Temperance.

AN INCIDENT IN FATHER TAYLOR'S LIFE.

I was in Father Taylor's study, talking with him about his eventful life. We were discussing some features of the temperance question, when he took down from a shelf a plain pocket Bible, and asked me to examine it. On the fly-leaf was written, "To ——, from his mother." Turning over the pages, I observed that in some places they were torn, blistered, and stained with blood. I asked for the history. He replied:—

"Some years ago I was sent for in great haste to visit a young man who was dangerously ill. I went to the house. In a miserable garret I found a lad, pale, weak, and faint from the loss of blood. He told me he had been attacked with a severe hemorrhage, and knew that he was soon to die; that he had been leading a life of dissipation, had become a slave to drink, and by it had been brought to his present condition. 'My mother,' he said, 'was a godly woman. She instructed me faithfully, prayed for me tenderly, and tried to make me a good man. I left home, and came to Boston to make my own living. I intended to do right, and follow my mother's counsels. Her last gift to me was this Bible. At first I read it daily, and attended worship every Sabbath; but I fell into bad company, and gradually went astray, until I lost all my manliness and became a wretched drunkard. I have burst a blood-vessel, and am dying. For God's sake, and my mother's, pray for me.' I left him in great distress. The next day I found him dead. He was lying with this book clasped to his lips. It was wet with his tears and blood, and torn with his convulsive agonies.

"Some years after, I made a temperance speech in Philadelphia. I related the incident, and held up the book as I did so. There was a stir in the audience. A poor woman, with a sad, heart-broken expression, arose and tottered to the platform. She implored me to let her take the book. The stillness of the room was terrible. Every eye was fixed upon her. With trembling hands she turned to the fly-leaf—then, with a scream fell fainting to the floor.

"She had read the name of her own son, and for the first time knew of his sad fate."

KING ALCOHOL.

The history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage and ruin.

He has taken the glory of health from the cheek, and placed there the reddish hue of the wine cup.

He has taken the lustre from the eye and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face, and left it ill-shapen and bloated.

He has taken strength from the limbs and made them weak and tottering.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the steps and made them faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vigor from the arm and left flabbiness and weakness.

He has taken vitality from the blood, and filled it with poison and seeds of disease and death.

He has transformed this body, fearfully and wonderfully and majestically made, God's master-piece of animal mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain—the temple of thought—dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from the eye, and exchanged for it the stupid stare of idiotcy and dullness.

He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from off the face and left the marks of sensuality and brutishness.

He has bribed the tongue to utter madness and cursing.

He has taken cunning from the hands, and turned them from the deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship and planted the seeds of enmity.

He has made a kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer.

He has transformed the loving mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient and affectionate sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of home.

He has taken luxuries from off the table, and compelled men to cry on account of famine, and beg for bread.

He has stripped backs of their broadcloth and silk, and clothed them with rags.

He has stolen men's palaces, and given them wretched hovels in exchange.

He has taken away acres and given not even a decent burial place in death.

He has filled our streets and byways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

He has filled to overflowing our penitentiaries and houses of correction.

He has peopled with his multitude our poor-houses.

He has straitened us for room in our insane asylums.

He has filled our world with tears and groans, with the poor and helpless, with wretchedness and want.

He has banished Christ from the heart, and erected a hell within.

These are the counts of our indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.

WHAT IS WHISKEY BRINGING?

"What is whiskey bringing?" asked a dealer in this article one day. He meant to ask how much it is selling for.

A gentleman who heard the question took it in a different sense from that.

"What is whiskey bringing? do you ask. I'll tell you. It is bringing men to prison, and to the gallows, and it is bringing women and children to poverty and want!"

There never was a truer answer than that.

It is estimated that one hundred thousand men and women are sent to prison every year.

Twenty thousand children are sent to the poor-house.

Three hundred murders are caused by intemperance every year.

Two hundred thousand children are made orphans every year by this dreaded evil, and sixty-five thousand are killed by intemperance every year in this country.

