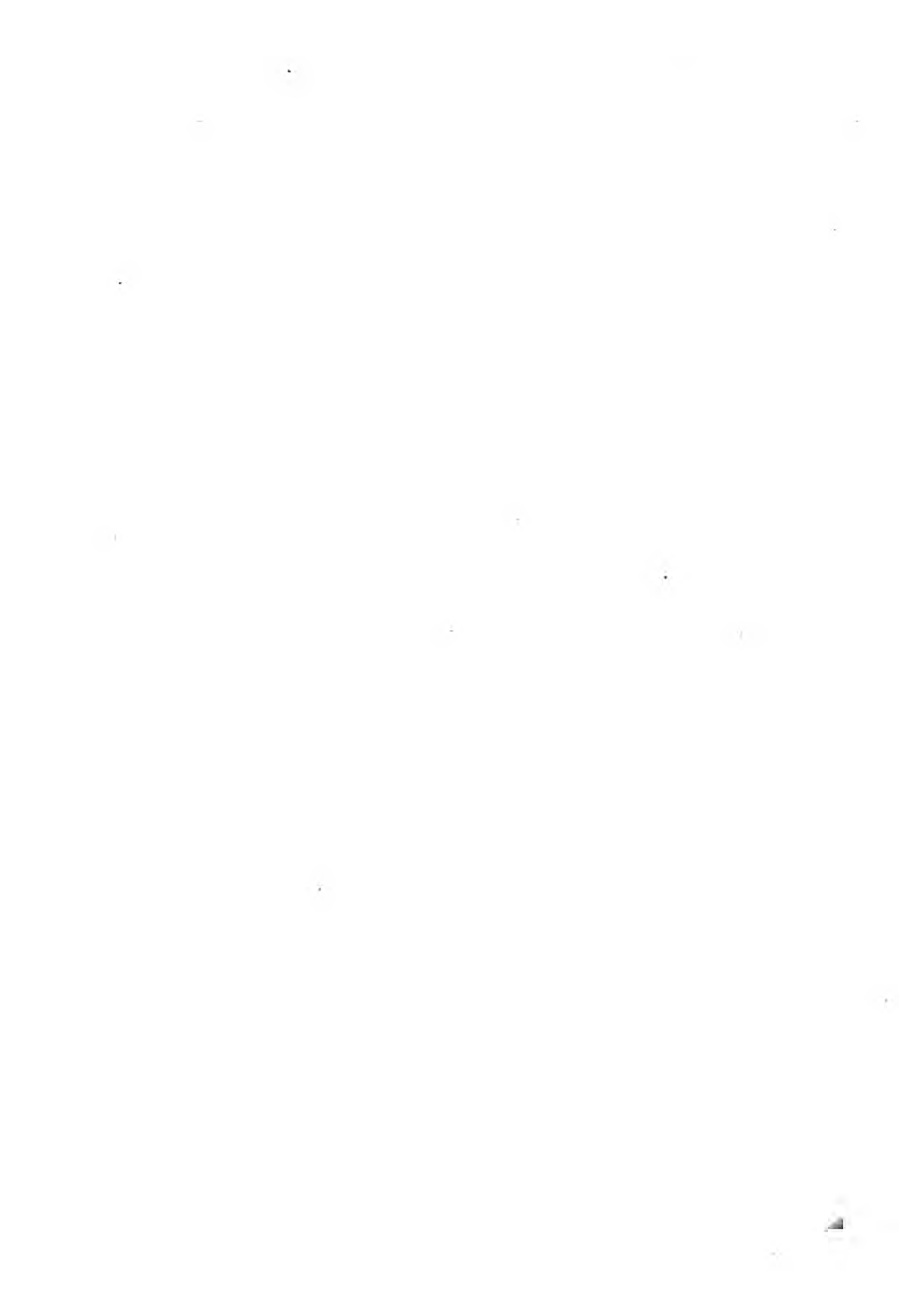
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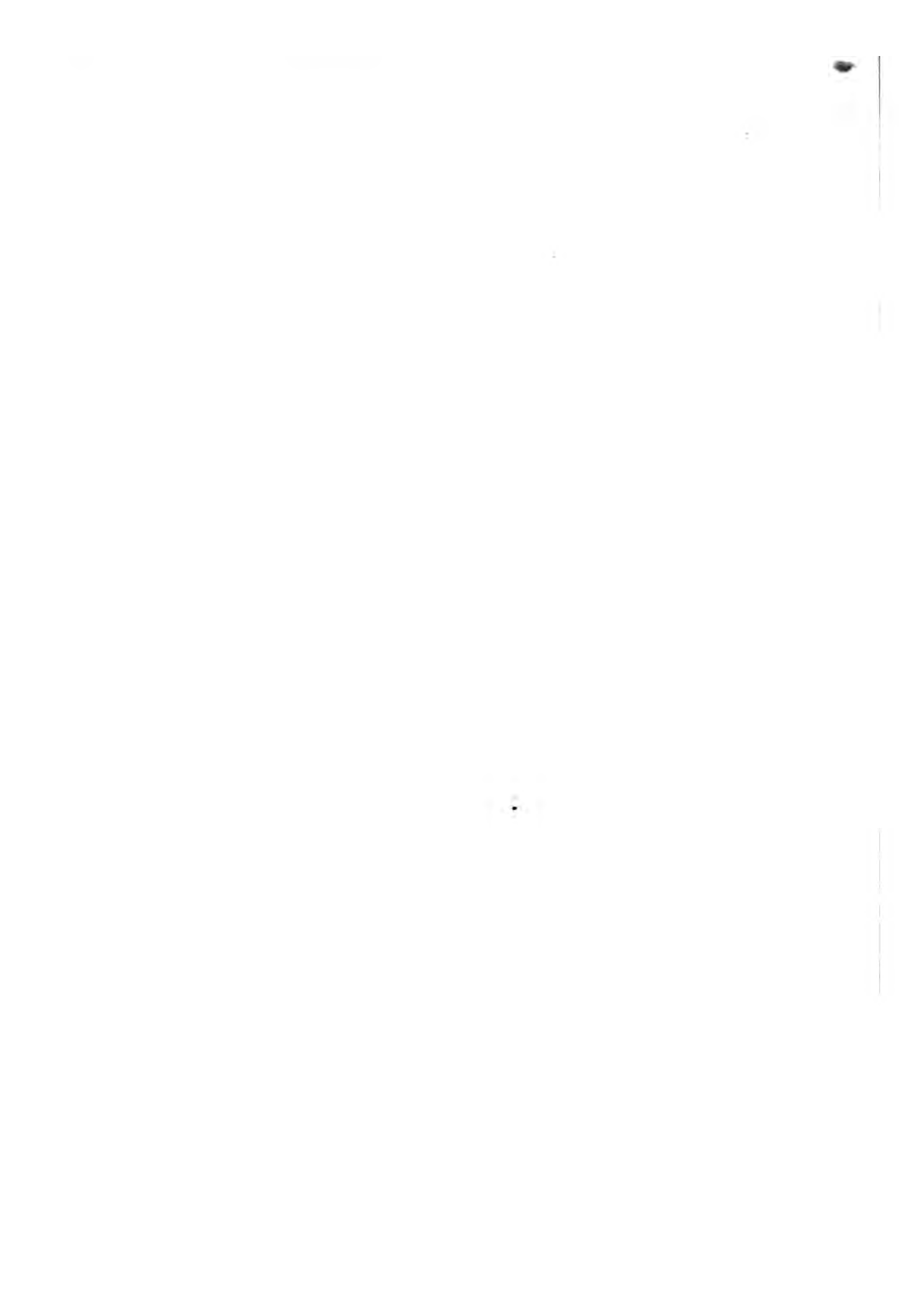


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THE GIANTS,
AND
HOW TO FIGHT THEM.

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The Giant Ill-Temper.

THE GIANTS,

AND

HOW TO FIGHT THEM.

REV. RICHARD DODD, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH" ETC.

LONDON.

JAMES NISBET AND CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LXI.



THE GIANTS,

AND

HOW TO FIGHT THEM.

BY THE

REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.,
AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S HIGHWAY," ETC.

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PREFACE.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Here is Jack the Giant-Killer !
And I think you will like him ; for he is
brave, and wise, and good.

The five giants he fights with are all
hideous monsters, most worthy of being
killed. And he takes to good ways of
killing them.

At the first one, "HEATHENISM," he
slings stones—the sharp stones of Truth.
The second, "SELFISHNESS," he starves to
death by self-denial. The third, "COVET-
OUSNESS," is made to burst with rage at

the sight of deeds in charity and love, consistently and constantly done in spite of his teeth—ugly and close-set though they be. The fourth, “ILL-TEMPER,” dies of shame, drooping and pining away, among those who learn to be like the meek and lowly Jesus. The last, but not the least, “INTEMPERANCE,” is drowned—drowned dead—in cold water; not “plain cold water” though, but “water with a blessing in it;” that is, not “holy water,” made with a pinch of salt and a priest’s Latin jargon, but water which gets the blessing of God Himself, given in answer to humble, earnest, constant, believing prayer.

Now, little boys and girls can be taught to fight all these great giants quite well; and don’t need to wait till they be men and women. Indeed, for their own sakes, it is never too soon for them to begin; in-

asmuch as these doleful creatures happen to be fond of delicate feeding now and then, and would just as soon gulp down a tender child, as chew a tough old man.

There is none of you too young for this work ; and the sooner you learn your drill, the sooner will you be fit to take the field as good soldiers. Young men at academies and colleges, and even little boys at school, are all busy now-a-days in training for "Volunteers," in case they should be wanted, by and by, to drive back an invading enemy from our shores. They are preparing for a chance. Be you ready for a certainty ! Their enemy is not come yet, and may not come at all. Your foes are here, in the midst of you, making great havoc. "Up, and at them !"

Happily your drill is simple, and may be soon learnt. Distrust yourselves, yet be

bold as lions—trusting only and always in the great Captain of your Salvation ; make no truce or terms with your enemy ; never give up to him one foot of fighting ground ; rather than yield, die !

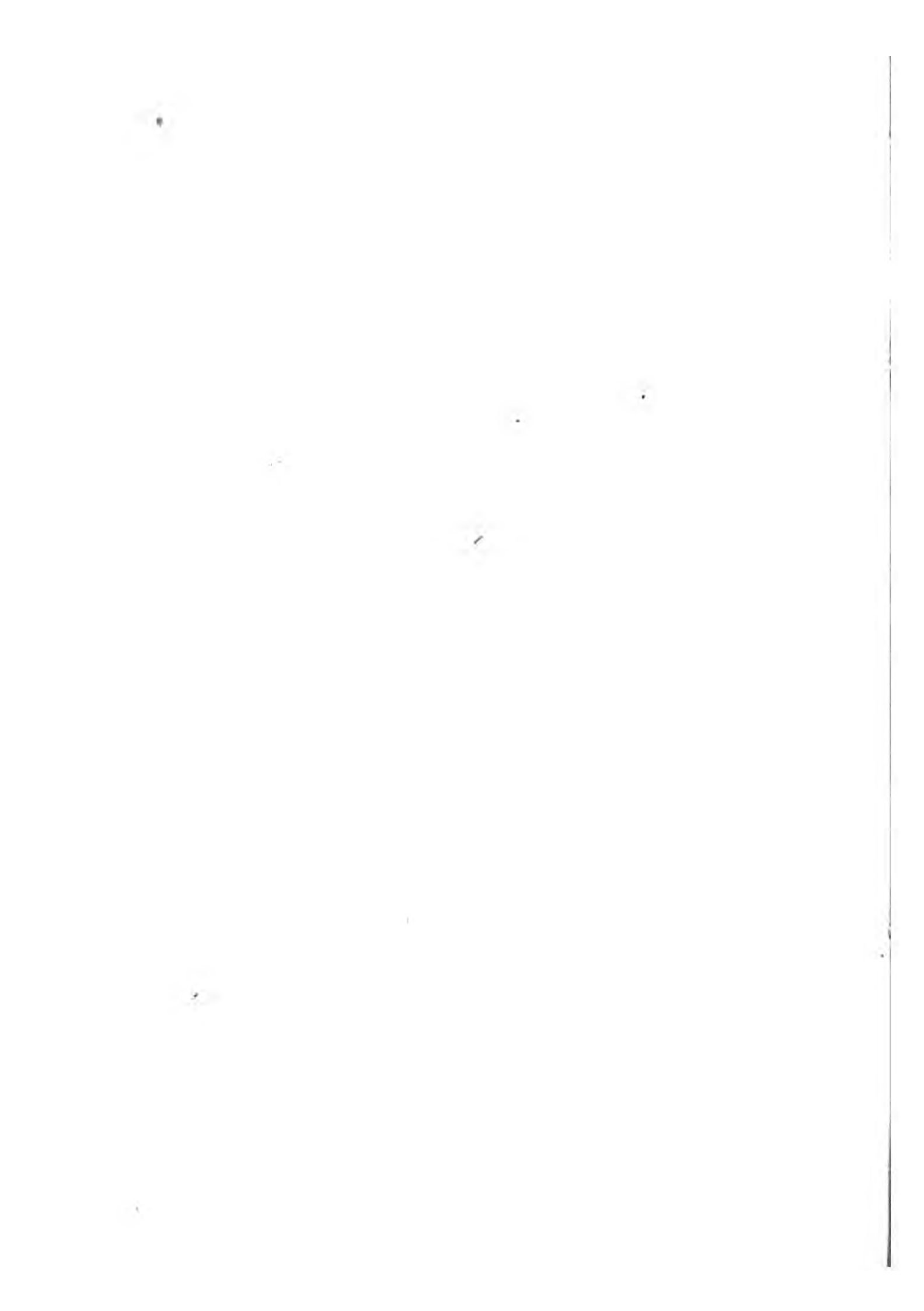
Loving, generous, kind, self-denying to your friends and neighbours, to the giants in your front give nothing but scorn and blows !

Hannibal, when but nine years old, knelt at the Pagan altar, in presence of his father's army ; and, swearing eternal hatred to the Romans, pledged himself ever to fight them with all his power. Be little Hannibals, all of ye ! Kneel before the only living and true God, vow undying enmity against His and your foes, and under His guidance, and in His strength, fight them ever with all your might and main !

To war, then, with the giants ! This

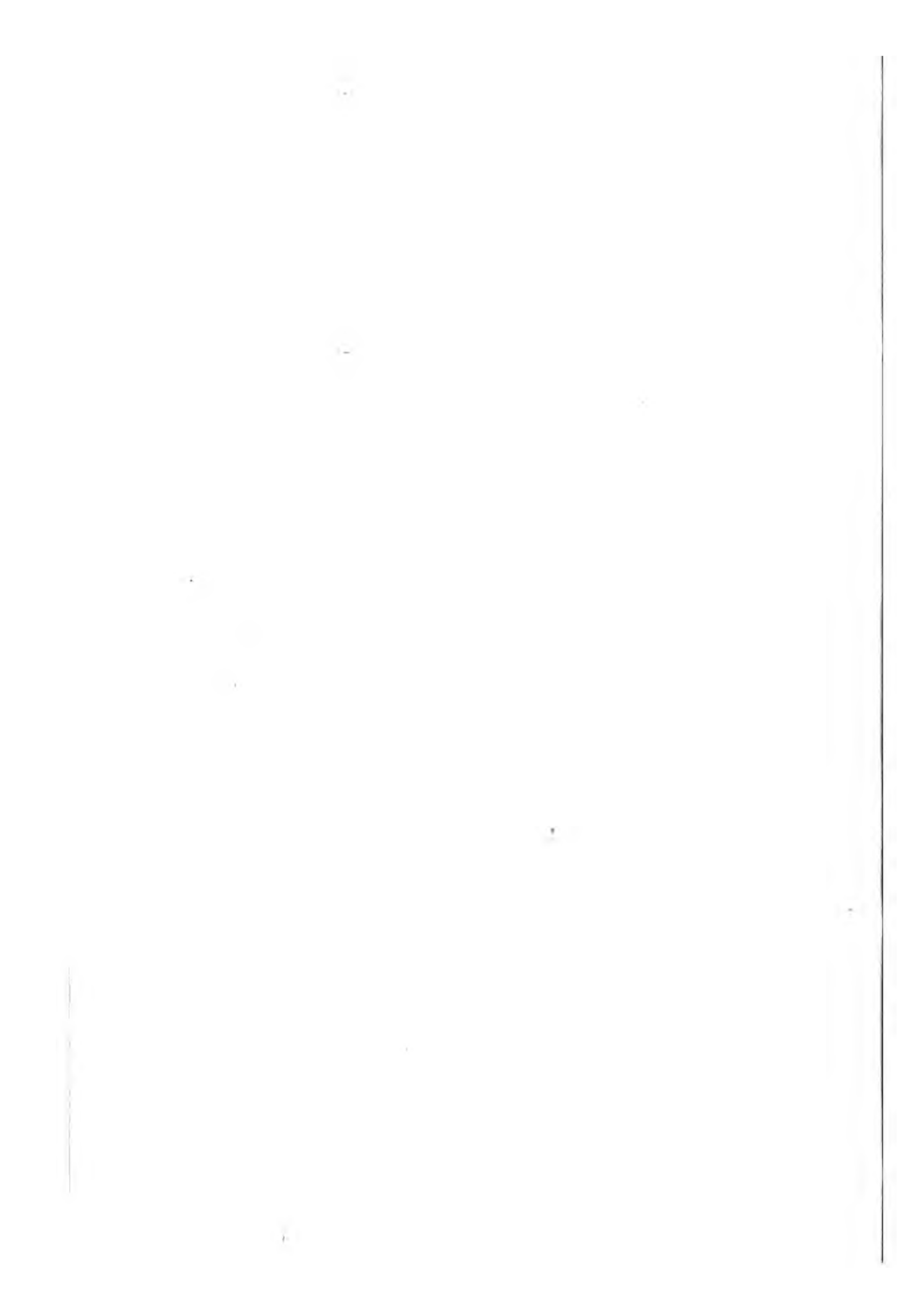
little book will help to teach you how: a sort of Primer to the great book of drill—the Bible. And as your battle rages, ever look to “The LORD, your strength, which teacheth your hands to war, and your fingers to fight,”—through whom you shall at length obtain the victory.—Your faithful comrade,

JAMES MILLER.



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THE GIANTS.

“So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him.”—1 SAM. xvii. 50.

THE Philistine spoken of here was the giant Goliath. Now let us put the word Giant instead of the Philistine, and then the text will read in this way:—“So David prevailed over the giant with a sling and a stone, and smote the giant, and slew him.” All young people like to hear and read stories about giants. I suppose there is hardly a person in this country who knows how to read but who has read the famous history of “Jack the Giant-Killer.” I remember, when a very little boy, read-

ing it, and thinking what a wonderful history it was. I need not tell you, however, that that history has not a word of truth in it. No such person as the celebrated "Jack" ever lived. And the giants he is said to have killed so nimbly never lived either.

But the verse we have placed at the beginning of the book, tells us about David the Giant-Killer. He was a real person. He actually lived, about three thousand years ago. And the giant whom he killed was a real live giant. He was a pretty big fellow too, though not so enormously large as some of the story-books would lead us to think. Such huge monsters as they represent never existed anywhere, except in the thoughts of those who write books of fables and stories that are not true. Goliath, the giant whom David killed, was six cubits and a span in height.

There are different opinions about the

size of the Jewish measure called a cubit. One of these opinions is, that it was twenty-one inches, and about two-thirds of an inch. At this rate, six cubits would be about eleven feet four inches. A span is six inches. This added to the other would give us eleven feet ten inches as Goliath's height. Now, take two men, each of whom is five feet eleven inches high ; let one of them stand upon the head of the other, making, as it were, one man ; and suppose him to be stout and strong in proportion to his height, and then you would have a man of about Goliath's size. The coat of mail that he wore weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. His armour altogether weighed about two hundred and seventy-two. That is nearly as much as five fifty-six pound weights. The armour of an ordinary soldier in those times weighed about sixty pounds. How frightful it must have been to see this vast creature, with all his armour on, and his

huge spear in his hand, stalk forth before all the army of the Israelites, and dare any one of them to come out, and fight with him! We do not wonder that all the soldiers fled away at his approach, and that no one was willing to go and fight him. And we admire very much the courage of David, and his confidence in God, that he, a mere shepherd's boy, was willing, with nothing in his hand but a sling and a stone, to go and do battle with this great giant. You know how angry the giant was when he saw this beardless boy come against him; and what dreadful things he threatened to do to David; and how David ran and took a stone, and slung it; and how it went whizzing along, till it hit him in the forehead, and he fell senseless to the ground.

