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Read This.

The snow is falling fast, and I have just returned from a walk half a mile distant, where in a building formerly occupied as a district school-house, lives the family of——. As the shades of evening began to appear, it occurred to me that a few quarts of milk would be acceptable to this poor family, knowing that the times were such that the father could get but little employment. Putting on my cloak and hood, I was presently at the door of this family. Having an errand a few rods below, I did not enter, but said to the mother that I would call in a few moments and take my pail. On my return I went in. A little one, perhaps a year old, was in her arms, and another bright little boy whose intelligent countenance denoted the high destinies for which the soul within was designed, three or four years of age was crying at her side.

"Well, Mrs.——, how do you get along?" I asked. With a downcast look, and heaving bosom, such as is borne only by the wife of a drunkard, she replied, "Oh, I don't know, pretty much as usual." Seeing her table as if fresh and for supper, and a teapot on the stove, I inquired, "Is your husband at home?"—"No; he is somewhere about the corner," a place a few rods distant, universally designated by that name, and a general resort for a certain class of the community, as the two merchants and two landlords who are all in a cluster, on or near the four corners of two roads which cross each other (and, I would add, under the eaves of the sanctuary, where officiates in this day of light and effort, a *brandy making deacon*,) are each of them drunkard-makers; "Men of property and standing," "who speak great swelling swords, devour widows houses, and say, 'Am I not innocent?'"

Upon a second survey of the table, I perceived a few scanty dishes neatly arranged, with perhaps a dozen small potatoes, a very small bone of meat, and a bowl or two of the milk I had just brought in, without bread or butter, or a particle of any other kind of food.

I resumed my inquiries, and asked, "How does your husband do now-a-days? Does he drink as much as ever?"—"When he can get any money he does. He has been quite steady for a few days, but—he has been at the corner to day." She stopped suddenly. "Do you have the necessaries of life at all times?" I asked. "Some times I do, and some times I do not," was her reluctant answer. "Where are your other children?"—"Two are in——, and one in——, you know. I have but these two at home." In the mean time the little boy had dried his tears, and brought his book to let me hear how well he could read. After some little conversation with him, I turned to the mother, directed her to go to Christ with all her trials, and yield herself up to him as her only source of consolation in this world of sorrow, as it emphatically is to her. Upon rising to depart, with a countenance full of gratitude, she thanked me for the milk, saying she had had none for a week or more, and the last she had she bought by her own labor of one of her neighbors.

Upon leaving the house, with some difficulty in consequence of the depth and nearness of the snow, I found my way into the street, when an unearthly sound as of moaning or groaning, fell upon my ears. By this time it was quite dark, but in consequence of the contrast which the snow afforded, I discovered before me, about two thirds the

distance between these charnel houses and the habitation I had just left, a dark object, from which the sound seemed to proceed. An involuntary shudder seized my whole frame. I turned to retreat as fast as possible, when, upon a second thought, I resolved to stop and see if the object moved, and if so, how fast; for, as it did not present the form of a human being, I was utterly at a loss what it could be. I halted, stepped forward, then back, listened to the moanings, which I thought must resemble those of the pit, and at first could not perceive that it moved at all. To go forward and encounter it I had not the courage. I stood hesitating, when I noticed that it advanced towards me. At that moment the reply of Mrs.——, "My husband is at the corner," flashed upon my mind. I returned and told her there was something in the street which I believed might be her husband. She caught the light, and hastily left the house to meet him: and such a spectacle! I literally shudder as I write. A being, made a little lower than the angels, crowned with glory and honor, bearing the image of his Maker, and the impress of immortality, purchased by the blood of the Son of God, reduced, yes, reduced to a level with creeping things, as he was actually drawing himself at full length upon his stomach, by the aid of his arms, upon the snow. My thoughts flew first to the poor wife, (must I, can I say, wife,) and then to these reservoirs of death and damnation, at one of which he had been transformed from a man erect into a thing, I ought to say, *fiend*, for he spoke the language of the bottomless pit in imprecations and curses upon me, in answer to the question, where and which of these four individuals was it that thus rewarded your wife, your little ones, for your faithful toils through the day? For I felt that I could go, and upon my knees entreat that individual to accompany me to that house of woe, and see what his own hands had done. His wife, for fear of her life upon returning reason, spoke to him in the tenderest tones, kindly offering to raise him from the snow. With oaths and curses he refused her assistance, and in that condition sometimes upon his stomach and sometimes upon his knees, drew himself into his house, there to act the fiend, both in language and conduct, until a full restoration of reason shall bring with it shame and silence. As I left and turned the corner, I exclaimed audibly, "How long, O! Lord, how long must and will these fountains of misery and death, temporal and eternal, be tolerated? How long will men for 'covetousness,' make havoc of the bodies and souls of their fellowmen?" I felt that language was inadequate to describe the guilt and abomination of this business. Alone on the way, I exclaimed, "I wonder not that Thomas P. Hunt should affirm, that the drunkard-maker is the worst man out of hell, and the worst that will get into it."

Notes on Texts of Scripture.

MARK II. 22, & xiv. 12, 22-25.

The interpretation of Scripture is a solemn work, and ought to be conducted with great caution. We shall endeavour to bear this in mind while we lay before our readers in a series of articles, an illustration of passages of Sacred Writ, which bear, or have been supposed to bear, on points connected with the temperance question. As many of these points are controverted, we deem it proper to cite the opin-