

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XIII.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 16, 1847.

No. 20

CONTENTS.

SELECTIONS.— <i>The Value of a Tract—An Ungodly Minister</i>	PAGE.
<i>The Temperance Reformation not opposed to the Gospel—The Tea Duties—Letter from a Gentleman Recently from Scotland, to the Cor. Sec. A. T. U.</i>	305
<i>Oh, Save the Children!!</i>	306
<i>Wife of the Drunkard</i>	307
PROGRESS.....	308
MISCELLANEOUS.....	309
POETRY.— <i>Soliloquy of a Drunkard's Wife—Song of the Surgery, or Temperance Song for 1838</i>	311
EDITORIAL.— <i>Prospectus of Vol. XIV—Ladies' Soiree—City Efforts—Hamilton Fair</i>	313
EDUCATION.— <i>Fine Arts</i>	314
AGRICULTURE.— <i>History of the Potato—Price & necessary for healthy Vegetation</i>	316
MARKETS.— <i>Prices Current, &c.</i>	317

success. Which of our readers is not able to put a tract into the hands of a neighbour or an acquaintance? And what lover of his race would not rejoice in such success as is here recorded?]

AN UNGODLY MINISTER.

Ah! how awful is the thought!—a man sent to show to others the way to heaven, while he himself all the while is walking in the way to hell!—An ambassador of Christ, in whose heart satan is enthroned!—A watchman in unholy alliance with the enemy!—A man, in point of privilege and office, exalted to heaven, yet brought down to hell! Fathers and brethren, who bear the sacred office of the ministry, suffer the word of exhortation. A worldly, wicked, ungodly minister, is a moral monster,—the church's curse:—the living image of satan when he transforms himself into an angel of light; and if joy could be felt in hell, it would be felt when such a man intrudes upon the high vocation. And the divinely-attested fact, that such a man once held it, should lead all who hold it to the closest self-scrutiny. Think of a minister, with all his opportunities of knowledge and of usefulness,—with all his seasons of devotion;—a man whose very business is connected with religion, and whose hourly pursuits are, or ought to be, such as others can only occasionally enjoy;—think of such a man testifying what he knows not, and speaking of what he has never realised or enjoyed,—an Achan in the camp,—a Judas among the twelve! Trace him to his death-bed; he looks back, all is comfortless! forward—all is despair! He cannot say, "This is our rejoicing, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." The words, joyful to others, ring as the sentence of damnation in his ears,—“Give an account of thy stewardship;” and this will form one of the bitterest ingredients in his exhaustless cup of misery, that he held the torch to illuminate the pathway of others, and never felt its genial warmth, or was illumined by its cheering ray. Let us, my dear fathers and brethren, imitate another apostle, who said, “I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air; but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.”

THE VALUE OF A TRACT.

A Gentleman, not a great while since, in passing through a small village, when on a journey, met with a slight accident to his carriage, which detained him some time there in getting it repaired. While there, he entered the lowly habitation of one of the villagers, the occupant of which was an intelligent woman, who was a widow. After conversing some time on various subjects, her own domestic circumstances being alluded to, she said that her family had once been wretched in the extreme; and intimated to the stranger, in a feeling and delicate manner, that her husband contracted in an early life the habits of intemperance, and died under their influence; that her son, her only son, followed in the footsteps of his father, and became a sot. After the death of her husband, a friend at a distance had sent her a little book; after reading it herself with intense interest, she induced her son and several individuals in the village to read it also. Her son soon after became a reformed man, and has continued so ever since. Such was the case also with others who read it. A temperance society was soon formed, to which a multitude of all classes promptly joined themselves, and this little village experienced an entire moral renovation through the influence of this single book.

On being inquired of by the stranger what little book it was that produced such happy effects, she said she had kept it very choice in her desk;—“For, said she, next to my Bible, I prize it above all other books.” She soon produced it; and taking off the paper in which it was carefully wrapped, presented it to the stranger, who immediately recognised it as a familiar friend. It was *My Mother's Gold*; and the stranger who held it in his hand was Lucius M. Sargent, the author. Before leaving the cottage of the widow, Mr. Sargent presented her with the entire series of his *Temperance Tales*.—*American Magazine*.

Thousands upon thousands of temperance tracts have been circulated; and it is a matter for encouragement that in a great number of instances they have been circulated with

Our readers may better conceive than we can express our feelings, on receiving the above extract from a Sermon, it seems, on the Death of Judas, preached twenty-four years ago, in Dublin, by a Presbyterian minister then respectable and popular, but now—*utterly undone by strong drink!!* Little does our correspondent seem to have dreamed that the author of the awful picture he has sent us, has himself supplied, in his own person, an awful illustration! We were as ignorant of the passage as our correspondent seems to have been of the author; but the providence of God has, by him and us, brought them thus together. May he in mercy render the dread fact a useful beacon to all his servants.—*Christian Witness*.