

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

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"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—Rom. xiv. 21.—Macnigh's Translation.

**PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**  
WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, DO AGREE, THAT WE WILL NOT USE INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS A BEVERAGE, NOR TRAFFIC IN THEM; THAT WE WILL NOT PROVIDE THEM AS AN ARTICLE OF ENTERTAINMENT, NOR FOR PERSONS IN OUR EMPLOYMENT; AND THAT IN ALL SUITABLE WAYS WE WILL DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

CONTENTS.		PAGE
<i>The Rev. Dr. Hamilton's Description of a Whirlpool.....</i>		225
<i>The Road to Ruin.....</i>		227
<i>Moral and Legal Suasion.....</i>		228
<i>The New President.....</i>		"
<i>A Tippling Mother—The Effects of Drunkenness.....</i>		229
PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.....		230
POETRY— <i>Come into the Ark.....</i>		231
<i>Reasons for leaving off Strong Drink.....</i>		"
MUSIC— <i>Mother, Dry that Flowing Tear.....</i>		232
EDITORIAL— <i>Scripture Examples—No. III.....</i>		233
<i>Sons of Temperance.....</i>		234
<i>Dublin Statistical Society.....</i>		234
<i>Temperance Movement in the Lower Provinces.....</i>		"
<i>General Riley.....</i>		235
<i>Testimonial to Father Caniquy.....</i>		236
EDUCATION.....		237
AGRICULTURE.....		237
NEWS, &c.....		238

**THE REV. DR. HAMILTON'S DESCRIPTION OF A WHIRLPOOL.**

The name of Richard Winter Hamilton has only to be mentioned to command the deepest respect, and the highest esteem of every one who knew his worth, who has heard his living voice, or read the vivid language that flowed from his pen. It is saying but the truth of him, when we say, that he was a master in Israel, and superior to many to whom such a title is deservedly given. Such a man as he, was the property, not merely of the people to whom he stately ministered, nor even only of the denomination of Christians with whom he was connected, but of the church general. Thousands and tens of thousands, beyond the pale of that portion of the church to which he was so bright an ornament, have listened with rapture to his high imaginings, have been subdued by his clear and convincing argumentations, and have been irresistibly led onwards by his powerful appeals. Multitudes more have read his works with deep emotion, their minds have been enlightened, their hearts warmed, their energies excited or renewed. All who have thus listened, thus read and thus felt, have rejoiced that the barriers of denominational distinction do not destroy Christian brotherhood, and have thus rejoiced, because with such a one they could claim kindred in Christ. But he is gone—gone to his reward—gone to that home which exceeds his conceptions of it, grand and glorious as these were—much farther than these conceptions exceeded the dull tame thoughts of the merest commonplace. Such a man as he had not lived in vain. The result of his labors may be

seen even now, but shall only be fully realised when time itself is done. 'He being dead, yet speaketh,' speaketh in the living epistles he has left behind him, known and read of all men—speaketh in the valuable works which survive him, and which, by the blessing of that Master he served, are so well fitted to be profitable to the present generation, and to future times. How interesting is it to think, that his last words, as it were—his dying message to the church and to the world, was an appeal on behalf of the Christian Sabbath, the day of the Lord, which has been so delighted in by the Christian, as the presage of the haven of rest which remains for the people of God—that day which has been so much interfered with in its sacredness, its privileges and its duties, by the manufacture, the sale, and the partaking of intoxicating drinks! well as he wrote of that day in his 'Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabbaticæ,' how much better now might we expect him to write, when he has entered on that rest which gave to the earthly Sabbath so much of its charm! It is not, however, to this work of his we now direct the attention of our readers; it is to another, or rather to an extract from another—his work on 'The Revealed Doctrine of Rewards and Punishments.' Well as he wrote, and earnestly as he pled in that book, with what additional interest and earnestness may we suppose he would now write when he has seen the realities of another world! Yet when indulging such a thought, the reflection occurs—'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rise from the dead.'

The passage to which we call attention occurs at the close of the book, when the author is warning the reader against the slightest deviation from correct scripture doctrine. Here it is,—

"Let us beware of the first wrong direction of thought and feeling, however minute the degree: fearful may be the after deviations.

"The voyager enters a current which seems propitious, there is no apparent diversion from his course, his bark speeds well, his oar does not toil, nor his sail strain. In his confidence all promises success. But while he examines, scarcely does it seem that he has advanced. Much, again and again reminds him of what he has noticed just before. A strange familiarity impresses his sense. Still current flows into current, while onward and buoyant is his track. Soon he feels an unnatural vibration. Where he glided, he now whirls, along. The truth seizes him. He is sweeping a whirlpool. Long since he has entered the verge of a maelstrom, and he is now the sport of its gyrations. No power is left his helm or mast: he is the trembling, unresisting prey. He hears the roar, he is drawn into the suck of the vortex. Not only the circle lessens, the very surface slopes. The central funnel and abyss, dark-heaving, smooth, vitreous, yawns. The mariner shrieks, the skiff is swallowed up, where the waters only separate to close, where the outermost attraction was but the minister to the famine of this devouring maw."—Pp. 506, 507.

No one can read this extract without feeling that the descriptive illustration is just—that the danger is such as is represented, and that the truth enforced is a most important one—that if the danger would be avoided, the taking heed must be at the first. Yes; let us beware of the first wrong direction of thought and feeling. It is there that we ought to be on our guard. Many think such minute matters too