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Canada Temperance Advocate.

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

No. 10.

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.

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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."

In the morning this wretched victim of rum would awake from his debauch, and, restored to his natural affection, would reflect upon his brutality in the deepest abyss of horror and remorse. He would fall upon his knees before his wife, with tears of anguish rolling down his cheeks, and implore her forgiveness; he would curse the day in which he was born; he would call himself a brute and a fiend; he would wish himself dead; he would resolve and re-resolve that he would never drink again. For a few days he would succeed in keeping himself away from temptation. But the acquired appetite would gather strength by the transient restraint. Associates would lure him into the village store; the sight of the deucanters—the fumes of the spirits—the persuasions of toppers would sweep away, with hurricane fury, all his resolutions. On a glass would follow another in the desperation of remorse and despair. Frenzied with the fiend-creating poison, he would return to his home, and re-enact those scenes of outrage, the bare imagination of which makes humanity shudder.

The Importuning Wife.

Again and again his wife, in her wretchedness, went to the village groceries, and with all the influence of a despairing and broken-hearted mother, implored them not to sell her husband rum. She would show them her own wounds; she would lead to them her children, and tell the awful story of her woes. But all her entreaties were in vain. Sometimes they would refuse to sell to him. But then every toper in the village could get his pint bottle filled, and at the very door of the store, hold the bottle to the mouth of this wretched sot. Drunkards, like misery, love company. And a toper seems to be always pleased to see his fellow toper drunk. The sale of ardent spirits was free in the village, and of course there was no such thing as keeping it from one who had no mental resolution of his own to resist temptation.

Misery is a slow and cruel murderer. But he gnawed with vulture tooth at the heart of this much injured woman, till exhausted nature sank and expired. Where that wretched father now is, whether in the grave, the almshouse, or the state prison, I know not; where those children—those wrecks of a once happy family—now are, I know not; but they are probably scattered as melancholy ruins over a tempestuous world; the daughters fondled in the embraces of a faithful mother's love, perchance in the warehouses of infamy—the sons, inheriting their father's appetite, and discouraged by his disgrace, and lured by his example, growing up in shame, and poverty, and crime,—candidates for highway robbery and midnight arson, and for the pirate's deeds of deadly daring.

Is there no Balm in Gilead?

Now what, in the light of such facts, shall a wise community do? Shall it decide that the public good demands that this bane of all earthly happiness shall still be freely retailed. That rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey, after all the ruin they have caused, and are still causing, shall yet be sold by the quart, the pint, the half pint, the gill, and the glass—alluring the young to destruction, provoking the appetite for intemperance, and holding out facilities for any poor wretch, who has but three cents in the world, to squander it for rum.

It is amazing that any one who has the reason of a man, and the humanity of a man, can be willing to spread through our state these flood fountains of wretchedness. And can any one in sober earnest, say that he thinks the public good is promoted by this sale; that the cause of temperance will be promoted by having the retail traffic in rum legalized, sustained by the dignity of law.

As long as the community allows the retail traffic to exist, it will be impossible to prevent the frequent repetition of such scenes of woe and ruin as I have just described. What can persuasion do, when temptation encounters the excited appetite of the drunkard? You may as well beset Mount Etna to smother its fires.

Suppose, on the other hand, the voice of the community had twenty years ago forbidden the retail of this article—suppose the present license law had been during that time in peaceful operation. Would not this family have been saved, and saved with a great salvation? The retailing of ardent spirits caused their ruin. The prohibition of this retail would have insured their safety, and they would probably have been at this moment blest and happy, in all the domestic enjoyments of the most favored New England home.

And think not that the case I have mentioned is a solitary one. There is hardly a village in New England, in which its main features may not be recognised. There is hardly an observing man in the state, who cannot tell not merely one, nor two, but many a similar tale. As I allow my mind to retrace the scenes of my parochial visitings for the last eight years, I find these awful recollections crowding upon me in troops.

And is the community to seek no redress from all these evils, that a few persons may make money in selling rum? Are we patiently to allow death and destruction thus to ravage our land, that the distiller and liquor vender may grow rich? Are our sons to be thus ruined, and our daughters to be thus exposed, and our beloved state to be enduring such calamities, that a few thousands may amass wealth, by disseminating disease and poverty through our dwellings, and paralyzing the very nerve of public industry and thrift?

For be it remembered that no respectable man now pretends, that the use of rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey, as a drink, does any one any good, but on the contrary, only injury. This is almost the unanimous decision of the most eminent physicians of this country and of Europe—confirmed by past experience and every day's observation. Alcohol may occasionally be needed as a medicine, and as such it may be found on the shelves of the apothecary.

And now is it possible that any one can seriously say, that the public good demands that the retail of this poverty-engendering, misery-making liquor, should be legalized!—that the public good demands that energy and influence should be given, to the most fell destroyer of the public good!

The Law framed in Mercy.

On the contrary, is it not as clear as truth, that the present license law, prohibiting the retail of the article, is framed in mercy? Is it not most manifestly promotive of the best interests of the community? Does it not already make the widow's heart leap for joy, and cause the orphans to rise up and call down blessings upon its makers? If there ever were a question upon which there was a right and a wrong, which could be seen and felt, it is this.