When intemperance kills men, it destroys the *soul* as well as the body. The Bible tells us that "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God," (1. Cor. vi. 10.) Suppose that you and I could stand at some place where we could see this army of sixty-five thousand drunkards go reeling down to death, and watch them as they pass. With their wretched, bloated faces, we see them stagger on, and drop into the grave. And suppose, at the same time, we could see their souls plunging into that dreadful place to which God tells us drunkards must go;—how terrible it would be! Do you think that after seeing such a sight we should ever be willing to drink, or to learn to drink.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY AND MAN'S ACCOUNTABILITY.

AN ESSAY PREPARED BY REQUEST AND READ BY THE REV. WILLIAM MCPHEE, AT BADDECK, BEFORE THE CAPE BRETON MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.

(Published by special request.)

(Concluded.)

Now, to our second point: man's accountability. If God, on account of the helplessness of the sinner had, in love, to undertake his salvation, according to an eternal plan; how can God be just, in holding him helpless, accountable?

We must acknowledge, that there are many passages in God's word, beyond our comprehension; but, where we cannot comprehend, we must exercise faith, for God speaks.

There are also certain emotions of the mind, the cause of which we may not be able, fully to comprehend, yet, cannot help being under their control, and rest satisfied, that all is right. Similar to this, is the renewed soul. Though I know, and gladly feel, that my salvation, since my first conviction of sin, till my embracing Jesus, and finally safe in eternal glory, is all of free grace; that to add any of my doings for the purpose of advancing the same, would be subversive of the Gospel, as well as ruinous to my own soul; yet, I cannot help exerting myself, as if all depended on my doing; and sometimes may tremble, fearful of intruding upon the prerogative of free grace, and sometimes judge within myself, as of seeming irreconcilableness, yet, gladly enjoy the sweet harmony of grace and responsibility, producing in me grateful and active obedience. Both combined, stimulate me to work for God; yea, to work for my own soul.

Indeed, a sense of accountableness is a law of the human mind, interwoven with the very existence of the moral creature. The conviction of sin, of consequent guilt, and of accountableness to the Supreme Being against whom sin is committed, is a universal axiom. The heathens, feeling the unbearable weight of their guilt, and an awful sense of accountableness, in the hope of appeasing the anger of the Supreme Spirit, sacrifice their own children, and subject themselves to various and cruel bodily tortures. Poor creatures! They do not know that the debt is already paid—that their guilt is laid upon another. The Lord hasten the day when they may know to the utmost bounds of the earth.

Consult sinners in christian lands, though they seem more obdurate, as to a sense of sin, than even the heathen themselves, and what must their confession be? That, notwithstanding at times they may forget themselves, flattered with self-gratification, and worldly pleasure; yet, in their more sober moments, they are the subjects of bitter remorse and fearful forebodings in view of the terrible fact, that they must render an account to God. No wonder, when they persist in despising expostulations as well as the warning voice of the glorious Saviour, richly scattered throughout the Book, such as the following: "As I live saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." "Return ye, return ye, why will ye die," "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," "What shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel." "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."—"O Israel thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." Their doom is the more intolerable, because Jesus, by the sacrifice of himself, has removed every obstacle out of the way, so that if they perish it is because they will perish.

The fallen Angels themselves are not exempt from an awful sense of accountableness; for they believe and tremble. They know that the judgment day is drawing nigh; when their punishment, which is to be perpetuated parallel with eternity, will increase in terribleness, and will not the punishment of men, continuing unto the end impenitent, be more dreadful? Yes indeed. The fallen angels will not remember a time, when mercy was spurned—when a Saviour's love was despised; the remembrance of which to Gospel despises, will add twofold terror, to the already too terrible condition. Oh that sinners every where would consider this, in time, and turn unto the Lord.

The cause of man's rebellion against God and persistency in rejecting the Gospel, lies not, in his non-ability, but in the perverseness of the will. He was originally left to the freedom of his own will. It was not too much with the glorious Creator to grant him the same without freedom of will he could not be himself—could not be happy. No power on earth, or in hell, could have compelled man to act against his will. He was subject only to God by the covenant of works; obedience to that covenant, being man's own freedom, safety and life.

