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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|---|------------|
| <i>The Change—A True Narrative</i> | 81 |
| <i>The Fever of Passion</i> | 82 |
| <i>Reasons for Drinking</i> | " |
| <i>A Short Sermon</i> | 83 |
| <i>Fruits of Alcohol</i> | 83 |
| <i>Speeches of Hottentots at a Temperance Meeting</i> | 84 |
| <i>Appeal to the Church</i> | 85 |
| <i>Progress of the Cause</i> | " |
| <i>Poetry—There's Poison in the Cup</i> | 88 |
| <i>Notices to Correspondents</i> | "a |
| <i>Police Report</i> | " |
| <i>A Great Offender</i> | 89 |
| <i>Notice—Correspondence</i> | " |
| <i>Letters to Mothers</i> | 90 |
| <i>The Atmosphere</i> | 91 |
| <i>Food for Fattening Cattle, &c.</i> | 92 |
| <i>Miscellaneous</i> | 93 |
| <i>News—Prices Current, &c.</i> | 94, 95, 96 |

THE CHANGE—A TRUE NARRATIVE.

(For the Canada Temperance Advocate.)

It was about the year 1830, that Mr. K— left his native land, and arriving in America, with his wife and family, sought and found a home among the wild woods of Canada. By perseverance and industry, they were soon surrounded by many comforts, to which they had been strangers, even in "dear happy England." Mrs. K— was noted for the prudence and economy which she displayed in the management of her domestic affairs, and their dwelling was distinguished for neatness and order. At length they were induced to open an inn; their residence being eligibly situated for that purpose, on the public road between two villages. Their bar, as a matter of course, was soon furnished with every variety of intoxicating liquors, and with a good reputation, and many customers, there seemed a fair prospect that they would succeed in the world. Their eldest daughter was the belle of the neighbourhood, and a regular attendant in the ball-room, where she found many suitors. Among these, was the son of a neighbouring farmer, to whom she pledged her heart and hand. The wedding day was set, and preparations made for the approaching nuptials. It was a beautiful day in spring, the sun shone brightly, and the birds sung sweetly, as the friends of the young couple met at the inn, to witness the marriage ceremony, which was to be followed by a ball in the evening. But "midnight's silent hour" had passed, and their revels were still continued; and not until the darkness of night had given place to the grey light of dawn, was the party broken up. Ah! how little they thought, that ere long an event would happen that would chase the smile from

their cheeks, and the joy from their hearts. In the course of that day, the bride, worn out with the fatigue of preparing for the occasion, and the exertions of the previous night, was laid upon that bed, which was destined soon to be the bed of death. Medical skill was exerted to the utmost in behalf of the sufferer, but in vain; death had marked her for heaven. Several days and nights had been passed in grief and anxiety by her distracted friends, who now stood in silence around the bed of death. Their sorrow was too great for utterance. The dying girl opened her eyes and glanced languidly around; a tear stood in her once bright eye, one long deeply drawn sigh, and all was over, her spirit returned to God who gave it. Such was the melancholy fate of poor B. K—.

What must have been the feelings of those who had so lately been her companions in mirth and festivity, when they were invited to her funeral, just one short week after her marriage?

It might have been expected, that so dreadful and unexpected a stroke of Providence, as the death of this unfortunate young woman, would have made a deep impression on the minds of her relations. It did, indeed, cast a gloom over the members of her family, but as their hearts remained untouched, they soon recommenced their career of folly, with undiminished ardour. Mr. K—, regardless of his promise to his daughter, who on her death bed expressed an earnest wish that he would discontinue his traffic in intoxicating drinks, still persisted in filling the maddening bowl, and dealing out the accursed beverage; no doubt often partaking himself. His sons grew up in habits of idleness, and would much rather lounge in the bar-room, than devote their time to the cultivation of their minds, or any useful manual employment. They seemed to have no idea of religion or morality, and long before they had reached the years of manhood, they had acquired a love for intoxicating drinks, which, as one sin leads to another, led to the formation of other pernicious habits. When not permitted by their father to drink at home, they would secretly abstract money from his drawer, proceed to the next inn, and purchase for themselves. Mrs. K— herself had become an entire slave to spirituous liquors, so that she was no longer capable of superintending her household affairs. Oh! what a change had taken place in that once happy family. The father might be seen dealing out to his customers that which had been the ruin of those that were dear to him; the mother, fallen asleep on her chair in a state of intoxication, and the young men drinking in their own, or some neighbouring inn. This state of affairs had now come