

Juvenile Temperance Meeting and Presentation, at Brantford.

—The Public Meeting of the Band of Hope in connection with the Congregational Sabbath School, held on Wednesday evening last, was a decided success, the Church having been filled to its utmost capacity, some six or seven hundred persons having been present. One interesting feature of the meeting was the presence of the Band of Hope connected with the Primitive Methodist School, who came in a body, under the leadership of their Pastor, the Rev. S. P. Lacey. The exercises were commenced with prayer by the Rev Mr. Wood, the organizer and Superintendent of the Band, who presided on the occasion. The programme consisted of recitations, dialogues, &c., interspersed with appropriate pieces of music, which were much appreciated, and one of which,—a solo, duet and chorus entitled, “Where do you journey, my brother?”—was repeated by request. The recitations were generally very well rendered, and were enthusiastically applauded by the younger portion of the audience, but as they embraced a great variety of subjects, by over twenty members of the Band, it would be impossible to particularize them. They were all of them, however, of a practical and useful tendency, and we have no doubt will be long remembered, and do great good among the young. Not the least interesting item in the evening’s entertainment was an episode at the intermission, *not* in the programme, and of which the Rev. gentleman knew nothing. Mr. Goold having announced that some of the members of the Band wished to say something to their Superintendent, Master William Harper stepped upon the platform and began to read to Mr. Wood the following address, while Miss Lizzie Sears held in her hands the writing desk which accompanied it:

“Brantford, Oct. 30, 1867.

“To the Rev. John Wood, Minister, Congregational Church:

“Dear Sir,—We, the members of the Band of Hope, feeling grateful for the advantages which you have so kindly placed within our reach, would respectfully tender our thanks to you for your unremitting exertions on our behalf. And we hope you will accept the accompanying Writing Desk as a token of our appreciation of those benefits, and of our good feeling towards yourself.”

Mr. Wood briefly returned thanks for their beautiful present, which was, he said, entirely unexpected; but which he should ever keep in remembrance of them, and value for their sake. He had felt a growing interest in the work, and had engaged in it, not from any hope of reward, but from a conviction that if anything effectual was to be done in the way of arresting the tide of intemperance in our land, it must be by pledging the young to total abstinence; and he hoped therefore they would all be faithful to the pledge they had taken. After the programme had been completed, the Rev. S. P. Lacey made a short but stirring address, the Band sang the National Anthem, and the Rev. Mr. Lowry offered prayer, and pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed.—*Expositor*, Nov. 1

Politics in the Pulpit.—The *Pays* complains of the abuse of their position by the clergy to promote the interests of one political party and to belie the other. It says the clerical journals do not meet its arguments, and dare not defend the conduct of the bishops and *curés*, which it exposes; but only heap abuse on the *Rouges* and their journals. It gives an account of some of the sayings of M. Dupuis, *curé* of St. Antoine, who, it says, for three months before the election, preached little but politics, and who, on one occasion, gave his parishioners the following remarkable precept, which we have not met with in Scripture:—“Remember, my brethren, that if theft is a great sin, and adultery a greater, to vote for a *Rouge* would be even a greater sin than both the others.” M. Dupuis still further said: “Those who have voted for the bad party cannot receive absolution without promising to leave it; and if you go out of the parish to seek absolution you will have stolen your absolution.” Nor was this a mere threat on his part; for, when some Liberal parishioners of St. Antoine went to confess to him, he asked them a question he had no right to put; namely, “Did you vote for the bad party?” The penitent replied, “I voted for M. Geoffrion.”