Some people pretend to think that it was hardly possible for David to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's head. One of this class, a foolish young man, who pretended not to believe the

Bible, was once riding in a stage-coach, which was full of passengers. He was trying to ridicule some of the Bible stories. Among others, he spoke of this one about David and the giant. He said he thought the giant's head must have been too hard for a boy like David to send a stone into it; and turning to an old Quaker gentleman, who sat in the corner of the coach, he asked, "What do you think about it, sir?"

"Friend," said the old gentleman, in a dry, quiet way, "I'll tell thee what I think; if the giant's head was as soft as thine, it must have been very easy for the stone to get in."

But David *did* kill the giant. Yes, and we read about several of the giant's brothers who were killed in David's time. The whole family of them was destroyed. But the giants are not all dead yet. There *are* giants in the earth in these days. And God expects us all to engage in the work

of trying to fight them. When I speak of giants now, I do not mean physical giants, but moral giants. I do not mean men with huge bodies, four or five times larger than common-sized men ; but I mean great sins of different kinds, which may well be called giants.

I want now to speak about five giants that we should all unite in trying to fight against. One of these is a good way off from us ; but the rest are very near us. Listen to me, while I tell you who these giants are, and the way in which we must try to fight them.

The First Giant.

THE first giant I am to speak of is the
GIANT HEATHENISM.

This giant doesn't live here. He is found in countries where the gospel is not known. His castles may be seen in Africa and in India, in China and in the islands of the sea. He is a huge giant. He has a great many heads, more indeed than I can pretend to count. In every country where idols are worshipped one of the heads of this giant may be found. One of these heads is called Juggernaut ; another is called Brahma ; another Buddha, and many such like names. This giant is very strong, and very cruel. We read, in that interesting book called " Pilgrim's Progress," about a giant whose name was Despair, and who

lived in a castle called "Doubting Castle." He used to seize the pilgrims to the heavenly city as they ventured on his grounds. When he had caught them, he used to thrust them into a dark, dismal dungeon, and beat them with his great club; and treat them so badly that many of them were driven to kill themselves. He was a very strong giant, and very cruel. And Heathenism, the giant of whom I am speaking, is just like him in these respects.

HE IS VERY STRONG. He is so strong that he keeps six hundred millions of people in his dungeons all the time. They are bound hand and foot. They cannot possibly get out, till the friends of Jesus attack the giant, and make him let them go.

And he is **VERY CRUEL**, as well as very strong. The things that are done in some of the dungeons where he dwells, shew how cruel he is. Look at India. There is Juggernaut, one of the heads of this giant.

This idol is kept on a great heavy car. At certain seasons of the year, when they have a festival, this car is dragged out. Hundreds of people take hold of the rope and pull it along ; and while it rolls on, great numbers of men and women will throw themselves down, before the car, and be crushed to death under its wheels as they roll over them. For miles around the temple you may see the bones of the poor creatures who have been crushed in this way.

In other parts of his dungeon, this giant makes his poor wretched prisoners put iron hooks through the flesh on the back of their bodies, and then swing themselves round, with the whole weight of their bodies resting on these hooks.

In other parts, he makes his poor prisoners kill a great many of their little innocent children as soon as they are born. Sometimes their parents will dig a hole in the ground, and bury their baby alive in it.

Sometimes they will throw them into the river, to be drowned, or devoured by alligators. In some places, along the river Ganges, there are crocodiles that live almost altogether on the dear little babies that are thrown in by their cruel mothers to be devoured alive by those horrible monsters.

In the South Sea Islands, three out of four of all the children born used to be killed.

In one tribe of people in India, that numbered 12,000 men, there were only thirty women. All the rest had been killed when they were young.

In the city of Pekin many infants are thrown out into the streets every night. Sometimes they are killed at once by the fall. Sometimes they are only half killed, and linger, moaning in agony, till the morning. Then the police go round and pick them up, and throw them altogether into a hole and bury them.

In Africa, the children are sometimes

burnt alive. In India, they are sometimes exposed in the woods till they either starve to death, or are devoured by the jackals and vultures. In the South Sea Islands they used, sometimes, to strangle their babies ; while at other times they would break all their joints—first their fingers and toes, then their ankles and wrists, and then their elbows and knees.

Surely they are horrible dungeons in which such dreadful things are done!

And the Giant Heathenism, who makes his prisoners do such things, must be indeed a cruel giant!

Well, what are we to do to this giant? Why, we must FIGHT him, as David did Goliath. We do not expect to kill him outright. He will never be killed till Jesus comes again. He Himself will kill the Giant Heathenism. But we can cut off some of the giant's heads, and set some of his prisoners free. We are bound in duty to fight against this giant. But how are

we to do this? Just as David did. He fought against Goliath with a sling and a stone. He picked the stones out of the brook, and hurled them at the giant. And this is what we must do. The Bible is the brook to which we must go. The truths which it contains are the stones that we must use. When these truths are hurled against the head of this giant, they will sink into it, just as David's pebble did into Goliath's head, and he will fall.

A Chinese idolater had become a Christian. He stood among his countrymen, one day, distributing some tracts. They were taken into the interior of China, and read. The reading of them led the people of many towns and villages to give up the worship of idols. This destroyed one of the heads of the giant. In the Sandwich Islands another of his heads has been destroyed ;— and another in the Islands of New Zealand ;—and another in the Feejee Islands. And Sunday-school children are trying to

help in this work, when they assist in making contributions to the missionary cause. We are helping to throw the stones of truth at the heads of the Giant Heathenism. When the missionaries preach of Jesus to the heathen, they are slinging stones at the giant's head. God directs the stones which they throw, and makes them effectual to wound and disable the giant. David never could have killed Goliath, if left to himself. But God helped him, and then the stone did its work. And so God will help us: so He will help all who fight against the great cruel giant—Heathenism. Then let us go on, like brave giant-killers, and fight against this giant. We are sure to succeed—for God has promised that the giant shall be killed at last.

The first giant is **HEATHENISM**; and we are to fight against him by throwing stones of truth at him.

But now let us go on to speak of some other giants. The one I have just spoken

of lives a great way off from us. The others we are to fight against live near us. They may be found in our own country;—in our own city;—in our own homes;—yes, and even in our own **HEARTS.**

The Second Giant.

THE second giant I would speak of is the
GIANT SELFISHNESS.

Now, remember, I am not speaking of physical giants, but moral giants;—not of giants made of flesh and blood, but of giants made of thoughts and feelings. This Giant Selfishness is an intensely ugly-looking creature. If he could be caught, in a bodily shape, and carried to some daguerreotype office to have his likeness taken, I am sure that, when you came to look at his picture, you would think it about the ugliest you had ever seen.

How many eyes have you? Two. How many ears? Two. How many hands? Two. And how many feet? Two. Yes, God has given us each two eyes, two ears,

two hands, and two feet, as if it were to remind us that we are to see, and hear, and work, and walk, for others, as well as for ourselves. But how many mouths have you? One. Yes, for we have to eat for ourselves only, and not for others. But the Giant Selfishness never sees, or hears, or does anything for any one but himself. If we had a correct likeness of him, we should see a huge one-eyed, one-eared, one-armed monster, with his other eye, and ear, and arm shrivelled and dried up like a mummy's, for want of use. The business of this giant is to take people prisoners, and drag them to his castle. If they stay there long, they begin to grow just like him, ugly, one-sided-looking creatures. I do not mean to say, that this change takes place in their bodies, but it does in their souls. They learn to love none but themselves. They think and care for none but themselves. This giant is trying all the time to bind his chains on people, and make them

his prisoners. He likes especially to do this while they are young.

But if he does not appear in a bodily form, how may we know when he is trying to fasten his chains on us and make us his prisoners?

Let me tell you. If you find that you are getting to think more of YOURSELF than of others, then be sure the giant is after you. If you see a boy or girl enter a room, and go and take the best seat in it, when older persons are present; if you see them pick out for themselves the largest piece of cake, or the biggest and nicest apple, when these are handed round, you may be sure the Giant Selfishness is at work on them. He is fastening his chains upon them; and if they don't take care, he will soon have them as his prisoners.

Now, we must ALL FIGHT this giant. But HOW are we to do this? Not by standing off at a distance, and throwing stones at him, as we are to do with the Giant

Heathenism. This will not do here. No, THIS must be a close, hand-to-hand fight. We must grapple him, and wrestle with him. WE MUST FIGHT THIS GIANT BY SELF-DENIAL.

Let me shew you what I mean by this. There were two little boys, named James and William. One day, as they were just starting for school, their father gave them each a small piece of money to spend for themselves. The little fellows were very much pleased with this, and went off as merry as crickets.

“What are you going to buy, William?” said James, after they had walked a little way.

“I don’t know,” William replied; “I have not thought yet. What are you going to buy?”

“Why, I tell you what I believe I’ll do. You know mother is sick. Now, I think I’ll buy her a nice orange. I think it will taste good to her.”

“You may do so, if you please, James,” said William ; “but I’m going to buy something for MYSELF. Father gave me the money to spend for myself, and I mean to do it. If mother wants an orange, she can send for it. She’s got money, and Hannah gets everything she wants.”

“I know that,” said James, “but then it would make me feel so happy to see her eating an orange that I had bought for her with my own money. She is always doing something for us, or getting us some nice thing, and I want to let her see that I don’t forget it.”

“Do as you please,” said William, “but I go in for the candy.”

Presently they came to the confectioner’s shop. William invested his money in cream-candy ; but James bought a nice orange. When they went home at noon, he went into his mother’s chamber, and said—“See, ma’, what a nice orange I have brought you !”

“It is, indeed, very nice, my son, and it will taste very good to me. I have been wanting an orange all the morning. Where did you get it?”

“Pa’ gave me money this morning, and I bought it with it.”