How vain, how far from quieting the conscience, were the excuses of our first parents! whereas, the truth was they had grown discontented under the easy yoke of their bountiful Creator, they lusted after that which was forbidden; having lusted, they willed to eat thereof; and having eaten, they became guilty; and in, and through them all their posterity for ever.

One is ready to say that it is very hard, if not cruel, to have condemned the offspring for the transgression of the parent So it would, if the offspring had not concurred in the parent's disobedience. We indeed have inherited the disposition of disobedience from our first parent, and carry it with us from the womb. So those whom God is pleased to call to Himself by death in their unconscious infancy cannot enter heaven without the renewal of the Holy Spirit, and the cleansing of the blood of atonement in God's own way. But we find nowhere in the Word of God that unconscious babes are held accountable. Sinners are held acountable for their, understandingly and actually, concurring in the transgression of Adam. Consequently, they are only indirectly answerable, not for Adam's sin, directly for their own. Therefore, God is just in holding them accountable, not for Adam's transgression, but their own. Their guilt is two-fold. They persist in the natural transgression as well as reject the remedy that mercy has provided.

The will is the ruling faculty of the soul. Hence, men often sin against their understanding, their reason, and their clamorous consciences, warning them of the awful fact, "that for these things God shall bring them into judgment." All those witnesses within themselves will rise in terrible array and witness in behalf of God for holding them accountable, and eternally condemning them.

Every individual sinner, when truly convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit looks upon the past with bitter accusation for wilful forgetfulness of God; looks before him with horror, under a sense of the wrath of God, and of deserved punishment; is unable to attach any blame to his first Adam; justifies God for his righteous sentence against him, and feels as if he himself were the original transgressor. He is not able to excuse himself, because of non-ability, but heartily condemns himself because of wilful sin against the Lord.

The closer the carnal mind and the Gospel are brought into contact, the more expressive is the fact, that it is not the want of feeling the moral excellence of the Gospel, but the enmity of the mind, the depravity of the heart, the love of sin, that causes the sinner to reject it, and hate its glorious and holy Author, and for his sake his followers. Hence, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life." "Ye will not come unto the light, lest your deeds be reproved."

Men can have no claim upon God to arbitrarily change their wills, it would be changing the original constitution of the mind. Neither can men find fault with him, for leaving them to the freedom of their own will, and to leave man to himself, his own iniquity will lead him down to misery, and his own conscience will condemn him.

Every individual christian, as well as the whole church of Christ, whether felt or not is accountable to God. The accountableness of the christian, indeed is of a different nature, and of far, far more dignified character than that of the unregenerate.—The former is that of beloved children, the latter, that of bitter enemies.

How necessary that we should consider ourselves accountable to God, at all times, that we might exert ourselves, so as to render our account with joy. That no part of the heart be withheld—that no christian grace be inert, but wholy and cheerfully devoted to the extension of the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Blessed be God the church is moving out of the one-sided view taken of God's word in past days. Those then calling themselves the church, left all the work for God, and themselves resting inactive upon the credit of Sovereign Grace! That Sovereign grace which stirred the very heavens, sent the Son of God down to earth to save sinners, whose meat and drink was to do the will of the Father, and to accomplish the work He had given him to do. Surely they did not understand.

I say again, blessed be God. The church now is stirred up under a two-fold influence; the Sovereign love of God to her, and a happy sense of her own accountableness to God; a sense of what God has done for her, and a cheerful sense of what she has to do for God. The result is, the heralds of the cross are sent to heathen lands, and are supported there; Home Missions are cheerfully sustained; Colleges for Ministerial training are being endowed; and every benevolent object receives a liberal consideration. The Lord grant her more of this happy and expanding element, that she may be more and more, "terrible as an army with banners." The result will be happy to herself; saving to sinners, and glorifying to God. And when a rebellious world will be banished to everlasting misery, she, one and all, will hear the happy welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

OPENING OF FABIUS BAPTIST CHAPEL.

