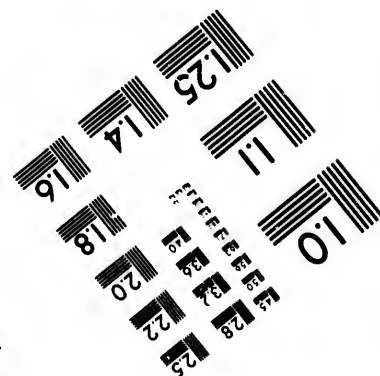
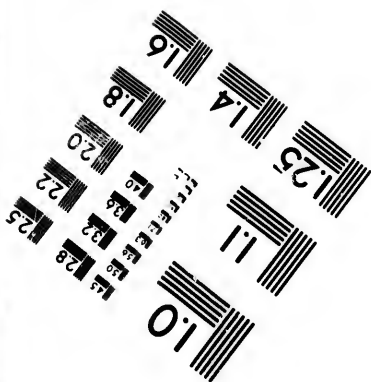
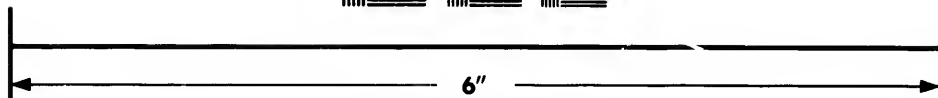
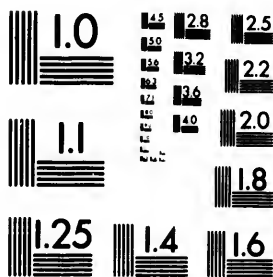


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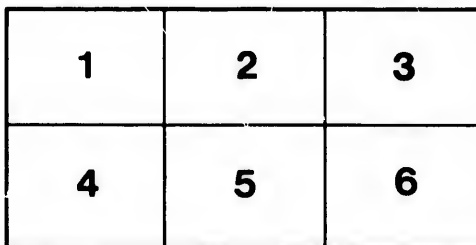
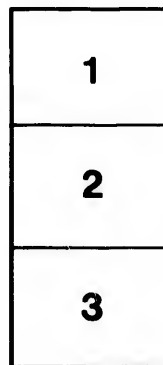
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**MANUAL**  
OF THE  
**TEMPERANCE SOCIETY;**

DEDICATED TO  
THE YOUTH OF CANADA,

BY  
THE REV. C. CHINIQUY.

---

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY  
PIERRE OCTAVE DÉMARAY,  
STUDENT AT LAW.

---

"He shall be great before the Lord, and shall drink no wine nor strong drink, and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost."—St. Luke, Chap. 1, v. 15.

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FIRST ENGLISH EDITION.

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**Montreal :**

LOVELL & GIBSON, PRINTERS, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1847.

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MANUAL OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

By surfeiting, many have perished: but he that is temperate shall prolong his life.  
*Ecd. c. 31, v. 31.*

Sober drinking is health to soul and body.  
*Ecd. c. 31, v. 7.*

FOR THE  
LOVE  
OF

JESUS CHRIST

AND  
with the  
grace of

GOD,

It is good not to drink wine when thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or made weak.—*Ep. to the Rom. c. 14, v. 21.*

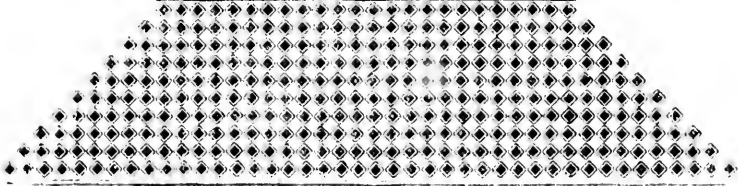
I  
promise to  
abstain  
from all in-  
toxiating  
drinks, ex-  
cept only  
as a

Woe to him that giveth drink to his friend, and maketh him drunk.  
*Habucuc, c. 2, v. 14.*

CHALLENGE not them that love wine, for wine hath destroyed very many.  
*Ecd. c. 31, v. 30.*

MEDICINE.  
And I more-  
over pledge  
myself, by  
my advice  
and exam-  
ple, to in-  
duce my  
parents and  
friends to  
do the  
same.

Woe to you that rise up early to follow drunkenness, and to drink till the evening to be influenced with wine.  
*Isaiah c. 5, v. 11*



## TESTIMONIALS.

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*From the Right Reverend* **IGNATIUS BOURGET**, *Bishop of Montreal, &c., &c., &c.*

We have seen and approved an excellent little work entitled, "*Manual of the Temperance Society.*" We recommend all the faithful of our Diocese to peruse it. They will find in it strong motives to preserve themselves from the detestable vice of drunkenness. It is the last recommendation we address them in setting out for the Holy See, and the last act we sign, as a proof of our sincere desire to see extended everywhere the sublime and holy virtue of sobriety.

Given under my hand, at Montreal, this twenty-sixth day of September, 1846.

(Signed,)


 **IGNATIUS, BISHOP OF MONTREAL.**

---

*From the Right Reverend* **REMY GAULIN**, *Bishop of Kingston, &c., &c., &c.*

It is with pleasure that we perused the "*Temperance Manual,*" written by the Rev. Father C. Chiniquy. This excellent little work is well fitted to show our people the evils arising from strong drinks. We hope that it may be perused throughout Canada, and we recommend it more particularly to the faithful of the Diocese of Kingston.

(Signed,)

 **R., BISHOP OF KINGSTON.**

---

L'Assomption, November 26, 1846.

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*From the Right Reverend* **J. C. PRINCE**, *Bishop of Martyropolis, &c., &c., &c.*


MY DEAR SIR,

The Temperance cause is of so important an interest, both for the moral and temporal welfare of our dear country, that I cannot but congratulate those who advocate its *principles*—how much more shall I not congratulate those who, like you, co-operate in it in a providential way. It is then with satisfaction, Reverend Sir, that I see you busy in reproducing and enlarging the Manual already so interesting, with which you have endowed the Temperance Association.

God will undoubtedly bless this new work; and the numerous examples which you are adding in this second edition, accompanied with the typographical ameliorations, will ensure its circulation, and cause it to be followed by the most happy results.

May the Lord bless you in the noble cause you have undertaken.

(Signed,)

 **J. C., BISHOP OF MARTYROPOLIS.**

---

Montreal, November 29, 1846.

*From the Right Reverend A. M. BLANCHET, Bishop of Walla-Walla, &c., &c., &c.*

REV. FATHER,

Although there is only one voice among our countrymen, to praise those who advocate strongly the Temperance cause, and attempt to propagate everywhere its salutary doctrine, a large number yet remains who are not aware of the evils of the pretended *moderate use* of strong drinks in Canada. On perusing your Temperance Manual, they will be enlightened, and will soon help you by their advice and example. In republishing a second edition of this work, you will render an important service to your country. I rejoice, with all Canadians, and wish you all the success which the cause you are defending deserves.

I am cordially,  
My Reverend Father,  
Your humble servant,

(Signed.)

✠ A. M., BISHOP OF WALLA-WALLA.

November 27, 1846.

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*From the Physicians of Quebec.*

We, the undersigned Physicians, have perused with a great deal of pleasure, a book written by Father Chiniquy, bearing the title, "Manual of the Temperance Society." The learned gentleman describes in a striking manner the dreadful evils arising from the use of strong drinks; we know of no book at this moment more fitted to do good among us, and it is to be hoped that it will be circulated in every family.

(Signed.)

FRS. J. SEGUIN,	OL. ROBITAILLE,	P. BAILLARGEON,
J.N. RACEY, M. D.,	JOS. PAINCHAUD,	J. BLANCHET,
T. DOUGLAS,	A. SEWELL, M. D.	A. JACKSON,
JOHN ROWLEY,	J. Z. NAULT,	ED. ROUSSEAU,
C. FREMONT,	JOS. MORRIN,	J. BLAIS.

Quebec, October 21, 1846.

---

*From the Physicians of Montreal.*

We, the undersigned Physicians, have examined the part of the Temperance Manual of the Rev. C. Chiniquy, which treats upon the bad effect of strong drinks upon the constitution, and we are happy to say, that our own experience has more than once convinced us of the truths of the principles which are unfolded. It is to be desired that this little work may be spread among the people, for it is calculated to do good everywhere.

(Signed.)

J. B. MEILLIEUR, M. D., *Superintendent of Education.*

P. BEAUBIEN, M. D.,	W. SUTHERLAND, M. D.,	A. HALL, M. D.,
B. H. CHARLEBOIS,	F. BADGLEY, M. D.,	P. BRASSARD,
ET. TACHE,	F. C. T. ARNOLD, M. D.,	T. L. GRENIER,
L. J. TAVERNIER,	ALEX. ROWAND, M. D.,	LS. BOYER.
J. B. LEBOURDAIS,	J. L. LEPROHON, M. D.,	
W. NELSON,	H. PELTIER, M. D.,	

Montreal, December 29, 1844.

## THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

IN presenting to the public an English Translation of the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy's work on Temperance, the Translator has had no other object in view, than to promote the Total Abstinence Reformation, which the Temperance Society has so nobly commenced in this Province.

It is to be expected that Mr. Chiniquy's title of Roman Catholic Priest will not have the effect of hindering those who do not share his religious faith from perusing his work. This can be said with confidence, when, at the present moment, Christian liberality is now prevailing more than ever between the different classes of society. Besides, is not Temperance a cause free from all others, requiring the help of every member of the community? Yes, it is an association of love, whose glorious banner, invites all denominations of Christians to gather round, there to forget their past animosities, and unite hand in hand to resist the common enemy.

The work being written in its original, solely for the French portion of the population of this country, the Translator has, with the permission of the Author, made some slight changes so as to suit all classes of society.

The particular motive which induced the Author to write this work, was to promote the glorious cause of Temperance, without hurting the national or religious feelings of any one,—such will be, the Translator trusts, the conviction of the reader in perusing it. It may be said that the Author has united in this little volume the *utile dulci*. The whole is replete with thrilling facts, which cannot but strike the eye of the reader, and inspire him with awe, on beholding the evils caused by the pernicious habit of strong drinks. When we look abroad upon the world and see the misery caused by intoxication—the crimes, diseases of all kinds, and wretchedness, which follow in its train, we have indeed great reasons to make known to all classes of the community any work which tends principally to stem that destructive tide of moral evil which has long been waging deadly war against our social, domestic and national prosperity.

The Translator has certainly a claim on the indulgence of the public—the English language is not his vernacular tongue—but his sincere desire to see all classes of the English population benefitted by such a work, will account for his venturing to make known in English what he thinks most likely will be beneficial to them.

May this little work, translated into the English language, be left to work its quiet and unobtrusive way in Canada. If many shall approve of it, and aid its circulation, it may yet find its way into numerous families, and prevent a great number from being ensnared by that deadly foe—**DRUNKENNESS.**

Montreal, September, 1847.

## DEDICATION.

*To the Right Reverend I. BOURGET, Bishop of Montreal.*

My Lord,

The favor with which Your Lordship has deigned to receive the Temperance Manual, imposes upon me the pleasing duty of presenting you with the Second Edition.

This humble production, although deprived of the principal qualities which are required in a work to do good, will convey, nevertheless, as I am confident, fruits of salvation, since it will be from your hands that it will pass into those of the youth and people of Canada, for whom it is written. Accompanied with the blessings of Your Lordship, it will be also recommended by the blessings of Heaven.

My Lord, at this moment more than ever, those who take an interest in the Holy Cause of Temperance, are full of confidence for the future. For who could refuse to God the sacrifice demanded by this regenerating society, after the example given by Your Lordship?

When we beheld a Bishop, whose virtues are the admiration as well as the delight of the faithful, humbly prostrated at the foot of the altar, in the midst of his people, saying in a loud voice: "Oh! Jesus, whose thirst has been quenched with bitter gall, I renounce for your love the use of intoxicating drinks," we thought we were hearing the Apostle of Nations saying also: "It is good not to drink wine. If meat cause my brother to offend, I will never eat flesh, lest I should cause my brother to offend. Let no man seek his own, but the welfare of another."

The high social rank of Your Lordship, feeble health, and continual labors, everything seemed to invite you to follow the advice of Paul to Timothy. We have seen what the Christian could do, when charity had once possessed his heart. Nothing is painful to him. He forgets himself, to think of the salvation of his brethren.

The humble but admirable sacrifice which Your Lordship has made, has already produced its fruits. Both the Clergy and People exclaimed: "Let us follow our Leader, and imitate our Father." And already many tears have ceased to flow, and a large number of disconsolate families have seen better days.

Your Lordship has kindly expressed that a desire to bless our humble work, and to see it read and meditated everywhere, occupied your heart at the moment of setting out for the Holy See! These words, my Lord, said with a fatherly kindness and charity, encourages me to expect another favor no less great. When, arrived at the Eternal City, and prostrated on the Tombs of the Holy Apostles, you shall ask of the God of Mercies to distribute his most abundant blessings on Your Diocese, may you also pray especially for him, who, although the last and most unworthy of your Priests

Has the honor to be, My Lord,  
With the most profound respect  
for your Lordship,  
Your most humble and obedient servant,

C. CHINQUY,  
*O. M. I.*

## DEDICATORY ADDRESS TO THE YOUTH OF CANADA.

### MY YOUNG FRIENDS,

To you I dedicate this work, because your improvement and your happiness were my object in writing it, and we may now more than ever be permitted to enjoy the cheering hope that the reading of it will prove advantageous to you; for it has pleased the Spiritual Pastor of this Diocese to confer upon it words of benediction; indeed, it is in a manner from his own hands that you receive this second edition.

Although our limited talents have not permitted us to render this work as interesting in a literary point of view as it might have been made by a more gifted author, we will not, however, be induced by such a consideration to withhold from you this second edition, because, notwithstanding its numerous defects, we believe it is sufficient to point out to you, and to assist you in avoiding, the most dangerous snares used by the enemy of mankind to ruin and destroy you even on the threshold of life.