“You are very good, my dear boy, to think of your sick mother. And you wouldn’t spent your money for cakes, or candy, but denied yourself, that you might get an orange for me. Mother loves you for this exercise of self-denial.” And then she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

Now, here you see how the Giant Selfishness made an attack on these two boys. James fought him off, bravely, by the **EXERCISE OF SELF-DENIAL**. William refused to exercise self-denial, and so the giant got a hitch of his chain around him. We shall find this giant making attacks upon us all the time. We can only fight him off by **SELF-DENIAL**.

The Third Giant.

THE third giant I want to speak about is the GIANT COVETOUSNESS.

This giant is very large in size, and very strong in limb ; but he has the tiniest little bit of a heart you ever saw. It isn't bigger than a Bantam chicken's heart. You might put it in a nutshell. The only wonder is, how so huge a frame can be supported by so little a heart. But this is not all ; for, little as his heart is, it is as hard as stone. We sometimes hear of people dying with what is called the OSSIFICATION of the heart. Ossification means, turning to bone. When a man's heart gets hard, or turns to bone, he dies. According to this rule the Giant Covetousness ought to have been dead long ago. It's a perfect wonder how he

manages to live, with his little heart all turned to stone. But he DOES live ; yes, and not only lives, but is hearty and strong. He is very active. His castle is of great size, and he always has it crowded with prisoners. Those whom he once fairly gets into his chains, find it very hard to break loose. Yet this is very strange, for he is a most disagreeable creature. He drives the poor away from his door. If a shivering beggar comes by, he buttons up his pocket, lest by any means a penny should happen to get out. He can hear about poor widows and orphans starving with hunger, and perishing with cold, but never sheds a tear, or heaves a sigh, or gives the least trifle for their relief. When he knows of worthy people being in need, he "shutteth up his compassion from them." His heart is hard as a rock, and cold as an iceberg. He loves money better than anything else in the world. He gets all he can, and keeps all he gets. He is ashamed of his name, and

won't answer to it. He pretends that his right name is—FRUGALITY. But this is a great story. Frugality is a very different person. He is a good, true, honest fellow. I know he is a sort of SECOND COUSIN of the giant's, and some people think he looks very much like him; but I don't think he does at all. At any rate this is NOT the giant's name. His own real, proper name is COVETOUSNESS; and his puny, little, stony heart PROVES it.

Well, his prisoners all become wonderfully like him. Their hearts shrivel up till they are almost as little and as hard as his. But how may we know when he is trying to make people his prisoners? Very easily. When you see people learning to love their money more than they used to do; when they always tie their purse-strings very tight, and are very slow to untie them; when you hear them, all the time, grumbling about there being so many collections, and so many calls for money;

when you find them unwilling to give ; when you see them wince and wriggle under parting with a little money, as though you were drawing one of their eye-teeth out of their heads, then you may know that the Giant Covetousness has got a hold upon these people.

My dear children, I want you all to fight bravely against this giant. If you ask, How are you to fight him ? I answer, By LEARNING TO GIVE. He hates giving above all things. It hurts his feelings dreadfully. Once get into the habit of giving, and he never can fasten his chains upon you.

“Mother,” asked a little boy, who was trying to make a good beginning of the new year, “how much of my spending money do you think I ought to give to God ?”

“I don’t know,” said his mother. “How much have you ?”

He opened his wallet, and out dropped

on the table a half-sovereign his grandmother had given him for a Christmas present, a sixpence, and a fourpenny piece.

“There’s my half-sovereign—I’ll halve that,” said he; “sixpence and fourpence are tenpence, and half of that is five. But no. I’LL GIVE THE LARGEST HALF TO GOD. I’ll give Him half the half-sovereign and the tenpence.”

I don’t believe the Giant Covetousness will ever get a single link of his chain fastened on the limbs of that noble-hearted boy.

But I want to tell you about a great battle once fought between this giant and a gentleman whom we shall call Mr Holdfast. The story is a true one, though this was not the man’s real name. Before Mr Holdfast became a Christian, he had been a prisoner of the giant’s for years. The chains of the giant had been so riveted upon his limbs, that he found it very hard to get rid of them. Many a sharp conflict they had together. Sometimes he would get the

victory, but more frequently the giant. Still he wouldn't give up. He was determined not to wear the giant's chain. And after the fight that I'm going to tell you about, he got such an advantage over the giant that he never troubled him much again. It happened in this way :—

In the same church to which Mr Holdfast belonged there was a worthy, honest, good man, who was very poor. This poor man had the misfortune to lose his cow. She died. The poor man was in great distress. The cow was his chief dependence for the support of his family. He went and told Mr Holdfast about his trouble. In order to aid him in getting another cow, the good Mr Holdfast drew up a subscription-paper, and put his own name down at the head of it for a sovereign, which he paid over. This made the Giant Covetousness very angry. He took on dreadfully. He began to rave and storm, and tried to frighten Mr Holdfast.

“What’s the use of all this waste?” he cried. “Charity begins at home. The more you give, the more you may give. Why can’t you let people take care of themselves? What right have you to take the bread out of the mouths of your own children, and give it to strangers? Go on at this rate, and the poor-house, wretchedness, poverty, and rags are what you will come to.”

This made Mr Holdfast angry. His spirit was roused. He went to the poor man to whom he had given the subscription, and told him he must give him back the sovereign. The poor fellow’s heart sunk within him. He thought he should never get his cow again. But he handed over the money. Mr Holdfast stood a moment, as if hesitating what to do. At last he said to the poor man—“My brother, some people are very much troubled with their old women, but I am troubled most with my OLD MAN. He has been scolding me

dreadfully for giving you so much money ; but now I mean to settle him." And then turning round, as if addressing the giant, he said—" Old fellow, I want you to understand that I mean to give away just as much money as I think right." And then opening his purse, and taking out a five-pound note, he added—" I shall now give this good brother five pounds instead of one, and if you say another word, I'll give him TWENTY ! "

This was a dreadful blow to the giant. It laid him sprawling on the ground. It took him, as the Bible says, " under the fifth rib." It knocked the breath clean out of him. He hadn't a word to say.

LEARNING TO GIVE is the way in which to fight the Giant Covetousness.

The Fourth Giant.

THE fourth giant of which I will speak is the GIANT ILLTEMPER.

This giant is not so large or strong as the others, but he is quite as ugly. He is found in more places than the last. He has more to do with young people than either of the others, though he does attack old people too, sometimes. He is always in a pet. From constant pouting, his lips have grown horribly thick and ugly-looking. He is frowning all the time, till his forehead is as full of wrinkles and as rough as the bark of an old oak tree. Sometimes his eyes are red with weeping, and at other times they are all in a flame with anger. Sometimes his voice bellows like thunder;

and then again it will resemble the low hoarse growl of a surly dog.

He may generally be found hanging round the nursery, the dining or sitting-room, ready to pounce upon the children, and make them prisoners. And, when he gets hold of them, he makes them so ugly and disagreeable that no one cares to have anything to do with them.

Now, let me give you some signs by which you may know when this giant is getting hold of a boy or girl. He generally waits and watches till he hears them asked to do something which he knows they don't like. Then he is ready, in a moment, to begin his attack. He makes the eye begin to frown. He puckers up the mouth; he makes the lips pout, and swell out to twice their usual size. The fingers begin to wriggle about, like a set of worms; or, sometimes, one of the fingers goes into the corner of the mouth. The shoulders are seen to twist about, first one

way, and then another. If the boy has a book in his hand, down it drops on the floor; or else it is flung across the room. If he is walking, he stamps with his foot as if he were trying to get a tight shoe on. If he is sitting, his feet begin to swing backwards and forwards, and make a great noise by striking against the chair. Sometimes he seems to become deaf and dumb. He hears nothing, and says nothing. At other times he speaks, but it is just like a dog when snarling over a bone.

Whenever you see these signs, you may know that this ugly giant is about, and is busy making prisoners. And if you don't fight bravely against him, he will fasten his chains on you, and then you will be spoiled.

BUT HOW ARE WE TO FIGHT AGAINST THIS GIANT? I answer—BY TRYING TO BE LIKE JESUS.

We always think of Him as the "gentle Jesus, meek and mild." Do you suppose

that this giant ever got a single link of his chain on Jesus? No. Do you suppose Jesus ever spoke a cross word to any one? No. Do you suppose He ever did an unkind act to any one? No. We have no particular history of the childhood of Jesus. But we know how He acted when He was a man; and we know that He was always the same. If we try to be like Jesus, the Giant Illtemper will never get hold of us. When you are tempted to speak cross words, or to do unkind things, ask yourself the question, What would Jesus do, or say, if He were in my situation? In this way you will always be able to fight off this giant.

I was reading lately about two little sisters, who always lived happily together. The Giant Illtemper never could catch them. They had the same books and the same playthings, yet they never quarrelled. No cross words, no pouts, no slaps, no running away in a pet, ever took place with them. Whe-

ther they were sitting on the lawn before the door, or playing with their old dog Congo, or dressing their dolls, or helping their mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

“You never seem to quarrel,” said a lady, visiting at their house one day. “How is it that you are always so happy together?”

They looked up, and the eldest answered, —“I 'spose it's 'cause **ADDIE LETS ME, AND I LET ADDIE.**”

Ah! yes, it's just **THIS LETTING** that keeps the giant off. What a beautiful picture that is of those sweet-tempered sisters! But see what a different one this is.

A mother hears a noise under the window. She looks out.

“Gerty, what's the matter?”

“Mary won't let me have her ball,” cries Gerty.

“Well, Gerty wouldn't let me have her

pencil in school," cries Mary, "and I don't mean she shall have my ball."

"Fie, fie, is that the way for sisters to act towards each other?" says the mother.

"She'll only lose my pencil," mutters Gerty, "and she sha'n't have it."

"And she'll only lose my ball," replies Mary, "and I won't let her have it!"

Ah, the giant had got fast hold of these two girls. They didn't know how to fight him. They were not trying to be like Jesus.

The Fifth Giant.

THE last giant I wish to speak about is the
GIANT INTEMPERANCE.

When a person is making a speech, and giving reasons to persuade those who hear him to do anything, he generally keeps the strongest reason for the last. And so I have put the giant Intemperance last, and shall say more about him than any of the others, because he is the most important. He is the worst giant of the whole lot, as I think you will be ready to own after you have heard a little about him.