The following account of the opening of a New Baptist Church at Liverpool, England will doubtless be interesting to our readers. "This chapel has been erected on a piece of ground put in trust in the year 1707 by Dr. Daniel Fabius for the Baptist denomination, to be applied to such uses as they might think expedient. It was used as a burial ground until the year 1840, when it was finally closed by order of Government. But application having been made to the trustees, and permission granted by the Home Department, it has been converted, with no disturbance of the graves, to the above purpose. The new chapel is a neat, substantial, but unpretending building, the style adopted being that of Northern Italy, colour being judiciously used by having red pressed bricks in front with white brick dressings. There are three large vestries at the back, with cloakrooms and every convenience, also a school-room above them which will accommodate about 200 children, which has a separate entrance from the side of the chapel. These rooms are warmed by open fireplaces. The chapel is heated by one of Blake's patent hygrometric warm air apparata under one of the vestries, which will diffuse an agreeable temperature over the whole place. A rather novel method of lighting the chapel is adopted. There are eight gas pendants, each having 18 lights in trios, suspended from the queen bolts of the roof principals. The roof being an open one, the main timbers are stained and varnished, with a white plaster ceiling on the underside of the spars, the walls being coloured a warm lilac tint, imparting a light and agreeable appearance to it. The chapel is arranged to accommodate about 550 persons on the ground floor, and it is high enough to admit of galleries being erected when required, so as to give, ultimately, seat room for 1,000 persons. The cost of all the buildings is about £2,200. Of this about one half has been raised by voluntary contributions. The chapel was opened by a service on the 2nd instant. The building was crowded. The Revs. C. M. Birrell, H. S. Brown, and T. Durant (the pastor of the congregation) took part in the service. A sermon was preached by the Rev. C. M. Birrell.

The reverend gentleman selected as his text Psalm xc., 1—"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." This psalm, he said, is ascribed to "Moses, the man of God," and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the tradition. We know from compositions interwoven with his historical writings that he was a poet as well as a statesman; and there is in this ode a simple and profound grandeur corresponding to the character of his mind. Regarding it as penned when he was conducting the people across the desert, it assumes a peculiar significance. Changing their abode at short intervals, and always uncertain as to what should be on the morrow—witnessing the passing away of the persons who had left the land of the oppressor, and by no means assured that those then in the field would remain true to the end—it was natural that the hearts of the devout should ascend to Him who continued, amid all the shifting of outward situation and all the coming and departing of mortal generations, the dwelling place of his people. The thoughts which the words most immediately suggest are these three—the unity of the Church; the variableness of her earthly condition; and the glory and permanence of her divine abode. After illustrating these points in succession, the preacher proceeded to say that he would point, in support of his observations, to the history of the people who first worshipped on that spot where they were convened in a sanctuary erected over their ashes. Rapid, he said, as the glance of that history would be, there would be discernible in it a period of persecution, of civil freedom, of religious revival, and of missionary enterprise. The period of persecution was that which began with the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. The condition of the country at that time arose, of course, out of many preceding events, and was for religion probably one of the darkest it has ever seen: There were in the church some of the greatest minds ever granted to her—men of great culture, of profound knowledge of truth, and, through special discipline, of unwonted depth of Christian experience; but they were forbidden to exercise their ministry, and then were compelled to live at least five miles distant from the towns in which they formerly exercised it; while if even in their places of exile they preached to more than their own families they were liable to fine and imprisonment. The goals of England were consequently choked with Nonconformists. In places very unlike the palatial prisons of the present day, some of the best men in the land spent the prime of their days; and though, like Bunyan, who went in at thirty-three and did not come out again till he was forty-five years old, their mouths were closed only to give such currency to their pens that they produced books like the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Saints' Rest," and the "Living Temple," the blessing is no defence of the spirit of persecution. It was on one of those Sabbath mornings which sent its beams through the bars of Bedford Goal and enabled Bunyan to decipher the rough manuscript of the pilgrim for the entertainment of his fellow prisoners, that a gentleman, who had escaped from London to this part of the island, going out early, saw a string of people wend their way along a footpath which lead over the boundary line of Lancashire and Cheshire. They had a certain air about them which told that they were