

## Effects of the Licensed Traffic.

FOR THE ADVOCATE.

I have for some length of time been a reader of the *Advocate*, and when I have looked over some thrilling account, describing the awful end of some unfortunate drunkard in all the agony of despair, I have been sometimes led to think that the picture might be overdrawn, but I am now cured of that skepticism: for what I am about to relate is at least equal, if not beyond, anything that I have ever read in the *Advocate*:

In a little village in Canada West, there lives a widow and her son. A widow? Yes, made a widow in the same way that thousands beside her have been made widows: for about two and a half years ago, her husband was slain by strong drink. After a night of drunkenness, in the morning he was found a corpse, lying on the floor of his own house. Did this deter the widow and her son from ever again tasting the intoxicating cup? Ah! no, for they have often since indulged in drunkenness to a fearful extent; and about two weeks ago, the son commenced drinking, and continued on for several days and nights in excession. At length he sank into a slumber, from which he awoke in all the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and in the wild whirl of his brain, when reason could no longer keep her seat, he fancied he was surrounded by evil spirits, whose stern commands he was bound to obey; he was then ordered by one of them to walk into the fire, and pale and trembling, the unhappy man obeyed. This happened about five o'clock in the morning, no other person being beside him in the apartment but his aged mother. She called out (in the Gaelic tongue) to a neighbour residing under the same roof, but he did not understand what she said, and paid little regard to her, as he had frequently heard her making the like noise before. All the while, her unfortunate son was standing in the fire. He once stepped out of it, but again by the fiend he was ordered into it, or otherwise he would be worse punished; (this account of what he then imagined, he gave himself after becoming rational) again the poor man obeyed, and thrust his head up the chimney, in order to stand in the centre of the fire, and there he stood until his feet were literally roasted. At length the neighbour came in, but he was then out of the fire, standing on the floor, with the skin of his feet flapping round his ankles, which his neighbour mistook for rags or poultices that might have been put to his feet. In a little while, he tore out the window sash and ran into the street, imagining he was escaping from his tormentors; and while running on the sharp ice and frost, the one foot was tearing the skin from the other as he stepped, yet such was the horror of his mind, that he seemed insensible to bodily suffering, as in running or walking he could scarcely be observed to halt or be in any way lame. He then drew on his stockings and boots, although his feet and legs were in such a state, and ran to the woods, still imagining himself pursued. He was then brought back, overpowered by strength, bound with ropes to the bed-post, and with much difficulty kept there. He is still alive, but he lives in great agony—the bones of his feet and toes dropping from him one after another; and if the Almighty sees fit to spare his life, he will be sorely maimed for the rest of his days.

Now I have got through the most painful part of my narrative, and shall I confess that while relating it my eye has been dimmed by a tear; but I count it no disgrace to humanity to drop the tear of sorrow over the sufferings of another, and I am thankful it is not the tear of remorse—that I am the man that either made or sold to him the article that has been the cause of his downfall and ruin. Now my Christian reader, you will perhaps say, “surely the few who live in that little village will refrain from intoxicating drink, after seeing in the case of that individual, the direful effects of drunkenness.” Alas! I must inform you, that the poison is still made and sold, and the people continue their bacchanalian carousals, and, with a few ex-

ceptions, “all things continue as they were.” And perhaps another will say, “surely if there is a church in the place, the minister will turn such a circumstance to a good account, and warn his hearers to stand in fear and never again taste the poisonous cup.” My friends! *there is* a church in the place, and a minister stately preaches there; but that minister is no friend to the Temperance cause, and is not ashamed to say that he can see much evil occasioned by the Temperance Reformation. A third may say, “but surely the elders of that church will not agree with their minister in endeavouring to suppress the Temperance cause.” Alas! my dear friend, I must again inform you, that one of these elders, but a few weeks ago, witnessed the death of his nearest neighbour, who was killed by falling from his waggon, supposed to be in a state of intoxication, with his broken jug lying beside him; and yet this worthy man, since the above circumstance happened, has raised his voice in the church, in opposition to any more Temperance meetings being held there. Another yet may say, “what do the members of that church say to all this?” I must again inform you, that the members, although many of them are good men, most of them still conform to the foolish and sinful practice of using intoxicating drink. And what is all this chiefly to be attributed to, but to the blighting influence of ministerial example? Well, well, there is a day coming when every wrong will be righted, and it will then be seen whether the friend of Temperance or the friend of drunkenness has been the friend of Jesus.

A. B.

[The above is a specimen of the soul harrowing instances of the effects of intoxicating drinks which are still taking place with alarming frequency in Canada. Were we faithfully furnished with accounts of such cases, we believe, from all we can learn, that the *Advocate* might be nearly filled with them. When will the traffic whose natural tendency it is to produce such awful effects, cease! When will the churches of Christ set their faces against it?—Ed.]

## PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

MONTREAL, March 20, 1844.

DEAR SIR,—Having returned from my tour in Western Canada, a few observations upon the present aspects of our cause may be interesting.

At no former period in the history of teetotalism in Canada, could it be said “we are a hundred and twenty thousand strong,” yet this may safely be affirmed now. The influence of so large a body, pledged to entire abstinence from alcoholic drinks, is sensibly felt and palpably plain; else why, I ask, do those who refuse to join us—instead of denouncing us as ultraists, or pretending pity for our insane attempts at the final overthrow of the *demon's reign*—offer a variety of flimsy excuses, objections which have been a thousand times refuted, and then close by saying, “It is a good cause, I wish it well, but my mind is not yet made up to join.” Yes, well may our conquering hosts exult, whether retrospectively or prospectively, contemplating the work to be accomplished or already done.

Oh! the multitude of broken hearts now bound up—starving, ragged and ignorant children now provided for—wretched homes made comfortable—ruined characters regained—shaken constitutions restored—prostrated energies quickened—soured consciences convinced—hard hearts melted—many, very many who were far off, have been, from a change of circumstances and associations effected through the adoption of the pledge, brought nigh, and are now “rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.” And what a prospect lies before us, even “an open door which no man can