He is a very ugly-looking fellow. When he is in a good humour, and feels jolly, he puts on a silly face, and looks very foolish. But when he gets in a passion, he is awful-looking, and it makes one shudder to see him.

He never was very handsome, even when he was quite young; but as he has grown older, and more wicked, evil passions have shewn themselves more and more on his countenance, and sin has stamped its dreadful mark upon his features so fearfully, that he is now a very monster of ugliness. And he is so filthy, too, that his whole appearance is disgusting. Generally he is clothed in rags. Often he is seen covered with dirt, gathered from the gutter where he has been lying. His face is frequently all bruised and swollen, from the fights in which he has been engaging. Sometimes he goes unwashed and unshaven for days together; and then, with a rough, shaggy beard, and with an old crumpled hat on his head, he may be seen reeling and staggering about the streets, a perfect nuisance to the neighbourhood.

He is very wicked, too. He breaks every commandment of God's law. He is the author of nearly every crime that is committed. It is he who sets on men and

women to sin. He fills our almshouses, our prisons, and penitentiaries. If it were not for him, we might dismiss most of our police, do without half our courts, close our station-houses, tear down our prisons, and burn our gallows. Sin follows him like a shadow, wherever he goes. Quarrelling, swearing, fighting, robbing, murdering, and all kinds of wickedness abound where this giant dwells.

Of all the giants in this country he is the largest, the most powerful, and in every way the most dangerous. He is stronger here than almost anywhere else. There was a time when he might easily have been driven out of the land. But now he has built so many castles, and gloomy dungeons; he has so many thousands of men in his service, and so much money to use in his defence, that he bids defiance to his enemies. More sermons and speeches have been delivered against him, more books written, more societies formed, and more

efforts made in every way against him, than all the rest put together.

And though he is thousands of years old, and has been through hundreds of battles, he does not seem to grow weak, or stiff with age, like giant Paganism, that Bunyan tells of in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But every year he seems to get stronger and more active. And, oh, what a sad sight it is to look into his dungeons! Hundreds, and thousands of prisoners, in our land, are bound fast in his chains. He has more of them than any other giant here. And they are not from any one class only. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, are among them. Labouring men, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, ministers; men and women, and even children too, are dragged into his dungeons. The most accomplished, the most talented, the most beautiful, the most amiable, fall under his power. Thirty thousand captives are taken from his dungeons, in our own country,

every year, and buried in the drunkard's grave. How dreadful this is to think of!

We read in history, that a good many years ago, when Greece was one of the first nations of the world, there was a great monster who troubled a part of that land very much. He made them send him, every year, seven boys and seven girls. These he used to eat. And every year, when the time came for sending these poor children, what a scene of sorrow there was! How the parents cried, and how the friends and relatives cried! And how those who were going to be slaughtered cried as they went on board the great ship, with black sails, that carried the victims to the monster! Those people thought it was a terrible thing to have that dreadful plague devour **FOURTEEN** of their children every year. But what was that Grecian monster, in comparison with this awful giant Intemperance? He takes **THIRTY THOUSAND** men,

and women, and children, every year, and devours them.

Of course, he must be very busy making prisoners, to be able to take so many. He sets a great many traps and snares to catch people. The taverns, gin - palaces, beer-houses, and drinking - saloons, along our streets, are all TRAPS he has set. There he sits, watching to catch any passer-by, just as you often see a spider quietly waiting in its web to entangle some poor fly. Into these traps people are enticed. They are tempted to drink. They learn to love drinking. And when this habit is formed, they become his prisoners. But these are not his only snares. He is very cunning, and often catches people where they have no idea there is any danger.

Sometimes he puts little traps inside of tempting-looking sugar-plums, to catch boys and girls. He drops a little wine, or cordial, or brandy, into these sugar-plums, and then spreads them out in the shop

windows. These are bought, and eaten. The taste for liquor is formed, and so by degrees the giant fastens his chain upon the buyers, till they, too, become his prisoners.

Sometimes he spreads a snare in the social evening party. A pleasant company is assembled; refreshments are handed round; wine is poured out. A young man is asked to take some, but declines. He is pressed to drink to the health of a friend. He hesitates, not wishing to hurt his friend's feelings, but thinks he can't refuse without doing so. The sparkling glass is taken; then another, and another, till at last he is intoxicated. The giant has fastened the first link of his cruel chain upon him. The taste for drink is formed now. He wants more and more. By and by he can't do without it. The giant has bound him, hand and foot, and he is dragged helplessly down to ruin.

These are some of his ways of catching

people. He does not pounce upon them, and drag them off at once ; but he captures them by degrees. Do you know how a boa-constrictor seizes a sheep or a cow? When he sees one coming, he darts suddenly forth, throws a part of his huge body around the animal, then another, and another, till he has bound it so tight that it cannot move. It is unable to resist then, and the serpent crushes it to death in his powerful folds. Well, just so this giant fights. He does not bind his prisoners fast at once, but winds himself gradually about them. Every time they drink liquor, he throws a fold around them : tighter and tighter he grasps them, until he has them completely in his power. When you see a person beginning to drink intoxicating liquor of any kind, be sure the giant is after him. You may always know when he is coming, and I will tell you how. Did you ever see a shark? You know what horrible creatures they are, and how

much the sailors dread them. They will bite off a man's leg, or even swallow him whole, and make nothing of it. Well, you can always tell when a shark is about. He sends a little fish ahead of him, called the pilot-fish. If you see one of these about the vessel, then look out for a shark. He is certainly near, and you will soon see him. Now, the giant Intemperance always sends a sort of pilot-fish ahead of him. He never comes before it, but is pretty sure to come after it. Wherever you see it, look out for the giant. Do you know what it is? It is A BOTTLE, OR DECANTER. When you see one of these in use, you may be sure the giant is not far off.

When a person gets into his power, every thing begins to go wrong with him. His business is neglected. His money is squandered. He becomes unkind to his wife and children, or undutiful to his parents. He spends for drink, that which should go to support his family. He becomes cruel and

hard-hearted, passionate and fierce. His evil tempers are roused. They conquer his better feelings. He turns from the path of virtue, and enters that of vice. That is a down-hill path, and the giant pushes him on faster and faster. He loses all sense of shame, and hesitates not at any sin. There is nothing so mean, so base, so wicked, that the prisoner of this giant will not do. His prospects for the future are ruined, the moment he is securely bound. Yes, RUINED! ruined for time—and for eternity. Misery, poverty, disgrace, and want, are the portion the giant gives him while he lives; and when he dies he finds the truth of the Bible statement, that “drunkards shall NOT inherit the kingdom of God.”

This giant Intemperance is the one we are now to speak about. Is he not a horrible fellow? And should we not all engage in fighting him?

Now, there are two things for us to consider:—HOW WE ARE TO FIGHT HIM; and

WHY WE SHOULD FIGHT HIM. The way in which, and the reason why, we ought to fight him.

By fighting this giant Intemperance, I do not mean going into his dungeons, and trying to get his prisoners out. This we ought to do with all our hearts, whenever we can. But the kind of fighting I am going now to talk about is, what soldiers would call DEFENSIVE WARFARE,—that is, how to keep him off from OURSELVES, so that he shall not make us his prisoners.

We are to do this BY DRINKING COLD WATER. Of course, I do not mean to put cold water in opposition to milk, or tea, or coffee. If we only keep to such drinks as these, the giant's hands will never be laid on us. But I mean cold water in opposition to cider, beer, wine, brandy, gin, and the like, as our habitual drink.

Some people say, that it does no harm to drink A LITTLE. Let us see whether this is so, or not.

Suppose you were on the top of a high mountain, and wanted to amuse yourself by rolling a large stone down its side. Some one, standing by, objects to this sport, telling you that it may perhaps fall on the head of a traveller, climbing up the mountain, and crush him to death; or break through the roof of some cottage, far down in the valley.

“Oh no,” you reply, “I only intend to roll it a LITTLE WAY. I don’t mean to let it go far enough to do any mischief.” But, if you bring it to the edge, and push it over, can you stop it when you please? Of course not. The easiest, the safest, the ONLY way to prevent any danger, would be, NOT TO SET IT IN MOTION AT ALL.

Just so it is with drinking. There is no danger while we keep to cold water, and let all kinds of liquor alone. But if we begin taking a little now and then, we shall soon find it hard to stop; and if the habit goes on increasing, it will, before long, be almost

impossible to give it up. Every cup we take, like each successive roll of the stone, only makes the next more easy.

In the story of Sinbad the sailor, we read that in one of his voyages he landed on a pleasant island. While walking about there, he met a little old man who asked him if he would not be so kind as to help him a little on his journey. Sinbad stooped down, picked him up, and set him on his shoulders. By and by he began to be tired, and wanted the old man to get down. But he wouldn't. After a little while, he asked him again to get off. But still he refused. Then Sinbad tried to shake him off. But he couldn't. The man clung on as if for life. So poor Sinbad had to journey on, and on, with this load upon his shoulders.

Now, if you let this giant once get hold of you, you will have as much trouble to get rid of him as Sinbad had with the old man. He will probably cling to you, for life, and be a load too heavy for you to

bear. The only way is, to KEEP HIM OFF ALTOGETHER.

The great Dr Johnson used to say, that it was easy not to drink at all, but hard to drink a little and not soon take a great deal. There is danger in drinking liquor at all, but there is no danger in not drinking. One thing is certain; if we use only cold water, we shall never be made prisoners by this giant. He has no power at all over those who keep to cold water, and none of his attempts can succeed against them.

In Fairy tales we sometimes read about the CHARMS or TALISMANS, which the persons there described are said to wear. These are supposed to have the power of protecting those who use them from all their enemies. No one, it was thought, could harm them while they had these about them. Well, COLD WATER is the talisman for us,—if we do not want to become prisoners of this giant. He never can conquer us while we make this our drink.

Now, the next think we were to consider was, WHY we should fight against this giant.

There are FOUR reasons for doing so in the way spoken of, that is, by the use of cold water.

The First Reason for Fighting.

WE should fight against the giant in this way, because COLD WATER IS THE DRINK THAT GOD HAS MADE FOR US.

