

# THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

## TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

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"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21.—*Vacnight's Translation.*

### PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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 DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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### THE DRUNKARD'S GOOD ANGELS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her little girls about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

"Papa has'nt come yet," answered Ady.

"No, dear. But it's getting late, and it's time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school sachel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantlepiece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking round as she spoke; then she saw that the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm capes close about their necks.—She understood very well the meaning of this; and, therefore, did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said—

"It is very cold out to-night, children."

"But we won't feel it, mother," replied Ady—"We'll run along very quick."

And the two little ones went out, before the mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say one word more.

As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward and murmured,—“God bless and reward the dear children.”

It was a bleak winter-night; and as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hand, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure of the cold rushing air, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house, over the door of which was a handsome gas lamp, bearing the words, “Oysters and Refreshments.” It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter, and at such an hour, but after standing for a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar room.

“Bless me!” exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table. “Here are those babes again!”

Ady and Jane stood still near the door, and looked all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses,

“Has Papa been here to-night?”

The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, when he said, in an angry way,

“I don't know anything about your father. And see here, don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you.”

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner, as the angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him,

“Come here my little girls.”

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so.

“Are you looking for your father?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” replied Ady.

“What did the man at the bar say to you?”

“He said Papa was not here; and that if we came here any more he would set his dog on us.”

“He did?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Who sent you here?”

“Nobody,” answered Ady.

“Don't your mother know you have come?”

“Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed,—we could'nt until Papa was at home. And so we came for him first.”

“He is here.”

“Is he?” and the children's faces brightened.

“Yes. He is at the other end of the room asleep. I'll wake him up for you.”

Half intoxicated, and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused.