

of the British nation in producing and purchasing intoxicating drinks, to an extent that will yet, in a coming age, awaken amazement as great as that which we feel in looking back on the anarchy and bloodshed that characterised feudal times.

A late report on British Prisons gives the following appalling statistics of the national expenditure on intoxicating liquors of different kinds:

"In 1845, 23,000,000 gallons of British spirits paid duty; and more than 10,300,000 gallons of foreign wines and spirits were retained for home consumption. The retailers of beer were 123,596; of spirits, 93,515. The expenditure in drink exceeds, by five millions sterling, the declared value of the exports of the United Kingdom, and is about five times the amount of all the local taxation of the country, poor-rates included."

"IN THE SWEAT OF THY FACE SHALT THOU EAT BREAD."

The following extract is an admirable comment on this,—the doom of man. It is taken from the sketch of Father Chiniquy's Discourses on Temperance, furnished by a correspondent, to the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, of the 15th May. We doubt not that our readers will agree with us in thinking that there is both ingenuity, truth and eloquence in the passage:—

I went forth into the fields—I beheld the cultivator at his weary toil—he had ploughed his field—he was bowed down with the weariness of labor,—the perspiration rolled down the furrows of his rugged cheeks—and I said, it is the curse upon our race from the days of Noah. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Again I went—again he was ploughing the land a second time. Oh! miserable dweller upon earth—how he labors through the thick hard soil—how terrible the curse "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread!" I went again;—he was sowing his seed—and I said, Oh, good Lord, is not this sufficient? already three times he has watered the ground with the sweat of his brow: shall he not now eat his bread? And the Lord answered, no; he must toil more—he must exhaust more strength—the curse must be accomplished—"by the sweat of his brow he must eat bread." I went again;—it was summer—the hot sun beat fiercely upon the head of the poor cultivator—the perspiration rushed from all the pores of his body, and poured down to his feet—he was reaping the bright grain which he laid on the long furrows—and I said, Oh, Lord, is not this enough? Shall he not eat his bread? Behold, four times he has watered the ground with the sweat of his brow—of what terrible sin has he been guilty?—shall he not now eat his bread?—is not the curse accomplished? Oh, miserable son of Adam, to what a hard destiny are you doomed! And the Lord answered, no; it is not sufficient—the curse is not completed—"by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread"—his punishment is not over—there is more care, more anxiety, more labor, more prostration of energies, required of him. Then I saw the toil-worn cultivator turn the ripe grain that it might dry—then bind it into sheaves—then cart it to his barn—then thrash the bright shaves—then winnow the grain from the chaff—then carry it to the mill—then brought home it was kneaded into loaves—then cast into the oven it was baked—and then he gave bread to his children. Oh, dreary doom to the unfortunate son of Adam—oh, terrible curse, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." It is only at the end of six months' toil and exhaustion, that thou canst give bread to thy children. Oh, implacable spirit of Jehovah!—but no; God is good—he is kind—he is beneficent to all his creatures. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Six months of intense toil has been required from the cul-

tivator as the price of his bread, but this, this (holding up a glass of water,) this, has been given us for nothing. Oh, the goodness, the wisdom, the benevolence, of our Creator! He has taken away one half the curse. This element, so pure, so beautiful, so exquisite, which we would go to the ends of the earth to seek, is given to us freely—freely in all times, in all places, and without bounds. It gushes from the rocks—it rolls down from the mountains—it flows past us in mighty rivers. Oh, the beneficence and the wisdom of our bounteous Creator; let us prostrate ourselves in thankfulness for this inestimable gift.

Then I saw in the fathomless abyss—in the depths of hell—SATAN, and he summoned his devils around him, and he said, Behold God has not cursed man enough; he is doomed to only six months of labor for his bread, and he gets his drink free; he is too happy and too virtuous upon earth, let us devise means to turn men into brutes, and make them miserable. Then they invented distilleries and alcohol, and sent lying spirits abroad to persuade men that it was good, and the whole world was made miserable; for the people, after laboring six months for their bread, were compelled to labor six more for their drink, and there was no more peace upon the earth.

