

Poetry.

To lighten the dose of your temperance prose, I herewith inclose some stanzas of rhyme, which, if they chime with your editorviews, you are welcome to use, in your next *Record*, if you can afford the requisite space to give them a place. Even men of sobriety like a variety, when they happen to look in a temperance book. You should intersperse little pieces of verse, from time to time, for your readers of rhyme; and a nice little tale with some would prevail, when a well-written tract, full of matter of fact, would never be read, but be carefully laid, with the Bible aside it, to abide a more fitting season; for most people's reason is inclined, Sir, to nap, in the pathy's lap; but give them a glance of a tale of change, they read greedily on, as 'twould never be done. The 'American Ring' is a capital thing. If you can indite, or get some one to write, a tale just like it, for sense, pathos, and wit, it would aid the good cause, and deserve some applause.

But you're out of patience, and I'm out of rhyme,
You've enough, Sir, at present, till some other time.

W. S.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Bards of my country! ye whose lays
Have gained their modicum of praise,
In virtue's cause can ye not raise,
In language strong,
To tell the world her foolish ways,
One honest song.

Ye sing, in numbers polished smooth,
Of friendship, beauty, love and youth,
Your witching strains have power to soothe
E'en dull despair,—
Can ye not sing one song of truth
In Albyn's ear?

Tell her that her far deadliest bane
(Too well confirmed by thousands slain)
Is Whiskey. Point the numerous train
Of ills attending;
Drunkards may haply heed the strain
And think o' mending.

Say that her bards have lied, and lie,
In lifting whiskey's praise sae high
For kindling wit, and wakening joy,
Where wit was never,—
'Twas only nonsense, by the bye,
And noisy haver,

Burns! oft on thee the dunce has drawn
For wit he passed off for his own,
As circling round the glass was gaun
In quick rotation,
And sages frae their chairs hae faun
Could rule the nation.

Scotch drink! behold her wrapt in gloom,
And throned upon an orphan's tomb:
Hell-fires her ghastly eyes illumine—
A monstrous birth
Of countless evils from her womb
Spring hourly forth.

Around her springs the frantiè yell,
The deep-toned oath—the din of hell;
No fabled fiend was e'er so fell—
Her poisoned cup
Is Albyn's curse, and yet her spell
Persuades to sup.

Before her Beauty's roses fade,
And Valour hangs his manly head,
And Innocence is often led
By her astray,
And thoughtless Youth she lures to tread
Her downward way.

Genius, whose home is in the skies,
A ruined wreck before her lies;
At her approach pure Honour flies,
And smiling Peace,
Wealth vanishes, and the bloom dies
On Health's fair face.

Custom still pleads a *social glass*,
Laughs at the wnter drinking class,
And brands the temperance man an ass;
While Moderation,
A roguish, sly, gill-swilling lass,
Befools the nation.

"Freedom and whiskey gang thegither,"
Says Burns.—I fear that one maun wither,
If long the cronie o' the ither;
In my poor mind
Beggary and crime and whiskey, rather,
Were fittler joined.

Freedom! My country, thou wast free
Ere whiskey yet was known to thee;
And free I trust thou still shalt be
From foreign foeman;
Heroes thou hast by land and sea
Will yield to no man.

But art thou freer now than when
The Bruce led on his stalwart men,
And beat the Saxons one to ten,
At Bannockburn?—
Scotchmen fought without whiskey then,
Sae far's I learn.

There's monie a poor misguided fool,
Renouncing sober reason's rule,
Has learned to tiddle in the school
Of Moderation,
And headlong ran—the blinded mule
To desperation.

O my loved country! those who feel
A patriot's interest in thy weal,
Will tell what more than hostile steel
Is thy undoing—
Whiskey—thy greatest, deadliest ill,
Threatens thy ruin.

Glasgow Temp. Record.

TEMPERANCE.

ACROSTIC.

Watch yonder wretch.....mark well his haggard face,
His tattered garments, and his tottering pace:
I n every feature vice and dark despair
S ecrely reigns, and penury and care.
K een are his wants, and justice round him throws
E ndless confusion and a cloud of woes.
Y ou ask what dire calamity is this

Which blights so cruelly his health and bliss?
He is a drunkard. Alcohol hath foud
I n him a victim.....and his soul is bound
S oon as the demon his fell torch illumines.
K indled within, the fatal fire consumes;
E ach comfort flies at his approach; and fade
Y outh, strength, and virtue, 'neath his Upas shade
Edinburgh. H. FAY.

Miscellaneous.

A TEMPERANCE MAN'S MOTTO.

Malt not,
Brew not, distil not,
Buy not, sell not, driph not,
Touch not, taste not,
Handle not,
as an article of luxury or dict, any thing
that can
INTOXICATE.

Drunkeness is the parent of most other vices. It quenches the salutary power of reason, and makes us the sport of raging passion.

Notices.

Our Subscribers in the country, who have not yet paid their subscriptions, are really not using us well, and we must again urge upon them the necessity of speedily remitting us, free of expense, the respective amounts due by them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rev. J. Short's letter has been received, and a parcel of tracts forwarded.—The copies of the paper for the Martin-town Society have been mailed.

Our esteemed friend "J. Muggins" will observe Q.E.D. has been answered; his communication, if we see advisable to carry on the discussion, will be inserted in a future number.

Advertisement.

THE Secretaries of Temperance Societies, and individuals interested in promoting their objects, are informed, that by the liberality of E. C. DELAVAN, Esq., of Albany, between Two and Three Thousand publications on Temperance have been granted to the Montreal Executive Committee of the Temperance Convention, and that on application at the Book Store of Mr. WM. GREIG, or to the Subscriber, they may obtain a quantity for the purpose of gratuitous distribution.

JAMES COURT, Secy.

October, 1835.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE is published *monthly*, under the superintendance of the Executive Committee of the Montreal Society for the promotion of Temperance, and issued from MR. WM. GREIG'S General Book and Stationary Dépôt, No. 197, St. Paul Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed, *post-paid*.
Price to Subscribers, 5s. per annum, *in advance*; and when sent by mail, 6s. 3d., postage included.