When a traveler, passing through an unknown country, has arrived, without perceiving it, at the edge of a precipice, where thousands of unfortunate persons have perished, if a friendly voice should warn him of his perilous situation, and advise him to quit the dangerous path, he does not wait to consider whether the sounds which have struck on his ear are discordant or sweet, but hastens back his steps, blessing the Providence which has saved him.

Religion and your Country are equally and deeply afflicted by the pernicious results of Intemperance. Both sincerely lament the ruin of thousands of their children, drawn into the vortex of perdition by those pernicious liquors. Cast your eyes around, and you will be struck with awe in viewing everywhere the ruinous effects of that most debasing vice. Its desolating consequences are not confined to some unhappy portions of our country; no, they are felt everywhere. It engenders dishonor and crime, as well in the remotest villages as in our populous cities. Its debasing influence extends to the highest classes of society, as well as to the lowest members of the human family.

There are few in this country who have not, I regret to say, to lament the temporal ruin and the moral destruction of some of their relations or friends.

If you have been fortunate enough to avoid until now the allurement of that pernicious vice, of that dreadful enemy of your happiness; if he has not yet enslaved you, be on your guard; trust not too much to your own strength, but always recollect that your indefatigable foe has overwhelmed and ruined stronger and more vigilant victims than yourself. Alas! a vice which has often caused you pain and sorrow, perhaps not by its debasing influence over yourself, but over your less courageous relations or friends. Who of you, I ask, has not experienced the painful feelings caused by the sight of an object of your love or friendship reduced below the level of the brute by Intemperance?

The generous efforts used to introduce Temperance throughout the land, have been crowned with success in many localities. But the enemy is not yet driven out of all his strong-holds, and the use of intoxicating drinks still causes incalculable evil in many places; for if in the midst of this civilized country, it destroys virtue and creates a criminal disregard for the duties imposed upon us by our character as men and Christians, among benighted nations it checks the progress of the laborers of Christ in dispensing the invaluable blessing of Christianity. Lacerated and humbled by the numerous wounds inflicted upon them by Intemperance, your religion and your country adjure you to exert yourselves in the glorious conquest of Intemperance, that inexhaustible source of their sorrows and mourning. Come then all and enlist yourselves under the regenerating Banner of Temperance.

Some believe that the Temperance Society aims principally at the conversion of the habitual drunkards existing amongst us; they are mistaken. Undoubtedly the Apostles of Temperance do not overlook the desirable object of recalling to a sense of their degradation those of their unhappy brethren who are now the slaves of inebriating liquors. But they have a greater and more enduring object in view—they aim at the final expulsion of the Demon of Intemperance from our land, and as the most effectual means of attaining this object, and of preventing its reappearance amongst us, they apply to you, my young friends, whose lips have not yet been sullied by intoxicating liquors; for, according to the warning of the Holy Ghost, "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Proverbs, chap. xxii.*

The children of the drunkard shall cease to follow in the footsteps of their father, because Temperance extends its protecting hand to them, and will, from their infancy, direct them in that path which will, through life, ensure their respectability and happiness.

With unspeakable pleasure we already see that the young men of Canada understand that they are particularly destined by Providence to reap the invaluable advantages resulting from Temperance Societies. They everywhere crowd around its regenerating banner.

May this imperfect little work now offered you, my young friends, contribute to induce you to adopt the principles of the Temperance Society, and to strengthen your laudable resolution for the good of your Country and the love of our Holy Religion.

Such is the fervent wish of your sincere and devoted friend,

C. CHINIQUY,  
O. M. I.

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## PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

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This work is divided into six chapters, under the following heads:

- (1.) For the love of Jesus, whose proffered drink was hysson and vinegar.
- (2.) With the grace of God.
- (3.) I promise.
- (4.) Never to make use of Intoxicating Drinks.
- (5.) Except as a Medicine.
- (6.) And I engage further, by precept and example, to induce others to make a like sacrifice.

Under each of these heads the motives in favor of Temperance are set forth; the arguments against it, refuted by reasons and authentic documents, and by numerous examples of the evils occasioned by Intemperance to individuals and society.

A person, then, as we perceive clearly, on becoming a Member of the Temperance Society, has six things to consider: 1st, The motive which ought to make him act: 2nd, The sentiment of his weakness, and the reasons which induce him to trust in God: 3rd, The nature of the engagement he intends to take: 4th and 5th, The extent of his sacrifice. 6th, How he is to prevent drunkenness in others.

MANUAL  
OF THE  
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

CHAPTER I.

IST. FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS, WHOSE PROFFERED DRINK  
WAS HYSNON AND VINEGAR.

*Motives which ought to determine every one to join the Temperance Society.*

“WHATSOEVER you do,” says the Apostle Paul, “do all for the glory of God.” If love should influence us in those of our actions which are most indifferent, much more should we fortify ourselves by this sublime motive of love, when required to make a sacrifice so meritorious and noble, as that which is demanded of us by the Temperance Society.

It will be then principally to honor the sufferings of Christ, insulted by the offer of the gall, and to unite yourselves to the adorable victim, that you will renounce the use of ardent spirits, which have been, if not for yourselves, at least for a number of your brethren and friends, an occasion of sin and a renewal of Christ's sufferings.

At the last great day, when we shall be called upon to receive from the Son of God, once crucified to display his love, but now our Sovereign Judge, the reward of our good actions or the chastisement of our transgressions, it behooves us to remember that no actions will be reputed good but such as have been performed from love to God through Christ Jesus. The others, however good, great and admirable they may be, either in themselves or in the eyes of men, will remain without reward.

To join the Temperance Society, not for the love of our Saviour, would be folly; for it would be performing a troublesome sacrifice, without being willing to reap its richest fruit.

If this sublime motive was understood by all as it ought to be, the Temperance Society would soon number as many zealous members as there are Christians. At least we should cease to hear those silly objections, by which a large portion of the community refuse their help to the Temperance Society, for the simple reason that they are under no obligation to do so, and *can save their souls* without becoming members.



Your Saviour on the cross is in agony ! One moment more, and for you the last drop of his blood will be shed. A faint cry has been heard ; the adorable victim will utter his last words—"I thirst !"—and in the excess of their malice, his executioners presented him with gall and vinegar. His lips and tongue are sullied with the poison. In disgust and horror he bows his head, and casting a last look of tenderness and love, exclaims : " My son, behold what I suffer for you and your brethren ; in return, " I entreat you, during the remainder of your days to check the " prevalence of intoxicating drinks, which send daily to hell " thousands of souls who have cost me so dear."

What answer will you give to your most beloved Redeemer ? Ah ! I behold you prostrated at the foot of the cross, and pressing it with love to your heart, you exclaim : " Oh ! beloved Jesus, I consent with joy to the sacrifice which thou " demandest of me. I have not yet proved to Thee my love. " What thou askest is very little, and how unhappy would I " be in giving thee a refusal ! For your love then, Oh ! Jesus, " whose lips have been sullied with gall and vinegar, I renounce " the use of strong drinks, and pledge myself to induce my " brethren to make a like sacrifice."

What ! your brother, neighbor, friend, and your own children would perhaps have abstained, for the love of Christ Jesus from strong stimulants ; they will enjoy the sweet satisfaction of having performed an action agreeable to God. An inward voice recalls to their mind that such a sacrifice cannot remain without a reward. They will daily hear blessings upon their names, and the worthy actions in which they would have participated. And you, insensible scoffer ! you remain without emotion in beholding such examples, and you will deprive yourself of such a sweet consolation ! Ah ! I doubt if the enjoyment you experience in drinking even moderately strong drink, would indemnify you for this privation. I would rather think that your conscience will reproach you for not having performed an action so agreeable to God, and for having refused to partake of a new source of grace and blessing.

But let us pass to certain objections to which the resources of reasoning and the sacred motives of faith cannot be too much opposed.

You say that you do not join the Temperance cause because you never drank to excess, and that you see no reasons strong enough to make you abandon drinking. " The drunkards," you remark, " ought to join the Temperance Society, and if I " had been intemperate, I would have long ago acceded to your " demand."

Be it so ! but we will tell you that it is precisely because you have ever been sober and temperate that you ought to espouse the Temperance cause. It is precisely on account of your sobriety, and of not indulging in Intemperance, that it would be meritorious before God and men to abstain from

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liquors. The weak man who has indulged to excess in spirituous drinks, will avoid them, because he fears always to do as he did, but his motive, although good it may appear, is not so perfect, so noble as the moderate drinker's. The latter one alone can exclaim, "My Saviour, I make this sacrifice neither constrained nor forced, for I am by no means compelled; I did it only on account of my love for thee." Who would dare say that this sacrifice does not evince high reasoning and the holiest Principles of Religion?

If some one is indebted to me, under what obligation am I to him, if he has paid to me only the amount of his debt? But although this man owes me nothing, if he employ all means possible to oblige me, how strong is the obligation he makes me *contract* towards him! How grateful should I be? Such is the case with the *Master* whom we serve; in his infinite goodness he willingly rewards all we do for his glory, even things which we are bound to fulfil. But he especially rewards the sacrifices which, although not strictly commanded, are nevertheless advised through love; and if the limits of this little treatise could permit us, how much more could be said to develop this thought.

Nevertheless, if one *persisted* in repeating, "Am I bound to abstain from intoxicating drinks?" we should not reply until the following questions are answered:

"Was *Christ* bound to descend upon earth and to be born in a manger?"

"Was the Son of God bound in the garden of Gethsemane to redeem your sins and to experience such a suffering, that he sunk in a frightful agony, and bedewed the earth with his own 'sweat and blood?'"

"Was the Son of God bound to bear the insults of an exasperated and blind mob and soldiery?"

"Was the Son of God bound to be tied at a pillory, and there to be whipped like a criminal?"

"Was the Son of God bound to carry upon his bruised shoulders the heavy and ignominious cross prepared by his executioners?"

"Was the Son of God bound to allow his hands and feet to be torn and lacerated by nails?"

"Was the Son of God bound to end all his sufferings by drinking the gall so bitter, which was presented to him?"

"And finally, was Christ Jesus bound to suffer an infamous death between two malefactors?"

No. He was not *bound* to *undergo* all those sufferings; *but through love for you he endured them.* And we who have so much interest in loving God, and we who can do nothing without him, and who ought to pay him constantly our homage, shall we, unless we are strictly compelled, do nothing for his glory and divine pleasure? Love engenders love; it is a law both of religion and of our nature, and in spite of this

sweet law, so full of reasons and pressing motives, should we, like slaves, act only when compelled by a base and sordid dread of chastisement? Ah! should we need the threatening prescription of duty and the fear of hell to force us to love God, while we daily bestow upon thousands of frivolous objects our affections? Ah! let us rather love this God of love as he deserves. Let us avail ourselves of every occasion to do something which will prove agreeable to him, and let us do it without hesitation and without even thinking of putting the question if we are bound so to do.

The less there is of obligation in making a sacrifice, the more should we hasten and rejoice to perform it; at least such is the way that true Christians have acted in all ages. And God, religion and humanity have not yet abolished this law of love.

We need not say here that we do not partake of the absurd idea that each one of the faithful is bound to practise all the good deeds only advised by the Gospel. No, undoubtedly; for this doctrine has been justly condemned by the Church.

What we mean to say is, that our salvation depends entirely upon two indispensable conditions, that is—*Decline from evil and do good*, Psalm 36, v. 27. Provided that we shun evil and do good according to the true spirit of faith. But if any one entertains the least doubt that to abstain from all spirituous liquors, for the love of God and the edification of our brethren, is a good action, ought not his doubts to disappear, when the Church, through the medium of her Pontiffs and Ministers, when the unanimous voice of the people, so justly called the Voice of God, have united in favor of the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Temperance Society?

Shall we continue to insist? What should be our position if our forefathers in regard to faith had accomplished nothing, but when forced and compelled by an explicit commandment of God? What would have become, for instance, of the admirable Society for the Propagation of Faith, if each one of the faithful became members only after having received the assurance that they were compelled? Numerous would have been the courageous missionaries who would have lost the crown awarded to the Apostles—martyrs would have been deprived of their glory! Thousands of people would have remained in the darkness of idolatry! How many empty thrones would there not be in Heaven and reprobates in Hell, if the disciples of Jesus Christ had acted or preached, but especially given to the world the examples of the most sublime virtues only when they would have been proved to have been strictly compelled to those things? Once more, we repeat that when we love, we do not measure difficulties with our Divine Master, we never fear of having accomplished too much for his love; on the contrary, with all the saints who preceded us, we only fear one thing, and that is, that we have not done enough for him. We are ingenious to find out every day some new means to prove to him that we regard entirely his interest and glory.

Let us cease to say: "I need not impose upon me this privation; I am sufficiently temperate as I am." Let us leave this language to Pagans, Phariseans and Sybarites; and to men of the world this profane language, "I am virtuous enough as I am; I am sufficiently sober; I need not cultivate such and such virtues; I remain as I am." Nay, never would a true Christian hold such language when he has taken Jesus Christ for his model; when a voice cries to him from Heaven to advance every day; and to strengthen continually his laudable efforts, being positively taught that *whoever stops, retrogrades*.

Let then those who are desirous of a positive and divine commandment in favor of Temperance, before they become members, always bear in mind that the conditions of salvation of which we have spoken above, will be one day recalled to their memory precisely as they are, at the terrible moment when the Sovereign Judge will examine us not only on the evil we have committed, but also on the good we refused to do; and who will save us then from being ranked among useless servants? Ah! let us reason like Christians, and be constantly repeating to ourselves, in order to do good with eagerness, "What am I doing for Heaven!"

