

## SECOND RECHABITE CELEBRATION, COOKSVILLE.

THE Rechabites in Cooksville, seem to be men of the right stamp, in whose hands such an enterprise, as that in which they are engaged, is likely to go a-head. From all accounts it would seem that they have "headed" Montreal, and are not behind Toronto, in the erection of a Hall devoted to the object of the Temperance Reformation; such enterprise and devotion deserve our best support. The second anniversary of Guardian Tent, held on the 2nd ult., has been a rather extra "manifestation," and cannot fail to have a happy effect on that community; the brethren on that occasion seem to have put their "best foot forward," and we would hope have made a step in advance. The arrangements seem to have been well made, their Hall beautifully decorated, the entertainment presenting everything that could be wished, an excellent choir and instrumental band in attendance, the meeting numerously attended, and the chair well filled with a respected brother of the order, the Rev. D. Wright. The interest was kept up till the last, though disappointed in some speakers from a distance, yet their places seem to have been well supplied by B. Ball, and R. McDonald, Esquires. We give below a short report of their speeches, which were well received. Mr. Ball, though unexpectedly called upon, addressed the meeting with good effect to the following purport:—

Mr. CHAIRMAN, Sir,—When I took my seat here, my eye accidentally fell upon that dismal picture, hung up to your sight, and my blood recoiled before the crowd of painful thoughts which rushed upon my mind, as I looked upon it, to think, that man whom the great Creator designed for such noble purposes, and upon whom the high Council of Heaven bestowed unlimited sovereignty over all the other creatures upon the earth,—that man to whom such an expansive intellect, such a comprehensive imagination, such a capability for progressive attainments and excellence, should be exhibited in association with the brutes that perish, whilst the too truthful canvasser asks the question, "*which of these is the most degraded animal?*" who does not shudder with the throng of humiliating emotions. But, melancholy as is the contrast there exhibited, this is, I am afraid, but too correct an illustration of the depth of degradation to which the corroding and soul-killing vice of intemperance, not infrequently reduces those of our fellow creatures who are its victims, and let me remind you that all such begin with the moderate use of alcohol, and sink by degrees into the ruinous abyss, until the picture on your right finally becomes a true portrait of their sad and fallen condition.

I have not the honor to belong to the order of Rechabites, but I greatly esteem them and their objects; and this village has cause to feel proud and thankful that such an institution should be flourishing in their midst, snatching old offenders from the burning, and arraying the young in the armour of Temperance. (Cheers.) I repeat, Sir, my hearty congratulations, and I participate in the proud feelings with which the society may justly regard the success which has attended their laudable efforts hitherto, and the satisfaction with which they may estimate the future by the earnest of the past. I feel, Sir, as it were, an intruder on this platform, I have opened the way for others to address you who can occupy your attention to more advantage.

The Chairman next introduced Mr. Roderick McDonald, who addressed the meeting as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, I feel considerable embarrassment and diffidence in addressing this large and respectable assem-

blage, this being the first time that it has devolved upon me to speak in public, on the grand and vitally important subject of Temperance. The brethren of the Order have, however, chosen to assign me the duty of representing them upon this platform; and, as a dutiful and good Rechabite, I could not shrink from any task which they might think proper to impose upon me. We have met here this evening, Sir, to celebrate the second anniversary of the most useful, the most benevolent, and the most important institution that ever was set on foot, for the moral reformation of man, either in Cooksville, or its adjacencies. This day two years, a few choice spirits, ten only in number, and their names are honourably registered there, (cheers) met in an obscure apartment in this village. Then and there, the small but determined band plighted and pledged themselves, each to the other, to erect a Tent unto Rechab,—to buckle on their armour, and to enter the lists against the most subtle, the most skilful, and the most potent general, that the arch-enemy of mankind ever sent to fight his cause, on the great battle field of this world. I was not at that time very conversant with the Society of Cooksville, but from what I know of mankind in general, I have no doubt that the chosen band had to listen to the cutting jeers, and profane jests of the uninitiated, and were doubtless denounced as mean, miserly hypocrites, soulless skinflints who would rather perish, as it were, of spontaneous combustion, than spend one of their beloved coppers in the purchase of a glass of generous liquor to allay their thirst. We had, Sir, this day, in our march through Sydenham, a specimen of the kind of reception which these stout-hearted pioneers encountered in the outset of their career. As we were quietly, but imposingly, pursuing our way in procession through that village, some old decayed corporal or drum-serjeant of General Alcohol, beat the tattoo and assailed our ears with a torrent of abuse and denunciation, couched in the classic language to which he had been accustomed in the camp of his master, as if he were eager to expend his last breath in the unhallowed service to which he had already sacrificed every earthly, and almost every eternal prospect; reminding one of the votaries of Bonaparte's guard, who were wont to toss up their amputated limbs in the air and exclaim, with their expiring breath, "*long live the Emperor!*" (Cheers.) Such is the insatiable devotion of the servants of General Alcohol; and I doubt not that such was the general treatment which our Rechabite fathers frequently encountered in the outset. I have no doubt that many an old sinning seer like the one I alluded to, whose deep potations had often impressed him with the belief, that he possessed what in Scotland we would call the *second sight*, whilst he was merely seeing double from the effects of having "both eyes wet,"—that he had the spirit of prophecy whilst he was only labouring under the spirit of Barleycorn, predicted a speedy downfall and dissolution to the Guardian Tent of Cooksville. But Sir, and I need not say it, this day has falsified these predictions. The long line of sturdy Rechabites, who this afternoon perambulated the streets of Cooksville and Sydenham, with clear head and steady step, bears ample testimony to the success which has crowned the efforts of that banded few. This spacious building which has sprung up, as it were, by talismanic agency, almost in the midst of the wilderness, and where we are now met under such auspicious circumstances, gives cheering evidence that the Rechabites of Cooksville are stout of heart and eminently prosperous. Yea, and they will prosper; for, when lewd taunts and obscene jests were setting the tap-room in a roar at their expense, the silent prayers of the worse than widowed drunkard's wife, and her helpless orphans, were ascending to the throne of heaven, and bidding them God speed! Those bold and benevolent pioneers could now afford to smile on the sarcasms which still were uttered, in the suppressed tones of conscious discomfiture, and could now look