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This first number of the 11th volume of the *Advocate*, is sent to all who subscribed for last volume, whether they have remitted or not; but as there is no fund from which to defray the expense of printing a large edition without the certainty of subscribers, we have to request ALL WHO WISH TO RECEIVE THE ADVOCATE HEREAFTER, TO REMIT IMMEDIATELY, without waiting for Agents to call upon them, as we may not be able to find suitable persons to act in that capacity. A little methodical activity now in each society, would do much for the prosperity of the *Advocate*, and as a consequence, we hope for the advancement of the Temperance cause throughout the year. This number will also be sent to many gentlemen who have not hitherto been subscribers, who are respectfully requested to peruse and circulate it, and obtain as many subscribers as they can. All communications to be addressed (post paid) to R. D. WADSWORTH, Secretary.

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THE FAVOURITE CHILD.

By Mrs. Ellis.

It was our intention to have concluded this beautiful and instructive history in the last volume, but on account of its length a portion necessarily lay over. We now resume it, but as this number may find its way to many new subscribers; it will be well to give a very brief abstract of the portion already printed.

The Favourite child was ISABEL, youngest daughter of Mrs. VISING, widow of a wealthy merchant. Being a delicate child she was indulged in every thing and as a consequence "spoiled." She grew up a victim of idleness, and nervous maladies, and acquired a craving for mental and bodily stimulants, which latter under the name of cordials were freely administered. Thus she continued until the age of twenty-eight when her mother died, and shortly after she accepted the hand of Mr. AINSWORTH, a highly respectable merchant, and a widower with grown up daughters.

These daughters were as careful and industrious as Mrs. AINSWORTH was languid and idle, and though they never opposed her wishes, yet they were in the habit of keeping every thing locked up, including the wines and cordials—so that Mrs. AINSWORTH had at last recourse to another key to the store-room, and from time to time abstracted what she wanted from its supplies. As a methodical account was kept of every thing, these diminutions were soon discovered, and the blame laid upon a confidential maid. This false accusation Mrs. AINSWORTH in order to screen herself weakly countenanced; and in revenge the maid told every thing publicly. As a consequence of this disclosure Mrs. AINSWORTH was disgraced and humbled, at which Point the narrative resumes.

The Favourite Child.

(Continued from Vol. X. page 372.)

Isabel was left by every one; at least, so far as relates to all affectionate attentions. It is true, she deserved her fate. She knew that she deserved it; but that conviction did not render it the more easy to endure.

Mr. Ainsworth was one of those disciplinarians whose ideas of punishment have reference to the past, rather than the future. Had he been a man having authority, he would have imposed upon all offenders such penalties as he thought their sins deserved, instead of subjecting them to such treatment as would have been likely to do them good. It never entered into his mind to imagine that his wife ought to have been treated with tenderness, as a weak and erring woman; and at the same time with discretion, as a moral agent. Instead of this, he set before her in the most repulsive form, the consequence of such habits as she had been indulging; but, above all, he dwelt upon the waste—"the shameful waste" she had committed.

How little regard is sometimes paid by those who would correct our faults, to the motives they propose to use for their correction. When a rich man who hoards his money, instead of devoting it to benevolent purposes, talks about the shameful waste of eating or drinking more than enough, his arguments are altogether unintelligible to those whose greediness is for good things, rather than for gold. He is, in fact endeavouring to uproot one evil by the force of another—to substitute avarice for intemperance. And no wonder that his efforts should fail; for seldom do we find that any wrong propensity can be eradicated by wrong means.

Isabel, fallen, degraded as she was, still retained the capability of being influenced by any powerful moral feeling, could such have been awakened in her soul. It was impossible for her husband to produce any lasting change in her habits, by holding out the hope of adding to his wealth, or the fear of diminishing it; but had he treated her as labouring under a pitiable malady, rather than as guilty of disgusting and degrading crimes; and had he proposed to her to devote the money she had been accustomed to spend in superfluities, to some noble and benevolent purpose; instead of diminishing her pecuniary allowance, and subjecting her to the most severe and humiliating deprivation of all free-agency in her domestic department, he might, in all probability, have won her over to a high sense of duty, and made her wiser and better for the rest of her life.

This, however, was a mode of treatment for which he possessed neither inclination nor skill; and therefore he went on in his own short-sighted way, believing his wife was perfectly safe, because she had no longer the power to do wrong.

And so far as related to any immediate indulgence of the habits to which she had been rapidly falling a victim, Isabel certainly was safe for awhile—safe, so far as she was peniless, and without a friend; and in this apparent security she remained for some time, subject to that deep and almost intolerable depression, which is the natural consequence of any sudden suspension of excessive stimulus.

We have said that Mr. Ainsworth had a third daughter, a neglected child, who from incurable lameness, and a complication of constitutional maladies, was always con-