It is stated that among the petitions which were poured in upon our legislature last winter, in favor of the prohibition of the retail traffic in spirits, there was one signed by a number of unhappy inebriates, who implored protection from the strong, and to them, resistless temptation to which they were exposed. Notwithstanding all the resolution they could summon to their aid, notwithstanding the ruin of their own reputation, the disgrace of their families, and their prospective beggary, when business called them to the grocery or the tavern, where the air itself was impregnated with the fumes of alcohol, the power of appetite was so intensely stimulated within them, that they could not resist; and they implored the legislature to bring them the protection of law, that they might pass safely through the village streets, unexposed to the contagion of this most deadly plague. It is an affecting fact that there are thousands of these unhappy men, who have awoke to the consciousness that they are drunkards—having been gradually and imperceptibly led to their ruin by the bar-room and the grog-shop meeting them at every turn, and who are now struggling in the most desperate, yet unavailing efforts, to escape from the passions by which they are completely and most treacherously ensnared;—and they—*they*, with palsied limb, and blood-shot eye, and bloated cheek, beseech us that the bar-room may be shut up, and the grog-shop closed;—and their wasted wives, haggard with woe, and wan with despair, still more earnestly beg and pray, that protective law might come to their rescue; and their famished children, in rags and wretchedness, ashamed of their fathers, and inheriting disgrace, cry to the state to pity and to help them in their dreadful orphanage;—and when the state in its paternal mercy, stretches out its arm to protect the helpless and the lost; when it would gather them under the shadow of its wing—a voice of remonstrance comes from the liquor vendors of the land, declaring that the cause of temperance requires that the grog-shops should be well replenished with rum; and that the public good demands that brandy, and gin, and whiskey should gush forth in unending fountains from these bar-rooms!

INTERESTING INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF KENTUCKY.

NOTE—It is a fact, that the celebrated Miami Chief Little Turtle, made application to the Legislature of Kentucky, about 1803,

or 1804 for the passage of a law concurrent with other States bordering on the Indian territory, to prohibit their citizens from selling spirituous and intoxicating liquors to the Indians.

The arguments of this singular orator of nature were powerful. He appeared before a committee of the board, and ably discussed the subject of intemperance; his arguments had the desired effect. An act passed on the subject to go into operation, providing the legislature of Ohio (then a new state) would pass a similar law restraining her citizens from similar acts. The legislative body whose duty it was to act in Ohio, omitted it. The law of Kentucky fell of course. The unwearied Indian Chief was not easily discouraged. Though battled in the outset, he persevered; nor did he, as many a white man would have done, give it over as a "vain attempt." But in the year 1805 and 1806, Little Turtle betook himself to various methods to accomplish this truly desirable object. By every argument in his power he labored to gain over to his cause, influential and religious characters, and urged on them to recommend the measure to the President of the United States, which by the Legislature of Ohio, at its session of 1804, had been neglected. For this purpose, Little Turtle travelled through various parts of the United States; and among the rest betook himself to the Quakers. Being permitted to deliver his sentiments publicly, perhaps at a yearly meeting of the Friends' Society, he expressed himself nearly as follows.

"My WHITE BROTHERS,—Many of your red brothers in the West, have long since discovered and now deeply lament the great evil of drunkenness. It has been many years since it was first introduced amongst us by our white brothers: Indians do not know how to make strong drink. If it be not shortly stopped amongst our people, it will be our ruin. We are now in consequence of it a miserable people. We are poor and naked. We have made repeated attempts to suppress this evil and have failed; we want our white brothers to help us, and we will try again.

"Brothers,—We want you to send to our great father, the President of the United States, and let him know our deplorable situation, that the bad among our white brothers may be stopped from selling whisky to the Indians. Could you, my brother, see the evil of this barbarous practice, you would pity the poor Indians!

"Brothers,—When a white man trading in our country meets an Indian, he asks him the first time, 'take a drink;' he says 'no.' He asks the second time, 'take a drink, good whisky,' he says 'no.' He asks the third time, 'take a drink, no hurt you, he takes a little: then he wants more, and then more. Then the trader tells him he must buy. He then offers his gun. The white man takes it. Next his skins: white man takes them. He at last offers his shirt: whiteman takes it.

"When he gets sober he begins to inquire—'Where is my gun?' He is told, 'you sold it for whisky.' 'Where are my skins?' 'You sold them for whisky.' 'Where is my shirt?' 'You sold it for whisky!' Now, my white brothers, imagine to yourselves the deplorable situation of that man, who has a wife and children at home dependent on him and in a starving condition, when he himself is without a 'shirt!'"

The speech, of which the above is the substance, was with other documents transmitted by the Quakers to Mr. Jefferson, when he was in office as President of the United States. By him it was transmitted to the Governor of Ohio, with a pressing request, (see Journals H. R. 1808—9.) that it should be laid before the legislature of that state at its next session. He did so. The legislature with great promptitude acted on the subject, and passed the excellent law which is now in force on that subject.

What an example has been set by this Indian Chief, worthy the imitator of any great man! And what a pity, that the legislature of Ohio after having passed so excellent a law, restraining the vending of spirituous liquors to the Indians; should not have passed a similar law against drunkenness among our own citizens!

THOS. HINDE.

Mt. Carmel, Sept. 25, 1838

* P.S. This was true enough! I saw this tribe in 1819—a more deplorable set of drunken human beings I never beheld! The very women joined with the men in dishing out whisky from a large tin bucket, using the top of the bucket for a ladle! T. H.

RATIONAL AND IRRATIONAL CONVIVIALITY.