Our duty is to wrest from the hands of the Evil Spirit of drunkenness a large number of unfortunate people entirely blinded, and who are in a state of bondage. It is your duty to restore to their families, society and religion, those who have forgotten all laws human and divine. Is not such a design worthy of admiration? Is it not great? Does it not belong to the wise man and the Christian? If in order to succeed in so noble an enterprise, I were to risk a part of my estate, and even expose my life, ought I to hesitate? No, for whoever saves the soul of his brethren, says *Eternal* wisdom, saves his own; for the charity which ought to enliven us, makes us find the most painful sacrifices sweet, when we endeavor to save the immortal souls who have cost the Saviour of the world so dear. But in this case we do not require so much of you; you are only to renounce, for the love of Christ Jesus, the use of alcoholic liquors, the abuse of which is always so easy and always so fatal. God will bless your sacrifice. Your generous example will give strength to the weak, and thus you also will have very soon the gratification of becoming a worthy advocate of Temperance in your own parish and family. Every one will cherish and bless you. There is no doubt but that the mighty God whom we serve, can work these changes without you; he is strong enough to baffle all his enemies. But as He calls you through the voice of his pastors, to take a part in the war, to share with him, so to say, the honor of victory, why not then marshal yourselves under its standards, especially when it will cost you so little and when you are so sure of success? Shall we behold you falling shamefully back behind the ranks, meditating whether you are under any *obligation* to engage in the

fight? Ah! no; this word has ceased to be a Christian word, may I be allowed to say so, in view of the glorious success already attained by the Temperance Society, and of the laurels equally glorious yet to be won.

Now is the moment to answer an objection which has often and seriously been presented to us.

“We admire the zeal and the efforts of the advocates of “Temperance,” we have often been told; “we would imitate “and favor them with all our heart, if we had the least hope of “success; but we are far from sharing the confidence which “they feel. On the contrary, the more we examine what has “occurred since the organization of the Temperance Societies “in the country and elsewhere, the more we are convinced that “the good resolutions implanted in the hearts of the people, “and the sacrifices which they have been induced to make of “their old habits, are only the fruits of a transient enthusiasm “and of a rapture which suddenly disappear.”

To this we reply: Was not Moses informed by God of the future prevarication of his people? Had He not told him positively, “Moses, after your death, this stiff-necked people “will return to idolatry; they will abandon me who am their “Lord and their God, to prostrate themselves at the foot of the “idols of the Gentiles.” After this desolating prophecy, did Moses cease for a moment to employ all the power of his words and all his zeal? Did he not take the most cautious means to hinder his people from falling into idolatry?”

When St. Peter and the rest of the Apostles persuaded their disciples, by precept and example, to dispose of their goods, and to invest the proceeds in a common stock, in order that poverty might be banished from among the faithful, and that they might be more detached from the things of the world, were they repressed in their zeal for the sanctification and regeneration of mankind, by the certainty which they possessed (as Prophets) that all this admirable fervor and self-renunciation would be of short duration?

When God, in his mercy, gives us a good thought, when he grants us a grace, let us permit them to spring in our own hearts, let us not repulse them under the miserable pretext that others will not avail themselves of their advantages.

When our Saviour preached, suffered and died for the salvation of mankind, was he not informed, did he not say aloud and everywhere, that his preaching, sufferings and death would be useless to a great many?

“*This good action cannot subsist always, nor even very long, “it cannot do for every one,*” are objections which never arrested the good deeds of Jesus Christ, nor of his Apostles, nor of those who are desirous of becoming his disciples.

“Strong drinks,” you say, “will more than ever overwhelm us “as in a flood—our people will become more than ever degraded “by drunkenness!!!” But, pray tell us, upon whom will fall

the responsibility of such a re-action? Will it be upon those who have made thousands of sacrifices; imposed upon themselves a thousand privations, and who, to the authority of words, would have joined the powerful authority of example? You perceive the subtilty, the rage with which the evil spirit of drunkenness and his emmissaries endeavor to hinder the people from making the sacrifice demanded of them by the advocates of Temperance, for their salvation. You say that the success is not certain; that we have not yet enough of strength and power for such a noble and worthy undertaking! Ah you confess then that we require more hearts and arms, to conquer our common enemy. Yes, we do need all the mind and soul of every true Christian.—Come then and join us in this toilsome but noble struggle of the Cross against sensuality. Instead of remaining far from the sacrifice, danger and struggle, always ready to proclaim our defeat, come and help us in gaining the victory. Were we to be conquered altogether, we should be at least blameless before God and men. Our conscience will not have to reproach us one day, that, chased from many localities and on the point of being banished, the use of strong drinks has taken refuge in our houses as in a strong-hold, where it has defied the Apostles of Temperance, and from whence it has spread among the people to entangle and entrap them in its perfidious nets.

Unwilling to listen to the pressing reasons which are given you to join the influence and the authority of your example to help this regenerating movement of the people, which you cannot gainsay; to answer certain reproaches of conscience which you cannot entirely suppress, you say that victory will soon escape from the hands of the advocates of Temperance. Ah! are you not then aware that there is oftentimes in a defeat, glory in the eyes of God and men. Has Judah Maccabeus' name passed to posterity without glory, and has God refused to crown him in Heaven because he had fallen down overwhelmed by the number of his enemies?

Were it not better to belong to the few that had fallen at his side in fighting courageously, than to be ranked amongst the cowards who had abandoned him in the moment of danger?

The advocates of Temperance will yield perhaps, but will be only overcome as this immortal defender of his people. Their defeat will be ascribed to the failure of those in whose aid they had confided. Upon whom, we ask, will fall the responsibility of such a misfortune, and against whom will the blood of the people cry for vengeance?

And to confute in one word, the objections adduced by those who refuse to join the Temperance Society, it will suffice to put to them the following question: "Could you conscientiously say that it is because you love and endeavor to please your blessed Redeemer, you refuse taking the pledge?"

Whoever has considered the irreparable evils done to our dear and good people of Canada by the use of strong drinks ; whoever has reflected on the good which would result if all were combined to make them disappear ;—to those nothing is more grievous than the reasons, excuses and silly pretexts which are repeated for not offering to our God and Country the sacrifice of our taste and habit. It is then that we take pleasure in directing our thoughts upon those men, so worthy of the name of Citizen and Christian, who have not hesitated an instant, not only to follow, but also to direct and accelerate by their example the regenerating movement. May the God of Mercy be a thousand times blessed for this ! The number of these choice men,—at the head of whom is the Right Reverend Catholic Bishop of Montreal, who courageously shutting their ears to the timid counsels of a human prudence, trample without fear under foot all worldly considerations, when it is required to work for the regeneration of an entire people,—is always on the increase. And with the help of God, everything announces in a future age the return of our people to habits of Economy, Wisdom and of Temperance, unknown to our fathers.

You could doubt formerly the future success of the Temperance Society and the good that it might procure to men ; but at this present moment, thousands of drunkards sincerely reformed, and numbers of people regenerated by the Temperance Society, are there to assure you that it was the Lord who inspired mankind with that thought, and that the instituting of this Society is one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon us by Heaven in *modern times*. If no one is obliged by God to join the Temperance cause, you perceive at least how he blesses in an admirable manner the efforts of those who join it for the love of their brethren.

And what should we not see if in each locality the influential men were to renounce the use of strong drinks, and employ all their influence to make them disappear from their parish ? At first those who make a bad use of them would have very little occasion to fall, for scarcely any one would offer them to drink. The influential having left off drinking, every one, even the intemperate, desirous of being ranked among well-bred men, the drunkards would cease to offer or take any, at least in presence of others ; the appetite which would cease to be fed, would gradually become extinct ; Reason and Religion would soon prevail, and ere long you would bless the God of Mercies, who permitted you to contribute, by your admission to the Temperance Society, to such firm and consoling conversions. In support of this doctrine, we could cite many facts, but in order not to be too long, we will content ourselves with the following. We will give it as it is told by the curate of —, who was an *eye witness*.

*Example.*

It was ten o'clock in the evening. I was very much interested in reading a work, when on a sudden my ears were struck by an unusual noise. I listened and heard loud knocks at the door. A voice calls and conjures me for help. I had hardly opened the door when I recognized Francis——. He was out of his senses; his half-broken language announced the deepest emotion. However this was all I could understand: "Come immediately, Sir; if you do not make haste, some misfortune will happen. Ah! it is dreadful!"

I need not say what were my feelings on hearing those words. I asked him of whom he was speaking: "It is Louis——," answered he; "he has returned home drunk; he is like a furious tiger; he has cruelly struck his unfortunate wife, who has been, as you are aware, confined for a long time. She fainted while he was striking her. He has beaten his brother, and on my leaving the house he held his poor mother by the throat; I could not get her out of his hands, lest he should split my head open. I determined to come and seek for your help; perhaps your presence might quiet him. But if you please make haste, too much delay may cost some one's life." This recital, frightful as it was, did not surprise me. Every thing can be expected from a drunkard. The most hideous crimes and dreadful horrors are only a pastime with the man addicted to alcoholic drinks.

I had already known the drunkard for whom I was called. I had many a time met him drunk on the road. His screams, which were heard at a distance, caused him to be recognized. It was then prudent to make haste: few were in fact disposed at that moment to enter into a conversation with him.

He vociferated oaths, curses and blasphemies sufficient to make the demons tremble. How many times in those awful moments had he not struck and shed the blood of his best friends! How many times had he not also beaten his father! Few were they, however, who pitied the old man! It was he who had instructed his child in the *art of drinking*; it was he who had many times shown him the road which leads to the tavern. As I was thinking on those sad remembrances, I went out, or even ran with Francis. The distance was not very long, so that it was quickly accomplished. I had not yet reached the place when my ears were struck with screams and shrieks. Without knocking at the door, I entered hastily. Merciful heaven, what a sight! The poor woman hardly recovered from her swoon, was *wailing* in despair. She pulled out her hair like an insane person. Tears were seen trickling down from her eyes on a young child seated on her lap, and whose piercing cries affected the heart. Unfortunate woman, how loudly she called death to her help! With what forcible words did she curse the day when she had united her destiny to that cruel monster, who instead of being her husband was her tormentor!



I perceived further the brother, whose face was covered with blood, and then at some distance in the dark the unfortunate mother. Her hair hanging in disorder around her face, attested that one of the blackest crimes had been committed; that a man had struck her to whom he owed life; that a child had lifted up his hand against his mother! The blows which he had given her had disfigured and nearly killed her. Her tears, cries, and sobs mingled with those of her daughter-in-law and child.

And he, the Monster, where was he then to be found?

He was pacing the room in quick steps, amidst the broken chairs and tables turned upside down, lying confusedly on the floor. My sudden arrival, notwithstanding his madness, confounded him.

Being a minister of religion, my duty was to do all I could to restore him from his degradation, although he seemed lost. I spared no time. On the very next day I began the work. I told him to abandon drinking; but he answered me with the same words he had already told me several times, that it was impossible; that he felt sorrow and shame for what he had done the preceding night; that he would promise to cease getting drunk, but that he could not promise to abstain totally from strong drinks. He had been so long drinking, he said; he worked so hard, and was so often exposed to bad weather. After all, added he, there is no harm to take a glass with a friend, provided one commits no excess. In short, he gave me all those plausible reasons which the intemperate are so industrious in finding.....

Although disappointed by his answer and resistance, to the good advice I gave him, I did not feel entirely discouraged. It was not very long since I had instituted a Temperance Society in my Parish, and I perceived already that the Demon of Intemperance had disappeared from many places where he had till then established his sway as a sovereign master.

That evening I sent secretly for Charles, his nearest neighbor and best friend. He was a good man who seldom drank to excess, perhaps not twice in a year, although very fond of his three or sometimes four glasses in a day. Good-hearted towards his friends, he would receive no one's visits without making him partake of the glass that *inebriates*. He had constantly at home the best *Jamaica* of Quebec, and his family and health seemed not to suffer much by his politeness towards his friends. He therefore, disliked the Temperance Society. On the first occasion I had spoken of it in public, he had declared himself against it; "This was good," said he, "only for those who are not able to control themselves; that for him this Society was of no use; that he could be temperate alone, and never would join it." He expressed to me at home his sorrow, and that of the neighborhood at what had passed the preceding night at the unfortunate Louis ——. "Well, then, it depends upon you, my dear

Charles, to reform your friend Louis."—Ah, Reverend Sir," answered he, "if it depended solely upon me, it would soon be done, for I would give the half of my blood and all I possess, to induce him to abstain from drinking. He is such an honest man, such a good neighbor, and he has a heart so sensitive, so generous, when he is sober! But when once drunk, he is like a wild wolf: for when he has taken a few glasses more than usual, he knows no one, and I believe that he would strike God himself if he could get a chance. To reform him it certainly requires a great miracle. He is so fond of drinking! The Rev. gentleman who has preceded you did all he could to reform him, and if he has not been able, nor you, notwithstanding your good sermons, how can you think that it depends upon me to convert him?"

"Well, yes, my good friend, I still maintain that the conversion of Louis — depends upon you. In truth till this moment we knew not what to do to reform a drunkard, as opportunities for drinking were left around him; he had scarcely formed a good resolution before it was forgotten, with the first friend he met. Nothing then was rarer than the perseverance of that kind of sinners in their desires to be corrected. But the God of Mercies has entrusted us in the Temperance Society with simple and powerful means to lead them in the right path; to admit into the Temperance Society the respectable, sober friends and relations of a drunkard makes him avoid the occasions in which he might be exposed; he could go everywhere without anything being offered to him; no one will ask him for any: and all these circumstances, with the grace of God, will make his return both lasting and sincere. Join the Temperance Society with those of your neighbors who most associate with Louis ———. It will be disagreeable to you, during the first few days, on account of the old habit you have of drinking strong liquors, but you will incur no evil, I assure you; on the contrary, you will feel happy before long. Offer this sacrifice to God for the reformation of your friend. Tell Louis ——— that you detest liquors on account of the crimes they have caused him to commit, as well as many others. Tell him that in consequence, you will cease to take any, and will keep no more in your house for the use of others."

Charles ——— listened to those words with a respectful attention. "The advice you are giving me, Sir, is a good one; I will follow it; and I hope that my neighbors will do the same; for I must acknowledge that it is painful to perceive that you take so much pains in instituting a thing which is so visibly for our good, and that we resist it so much.

"We did not understand when you began first to institute a Temperance Society in the Parish, that it would produce so much good, and we did not regard it with a favorable eye; but now that we are eye-witnesses of the wonderful changes it has wrought everywhere, we have changed our opinion. And,

after all, if we have not the happiness to reform our friend, no evil will happen to us in leaving off drinking; and we will have the merit of having done all we could!"

He cordially shook hands with me and went off. He kept his word, as I was very certain he would. That same evening he came with six of his neighbors, all great friends to Louis —, to join the Temperance Society. They made haste the next day to announce this news to their unfortunate friend. At first he would not believe their words, but he was soon convinced of the reality.

