

up to me a number of the *Olive Plant*, I exclaimed, "wonders will never cease—what on earth have the Ladies to do with Temperance Societies?"

My wife told me they were vitally interested in the matter, and could exercise a great influence. "For instance," says she, "here's our daughter Betsey who is nearly engaged to Bob Jones. If she should resolve not to have him until he left off drinking gin-slugs and smoking segars, it would make a better man of him."

"I hope," said I, "she will not run the risk of making herself a sigma-solitary by trying the experiment, for Bob, with all his petty vices and indulgences, is in the main a good fellow and worth a handsome property. So I hope Betsey will not break her heart or spoil her market for any Temperance fanaticism."

Now my Betsey is a very good girl—goes to church, teaches Sunday School, and became greatly engaged in the Ladies' Temperance Society. She knew the habits of Robert Fairlow, and wished him to amend; but for a long time had too much delicacy to utter a word of admonition or reproof. One night, however, the young man came intoxicated into her presence. She seemed to take but slight notice of it at the time, but sent him the next day the total abstinence pledge, with her written resolution never to see him again unless he signed it.

The results were as I had feared. Bob was too proud to yield to dictation, and drank more than ever. My daughter too suffered extremely, and I did not know what might be the result of the matter.

One evening, however, it was two months after the lovers' quarrel, I went to a Washingtonian meeting to hear B—— and W—— declaim. There I met with poor Bob, but so wretched and woe-begone did he look that I scarcely knew him. He concealed himself in a dark corner till one of the speakers remarked, that "any young lady might better run the risk of breaking her heart by rejecting a drunkard, than be certain to break it by marrying a wretch who would consign her and a helpless family to poverty, disgrace, and wretchedness!" He then called upon every man who had a sweetheart who was nearer to his heart than pride, and whom he loved better than rum, to come forward and sign the pledge. I saw Bob step forward, a flood of tears rolled down his cheeks, I aided him to the table when he signed the covenant, and a change like sunlight out of darkness came over his whole demeanour.

"Betsey was right," said he, "and I love her ten times more than ever, and I am convinced that she will love me ten times more than ever after this. Here, father-in-law, carry her home that love-letter," handing us the certificate of F—— H——, President of the Washingtonians.

Now this calling me father-in-law, was a little bit in advance, and a slight bit either for the young people were married but one week afterwards, and a better couple never blessed a parent's hopes of old age.—*Olive Plant*.

Ministerial Faithfulness

To Church Members who sell Strong Drink.

We have never yet met a man under the influence of religious principle, and unconnected with the spirit-traffic, who was quite satisfied that the keepers of spirit-cellars and of such places where intoxicating drink alone is sold, are engaged in a calling which Christianity sanctions. There is a something in this business which, even to the mind of the mere moralist, presents an aspect of wrong doing, and it is no wonder that the conscience of every Christian should condemn it. We have often wondered how the pastors of those churches, in whose fellowship such persons are found, can justify themselves for receiving and retaining them in their communion in the full knowledge of the nefarious traffic in which they are engaged. The minister of Christ is

bound by the law of His Master to watch over his flock, and to see that the calling and conduct of every one of them are such as becometh saints. It will not do to plead ignorance of the precise nature of those doings to which these persons are daily and hourly accessory in ministering to the depraved appetite of the intemperate, or, what is equally bad, corrupting the morals of the young by creating in them this appetite. We have our eye on some mammoth spirit-dealers, besides a host of smaller fry, who take their seat regularly in the house of God, and at the table of Christ who live, and feast, and fatten on the carnage caused by the prosperity of their circumstances; and, in case any of these good men who stand in the relation of pastors to them, should plead ignorance of the kind of business they follow, they have only to pay them a visit on a Saturday evening—observe their actions—the appearance and character of their customers—the effect of their commodity on the minds and hearts of those infatuated men and women who seek happiness from the gill-stoup; and should farther inquiry be necessary, a visit to the fireless hearth, unfurnished house, and starving family of these devotees of drink will convince them of the inhuman and unchristian vocation of the dramseller. In visiting the poor, but pious artisan, the minister of Christ may sit down, and with pleasure see him ply his useful trade; but the business of the whisky-dealer will not bear to be scanned by a religious man—his moral sense would sicken at the sight—the Devil and the drink would appear so obviously conjoined, that he could not fail to observe the hand of the one in the doings of the other; and the idea of a child of God and joint-heir with Christ being employed as the agent in this black business, would be to him so revolting that no process of persuasion would be necessary to convince him that the traffic was not only unchristian, but superlatively inhuman. If such be the case and, if in point of fact, it be found that in many churches, who profess to maintain discipline, there are those in fellowship who, "by this craft have their wealth," upon whom lies the sin of this dereliction of religious duty and desecration of religious privilege? This is an important question, both as it affects the well-being of the church, and the eternal welfare of these erring men. No church can enjoy the Divine blessing in which such Achans are permitted to nestle, and those, who not only suffer sin upon their brother, but bind him more closely to his sin by the sacred bonds of Christian fellowship, must answer to God for this fatal abuse of religious privilege. His blood—the blood of his soul—will be required at their hands, for they saw him drawn unto death, and forbore to deliver him. It will not do to cast all the blame on the office-bearers of the church. They are doubtless blameworthy; but in the present state of public opinion and general practice, to keep out, or cast out such men is more than they dare. The churches would not, and could not, with consistency, concur in any such attempt. As long as Christians, buy and use these liquors there will be found professing Christians who will sell them; and with whatever degree of loathing the former may look on the occupation of the latter, and wish the church freed of their fellowship, they must not move in the matter—they are art and part in the iniquity of these men, and must submit to see those laying hold of the cup of the Lord who handle the cup of devils, day after day, knowing well that their most frequent customers are fast hastening to damnation. We illustrate this part of our subject by an actual occurrence. A Secession church in Ayrshire was called to receive a member by certificate from a sister church, and when the minister and his session were about to enrol his name, the question was put,—What is he going to do? It was answered—He is about to open a public-house or spirit-cellar. On hearing this one of the session said,—I do not think that a person who gains his livelihood by selling drink ought to be received into the fellowship of the church. This startling opinion caused a momentary silence, after which one of the elders rejoined,—If we are to keep spirit-dealers