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less you drink a little, you will neither have strength nor spirit for anything." And so at last Tom entered upon the world, and in the true spirit of his father's instruction, became the companion of like wicked men; his trade had been easily acquired, but this new habit, this that was to be of such use to him in commending him to the favour and approval of all, was most difficult to learn; a natural distaste for liquor, and, an inward and long-nursed feeling of disgust had to be subdued, ere he could enter upon the wild career which prospectively lay before him. But perseverance and application soon broke down the preservatives of nature, and Tom trode faithfully in his father's steps, aimed at the same eminence, and very soon surpassed him. Miles heretofore had had all the quarrel to himself, the irritating effects of strong drink had not passed into the system of the son. But now both were alike contentious; and brawls and open quarrels made them ready to fight; however, saved from this by the interference of friends, it was not uncommon for each to part with the other threatening dangerous things. Separated for a time, Tom became the enamoured and loving young man, and he wooed a girl of industry and promise. He was wise enough to conceal his habit, and keep from her knowledge his newly acquired taste; and at last the time of unity came, and new responsibilities were imposed upon him; restraint for a time kept him up to his duty, and labour and toil met with their reward. But miles was getting old, and his son being a good workman, why should not the father leave his interest in trade to him? Often it was their lot to work together, as of old—and as Tom had learned to take his "whack" like a man, there was no demur or dispute about the matter, but settling time would come, and that was the time for quarrel; one had not ordered the drink, and the other had not drunk of it, and yet the score was to be paid for between them; oaths and curses deep and bitter would now be vented one against the other, and though they never came to blows, yet imprecations and horrid threats were held out against each other. Tom's wife began to find out that she had not a sober husband; reckless of ail regard, he became the sot and decoy for the publicans; many were the new companions he introduced, and many the pounds he spent to prove what a good fellow he was. Tom was quite an adept at singing and "chaffing," few equalled him; for if a stranger came to any of his favourite houses, it was no uncommon thing when all there were beat by the stranger, to call in Tom, who, by banter or open falsehood, would be sure to triumph, to the no small gratification of his party, who, together with the landlord, rarely failed to treat him for his services. Tom excelled and surpassed his companions, and though often implored by his amiable wife to give up his evil course, yet, infatuated, he would return like the dog to his vomit; his robust frame was giving way—his house, but for his wife's industry, would have been wretched, his children neglected, and his own prospects blasted—he seemed to think there was no hope for him—and irresolute and changeful, his promises and hopes were all alike failing. Tom's wife always commended herself to the notice and approval of the benevolent, who, struck with her industry, cleanliness, and care, frequently visited and talked with her about

THE LADY'S PLEDGE.

BY REV. T. I. WHITE.

To see a wild and arid waste cultured and made fruitful, is very delightful; to see order taking the place of confusion, cannot fail to gratify: to see beauty where once prevailed deformity, both cheers and pleases. But to see all this take place, in a moral point of view, attunes the heart to holy joy, and gives a spring to accents of lofty praise, and may well induce the exclamation of reverential surprise, "What hath God wrought!"

Miles Conrad's father was a moral waste—a pestilence that wasted at noon day—destroying mental beauty, and supplanting it by deformity and confusion, for he not only yielded himself up to all the besotting influences of drunken and dissipated habits, but was anxious that the young should be his companions; and by his taunt and jeer he would banter them into a taste and a love for the specious poison, and so draw them away from rectitude and sober uprightness.—A good workman, with plenty of work, he was rarely short of the means which facilitated his base purpose; and, crafty and untiring he would rarely miss "making a man," (as his phrase was,) of some artless young fellow—hence the danger of being where there are such aids to vitiate taste, and overthrow just intentions. Miles' son was his apprentice, and unnatural as it may appear, yet Tom was the chosen "butt" of jest and ridicule. Tom would not drink, and though reproached and persuaded by turns, yet for years Tom only mourned his father's folly. Lost time—money unnecessarily spent—brawls and jokes that cost much to settle—always disgusted Tom. However, as water constantly dropping wears away stone, so the oft-repeated assurance that nobody would employ him, and nobody give him instruction or additional insight into his business, if he continued the unsocial and tame creature he then was, affected Tom. "Look at me," the father would say, "and see, every body respects me, and I can always get a job, and any one, for a pint, will give me instruction. Now mind, Tom, what I say, you need not get drunk and make a beast of yourself; but un-