

Sunday School Advocate.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1866.

THE CRUEL TAVERN KEEPER.



JUST nearly opposite the window of the Office in which I am, is a tavern, called the *Ontario House*. On one holiday, as I was not very busy, I sat by the window, and watched those who were passing on the street. Soon, I saw three or four men go into the "Bar-Room" of this tavern, and after a short time, I heard loud talking, laughing and singing, and I could see them "playing for the drinks."

Perhaps you don't know what "playing for the drinks" means, so I will tell you. It is this:—the men play some games, and the one who loses calls for something for *all* the players to drink, and he pays for it.

After some time these men got so drunk that they could not walk without staggering, and then the *very kind* tavern keeper, who had made all the money out of them that he could, took them by their shoulders and put them out of the door on to the side-walk, to get along as best they could—afraid, I suppose, that they, by being drunk in his house would take away its *legal respectability!!!* I don't know what became of them, but very likely the constables put them in the cells; for the same law that allows the tavern keeper to make men drunk, sends a man to gaol for getting drunk.

Another day I saw a man who was standing in front of this tavern, and who looked very much like the tavern keeper, strike a little boy who was selling him a newspaper, because the paper did not suit him. He hit the little fellow on the side of the head, then threw the paper on the side-walk and made him give him another. I felt very sorry for the poor child, who did not seem to be more than eight years old, for he went away so sad, and I thought that perhaps he had no home and nothing to make him happy.

A week or two ago, this tavern keeper got drunk, and while trying to harness a span of horses to a carriage, became angry at one of the horses and beat it most cruelly, hitting it over the eyes and kicking it very savagely.

But saddest of all—a few days ago I saw crape on the "Bar-Room" door, and heard that the tavern keeper was—dead. The papers say he died of *delerium tremens*.

Now what was the cause of all this misery and crime? *Strong Drink*. We see a man who, perhaps, once was kind and affectionate, getting a living by making men drunk, and when they could not take care of themselves, turning them out on the streets—perhaps to perish—striking a child who had done him no wrong—cruelly beating a horse that could not defend itself, and at last reeling into a drunkard's grave. "*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.*" Truly, "wine is a mocker, and strong drink raging." Let us then pledge ourselves to "touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed thing." I have done so—will you? Those of you who would like to take a pledge "not to use intoxicating liquor as a beverage," might give in your names to your Sunday-School Teachers, who no doubt will be very happy to form Temperance classes.

"NED."

Every one has his weak side; let us learn what that is, and take care of it, for the same thing does not work alike upon all.

A Series of Talks, by Old Huncks.

TALK FOURTH.



HAVE been thinking, that before I tell you any more about our Sunday School I had better tell you something more about the good man who persuaded the people to begin it.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1815 or '16, that a grave looking gentleman in black, perhaps thirty-five years of age, came in to a week-day school, taught by a Mr. Barber, near the corner of what are now called Yonge and Richmond Streets, in the now city of Toronto. It was not a regularly built school-house, for there was not one single building then in the town put up for a school-house, where now there are so many and such fine ones. It had been built for a saddler's shop, which it was for a good while, but it answered *pretty* well for a school-house for all that. It had a long window in front, almost the whole side of the house. The building was rather new and clean, and it was painted red. I used to think it very pleasantly situated. North and east of it there was playground enough. A fence, bounding Captain Magill's farm on the south, ran on the north side of what you now call Richmond Street, on the inside of this fence there were some very tempting blackberries, which the boys used to pluck.

Well, we were better at picking berries than at our books. But, as I was saying, while we were all engaged in the school one day, the above mentioned gentleman made his appearance, and asked the privilege of talking to the scholars. He spoke of God and religion, and he prayed. I dare say there were a good many there, besides myself, who had never heard a public address of a religious kind, or a prayer before. My heart was very much softened, and I wept; but some little boys boasted afterwards that they plucked his coat-tail, and pulled the handkerchief out of his pocket. If they had been taught and trained in Sabbath-school, as you are, they would not have been so naughty.

He spoke then about a Sabbath-school, but he did not get the people persuaded to go about it till two or three years after. I told you about its beginning in my first talk. I am rather going to tell you about the *man himself* this time; for he came often, for a great many years, till I knew him well, and learned to love him. He was very mild and gentle, with a soft, pleasant voice. I think he used to travel along the whole frontier of Canada, and away around the south side of the Lakes in the state of New York as well. Perhaps you had better get down your Atlas, and follow him around; and read all about the places abutting on these waters. The country was all very new then, or newly settled. There were no railroads, nor even macadamized roads, and very poor carriage roads of any kind. He went on horseback, and carried his clothes and a great many nice books for little boys and girls in a large pair of leather saddle-bags, which lay across the saddle, and in a leather valise, strapped on to what they call a mail-pad, behind. As he usually stopped where I lived a good many years, I got to know OLD DICK (that was his horse's name) pretty well. I often rode him to pasture, and to water, too; and when he came off one of those long journeys he was always tired, and his legs were stiff, and he did not want to go fast. I fear that I was, little boy like, often thoughtless, and made him trot or canter when he would rather have walked.

That was rather cruel of me, and I am sorry for it now. But sometimes he had a better time than his master. I heard *Mr. Osgoode* (that was the gentleman's name) telling at our place on his arrival one time, that, somewhere on the other side of the Niagara River, in taking a short cut through the woods, so as to get to some place where he wished to lodge, he missed his way, and had to sleep all night in the woods. He said, "I could not browse so well as my horse." If you do not know what browsing means, look in your dictionary and find out—that is what a dictionary is for. Mr. O. had to go without his supper, and breakfast too, till late the next day. Yet as a Christian who loved his Master, Christ's work, he did not mind it much. Old Dick was, what they call, a sore horse. I thought you would like to know.

Mr. O. always loved little children very much, and continued going about doing good, in Ireland, England, and Scotland, (where he died) as well as Canada and the United States, until he became a very, very old gentleman. He would talk to very little children, and teach them a little prayer in verse that they could easily remember. Here is one of his, if you do not know it already, you had better learn it:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Teach me how to come to thee."

He used to give tracts and children's hymn books to the young people where he staid; and sometimes it did a great deal of good. This is a way of doing good that even a child might copy. He could get the attention of children; and he would go into Roman Catholic schools, and address them without giving them offence, and very much to their delight. He would tell them of the "Son of the blessed Virgin, who was so good when a boy, and would never throw another little boy's hat over the fence;" and he would advise them to practice temperance, (which you must also) from the example of Father Mathew, the great apostle of temperance in Ireland.

Though he died very poor, thousands, if I remember right, attended his funeral. No doubt he is now in heaven, and you may go and see him there. Will you try?

ANTICIPATE THE CHOLERA.—Be at peace with yourselves. Be at peace with your stomach. Be at peace with the world. Above all, be at peace with God.

CLEANLINESS.—Be clean in person, clean in appetite, clean in manners, clean in speech, clean in dealing; but above all, be clean in heart. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and heart cleanliness is the highest type of godliness.

TEMPERANCE.—"Be temperate in all things;" temperate in eating, temperate in drinking, temperate in speaking, temperate in desire, sober in heart and life. "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.—Take time to eat, time to work, time to rest, time to read, time to think, time to be good-natured, time to be honest; above all, take time to love and serve the Lord.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.—Why, what harm will these books do me? The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad men who wrote them. That "a man is known by the company he keeps," is an old proverb; but it is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book cannot be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one worse.