

EXPLANATION.

The duties of my calling requiring my presence at Brockville a few days since, a friend put into my hand, a Sermon (so called) by the Rev. E. Denroche, Episcopal Clergyman of that town, which I attentively perused, I must confess, with mingled feelings of grief and disgust. It professes to be, 'An Apology for the doctrine of Scriptural Temperance, or the Church of Christ the true Temperance Society;' but is, in fact, (despite the Rev. Author's *laboured* disclaimer) a virtual 'Committal to Intemperance. And if I am not in error, is aptly illustrated by the following colloquy:—

Darby,—"I say, Paddy, that same drinkin's the ruination of auld Ireland, an' more nor that, I'll maintain—"

Paddy,—"Bad manners to yes—now hould yer tongue—Arrah! what'd ye be at, at all, at all, without the whiskey? What'd become of our Fairs, an' Patrums, an' our Wakes, an' our buryin's, without the drop?"

In my humble opinion, there are sentiments and statements in the 'Preach' referred to, which require considerable *straitening*—and forasmuch as the Rev. Gentleman has honored his humble servant with a passing notice in *that same* production, a number of Reasons press upon me (with a force amounting nearly to Moral obligation) the onerous duty of offering a few *Strictures* upon it, by way of *Improvement*, to be presented to the '*Candid Public*,' as circumstances may authorize or dictate.

Prescott, May, 1840.

THE AUTHOR.

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