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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.—*Mcnight's Translation.*

PLENCE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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LITTLE MARY, OR, A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

A TRUE TALE.

On a winter's day at the commencement of the year 1833, a benevolent lady was visiting, as was her custom, the female department of the prison of Newgate in Dublin, when her attention was attracted by the interesting look of a little girl not more than ten years old, who was in the prison yard, talking through the grating, to a disreputable woman, an inmate of the prison. The child was weeping and the woman scolding; the lady listened to the dialogue between the two, and gathered that the child was the daughter of the woman in prison whom she was talking to, and that she was in the habit of running errands for her depraved mother and the other equally debased female prisoners. Nothing is more affecting than to witness childhood in an atmosphere of guilt and pollution, and there was a gentle sweetness in the young face the lady looked on, an innocent expression of touching helplessness, that went direct to the heart of the kind visitor, who, with a smile, asked the child her name.

"Little Mary," was the reply.

"And what brings you here? this is no place for you, poor child," exclaimed the lady.

Depraved as the women were who occupied that dwelling of sin and sorrow, yet many who heard the observation, responded to it, exclaiming—"Ah no, little Mary, the darling! is in a bad place, sure enough, when she comes here."

After the benevolent mission that brought the lady to the prison was concluded, she returned home, but in the silence

of night, when lying on her pillow, she found it impossible to banish little Mary from her thoughts. The intelligent, open countenance of the child was such a contrast to her rags and wretchedness, and to the depravity with which she was associated, that it was painful to think of so sweet a flower growing in such an ungracious soil—and melancholy as the present was, the future, for little Mary, was far more dreadful. The beauty which now adorned her childhood would be a fatal gift to one in her circumstances—and as the night wore away in thoughts of little Mary that would not depart, the horrible idea that one whom God had gifted with some of nature's choicest blessings should grow up a curse to herself and society, became so painful that the lady determined to lose no time in rescuing her.

In pursuance with this benevolent resolution, the next day saw the prison visitor again at Newgate looking out for Little Mary, who, loaded with small packages, soon made her appearance at the grate that separated the visitors from the prisoners.

"Would you like to live with me, Mary?" said the lady when she saw her: the child, stupified with astonishment at the question, let her little tattered apron down and all her parcels rolled out while she rushed to the grating, exclaiming, "Mother, dear! the lady will take me to live with her, and teach me to work, and then I can keep you, and you'll come out again from here and we'll all be so happy."

The mother consented with some show of gratitude, while the miserable woman and her companions in punishment, said, "Sure, its a good work to take little Mary, the sweet soul! out of the like of this, and away from the like of us."

A joyful heart had the poor child as she tripped with naked feet and uncovered curly head, her tatters fluttering in the winter breeze, at the side of her kind-hearted benefactress.

It happened that the lady who did this good work had three sweet daughters as benevolent and pious as herself; to clothe and teach this poor little one rescued from the outcasts of society was to them indeed a labor of love.

Nor must it be thought their task was altogether as easy and delightful as it was good and christianlike; little Mary, though an interesting child with a fine capacity, was not entirely untainted by the pollutions she had passed through—many faults had to be eradicated—indeed, if a mere fit of enthusiasm had dictated the kind action they performed, it would soon have been relinquished in disgust.

One of the prevailing habits of little Mary was soon discovered, and excited no small amount of dismay in her protectors. In 1833 very little was said about temperance principles, and the good lady and her daughters kept what is called a hospitable house, and though most abstemious themselves, loved to entertain their friends with those beverages then thought to constitute an essential element in good living. One day, a bottle of whisky happened to be broken in the hall by the carelessness of a servant, and to the surprise of one of the young ladies, who, descending the stairs at the time, witnessed the circumstance, little Mary threw herself down upon the oil-cloth and commenced drinking up the liquid eagerly from the floor, evidently relishing it with the taste of one long accustomed to its flavor. To check