

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XV.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1849.

No. 21

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.—*Vacmigh'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 DISCOURTEGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents; and, finding ready admittance, at a farmer's barn, I climbed upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fireside! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be "a mocker," in the castles of the rich, among the habitations of the poor "strong drink is raging." There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birth-place, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return; but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that, which I can neither prevent nor endure. I will seek my bread among strangers. By the kind providence of Him, who hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I am, I may win, by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made havoc of all that remains; and when the last acre of the homestead shall have passed into the rum-seller's hands. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my

eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my scattered thoughts; it seemed, under the condition of high excitement in which I then was, that my father was before me, enraged at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How often had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! How often, as we walked to God's house, in company together, had he led the way! How constantly, in our daily labors, had he conducted our thoughts to serious contemplation, by some sensible and devout allusion to those employments, in which we were engaged! Lost and gone, degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a pious and a professing Christian.

Rum and ruin, hand in hand, had entered our dwelling together. The peace of our fireside was gone. The rum-seller had laid my poor, misguided father, under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had won away the little children's bread; and converted our once happy home into an earthly hell, whose only portal of exit was the silent grave.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long before, had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the severest abuse was the certain consequence, whenever my poor old mother went singly to the table of her Lord. I could have borne my father's harsh treatment of myself and of my poor sister Rachael; but he returned home, at last, constantly intoxicated; and, when opposed in any thing, proceeded to swear, and rave, and break the furniture, and abuse my old mother, who bore it all with the patience of a saint;—I made up my mind, that I could stand it no longer.

I waited cautiously, for a favorable opportunity, and asked my father's permission to go to sea. He flew into a terrible rage. The next morning he seemed to be in a better frame of mind, and, as I was chopping wood before the door, he asked me, of his own accord, what had induced me to wish to leave home and go to sea. I hesitated for some time; but, as he urged me to speak out, and, at the same time, appeared to be much calmer than usual;—"Father," said I, "it kills me to see you and hear you talk and act so badly to poor mother." He flew into a greater rage than before, and bade me never open my mouth upon the subject again.

Thus matters continued to progress from bad to worse. Love is said not to stand still. This saying is manifestly true in regard to the love of strong drink.

Our domestic misery continued to increase, from week to week. There were intervals, in which my father was more like himself, more like the good, kind parent and husband, whose outgoings, in the morning, had been a source of affectionate regret, and whose incomings, at night, had been a