

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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"Who Owns the Donkey?"

John Jones had a miserable life of it. He worked hard, but was always in want, and he considered it lucky if the day's expenditure did not exceed the day's income. It was a constant struggle to make the ends meet, and the outgoing end seemed to be ever lengthening, while the incoming end was constantly contracting. His necessities compelled him to buy on credit, and sell for ready money: so he always bought in the dear market, and sold in the cheap. His profits were small, and every day became less; but his wants were great, and daily became greater. He was no scholar, and kept no accounts: he was no social or political economist, and knew nothing of the theory of making money, or of the art of saving it. He had a little practical knowledge of the principle of exchange, and knew that the price of the coals bought yesterday must be paid by the money realised by the retail sales of to-day: and that if he took an extra glass of whisky, in addition to his usual allowance, his wife and family would be restricted to a smaller quantity of food, or obliged to contract an additional amount of debt. It was of no use to talk of lessening the expenditure, because it was necessary to eat and drink; and as his credit, from the irregularity of his payments, was always getting less, and as he had once or twice pleaded the benefit of the Tippling Act when prosecuted for unpaid drams, no publican would give him spirits on trust, so that the daily public-house ready-money transactions left little or nothing for household expenses. It was in these circumstances that John first came under our notice. He might have been seen every day, harnessed to a small cart, with his two ragged, illconditioned sons pushing behind, calling, as loudly as they could bawl, "Coals, cheap coals!" An old hat without the rim, an old coat minus a sleeve, a pair of tattered small clothes without buttons, and, as Paddy would say, footless stockings without the legs, completed his dress. His children were covered with about equal proportions of dirt and rags; and his wife might have sat for the picture of patience on a monument smiling at grief. Life to him hitherto had been all down-hill, and he appeared to have reached the lowest point to which he could possibly fall, when an incident gave his thoughts and feelings a different direction, and changed the whole course of his life.

In the street where he lived was occasionally opened a small wooden theatre, where, for the small charge of a penny, the youth of the vicinity were amused with the scenic representation, and instructed in all the various practices, of successful crime. To the dismay of many, and the joy of a few, the theatre was removed, and a small Christian church erected in its place. John had never frequented the theatre, because he considered a glass of whisky better, worth the money than a foolish song; but his boys, when they could pick up a penny, thought it well spent in seeing the "Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard." Now, however, that admission to the church cost nothing, and as his money was all spent, and his own house nowise attractive, John thought, as he looked in at the door, that it was well heated and comfortably seated, and that he could not do better than get into a corner, and see what was going on. The person who was in the desk was speaking of the condition of the poor; and in a few minutes John held down his head, for he thought he was speaking to him. He listened, however, and heard his own state so well described, his feelings so truly pictured, his wants so accurately stated, and his miseries so affectionately mentioned, that he wondered, trem-

bled, and wept. No one had ever before taken any interest in him; but here a perfect stranger knew every circumstance of his life, and seemed to sympathise in all his sufferings.

The next night John was at the church-door before it was opened; but at length his stranger-friend made his appearance. The subject of discourse was Christ's love to his people, and this theme was more attractive than the last. John for the first time heard that the Son of God descended from heaven, became "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and offered Himself up a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. Night after night, when the church was opened, John was to be seen stealing into a remote corner, quietly and attentively listening to the service, and lingering till the last of the assembly were leaving the church. He felt almost ashamed of this new attraction: church-going had appeared to him to be a sort of privilege of the rich or well-dressed, and he had no idea that a church could belong peculiarly to the poor. However, new light was shed into his mind. He began to see the folly of his previous life, and resolved to try if virtue's ways were indeed ways of pleasantness and peace. The daily indulgence in whisky was withheld, and the pence thereby saved were applied to the payment of old debts. These gradually diminished, and he was soon enabled to become a ready-money buyer, and could afford to sell on credit. Trade and profits increased, and he found it necessary to increase his locomotive power, and to place a donkey in the cart, instead of his sons and himself. Things now began to look bright. His old hat was supplanted by a new one; his old clothes were patched, and at last renewed; and stockings were discovered to be an agreeable covering to the feet. All this at one time would have been thought extravagance: it now appeared needful; and the remarkable thing was, that he made money notwithstanding. He had a friend who, like himself, dragged his own cart, and who wondered much at John's progress; and John, from having been a patient listener, became a useful instructor. The result of their communications was, that the friend bought the donkey, and John purchased a horse. A man who drives his own sleek, well-fed horse is a very different person from him who drags his own rickety cart, and John felt it to be so. The fustian coat was on Sunday exchanged for broad-cloth; his children were sent to school; his wife had her winsey gown, and flannel petticoat; their food was wholesome and abundant, and the hearthstone clean and comfortable. His friend is following his footsteps, and is just thinking of exchanging the donkey for a nobler quadruped; and the question now often put in the neighborhood is, "Who owns the Donkey?" — *Hogg's Instructor.*

Think on these Things.

Every respectable and well disposed man, who has thoughtlessly embarked in the traffic of drunkenness, should slip out of the trade as quietly and as quickly as possible, lest peradventure a small portion of the drunkard's blood should be required at his hands. But though we believe the distiller and the vender of liquors to be more directly implicated in the manufacture of drunkards, and in their guilt and ruin, still we are very far from resting the entire responsibility on their heads. The error lies in public opinion—in the customs and usages of society, and more especially in the low standard which even pious men have reared for public morality. In short, every man who uses intoxicating