

Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

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REMOSS.—O my business! my business! it is horrible, horrible. Poor wretch before me. How dejected! How fallen! Here I have taken his last pence for rum, and I know his poor wife and children are naked, famished, and he'll go home from my store to weep at them, and bid them and perhaps be their death. How many have I ruined by rum. My God, what will become of my soul! O! I can't go to judgment with all these drunkards holding on to my skirts. And among them, my own son. O my son! my son! would to God I had died for thee, my son. O, could I have seen in thee some reform. O, how didst thou break the heart of thy mother by drunkenness. No, it was I that did it. O this business. Can I, can I longer pursue it? No, I cannot. I will not. Money I can get; but what is money to my soul? Death frights me. Judgment is rolling onward. Wretch that I am—which way?

"I fly to hell, myself am hell."



TEMPERANCE MOTTOES.—Drunkards are crazy men—Beware of Saturday night drinking—Avoid the first glass—As drink runs in, wit runs out—Water keeps the brain cool—Too tobacco insures happiness—The drunkard's steps lead to hell—Nature is a tea-totaller—Sign the pledge and be happy—Wine conquered the conqueror of the world—Drunkenness is the parent of disease—No drunkard shall enter heaven—Flee drink as a pestilence—Drunkards! look at home—Shun the drunkard's drink—Wine is a mocker—Adam's ale is the best—Water drinkers are the clearest thinkers—Abstinence is the only cure-all—How great would America be without alcohol—Drunkards! count the cost—Countenance no evil in moderation—Can fire-water quench thirst?—Stimulation is not strength—Alcohol is a deadly poison—Stick true to your pledge—Temperance elevates the mind—All drunkards were once moderate drinkers—Shun the slippery path of moderation—Spirits contain no nutriment—Alcohol cannot be digested—Solids, not liquids, support the body—This is a lesson for doctors.

WILD DICK AND GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

BY L. M. SARGENT,* ESQ.

[ABRIDGED]

Richard Wild and Robert Little were born on two pleasantly situated homesteads, that bounded on each other. Their parents, though differing essentially in their habits of life, were good neighbors. There were but few weeks' difference between the ages of these children, and they grew up in their cradles, with the strongest attachment for each other. I have seen Robert, a hundred times, in the fine mornings and evenings of summer, sitting on a particular rock, at the bottom of his father's garden, with his dipper of bread and milk; not tasting a mouthful, till Richard came and sat down, with his dipper, at his side. They teased together on a board, placed over the boundary wall. As they grew a little older, they snared blue jays and trapped striped squirrels in company; and all their toys and fishing tackle were common property.

I have often thought there was something in the name, which a boy acquires at school. Richard Wild, and Robert Little, who was smaller of stature, were called, by their schoolfellows, wild Dick and good little Robin. Robert Little was truly a good boy, and he was blessed with worthy parents, who brought him up in the fear of God, and who not only taught him the principles of piety and virtue, but led him along in those pleasant paths, by their own continual example in life and practice. Richard Wild was not so fortunate. His father and mother paid less respect to the Sabbath day; and, although, as I have said, the parents of both these children were good neighbours, and exchanged a variety of kind offices with each other, in the course of a long year; yet there were some subjects upon which they very frequently conversed,

and never agreed. The most interesting of all these topics of discussion was the temperance reform. Farmer Little was a member of the society, and, in his plain, sensible way, by his own excellent example, not more than by his counsel, within the circle of his little neighbourhood, one of its valuable advocates. Farmer Wild was opposed to it, in preaching and in practice. He was opposed to it chiefly because it was "a sectarian thing." He preached against it on all occasions, at the mill and the smithy, the town hall and the grocery store; but he was particularly eloquent upon training days, when the pail of punch was nearly drunk out; for he was not one of those, who preach and never practice. At that time, he was not esteemed an intemperate man. To be sure, he was frequently in the habit of taking enough to make his tongue run faster than usual, and to light up, in his heart, a feeling of universal philanthropy; which invariably subsided after a good night's rest. Farmer Wild's wife derived a great deal of comfort from a cheering glass. It was particularly grateful on washing days; and she soon became convinced, that it tasted quite as well, on any other day of the week. There was a time, when she was unwilling that her neighbors should become acquainted with this disposition for liquor. She was then in the habit of indulging herself in the frequent use of tea, at all hours of the day. She kept it, in constant readiness, on the upper shelf of the pantry closet. Upon a certain day, little Dick was taken so suddenly and seriously ill, that his father went for Dr. Diver. The child was unable to stand, and was so drowsy and sick at his stomach, that

The Tale in our last is by the same Author, whose name was omitted.