

Canada Temperance Advocate.

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The New Year.

The salutations of the season to all the readers and friends of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*.—We are persuaded that our generous wishes will be reciprocated by the thousands with whom we have so long continued a cheerful and instructive correspondence. The New Year has commenced its career, and while we wish to all an increased degree of happiness, it will be our earnest endeavor to produce and promote it.

The year 1851 has fled. To many it has doubtless been a year of enjoyment and prosperity. In the possession of a competency they have had the means of comfort, and abstaining from injurious food and beverages, they have sought and found the benefits of temperance. The mind, too, always craving for knowledge, has been stored with valuable information, and in communicating truth to others, happiness has been increased. To others the year past has been one of trial, vicissitude and sorrow. Affliction or bereavement may have been their portion, and they have been made to weep over the losses and calamities of human life, or to grieve over the sins and follies of their friends, or perhaps some member of their own family.—Within a year past, some may have been happily delivered from the fearful snail of intemperance; and have rejoiced in their freedom—others may have been again involved in the snare of the fowler, and fallen a prey to the direst enemy of human peace. How various are the conditions of mortals! How strange are the vicissitudes of mankind! There reign christian joy and heavenly contentment—and there are principles and feelings entirely the reverse. Who can harmonize the conflicting scenes of this degenerate world? Happily, there is a remedy for all the ills of life, and in the Christian revelation will be found a divinely authenticated scheme of peace and concord. Guided by the light which shines from thence, we wish the reader a Happy New Year,—if you have been sorrowful and broken-hearted, we desire for you their removal—if you have enjoyed a fair share of bliss and peace, we wish for you their continuance.

The salutations of the season will be given and received, we fear, by many of our countrymen, over the intoxicating cup. Can any thing be more infinitely absurd. The notions such people have of happiness, must be essentially defective; or altogether sensual. Beside, it is the cup of ruin and death in which they pledge their friendship. A year of happiness they cannot have, who subject the mind to the tyranny of base passion and unsatisfied appetite. At least dash down that drunkard's bowl, for consider how many by it have been slain, and remember the tears and regrets that have often unavailingly followed, as the consequence of unrestrained sinful propensity. To the unpledged user of strong drink, we wish happiness; but it can only be had and retained by a right abstinence from inebriating beverages.

With what a sweet smile and hopeful look, will the true and longtried friends of temperance hail each other on the morn of a New Year. Their enjoyment will be the greater, for as much as they have reason to know that the cause they love, and feel to be of God, has gloriously prospered during the past year. They have used some little exertion, and have the satisfactory assurance, that not in vain did they commit their work to God, and labor for the redemption of Canada. There is assuredly the richest source of happiness in doing good to the bodies and souls

of men, and if throughout this year our lives are spared, it will greatly enhance the probabilities of personal and social happiness, by unremitted exertions to extend the influence of the temperance cause, as well as other philanthropic institutions established for the destruction of evil, by the spread of religious truth. Let us not hide from ourselves the persuasion that the time has not come when we may indolently repose in imaginary security. The enemy is in our borders.—He has been crippled, but not yet expelled. Thousands are now the victims of delusion, and entertain the false hope that they can trifle with a foe, whom they think to control; but who has insidiously betrayed into the whirlpool of death, myriads stronger than they. Our work is not done—it is but commenced. Formidable obstacles are removed, and there is a certainty of laboring to greater advantage than in former years, but work we must,—one and all, or our gallant ship will be driven back, or foundered in the rough gales of a fierce and unscrupulous adversity. Are we to have a happy year? We may, but it must be a year of peaceful strife to recover our fellowmen from Satan's snares, or fortify the weak against the temptations to which they are ceaselessly exposed. Banish the thought of indifference, and let all begin the year with the determination to stand by the banner of temperance, and thereby confirm the good; reform the bad, and thus secure the increasing happiness of our beloved country.

It is to be feared that on this very day, some who long since formed an artificial appetite, will listen to its unsatiated cravings, and freely use the destructive beverage. The swift lightnings of retributive justice are preparing. Already the springs of life are poisoned; a sin unto death has been committed, and repentance could not avert the consequences resulting from a violation of the laws of nature. A lying prophet has caused them to err; they themselves then prophesied of good to come, but it came not. They said "I will seek it yet again," and now is heard, by those who understand the voice of sacred truth, the terrible message—"This year thou shalt die." It is true, mercy may be sought, and pardon found, but it is not to be forgotten that in *holy scripture* we read, "nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." It is enough to make one sad, and weep tears of melancholy bitterness, to think, on grounds not easily refuted, that during this year 1852, a thousand drunkards must end their sinful career in Canada alone. Most of these not unwarned, and many tried to break the chain of delusive folly, but it was too late, and die they must. O God, be merciful to these sinners, and you, friends of freedom, godly-christian freedom, try to save them from the awful danger to which they stand exposed. Surely, as we said above, there is work enough to do;—let us then be up and at it.

We cannot conclude this initiatory sketch for the new year, without adverting to the traffic and those engaged in it. We suppose a good deal of the happiness of the rum-seller consists in the amount of the liquor he sells, and proportion of profits he may secure. That is, in the same ratio that others are made miserable, and prepared for future woe—he is happy. It seems incredible, that selfishness so gross should disfigure our boasted civilization. But so it is—and worse than this. Our churches are not pure. That pew is polluted with human blood, where the drunkard maker sits. He may chant his part, and pay his tithes, and say soft words, or chosen phrase of sentimental orthodoxy, but it is a vanity and vexation of spirit. Upon that church the blessing comes but limited and far between. For thus saith the Lord, "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I