

[FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.]

The late Wm. Booth.

This veteran in the ranks of the cold water army is no more — Saved from that sin to which so many in the British Army are addicted,—the cursed habit of intemperance,—he devoted himself, body and mind, to benefit his fellow-men; and, whenever an inebriate came under his notice, the sin was pointed out, and the remedy offered; and not a few in Quebec and its neighborhood rejoice in the liberty which they feel from the thralldom of rum, in which they were found, and from which the venerable deceased was, under God, the honored instrument of liberating them.

Two circumstances strike the mind of the writer at this moment, which will be briefly related; and none who heard the statements made occasionally, as opportunity presented itself, and circumstances appeared to warrant the recital, can forget the deep feeling which he exhibited in referring to them. The first was on board a transport vessel, returning home after a season of active service: a comrade, a perfectly sober man, became very sick. Mr. B. tendered his services to prepare something that would do him good: the good thing prepared was a glass of hot toddy, well sweetened, and made as nice as toddy could be made. Once tasted, the first glass would not suffice, a second, and a third must follow. The sea sickness gave way, but the taste for strong drink was formed, and the drunkard was made. Oh! with what feeling were the circumstances related, and protestations made that no such results were ever even dreamt of, and that the first offer of the glass was made out of friendship for his sick comrade. What a lesson for an enlightened mind.

The other circumstance has reference to his transfer from the ranks of the tippler, and his adoption of total abstinence principles and practice:

Returning home one day, and having during his absence taken "a little drop in moderation," he met near his dwelling a man, who he concluded had drunk considerably more than he ought, in fact very drunk. He stopped, and looked at the horrid picture. At that instant the thought struck him that he must frequently have been as bad, and if so, how frequently he must have exposed himself to the derision and ridicule of his fellow men. He then and there determined to drink no more intoxicating drinks; and to that determination, he strictly adhered to the end of his days.

This was some time previous to the existence of any Temperance Society in Quebec.

From the moment of his giving up the cup, he began to preach total abstinence. His first effort, and that a successful one, (on the very day, and at the very time that he renounced strong drinks) being to prevent a moderate drinker going into a grog-shop for his afternoon glass.—And so he continued, instant in season and out of season, ever ready to lend a hand in helping forward the great moral reform, in which he was so heartily engaged.

Mr. Booth was President of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, during the whole period of its existence, and took a leading part in the revival of the cause of total abstinence in Quebec, a few years ago, when the "Union" Total Abstinence Society was formed, and of which he was the President at the time of his decease. He was among the first in promoting the formation of a Division of "Sons of the Temperance" in Quebec, and was its first W.P. In this institution he felt a peculiar interest, and the last time but one that he was from home found him in the Division room.

The Church has, by his removal, lost a useful and zealous member; the Temperance movement, an active promoter of its interests; and the city a valuable member of society. He bore a

good name, and that name follows him; he will be long remembered.

It will be gratifying to all who knew him, to learn that it is contemplated to raise a monument to his memory; the several temperance institutions in Quebec having jointly taken up the matter, and it is hoped that ere long a memorial worthy of the man will grace the beautiful spot which contains what of him was mortal.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

PHILO.

Quebec, 10th Sept., 1851.

Portly.**Spirituos Liquor vs. Water.**

(From the New York Reformer)

Would the wild mountain bird
Stoop on its wing
Over a wine-stream
To carol and sing?

Would the bright butterfly
Taste of the dew,
That was mingled with wine,
Though of roseate hue?

Would the wild antelope
Bound to the brink,
And crouch on its bosom
Of whisky to drink?

Would a streamlet of brandy
Roll over the shells,
With gushing of music
Like silvery bells?

Would it over the peddles
So merrily dance?
Could it o'er the sunbeams
So sparkle and glance?

Would a languishing flower
Defile its sweet lips,
With dye stuffs and drugs
Which man greedily sips?

The trees ere they drank
Of the poison would die,
Though their withering branches
Might murmur and sigh.

The winds would their requiem
Mournfully sing,
And weep for the sorrows
Which spirits can bring.

Should a dog even lap
Of a pool of small beer,
We should say he was crazy
And shun him for fear.

The fly that would skip
O'er a cider-filled pool,
All sensible flies
Would denominate fool.

Then man wilt thou put
The dark draught to thy lip
Of the Old Serpent's venom
Why eagerly sip?

'Tis madness to taste!
Its workings how dire!
'Twill burn in your bosom
To withering fire.

Eschew it forever
And drink of the showers,
For they fall on your lips
As they fall on the flowers.