Struck with the interest that his friends took in his salvation, he resolved to imitate them. This resolution, which he had so many times taken, and which he had so many times forgotten, when his friends offered him some, or when he saw them drinking, became for him of easy execution since he had ceased to see any elsewhere. He reflects and sees with fright that he had not taken the Sacrament for many years. He repents of his sinful life, makes his confession and participates a few months later to the Holiest of Sacraments. Since that moment he is the model of my parish."

Members of the Temperance Society, let us be faithful to the promise we have made to God. And may the following example cause us to be attached more than ever to our resolution:

Michael — resided with his family in the beautiful village of —, and every one loved him. He was frank, honest and laborious,—a good husband, kind father, and sincere friend. So acceptable were his services, that every one wished to engage him to work in the adjacent parts of the village; for he could perform in one day what others could do only in two. But those good qualities he possessed only when he was sober; and unfortunately for him he was passionately fond of liquors.

Now nothing could be more insufferable, stupid and vile than the conduct of this unfortunate Michael —, after he had indulged in drink. He had then but one thought—one desire; it was to drink more; and to satisfy this craving appetite, everything else was forgotten, and sacrificed. He had several times sold his clothes, and even his bed, to buy rum.

He spent days and entire months in a state of drunkenness. The children would have died with cold and hunger, if his wife had not worked day and night to gain black bread, which she gave them soaked in her tears.

His carousals over, ashamed and penitent, Michael sued for pardon to God, and mingled his tears with those of his family. He returned to work with an incredible ardor: and possessed of the great physical power which God had given him, and endowed, as he was, with great sensibility of mind, he charmed every one. Everything was soon forgotten; for every one delighted in forgetting the past deeds of such a man, and wished him a better future. It was, however, remarked, that drunkenness had originated long ago in this family, and that he must have contracted the taste while at his mother's breast.

In 1843 the Temperance cause had been preached in the Parish of ———, and God himself had contributed to the work, so that real prodigies were wrought.

The Lord was blessed, and praised every where. The abandoned schools were revived and filled every day with hundreds of joyous children. The dwellings assumed an air of cleanness and happiness. Scandals disappeared to make place for pure and good morals. Taverns were unfrequented; and numerous were those who now attended to their religious duties. Throughout this happy parish men congratulated each other on the admirable change which had been wrought. Every one ascribed the glory of this to God, the only Author of all good.

Those who did not rejoice in those days, were the votaries of Intemperance, who, after having done all they could to depreciate the Total abstinence Society, and seeing that they could not succeed, called loudly for a re-action.

Michael —, like others, had listened to the words of God. He had repented of his sinful life, and requested that he also might be admitted a member of the Temperance Society. This favor could not be denied to him. The days of trial having passed by with success, his pastor thought it best to admit him insomuch as a number of respectable persons of the village had interceded, and answered for his good resolutions and perseverance.

Impossible would it be to depict the joy, contentment, and happiness then enjoyed by Michael's family. His daily work, together with the industry of his wife, was more than sufficient for the chief wants of life. Those, who previous to this happy event had entered this poor house, were now struck by the neatness and cleanliness of the dwelling. His children now properly dressed, had attained by their talent and application, the best place at School.

"It seems to me as if I were in a little paradise," remarked his wife to her neighbors, "so great is the change which has taken place around me. Ah! How kind is God towards me! He has taken pity on my misery, and on that of my darling little children. Help me to thank and bless Him."—And tears of joy were seen rolling down her cheeks.

Poor woman, how cruelly rewarded will be your days of happiness! A little more than a year had elapsed since Michael — was the joy of his family and admiration of his friends, when there came a day of misfortune.

The Rev. Pastor of the Parish, had in the course of a Sermon, encouraged his good parishioners to persevere in the noble sacrifice which they had made of abstinence from strong drinks; he had presented a striking picture of the benedictions that God had showered on the parish.

He had closed his sermon by citing to them certain deplorable facts, which occurred recently, showing them that by not keeping the total abstinence pledge they could not be in hopes of

drawing the blessings of Heaven upon them, but on the contrary would expose themselves to chastisement.

A few days after Michael was bidding farewell to his wife. "I am leaving off for Quebec," said he to her "I shall get good wages; and I will only be a few days absent." And, if a knife had been thrust into this poor woman's heart, she could not have suffered so much.

"Ah! unfortunate," she replied, "I perceive what is your motive in setting out to town. You know that our pastor has forbidden it to you. Within a few days, it seems to me as if you smelt of liquor."

"Do not be angry, my wife! I have drank only a few glasses of strong beer."

"But have you then forgotten what the Curate told you last Sunday, that strong beer was as dangerous and forbidden as rum, and even more so; that the devil always began so, when he intended to ruin a member of the Temperance Society. Is it possible, my dear husband, that you desire to involve me a second time in my former wretchedness?"

"Fear nothing, dear wife, drunkenness has caused me too much harm, for me to return to it."

He embraces her and goes off.

"Captain, will you allow me to go ashore; I have business to transact in town."

"But, poor unfortunate Michael, shall I tell you your object in going there? You thirst for intoxicating drinks; but it is useless, for I have forbidden my men to put you ashore. God be thanked, there have been no liquors in use on board of my vessel since I took the pledge, and as long as I shall be entrusted with the command, we shall drink only water."

Towards ten at night a frail bark detached from a neighboring schooner, and managed by a young lad, who had received a few coppers from Michael, landed him on the wharf.

An hour after, the Captain was pacing the deck, when suddenly a piercing cry, like a cry of death, struck his ears! "*Oh! my God!*" He listens again,..... but he heard no more;... silence, and the most perfect calm was re-established. A frightful thought, however, has struck him, like lightning; he darts to the chamber. "Where is Michael?.....Where is Michael!... ..What, he is ashore!..... Ah! I have heard him cry out. I have recognized his voice,.....he is dead.....Rise up, quick to your shallop,..... Help him."..... But, it was too late.

On leaving the tavern, where he had drank a few glasses of liquor and filled his bottle, the unfortunate Michael had been desirous to return on board; but in the dead of night, when walking on the side of the wharf he had fallen at the height of twenty feet and had been killed by the fall. His corpse was picked up in the mire!

If, for the love of God and our brethren, we are faithful to the pledge we have taken to renounce the use of strong drinks, God will bless us.

*Example.*

It was in the autumn of 1844, a magnificent vessel, richly laden, was sailing from Quebec to London; when near the Bic, she was attacked by a dreadful tempest; and to complete her misfortune, a thick snow prevented the crew from discovering the land.

Lost in her course, she was driven in an instant on the frightful sands of Portneuf! No one but those who have visited these dangerous and deserted places can form a just idea of the position of this ill-fated vessel.

It was midnight, and nature seemed buried in awful darkness. The roaring waves which struck in fury the side of the vessel, and threatened to submerge it at every instant; the wind which blew with an increasing fury, and carried away the sails torn in pieces; the thick snow which fell and rendered the tackling unmanageable, every thing seemed to foretell to the unhappy crew, the last extreme misfortune. Death presented itself to them under the gloomiest aspect. Thoroughly drenched by the sea, whose roaring waves flowed to the height of the mast and fell again, threatening to crush everything; benumbed and frozen at the same time by the wind and the snow which covered them, they expected at every moment to be driven off the deck by one of those mountains of water which the wind raised up to a prodigious height.

In order to lighten the vessel, the Captain ordered the masts to be cut away, and very soon, under the repeated blows of the axe, they fell and rolled in the sea. It was every one's expectation that disburdened from her enormous sails and masts, the vessel would be the sooner driven towards the beach, and that it would be the only chance to save their lives. But it was useless; the vessel having ran aground on the sand could not now be extricated. Tossed by the waves, she falls with violence on the sand, but could not go beyond.

Her bow was turned towards the wind and the sea, so much so that the stern afforded a shelter. It was there that the crew, composed of twenty sailors, all *tee-totallers*, had taken refuge. It was there that altogether they waited with inexpressible anguish the hour of death: for the vessel cracked horribly, and threatened every moment to burst asunder.

"My friends," said the Captain, addressing himself to his crew, "There is no more hope. But, in awaiting our last hour, let us go and strengthen our nerves, so as to be able to struggle as long as lies in our power, against cold and death. I have a barrel of brandy. Now is the moment to use it?"

"Captain, we have promised to the Most High, in presence of his Minister, Father Mathew, to renounce the use of strong drinks; we have, till this moment, been faithful to our promise, and shall continue in so doing till death. May the Lord, in whom alone we trust, take pity on us!"

It was four worthy sons of Erin who had pronounced those heroic words, and the Angels wafted them to the foot of the *Eternal Throne*.

The sixteen other sailors, unable to imitate so noble an example, followed the Captain to his room.

The glasses were soon filled: but merciful Heavens! the sea fell from a frightful height, with terrible roaring, upon the vessel. The stern was crushed to pieces, and the Captain and his sixteen sailors, glass in hand, were dashed to *Eternity!*

The next day their corpses were seen rolling on the beach. The tempest had abated. A few Canadians, on board of a shallop, coming to visit early in the morning the shipwrecked vessel, found there four mariners on their knees upon the deck, who knew not how to express their joy in having escaped from such an imminent danger.

The angels with their protecting wings had sheltered them from the cold, the sea, and the tempest.

## CHAPTER II.

### 2. WITH THE HELP OF GOD.

*To distrust ourselves, and to trust in God.*

RELIGION teaches us that, without the assistance of Divine grace, we shall be able to do nothing aright in the economy of salvation. If, then, you connect yourselves with the Temperance Society, whether for the purpose of becoming more temperate yourselves, or of inducing this happy result in others, you must not rely solely on the sincerity of your resolution, nor on the power of your own will. For, from the moment you do so, you will inevitably miss your end. Trusting in your own strength, which is only weakness, you will fall before the first temptation that assails you in the indulgence of intoxicating drinks. It is, then, mainly on the *aid of Divine grace* that you must rely, if you would ensure your own spiritual well-being, or that of your brethren, in entering this Society. Nor should you become a member of it until thoroughly convinced that it is one of the most powerful means employed by Heaven for the showering down of its blessings upon the children of men. It is a fact, that until very recently there was nothing more unfrequent and difficult than the conversion of a drunkard. This unhappy class of persons, whose numbers were increasing every day, were a source of grief and despondency to the most zealous Pastors.

The venerable Mr. Bédard, Curate of Charles-Bourg, so well known throughout the country by the missions which he performed for a great number of years, in the train of our Bishops, speaking to a young clergyman, said: "Brother, you will have the joy of seeing many sinners converted, in the course of your ministry. Enemies will forget their hostility, and will become sincere friends. You will have the consolation of being made the depository of private restitutions. Persons, of different ages and sexes, once abandoned to the most shameful passions, will generously break through the chains that enthrall them, and will become the edification and example of your parish. But nothing is more difficult or rarer than to see drunkards reform and persevere. A miracle almost, is necessary for the conversion of this class of sinners; so degraded are they by the debasing vice, which conducts them to every species of crime, and places them on a level with the very lowest animals, that one would say God had blighted them with a curse more terrible than that which he thundered forth against the head of Cain."

Yes, until recently, it was too true that the man of whom the Demon of Intemperance once took possession, might be considered as already sealed to eternal reprobation. He became deaf alike to the voice of honor and conscience. In vain the Minister of Christ pleaded with him from the pulpit, and showed him hell opened under his feet; he would laugh at these menaces, or drown them in forgetfulness, in the revellings of a low and infamous tavern. In vain a disconsolate wife, worthy of a better lot, detailed to him the frightful particulars of her own and her children's misery; he mocked at their tears and replied only by oaths and blasphemy. If the unfortunate woman, to move her husband the more, prostrated herself at his feet, and implored him in the name of God, to have pity on herself and helpless little ones, who were perishing in wretchedness with cold and hunger; if she conjured him in the name of everything he held most dear, no longer to spend his all upon drink, but to reserve something to provide food and clothing for his family, he commanded her brutally to be silent, and often struck her cruelly if she had the misfortune to open her mouth in complaint.

How often have we seen the unfortunate drunkard, after having drunk up the inheritance received from his father, reduced to the selling of his wife's or children's clothing for a glass of liquor; and every one is aware that we draw no exaggerated picture. There is scarcely a parish that is not witness to such sad examples of perversity, obduracy and degradation. The Christian pulpit, however, has everywhere denounced the anathemas of religion against drunkenness. Everywhere Pastors of learning and zeal have exerted the full force of their ministry for the conversion of its unhappy victims.



How often after useless efforts to reclaim the intemperate, whose salvation they felt to be entrusted to them, have the Ministers of Christ been reduced to their last resources, and have been drawn for consolation to the foot of the Holy Altars, to pour out their bitter tears for their obduracy. And then, with what fervor have they conjured the adorable and blessed Master to remember again the blood which he shed, and the bitter gall which he was compelled to drink for his love to them? With how much earnestness have they supplicated Him to cast a merciful regard on so many slaves of the most tyrannical as well as most degrading of vices. So many prayers, tears and ardent vows, have at length been heard by the Almighty, and then the Temperance Society has been given to us as one of the drops of mercy which have descended from time to time into this valley of tears. It bears with it all the marks of those conceptions which the Lord of goodness draws from the treasures of his knowledge, and has given to man to assist him in breaking down some of these thorns which grow up every where, so sharp and hard and poisonous, on the borders of the *narrow way*.

Every Pastor has formed, around him, as it were an army of soldiers, to aid him in combating and driving away from his parish the Demon of Intemperance. He invites to enroll themselves in this army every noble-hearted and generous Christian. He has given them the weapon of a Christian: the cross, in the middle of which is inscribed the pledge of the Temperance Society. At the name of Christ, whose proffered drink was hyssop and vinegar, every pastor supported by his chosen band, gives the watch word: *War to the death with the Demon of Intemperance*. And wherever those words have been attended to, by persons truly imbued with Christianity, Christ has helped them, and the most signal victory has crowned their efforts. There have been no blood or tears shed, in this new struggle; the only loss is that of the noxious liquors which had caused so many evils among us.

