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## THE PLEDGE BREAKER.

J. W. was a very useful man in his profession, being particularly skilled in an important branch of the staple manufacture of the country in which he resided;—so much so that, though unlearned, he was considered an acquisition to the trade in which he was engaged.

After having been employed as foreman for some years, a person who had capital took him into partnership, in which situation he had the opportunity of becoming rich and respectable. But he was ardently devoted to BEER DRINKING, the curse of the working men in England; and his love of strong drink soon brought the business in which he had embarked to a ruinous end. Notwithstanding his known propensities, however, he again found profitable employment. But he went on, step by step, in the drunkard's career, till he fell nearly as low as it was possible to fall.

In 1835, the Total Abstinence advocates of H——, the town in which he resided, happily succeeded in rescuing him from misery, and for nearly two years he conducted himself with propriety and credit. In 1836 he was employed as foreman in a business more extensive than that which he had formerly conducted. While in this situation he nobly contended against the payment of a *footing* in drunk, on the occasion of his taking possession of the situation.

Towards the end of the year 1836, J. W. announced his intention of withdrawing his name from the Total Abstinence Society of which he was a member; at the same time assuring the writer of this that he had no idea of abandoning the principle. Upon inquiry, it appeared that he had been greatly taunted, by certain religious professors, with whom he associated, on account of, what they called, his *weakness*; and, strange to say, BETS were actually offered that he could not remain sober, except under the restraints of the Pledge, and the influence of his membership in that Society.

Here, allow me to pause for a moment, to observe that if ever Satan for evil purposes transforms himself into an angel of light—if ever he truly enters into the persons and hearts of men, it is unquestionably when professors of religion "make the worse appear the better reason," and sustain the office of tempters, to allure a poor reclaimed drunkard back "to his wallowing in the mire." "Oh, my soul! come not thou into their secret! to their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united!"

It appears that from that period the poor misguided J. W. began to mix in company with drinking men; himself using lemonade, and other simple drinks. How long he resisted the temptation to which he had imprudently exposed himself, I have not been able to learn. The result, however, was such as might have been expected. He FELL! and he fell lower and lower, until he became lost to every tender feeling—to every sense of common decency. His poor wife, almost heart-broken, plunged once more into that awful state from which she had for a while escaped; and, in the course of the present year, gave birth to another unhappy babe,—to which, from ill health, and the pressure of want, she was unable properly to attend.—The conduct of her miserably drunken husband towards her, during her few months of suffering, is described as being cruel in the extreme. Frequently is he said to have asked her, with an oath, upon his return from the beer-shop, *whether she was not dead yet!*

It pleased God soon to release the poor woman from her sufferings by death. Shortly after, the infant was found dead in bed; and not without strong suspicions of foul play on the part of the monster—its father! The unhappy man soon came to be scorned by every one. The publicans, with whom he had spent thousands, despised him. None of his drunken companions could, or would, do any thing to help him. His condition, as to body and mind, was soon impressibly wretched. The miserable victim of intemperance became weary of his life, and he was found DEAD, hanging in a loft over the workshop! An Inquest was held upon his body; and the Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of, "FOUND HUNG."

Brother Tee-totalers! let this man's conduct and end serve as a warning to you. Let it teach you to avoid two things, which brought him to his untimely end.

1. Beware, when you become Tee-totalers, of resting in that alone.—This unhappy man was a scoffer at religion, even in the days of his sobriety. Let your tee-totalism be based on the fear of the Lord—"In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths."—You will thus be kept ready for every event of Providence, and fully prepared to do and suffer all the will of God. Abide by your pledge, assured that you will be no worse a Christian for being strengthened and supported by the principles it involves, and by the countenance and advice of your brethren.

2. Beware of the professed friendship of those who would persuade you that there is safety in tampering with the monster, strong drink. Listen not, for a moment to those who would argue that, because you have seen the evils of intemperance, and have abandoned its practices and associations, it is not necessary that you should altogether abstain. Believe me, whatever such persons may have been amongst their fellows, to you they will prove ministers of evil. Avoid them as you would avoid a pestilence; and be sure that you neither take their advice, nor copy their example. You may now thank God that you have many of the wise and good of the land, to countenance you in your noble stand against this most subtle enemy of your happiness. "Ho who parleys with temptation, parleys to be undone." How can you promise yourselves security while you associate with those who use the drunkard's drink, and while you occasionally sip from the same glass?

Finally:—may the fate of J. W. be a warning to all who hear of it,—teaching them to shun the very appearance of evil. And God, in His mercy, grant that this poor man may be the last pledge-breaker whose fatal history we shall have to record.—AMEN!

## A TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

In a neighbouring village, many of the steady ones of the church became interested in the cause of temperance. Their labours gave great offence to the publican of the village, and even to several members of the church, who could see no harm in tipping up a glass once in a while, provided they drank with moderation. Of all the temperance reformers in the village, was none so obnoxious to the liberals as Deacon Ives, and the curses which were fulminated against him in the little bar room of the Black Dove, were as numerous as the chalk marks behind the door. Every one concerned was of course desirous of catching the deacon and his peculiar adherents in some overnight or misdeed-manner. As this had so far been impossible, the inventive powers of the tavern loungers were often put in requisition, and your gin