At the dinner given to Lord Durham, at Glasgow, a full bottle of strong Sherry was placed before every individual, besides whiskey, which was copiously inter-persed. Hence disgusting intoxication followed. One grey-headed old man was carried out drunk, by the Stewards or Police, while the dinner was yet continuing, and before a single toast was given. In the course of an hour after the speeches began, there were interruptions from drunken persons, in various parts of the room, which called up the Stewards to repress. Lord Durham was himself interrupted by one of these drunken groups, in one of the most pathetic parts of his speech, while referring to Lady Durham's absence, and the presence of his interesting daughter—an interruption which his Lordship felt deeply, and sat down till it was quelled; and, on his resuming, ascribed it to some enemy in the camp. At the lower end of the hall in the gallery, the drunkenness and confusion was such a source of interruption, that the speakers from that quarter could not be heard. And, lastly, when Lord Durham retired, it was the intention of Mr. Oswald the Chairman, to continue in the chair, till the list of toasts were gone through; but after essaying, in vain, to procure order, or obtain a hearing, he gave it up; and with great good sense and prudence, determined that it was better to abandon all further efforts, and dissolve the meeting, which he did by filling a glass, and bidding them all drink "good night"—though there were several toasts yet on the printed list which had not been given.

I will mention a fact to show that a very high degree of conviviality, and even enthusiasm of delight, is attainable without the use of either wine or spirits. In Glasgow, a public soiree was given to me, as a testimony of approbation of my labours in Parliament, in one of the most capacious and elegant buildings of Glasgow, the Assembly Room, where between 600 and 700 ladies and gentlemen, including many of the most respectable families of Glasgow, honoured me with a reception of the most animated and enthusiastic description: and where, amidst the cheerful but unintoxicating refreshments of tea, coffee, fruits, &c., the company were addressed by eight or ten gentlemen in succession, in speeches as full of public spirit and elevated sentiment, and breathing as fervent a love of rational liberty and intellectual enjoyment, as at any public dinner that was ever given: and where a union of ardent feeling, social refinement, perfect order, and high gratification, was prolonged from 7 o'clock till midnight, with unbroken harmony and uninterrupted pleasure. At Edinburgh, two similar public soirees were given to me; one at the Calton Rooms, and the other at the Hopetoun Rooms, at each of which, tea, coffee, and fruits, were the only refreshments used; at each order and happiness were united and undisturbed; and the latter especially, was, from the rank and station of those who attended it, one of the most elegant of assemblies, well worthy of gracing, by their presence, one of the most beautiful suits of public rooms in the kingdom. Were entertainments of this description substituted for public dinners, the ladies might sit with the gentlemen, instead of being perched aloft in a separate gallery, as they are at dinners given at present, as though they were unworthy to associate with gentlemen; and their presence, added to the absence of all intoxicating drinks, would give a refinement and dignity to our public entertainments, which hitherto they have never fully possessed. May this reformation be speedily effected!—Mr. Buckingham.

AWFUL LESSON TO PARENTS.—Permit me to inform your readers of the untimely death by intemperance, of Obad Outten, about 15 years of age. He went to a corn husking, at a Mr. Brown's,—a man that manufactures his own brandy, and says he thinks a dram is very necessary, and sets out his *Black Beteies* to his hands at work. And as I have been credibly informed, this boy got beastly drunk; and on his way home he took a wrong road, as a drunkard is apt to do. He walked about a mile, and coming to the Middleford mill pond he walked into it, and was drowned. This boy was so groggy before supper that he could not eat any; but as he was going to start home his pretended friends advised him to take another swig of brandy, and then started him off. He had about two miles to go, and on his road he had a little swamp to cross; and it is supposed that he thought he was in the little swamp when he walked into the mill pond. The boy's father, Abraham Outten, is what they call a temperate drinker—drinks his two or

three drams per day, and sweetens it for his children—always has it about his house—thinks it necessary—can't possibly do without it. It is good to take when you are cold or hot, wet or dry, &c.

Yours, &c., S.

Remarks.—In a moral point of view, this was substantially a **MURDER**, the guilt of which rests with a number of persons. The man who supplied the brandy—the “friends” who insisted on the poor lad's drinking it—and the father who had inculcated in his son the habit of drinking, were all accessories. And the guilt and responsibility of any one of them are not lessened by the multiplication of the actors. Let things be called by their right names, and when ramsellers kill their customers with alcohol, let it be called **murder**; when friends kill friends with strong drink, let it be called **murder**; and when sons die in consequence of the appetite for stimulus which their fathers have fostered, let it be called, though it is a hard sentence, let it still be called—**MURDER**!—*Standard*, Nov. 19, 1838.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE AGENT.

MORE VICTIMS.—Died, on Monday the 14th of last month, — **WELLS**, a Volunteer. He was a bricklayer by trade, and so excellent a workman that he could earn a dollar and a half a-day. On this account he wrought but little—he seldom began earlier in the week than Thursday or Friday, and after receiving his wages he continued drinking till all was spent. He swilled amazing quantities of beer and spirits. His death took place as follows. He was on guard on Sunday the 13th; it is to be remembered, however, that he had been drinking hard for about two weeks previously—on the preceding Saturday he went about the streets with a man's hood on, for a frolic. In this debauched state of body he went on guard the following day, and soon began to feel unwell. He had several pints of beer in the guard room. On Monday morning his breakfast was brought him, with a quantity of spirits, which he drank. He then ate a pie, and soon after began to feel worse, and supposing that the pie was the cause of his pain, he cursed and swore at the maker of it. When the men were dismissed from guard, he walked home very slowly, had some hot beer mixed with spirits, and then took some dinner. Feeling his pain increase, he again began to curse about the pie, declaring, with the most fearful imprecations, that he would never buy another from the same man. In the midst of these blasphemies, he was seized with a fit of trembling, and fell dead on the floor! How fearful his end! But where does the guilt lie? At whose hand will his blood be required?

