

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—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 discountenance their use throughout the community.

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The Evening Glass of Toddy.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.)

"Mamma," said a little blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, popping her head from under the table, where she had been for some time busily employed dressing her doll, "May I sit up to-night till papa comes home?"

"No, my dear," said her mother; "it is not good for children to sit up late at night; it is now near your bed-time, and your eyes begin to look heavy."

"Oh, but mamma, I should like so much to sit up till papa comes; I am sure he will not be long; you let me sit up last night, when aunt Mary was here."

"That was because your aunt desired it, as she will not be here again for a long time."

"If you will let me sit, mamma," persisted the little girl, "I will be very good."

"Why is my little daughter so anxious to sit up to-night?" said her mother.

"Oh! I so love this little drop of toddy papa leaves in the bottom of his glass for me."

"Is that it?" said the mother with a laugh; "well my little daughter need not sit up for that." She laid past her work; went to the side board, and took from thence a bottle of wine,—poured one teaspoonful into a glass, added some sugar and water, and gave it to the child, saying, "Is not that better than the drop in the bottom of papa's glass?"

"It is very nice, thank you, mamma," said the child, sipping it so delightfully.

Do not shudder, dear reader, at the act of that mother; she would no more have given her child that teaspoonful of wine, could she have seen its dreadful consequences than you would have done. It was before the evils of Intemperance had been as fully brought before the public mind, as it is at the present day; and I am afraid there are parents even now, who not only indulge in their own evening glass, but hand the dregs to their innocent offspring; thus, by their own act, destroying the vital spring of every virtuous principle, and sowing the seeds of degradation, crime and death.

Little Mary Grant (which was the name of the child above mentioned,) continued to receive her evening teaspoonful, until that became too small a quantity, and it was by and by augmented into a glass.

Mary's parents were not wealthy, but they were in comfortable circumstances,—their glass of wine at dinner, and their glass of toddy in the evening, could be well afforded, so far as means were concerned; and as Mary was an only child, she was early indulged in both. But could either of her parents have seen her, on her return from school, before she had reached her teens,—

how softly she would slip into the dining room—stealing softly up to the sideboard—pour herself out a glass of wine—drink it in haste, and hurriedly leave the room—methinks, they would have viewed with horror the gulf towards which she was hastening: and would have stretched out their parental arms in love and pity, to save the beloved one before it was too late: but alas! they neither saw nor suspected it.

As Mary approached womanhood, she became very beautiful and engaging in her manners; she captivated all hearts by her gentle qualities,—she gained the esteem of old and young,—she was her mother's darling, and her father's idol,—she was the belle of the circle in which she moved, and even by society above her own sphere, her beauty and accomplishments caused her to be sought after and welcomed. But all this time, her appetite for stimulants had been slowly but surely increasing, but in the same degree had her cunning increased; and from every eye but that of an all-seeing God, had she concealed her frequent tipping. She had frequently left the evening glass untouched,—true, her mother had remarked that their spirit merchant's bill had increased, but then, their acquaintance had extended since Mary had grown up, and of course that accounted for it.

At length Mary gained the affections of Mr. Rutherford, son of her father's employer, (an extensive wholesale merchant,) she gave her heart in return. Her affection was sincere, and caused her to look a little more closely into her own conduct. Her self-examination had the effect, for a time, of deterring her from using any kind of stimulant. Her mother urged her to take a little wine, for the sake of her health, but Mary was firm. Oh! that she had always continued so.

When Mr. Rutherford first made known to his father his affection for Mary, he demurred a little on the score of her being only the daughter of their own confidential Clerk, but on becoming acquainted with her, he cheerfully gave his consent to his son's union with her, and she was welcomed into the bosom of the family as an acquisition, the old gentleman retiring in favor of his son, on a competency he had already acquired.

The first year of their married life passed happily over, not a sorrow clouding the sunshine of their happiness. The young husband had succeeded in coaxing his darling Mary, to take a cozy glass of toddy with him, on his return from business in the evening. There was something so comfortable, in sitting down by one's own fire-side after a day of toil, with one's feet encased in slippers,—an excellent glass of toddy, mixed to perfection by the hands of one's own young and lovely wife—she at the same time, partaking of a glass somewhat smaller and weaker, and conversing together so agreeably. There is something very enticing in those evening glasses of toddy. But mark their end.—It is strife.