

The Canada

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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No. 13:

STEPS TO RUIN.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

Of all the wo and want, and wretchedness, which awaken our compassion; of all the scenes of misery which call so loudly for sympathy; there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with the love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness, look at him in after years, when he has learned to love the draught, which we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of the brute. Where is now his usefulness? where the admiration, where the love that once were his? Love! none but the love of a wife or a child can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman who, when she repeated "for better for worse," would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the "worse" fallen upon her young heart. Is this she who, on her bridal day, was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah, me, what a sad change! And the children for whom he thanked God at their birth; the little ones of whom he had been so proud, whom he dandled on his knee, and taught to lisp the endearing name of his father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket, and the full bottle; the natural wants of the body denied to satisfy the unnatural craving of a depraved appetite.

Oh, God, have pity on the drunkard's home!

We too have a tale to tell, which, it pains us to acknowledge, contains more truth than fiction.

James Boynton was the first born of his parents, and a proud and happy mother was Mrs. Boynton, when her friends gathered around her to look at her pretty babe.—Carefully was he tended, and all his infantile winning ways were treasured as so many proofs of his powers of endearment.

"In wisdom has the Almighty hidden the deep secrets of futurity from mortal ken. When the mother first folds her infant to her heart, could she look through the long vista of years, and see the suffering, the sin, the shame, which may be the portion of her child, would she not ask God in mercy to take the infant to Himself? Would she not unrepiningly, nay, thankfully bear all the agony of seeing her little one, with straightened limbs, and folded hands, and shrouded form, carried from her bosom to its baby grave? And yet, no one of all the thousands who are steeped in wickedness and crime, but a mother's heart has gladdened when the soft eye first looked into hers, and the soft cheek first nestled

on her own. And, still more awful thought! not one of all these Pariahs of society but has an immortal soul, to save which, the Son of God left his glory, and agonised upon the cross!

James grew up a warm-hearted boy, and among his young companions he was a universal favorite. "Jim Boynton is too good-natured to refuse doing anything we ask," said Ned Granger one day to a schoolfellow who feared that James would not join a party of rather doubtful character, which was forming for what they called a frolic. And this was the truth. Here lay the secret of Boynton's weakness—he was too good natured: for this very desirable and truly amiable quality, unless united with firmness of character, is often productive of evil.—But we pass over his boyish life, and look at him in early manhood.

He has a fine figure, with a handsome, intelligent countenance, and his manners have received their tone and polish from the free intercourse in refined circles. He passed his college examination with credit to himself; but, from sheer indecision of character, hesitated in choosing a profession. At one time, an uncle, who resided at the south, was about retiring from mercantile life, and he proposed a wish that James should go with him as junior partner, while he would remain for a year or two to give his nephew the benefit of his experience. The business was a lucrative one, and the proposal was accepted.

James left his home at the north, and went to try his fortunes amid new scenes and new temptations. His uncle received him warmly, for the old man had no children of his own, and James was his good-child. His uncle's position in society, and his own frank and gentlemanly demeanour won him ready access to the hospitality of southern friends, and it was not long before he fell in love with a pretty orphan girl, whom he frequently met at the house of a common acquaintance. That the girl was portionless, was no demerit in his uncle's eyes. Not all his treasures, and they were large, had choked the avenues to the old man's heart, and the young people were made happy by his approval of their union.

After a visit to his friends in the north, James returned with his bride; and in a modern house, furnished with luxury, the happy pair began their wedded life. And, now, who so blest as Boynton? Three years pass away, and two children make their home still brighter. Does no one see the cloud, "not bigger than a man's hand," upon the verge of the moral horizon?

Boynton's dislike to saying "no," when asked to join a