ANOTHER.—**B.** was once an active healthy man. He opened a grocery in one of the suburbs, and by close attention to his business soon made a little money: but alas! he made himself a drunkard at the same time. He often became mad from the effects of drink; at such times he sought to vent his rage upon his wife, so that it was necessary for her to flee, and more than once she barely escaped with the life. When she had been thus expelled, and the children would begin to cry for their mother, he would often sit down beside them, bereft of reason, and cry for his mother also. At last he drank himself into a state of idiocy, from which he never recovered. He would wander about town, without seeming to know what he was doing, or stagger into a tavern, and get drunk, and remain there till some of his family found him out, for he was so silly that he could neither tell his name nor place of abode. He soon died, and surrendered into the hands of God, that soul which he had so greatly abused, by quenching the light of reason in it, through strong drink.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

“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.—Macnight's Translation.*

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1839.

ST. ANDREW'S DINNER.—Our strictures on this subject, last month, have not been without effect. A writer, signing himself “**TEMPERANCE**,” has stepped forward, and attempted to parry the blow which we aimed; and as a matter of course, his lucubrations have appeared in the *Herald*. We shall now take some notice of this writer, but we find we must do it very gently, for his *weakness* is such that he will not bear rough handling.

We have spoken of his weakness, and as decisive evidence of it, we have only to mention, that he does not controvert a *single statement* which we have made respecting the dinner, or its brood of immoral consequences. He does not attack a single position, nor call in question a single fact, nor attempt to overturn or even to invalidate, a single conclusion. What then, it may be asked, is the object of his letter? It seems to be simply to defend the clergymen from the severe, but well merited reproof, which we administered to them, at the close of the article. Not a word is said on behalf of the *Saint*, or his *Day*—not an attempt is made to defend the *Dinner*, as an Engine of public charity. and even the philosophical “commentary” of the President is suffered to lie upon the ground, *in shreds*, as we left it. On all these points therefore, “**TEMPERANCE**” yields us the victory.

All the insinuations which “**TEMPERANCE**” throws out against our personal character, such as our being actuated by “self-conceit”—or being a “professor of ambition”! or “standing upon the pinnacle of modern virtue,” (the second of these phrases, we confess, we do not understand, the third is culled from the slang of the infidel,) we shall pass over without any notice. Did any person believe them, we would not think it necessary to attempt to conciliate his good opinion. We must be permitted to state, however, that our animadversions were not directed against the *personal character* of the clergymen in question, but against their *public conduct*; and that only in *one instance*, in which we found them actively promoting a celebration which seldom or never fails to lead to *intemperance*. And when it is considered that this is the very vice against which this humble periodical is directed, it will be as evident, we think, that we did not go out of our way in making the attack, as that they did go out of theirs in giving us occasion. Does not “**TEMPERANCE**” know that some of those who were at the dinner “kept it up” till three o'clock next morning, and consequently were prevented from concluding the one day, and disqualified from commencing the next, in such a manner as professing christians, and especially members of the *Kirk of Scotland* ought to do? Yet ministers of that Kirk were instrumental in presenting the temptation before which these men fell! Does he not know that some who attended, had arrived at that critical stage, in the progress of intemperance, in which very little more was needed to plunge them into its “depths” irrecoverably?—now, to lead such men amongst the fascinating accompaniments of a public feast, where their minds would be excited by toasts and addresses, can be compared only to the conduct of him, who sets a man adrift in the stream which sweeps over the falls of Niagara, when it is certain he will be carried forward, with a constantly increasing rapidity, till he

is dashed over the awful verge, and is swallowed up in the foaming whirlpool beneath. Or, does he not know that many of those young Scotchmen, who come from year to year to Canada, with the fairest prospects, and yet in a short time exhibit a total wreck in consequence of intemperance, owe their melancholy end, in some measure at least, to ST. ANDREW'S celebrations? For, it cannot be denied, that the example which is there set before them, by their countrymen in Canada, supplies, at least, one of the auxiliary influences that impel them to destruction. Such being the case, we must lift our voice against these anniversaries as hitherto conducted, however powerful the influence by which they may be supported. And when we find ministers of the gospel actively countenancing such a custom—a custom which, every year, sends hundreds of Scotchmen throughout the British North American Provinces, reeling to their homes in a state of intoxication, on the thirtieth day of November; and sends many, more or less directly, to the drunkard's grave, and the drunkard's doom, they must not expect that they shall escape the censure which they deserve. Our duty as professed Advocates of Temperance, calls on us to expose their conduct; and reason, and religion, and common humanity are all so clearly on our side, that we have no doubt an impartial public will easily discern the difference between this, and a malignant attack upon personal character, such as "TEMPERANCE" would ascribe to us. With one of the clergymen in question we have the honor of an acquaintance; we have always respected him for his talents, and more than respected him for his warm, and liberal, and generous feelings; and we are confident that he would be the first to repudiate the base imputation which we are now combating.

Perhaps we have dwelt longer on this than was necessary; we shall now proceed therefore to make some remarks on the remainder of "TEMPERANCE'S" letter. But that remainder is contained within very narrow limits; for after throwing aside all that contains personal abuse, only a few sentences are left for consideration. Moreover these few sentences furnish another happy evidence of this writer's imbecility. For, while he endeavours to put together an argument against us, it so happens that he stumbles on those very matters which supply us with an unanswerable argument against himself. He hints that there is a manifest inconsistency between our "enmity against public dinners, and our professed friendship to, and open encouragement of, public Soirees, and other Teetotal parties." We are obliged to him for mentioning Soirees in this connection; he thereby furnishes us with a horn to use against himself. We must complain, however, that he does not represent our sentiments with perfect fairness on this point. We are not the "professed friends" of Soirees, but of Temperance Soirees only! We suspect the name which he assumes in this letter is not so familiar to him as it ought to be, else he would not have forgotten to insert it here. But the difference between a Temperance Soiree, and such a bacchanalian feast as ST. ANDREW'S dinner generally is, is so great, that we can perceive no inconsistency between our friendship to the one, and enmity to the other. Why does not the ST. ANDREW'S Society celebrate its anniversary by such a Soiree? To say the least of it, it would be as honourable to the Saint as the other system, as favourable to national reminiscences, and to sociality and true friendship; while it would not be the means of making one man's brains muddy, or opening his lips in blasphemy, or begetting or strengthening a desire for strong drink, or sending him home in a state of partial or complete inebriation, nor would it have a sting in the conscience next morning. Why then should it not be preferred? Will not "TEMPERANCE" urge it? We

