

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

No. 17.

"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 to be weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21.—Magna's Translation.

PLEDGE 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 DISCOURAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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[FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE]

THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

In going from business to my lodgings, I was accustomed to pass by the side of a pleasant grove, situated near the dwelling of an honorable gentleman; here I had often observed the comely form of a young woman, who seemed to delight in walking alone and contemplating the wonderful works of nature, as the last gleam of the setting sun's effulgence was fading upon the western horizon. Her brow seemed to wear a gloomy aspect, that told, to a searching eye, that some incessant grief gnawed like a worm at the root of her felicity; and she sought for alleviation, not in gay assemblies, but in retirement from the noise of an adulterated world, where none but God was near, who has faithfully promised to lift the burden from the soul oppressed. My curiosity at length prompted me to make some inquiry concerning this apparently remarkable person; accordingly I one day called at the place of which I supposed her to be a resident, and found her engaged in the domestic affairs of the house. She seemed to be quite cheerful at times, but still, the discerning eye could plainly discover, that she had some deep sorrow at heart, that embittered all her joys. The forced smiles that would alternately clothe her brow, were followed in quick succession by signs of invading sorrow, that was stealing through the deepest recesses of her heart. At my becoming somewhat acquainted, I made some enquiry concerning her family and friends. "Ah! sir," said she, "your question arouses feelings that I have long been endeavoring to smother. I once had friends and en-

joyed paternal affection and domestic felicity. But, alas! they are no more." At this her bosom heaved, and the choking sighs that arose from her heart stopped her utterance. At length she composed herself a little and said,— "Sir, I am too much affected now, but if you wish to learn my history you will please to call on me when my mind is composed, and I will tell you a tale that, if you have a tender heart, it will bleed to hear." I told her that I should be interested to learn the remarkable circumstances that could have affected her mind to such an alarming degree; but as it might serve to renew her anguish to call to mind her past afflictions, perhaps she had better say nothing about it; but she seemed quite willing to relate the sources of her grief, and accordingly the time for this pathetic interview was appointed, and I waited its arrival with no small anxiety. At the appointed time I directed my steps thitherward, and found her engaged in needle-work, and apparently in a deep study. At my coming in she seemed a little embarrassed, as though she dreaded to give me the description that she had promised. She requested me to be seated, and after a few words of common conversation there was a short pause, when, in a firm and plaintive voice she began as follows:— "According to previous arrangement, I suppose that you are expecting to hear a tale of real life, which I shall endeavor to give you in as brief a manner as possible, unless the sad recollection of the past should overcome my fortitude:

"At the time of my earliest recollection I was the child of respectable parents, of moderate fortune. My father was a tender-hearted and affectionate man; if a pitying spectacle met his eye, his was the first whose cheeks were moistened with tears. His industry supplied us with whatever our necessity required; we were mutually happy in each other's society; we enjoyed sweet peace and daily comfort, nor did the orient sun ever shine upon a more happy family. But our felicity was of short duration; the thunder of alcohol was gathering in the calmest sky, and about to break upon us with resistless sway. My father was an indulgent man, and did not like to deny the entreaties of his friends; and as he was in the habit of taking a glass now and then, without any perceptible injury, he felt safe in yielding to a certain extent. Thus one evening he yielded too far to the wishes of other men; and when he found that he was under the baneful influence of ardent spirits, he feared to return home, for he dreaded to witness the keen anguish that he knew it would give his lovely companion. Thus he deferred his return until his feeble brain became composed. O that was a long and dreary night for my poor mother; she sat in silent watchfulness and anxiety, and with awful forebodings at heart. When he returned she immediately saw that he had been participating in that which has since proved the ruin of both soul and body. And had I the talent of an angel I should fail to describe the scene that transpired at that late hour of the night. My mother sat in solemn silence for some time, and when she could no longer suppress the deep and heavy heavings of her bosom, she burst into tears. 'Charles,' said she, 'is this possible! can it be a reality, or is it a dream? can it be, that he who has won my youthful affections, in whom I have ever reposed the most implicit confidence, has now become a victim of that fiendly demon,