

necessary to do something for the suppression of drunkenness, but that theirs was not a right plan—that this abstinence principle was not a proper thing. He replied—"It is our way: what is yours?" If he saw them very zealous in some other way he would say nothing, but co-operate with them; but at present he could not see that they were doing anything, and therefore he must proceed as he was doing. There was nothing which caused him more pain and distress than the customs of drinking toasts at the ordination of ministers—a custom which still lingered in some parts of the country, though he was glad to say it had been well nigh put down here. It was now ashamed to hold up its head. The Assembly had approved of a report, expressing in distinct terms a condemnation not only of drunkenness, but of drinking customs; and feeble and timid as he was in debate, he yet thought he should be able to stand up before his reverend fathers and brethren, and dare them to say if toasting healths round and round was not a drinking custom, what was one? He had himself advertised out of this abuse in his own Presbytery, and he had pleasure in publicly declaring before his brethren here how much he shrunk from and abhorred the practice. He understood from Mr. Douglas that they were to have a grand breakfast during the Assembly—they would breakfast royally on teetotal principles. He trusted that then they would influence some of the brethren who might be assembled, and bring them to consider the matter. He knew that there were many of them who were literally in the position described, of trying how abstinence would agree with their constitution. They were becoming doubtful of the benefit of wine. The text from Timothy would not settle the matter. Chemistry was not so well understood in his days as now. He (Mr. A.) did not know what would induce him to drink wine ordinarily, because he could never be able to convince himself of its purity, unless he were at the making of it; for he understood it to be compounded of all abominations. Mr. Arnot concluded, amid much applause, by expressing his willingness, if it were necessary, to serve the society in any way that he could.

A vote of thanks having, on the motion of Mr. Ferguson, been awarded to the speakers from a distance, Mr. McCorkle pronounced the benediction, and the meeting separated.

#### A GOOD TOAST.

*The Temperance Army:* The only army ever known where each volunteer is a *Regular*, and every private an *Orderly*. May it soon become the "army of occupation" throughout the world.

### Poetry.

#### THE DYING DRUNKARD.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

Hark! hark! methinks I hear a tone  
Of curses mingling now with groans,  
That strikes upon the listening ear  
In notes of woe! Are Demons here?  
"Back! back! ye hell-hounds!" now he cries,  
While maddening frenzy fires his eyes,  
And with fatigue upon his couch  
Awaits again the fiend's approach.

"Help! help!" he cries again, "they come;  
Oh! don't you see their forked tongues;  
Keep them away! O! God! they tear  
My flesh, and wind among my hair!  
Ho! drive them from around my head!  
I feel them now within my bed!  
Vipers of Hell! what do I see—  
O! 'tis a ghost! where shall I flee?  
My wife! she comes e'en from her grave  
To haunt me! Back! thou canst not save!  
Hell yawns to clasp my wretched soul,  
And devils now my heart-strings hold!  
They come! they come! O God! save! save!  
I sink with demons to the grave.

Away! away!"—His strength was gone,  
And with a curse, his life was done!  
*Delirium Tremens* fired his brain,  
And death now closed the Drunkard's strain.

O! 'twas a fearful scene! upon  
His couch of straw his life was done,  
And now before me, lifeless lay  
The haggard form—the drunkard's clay!  
No friend was there to close his eyes,  
(Save those who were humanity's)—  
His youthful bride long since was laid  
Beneath the weeping willow's shade,  
I need not tell her fate—she died—  
And, too, the infant by her side,  
This was thy work! O! Devil's bait—  
Spirit infernal, from the strait  
Darker than Stygian shades, where dwell  
The company that drank and fell.

Reader—would'st thou thus choose to die?  
Ah! no! then from the tempter fly!  
*Touch not the cup!* It poison bears,  
And ultimately leaves thee there!  
Think of the end ere thou shalt take  
The fatal cup, for thy own sake!  
For the first glass of ruin's way,  
May lead thee to a drunkard's grave!

#### SONG OF THE DECANter.

There was an old decan-  
ter, and its mouth was  
gaping wide; the  
rosy wine had  
ebbed away  
and left  
its crys-  
tal side:  
and the wind  
went humming—  
humming;  
up and  
down the  
wind it blow,  
and through the  
reed-like  
hollow neck  
the wildest notes it  
threw. I placed it in the  
window, where the blast was  
blowing free, and fancied that its  
pale mouth sang the queerest strains to  
me. "They tell me—puny conquerors! the  
Plague has slain ten, and War has hundred  
thousand of the very best of men; but I"—'twas  
thus the Bottle spake—"but I have conquered  
more than all your famous conquerors, so  
feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye  
youths and maidens all, come drunk from  
out my cup, the beverage that dulls the  
brain and burns the spirits up; that puts  
to shame your conquerors who slay their  
scores below; for this has deluged mil-  
lions with the lava tide of wo. 'Tho'  
in the path of battle darkest streams  
of blood may roll; yet while I kill-  
ed the body I have damn'd the vo-  
ry soul. The cholera, the plague,  
the sword, such ruin never wr't,  
as I, in mirth or malice, on the  
innocent have brought. And  
still I breathe upon them, and  
they shrink before my breath,  
and year by year my thousands  
tread the dusty way of death."