fear not. We fear that the very charm of ST. ANDREW'S day consists in the banquet of wine and whiskey toddy with which it is concluded. We fear, if it were divested of these attractions, the members of the Society would suspect it had become like a bottle of some excellent liquor from which the alcoholic spirit has evaporated—perfectly stale.

"TEMPERANCE" next affects to sigh over the "sad declensions" of many of the "reformed drunkards" of Montreal, and he even charges the Temperance Society with "double guilt" in having first deluded them with teetotalism, and then, we suppose, left them to fall by it. But again, he kindly gives us the hint which leads most effectually to his own refutation. For it appears from his own admission that many drunkards have been at least temporarily reformed by embracing teetotalism, and no person will deny that even such a reformation redounds to the praise rather than the disgrace of the principle. But it is a most unwarrantable turning of things upside down, to throw the blame of their subsequent fall upon the principle of the Society, or those who advocate it. We deeply lament, that many members of the Society have fallen from their resolutions (of their "vows" we know nothing), but who is to be blamed for this? We reply, "TEMPERANCE" and those who act with him! Yes, upon their heads the guilt chiefly lies. The Society persuaded those men, with great difficulty, to adopt the rule of abstinence; and when they did so, they were reformed. But "TEMPERANCE" and his friends gathered around them, and urged them to return to their former practise—they ridiculed their abstinence—they even stigmatised it as impiety—they presented temptation after temptation—they reasoned, they reviled, they threatened, they entreated; and is it surprising that after all this assiduity, aided moreover by the relaxed state of morals which war always introduces, they should have succeeded, to a lamentable extent! But how palpably absurd is it to charge the Society, or its principles, with such a result! We repeat it, it rests with "TEMPERANCE" AND HIS FRIENDS. They taught the drunkard, both by precept and example, to return to his indulgence,—they practised upon him the fatal "delusion," that he might do so, and yet be safe. But they have little cause to be proud of their victory. They have gained nothing from it but guilt, and truly it is "double guilt"! the guilt of having driven those men back, who had nearly escaped from the miseries of drunkenness!

Every candid person will at once see, that the defection of these men reflects no dishonour upon the principle of total abstinence; on the contrary it tends to recommend it. For so long as these men abode by that principle, they were safe, and they no sooner departed from it than they fell. Does not this confirm and vindicate the rule of abstinence? Does it not instruct every drunkard to adopt it, and teach "TEMPERANCE" and all who oppose it, that they are rendering themselves accessory to the present and future ruin of the hapless drunkard?

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DON'T BE SO SEVERE.—This is an advice which many friends have been giving us, actuated we would hope by the best motives; and they have urged it by the very cogent considerations that we would only procure enemies to ourselves, and mar the good cause for whose defence we are set. Now, highly as we regard the kindness and wisdom of these friends, we must dissent from them completely in this matter. If our language be occasionally severe, as some people pretend, it is only because it possesses truth; for if it wanted this quality, no effort of ours could rescue it from the most contemptible weakness. But if we have truth to declare, far be

it from us to attempt to soften its severity by *honed* words, lest it should fall with unpleasant weight on the heads of the guilty. If we did so, we would be *unfaithful* to the cause of Temperance; for what is the design of all that complimentary phraseology which some profess to admire so much, but to conceal the most startling features of the truth, out of kindness to the feelings of those against whom it is aimed, lest its impression should be too painful? The evil against which we are contending is too stubborn to admit of such gentle treatment—the iron-neck of the Hydra Intemperance is not to be dis severed by a *tinsel* weapon—the opponents of the cause of Temperance are so hardened and secure, that such a mode of addressing them has no more effect upon their feelings, than a shower of snow upon the frozen ground. Nay, they are in fact flattered by it; they are proud of being treated with so much deference; they actually claim it as their *right*, and when any one, more honest than wise, presents the plain truth to them, without the deceitful gilding, they are ready to complain of injustice and harsh treatment. Besides, the interests which are at stake are too great, to admit of such egregious foolery, as our *friends* advise. We have to record, every month, the melancholy end of some victim of Intemperance. The interests of religion and humanity are daily suffering the most terrible injuries from the progress of the accursed system of making and using intoxicating liquors,—family after family is brought to wretchedness and vice by it, hearts are broken, and souls sent into everlasting perdition. And are we to witness all this, and yet be permitted to speak only in set complimentary phrase when we attempt to expose it, and to rouse public indignation against it? We trust we know our duty better. The matter is too solemn and urgent to admit of half measures. We cannot look upon the ravages of this pestilence without sounding the *alarm*; and in doing so, we shall not utter it in such smooth words as will make it fall softly on the ear—we rather wish that every word were like a barbed arrow, “quick and powerful, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,” for such only would do justice to the subject and the occasion. We take our station between “the dead and the living”—we defend the cause of the suffering public, against whom a *conspiracy* has been formed to destroy them by intoxicating drinks, and however unsparingly we may expose, or strongly denounce, the conduct of the conspirators, we are confident that no language of ours can ever match the atrocity of their deeds.

