

audience—without this, he would probably fail in producing a powerful impression. He speaks on impulse—impulse created by excitement reigning around him. Let not the reader, then, who has not yet heard Mr. Kellogg, be disappointed if he be found at times unequal. He is always ready and fluent on his favourite theme—but he does not always “excel himself.” He is always pleasing and instructive, and time devoted in listening will be well spent;—most generally, in listening to stirring appeal, sterling argument, and beautiful address.

Thus have we attempted to picture Mr. Kellogg, as a lecturer. We have not designed to flatter—nor have we given fulsome praise. All that he may receive he has earned—he has made many a fallen wretch happy—gladdened many a home—caused the hearts of many a wife and child to leap with joy.

As a man, Mr. K. is benevolent, kind, loquacious, and gentlemanly—carrying into private society his one idea, of assisting to convert, from the error of intemperance, those who have been victims to the vice, and to persuade those to join his ranks who may be leading their dependants or inferiors astray. He is always full of life, spirit and energy, receiving honour and respect from foes and friends alike—but neither courting the smiles of the rich, nor the approbation of the masses for himself, but, with undaunted fear, demanding deference to the “great fact” of Total Abstinence.

We have now given a slight limning of him, who may be justly styled “an apostle of Temperance.” If we have failed in the picture, it is not that the object to be portrayed is defective, but that the hand which guides the pencil is inexperienced, and has failed to place in bold relief those lights,—and mark, regulate and apportion, those shadows, which give the beauty to a faithful sketch.

Long may the original live to dispense his breathing words and burning eloquence, that he may see of the travail of his soul, by inebriates being made sober—our common nature exalted, and all hearts gladdened, by the present wilderness of intemperance being converted to a beautiful garden of hope, where, instead of the thistle, shall grow up the myrtle, and instead of the brier, shall blossom the rose!

### SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MACKAY, NEW BRUNSWICK.

(Concluded.)

I observe, secondly, that there is *spiritual* death in the intoxicating pot. Spiritual death is the alienation of the soul from God. It consists in a dislike to vital godliness, and to everything which has a tendency to bring the mind into direct contact with the Deity. Now the use of strong drink keeps up this unhappy state of things. It has a powerful influence in darkening the understanding—in searing the conscience, in hardening the heart—in deadening the sensibilities of our nature, in drying up the warm fountain of the heart's best affections, and in creating in the mind a strong indisposition to attend upon the institutions of religion, or to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. Inquire, and you will find that Sabbath-breakers, despisers of God's house, and God's ministers, and God's truth, and God's people, that thieves, and robbers, and rioters, and murderers, and a host of openly wicked men, are made what they are and continue what they are, chiefly through the use of alcoholic drinks.

Since my arrival in New Brunswick, I have been endeavouring to ascertain what is the number of inhabitants residing in St. John and its vicinity, and what the number of churches provided for their accommodation. I have been told that the population is upwards of thirty thousand, and that the number of churches is twelve.\* Now, if we give

an average Sabbath congregation of one thousand to each church, an estimate which I am certain all will admit to be much above the mark, still we have only a church-going population of twelve thousand, and a population of twenty thousand that never hear the Gospel preached at all. Is not this a soul-saddening state of things? Twenty thousand living in your very midst, who never enter a place of worship; and yet you call yourselves a Christian people, and this a Christian city! What, do you ask, can be the cause of this woeful apathy in regard to the things which concern the soul? We answer:—One great cause is the use of intoxicating drink.—Brethren, visit these absentees from religious ordinances, and you will find that in nine cases out of ten, drink is the cause of keeping them away from the sanctuary of God. I have been myself a city missionary, and if you will take the trouble to visit, you will find what I have found a hundred times, you will find a poor, heartless, miserable looking wife sitting by a dying fire, clothed in tattered raiment, who will tell you of other and happier days, when her husband was a sober man. She will express to you her anxious desire to hear the Gospel, and her deep regret that she is unable for want of suitable attire, to make her appearance at church on the Sabbath day. You will find her little family of boys and girls clustering around her, whose countenances will lighten up with smiles, and whose little eyes will sparkle with delight, as you speak to them about the Sabbath school, and invite them to attend. But you will instantly perceive a sudden change come over their whole appearance, as they significantly look upon their own miserably clad bodies, and unsheltered feet, and then answer you, in something like the following strain: “We should like to attend the Sabbath school, but we have no shoes nor stockings, nor warm clothing to put on, and mother says that if we were to go out, as we now are, we should take cold and become unwell and die.” Such is a specimen of the scenes which would not infrequently meet your eye, and yet you would find that the husband of that wife, and the father of those children, was a clever mechanic, earning good wages, sufficient to keep them all in ease and comfort, but that drink is the cause of their poverty, their squalidness, and woe. O yes, there is spiritual death in the intoxicating pot. Nothing at the present day is a greater obstacle to the progress of the Saviour's cause.—And yet there are men, I blush to say it, Christian men, who will do nothing themselves to have this pot removed; who will not have a word said about the injuriousness of the liquor it contains; and who will even quarrel with us for endeavouring to secure its speedy overthrow. I wonder how such men can employ the Lord's prayer in their daily devotions at the throne of grace, especially the three first petitions it contains. One is “Hallowed be thy name.”—But what prevents this honoured and revered name from being hallowed?—What occasions more oaths, and blasphemies, and curses in the name of God than the intoxicating pot? The second petition is, “Thy kingdom come.” But what prevents the coming of Christ's kingdom in the soul—in the family, in the church—and in the world, more than the use of alcoholic drinks. The third petition is, “Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven.” But what is a greater preventive to obedience to the divine will than the drinking customs of the present day? I wonder how professing Christians can present such petitions to heaven, and yet stand up in defence even of the moderation scheme of drinking! Do such men not know that prayer is a solemn mockery unless connected with the active human effort to “prepare the way of the Lord and make his paths straight?” Do they not know that God designs to accomplish the reformation and salvation of sinners *instrumental* through the agency of His Church? And do they not know, moreover,

\* I am happy to find since this sermon was preached that the churches are considerably more in number than twelve, taking in the vicinity of the city; and this circumstance, together with the

numbers of children unable to attend public worship, considerably lessens the estimate above.