PRESBYTERY EXAMINED.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, LONDON.

The work which bears this title is of no common interest. Its noble author, while yet a minor, and before he had succeeded to the Ducal Coronet, published "a letter to the Peers, from a Peer's son." In that publication he ably proved that the Church of Scotland, in 1842, was acting within the laws, and according to her own constitution, in rejecting the presentee to Auchterarder upon the ground of the opposition of the congregation. The Duke, however, does not appear to have acted consistently with the views which he then held—for while the principles which determined the Secession, in 1843, were all involved in the Auchterarder case, he continued with the Establishment at the Disruption. The drift of the present publication seems to be to show that while the principles contended for, and suffered for, by the Free Church, have been those of the Church of Scotland from the days of Melville—as expressed in her standards, and witnessed for by her confessors and martyrs, they are yet destitute of any scriptural foundation. The inference, consequently, is, that all the labors and contendings of those worthies have been "for nought and in ruin!"

The doctrine contained in these words of our own confession, *the Lord Jesus Christ, as King and Head of the Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hands of Church officers distinct from the civil magistrate*, may be said to be the very germ of the principles which have evoked the disruption. We grieve to think that the Duke of Argyll has set himself to controvert this doctrine. He seems to think that the civil government, in the hands of supposed Christian men, may quite legitimately interfere with the internal affairs of the Church, in the way of regulating and altering them. And with such power, of course, the act of Queen Anne's Parliament in establishing patronage, or of Queen Victoria's, in confirming and modifying it, must be regarded as quite constitutional.

But the Duke will find few Presbyterians to agree with him in avowing the Erastian views which he has adopted, however much the members of the Scottish Establishment may practically concur with him. The Establishment, as well as all other Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, still profess the doctrine of the confession which the Duke assails. Now, would it not be well for his grace, as a member of that establishment, to agitate for a change in the doctrine? He might find not a few disposed to concur with him. Few indeed of any class in Britain, can number among their ancestors, men who witnessed and suffered so bravely for Christ and his cause, as did the chiefs of the house of Argyll, during what is known in Scotland as the first and second reformation. Castle Campbell is more illustrated as the spot where the Earl of Argyll entertained Knox, and protected him in preaching the Gospel to his benighted countrymen, than by all the romantic beauty of its site on the swelling bosom of the Ochils. Two Earls in succession laid down their heads on the block, maintaining the very principles which, we grieve to think, their descendant is now repudiating. But "as the memory of the just is blessed," or "for a blessing," we would willingly hope that the present Duke may even yet see the unscripturalness of the views which he has adopted, and be brought to emulate and surpass the spiritual attainments of the best of his forefathers.

The last of these who suffered before laying down his head on the Maiden—so the Scottish gallows was called, exclaimed, "I die not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, Prelacy, and all superstition whatsoever." The Duke, in his Essay, shows that he retains something of his ancestral hatred of Scottish Prelacy. It would appear, that, with his somewhat lax views of Church Government, he had, until lately, been in communion with the Episcopal Church in Scotland, as well as with the Established Church there. But, he has been debarred from the communion of the former by one of her bishops, and that, because of the testimony borne in the Essay to the popish and persecuting spirit of ancient Scottish Episcopacy.

The modern Bishop, who is so tender of the reputation of Archbishop Sharpe, and his compeers, may at least have the credit of consistency, and the Kirk Session of Inverary may take a lesson—if they be indeed very jealous for that doctrine of the Confession of Faith which has been openly impugned and denied by the Ducal member of their congregation—and should call him to account for his grievous error.

We here give a place to the Duke's testimony to the constitutionality of the Free Church of Scotland:—

"The struggle which has ended in the formation of the Free Church originated very much in the same cause from which all the former struggles of Presbytery began. It arose from the principles of Presbytery being infringed—in violation of natural right, and of positive institution—by an unconstitutional use being made of that statute's provisions; and its fatal result was precipitated by the most blind and prejudiced obstinacy on the part of the civil government. The Government of 1637 were hardly more ignorant of the elements they had to deal with than the