We disclaim being actuated by any *personal* feelings—in the pages of the *Advocate* “we know no man after the flesh.” Our strictures may sometimes fall heavily upon *individuals*, but this will happen only when we find them lending their countenance to that *system*, which is covering the country with its baleful results. And in that case, neither name, nor station, shall shelter them from our rebuke. Is this “because we love them not, God knoweth!” We are not ignorant of the personal risks to which we thus expose ourselves, but we hope we shall be able to keep these considerations in their proper place. However loud or fierce the howl of opposition which interested persons may raise against us, we shall not be deterred thereby, but, with God’s help, shall still go forward, urging this most NECESSARY REFORM.

We copy, with pleasure, the following extract from the *Niagara Chronicle* :—

“The Magistrates of this District have considerably abridged the number of tavern licenses this year. This is as it should be; only they have not gone half far enough. The argument that this will

be a loss to the revenue is a miserable one, even if it were true, which it is not. What is it for a good Government to fill its treasury with money drawn from the vices of the people? If all those pestiferous haunts of sedition kept by Yankee loafers throughout the country, had never been permitted by the Government, the saving in blood and treasure expended in putting down insurrection and repelling invasion, would have compensated a thousand fold for the loss of the paltry dollars which they have paid for the privilege of dealing out moral as well as physical poison to the inhabitants. We say, therefore, the Magistrates have done right—let them proceed as they have begun.”

We heartily concur in every sentiment which this extract contains, only we regret that the worthy Editor should have distinguished “Yankee Loafers” more invidiously than others. There can be no doubt that *taverns*, by whomsoever kept, are the sources from which those vices that now stalk the country derive their principal support. They fan the latent embers of mischief, and kindle them into a flame; and it is therefore the *duty*,—the *urgent and imperative duty* of Government not only to “abridge,” but wholly to suppress, those “fountains of moral and physical poison.” It is a sickening absurdity to pretend, that the *good* of the country requires a multitude of such establishments to be opened every year under the wing of the Government, when, in fact, they hatch and foment every evil calculated to injure the temporal and spiritual interests of the community, bring many of the subjects to certain ruin in this life, and send them to perdition in that which is to come.

The Magistrates of Montreal found, last winter, that *taverns* were likewise “pestiferous haunts of sedition” amongst us, and resolved to abridge the number of licenses. We do not know whether this resolution was ever carried any further than the writing and publication of it, we suspect it has not; at all events the number of taverns has not been perceptibly diminished. The Grand Jurors have again and again presented them as a nuisance; traced most of the crimes, brought under their notice, to them as their source; and requested the Government to interfere and save the public from such a sweeping evil, yet, from year to year, the evil remains as it was. Will our Magistrates act more faithfully this season? We *confess*, we have little hope to see it; but with the wish to remind them of their duty we would suggest the following queries for their *serious, individual* meditation.

‘It is my duty as a Magistrate to promote the interests of the community over which I am placed, but can this object be gained by granting *tavern licenses*?’

On the contrary, IS IT NOT CERTAIN that these houses will be the means of making some of the citizens drunkards before the expiry of the year, and can I give my sanction to this?

There are about *one thousand* drunkards in this city, IS IT NOT CERTAIN that they have been made, and that their number is kept up from year to year, by the *taverns*?

There is a still greater number of *paupers*, IS IT NOT CERTAIN that they also proceed from the *taverns*?

We have upwards of *two hundred* offences before the Police Court every month, while a large number of criminal cases are sent every year for judgment to the higher courts; but IS IT NOT CERTAIN that this dreadful harvest of crime is raised from the *taverns*?

Can I therefore give my solemn sanction to this sin-and-death-producing system, and yet be innocent! If I were to make it my object to *ruin* this community, both temporally and eternally, what plan could be devised, by which it could be accomplished

with more complete success, than to open 200 or 250 taverns throughout the city!

SOMETHING PROPHEPIC.—MOLSON'S Distillery is built—neither upon a rock, nor yet upon sand—but upon human bones! The site on which it stands was formerly a burying ground. How appropriate! The fiery lava which it pours forth, will be the means of filling many a church yard. Strong drink is the most active agent in replenishing the sepulchre; whence should it proceed then but from some *Golgotha*,—some place “full of dead men's bones!” Though all the wit of man had been set to work for centuries, to devise the proper location for a distillery, nothing so happily characteristic as this would have been hit upon. And we may well believe that an overruling Providence has directed the choice on this occasion, to give men prophetic warning of the nature, tendency, and end, of alcoholic liquors.

A Communication from Prescott will appear next month. Our correspondent at Bytown is not forgotten; his papers are under consideration.

Miscellaneous.

CIDER CONVERSION.—A farmer from Delaware County, who still continued in the manufacture and use of cider, thinking it indispensable in his family, went during the last summer with his wife to visit her relations in Connecticut. The family which was the chief object of their visit he found burnt up with cider. Seventy barrels had been drank from September to Jane. Every thing bore the marks of idleness, shiftlessness, petulance and disorder. The children would wake early and cry for cider, and get up only to wrangle and fight. Such was the spectacle; so loathesome had this once pleasant family become through cider drinking, that the man on his return home took down his cider mill, and resolved he would have nothing more to do with this besotting beverage. The above was communicated by one of his near neighbors.—*Journal of the American Temperance Union.*