We have springs and fountains of water all over the world. They are found in every land. Wherever we find people living, there we find water for them to drink. But we never find anything else than water in these springs. Springs differ very much, both in taste and quality. The water from one spring will have sulphur in it;—another will have iron in it;—another will have magnesia in it;—another will have some kind of salt in it: but there never was a spring found in all the world that had alcohol in it. Alcohol, you know, is the part of wine or liquor

that intoxicates, or makes people drunk. But alcohol is never found in the water that God has made, as it comes gushing up, pure and sparkling, from the earth. Nobody ever heard of a natural spring that yielded beer, or ale, or porter, or wine, or gin, or brandy. But if it had been good for us to have such drinks as these, God would have made them. He could have made springs that would yield different kinds of liquor, just as easily as He made the trees to bear different kinds of fruit. If it had been necessary for us, there would have been, in every neighbourhood, one or two beer, or ale, or brandy fountains. But you may travel round the globe, from east to west, from north to south; you may visit every country, and examine every stream, and spring, and well; and you will not find anywhere a single beer, or wine, or brandy spring.

When God made Adam and Ève, you know He put them in the beautiful garden

of Eden. In that garden, we are told, "the Lord God made to grow every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and it was parted, and came into four heads." This is what the Bible tells us about that garden. We know it must have been very beautiful. Everything that God makes is beautiful. When He makes a rainbow, how beautiful it is! When He makes a butterfly, how beautiful it is! When He makes a flower, a tree, a star, a sun, they are all beautiful. And when God undertook to make a garden, oh, how VERY beautiful it must have been! What gently swelling hills!—what level plains!—what shady groves!—what velvet lawns!—what green, mossy banks!—what graceful trees!—what fragrant flowers!—what springs and fountains of cool, crystal water were there! Everything that was pleasant to the eye and to the ear, to the taste and to the smell, was there; but do you suppose

that in any part of the garden of Eden there was a wine or brandy fountain? No; nothing of the kind was found there. Well, then, if cold water was the drink which God gave Adam in Eden; if cold water is the drink which God has made for us, and if it is the **ONLY DRINK** He has made for us; doesn't it follow very naturally that cold water is the best drink for us, and the one that we should use in preference to all others? And doesn't it follow, too, that we should have nothing to do with the giant Intemperance, but should resist him with all our might?

The first reason, then, why we should fight against the giant Intemperance is, because **COLD WATER IS THE DRINK GOD HAS MADE FOR US.**

The Second Reason for Fighting.

WE should fight against this giant, because HE IS AN ENEMY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

He never allows a prisoner of his to possess these blessings. He does not take them away at once; but, little by little, he robs every captive of them. The atmosphere of his dungeons is poisonous.

When one has been a captive of this giant for several years, what a picture of disease he presents! He is only the wreck of a man. His strength of body and of mind is gone; and his drooping head, his bloated face, his bloodshot eyes, his trembling hands and staggering step, tell plainly what the giant has done for him. And then comes the delirium tremens, that

dreadful sickness, caught only in this giant's dungeons, with all its horrors, and hurries the poor man off to the drunkard's grave.

And those whom the giant only catches now and then, and who soon escape again from his clutches, do not get off uninjured. And even those who are never really made prisoners, who only take a little, do themselves harm. Many persons do not believe that this is so. They think a little wine or brandy strengthens them, and does them good, and that it is only because some people drink too much, and get intoxicated, that there is any harm done by drinking. But liquors will injure if taken at all, though the more we take the worse it will be for us.

Cold water, however, PROMOTES health and strength. There can be no doubt about this ; neither can there be any doubt about the bad effect of liquors.

God is the wisest and most skilful

physician in the universe. He knows what is best for the health and strength of people ; and He prescribes cold water as the best drink.

Some years ago there was a man who had a severe wound in his side. It healed at last, but left an opening, with a flap of skin lying over it, and through this opening persons could see right into his stomach. The physician who attended him, tried a great many interesting experiments upon him. When he made his patient drink cold water, and live on plain food, he found his stomach in a healthy state. When he made him use beer, or wine, or brandy, for several days, he found the inside of his stomach inflamed and sore ; and the man would complain of pain in his stomach, and headache, and say he felt very unwell.

There is an interesting story mentioned in the Bible that illustrates this point. You remember when Daniel and his companions went to Babylon, they were chosen,

with a number of others, to go through a course of training to fit them for appearing in the presence of the king. While undergoing this training, they were expected to drink wine, and eat certain articles of food, which a pious Jew did not feel at liberty to use. The thought of doing this was a great trial to Daniel and his friends. They could not feel willing to do it. They, therefore, asked the officer who had charge of them, to excuse them from eating the meat and drinking the wine which the others used, and allow them to drink water and eat pulse ; that is, such things as rice, beans, &c. The officer was a great friend to Daniel, and he said he would be very glad to accommodate him and his friends in this matter ; but he was afraid that if he did so, they would grow thin and pale, while the rest would be looking hearty and strong ; and then, when the king came to see them, he would be displeased at him, and perhaps order his head to be taken off.

Then Daniel asked him to be so kind as to try the experiment for ten days, and see how it worked. He did so. Daniel and his friends had rice, and such like articles, for food,—and drank water;—while the other young men ate meat, and drank wine. At the end of ten days the officer found that Daniel and his companions were stouter and healthier than all the rest.

It is a great mistake to suppose that wine and liquors have the effect of making people strong and hearty. They have just the opposite effect. There is no drink that gives more real strength than cold water.

You know how strong the ox and the horse are, and what hard work they have to do. Well, what do they drink? Water;—and nothing else. Take the horse, or the ox, after he has been ploughing hard all day, and is worn out with fatigue. Offer him a bucket of beer, or wine. Will he drink it? Not a drop. But give him

a bucket of water, and how quickly he will drink it up. Water gives the horse his strength; and the ox, and the huge elephant, too.

Look at that giant oak tree. How strong it is! Yet it drinks nothing but water. You know that trees DRINK as well as men and cattle. The tree drinks through its roots, and through its leaves. If you break the tender stem of a plant or tree, you see a milky sort of liquid ooze out. We call it the sap. The sap is to the tree, just what the blood is to our bodies. Their growth and strength depend upon it. But water makes the best sap for the trees, as it makes the best blood for our bodies. Take any plant, and let it have nothing but wine, or beer, to moisten its leaves and roots, and it will die. Suppose it should rain wine or brandy for six months, what would the effect be? All the plants and trees would die.

One day a temperance man met a poor,

miserable sailor, who had almost ruined himself with drink. He induced him to sign the pledge for one year. Jack liked the improvement in his health and prospects so much, that when the year was out, he went and renewed the pledge for ninety-nine years. He had just received his wages, which he was carrying in a bag in the inner side-pocket of his jacket. It looked like a great lump, or swelling, there. On his way home, he met the tavern-keeper, at whose house he used to spend his wages in liquor, and thought he would have a little fun with him.

“Well, old fellow,” said the tavern-keeper, “how do you do?”

“Pretty well,” said the sailor, “only I’ve got a hard lump here, on my side.”

“Ah!” said the other, “it’s cold water that has made that.”

“Do you think so?”

“Yes, I know it. Only give up your miserable cold water slops, and drink some

good liquor, and it will soon take the lump away."

"But," said the sailor, "I have just renewed the pledge, and I can't do it."

"Then mind what I say," said the tavern-keeper; "that lump will go on increasing, and very likely before another year you'll have one on the other side too."

"I hope I shall," said the sailor, taking out his bag of silver, and shaking it. "Good-bye."

Some years ago, a vessel, loaded with iron, was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey, in the winter-time. The hold of the vessel was partially filled with water. It was necessary to get the iron out before the vessel went to pieces. The weather was intensely cold, and to stand in the water and handle the cold iron, was very severe work. The men hired to unload the vessel, were divided into three sets, who were to relieve each other as often as might be necessary. The first set of men drank

pretty freely of brandy, before they began, in order, as they said, to keep up their strength. They were worn out in about an hour. The next set drank hot coffee, and they stood the work for above two hours. The third set were cold water men, and they were able to continue at the work for about three hours, before they were relieved.

A good many years ago, the crew of a Danish ship, numbering sixty persons, had to spend the winter up towards the North Pole, in Hudson's Bay. They were supplied with provisions, and had plenty of liquor, of which they drank freely. Before spring, FIFTY-EIGHT out of the sixty had died, leaving only TWO men to return home. Not long after, the crew of an English vessel, numbering twenty-two men, had to pass a winter in the same neighbourhood. They had no ardent spirits with them, and only TWO of the company died during the whole winter.

When ships, on board of which much liquor is used, go into warm climates, they are always having sickness and death among the crews ; but temperance ships will often make the same voyages, and hardly have a single case of sickness or death on board. This shews how health follows cold water drinkers, while it flies from the presence of the giant.

But nothing proves this more certainly, than to notice the different effect which disease has on those who are in the habit of drinking liquor, from what it has on those who drink water.

When a dreadful disease, like the cholera, or the yellow fever, breaks out, those who drink liquor are the most likely to take it, and the least likely to get well of it. The constant, or habitual use of liquor makes the system ripe, or ready for disease.

An English gentleman who was in Russia while the cholera was prevailing, says : —“ It is a remarkable circumstance, that

persons given to drinking were swept away like flies. In one town of twenty thousand inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen!—all are dead—not one remains!”

A physician in Poland says:—“The disease spared all those who led regular, temperate lives, and lived in healthy situations; but they who were weakened by drinking were always attacked. Out of every hundred individuals destroyed by cholera, it can be proved that NINETY were accustomed to the free use of ardent spirits.”

A physician who was in Montreal at the time the cholera was there says, that “after there had been one thousand two hundred cases, it was found out that not a single drunkard who took it recovered; and that almost all who DID take it, had been at least moderate drinkers.”

There were two hundred and four cases of cholera in the Park Hospital, in New York, at one time. Of these, only SIX

were temperate people. They all got well. Of the rest, one hundred and twenty-two died of the disease.

The cholera prevailed very badly in the city of Albany in 1832. There were then five thousand members of the temperance society in that city. Only TWO of them died of the disease. There were twenty thousand persons there, not members of the temperance society. Among them there were three hundred and thirty-four deaths from cholera. Only think of this. Two deaths out of five thousand temperate people, and MORE THAN EIGHTY deaths out of every five thousand of those who were not temperate!

