

Canada Temperance Advocate.

Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

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"A LITTLE AS MEDICINE," OR, THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE!—A lamentable exemplification of the remedy sometimes being worse than the disease occurred on the holding of the coroner's inquest on the body of Mrs. Serina Salmon, who was found drowned in the basin, opposite the palace, in Kensington-gardens, London. From the evidence of the husband, a respectable architect, residing in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, it appears that the deceased had, on account of her weak state of health, been advised to take port wine and strengthening potations, by means of which she completely regained her health; but, unfortunately, during the process, imbibed such a partiality for wine and spirituous liquors as to cause her husband and her own relations to relinquish all intercourse with her. The Jury returned a verdict of "Temporary derangement, brought on by continued intemperance."



THE DRUNKEN WIFE.

SHOCKING EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—An instance of the horrid effects of this beastly sin, has recently occurred in this country. We are informed that on Thursday last, a man named Walter Downs, an habitual drunkard, residing in Peterboro', went to his house in a state of partial inebriation. A little child, whose breath he had already poisoned by frequently feeding it with the intoxicating liquor, approached him, crying for whiskey. The monster, under the pretence of curing an appetite which his inhuman hand had created and cherished, administered nearly a pint of the liquor, from the effects of which the child never recovered, but died in the course of the following day, and even before the father was sufficiently recovered from intoxication, to realize the fatal effect of his crime. A coroner's jury reported that the death of the child was occasioned by whiskey administered by its father. The examination of the father took place on Saturday, but we have not heard the result. If our information is correct, and we had it from a gentleman who saw the child on a bed by the side of its drunken father, in a perfect stupor, he was undoubtedly committed to prison to have a trial for manslaughter. *Caze Monitor.*

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

BY L. M. SARGENT, ESQ.

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents; and, finding ready admittance, at a farmer's barn, I climbed upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fire-side! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be "a mocker," in the castles of the rich,—among the habitations of the poor, "strong drink is raging." There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birth-place, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return: but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that, which I can neither prevent nor endure. I will seek my bread among strangers. By the kind providence of Him, who hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I am, I may win, by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her, who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made havoc of all that remains; and when the last acre of the homestead shall have passed into the rum-seller's hands. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my scattered thoughts;—it seemed, under the condition of high excitement, in which I then was, that my father was before me, enraged at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to

pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How often had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! How often, as we walked to God's house, in company together, had he led the way! How constantly, in our daily labors, had he conducted our thoughts to serious contemplation, by some sensible and devout allusion to those employments, in which we were engaged! Lost and gone, degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a pious and professing Christian.

Rum and ruin, hand in hand, had entered our dwelling together. The peace of our fire-side was gone. The rum-seller had hid my poor, misguided father, under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had won away the little children's bread; and converted our once-happy home into an earthly hell, whose only portal of exit was the silent grave.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long before, had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the severest abuse was the certain consequence, whenever my poor old mother went singly to the table of her Lord. I could have borne my father's harsh treatment of myself and of my poor sister Rachel; but he returned home, at last, constantly intoxicated; and, when opposed in any thing,