A little more zeal, courage and understanding between each other, and God would renew among us prodigies like these he so often interposed to save the People of Israel from the hands of their enemies. He is always the *Omnipotent Jehovah, the God of Hosts*; and, in such a holy cause, who doubts that he will send his angels to fight at our head? or that, by one of those means, the apparent weakness of which show the more clearly His power, He only demands that our will be in union with His to conquer the enemy!

The following is an example of it:

“The Israelites had groaned for many years, under the yoke of the Madianites, when God determined to deliver them. Gideon was chosen to command the army of Israel, thirty-two thousand strong.

“ But God, jealous of his glory, fearing that this obdurate people should attribute to his strength and to the number of his soldiers, the victory which he would gain, commands Gideon to send back twenty-two thousand men. Ten thousand yet remained to him : there were yet too many, according to the order of Providence. The army was to pass near the River Jordan, when God, speaking to Gideon, told him : “ I promise you victory ; but I wish the people to know that it is I alone who give it. You have yet too many with you—send back those whom you will see bowing down on their knees to drink : only keep for fighting those who will content themselves with lapping the water with their hands to quench their thirst.”

There were only three hundred of those to be found. And it was at the head of that small army, chosen by God, that Gideon advanced to fight his innumerable enemies.

“ But in order that the whole should be miraenlous in this victory, he did not arm his warriors with swords and lances, as was usual ; acting under the inspiration he had received from God, he contented himself in arming their left hands with an empty pitcher containing a lighted lamp, and their right with a trumpet.

“ Gideon, favoured by darkness and without being perceived, set in order his three hundred soldiers. At the signal given them, each one of these brave men makes the air resound with the clangor of his trumpet, and breaks the pitcher which he carries in his hand. The enemy roused suddenly by the bursting sound of the trumpets, and dazzled, dismayed by all those lights by which they are surrounded, betake themselves to flight on every side. In a moment the most frightful disorder, the most horrible confusion, reigns every where. Prevented by the most complete darkness from knowing each other, they draw swords, and soon cover the field with their own dead and wounded.”

Thus it is, that with this new method of warfare with which God in his mercy has inspired us, we are certain of triumphing over the enemies of our salvation. But to accomplish it, we must destroy and break the glasses we have had constantly in hand, and which contained the liquors we used, to satisfy our appetite, at the sacrifice of our health, purse, and especially of our *religion*. We shall then see shining among us, thousands of virtues of the purest splendor, which were hidden and obscured by the use of those *noxious liquors*.

The trumpet of fame will make known throughout the land the good done in every locality ; where the Temperance pledge is taken, each will be desirous to participate in the blessings showered by God upon the people where the Society is instituted ; from everywhere our spiritual enemies will be put to flight ; and God will be blessed, praised and loved, in the many places where Temperance and vice had established in their sway.

Be it then a duty and honor for every one to belong to the

Temperance Society. Let us not deprive ourselves of its benefits. May we cease to hear as in the past : " I would join this Society, but I fear not being able to persevere in the sacrifice it demands of me." Remember that it is for the love of Jesus Christ that you will make this sacrifice : and He, for the love of whom you will act, will take upon himself to sustain you in your noble efforts. You are weak, it is true, but He is strong and powerful. We praise you for being diffident of your own strength ; but should you not be blamable for not trusting in God, who has given you his word never to abandon those who, with confidence and humility, beg any favor of him ? Once more, for the love of Christ drenched with gall and vinegar, but assisted by the grace of God, come and enlist yourselves in the army of the true friends of the Almighty, who have sworn to fight till death against one of the greatest enemies of mankind. You are certain of victory. The Almighty God will give it to you.

It would be now convenient to cite some of those striking and lasting conversions effected by the Temperance Society, to prove that the grace of God helps and sustains those who take the pledge ; but, as there are at the present moment few parishes, where the Society has not caused some wonderful changes, we should inform no one. We prefer proving this truth otherwise.

God has two ways to show when he loves an institution or protects it. The first is to bless its supporters, the second to punish, in a visible manner, those who endeavour to delay and oppose its progress.

*Example.*

" Mr. A ——— pastor of ———, had instituted, for some time, a Temperance Society in his parish, and the good it had already wrought, was every where visible. Many of his parishioners had not, however, yet consented to become members ; some even spoke of it with disrespect. Among these was a father of a family, who needed its benefits ; for nothing was more common than to see him intoxicated. Besides, the sorrow he caused to his poor wife, by his wrath, blasphemies, and the bad examples he set before his children, his expenses were large enough to injure them. This man, however, was endowed with good qualities ; the Rev. gentleman, decided one day upon making an effort to induce him to take the pledge. Accompanied by two of his friends, also members of the Temperance Society, he goes to the individual's dwelling. He exposes to him the sorrow he causes his wife, the bad example he sets before his children. He shows him his decreasing fortune, his health already impaired ; but above all, the perdition of his soul. At last, this worthy clergyman did all he could to induce him to abstain from ardent spirits, and join the Temperance Society. " I !" answered he, in fury, " join the Temperance Society ! No. " no, never, never ! Swine are the only ones fit to belong to

"such a Society." The worthy pastor, afflicted by this insolent answer, and seeing that nothing could be done with such a man, retired with bitterness in his heart.—Three weeks afterwards, this wretched man saw his out-buildings in fire. He rushed out doors to save his cattle from the flames and falls dead, choked by the fire and smoke, on two swine already half burnt.

### 2d. Example.

The young men of the parish of — had been zealously invited by their Pastor, to become tee-totallers. They were shewn both the temporal and spiritual advantages which would result if they renounced the use of strong drinks, to which they were unfortunately addicted. They seemed determined to follow the advice of their minister, until a person named John —, perceiving their design, called them to him, after divine service. For a considerable time he endeavoured to dissuade them from taking the pledge. He told them, that till this moment, many had been saved without belonging to this Society. "What harm," said he "could there be in taking a glass with a friend? It was an enjoyment which could not be denied to them." He had been, he said, not long ago, on a visit to a clergyman who had honored him with a glass of strong drink, and who sneers at the Temperance Society. He endeavoured to prove, in his own way, that this Society being instituted to reform drunkards, it was insulting to modest young men to be asked to join it. At last, he ended by telling them that if they followed the advice of their Pastor, they would become the ridicule of the neighboring parishes. His words made such an impression, that no person came on that day to join the Temperance Society.

On the next day, this same John — was carrying off earth at the foot of a high hill, where many other laborers were working with him. Suddenly a cry of distress was heard. He had already disappeared under a slide of earth. Every one hastens to give assistance. It was only with great difficulty that he could be found. He was dead, and his corpse presented the most dreadful sight; his face, covered with mud, was horribly blackened by coagulated blood; his tongue, protruding from his mouth, half torn, hung besmeared with blood, on his livid lips.

### Third Example.

It is the Rev. Mr. A— who says: "Having preached a sermon, towards the close of which, I made an appeal to those of my parishioners who had not yet become tee-totallers, to induce them not to delay in taking the pledge, a young man had posted himself at the door of the Church, in order to count those who would follow my advice. Every one receives an insult on passing before him. For more than half an hour, he said all he could against them.

A fortnight after this incident took place, the unfortunate young man awoke during the night, uttering loud cries: "My

“bowels are torn out ; my head seems as if beaten in a mortar ; I stand in the midst of the fires of hell ! I shall die ! I am damned !” The alarm spread like lightning throughout the neighborhood. The house was soon filled by an affrighted throng. A great many of his companions in debauchery had come with the others. On seeing them : “Cursed friends,” said he, “I am damned ! You are the sole cause of this ; It is you who have induced me to despise my Pastor’s advice. Leave my room immediately.” And those young debauchees, overwhelmed by the curse of their friend and more especially by their gnawing conscience, left him. My help was sought for. Gracious heaven ! What a sight ! Terrible starts broke his painful slumbers, and employed the strength of four men to hinder him from leaping from the bed. He mournfully uttered sighs, groans and piercing cries.—It was every one’s expectation that my presence would calm him a little ; but it was far from being the case. “My Pastor,” cried he on perceiving me, “I am dying and am damned. Oh ! If I had but listened to your charitable advice, I would not be now reduced to this state !” I told him to trust in God’s mercy and repent of his sinful life ; but it was in vain, for his fearful visions and despair still continued the same. During three days and three nights his screams, madness, and curses spread alarm throughout the parish. They all recalled to their minds, the profane language he uttered a few days previous, against those who had taken the pledge ; I could hardly take the names of the very many who came, especially among young men, to inscribe their names, saying : “We are desirous of taking the pledge ; for we are now convinced that it will not do to trifle with the will of God.”

I visited him twice a day, and impossible would it be to tell the boding apprehensions which then filled my mind. In vain did I cast a look upon the image of the Saviour of the world. I perceived no more, his heart opened, his hands stretched out to forgive sinners. I heard no more the words of love, peace and pardon of Christ dying for mankind.

I beheld only the arm of the God of vengeance striking his victim. I listened, but heard only the terrible words : *In peccato vestro moriemini*, you shall die in your sin ! *mors peccatorum pessima*, the death of sinners is most awful ! If the reminiscence of the divine parable of the Prodigal Son or of the Strayed Sheep, or at least of the poor man engaged in the last hour of day, by the good Master, gave me thoughts of peace and mercy, the words to express them disappeared instantly. On the third day perceiving the dangerous and last symptoms of death, I gave him the Extreme-Uncion. But it seemed as if nothing could save his soul. His dying eye, dreadfully disfigured with spots of blood, seemed to behold the burning fires of Hell, and looked as if plunged in the bottomless abyss. His mouth, half opened, and blackened by a burning fever, uttered words which we could

scarcely hear. However, from time to time he seemed to recover sufficient strength to pronounce those mournful words : " Cursed liquors ! Cursed friends ! " I endeavoured to induce him to sue for pardon, but all was in vain. The thunder rolling above him, filled his imagination with a thousand fears. A cold perspiration coursed down from all parts of his body. He breathed with difficulty. I was exhausted. Night had nearly passed. I had already seen and heard too much to feel a desire of assisting in the last act of this dreadful spectacle of the wrath of God. I returned home. A few hours, after my departure had scarcely elapsed, when his soul departed from the body, and was summoned to the presence of its omnipotent Judge !

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### CHAPTER III.

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#### 3. I PROMISE.

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##### *Nature of the engagement taken by Tee-Totallers.*

OUR Saviour, in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, Chap. V. says, " But I say to you: Swear not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the City of the Great King; neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, yea, yea, nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh from evil."

We need not say after this, that the Gospel requires that one should take an oath only in the gravest circumstances. In the ordinary course of things, a person ought to express his thoughts simply by an affirmation. And that is what constitutes the engagement we take, in joining the Temperance Society. This engagement is neither an oath nor a vow, but a simple promise. It is the word of a man of honor and the promise of a Christian, thoroughly convinced that whoever would not have sufficient honor to respect his word, would not be religious enough to keep his oath.

But, although the engagement you take is neither an oath nor a vow, it must, nevertheless, be to you sacred and inviolable; for it is generally either in church, at the foot of the altar, or in the presence of your friends and relations that you have pledged yourself to abstain for ever from strong drink. If you are not faithful to your promise, you deceive your Pastor, friends, relations, and the whole parish, who had confidence in you, and looked at you as a generous soldier whose example and word would contribute, the remainder of your life, to check the pre-dominance of Intemperance.

In violating your promise, without any good reason, you would not commit perjury indeed, as you have not taken an oath. But you would, however, be a coward, a man totally destitute of honor, and in whose word there could be no confidence reposed. And even those who would have urged you to drink with them; who would have solicited you the most, telling you, that, after all, you had only given your promise, and that there was no harm to take a glass with a friend, would be the very persons to make known your cowardice, and turn you into ridicule without your knowledge. They would have been forced to admire and respect you, if you had told them courageously, as did a worthy farmer, in the vicinity of Quebec, who on being solicited by his friends to drink a glass of liquor, said: "I have not taken an oath, but I have given my word of honor to my Pastor; this is sufficient. If you are my friends, you will not induce me to such an unreasonable action. For the love of Jesus Christ, I have pledged myself to abstain from strong drink; it does not do, that for merely gratifying you, I should be guilty of a breach of my promise; you ought to excite me to be faithful to my pledge, and you are desirous that I should cease to be so. I would not deserve to be ranked among your friends, if I were to forget myself so far." His friends were confounded by his words, and solicited him no more to drink ardent spirits.

There are some belonging to the Temperance Society who inquire if it is a sin to take a glass of wine? We answer in the first place, that a tee-totaller who has the least respect for himself, would never put such a question; for he has given his word to abstain totally from liquor, that is sufficient. He will not ask, as an excuse, if it is a sin to indulge in strong drink.

But, granting, for the sake of argument, that there is no sin in not being faithful to an engagement not taken under pains of sin, could we not say that in almost all cases, whoever does not fulfil the engagement he has taken, commits a sin. He sins in the first place by indulging his appetite in taking something he does not need. He sins against himself in drinking without need, when he is aware (as we shall prove) that it is injurious to his health. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, says positively: *It is good not to drink wine, whereby thy brother is offended or scandalized or made weak.* He sins against the charity he owes to his neighbor. His brother, friend, and even perhaps his own children who are weaker than he, had become sober and religious men, since following the example he had given them, they had entirely renounced the use of strong drinks; but hardly has he committed a breach of his promise, when they became less attached to their good resolutions. The evil spirit tells them in a low voice, while his emissaries tell them loudly, "that it is no sin to take a glass;—that religion forbids only the excess, that such a one takes some, although he is a tee-totaller; that it is fanaticism to be under the impression that sins are so easily committed, and it is ridiculous to remain unshaken in regard to an engagement of so little consequence."

