

This is the policy of all such men. They find themselves in the awkward position of resisting a great and important reformation; and the very desperation of such a project, maddens them to the advocacy of schemes, without the shadow of reason to rest on.

The Rev. Robert Murray decries the Societies already formed for the suppression of intemperance; he ranks them on the side of the infidel, and declares them contrary to the Bible and the goods of mankind. Total abstinence from intoxicating liquor he regards as an ally to all iniquity; and its advocates, as ignorant and wicked men. But still he wishes intemperance finished; and the Society he proposes is, THE CHURCH. He says: "The Church of Christ is a Temperance Society, founded on pure and holy principles, and it is of this Society that we would urgently entreat you all to become members."

The Church! What does the Rev. Robert Murray mean by the Church? Surely, a body of professing Christians, under the care of a pastor and elders; such, for example, as his own Church; or, if he please, such as the Church of Scotland. This is the Temperance Society which the Rev. R. Murray conceives "perfectly efficient to stem throughout the world the tide of intemperance." But we are provoked to inquire, Why has not the Church of Scotland put an end to intemperance in Scotland? Why have not those Churches in this Province, connected with the Kirk, put an end to drunkenness within their bounds? How comes it to pass, that both ministers and elders belonging to these Churches have been allowed to reel intoxicated in the street? How comes it to pass, that members of these Churches—in numbers that appear incredible—under the pastoral care of such Ministers as the Rev. Robert Murray, have gone down to the drunkard's grave, to the drunkard's miserable eternity, in spite of the Church?

If the Church be "efficient" to stem the tide of intemperance, why has the world held up to ridicule and reproach both minister, elder, and flock for their inveterate drunkenness? Look at this Temperance Society—the Kirk—its members making whiskey for the world—selling it, wholesale and retail, in every city of the empire, and every where else, too, when they can do it to advantage; and drinking it to absolute and habitual intoxication! Such a Temperance Society! We know elders in that Church, tavern-keepers; whose houses are, in the judgment of charity, more akin to Pandemonium than to the dwellings of the Saints; the rendezvous of the profane, the licentious, and the inebriate; whose influence on the souls of men, for evil, is tenfold greater than the influence of the pulpit upon them for good; yet these elders are in good and regular standing in the Church—they are members of the Rev. Robert Murray's Temperance Society. Within our own limited sphere of observation, we have known Ministers stagger from the manse to the church, and fall on the pulpit stairs—drunk. How did this happen, if the Church be efficient to stem the tide of intemperance?

In the town of Dumfries (Scotland), last March, at two o'clock, P. M., it being the fair day, a servant maid was seen leading a cart loaded with sacks of meal, through the main street; and on top of the sacks, with his arms extended, and his feet hanging over the side, there lay the Rev. ———, Minister of ——— parish, beastly intoxicated. The melancholy spectacle was witnessed by hundreds, in deep sorrow. Neither was it his first offence. Presbytery had several times interferred, but no witness appeared to testify that the Rev. ——— was actually drunk; and he was allowed to pursue his career—stemming, after Mr. Murray's method, the tide of intemperance, until, alas! the tide carried him away in the manner above described.

The Church with which Mr. Murray is connected (and the same thing is true of every other Church adopting his views), has been unable to keep down intemperance among her Ministers: how, then, will she keep it down in the world? At all events, if that Church be able, she is not willing; ministers, and elders, and people, by word and example, and by fraud as well as by stealth, are actually doing what they can to widen and deepen the tide. It widens, and deepens, and boils furiously under their management. Do not blame them if the world be not plentifully supplied with excellent Scotch Whisky.

It is utterly vain to tell us the Church is sufficient to put down intemperance. Had the Church been sufficient, intemperance had never come in. But it has come in, and borne off thousands from

the very midst of the Church, to a miserable eternity. And who does not know that intemperance has been begotten in the Church, brought up in the Church, died in the Church, and buried in the Church? It has disregarded her discipline; ridiculed her rebukes; resisted her prayers, tears, and entreaties; turned a deaf ear to her exhortations; and set her every effort at defiance. But we do not blame the Church for not doing what, with her present false views, it is, and ever must be, impossible for her to do. Until she takes the high ground, and the safe ground of abstinence from all that intoxicates, her influence against intemperance will never weigh a feather; and her attempts to put a stop to its ravages will just be, what they have already been, a complete and a calamitous failure.

The woeful experience of 300 years is sufficient to establish this position. The history of the past, silences for ever such men as the Rev. Robert Murray on this subject. While reason remains, experience must guide us; and on this ground we cannot but regard his views as essentially false. The Society he proposes has had a fair trial for three centuries, but has signally failed: we therefore have no hope of it now. We discard the reasonings of the Rev. Robert Murray for once and for ever as useless. The world will never profit by them: intemperance will abound, and devour, and destroy, in spite of them: they will for ever expose religion to reproach, and man to destruction; and we therefore abandon them to their deserved oblivion.

We would direct the attention of our distant subscribers to the terms of our paper on the first page, as some appear to have forgotten them. All communications and remittances to be *post paid* are the terms. Every one will see the necessity of this, when the very low price of the *Advocate* is considered; and also, that the postage on every paper has to be paid here by us, before it leaves the city. Another thing—Upper Canada money is at a discount here, and we cannot get its full value for it. Not long since we received a letter (postage not paid) enclosing Upper Canada bills, and yet the number of copies for the full amount was wanted. We have never complained before, and hope we shall not have to do so again; but we have concluded to adopt the plan, to send just as many papers as the net proceeds of funds sent will pay for, and no more. And now that we are on the subject of funds, we would remind many of our Subscribers, that they have not paid for the last year; their names having been continued from the previous year in expectation of their remaining as Subscribers. Can they not find some way of remitting the amount?

We are desirous of obtaining the name of every Clergyman and Schoolmaster in the two Provinces, for the purpose of sending them a copy of the *Advocate* GRATIS. Our friends in every quarter will forward the cause by assisting us in this matter.

For the *Canada Temperance Advocate*:

"I MUST HAVE IT."

How strong is the drunkard's appetite. A gentleman travelling a few years since in Illinois, came to a river which he wished to cross. While waiting for the ferry-boat to return from the opposite side, he stepped into the ferry-house. He found in the room into which he went, a good fire to warm himself, and a wooden bench to sit upon. The only other article in the room was a barrel of whiskey, which stood in one corner, ready tapped. He heard laughter in the other part of the building, but still remained his seat. Soon, a man came in whose clothes were ragged, and whose whole appearance indicated the drunkard. He held in his hand a tin cup, and with it went to the whiskey barrel, drew out some, and drank it raw. The gentleman began to tell him the evils of drinking, and recommended that he should take the barrel out of doors and pour the whiskey on the ground. "I know all that you can tell me about the evils," said the man, "two men" (and he spoke the truth) "have died here, since that barrel was brought into the house, and I expect to die before it is gone, but I must have it."

Query.—Will the man who sold that barrel of whiskey, be guilty of the ruin of these souls in the last great day?

MELVIN.