

## Streams from Temperance Springs.

In our late Nova Scotia papers we find some report of an Address delivered not long ago by the Rev. Robert Cooney, A.M., of New Brunswick. The Revd. gentleman is well known and highly respected as a public speaker in different parts of Canada. We take pleasure, therefore, in giving the following part of a lecture, which we find in the *Wesleyan*. Its point, and wit, and eloquence, are all equally conspicuous:—

Temperance is a very flexible and comprehensive term. In a wide latitude of interpretation it represents many virtues, and embodies many excellencies; but in a proper sense and according to conventional usage, this word signifies total abstinence from all intoxicating drink. Temperance, then, in this sense, is really a cardinal virtue; and hence the various societies that are laboring to propagate this virtue, are sowing seed, from which the world will reap a harvest of great moral advantages.

I cannot help thinking, ladies and gentlemen, that this principle, in its previous condition, and in its present aspect, and progress, bears some resemblance to popular liberty. Why, Sir, less than a quarter of a century ago, Temperance was in imminent danger of perishing altogether. Drinking usages and customs stalked through the earth, like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and as the destruction that wasteth in noon-day. More deformed than any of the monsters created by myths and fables, they, the drinking usages and habits, went forth, slaying and devouring, and as they gorged themselves upon their slaughtered victims, there issued from their foul reptilian, as the snakes did from the head of Medusa, a robust and truculent brood of vices. These consisted chiefly of riot, debauchery, &c.: and as might have been expected, they have been very notorious, and the character they have, as well as the deeds they have performed, are to be found in the records of the watch house, the police-office, and the criminal courts.

These malignants made war upon Temperance; uncompromising war—war to the knife; the battle waged fiercely—the combatants fought desperately—a crisis arrived; and just as the alcoholic forces were about to shout victory, and sing Pæans, God raised up a horn of salvation: “The Total Abstinence Society” was formed; and the enemy was disappointed of his prey and his booty.

We have all heard and read of the sanguinary ogres that so much terrified us when we were children; we remember their dreadful words—see—fau—fum; and how they used to eat the flesh, crunch the bones, and drink the blood of their victims—just so drunkenness; but just as he was gorged to the full—while his eyes stood out with fatness, and glared with savage delight; just then; while he was gloating over the desolation he had made, he saw “the Temperance Societies rising up before him like a little cloud”: and from that cloud, he saw a spirit, like unto the young hero of Bethlehem Judea, issue forth. He had neither bow, nor spear, nor sword, nor buckler—no! his strength lay in principles—the certainty of victory was insured by the purity of his motives—and philanthropy suggested his tactics. The monster frowned upon his youthful opponents; like the gasconading bully of Gath, he defied him; but on he came nothing daunted; his only weapon a stone from the clear, the beautiful river of Temperance; and now, deriving from God both strength and precision, he struck the tyrant and felled him to the ground. Look at him, ladies and gentlemen; there he lies, foaming with rage and pain; struggling in the agony of dissolution—his extremities have grown cold—his blood is putrefied—his brain is swimming—his whole system is collapsed; and before long some good revival in “the temperance cause” will rise; and as Perseus cut off the head of “the Gorgon,” and placed it on the shield of Minerva, so this revival will cut off the head of this ruthless destroyer, and place it in some temperance museum, to be a rarity and a memorial forever.

It must be remembered that we are still in the field, and that the war is still going on. Our enemies are still numerous, and possessed of strongholds. In many places, their ordnance and commissariat departments too, are in a healthy condition; and these strengthened by habits and prejudices, make them rather formidable. There must be, therefore, caution and patience, as well as zeal and courage; we must reckon upon opposition, and be determined to vanquish it. There must be neither truce, nor suspension of hostilities; neither armistice, nor capitulation; human-

ity suggests the most rigid terms; and religion and virtue insist upon a full and unconditional surrender.

Maintain your ground; exclude impediments, and insuperable obstacles from your vocabulary. Let onward be your motto, let progress be your theme. Be resolved to conquer; remember that your foe, though subtle and powerful, is not invincible; and that your principles, like truth, are mighty, and will prevail. Let us be true to our convictions and faithful to our pledges, and the cause we espouse will assuredly prosper. Bacchus tried to stop the sacred waters of Arethusa from flowing; but his endeavors only increased the force and number of the streams; and in like manner, opposition will only promote our prosperity! and effort to restrain our influence will only diffuse and strengthen it.

“Still give us grace, Almighty King,  
Unwavering at our posts to stand;  
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring,  
The tribute of a ransomed land.”

We have very occasionally enriched our streams with poetic effusions, not because there is not plenty of that kind of literature, but because we seldom find much to our taste. What is to our taste may possibly be learned by our saying that the following, from the *Scottish Temperance Review*, is worth reading and preserving:—

## A Voice to Publicans.

Arise, ye custom-curst, arise!  
Flee from your refuges of lies!  
And join the grand industrial host  
Whose noble toil is Britain's boast.

Around our world, where'er ye look,  
From farthest verge to humblest nook,  
See all fulfil, in countless grade,  
The will of Him who all hath made.

To heaven, upborne on joyous wing,  
Birds chaunt their stainless offering!  
Ev'n humblest wild-flowers 'midst the grass,  
Whisper of God to all who pass.

But say, do ye each day rehearse  
The spirit of the universe!  
Say do ye honor man or God  
By every wretch ye cast abroad?

Oh, as they stagger forth each day,  
They seem less brothers than your prey;  
Like temples sack'd, defaced they stand,  
And tell of a dishonored land!

As locust swarm, where ye alight,  
All that is good and fair ye blight;  
Worse than grave-worms, who live on death,  
Ye plough the cheek, ere gone the breath!

Can ye be men, and glory in  
The work that nurtures grief and sin?  
Men! while ye curse the race for gain,  
Nor heed these tears though shed like rain.

'Tis sure an atheistic art,  
To demonize the human heart;  
And tempted, struggling man transmute,  
To something far beneath the brute.

Then turn ye! fill some worthier place,  
Give help and honor to the race;  
Think what a home earth might be made,  
Would each give each a brother's aid.

Arise, ye custom-curst, arise!  
Flee from your refuges of lies!  
And join the grand industrial host,  
Whose noble toil is Britain's boast.

—Wulneerg.

A good deal of controversy has been engaged in lately, respecting advertising liquors, and other poisonous things. Our views