

object in view. No caviller, no opponent of the Gospel of Christ, ought to be able to silence a minister of that Gospel, on the ground that he is living far below its holy and imperative requirements. With so many motives to extensive usefulness, and the urgent claims presented by the present condition of society, it is cause of grief and humiliation that ministers should occupy such a backward position in relation to our best enterprises.

Before Ministers of the Gospel can have any influence over the masses, they must become teetotalers. They must wipe their hands of the unclean thing. Mere professions of concern for the welfare of souls have now lost their power, and they excite disgust in many cases where there is a practice sanctioned which tends to ruin souls. Even the drunkard's sense of propriety is shocked when he sees the brewer's cart stop at the minister's door. The sot believes that teetotalism is a good thing, and it is his misfortune rather than his fault that he cannot practise it. The minister could adopt it, but will not; the inebriate would, but he cannot. This, though not invariable, is the case with thousands. The shepherd must lead the sheep, and in a safe path too, in imitation of his great Exemplar.

It is not a sufficient excuse—nay, it is no excuse at all—that the Temperance movement is not conducted so religiously as some people wish. We see no necessary connection between their drinking an improper article of diet, and the alleged improprieties of Temperance Societies. The practice of total abstinence as a truth and a duty is not deprived of its appropriate reward because some men who are teetotalers do not reflect much credit on the cause through their inconsistency on other subjects. Cleanliness is both agreeable and commendable; but we know some persons who are patterns in hydropathic ablutions, who are, nevertheless, given to many evil habits; and yet we are not disposed to give up the pleasures of a clean skin on any such ground as the example of such individuals furnishes. The duty of total abstinence is plain; the folly, not to say wickedness, of drinking is evident to all who wish to see it; and if Christian ministers are desirous that their work should prosper, that they may be free to reprove the great sin of our country, they must abandon the latter practice and adopt the former.—*British Temperance Advocate.*

Address delivered at a Meeting of the Township of Chatham Temperance Society.

BY ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

(Not to be read by fastidious Critics.)

MR. PRESIDENT,—

Though words are often too profuse,
And language but encumbers,
I've vainly tried to scrape my views
Into poetic numbers.

I take this method of address,
Because my fancy choose it;
And partly, too, I may confess,
That ye might be amused.

My verses roughly are compiled,
And with mistakes abounding;
And my ideas are as wild,
As the wild woods surrounding.

But, sir, a poor man he must be,
That no excuse can proffer;
The trade is almost new to me,
And that's the one I offer.

Of old King Alcohol I was
A lawful subject born, sir;
I was obedient to his laws—
I sometimes took a horn, sir.

Though in his service I confess
I held no lofty station,
Yet still I served him more or less
In my own situation.

Far as the joyous lark could wing
Aloft his airy pinion,
That cruel, bloody, tyrant king
Usurped as his dominion.

And there with arbitrary sway
He held in degradation,
Those subjects who to him did pay
Their servile adoration;

For groans and tears, and griefs and woes,
His kingdom did environ,—
He ruled, as many too well know,
As with a rod of iron.

A few their voices nobly raised
Against his reign of terror;
But all of them were stigmatised
As advocates of error.

And though beyond the ocean's roar
He thousands does devour,
Alas! I found on this wild shore
He reigned in all his power.

When settled here at first, ye know,
There seemed no disaffection;
But soon this place began to show
Some signs of insurrection.

A wonderful reform was nigh!
The trump of war was sounded;
And there ye raised your standard high,
And bravely rallied round it!

Ye seemed to be prepared like men
To meet no foeman coldly;
Ah! what a handful ye were then
To take the field so boldly!

When first the news of your revolt
Had reached my callous ear,
I was amused at the report,—
I laughed the sound to hear!

With every epithet of shame
Ye more or less were branded;
And many loudly did exclaim
That long ye would not stand it!

Old Alcohol had reigned so long,—
So firm was his position;
And his great army was so strong
To quell all opposition!