

# CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE

DEVOTED TO

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[From the Old Brewery and New Mission House.]

## Sketches from the Missionary's Note-Book.

### THE DEAD CHILD.

On Monday, July the 29th, a woman of fine appearance, with one of those deep expressive faces that throw out a flood of feelings with every word the lips utter, came into the office and said she was not in the habit of begging, but that she had been driven to it by her necessities. I asked her what she wanted. Her eyes, already swollen with weeping, overflowed again with tears, while she told me that her child had died on Sunday, and up to that time she had not obtained money enough to bury it.

She handed me a paper, which, on examination, I found to be a permit from the sexton of St. Patrick's Cathedral, to bury the child in the Calvary Cemetery. I asked her if she was a Catholic. She said she was. I then told her to go to the priest, and tell him her story, and ask his assistance. She went, but came back ere long in deeper distress than ever, having only received 25 cents. On her way she had called at a neighboring Institution, where she had received three shillings, sixpence of which she had paid at the counter of the establishment for bread, leaving her two and sixpence. As she counted out her money, her face was the picture of despair. O, how my heart yearned over her. I sent a man to the poor woman's house to see that all was right. He saw the dead child—a lovely boy of about a year and a-half old, with auburn curls clustering around his pretty face. I thought of my own little boy, and how I would feel if he should die, and I had no money to bury him.

I lent her money enough to bury the child, and she went away with a lighter heart.

I thought this was the last of the woman, but yesterday morning I was called into the office, where I found her with her husband. They both clasped my hands in theirs, and wept their gratitude. I invited them to our chapel, and exhorted them to seek God. And though they did not promise to do either, I felt that perhaps seed was sown that would produce fruit in time to come. They seemed at a loss to find words to express their thanks, and I needed no words to make known to my Heavenly Father the desires of my heart, that he would follow them by his Spirit, and save them with their angel boy above.

### THE DEAD CHILD IN LEONARD STREET.

I was called on by two colored women, to come and pray with a family that had lost a child, three years of age. It was quite difficult for me to leave the Mission, which was thronged with visitors, but I went, and

found a house full of negroes and Irish citizens. I inquired for the family, but could not ascertain its whereabouts. On going up-stairs, I was asked into a room where lay a dead child that had been born the evening before, and had died during the night. Its mother, a poor black woman, lay on a wretched pallet in a corner of the room. A woman who seemed to be a nurse, said, "Are you a doctor?"

"No!"

"Well, you are a soul-doctor, ain't you?"

"Yes; I am the Missionary at the Five Points."

"Well, then, you had better pray with that woman, and see what you can do for her."

I talked with the poor woman, and prayed with her, leaving them some aid, and hoping that God would bless them.

It was a long time before I found the child I sought. At last I came to the place. It was truly touching to see and hear their affecting lamentations. I gave them a word of exhortation, and prayed with them. They melted into tears of penance, and when I referred to the happiness of the departed child taken from these scenes of vice and misery, and, "safely housed" in one of the many mansions prepared by our Father, they wept aloud. May God in his mercy help and bless them.

### WOMAN IN COW-BAY.

My assistant and myself went out to visit the sick, and among others, we called to find a woman in Cow-bay, who had sent for us. We entered one house and searched in every room, without success. We then tried the adjoining one, and after climbing rickety stairs, and stooping along low narrow passages, we reached the attic, at one end of which we saw a door, where we knocked for some time, and at last opened it ourselves. Our hearts grew sad within us, as away in one corner, between a huge chest on one side, and the brick wall on the other, we found the object of our search lying on the dirty floor. Her only covering, her birth-day suit, and a ragged cotton quilt, (which formed no contrast in color with the floor.) She presented a fearful picture of humanity wrecked.

On inquiry, we found she was suffering the results of crime, the most awful. She had been for many months pursuing a course of most fearful intemperance, and was then living with a black man. The present sickness was occasioned in the first place by excess, and had afflicted her about a year, but had been greatly increased by shocking scenes in the room. A white woman, who had been horribly beaten by the black man with whom she was living, died on the Sunday previous to our visit; and had not been buried until the succeeding Wednesday, the putrid body spreading

\* This thrilling work can be had of E. Pickup, Montreal.