

they had just heard read: he would particularly refer to that portion of it which referred to intemperance, and the approval given to the Temperance Societies, which had done so much to despoil this great social curse. The American pulpits had united to put down the evil, and had all but achieved a victory, and he was pleased that the matter had been brought before the ministers of the Free Church, in connection with the Report. Twenty years ago the condition of the United States was well fitted to excite tears and lamentations. The vice of intemperance was rampant, but the Presbyterians united with the Methodists and other religious bodies to stop its progress. They adopted first the pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits, but finding that other intoxicating liquors to the amount of fifty in number were in use—they went a step farther, and total abstinence became the order of the day, and now the American churches can bear witness to the benefit of it. In the temperance agitation in America, the national character had developed itself; there was a tendency to run into extremes in this matter, and to make that a test of church membership which was only a matter of Christian expediency. This had partially occurred, but the majority of the churches held the principle in its true light. In regard to Canada, her most distinguished ministers were abstainers, and he believed that those friendly to the Deputation, were so to a man.

The Report having been approved of, the Commission adjourned to the 11th of September.

The fourth appears in a widely circulated paper published in London; we do not envy the feelings of wine drinking ministers in reading it:—

TEE—TOTAL MISSIONARIES.—Extract from a letter in the *Non-conformist* newspaper of April 10th, signed "C. Rattary, Missionary," and dated "Demerara, Feb. 2d, 1844:—"My own opinion is, that no man who will not abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors should be sent out as a missionary; and I know that most of my brethren in this part of the world are of the same mind. Our convictions are so strong on this view of the subject, that the arrival of a drinker, however moderate, to become one of our number, would be deemed a curse rather than a blessing, unless he at once and forever abandon the use of strong drink. And if there be in this colony one missionary who does conform to the drinking usages of society, there are at least ten nonconformists to whom only the conversion of such a one to total abstinence would be greater cause of joy than his departure from the country, never to return. At each of our stations there are hundreds of staunch teetotalers. At the one with which I am most intimately acquainted, there is not, so far as I am aware, a single member of the church who uses any kind of intoxicating drink, unless it be strictly for medical purposes. The influence of our temperance meetings, and the temperate habits of our people, are creating a marked difference between the church-going and the chapel-going people throughout the country. In this part of the missionary field, the missionaries generally are, though men of peace, long ago committed to a perpetual war with the drinking usages of society."

HOPE FOR SCOTLAND.—Dr. Chalmers says there is hope for the ecclesiastical redemption of Scotland if the people will only give up the use of snuff. The inhabitants of the isle of Islay alone use annually \$33,000 worth. Let them sacrifice this, and they can sustain their churches. We wonder whether the Doctor has looked after the whisky;—whether the Montreal memorial on the subject of using intoxicating liquors ever came to his knowledge. We understand it was somehow shut out from the General Assembly, where it was to have been read. Two millions sterling without doubt are used by the Free Church for strong drinks. O that she were wise! When she gives up snuff, tobacco and whisky, then indeed she will be worthy the appellation of the Free Church of Scotland.—*American Temperance Union.*

With reference to the above paragraph we may state that the memorial to the Free Church, which was published in our 16th May number, and kindly copied into the *Journal of the American Temperance Union*, has, so far as we know, obtained no publicity on the other side of the Atlantic. Nay, although accompanied by a thousand dollars as a free will offering to the Free Church of Scotland by the memorialists, it was not even presented to that body. The reason assigned for this neglect by Dr. Cunningham, to whom it was intrusted, is, that he mislaid it among his papers

and did not find it until the General Assembly had broken up, after which no suitable opportunity for its presentation occurred. He has, we understand, transmitted it to Dr. Burns to make what use of it he may see fit, promising, at the same time, hearty co-operation. We have good hope that Dr. Burns will yet make it the basis of some effective action.

EDUCATION.

WAR.

No body sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amidst a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is specially charged with, to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, water-course, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution: he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves brushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance—and fever, and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst too has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who with bloodshot eyes and tongue lolling out plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him.

The battle-field is if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants.—They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry, to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict.—Barns and stack-yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar; and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved, amid the blackened ruins of their homes—to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine, the pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of half-buried myriads of slain.

The soldier marches on and on, inflicting and suffering as before. War is a continuance of battles—an epidemic striding from place to place, more horrible than the typhus, pestilence, or cholera which not unfrequently follow in its train. The siege is an aggravation of the battle. The peaceful inhabitants of the beleaguered town are cooped up, and cannot fly the place of conflict. The mutual injuries inflicted by assailant and assailed are aggravated—their wrath is more frenzied; then come the storm and the capture, and the riot and lustful excess of the victor soldiery, striving to quench the drunkenness of blood in the drunkenness of wine. The eccentric movements of war—the marching and countermarching—often repeat the blow on districts slowly recovering from the first. Between destruction and the wasteful consumption of the soldiery, poverty pervades the land. Hopeless of the future, hardened by the scenes of which he is a daily witness, perhaps goaded by revenge, the peasant becomes a plunderer and assassin. The horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Spanish