In visiting their perfidious friends, they meet with persons drinking merrily and sneering at them, "Take care, they are told, do not taste it or you are ruined for ever. If you drink it, you will die; It is poison." It requires no more to revive old habits and cause the ruin of one who had already reformed. They take hold of the glass that inebriates; but they have hardly tasted it when their former propensity seems to increase more than ever. Unable to be moderate, like their friends, they plunge themselves more than ever in the loathsome vice of Intemperance; and their last degradation becomes still worse than before. I will say, without the fear of committing a mistake, to those who have the cowardice to drink those liquors, after having pledged their word: "*This is your work.*" Like a spark of fire, which oftentimes causes the most terrible conflagration: so this glass of liquor, which you have taken, although little as it seems to be, has caused the eternal ruin of your brother. You were strong enough to walk on the verge of the precipice, you have taken by the hand your brother who was not endowed with the same strength as you. He followed you. You told him there would be no danger: that provided he would follow the same path as you, he would not fall. And while you were speaking to him, he lost his equilibrium. You behold him rolling down the abyss. He perishes before you, without its being possible for you to assist him. And after that you ask if it was a sin to take a glass! You seek for an excuse to cover your imprudence, and you are not deeply affected! And you do not look with horror at this narrow and dangerous path where you have led and lost your friend, your brother! Ah! the reason is that although you possess a human face, you are destitute of a Christian soul.

Ah! if one knew the worth of a soul! and how often its ruin or salvation is caused by a very slight act! St. Paul said, "It is good not to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother is offended, or scandalized, or made weak. Rom. xiv., 21.

Such is the way one speaks and acts when he regards religion, loves God, and has charity for his brethren. And so should speak and act the members of the Temperance Society. They should no more pollute their lips with strong drinks, which they had renounced for the love of Christ, because they are convinced that the least breach of their fidelity and promise would be the total ruin of many of those who had been recalled to the paths of honor and religion by the Temperance Society. And does not St. Paul remark, in his admirable Epistle to the Galatians: "Brethren, and if a man be overtaken in any fault, you who are spirituals, instruct such a one, in the spirit of mildness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burden; and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ." Reflect on those words of the Apostle, and you will not violate your engagement, under the false assumption that you are strong, and that there is no danger of your falling. For



the Apostle of Nations tells you that what has caused the fall of your brother, may also cause yours. He desires that you should consider yourself weak, and that you should take the same precaution to prevent you from falling as you recommend to persons, of whose fall you are aware; and whom you would have relieved and saved, by your joining, though your love for them, the Temperance Society.

Do you desire to remain unshaken in the good and holy resolution you have taken? Reflect again upon these other words of the Apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthians:

All things are lawful to me, but all things are not expedient.—v. 22.

All things are lawful to me: but all things do not edify.—v. 23.

Let no man seek his own, but that which is for the welfare of another.—v. 24.

If you fail in your Temperance engagement, and take liquor without any need, notwithstanding your promise, it is undoubtedly because you believe that there is no danger of your becoming intemperate. But do you not fear that in this good opinion you have of yourself there may be some secret pride? You say: "There would be danger for such a one to take a glass of "spirituous liquor, but there is no fear for me." Do you not perceive, by this instance, that you make a comparison which is not at all in favor of your brother? that you consider yourself above him, and forget this word of the Scriptures: "Wherefore, let him that thinketh himself to stand, take heed lest he fall." How many times have we seen persons, who at the age of twenty, thirty or forty, persisted in saying, that there was no danger for them to take a glass now, and then, who have, nevertheless, become drunkards? There is not perhaps one parish in Canada, where examples of this kind have not occurred. It seems as if God had permitted the fall of those persons who had so much confidence in their strength, in order that no one should be tempted in future to consider himself free from danger.

You will tell me perhaps: "But it is painful, for the love of drunkards, to deprive ourselves of the use of those liquors which add so great a charm to our small social meetings. It is very strange. I have always been sober, God be thanked, and because my neighbor is a drunkard, you want me to abstain from those liquors, which have never caused any harm in my house; and which have benefitted me after the hard labors of the day." Once for all, we will answer you: My friend, in inviting you to join the Temperance Society, we would observe that you do not do justice to the members of the Society, when you say that they are *dictating, they require, they command*, &c. &c. &c. No, no, we neither dictate nor *command* any thing; we only point you out a good act to be performed; we tell you what should be your motives for joining us, for the good of our country and religion, the salvation of our brethren, the glory

of God, and even perhaps for your own interest. If, as you are told by your worthy Bishop, in a circular letter in regard to the Temperance Society, you have not enough strength and courage to follow the good advice which is given you; if, for good reasons, as I am led to suppose, you are unable to understand the incalculable good which would be effected, if the noxious liquors, used in this country, were banished from our houses—remain quiet, continue to drink, and instruct your children to do the same: we only wish that among your children, addicted to moderate drinks, we may notice none of them losing their health, religion and honor, and at last becoming *scandalous drunkards*.

But do not complain of our *requirements* and *regulations*; for once more, we *oblige* no one. It is an army we desire to form, with which we desire to surround ourselves, to fight one of the greatest enemies of our salvation. It does not do to force one to fight;—individuals going to battle without their consent, become traitors at the very first opportunity, as we are aware. They abandon their standard, leave their arms, and flee at the approach of the enemy; we only wish for brave men, who do not tremble and lament, when we propose to them a sacrifice for the love of Jesus Christ. We want only men of honor, true Christians, whose mere word is worth the best warranty.

It is said: “But how can it be conceived that we, who are sober and temperate men, are to be deprived all our life of liquor given to us by God, and of which after all he has permitted the use?” Those who hold such language have never perused St. Paul’s Epistle given above; or if they have read it, they must have forgotten its sublime and divine instructions. What does the holy Apostle say? “Bear one another’s burden; and so shall you fulfil the law of Christ.” We will tell those who complain that we endeavour to compel them to bear a burden, which ought to be carried only by the intemperate: “Jesus Christ, although innocent, has willingly suffered, as if he had been guilty, in order to save us from ruin. He has taken charge of our miseries, to deliver us of them. He has carried the burden in our stead, because he perceived that we were unable to support the weight. We were weak, unfortunate sinners, and to relieve us from those miseries he lived and fasted as if he had been, he also, a wretched sinner.” Such is the great mystery of the salvation of mankind, whose principles we are called to fulfil among ourselves. According to the words of Paul, we ought to do among ourselves what Christ did for the salvation of all. *He* requires that those who are strong should carry the burden of those who are weak. And for what reason? Because, if left alone, the weak will never be able to bear the burden. They will yield: but if they perceive their brothers carry the same for their love, they will take courage, and the burden will seem light. Jesus Christ, in fasting has taught us to fast; in mortifying and crucifying

his flesh, he has taught us to crucify ours. So formerly it was a thing nearly impossible to the intemperate to bear the burden of total abstinence, but at this moment a great many, aware that it is not necessary to wait for a commandment to perform a good act, have imposed upon themselves the burden of total abstinence, to help their weak brethren; nothing is more common than to see persons addicted to strong drinks abstain entirely. No Christian ought then to complain. *Every thing is easy to men of good will.* And as in regard to the supposed *novelty* preached by the Apostles of Temperance, it is *new*, we admit, like whatever takes its source from the Gospel, which is a novelty also. It is an admirable and good *novelty*, destined, if well understood, to eradicate drunkenness from *our land*; and, with this vice, many others which naturally follow.

Those who are not then desirous of becoming members of the Temperance Society may live *quietly*; no one will compel them by force. They may partake of the cup that inebriates as much as they please. They may follow the words of Paul when he says: "All things are lawful to me, but all things do not edify." As in regard to the members of the Temperance Society, who have followed the advice of the Holy Ghost, and imposed upon themselves the burden of total abstinence for the love of their brethren, may they bless the Lord for having inspired them with the idea, and repel with a religious indignation the efforts of perverse friends to lead them astray from the glorious path in which they ought to continue the remainder of their lives. May they recall to their mind the words of Christ, addressed to the labourer who had had the misfortune to look behind. It is certainly better not to begin a worthy action, if at the beginning we cowardly abandon it.

We think it proper to give here an extract from a discourse on Temperance by the Right Rev. Doctor Foran, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, unquestionably one of the most learned members of the Church. After having eloquently shewn the spiritual and temporal welfare that Ireland has derived from Divine Providence, he continues in the following manner: "I have always taken a deep interest in the promotion of this wonderful work—this mighty blessing, which I firmly believe to have been accorded to the people of this country, in reward for the fidelity with which they have clung to the faith as planted in this congenial soil by its great apostle, Patrick. You must, my dear people, be all aware of the fact that drunkenness was in itself the fruitful source of all the calamities, the miseries, the contentions, public and domestic, with which this country was afflicted. Yes, the fell demon of faction, the Caravat and Shanavest, the Polcen, Low System, and all those other illegal confederacies and deeds of agrarian turbulence, which alike bid defiance to the laws of God and man, all originated in drunkenness—this hideous, this monster vice, whose practice had become so universal, unfortunately, that the name of

"Ireland had become a 'bye word' to the nations, the 'ana-  
 " 'thema' of Europe, and the reproach of the civilized world.  
 " Yes, my beloved people, drunkenness it was that fed the  
 " bloodstained gibbet,—drunkenness it was that peopled the  
 " convict hulk—drunkenness it was that sent thousands of your  
 " countrymen beyond the seas to linger out a living death,  
 " amidst all the accumulated horrors of our penal settlements;  
 " but, happily, a wonderful change has been wrought in the  
 " aspect of society since Father Matthew and your own no less  
 " zealous apostle, Father Foley, of Youghal, commenced their  
 " heaven-inspired labours. It was in vain that the Legislature  
 " or benevolent individuals opened fields for your industry  
 " through the medium of public or private enterprise; no per-  
 " manent amelioration could take place in your condition so long  
 " as you remained the willing slaves of the degrading vice  
 " which was alike the cause of your poverty and shame, the  
 " destruction of your earthly hopes and comforts, and alas! the  
 " dire and dreadful obstacle to the attainment of this great end  
 " for which you were created—the salvation of your immortal  
 " souls.

" At the commencement of Father Matthew's labours I became  
 " so convinced of their importance to my people; and witnessing  
 " the expense and inconvenience to which they were exposed in  
 " proceeding to Cork for the purpose of receiving the pledge at  
 " his hands, that I invited him into my diocese, calculating that  
 " some two or three thousand, perhaps, would join his standard;  
 " What was the fact? that in three days no less than *eighty*  
 " *thousand* took the pledge at his hands, and that since then  
 " drunkenness is no more in Waterford. Peace, order, industry,  
 " and contentment, have followed in the path of temperate habits.  
 " The spendthrift has become frugal, the heartless father, who  
 " consumed his earnings in the public-house, now spends them in  
 " his happy home, cheered by the smiles of those innocent beings  
 " to whom Temperance has brought plenty and happiness. The  
 " libertine has renounced "the evil of his ways;" the prodigal  
 " returns to his father's house, smote with contrition for his  
 " past misdeeds—the profane swearer now invokes in penitence  
 " the mercies of that heaven, which, in his impious revelries, he  
 " had so often outraged with his blasphemies—the hoary and  
 " hardened sinner at length bends his rebellious knee at the  
 " tribunal of reconciliation—men who for years had lived with-  
 " out the pale of Catholicity, now conform cheerfully to the  
 " ordinances of their religion, and not content with the indis-  
 " pensable obligations of an annual discharge of its duties,  
 " have become monthly, nay weekly communicants. Domestic  
 " discord, and one barbarous practice of faction fighting at our  
 " fairs and markets have fled the land—woe, want, hunger,  
 " nakedness, have vanished before the influence of this regene-  
 " rating blessing; I therefore earnestly claim the co-operation  
 " of my clergy in extending the doctrines and practice of teeto-

“ talism; and I now wish to know from you, Sir,” said his Lordship, (turning to the Rev. Mr. O’Mara,) “ whether such of your flock as have become tee-totallers continue faithful to its observance?”

Mr. O’Mara replied:—“ Numbers of them have taken the pledge, my Lord, but I have reason to apprehend that some amongst them have fallen away from the faith, owing in a great measure, I believe, to the circumstances of there being two public-houses at the chapel gate.

His Lordship (evidently glowing with virtuous indignation)—  
 “ What! public-houses at the chapel gate. Monstrous and unholy association! Temples of the evil one at the threshold of the house of prayer—within the very fanes of the sacred edifice consecrated to the majesty of the living God. It shall not be. While I live there shall be no public-house at least within half a mile of a house of worship, and I now command you to withhold sacraments from persons keeping these houses. I am determined to suppress this abomination; and I also declare it to constitute a reserved case for any person to enter these houses on Sundays and Holy-days, within the houses prohibited by the law of the land, and also by the law which I myself promulgated throughout the diocese. I will interdict this chapel if I find that persons continue to frequent these houses, and there will be no masses celebrated in it for six months. I also appoint that the transgression of the total abstinence pledge, by such as have embraced it, be considered a reserved case, from which, equally as the foregoing, not even my vicars can absolve; and I particularly enjoin a strict adherence to this regulation upon all my clergy, and further desire it to be remembered that this ordinance is equally binding on the body of tee-totallers throughout this diocese, and applies in like manner to every parish where public-houses may be situated, as they are here. The most signal benefits have accrued to Ireland, under the regenerated influence of the blessed system of Temperance. The records of history furnish no example of any such extraordinary reformation having taken place in the annals of mankind as this; and how has it been effected! Through the instrumentality of two humble men, Father Matthew, of Cork, and Father Foley of Youghal, and this it is which stamps the Temperance reformation as truly and essentially the work of the Most High, the operation of God’s own right hand—for the Almighty is often pleased to effect the most important revolutions through the agency of humble and holy men.”

If the learned and pious prelate of Waterford has established, in regard to the members of the Temperance Society, who forfeit their promises, rules stricter than those established by our own Bishops, it is because the evil caused by liquor in Ireland, was perhaps still greater than in this country, and that the remedy must always be in proportion to the evil. But nevertheless,

we perceive by this discourse of one of the most illustrious prelates of the Church, how much the Temperance Society is respected, and how much it ought to be considered by every member a point of honor, if not of conscience, to observe its rules.

