

# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—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 discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## Moral Heroism.

### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

It was harvest time. There was a reformed farmer in his grain without furnishing liquor? All his neighbors and former friends refused to help because he was a "Son," and would not employ whisky in his fields. Their own harvests were going bravely on with good cheer, and they laughed and made themselves merry at the expense of the poor "Son," toiling all alone in his large and waving fields. Once he was a hale fellow well met, and could idle away his hours, and his fields were neglected, and his prospects for comfort were put in peril; his family and all that was sacred to his heart were suspended upon a poise over the gulf of perdition by intemperance. By the well-timed and well-directed efforts of the Sons, he was brought to consider. A moment's reflection unmasked the demon destroyer in all its fearfulness, just ready to devour him.

With temperance firmly established in the heart as a principle of action, there was created cheerfulness of spirit, a quiet and agreeable habit, that carried itself to the domestic circle, and rendered itself peaceful, happy, and prosperous. No wonder that the fields rejoiced to return from their fruitless bosoms a rich reward to the renewed industry and watchful care of their regenerated lord.—But, alas! harvest, with her golden treasures, her laden fields—the end and object of all his toil and care, came with its stern demands! The fields must be reaped! Interest, duty and necessity all clamored—"They must be reaped!" "But who shall reap them?" he asks, while he stands alone before his attentive wife and dependent babes. They ponder the question and answer "who?" His neighbors stand ready, on one condition, to enter the fields and gather the harvest quickly home. That condition is, *We must have rum!* Here principle and policy stand up and look each other full in the face.

Principle triumphed gloriously in the heart of the Son! He cast his eye to the motto on the banner, and read with renewed delight, "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," and felt his heart grow strong in faith and hope at that moment.

With a glad heart our hero entered the field alone!—alone he threw the cradle in its circling sweep into his whited field, and laid at his feet the long swath of mown grain. At every sweep of the cradle, amidst the jeers and scoffs of his merry dram-loving neighbors, his heart grew large with the sentiment that if I am to lose a part, God will give me comfort with what my own arm will save. Yea, it is because I have acted on principle that these rich fields wave in plenty before me, and God forbid that this should be the occasion of my fall or offence! I will do my duty and leave the rest with God.

Thus alone, laboring and musing, the toilsome but patient hours wore away.—Saturday evening drew on, and our heroic and unflinching Son had left his field to seek repose in the peaceful circle of his thrice blessed family, where, with

peaceful heart, quiet conscience, and wearied limbs he gave himself to the embrace of nature's sweet restorer.

His Division was some miles distant. His brethren, however, had heard of the "floods that were lifted up against him," seeking to overwhelm him, and forthwith called a meeting. They met in *secret*, and *secretly* banded together to arm themselves for, and to go to the field of action in a body, and work their way through!

It was night, and the moon shone calmly and brightly upon the scene. Our heroic Sons sallied forth, and arming themselves with cradles, hooks and rakes, they moved in an unbroken column towards the silent field. At every step the bounding heart filled with glee and joy, all joined in singing their favourite chorus—

"Pledge, brother, pledge, should e'er affliction crave,  
We'll fly to succour and to save."

On, on they went, and soon arrived at the unreaped field. Here it lay in silent loneliness, with a slight impression made on one border by the "lone Son." They stealthily slipped into the enclosure, stole a march upon the unsuspecting hour, and one after another led off—slaying each a broad swath, followed by rakers and binders. The action thus begun was cheerily kept up until there was not a standing spire of grain in the field. The next duty was to gather up the well banded sheaves and arrange them in neatly formed hand-stacks, setting upon each a crown. This accomplished, nothing remained but to make a quiet and "secret" retreat to their respective homes, bearing off each their successful scythes, sickles and rakes, and be found in bed before the sacred Sabbath should arrive.

But for the trickish thought of the signal and bloodless victory that had been so silently won—the great surprise of the lone Son, when he should awake and find all his grain in shocks—the chagrin, shame and mortification of those whisky-loving neighbours, who should witness triumphs of virtue and principle over them in spite of whisky, jeers, or scoffs; but for these busy thoughts, we say, our noble boys would have fallen into a refreshing sleep after their nightly toil. But the inspiring energies of 'Love' to the brethren, 'Purity' of purpose, and 'Fidelity' to the cause of its votaries, had filled their hearts to overflowing. Over such a feast the heart must tarry and regale itself to the full! It is truly a luxury to relieve oppressed virtue, and administer to the protection and support of the man of principle and integrity. On these dainties the Sons of Temperance feast upon hidden manna.

The night passed off in quietness, and the light of the Sabbath morn had again made visible the unsurpassed beauties of those prairies and woodlands, now in a state of cultivation, along the borders of the beautiful Wabash. Never did the sun look down upon richer fields of grain than adorn this Egypt of the West. The man of toil and of principle arose from his couch with the cherished anticipation of a sweet day of rest—rest to the wearied limbs and anxious but