These facts prove very clearly the point we are considering. They shew that cold water helps to make a man strong and hearty, and keeps him free from sickness; while wines, and brandies, and all such drinks, weaken those who use them at all, and make them more likely to take disease.

And if those who never take enough to be made prisoners by this giant, who only venture on his grounds and walk about his castle, without ever getting fairly entrapped, are so much injured by the poison that comes forth from his dungeons ; how must it be with those who are bound captives and kept in those dungeons ?

Oh, then, we should fight against the giant Intemperance, and try to keep clear of him, **BECAUSE HE IS AN ENEMY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.**

The Third Reason for Fighting.

WE should fight against this giant, BECAUSE HE IS AN ENEMY TO SAFETY AND HONOUR.

The giant Intemperance exposes his prisoners to many dangers. He makes them unfit to take care of themselves. They do not know when they are in danger, and if they did, they are unable to avoid it. When one of them is walking, you expect every minute to see him tumble and break some of his bones. Look in the paper any morning, and you are almost sure to see an account of some poor man who has been run over by a locomotive, or drowned by falling off the wharf at night; and nine times out of ten, if you ask how it happened, you will find that he was a captive

of the giant. The only wonder is, that all his prisoners are not killed thus.

And, of course, if they are unable to care for themselves, they are unfit to take any care of others. Yet the lives of hundreds of men and women are often put in peril, and sometimes lost, by the influence of this giant on one or two persons.

Who would want to trust themselves at sea with a captain and crew who were crazy? Who would want to travel in a train of carriages, if they knew that the engineer and conductor were either crazy all the time, or subject at any time to spells of craziness? But a drunken man is no better than a crazy one; and a person in the habit of drinking is liable at any moment to get drunk, and so to become crazy.

But the use of cold water keeps a man from thus losing his reason, and so enables him to see and avoid dangers. It promotes safety. How many of the steamboat ex-

plosions and shipwrecks occurring continually might be prevented, if the persons in charge of them were only cold water men!

Some time ago there was a steamboat plying on one of our rivers. She was called the *Fame*. Captain Gordon, her commander, was a temperance man, and allowed no liquor to be kept or used by any of the officers or crew. About that time a new safety-valve for steam engines had been invented, which it was thought would tend to prevent explosions. It was called "Evan's Patent Safety-Valve." A good many people were unwilling to travel in any steamboat unless it had one of these valves. One day a gentleman called on Captain Gordon in the cabin of his boat, and told him that he and twenty persons in his company were desirous of going on in his steamboat; "but," said the gentleman, "I can't do it, neither can my company; for I have been below examining

your machinery, and I find you haven't got 'Evan's Patent Safety-Valve' attached to your engine. For this reason we can't go with you."

"I shall be very happy to have your company," said Captain Gordon. "Come below, and I will shew you the best safety-valve in the world."

They walked down together to the engine-room. The captain stepped up to his sturdy engineer, and clapping him on the shoulder, said to the gentleman, "There, sir, is my safety-valve, the best to be found anywhere; a man who never drinks anything but PURE COLD WATER!"

"You are right, Captain," said the stranger; "I want no better safety-valve than that. We will come on board, sir."

Some years ago, a fine ship called the *Neptune*, with a crew of thirty-six men, sailed from the harbour of Aberdeen, in Scotland. It was early on a fine morning in May when she started, with the fairest

prospect of good weather and of a prosperous voyage. Not long after she had gone, the sky became cloudy. The wind changed. It came out directly ahead of the ship, and went on increasing in violence till it blew a furious gale. By and by the *Neptune* was seen standing back towards the harbour, right before the wind, and with her sails set, as though it was only blowing a fair stiff breeze. She came bounding on before the storm, like a maddened war-horse. The tidings spread like lightning, and hundreds of people gathered on the pier to watch the strange sight. Something was wrong on board the ship. What COULD it be? The entrance to the harbour was very narrow, and beyond this were ledges of dangerous rocks. Over these the sea is now breaking in foam and thunder. Right on towards them the ship is hastening. What CAN be the matter? The people look on in silent horror. Now the ship rises on a mountain wave—and now she

plunges into the foaming water. An attempt is made to shorten sail. It fails. She hastens on. A moment more, and hark! that thundering crash! The cry is heard, "SHE'S LOST! SHE'S LOST!" She went to pieces. One man alone, of all on board, was saved. He lived to tell the dreadful secret. The giant was on board of that vessel. The crew were all intoxicated, and could not manage the vessel.

Thus we see that, while cold water promotes safety, there can be no safety where the giant Intemperance is allowed to come. He is an enemy to it.

And he is an enemy to HONOUR, too. You can keep your honour if you keep to cold water. But get into the habit of drinking liquor, and your honour will soon be turned to shame. The giant Intemperance has such a bad name among men, that if you fall into his power your honour is lost. Everything that is wicked, vile, and shameful, is associated with our

thoughts of this giant. And he makes his prisoners so much like himself, that the same disgrace is fixed to their names. So that, no matter how honoured and respected a man has been before, as soon as he becomes a captive of this giant, he begins to lose his honour.

Men do not like to be called DRUNKARDS. The name is a mark of disgrace. It points them out as prisoners of this giant. But every one who drinks wine or liquor is in danger of becoming a drunkard, and thus covering himself with shame and dishonour.

Everything that is sinful should be considered as a shame and disgrace. It's a shame for a man willingly to lose all his sense and reason, and act like a fool ;—but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to lose all proper feeling, and become as hard-hearted as a stone ;—but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to reel through the

streets, and wallow in the gutter like a pig ;—but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to neglect his business, and spend his time in idleness ; to leave his children beggars, and his wife a broken-hearted widow ;—but this is what the drunkard does. It's a shame for a man to gamble, and rob, and murder, and commit all kinds of abominations ;—but these are what the drunkard does.

Nearly all the people who live in our alms-houses, who are sent to our penitentiaries, and brought to the gallows, are led there by drinking. And those who use intoxicating liquors at all, are in danger of being led into any or all of these evils. Or if not led into them themselves, they are in danger of leading others into them. The giant Intemperance carries danger and disgrace with him. If you would live in safety and honour, put as wide a space between yourself and him as possible ;—drink

nothing that intoxicates, but keep to pure cold water.

This, then, is the third reason why we should resist this giant—**BECAUSE HE IS AN ENEMY TO SAFETY AND HONOUR.**

The Fourth Reason for Fighting.

WE should fight against this giant, BECAUSE HE IS AN ENEMY TO COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

Several years ago, there was in one of the rooms of a museum a representation of a cold water drinker's home, and of a drunkard's home. These were placed side by side, so as to shew the contrast more strongly. The figures were all of wax, and just about the size of living persons, so that it looked very real.

The first one represented a good sized room, with a neat carpet on the floor, and pretty paper on the walls. Two or three pictures were hanging against the sides of the room. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate. In the centre of the room stood

a table with a snow-white cloth upon it. A tidy, happy-looking lady was spreading some very inviting things, for breakfast ; while the largest of the children was bringing in a pitcher of water to fill the tumblers that were placed by every plate. An easy arm-chair was drawn up near the fire, and the father was leaning back in it, reading the morning paper, looking very snug and cosy in his wrapper and slippers. Around him a group of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones were playing, while a toddling boy was tugging at his father's gown, trying to climb up into his lap.

You did not need any one to tell you that comfort and happiness were there. Everything looked so pleasant that one almost felt like opening the door, and walking in to share their happiness. This was the cold water drinker's home.

Next to it was the other scene. It was a room with bare floor, strewn with litter, and blackened with dirt. The plaster was

falling from the walls and the ceiling. In the fireplace there were two or three half-burnt sticks, smouldering. An old bedstead stood in the corner, and a few ragged coverlets lay tumbled in a heap upon it. The rest of the furniture consisted of a table, and one or two rickety chairs. A loaf of bread partly cut, and a bottle on the table, were the only signs of a breakfast. The father, with his face unwashed, his beard unshaven, and his hair all tangled and matted, was beating a trembling child. The rest of the children were crowding up in the corner, pale and frightened, but each holding on to a dry crust of bread. Their faces were thin and sickly. The mother sat upon the bed, her head between her hands, and her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders. Thin and tattered rags were the only clothes any of them had on. Misery and wretchedness were as plainly seen there, as if written with a sunbeam. This was the drunkard's home.

Dear reader, which is the pleasantest picture? Which would you rather should be your home?

All the difference was made by the PITCHER and the BOTTLE. The water in that pitcher had kept the giant Intemperance away from the first home; while the rum in the bottle had brought him into the other one. And it was because HE was there that all was so wretched. He always drives comfort and happiness out from every house he enters. He turns gladness into sorrow, smiles into sighs, laughter into tears, wherever he goes. He makes his prisoners miserable themselves, and all about them unhappy too. Mothers and fathers, wives and children, brothers and sisters, suffer wherever he comes.

Let me tell you of a mother's sorrow occasioned by a drunken son;—and of a whole family's sorrow, occasioned by a drunken husband and father.

A company of ladies, assembled in a

parlour, were one day talking about their different troubles. Each one had something to say about her own trials. But there was one in the company, pale and sad-looking, who for awhile said nothing. Suddenly rousing herself at last, she said :

“ My friends, you don't any of you know what trouble is.”

“ Will you please, Mrs Gray,” said the kind voice of one who knew her story, “ tell the ladies what you call trouble ?”

“ I will, if you desire it ; for, in the words of the prophet, ‘ I am the one who hath seen affliction.’

“ My parents were very well off, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. Every wish of my heart was gratified, and I was cheerful and happy.

“ At the age of nineteen, I married one whom I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired ; but the sun never shone upon a lovelier spot, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully.

Five lovely children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those fierce, black storms came on, which are so common to our southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The country around us was overflowed. The little stream near our dwelling became a foaming torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little elevated spot, where the thick foliage of a few wide-spreading trees afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more ; but THAT was not trouble.

“ Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only

consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart; and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off that I could not speak to them; but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

“The swollen river raged fearfully around the huge trees. Dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, and masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, and then pointed upwards. I knew it was their farewell signal; and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them perish;—ALL perish. Yet that was not trouble.