A bill has been recently introduced into the Legislature of Tennessee; the first section of which provided for the quantity of tobacco to be given to the convicts in the penitentiary. The second section provided for the appointment of a Chaplain to preach Christ and him crucified to those unhappy beings. The first section of the bill met a favourable reception; no serious objection being offered by any member. But the second section met with no such reception. These wise legislators gravely opposed it, on the ground that it would be encouraging the union between Church and State; or that it would deprive the convicts of the liberty guaranteed to them by the Constitution, viz: that they should not be compelled to hear dogmas in which they did not believe. Some were afraid that this measure, if adopted, would introduce a system of proselyting among the convicts. It is astonishing to see what utter ignorance pervades the minds of some legislators in respect to what will not promote the security and perpetuity of government, and the happiness of its subjects. They seem afraid of the religion of the Bible, lest it should lead to some bad end: the union of Church and State, or some other direful calamity. They are afraid to have the Gospel preached to their convicts. But these sage men are not afraid of voting the public funds for promoting directly vicious habits. Convicts in the penitentiary must be supplied with ——— not the preached gospel—but tobacco! Which in the view of these legislators is the more useful?—*S. W. Monitor.*

Mr. Jefferson found about all the troubles among office-holders in his time to originate in drinking. No freeman should vote for a drinking man; no such man ought ever to hold any public trust.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

HOW TO SAVE TIME.—Have a place for every thing, and when you have done using it, return it to its place. This will save much time in hunting after articles which are thrown carelessly aside, and lie you know not where.

MINISTERIAL INFLUENCE.—The several religious congregations in this town have been addressed, within a few weeks past, by their pastors, on the subject of temperance. We fear all, who minister at the altar, do not feel as they ought the importance of this subject, in its bearing on the cause of truth and piety, which it is their daily business to promote. One dram shop, in a parish, is about enough to counteract all the influence of a minister, be he ever so laborious and faithful. As well may we address arguments and persuasions to the east wind, as to man, when under the power of alcoholic stimulus. The minister of Christ has apostolic example for reasoning of temperance. It is a topic which finds its appropriate place in the sanctuary. A frequent, decided, judicious exhibition of the truth on this subject, by every minister in the land, would prove a very efficient means for advancing our cause. It is a topic on which watchmen can literally join their voice, however they differ in their opinions on other subjects.—*Maine Temp. Gaz.*

FROZEN TO DEATH.—A gentleman writing from Dixon's Ferry, says the *Galena Advertiser*, of Dec. 1st, under date of November 26, relates the following account:—A most horrible affair happened at the Three mile Branch, last week, and was discovered this morning by Mr Talmadge, while looking after his cattle. About 80 rods above the Peoria, he discovered a wagon, and on reaching it, found the horses fast in the mire, one dead, and the other alive, but unable to stand up. On looking into the wagon, he saw two men lying in it. On examination, one was found dead, frozen stiff, and the other still alive, holding on the corpse of his fellow. Mr. T. procured help and took the live man to his house; who proved to be a Mr. Smith, from Prophetstown. The name of the frozen man was Mr. Stephen Crook, of the same place. They had a jug of whiskey in the wagon when found. They were probably intoxicated at the time, and while lying asleep, or unable to help themselves, the team left the road, entered the creek and could not get out.

While we call drunkenness a crime that will exclude a man from heaven, there is nevertheless no class of people in the community that so deeply excites our compassion as the poor drunkard and his wretched family. Who is cast out and despised and trodden under foot like the poor drunkard! Who is the victim of knives and pirates like the poor drunkard! Who is wretched in soul and body, and experiences at times a hell upon earth like the poor drunkard! Whose family suffers every thing that human nature can endure, if the drunkard's does not! Who is stripped of all his earnings, without consideration if the drunkard is not?—*American Paper.*

BRIDGE OF WEIR.—A public meeting of the flourishing Total Abstinence Society of this village was held on the evening of Monday last, in a barn capable of containing upwards of 300 persons. The place of meeting was crowded to excess—many finding it impossible to obtain admission. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Richmond, and Mr. Archibald Hodge of Paisley. The Dr. dwelt at considerable length on the pernicious effects of alcohol on the human constitution, and by means of a small still, and another apparatus, demonstrated that wines, ale, and other fermented liquors, contained a considerable quantity of this article. Mr Hodge viewed the temperance question in connexion with that of Savings Banks. He showed that these institutions are calculated to confer great benefits on the working classes, by affording them every facility for laying past their spare earnings for a time of sickness, or depression of trade. This meeting has produced a deep impression, and will, we have no doubt, be followed by the happiest result.—*Paisley Advertiser.*

WELL DONE VERMONT.—The Legislature of Vermont has passed a law with suitable penalties prohibiting the sale of ardent liquors, in any quantity and for any purpose, except for medicine and the arts, which is to be submitted to the whole people of the state in March next. If a majority of the voters approve of the enactment, it is henceforth the law of the state. But if a majority disapprove of it, the act is null.

MARCH OF TOTALISM.—The principles of the Total Abstinence Society appear to have been making greater progress in Glasgow of late than seems generally supposed. We learn that the enrolled adherents in Glasgow now amount to from 7000 to 8000; and, judging from the frequency of their meetings, the ardour with which they promote their principles, and the zeal they display in bringing them before the community, they are enthusiastic and unremitting.—*Glasgow Courier.*

MORAL STATISTICS OF LONDON.—Twelve thousand children are always training in crime, graduating in vice, to reinforce and perpetuate the great system of iniquity; three thousand persons are receivers of stolen property, speculators and dealers in human depravity; four thousand are annually committed for criminal offences; ten thousand addicted to gambling; above twenty thousand to beggary. Thirty thousand are living by theft and fraud. *That this dreadful energy of evil may not flag from exhaustion, it is plied and fed with three millions' worth of spirituous liquors annually; twenty three thousand are annually found helplessly drunk in the streets; above one hundred and fifty thousand are habitual gin drinkers; and about the same number of both sexes have abandoned themselves to systematic debauchery and profligacy.*—*Rev. John Harris, author of Mammon.*