*The Drunkard.*

It was Saturday evening and the rain was falling in torrents. A female of tall figure was seated in a poor hovel, occupying the only chair which was left in it. In spite of her extreme emaciation, and the marks of sorrow and wretchedness imprinted by suffering on her countenance, one could still perceive in her, traces of a woman both amiable and beautiful. She was singing in a suppressed voice, and in a sweet and plaintive tone, as if to calm the sorrows of a sick infant, whose piercing screams distracted her; at her side might be seen a little girl, seated on a stool, whose look, fixed mournfully on her mother, seemed to ask for something. And the poor mother deeply wounded with her own grief, endeavoured to smile on her little one. To conceal the tears which coursed down her cheeks, she said in a low voice, "my darling, he will soon be here, and then, my good little daughter will have something for supper."

A moment after the door opened to admit a child, whose manly air and beauty shone out through the tattered habiliments in which he was attired. "They would not advance me anything, my dear mamma," said he in a tone of despair. "They say my father does nothing but drink, and that they incur a risk of not being paid for what they have given already." The poor child, choked with sobs, could say no more. His unhappy mother is a few moments mute with grief. Presently recovering a little strength; "Then, Edward, what is to become of us?" said she. "To-morrow is Sunday, and we shall be certain to die of hunger, unless you can go once more (she had not got courage to pronounce the word,) to your uncle and ask a few shillings from him. It seems to me he cannot refuse you, if you let him know to what a state of frightful destitution we are reduced."

The child tries in vain to hide the torture which this proposal of his mother causes him. His cheeks so pale are tinged on a sudden with a crimson flush by the violence of his emotion, and his fine eye, so soft, sparkles with an unaccustomed brilliancy. "Oh mother," cries he, "what is it that you ask of me! No, never, never, never—I would rather a thousand times suffer the horrors of starvation. I would rather beg—I would rather die—oh! my mother, I conjure you, do not command me to go to my uncle's."—And he hid his face in his hands, which were resting on the table.

A long silence succeeded, which was only broken by the little girl. "Mamma," said she, "you promised to give me some supper when Edward should return. I wish you would; I am

“so hungry. Do give me a little piece of bread. Have I done  
 “any thing to distress you, dear mamma, that you have given  
 “me nothing to eat to day! I cannot stand it longer. But  
 “why do you weep?” The mother, pressing fondly her little  
 one to her bosom, could only answer her by sobs. At that mo-  
 ment Edward raised his head above the table; his features had  
 resumed their natural paleness, and the air of liveliness which  
 he had exhibited a moment before, had given place to dejection.  
 He approaches his mother, throws his arms around her neck,  
 and embraces her with all the passionate overflowings of an af-  
 fectionate heart. “My dear mother,” said he, “pardon  
 “me, I pray you. I did not know what I was saying. Oh! I  
 “entreat you, do not kill me with those tears which you are  
 “shedding, and which reproach me with your unhappiness,  
 “as if I had added to your trials by my disobedience. I will set  
 “out immediately. At any rate, he cannot treat me worse than  
 “he did the other day. Mother! my dear mother! do take a  
 “little courage, I entreat you, and pray for me while I go in  
 “search of some food.”

“Edward,” replied his mother, suffused with tears, as she  
 pressed him to her bosom, “my own Edward! gladly would I sa-  
 “crifice my life to exempt you from the least trouble; you, my  
 “child, who have always been so kind and submissive to me; you  
 “know it is not for myself that I ask you to take a step, the  
 “very idea of which overwhelms me as much as it does your-  
 “self. But, (and she pointed to his little sisters,) it is for the  
 “love you bear to them that you will oblige me, and make a  
 “display, again at this time, of your affection for your poor  
 “mother.”

In another moment, she was alone, on her knees in prayer,  
 with her children in her arms, and bedewing them with her  
 tears. Oh! how long did the moments seem which intervened,  
 and how insufferably slow and tedious to that mother, whose  
 heart was thus all at once borne down and crushed by the ac-  
 cumulation of her misfortunes. Often she rose up and opened  
 the door to look out; she could only gaze vacantly upon the darkness  
 of a night whose natural terrors increased by the raging of the  
 tempest. She listened eagerly to every sound. At length she  
 recognized a step; it was that of her darling child. He enters,  
 and, this time at least, is the bearer of some food. But he did  
 not tell his mother with what disdain he had been repulsed  
 from many a door—what insults he had been forced to put up  
 with everywhere. He did not tell her how many places he had  
 been informed, that it was not fitting they should give the bread  
 which it had cost them so much trouble to gain, to support a  
 drunkard and his lazy offspring; he did not tell her what affronts  
 he had to endure for his love to her, and how often he had to  
 throw himself on his knees before those who repulsed him, and  
 conjure them to give him, if it were but a crumb of bread for  
 his mother and famishing sisters. But the fatal fever whose

devoring fires gave a radiance to his cheek, and the large drops of sweat which rolled down from his forehead, told that unfortunate mother, more eloquently than words, all that her child had suffered for her. His strength is exhausted, and he sinks in a state of insensibility into her arms. To that mother's first cry of distress succeeds a long silence. Then returning somewhat to himself, "Mother," said he, "take my hand and place it upon your bosom. Why are you crying?" he added, after a moment's silence. "Why are you crying, mother? Is it because you have a child to-day on earth and to-morrow he will be in Heaven! Why are you crying? I am going to leave this world, which is so full of suffering, and where you have had only sorrow and anxiety, to exchange it for that blissful Heaven, respecting which we have so often conversed together. I have only a moment to live; already I perceive my eyes closing upon the light. Death has already placed his hand upon me, but I experience only one regret in parting with life so early; it is that of being separated from you. Oh! my mother! Oh! if I could only take you along with me!" "But I hope it will not be long before you will follow me."

The words which he still made an effort to pronounce, became unintelligible. His head leaned forward on his mother's bosom; then drawing a deep last sigh, his spirit took its flight, and winged its way to Heaven, to enjoy, as he had hoped, the felicities of a better life. And the mother, too, helpless, sank speechless and insensible upon the inanimate corpse of her child.

Several hours elapsed, and without knowing it, she still held the body of her son grasped firmly in her arms. One would have said she was dead, and had taken a final adieu to the pains and troubles of this life. On a sudden the door, pushed violently, burst open with a noise, and a besotted human being enters staggering. He gazes stupified around him as if to ascertain where he is. At length he recognizes his wife, and rushing towards her, seizes her brutally by the arm and gives it a pull!

A deep drawn sigh, indicates her return to consciousness. Then as she beholds him, she raises herself up, and pointing to the dead body of her child, "Do you see that!" she cries out, "Can you recognize that? Know you who it is that crushed that child's existence under an insufferable weight of pain and anguish? Know you who gave him, on his first entrance into the world, an inheritance of poverty, wretchedness and shame; and good as he was, yet filled his cup with a gall so bitter that he withdrew his lips from it and could not endure its bitterness? *Monster!* tell me, do you know who it is that has plunged a dagger in the heart of that tender infant?—His drunken father did it. It is you that have hollowed out his tomb. It is you who have taken my child away from me; you who have rent the heart of the woman whom you swore to render happy!"



The unhappy father, stupified, could not give utterance to a single sentence. His drunkenness had completely passed away at the sight of the sad spectacle before him.

To appease his remorse, and enable him to forget his sorrow, he flies to the nearest tavern and gets drunk !!

## CHAPTER IV.

### 4°. NEVER TO TAKE INTOXICATING DRINKS.

#### *Extent or amount of the sacrifice which one makes in joining the Temperance Society.*

INASMUCH as the three following chapters constitute by far the most important part of this little treatise, we beseech all those who feel themselves interested in the holy cause of Temperance to peruse them with the most serious attention.

At the outset, it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind that when we speak of intoxicating drinks, wines, &c., we would be understood as speaking of such drinks and wines as are manufactured or generally imported into the country. It is the inhabitants of this country whom we address, and the discussion therefore has reference to the liquors in use among them. What we are about to say would not have the same relevancy in France, Italy or in the other countries where God has permitted the growth of the vine. The reason will appear in the course of these chapters.

This preliminary disposed of, we would make the circuit of our country, enter its dwelling houses, and casting ourselves at the feet of our fellow-countrymen, conjure them in the name of God and their Country; in the name of their religion, of their families, and of all which they hold most dear, to renounce the use of strong drinks, because they have never done any good in this country, or if they have, *it is incapable of counterbalancing the incalculable evils which they have caused.*

Yes, after many years research and examination, we proclaim fearlessly in the face of our Country: *Ardent Spirits have done us no good.* We have searched in vain every where, and it has been impossible to discover one solitary family,—one single honest dwelling, where it could be said to us of intoxicating liquors: “We owe to them our prosperity, our peace and happiness.” Not a single father of a family has become better by drinking,—not a single mother could be found, whom the use of alcoholic liquors has rendered more tender, watchful or more capable of properly bringing up a family. Not a single

child to whom its parents have said: "We owe to the use he has made of intoxicating drinks the respect, the docility and the love which he displays to us." We never met with children who blessed God, because their parents were in the habit of using liquors. And who is the woman that possesses joy or happiness only since her husband, or children are making use of spirituous liquors?—If then, they are banished from among us, as we hope, there will not be then one family who would have to suffer in what constitutes their true happiness. Let then every father of a family unite hand in hand to abstain from it, and not a single child, not a single wife, will have to complain. Let every young man renounce courageously the use of liquors and from one end of the country to the other, it will be impossible to find a single father and mother who would have to lament over this resolution. This is what needs no proofs,—this is what every one is as well convinced of as we. This proves plainly the proposition which we desire that every citizen of the land should remember: "*The liquors used in this country are useless in promoting the happiness of families.*" But if, still further, we were to examine the moral good which they are fitted to cause among those who use them, would the judgment we should pass in this view of the subject be any more favorable? Who is the man that liquors have rendered more virtuous and Christian? Where is the woman they have made more patient, mild and chaste. Who is the individual that owes to them a victory over his passions?—what good actions could he not have performed,—what good thoughts he would not have had without them? Who is he that they have caused to walk straighter and more assured in the path of salvation? Will any one point out to us the person who partakes of the sacraments with more punctuality and zeal since he is making use of liquors? Do we believe that there are many among us whose drinking habits have caused them to abandon sin? Would it be possible to find one to whom they have opened the doors of Heaven? No, we repeat. And consequently the least evil, we can say in regard to liquors at present, is *that they are perfectly useless in promoting our salvation.*

But one will perhaps answer here: "It is the same with inebriating liquors and the bread and nourishment which God gives us in His bounty. I do not take them absolutely for the reason that they will render me a better father of a family, or more assiduous in my religious exercises; but I use them to preserve my health and repair my strength, and to lighten my hard and painful labors." And such is the sad and baneful error under which thousands of persons are yet laboring. The greatest of all misfortunes, for nations, as well as for individuals, is to believe *that to be good which is bad*, and to think *right what is wrong*. This is the cause of all crimes, and the source of all the miseries of men. When our great and eternal enemy is desirous to make us evil, he spreads among us a false

principle; tries to deceive our understandings; the intellect ensnared soon seduces the heart, and crimes, tears and desolation follow. So the man, conceiving dark projects, goes out in the dead of night, holding in his hand a torch. One would think that his intention is to light the traveller,—prevent him from losing his way amidst the darkness, but not at all; for some time past he has meditated violence against his enemy, and seeks the occasion for revenge. He advances, and the taper spreads around him a faint light; his heart glows with an infernal joy,—his eyes sparkle like those of a tiger which dart upon his victim. He looks; no person sees him,—no one suspects him; every thing seems to be buried in the quiet and mysterious repose of slumber. But the alarm is given,—all hasten from every side. Each one endeavours to stop the conflagration. But in vain. The devouring flame spreads above the roof in fury, and a few moments alter the roofs are crushed with a great noise. A thick and black smoke ascends, rolling itself towards the clouds, and carries consternation into the hearts of those who seem to be the most sheltered from danger.

Such is, in this valley of tears, the man who gropes along in the dark, taking oftentimes, for a *friendly* light, the torch which is lighted only to carry everywhere desolation and ruin. It would require a pen dipped in blood and tears, to depict all the misfortunes, the secret or public sins, which have arisen among us from the fatal belief that liquors were good, and that they were one of those thousand gifts given to man by God, in order to sustain him and increase his strength. It is under this false principle that the mother gives some to her sick infant; that the day laborer has recourse to the inebriating bowl during his toilsome work,—that the people of this northern country have been led to think, till this moment, that they had nothing better to offer to their friends or their guests, than a glass of liquor. It is because we believed them *good* that we used them between our meals and on all occasions. We have no fear of being contradicted by any one in speaking thus. It is under shelter of this false creed that the Prince of Darkness has led into the abyss of intoxication, *myriads* of generous men, who seemed by their virtues and knowledge to be sheltered from this misfortune; and it is by that false principle, that he has spread shame and misery in the midst of thousands of respectable families, who, without liquors, would have become happy and prosperous. But as in the comparison we had recourse to, an instant ago, one would have arrested the most dreadful and destructive conflagration, by extinguishing the taper whose gleaming light he had perceived: so it will be possible to abolish intoxication and the crimes that this destructive and loathsome vice has in its train, only *by destroying the false principle that the liquors are good*, in the numerous cases in which we formerly used them. Evil must be taken at its source; the tree must be struck at the root. As long as we will repeat and believe that they are *good*

in all those circumstances, they will be sought for and loved; for it is in our nature to *love* what is *good*.

"My dear son," has said, till now, the honest and Christian father to his child, "make use of strong drinks with *moderation*, "and according to your *need*;" and by his example he taught him that he *needed* some on every occasion: before meals to have appetite; during and after meals to help digestion; in the morning to have good breath; at night to relieve him from his fatigue; with his friends, to receive them in a worthy manner; during the excessive heat of the weather to refresh himself; during the cold winter season to make him warm; in illness, to get better; in health, prevent sickness; during labor, to be invigorated; and during the days of rest and festivals, to spend them joyously; alone, for an amusement; in company to do like others, and *respond* to the tea that one proposes!

Is it not then a fact that if, till this moment, the father warned his child to drink liquors *moderately*, and according to his need, he proved to him that this moderation consisted in taking some on every occasion, and that this *need* existed at *every* moment? Unfortunately the child always paid more attention to the examples than to the *counsels*: and the three or four glasses he used every day, which were enough for him in the beginning, a few years later proved insufficient. From this pretended moderate use, as one perceives, they required only to take one step,—to pass one imperceptible line more, to plunge into excess. And so, under the belief that they were temperate and moderate in the use of strong drinks, they attained in a few years the last degree of drunkenness.