“I hugged my baby close to my heart; and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till the hand of God stayed the waters that they should

rise no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away; all my earthly hopes blighted. Yet **THAT** was not trouble.

“My baby was all I had left on earth. I laboured day and night to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother’s counsels; he would sneer at her kind entreaties and agonising prayers. **HE BECAME FOND OF DRINKING.** He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in his evil ways. And at last, one night, when heated by wine, he took the life of a fellow-creature. He ended his days upon the gallows! God had filled my cup of sorrow before; now, it ran over. **THAT** was trouble, my friends, such as I hope the Lord in mercy may spare you from ever knowing!”

Boys, girls, can you bear to think that you might bring such sorrow on your dear

father, or mother? If you would not, be on your guard against the giant Intemperance. Let wine and liquor alone. Never touch them. That was a mother's sorrow.

Let us look at the sorrow brought on a family by the same dreadful evil.

Let me tell you an "old man's story."

Many years ago, a temperance meeting was held in a certain village. A little boy, who lived in the village, was very anxious to go, and persuaded his father to take him. The boy never forgot that meeting, and he wrote the account of it years afterwards. One of the speakers at the meeting was an old man. His hair was white, and his brow furrowed with age and sorrow. When he arose to speak, he said,—

"My friends, I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. Tears are in my eyes, and deep sorrow is in my heart. I am without friends, or home, or kindred on earth. It was not always so. Once I had a mother. With her old heart

crushed with sorrow, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife,—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her blue eye grew dim, as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness; and her tender heart I wrung, till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble boy; but he was driven from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, lovely babe; but these hands destroyed it, and now it lives with Him who loveth the little ones. Do not spurn me, my friends,” continued the old man; “there is light in my evening sky. The spirit of my mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The injured wife smiles upon him who turns back again to virtue and honour. The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I seem to feel his tiny hands upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for treatment that drove him out into the world,

and the blow that maimed him for life God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon all that were about me.

“I was a drunkard. From wealth and respectability, I plunged into poverty and shame. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw the cheek of my wife grow pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone to struggle for the children, while I was drinking and rioting at the tavern. She never complained, though she and the children often went hungry to bed.

“One New-Year’s night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us shelter. My wife was still up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food. She told me there was none, and then burst into tears. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in its cradle awoke, and uttered a cry of hunger, startling the

despairing mother, and making new sorrow in her breaking heart.

“ ‘We have no food, James ; we have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. Oh, my once kind husband ! must we starve ?’

“ That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. It seemed as if the furies of hell were raging in my bosom, and the feeling of the wrong I had committed added fuel to the flames. I had never struck my wife before, but now some terrible impulse drove me on, and I stooped down, as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both my hands in her hair.

“ ‘For mercy’s sake, James !’ exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance, ‘you will not kill us ; you will not harm Willie ?’ and she sprung to the

cradle, and grasped him in her arms. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a fiendish yell I still dragged her on, and hurled her out amid the darkness and storm. Then, with a wild laugh, I closed the door and fastened it. Her pleading moans and the sharp cry of her babe mingled with the wail of the blast. But my horrible work was not yet complete.

“I turned to the bed where my oldest son was lying, snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he uttered that sacred name I was no longer worthy to bear,—he called me FATHER! and locked his fingers in my side-pocket. I could not wrench that grasp away; but, with the cruelty of a fiend, I shut the door upon his arm, and, seizing my knife, severed it at the wrist.

“It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. I looked round to the accustomed place for my wife. As I missed her, a dim, dark scene, as of some horrible nightmare, came over me. I thought it must be a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, and something fell across the threshold with a dull heavy sound. My blood shot like melted lava through my veins, and I covered my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—O God! how horrible!—it was my own loving wife and her babe, frozen to death! With true mother’s love, she had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and wrapped all her clothing around it, leaving her own person exposed to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the pale cheek. The frost was white on the lids of its half-opened eyes and upon its tiny fingers.

“ I never knew what became of my brave boy.”

Here the old man bowed his head and wept ; and all in the house wept with him. Then, in the low tones of heart-broken sorrow he concluded :—

“ I was arrested, and for long months I was a raving maniac. When I recovered, I was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years ; but this was nothing to the tortures I have endured in my own bosom. And now I desire to spend the little remnant of my life in striving to warn others not to enter a path which has been so dark and fearful to me.”

When the old man had finished, the temperance pledge was produced, and he asked the people to come forward and sign it. The father of the boy referred to leaped from his seat, and pressed forward to sign the pledge. As he took the pen in hand, he hesitated a moment.

“ Sign it, young man, sign it,” said the

venerable speaker. "Angels would sign it. I would write my name in blood ten thousand times, if it would undo the ruin I have wrought, and bring back my loved and lost ones."

The young man wrote, — "Mortimer Hudson." The old man looked. He wiped his eyes, and looked again. His face flushed with fiery red, and then a death-like paleness came over it.

"It is—no, it cannot be;—yet how strange!" he muttered. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy."

The young man trembled, and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes; and the old man exclaimed,—

"My own injured boy!"

The young man cried out,—

"My poor, dear father!"

Then they fell upon each other's neck

and wept, till it seemed as if their souls would mingle into one.

Thus we see the misery and wretchedness this fearful giant Intemperance brings upon the drunkard, and upon all his family. If you love those at home, make up your minds that YOU will never cause them such sorrow and shame. Keep everything that intoxicates from your lips, and you will keep the giant from your home. Do so, BECAUSE HE IS AN ENEMY TO COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

Those of you who have read ancient history, remember Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general. The Romans were the enemies of the Carthaginians. Hannibal's father had been general for many years, and had fought many battles against the Romans. He wanted his son to feel that they were his enemies, and that he must begin early to fight them. So, one day, when Hannibal was about nine years old, his father gathered all the soldiers

together. Then he went into his tent, and led out little Hannibal, and took him to the large altar where they used to offer sacrifices to their gods. Upon this altar he made him place his hand, and, in the presence of the whole army, swear that as long as he lived he would be an enemy to the Romans, and that he would fight against them with all his power.

Hannibal never forgot that promise. He became the greatest enemy the Romans ever had.

Now, you have a great many enemies. All these giants are your enemies. They want to capture you, and they will try hard to do it. They are all strong and fierce. But the last one, the giant Intemperance, is the greatest enemy to you of them all. And he is the strongest and most cruel of all. The sooner you feel this, the sooner you will be on your guard against him, and the more you will learn to hate him. And so I want you to do what Hannibal

did. I want you to determine, NOW, while you are young, that, as long as you live, you will be an enemy of this giant, and fight against him with all your power. I want you to VOW LIFE-LONG WAR against him! Never make peace with him! Never give him any quarter!

I do not ask you to sign a pledge, but I do ask you all to resolve solemnly, that, by the help of God, you will never allow yourselves to drink wine, or liquor of any kind, unless you are sick, and it is given by the physician as a medicine. "TOUCH NOT—TASTE NOT—HANDLE NOT." This is the only safe course.

Those who do not follow this rule often fall into the power of the giant Intemperance very suddenly, and when they least expect it; and, though they may escape again, do things, while they are his prisoners, that lead them into great trouble.

A man named John Cafree was shot in a fireman's quarrel some time ago. The

man who shot him was not an habitual drunkard. He was generally a sober, industrious man. But on that occasion he was tempted to drink too much, and now the dreadful guilt of murder is resting upon him.

Some years since there was a crowd gathered round a gallows to see a young man hung. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live." The young man burst into tears, and said, "Alas! and must I die? I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first and only time in my life. On coming home, I found my brother gathering strawberries in the garden. Without any sufficient cause, I became angry with him, and struck him a blow with an iron rake. That blow killed him. I knew nothing about what was done till the next morning. On awaking

from sleep, I found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was discovered he was dead, and his hair was clotted with blood and brains. Drinking had done it. THAT has ruined me. I never was drunk but once, and now I am to hang for it. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to stand before my Judge. I wish to say to young people,—“Never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate.” As he spoke these words he sprung from the scaffold, and was launched into eternity.

My dear boys, remember this warning,—“Never touch anything that can intoxicate.” And, my dear girls, do you remember it too. Don't think that because you are females you are in no danger. You ARE in danger.

In New York they are building a house for habitual drunkards, where they can be treated as sick or insane people are. Since this building has been started, nearly three thousand confirmed drunkards have applied

for admission. Among these are between **FOUR AND FIVE HUNDRED FEMALES FROM THE MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILIES.** ALL persons who drink wine or liquor **AT ALL**, are in danger both of becoming drunkards themselves, and of making others drunkards by their example. Drink cold water, and you are in no danger. The giant Intemperance will never be able to make you his prisoner, if you keep to cold water.

Now, how many giants have we spoken of? Five. What was the first? **THE GIANT HEATHENISM.** How are we to fight him? **BY THROWING THE STONES OF TRUTH AT HIM.** What was the second? **THE GIANT SELFISHNESS.** How are we to fight him? **BY SELF-DENIAL.** What was the third? **THE GIANT COVETOUSNESS.** How are we to fight him? **BY LEARNING TO GIVE.** What was the fourth? **THE GIANT ILL-TEMPER.** How are we to fight him? **BY LEARNING TO BE LIKE JESUS.** What was the fifth? **THE GIANT INTEMPERANCE.**

And how are we to fight him? BY DRINKING COLD WATER. We had four good reasons why we should fight this giant. What are they? We ought to fight him, BECAUSE COLD WATER IS THE DRINK THAT GOD HAS MADE FOR US;—BECAUSE HE IS AN ENEMY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH; TO SAFETY AND HONOUR; TO COMFORT AND HAPPINESS.

In conclusion, my dear children, I want you all to become brave giant-fighters. Fighting, in general, is poor business. For men and women, or boys and girls, to be fighting among themselves is a shameful thing; but to be fighting these giants is very different. This is proper for girls as well as boys, for ladies as well as gentlemen. It is a right thing, a brave thing, an honourable thing. But do not try to fight them in your own strength, or else you are sure to be beaten. David prayed to God to help him when he became a giant-fighter. It was this which made him successful.

And you must do the same. Pray for Jesus to help you. Then go at the giants with all your might, and He will "teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight," and will bring you off at last "conquerors, and more than conquerors.

THE END.