THE DRUNKEN SOW AND HER POOR PIGS.—A woman who drank deep at the wine cup, as well as the brandy bottle, was the mother of a lovely little girl about ten years of age, who often wept in secret at her mother's degradation. One day observing the grocer, where her mother used to get her supplies, empty a quantity of cherries into the street that had been in a barrel of rum, and a sow with a brood of pigs, eagerly devouring them, till she could neither stand nor walk, and her pigs running and squealing in alarm, the little girl cried, "Mother, mother, come to the window;"—"why, what's there my dear?" "O mother, see the sow, how my heart bleeds for those poor pigs." "And why do you feel so much for the pigs?" "Because to think how ashamed they must be to have a drunken mother." The rebuke was effectual; the mother thus far has ceased to drink.—*American Paper.*

"TO-MORROW MY WOE BEGINS AGAIN."—Said a poor woman, a day or two since, "To-morrow my woes begin again, for my husband returns from the House of Correction!" She was a poor woman, supporting by her hard toil a family of little children. And her only respite from personal violence, and from the robbery of her own scanty earnings to be squandered in the dram-shop, was when her husband was in the House of Correction. And is it oppressing this poor woman and her worse than fatherless babes, to shut up the dram-shops? And her husband, her brutal husband, brutalized by rum—is it oppressing him, to save him from the resistless temptation? He has wept bitterly over his fall. He has promised and promised again to amend. For a fortnight at a time he has again and again summoned every particle of resolution left with him, to overcome the deadly appetite, and even the effluvia of the grog-shop would sweep it all away in temptation's hour, and he is left wallowing in the mire. And now this miserable woman says to the children, to-morrow your woes commence anew, for your father is coming home. *And gentlemen tell you that you are oppressing the poor by closing the grog-shop!*—*Zion's Herald.*

TEMPERANCE AND CRIME.—In a charge to the Grand Jury, at the Curmurther Assizes last week, Sir John Gurney observed that there were two prisoners, who had been committed on the coroner's warrant for manslaughter. It appeared from the depositions that death happened in both cases suddenly, and under circumstances which showed an absence of malice. Those, and almost all other cases of manslaughter, arose from excessive drinking; and in the course of his experience in criminal judicature, he was confirmed in the opinion that nearly every crime committed in this country was either originally or immediately attributable to the prevalent vice of drunkenness.

The beer houses at Worcester last year amounted to 143; at present there are only 52; showing a decrease in twelve months of 91!

In the city of New York a controversy has been for some time going on, in relation to the poisonous nature of milk from cows fed on distillery slops. The great mortality of infants is now easily accounted for. The *Observer* has an able physiological article on this subject, which the press of matter prevents our publishing. From its reasoning and conclusions, brewers' grains can be little better for cattle than distillery slops. Thus step by step, truth and light are poured upon our cities. When will our citizens awake to their own and their children's best interest.—*Albany Recorder.*

TESTIMONY OF THE ANCIENT WADENSES, 720 YEARS AGO.—"They who drink and adorn their daughters are like those who put dry wood to the fire, to the end it may burn the better. A tavern is the fountain of ruin, and the school of Satan."

Poetry.

The following beautiful Hymn, from the pen of Mrs. SIGOURNEY, is found in the Temperance Hymn Book, a copy of which was a short time since sent me by a gentleman in Boston, with other temperance publications, by the Council of the Massachusetts State Temperance Society. May not our Temperance meetings in this city be enlivened by the use of this book? W.

"Only this once."—Exodus x. 17.

"ONLY this once;"—the wine-cup glowed,
All sparkling with its ruby ray;
The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
And folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned;
His promise of repentance scorned,
And, coward-like, to vice returned.

"Only this once;"—the tale is told;
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide;
With more than Esau's madness, sold
The birthright of his soul, and died.

I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead;
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

Again his eyes the landscape viewed;
His limbs again their burden bore;
And years their wonted course renewed;
But hope and peace returned no more.

Yes, angel hearts with pity wept,
When he whom virtue fain would save,
His vow to her so falsely kept,
And madly sought a drunkard's grave.

"Only this once;"—beware, beware!
Gaze not upon the blushing wine;
Oh! fly temptation's syren snare,
And, prayerful, seek for strength divine.

I. H. S.

THE COMMITTEE of the MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY hereby give intimation that MR. WILLIAM MORTON has been appointed AGENT of the Society, whose services shall be specially devoted to this city. In this capacity, Mr. Morton will collect the annual subscriptions of the members, obtain new subscribers to the Society, and collect subscriptions for the *Temperance Advocate*, superintend its delivery, and attend in general to the details of the Society's operations.

Individuals and Societies, in arrears for the *Temperance Advocate*, are respectfully urged to remit their subscriptions as soon as possible, the Committee being put to considerable inconvenience from the delay in payment, which, by the Prospectus, ought to be made in advance.

JAMES COURT, Secretary.

February 1, 1839.

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY will be held in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 5th inst., at half-past Seven o'clock, when the Annual Report will be read and addresses delivered. At the close of the meeting a collection will be taken up in aid of the funds of the Society. The public in general as well as the members are invited to attend.—Montreal, Feb. 1, 1839.

PRESTON (England) TOTAL ABSTINENCE TRACTS.
A supply has just been received, via New York, and will be sold retail at 4d. P 100 pages, at the Book Store of Mr. Wm. GREIG, 197, St. Paul Street. For grants and wholesale purchases, application to be made to the Undersigned.

JAMES COURT, Secretary.