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undertaking. But temperance hates hypocrisy. Not many weeks had passed before a cloud seemed to be resting upon the brow of the landlord, and grog-drinkers were often seen following him into a secret closet. This looked so suspicious, that the friends of temperance stood aloof, and of course did not afford him all that aid which he had anticipated.

Drinking men were often insinuating that his temperance friends would leave him to starve, but that their money was ready for him, provided he would again fill his bar with choice liquors. They wanted that he should keep a temperate house, but it was insulting the community to pretend to keep a tavern, and not promptly provide the only thing which many desired to obtain.

Their being denied a glass when called for, or having to go into the dark to drink it, was outrageous!

Mr. G. was in great trouble. The suspicion, respecting his secret closet, had branded him with hypocrisy, and had greatly weakened the confidence of temperance people; and still his closet did not yield him much profit, so he began to wish that he had never emptied his bar.

But what could he do? There was a Bible before him at every turn; and these Bibles were a gift from the Bible Society, on condition that he stopped selling liquors. Poor man! in what a sad fix he was!

Those Bibles had each a tongue, and we may suppose that they made a dreadful sound in his ears wherever he went. After a night of restlessness and of conflicting feelings between hope and fear, duty and avarice, he rises in the morning early, half determined to return again to what the devil told him was a real money-making business; and we will imagine him wandering from room to room, startled by strange voices, which spoke in thrilling accents to his inmost soul!

He enters the old bar-room, and wo to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, sound out from the Bible on the shelf. His very knees quake, but he turns away saying to himself —“I don't mean to make any body drunken,” and enters his parlour to meditate. He seats himself, and begins to contrive how he can return to his old business, and still escape the dreadful wo that has just sounded in his ears, when a trembling seemed to run up his arm and whisper to his very soul: *Let no man put a stumbling-block on an occasion to fall in his brother's way.* He starts, and lo! his elbow was resting upon the elegant parlour Bible. He flies to the dining hall, thinking loud,—“Well, I must live and support my family, any how.” But scarce has he thought, before the Bible at the head of the room speaks out in thrilling tones—*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?* He runs up stairs, hoping to escape these unwelcome sounds, but alas! there is no escaping a guilty conscience,—now flying from the word of God, which “pierces even to dividing assunder of the joints and the marrow, the soul and the spirit, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” The narrow alley which runs between his sleeping apartments, seems to him like a sounding gallery; voices are echoing and re-

RUM-SELLING AND BIBLES.

For the Temperance Advocate.

“Say, Mr. Secretary, can't I pay for those Bibles which I received from the Bible Society a few months ago?”

“O yes, I suppose you can do it, but we do not wish to lose you.”

“But I should like to pay for them.”

“Why do you desire to pay for them?”

“O, well, I don't know: but I may think it best to sell liquors again.”

“You think it best to sell liquors again! No, never.”

“But, you know, I must support my family, and I am losing money by stopping, and if you please I will pay for the Bibles.”

“No, sir, I'll not receive a single copper. The Bibles are yours; let them remain in their places, and let them speak.”

“But I must pay for them.”

“No, you can't pay for them.”

The above conversation took place some years ago, between a tavern-keeper and the Secretary of a county Bible Society. The Society had voted to give Bibles enough to every Temperance tavern in the county, to furnish every man in the house with a Bible.

Mr. G., having had some trouble of conscience about dealing in ardent spirits, and being half resolved to stop the business, thought that this would be a good time to try it, when he could receive a small bonus.

So he turned liquors from his bar, and avowed his intention of keeping a Temperance House. Accordingly the Secretary of the Bible Society gave him an order for the requisite number of Bibles, and soon every sleeping room received a new and beautiful Bible, the parlour was graced with one of splendid appearance, and even the dining hall and the old bar were adorned with the precious treasure. And that landlord seemed to walk with a lighter step, and a few weeks appeared cheerful and happy. The temperance community determined to sustain him in his noble