

with him.—This gentleman had some time previous, discovered a bottle of choice wine in his cellar, which had a great many years before been placed there by his father, and had been overlooked when its fellows had been taken out for use. This he had resolved to keep intact, and to bring it forth on the anticipated visitation of his diocesan. Accordingly, when the time arrived, the waiter was ordered to bring forth the precious treasure, and set it on the dinner table directly before the Bishop. He then arose, and with quite a flourish, gave its history when and by whom deposited—the manner in which it was found, with as much satisfaction and particularity as if it had been some rare relic of ancient times, just dug from the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii, and then addressing his venerable guest, said, he had long reserved it for the present occasion, and resolved that the cork should never be drawn except by his Bishop. The Bishop arose, and with due solemnity, replied, by asking the question, “Then you have resolved, as I understand you, that the cork shall never be drawn until it is done by myself?” “Yes,” was the answer. “Well, then,” said the Bishop, “it will not be drawn till doomsday.” This was so ultra, so unexpected from such a quarter, that the shock was too severe to be borne. It gave serious offence—could not be overlooked or forgotten, although a better temperance lecture—one better fitting the time, and occasion, could not have been given. What a blessed thing it would be, if all church dignitaries were thus abstemious, and as bold and uncompromising in proclaiming their principles—especially when setting at defiance the pernicious customs and usages of genteel society.—*Rochester Journal*

[FOR THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

### The Request and Response.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

#### PART I.

(Scene. The outskirts of a large City.)

ERNEST. ARTHUR.

*Ernest.*

Welcome, my friend, we are well met to-night;  
Arthur, your hand. I have that now to say,  
For which, methinks, this evening hour suits well;  
The sun is sinking low behind the hills,  
Evening's chill breeze is sweeping o'er the plain,  
And now our daily duties all discharged,  
Together let us walk, and speak. Arthur, I have  
To lay before you one request of mine,  
Nor mine alone, for unknown numbers join.

*Arthur.*

Speak on, my friend, I listen to thy words;  
Request of Ernest's never can be wrong.

*Ernest.*

Hear me with patience, then; there is a measure,  
That many would adopt, many oppose;  
'To banish spirituous liquors from the land;  
Forbid their sale, but under such restrictions,  
And for such uses, as the law prescribes.  
'Tis hard to pass this measure, and we need  
Each voice, each hand, to aid us—Arthur's too,

*Arthur.*

I, too, have heard of this, but careless turned,  
Deeming such law required no thought of mine;  
We are but youths—what influence have we,  
To thwart, or to advance, such plan as this?

*Ernest.*

Young though we be, we have a heart to feel,  
A mind to think, a hand to execute;  
Our voice and our example have a power  
We must not undervalue or forget.  
Remember, Arthur, feeble instruments,

The mightiest events have oft times wrought;  
A stripping weak, a simple sling and stone,  
Defeated all Philistia's high built hopes,  
And bowed her haughty champion to the ground.

*Arthur.*

It may be so; what would ye have us do.

*Ernest.*

All—all—that mortals can; what power we have,  
Whether by word or deed, let it be thrown  
Gladly into the scale; all have some weight,  
Greater according to their rank and age,  
Yet all have influence—youth amongst the rest,  
Boldly let us stand forward and avow,  
Open and free, our union in this cause.  
And those, too, whom we hold most near and dear,  
Those bound to us by Nature's tender ties;  
Oh! let us gently strive to win them all,  
And by persuasion draw them to our side.  
Our young companions, or our chosen friends,  
Let us, too, seek to sway; touch their young hearts,  
Enlist their warmest feelings in the cause,  
Ask them to arm, to dare the *advancing* foe,  
And lead them forth to battle by our side.  
Arthur, once more, we must remember still,  
That Man with all his strength is impotent;  
And let us bend the knee before our God,  
Seeking with our whole hearts his hand to aid,  
His blessing to be shed upon *their* efforts,  
The Advocates, the Laborers, for this cause.  
Let us remember that this measure strong,  
Will pluck up by the root, the very worst  
Of those fell weeds, sown by the baneful hand,  
And nurtured by the power of drunkenness,  
That now spring up with dark, unnatural growth,  
And shade with gloomy cloud, a nation's glory.  
Vice, vice with all its forms, hateful, abhorrent,  
To His pure gaze,—our high and holy God.

*Arthur.*

'Tis true, indeed; and poverty, and shame,  
And degradation, are the Inebriate's lot;  
But still this measure is so strong, and yet  
Could one more weak to benefit be found?  
Then Ernest, are they so injurious  
As you suppose, the many houses where,  
Spirituous liquors, in all shapes, are sold.

*Ernest.*

Yes, Arthur, yes; oh! could we *all* but see,  
The wretchedness, the crime, that they have caused;  
The first false step, the second, and the third;  
The blighted hopes, the desolated homes,  
The love estranged, bowed forms, and broken hearts;  
The past, the present of such scenes as these  
Oh! who could meet and turn away unmoved.  
See, even while we speak, to yonder house,  
That wretched babe hastening; nightly haunt  
Of his, that long has been; sit daily too.  
See by his side, his wife with downcast look,  
Strives to keep pace with his unequal strides.  
Hark! we just catch her soft entreating voice,  
Now, now, her pleading looks are on him bent;  
He heeds her not; his heart is proof to all.  
One helpless babe clings round its mother's neck,  
One more, but little older, holds her hand,  
And see yon boy, creeping short space behind,  
With shamed and sorrowing look; he understands,  
Young though he be—how low his sire has fallen.  
Now, now, they stop, oh! will she yet prevail;  
No, ruffian like, he pushes her away,  
With brutal force; hark to that voice, that oath;  
Deep, fiercely uttered—there, the wretch goes in.

*Arthur.*

Sure he looked strangely; there was in his eye  
Even in the glance I caught, a something wild,  
Unnatural—that seemed to make me shudder;  
His countenance seemed to change—now pale, now flushed