

which he intended making at next meeting, to the following effect:—"That the Presbytery recommend to the various ministers under its inspection to take an early opportunity of directing the attention of their congregations to the sin of drunkenness, now so widely prevalent; to point out to them its licentious nature, and its dreadful issues; and for as much as the custom of drinking healths, and toasts, and other drinking customs, tend to increase and to perpetuate the evil; that they recommend them to give up customs in themselves so foolish, and in their consequences so fatal."

**ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.**—The following letter, dated Nov. 13, 1835, was received by one of the Agents of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, from the master of one of the most extensive workhouses in the vicinity of the metropolis:—

"That the value of ardent spirits as a medicine is greatly over-rated there can be no question. The following statement furnishes one among the many proofs that might be adduced.

"In this establishment it was customary to use gin medicinally; last year it was discontinued. For the sake of fair argument, I have chosen to contrast it with the year corresponding the most nearly in other respects.

	1827	1834
Number of inmates, average	229	232
Consumption of gin	39	1
Number of deaths	31	26
Average age at death	53	54

"I believe this statement, concise as it is, will be sufficient to enable you fully to understand what I wish to convey, viz: that in circumstances where (if anywhere) it might be useful, it has proved worse than useless."

The French Minister has applied to the American Temperance Society for copies of all the documents they have published, to be laid before the King. Some of the States of South America and Mexico have made similar applications.

**TEMPERANCE.**—The following notice was circulated in Boston and brought together upwards of five hundred seamen in the Seamen's Chapel. Dr. Beecher, their "old Commodore," as they term him, delivered a most powerful address. After which a subscription paper was handed round, and between sixty and seventy sailors, including some masters and mates of vessels, affixed their signature to a declaration of independence, against King Alcohol.

**A GRAND TEMPERANCE MEETING.**—Brother Sailors! A real windward anchor Temperance Meeting will be held at the Mariner's Church on Fort Hill, Purchase-street, this evening, at a quarter before 8 o'clock. Dr. Beecher will be there and address the meeting. He will fire a gun worth hearing. So bear a hand and be at the church in time, for the landmen will be there in shoals."

**INTEMPERANCE STATISTICS.**—A letter from Mr. Delavan to the Mayor of Albany, gives the following facts, to show the connexion between intemperance on one side, and crime and poverty on the other:—Of 114 commitments in the jail of the city for one month, 15 were temperate persons, 18 doubtful, and 81 intemperate. Of 636 received into the poor house in one year, 616 were from intemperance, 17 doubtful, 1 not

from intemperance. Whole number received into the orphan asylum in one year, 99—the parents of 72 of which (one or both) had been intemperate—And yet, with such facts written upon the walls of every prison and poor house in the land, there are many men who boast of being temperate themselves, who will not make the small sacrifice of renouncing the use of alcohol, that their example may go to relieve the country from the curse!—What men—philanthropists—Christians, are such!

**MODERATION.**—A drunken man was staggering down Lord-street, when a gentleman coming behind him cried, "Too-total!" "No, no," replied the man, "moderation!"

**DOCTRY.**

From "The Kendal Songs."

**Tune.**—"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE."

"And are you sure the news is true,  
And are you sure he's sign'd?  
I can't believe the joyful tale,  
And have my fears behind.  
If John has sign'd and drinks no more,  
The happiest wife am I  
That ever swept a cottage hearth,  
Or sung a lullaby."

For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at e',  
And ganes the comfort o' the house,  
Since he to drink did fa'!

Whose eye so kind, whose hand so strong,  
Whose love so true will shine,  
If he has bent his heart and hand  
The total pledge to sign.

But what puts breaking in my head?  
I trust he'll taste no more;  
Be still, be still, my beating heart!  
Hark! hark! he's at the door!  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's been nae luck at a',  
And ganes the comfort o' the house,  
Since he to drink did fa'!

And blessings on the helping hand  
That sends him back to me,  
Haste, haste, ye little ones, and run,  
Your father's face to see.  
And are you sure, my John you've sign'd?  
And are you sure 'tis past?  
Then mine's the happiest, brightest home  
On England's shores at last!

There's been nae luck about the house,  
But now 'tis comfort a'!  
And heaven preserve my ain gudeman,  
That he may never fa'!

**The Lovers of Rum.**

I've mused on the mis'ries of life,  
To find from what quarter they come,

Whence most of contention and strife,  
Alas! from the lovers of Rum.

I met with a fair one distress'd,  
I ask'd whence her sorrows could come,  
She replied "I am sorely distress'd,  
My husband's a lover of Rum."

I found a poor child in the street  
Whose limbs with the cold were all numb,  
No stockings nor shoes on his foot  
His father's a lover of Rum.

I went to collect a small debt,  
The master was absent from home;  
The sequel I need not relate—  
The man was a lover of Rum.

I met with a pauper in rags,  
Who ask'd for a trifling sum;  
I'll tell you the cause why he begs—  
He was once a lover of Rum.

I've seen men from health, wealth and ease,  
Untimely descend to the tomb;  
I need not describe their disease—  
Because they were lovers of Rum.

Ask prisons and gallowsses all  
Whence most of their customers come;  
From whom they have most of their call—  
They'll tell you the lovers of Rum

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