

THE Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

[WHEN GRATIS PLEASE CIRCULATE.]

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THE YOUNG CRIMINAL; OR, THE DANGER OF EXPOSURE TO TEMPTATION.

THE STORY OF HENRY WILLIAMS.—A TRUE HISTORY.

Henry. What building is that in the picture, Mother?

Mother. It is a representation of a Jail, a place where they shut up persons who have done wrong.

Harriet. There are three men—two leading one. Are they going to shut him up?—What has he done?

Mother. Those two with sticks in their hands, are officers of Justice, and they are taking the other one to prison. I will tell you his history.—His name is Henry Williams. His father and mother are very respectable people, and he is



their only child. They sent Henry to school and gave him a very good education. Many a time have I seen him with his new clean clothes on, and his little basket in his hand, marching along to school, whistling and singing as he went, and little thinking that he should one day be led off to jail and locked up in a dark room, with iron bars across the window. Henry went to school most of the time till he was fifteen years old, and few boys could spell or read or write or cypher better than Henry.

When Henry was in his sixteenth year, Henry's father wanted him to go and learn a trade. Henry consented, and the day was agreed upon when he was to go and live with a Mr. Wilson, a cabinet maker; for Henry—and he did not like to work out in the sun. A week or two before Henry was to go to Mr. Wilson's, he saw in a newspaper an advertisement of a Mr. Jamieson, saying that he was in want of a trusty young man to assist him in his tavern. Henry then took it into his head that he should rather keep tavern than to make tables and bureaus, and so he teased his father till he persuaded him to go and see Mr. Jamieson, who lived in the next village, only a few miles distant from Mr. Williams. Mr. Jamieson very readily consented to take Henry as his bar-keeper, and so in a few days you might have seen him running about waiting on travellers who stopped at the tavern, or standing in the bar mixing up liquor for those who came there to drink. Henry liked his new place very well; for though at times he had business enough, yet at other times he had nothing to do, unless it was to sit before the fire and smoke a cigar and whittle a little pine stick.

Almost every evening, a good many men would come to the tavern to drink and smoke and talk; for, unhappily, in that village there were a good many tipplers who loved to spend their leisure hours, and they contrived to have a great many, in lounging at the tavern. Henry first learned to smoke, then he learned to drink a little; for when he made a sling or a julap he must taste it to see if it was sweet enough and then strong enough, and by degrees he got so that he drank a bitter now and then, besides drinking a good many wines in a day and evening with those who called for liquor at the bar. After he had learned to smoke and drink, he learned to swear, for most of those who spent their evenings at the tavern, would swear very hard, and Mr. Jamieson himself was not very moral. The truth was, poor Henry had fallen into a school of vice, and he found plenty of able instructors. After smoking, drinking and swearing, came gambling and Sabbath breaking. Mr. Jamieson, in a year or two, to save, as he said, the credit of his house, dismissed him from his service.

Henry. What did he do now, Mother?

Mother. Well, he went home to his poor afflicted father and mother. But he had become so habituated to a life of indolence, and accustomed to vicious practices, that he could not stay at home. So he wandered away and hired out to another tavern keeper to take care of horses, and do the drudgery about the house. He now drank very hard, and was so often intoxicated, that the man he lived with told him one Saturday night, he must leave his house the next Monday morning. But on Sabbath night, Henry went to the stable and took a very fine horse, saddle and bridle, belonging to a traveller who was staying over Sabbath at the tavern, and went off. In the morning the traveller missed his horse, and as Henry was no where to be found, it was very naturally concluded that he had stolen him. Pursuit was made in various directions, and before Monday night they caught him with his stolen horse, and on Tuesday they brought him back, and there they are leading him to jail.

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"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened." Rom. xiv. 21.—*Macnight's Translation.*

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1837.

REVIEW OF CONTROVERSIES.—We promised in our last to take some notice of the controversies that have been carried on in some of the public prints in this city last winter on the subject of Temperance Societies, and we now proceed to redeem it. It appears to us, how-

ever, that the only controversy which deserves any notice, is that which Mr. McGinn and Mr. Driscoll have conducted, the former in opposition to these Societies, and the latter in support of them. For though another controversy was carried on for some time in the *Herald*, in which a person signing himself Mathew Charles, took the side of our opponents, yet his opposition appears too contemptible to deserve notice. Mr. Charles has made the following strange assertions amongst others:—that the Apostle Paul, (we quote from memory) apart from his inspiration, was a rash man; that he, Mr. C. drinks immoderately whenever he pleases; and he candidly