

Canada Temperance Advocate.

Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

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MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1839.

VOL. IV.

PROSPECTUS

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME OF THE

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

The Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society, in commencing another volume, earnestly request the aid of the friends of Total Abstinence in both Provinces to extend its circulation, by subscribing themselves and procuring as many subscribers as possible. The welfare of our country, the safety of our families, and the prosperity of the Church of Christ, demand vigorous measures to stem the torrent of intemperance which is rapidly spreading its destructive course over the land.

Those who are destroying and debasing our community through the traffic in intoxicating liquors, are busy in their vocation. Does it become those who are labouring in the cause of humanity and the moral improvement of mankind, to be luke-warm and undecided? Does it especially become the followers of Jesus Christ to fold their hands in slumber, and abstain from active exertions?

Amongst the many means for effecting a reform, the promulgation of truth, through the medium of the press has been, by the blessing of God, one of the most efficacious. Acting upon this belief, the Committee, besides making arrangements to render the *Temperance Advocate* still more interesting, have resolved to lower the price of the next volume fully ONE HALF, although at the present rates, its support is attended with considerable pecuniary loss. To sustain the undertaking at even a moderate sacrifice, *prompt payment and an extended circulation* are absolutely necessary. The friends of Temperance are, therefore, appealed to for renewed exertions, in order that the Committee may be relieved in some measure from the responsibility assumed, and be enabled to continue the support of a means so necessary for the success of the Temperance Reformation.

The following are the terms of the fifth volume: When delivered in town, 75 annum, 1s. 75 copy. Sent by mail (except to post-masters) *postage included*, from 1 @ 10 copies 1s. 8d. 75 annum; from 10 @ 100, 1s. 6d.; 100 and above, 1s. 3d. **NO PAPER FORWARDED WITHOUT PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.** All communications and remittances to be sent (post paid) to Mr. JAMES COURT, Secretary.

N. B.—Copies will be sent (*gratis*) to every Minister of the Gospel and Schoolmaster whose names are transmitted. Individuals and Societies unable to pay for the quantities they may wish to take, will be supplied at reduced prices or *gratis*, on making proper representations.

From the Schedule of Rates, it will be seen, that on remitting

\$1,	3 copies will be sent (postage included) for one year.			
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MONTREAL, February 1, 1839.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. ABBOT'S LECTURE.

The Dying Woman.

A year or two since, as I was passing a Sabbath in a country town, in the interior of the Commonwealth, I was requested to visit a dying woman. The first aspect of the house to which I was led, in its loose clapboards and broken windows, and decayed fences, told me I was approaching the home of a drunkard. The apartment in which the dying woman was breathing her last, was one whose aspect of cheerlessness and discomfort made the heart ache. A few wretched articles of furniture were scattered about the room, and upon a low bed, in one corner, most scantily furnished, lay the wasted form of the dying. Her countenance bore the traces of intelligence, of refinement, and yet of the most overwhelming mental anguish. Her husband stood at the head of the bed, with an expression of as deep grief as could be crowded into the features of a bloated inebriate. Five little children stood around the bedside, loudly sobbing; the eldest a daughter not twelve years of age, and almost convulsively clasping her hand as she drenched it with her tears.

It was one of those scenes of woe which at once paints itself upon the eye, and imprints itself upon the mind—never, never to be effaced. From the few almost inarticulate words of the dying woman, I gathered that all the anguish of the mother's heart was in fevered excitement, as she was to leave her poor children—her tender boys and girls, in this world of temptation, with no guide but their besotted, drunken father.

She was already breathing her last as I entered—and in a short time, her struggling, broken, grief-rent heart, was still in death.

The Days of Happiness.

I inquired into the circumstances of the case, and found that a few years before, this woman, then a young lady of many accomplishments of person and of mind, was married to her husband, then a young merchant—amiable, intelligent, of correct habits, and engaged in lucrative and successful business. The sun of present and prospective joy, beamed brightly on the morning of their nuptials. Every thing was cheerful and tasteful in the happy home, where their youthful affections were first cemented. A few years of untroubled prosperity glided swiftly away.

The Rising Cloud.

Behind the counter of this young man's store, were ranged several punchons of ardent spirits, for retail sale. In selling to others, he tasted himself. Gradually he acquired an appetite for strong drink—and the lapse of a very few months scattered all his property, ruined his reputation, beggared his family, and left him a ragged vagabond in the streets.

He was naturally an amiable and affectionate man—compliant and yielding, and having in his nature but little of that sterner material which is called decision, when temptation came in its mighty power, he fell at once, and irremediably.

With such persons it is not-unfrequently the case, that intoxication produces perfect phrenzy. A few glasses would perfectly craze him, and he would return at night to his home, a raging, tearing maniac. He would take the whole range of the house in his fury, and wife and children were compelled to flee, wounded and bleeding, from his terrible violence. The emaciation of utter wretchedness and despair, struck to the mother's heart. Often would she gather her little flock of children in the corner behind her, and receive upon her own person the fearful blows which their brutal and crazed father was dealing around him.

"Oh, who can tell what days—what nights she spent,
Of tedious, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe."