

Sunk was his cheek, unnerv'd his arm,
And every sudden sound that came,
Rais'd in his feeble mind alarm,
And shook the poor inebriate's frame;
E'en speech was trembling on his tongue,
Ere despair'd zeal his fibres strung.

"Talk not," he said, "of mercy now:
I cease to hope, and cease to pray;
What mercy can they think to know,
Who run to well-known danger's way?
How can the tale for which ye press
Add pain to full—full wretchedness?"

Oh! had I died a guiltless child!
And quench'd the unsuspecting joy
That fondest parents' heart beguil'd,—
They said I was a lovely boy:
They told me much of Heaven and truth,
From childhood to accomplish'd youth.

My father in : one days of hope,
Was to his son an erring guide:
He sat me on a slipp'ry slope,
And told his Tyro not to slide:
He gave the cup by which I fell,
And charg'd me not to love it well.

That needless cup! I drank and drank,
I could not drink and love it not,
From year to year I deeper sank,
And marr'd my wife's, my children's lot.
These need not task description's power:
Who cannot paint a state like ours?

Who cannot? rather say, who can?
'Tis true the passer-by might see
I was but relic of a man—
Worn relic of a woman *she*
But who can paint the scene within—
The depth of sorrow and of sin?

"I warn thee," said a faithful friend,
'Fast thou art hast'ning to the grave;
I would a fam'd prescription send—
Well used, 'tis all but sure to save.'
I gravely promis'd—begg'd the scroll,
He wrote, 'Abstain from Alcohol.'

Oh! horns was the burning fire,
That ceaseless crav'd its feeding draught!
I sternly met the keen desire,
And cooling potions only quaff'd.
They who have fought a fight like mine,
Alone can know my dread of wine.

Resolv'd whate'er the conflict cost,
My awful promise to fulfill:
Month after month, though tempted, toss'd,
Had found me firm, triumphant still,
When—hear, ye Christian preachers, near,
I broke it in the house of pray'r!

From that dark hour I never felt
A moment's strength to turn from wine.
My heart may ache, but will not melt,
No mercy cheers my life's decline.
I feel my spirit sink away;
Behold its temple in decay.

Yes, O ye friends of human kind!
Go warn, and where you can, prevail!
Tho' some will cavil, some will mind
A poor backslider's dismal tale.
Go warn, the zealous, zealously,
To leave each brother's conscience free.

Say to the bold and ardent young—
Abhor the cup of woe and strife
While by the adder yet unstung,
And tranquil flow the streams of life,
For none can measure—none can name
Its power to fire another's frame,

Say to the wand'rer who hath been
Restor'd and tasted peace again—
'Regard the monitor *within*
Before the words of wisest men.
When these bestow their eager cares
To make thy conscience yield to theirs.

'Ah!' some will say, 'haste to forsake
Thy scruples, and regain thy stand;
Fanatics they must be who make
Divisions in religion's band.'
Plead—plead with these, in gentle might;
But firmly keep 'hy Christian right.

Ask Abram's sons if, when the Jews
Supp'd with their Lord, the Nazarene,
Strong wines fermented they would use?
And where such record may be seen?
'Christian,' they cry, 'hast thou forgot,
Our nation's law allow'd it not?'

You have my tale—go seek the stray,
That mercy's God may be your friend.
From dangers met in mercy's way,
The God of mercy will defend;
And never, never, may you be
Companions of the lost like me!

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21—
Macnught's Translation.

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY

MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1845.

OBJECTIONS TO A CHRISTIAN'S JOINING TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

(Concluded.)

'The flesh may restrain itself—make "a fair show;" but in its best and fairest condition it is wholly a corrupt thing, for, "who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Offensive as this truth is, it is nevertheless truth; and it is the very ground on which God presses Christ Jesus on men. This truth it is which, at the same moment, discloses our need and magnifies God's grace. Any thing, therefore, which touches this must be most evil;—a Christian had better suffer the reproach of abstaining from many of men's schemes of usefulness, than in the remotest degree offend against God's precious truth.

Whatever men, therefore, may think to make of man—whatever they may please to call what they produce from man—let Christians beware of confounding, or being identified with any thing which confounds, the restraint or comeliness of the flesh with the fruits and graces of the Spirit.

Temperance Societies do confound these things: they attach Scriptural commendations of fruits of the Spirit to what must be, on their own showing, fruits of the flesh only. And such Societies do this as one of the necessary consequences of their constitution. As Societies, they have not the power to discriminate these things. There is only one Society which has, or can have, such discrimination—I mean, "the Church of the living God." That temple whose stones are redeemed, quickened saints, "built together for an habitation of God through the Spirit."

'This is the only "Society" to which a saint can consistently belong.

But, fourthly.—When God speaks words of grace to rebels, enemies, it is needful that he provide for His own holiness while doing so, lest that be compromised. Now God does this when speaking the Gospel to sinners; for while therein God has provided most effectually for the sinner's salvation, He has not less provided for His own holiness. He speaks of mercy, to the guilty