If then the charitable and zealous Pastor warned the young Intemperate, that it was time to cease drinking, that he was hastening towards his ruin, he seemed quite astonished, and answered: "I am not a drunkard, there is no danger; I only "take liquors when I need them." And if the father, alarmed at the expenses of his house, and at the great quantity of liquors consumed by his children, and by the practices to which they were addicted, resolved to correct them, it was always too late: They answered him: "God be thanked, we are not drunkards; "we must properly receive our friends; we are desirous of insulting no one: we only take liquors because we need them." Did the unfortunate wife implore her husband with tears not to spend so much for liquors: Did she tell him that their children were naked; that it was more than time to lay something aside to send them to school; that the most necessary things were wanting in their dwelling: she generally received as an answer, words like these: "I work very hard, and I take liquors because "I need them." And wretched would that woman be, if after this she dared complain, for rash swearing, uttered in fury, and oftentimes accompanied with blows, would have caused her complaints to cease.

And the unfortunate father perceived, in a very short period, the Intemperance of his children, consuming the property he had acquired with so much labor and with such constant anxiety and toil. He implored God to shorten his days, in order not to remain a witness of the total ruin and dishonor of his family. And when death, too slow at his wish, came to put an end to his sufferings, his dying words were, to curse the liquors which had embittered his last years, and brought him prematurely to the grave.

And the Minister of Christ, aware of his useless efforts to correct drunkards, deplored daily the fatal effects of liquors.

And the afflicted mother, who many a time had only tears to offer her children, who demanded of her bread, cursed the liquors, which daily deprived her husband of the proper fruit of his exertions and labors.

But if all these tears, sobs, and cruel despair have been of no avail to reform drunkards, they will serve to confirm a fact: It is that *ardent spirits have done us injury*. Aye, and what is too much forgotten, and not sufficiently repeated, is that the evils they have done us, have never been redeemed, and cannot be redeemed by any good.

We have been too long under the impression that they were a gift which God had bestowed upon us in his goodness, as the bread and other nourishments, which he affords us; but it is a sad error, and our cruel and persevering enemy is the only one who has led us to that belief.

He did towards us, what he did formerly in the terrestrial paradise, when he deceived our Mother, Eve; he only repeated his first falsehood: "Taste of this fruit and thou shalt not die," said he to the first woman; "it shall only prove beneficial to you; this fruit does not give death, as you were told by God." He has called *water of life* (eau-de-vie) a devouring beverage, which ought rather to be named *water of fire and of death*. Like our first parents, we have tasted it, we have converted it into one of our most ordinary beverages; and hence ruin, crimes, and death under the most hideous aspects, have followed our imprudence, and spread desolation throughout the land. With lips still sullied with those noxious liquors, we have seen the child disown, strike, and murder his father. A man thrusting a dagger into his friend's bosom; the husband ill-treat the woman whom he loved and adored a few moments before; we have oftentimes witnessed a father, under the influence of liquor, forget all sentiments of natural affection, so much so, as to deprive his children of the last morsel of bread they had, in order to enable himself to slake the devouring thirst he experienced.

Since we have then imitated our first parents in the baneful error they committed, seeking for their welfare and happiness in a fruit which was only fitted to lead them to all kinds of evils, let us, like them, be aware of our error. Let us consider the

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good of which intoxicating liquors have deprived us ; to what a frightful nakedness they have reduced a great many of those who are addicted to their use. We have long enough considered them with esteem and due respect, I could even say, with love : we have honored them with the first place in our dwellings : we looked, at them as the brightest ornament of our tables : We offered them to our friends as a mark of friendship and hospitality. Let us consider this day the right they have to so much estimation, and honor ; and we shall not be long in perceiving that they deserve only our contempt and hatred.

History presents us with the names of many people who paid divine homage to wild and stupid animals, and who worshipped and esteemed them as the authors of all good. We have nearly imitated them in what we might call the extravagant worship we have paid to alcoholic liquors. Those noxious drinks have stood high in our own estimation and confidence ; and, shutting foolishly our eyes upon the dreadful evils they caused us, we did not hesitate to consider them as good and useful in the many circumstances in which they injure us.

The Indians, as we are aware, worship a foul and venomous snake, whose bite causes a cruel and sudden death. They even keep him sometimes among them and honor him with a good place in their houses. Such is the case with us in reference to inebriating drinks. The most malignant snakes have never caused the ruin of so many victims by their poison among the Indians. And to this day nothing compared with liquor has caused so many lives to be lost.

And there are some, however, who have the bold presumption to assume their defence, crying excess, fanaticism, against those who speak of destroying them ; who are nearly enraged when one speaks of this modern divinity in impolite terms. And when any one endeavours to show the people, the horror he naturally feels in viewing the evils they have done us, "Beware," they say, "of your language ; remember that liquors are God's work."

Yes, we reply, ardent spirits are the doings of God, undoubtedly, like all creatures, all matter. But if they are His creatures, they are like the fruit of the tree of knowledge, which it was not permitted to taste, although it had come from the hands of God. They are the creatures of God ; yes, but like tigers and lions, which we ought to fear and shun ; like the wolf which we must chase far from the flock, and for whose head there has been a reward offered ; like the serpent to whom God said : "There shall exist an eternal enmity between thee and the woman, between her posterity and thine." They are the creatures of God, like arsenic, opium, and all the other poisons which God has given us, and which, although good and useful to man in some rare cases, are nevertheless, to be numbered among things which we ought to remove far from our lips and those of our children. Ardent spirits are the creatures of God ; yes, but ought

not the remarkable address of an Indian Chief to a wine merchant, as reported by the Rev. Father De Smet, be remembered by every father of a family, "Of what use is your water of fire? it only does injury; it burns the throat and stomach: it makes of man a wild bear, he bites, he scratches, he howls, without being aware of what he is doing. Carry this water to our enemies: They will commit murder among themselves, and their wives and children will inspire us with pity: for us, we are foolish enough without that." Strong liquors are the creatures of God; aye, certainly, but like the arrow that my enemy has sharpened to pierce my bosom; like the bloody knife I have withdrawn from the heart of my brother. This arrow and knife will always be to me an object of horror; I will never use them; and when I shall look at them, my blood will chill in my veins. They are the creatures of God, like the mountain of Gilboa that David charged with malediction, because it had drank the blood of Saul and Jonathan. They are the creatures of God, like those perfidious nations whom God commanded to be destroyed, because they had led his people to sin. Finally, they are the creatures of God, such as the eye, the foot, and hand, that Christ desired, nevertheless, to be cut off, destroyed and burned when they have been a cause of sin.

Ah! If you only knew how loathsome and disgusting are the hands employed in making liquors, whose defence you take in hand, it would seem that you would hesitate to call them creatures of God. If you had only taken the pains to examine how ardent spirits are made in the distillery, you would fear to commit a blasphemy in giving them such a high origin. On leaving the spectacle you had witnessed with your own eyes, if you had the courage to say: "These liquors are the creatures of God, you should have added: but man's infidelity has horribly perverted them from their original design." God had given wheat and other grain to man for nourishment; and man, instead of using it for this desirable end, has perverted God's work, and changed it through the distillery into a frightful poison.

Have you ever been in those houses, or rather within those gates of Hell, where man, by a science which tends to the perdition of his equals, transforms the most wholesome and nutritious grain into a devouring liquid, which runs then like a river of fire throughout the country, and which leaves everywhere profound and mournful traces of its passage. As soon as you are under these obscure vaults, you feel as if you were suffocated by a thick vapour. From those immense furnaces, which represent the fires of Hell, a circle of flame escapes round large boiling vessels, filled with a thick matter, dirty and black: you are told not to approach them; for what is boiling in them is of such a prodigious strength that the vapour alone which escapes would cause the loss of your eye-sight. It is rum in its first state, nureduced.

Above your head you perceive enormous serpents made of red copper, in which you hear the burning liquid which is to fall into subterraneous reservoirs. The wretched beings, working in those infectious dwelling, have lost almost the marks of human features, being suffocated by the damp and burning atmosphere they inhale. They look sometimes so exhausted, weak and pale, that one might take them for spectres.

Once more, if intoxicating liquors are God's creatures, the God that made them, or rather, who in his wrath, permitted that man may know how to make them, will not prevent us from shunning them and feeling awe towards them, not on account of the Creator of all things, but for the evils they have done us. How can we love them, when we know how they are manufactured?

The following is a receipt for making rum, which has been handed to us by six respectable persons, who for many years have been employed in a distillery:

"We certify that we have laboured for many years in a distillery, for the manufacturing of rum, and the following is the process we adopted in making it. After having boiled the grain we threw in it soap, bullock's blood, lime, potash, copperas and a great quantity of aquafortis. We boiled this dreadful mixture in immense cauldrons of copper, after which it passed through enormous copper pipes filled with verdigras. One day one of the pitchers filled with aquafortis, which we used, being accidentally broken, it took fire immediately, and it was with great difficulty that it was extinguished. We distilled daily eight tuns of that rum which passed for good Jamaica, and which was distributed and sold throughout the country. We are certain that this liquor with all others, as gin and whiskey, which are manufactured in the country, according to the process, are destructive to health, and only injurious to man; such is the reason why we have abandoned them, and implore our fellow-countrymen to do the same."

Such is the liquor we thought so good and so useful, that we used to take it at each opportunity, believing it a precious thing, and offering it to our best friends. Had we not the right to say that the devil alone could make us put confidence in such pretended utility. And if in reading the above account there is not yet sufficient to give us an invincible horror of strong drinks, we will place before the eyes of every one something even yet more convincing. It is the opinion of more than a thousand of the most learned physicians of England, Scotland and Ireland, respecting ardent spirits. One will perceive by it, that the liquors imported from England or her Islands into this country, by the Merchants, are not better than those manufactured in this Province.



**MEDICAL OPINIONS** in regard to the nature of ardent spirits, and their effects upon society, respectfully submitted to the consideration of the Members of both Houses of Parliament.—By **ROBERT RAYE GREVILLE**, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S., Edin., one of the Vice Presidents of the Edinburgh Temperance Society.

By the following Certificate, it will be seen that ardent spirits are ascertained by Medical Science to be, in a strict sense, a poisonous ; that the use of them as articles of diet, especially among the poorer classes, is the direct cause of an incalculable and appalling amount of disease and death ; and that, even in the most moderate quantity, when habitually used, they are injurious to the constitution both in body and in mind.

**TESTIMONY OF THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS AT DUBLIN.**

We the undersigned, hereby declare, that, in our opinion, nothing would tend so much to the improvement of the health of the community as an entire disuse of ardent spirits, which we consider as the most productive cause of the diseases, and consequently poverty and wretchedness, of the working classes of Dublin.

Signed, Alex. Jackson, M.D., State Physician.

John Crampton, M.D.

R. Carmichael.

Fr. L'Estrange.

S. Wilmot, Prof. Surgery.

P. Crapton, Surgeon General.

R. M. Peile.

Thos. Mills.

J. Cheyne, M.D., Physician.

N. Colles, Prof. of General Surgery.

Francis Baker, M.D.

Thos. H. Orpen, M.D.

S. B. Labatt, M.D.

John O'Brien, M.D., Vice-President R. and Q. Coll.

John Breen,

Thos. Hewson.

J. W. Cussock.

Hen. Marsh, M.D., Prof. Med. Prac. Coll. Surg.

Eph. McDowell, M.D.

N. Adams, M.D.

John Houston.

J. Harvey, M.D.

R. L. Nunn.

Corn. Daly, M.D.

W. Auchinleck.

Francis White.  
 R. McNamara, Prof. M.  
 Rob. Bell, M.D.  
 Maurice Collis.  
 C. E. H. Orpen.  
 W. Stokes, M.D.  
 J. A. Crawford, M.D.  
 W. W. Campbell, M.D.  
 Will. Renny.  
 J. Kirby.  
 John Osborne, M.D.  
 W. J. Morgan, M.D.  
 R. Collins, M.D., Master Lying-in Hosp.  
 John Mollan, M.D.  
 G. A. Kennedy, M.D.  
 Rob. Law, M.D.  
 Ch. Johnson, M.D.  
 George Hayden.  
 C. G. Madden.  
 J. C. Brennan.

#### TESTIMONY OF THE MEDICAL MEN AT EDINBURGH.

We, the undersigned, do hereby declare our conviction, that ardent spirits are not to be regarded as a nourishing article of diet ; that the habitual use of them is a principal cause of disease, poverty and misery in this place, and that the entire disuse of them would powerfully contribute to improve the health and comfort of the community.

This was signed by 4 professors of the Medical faculty in the University, 11 Members of the Royal College of Physicians, by the President and 27 Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons, and by 34 other Medical Practitioners ; 77 in all.

#### INDIVIDUAL OPINIONS.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, Bart.—No person has a greater hostility to dram drinking, than myself, insomuch, that I never suffer any ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits ; and if the poor could witness the white livers, the dropsies, the shattered nervous systems which I have seen, as the consequences of drinking, they would be aware that spirits and poison were synonymous terms.

WILLIAM HARTY, M.D., Physician to the Prisons of Dublin.—Being thoroughly convinced, by long and extensive observation amongst the poor and middling classes, that there does not exist a more productive cause of disease, and consequent poverty and wretchedness, than the habitual use of ardent spirits, I cannot therefore hesitate to recommend the entire disuse of such a poison, rather than incur the risks necessarily connected with its most moderate use.

**ROBERT CHRISTON, M.D., F.R.S.E.,** Professor of *Materia Medica*, in the University of Edinburgh.—The useful purposes to be served by spirituous liquors are so trifling, contrasted with the immense magnitude and variety of the evils, resulting from their habitual abuse by the working classes of this country, that their entire abandonment, as an article of diet, is earnestly to be desired. According to my experience in the Infirmary of this City, the effects of the abuse of ardent spirits in impairing health and adding to the general mortality, are much increased in Edinburgh since the late changes in the Excise Laws, and the consequent cheapness of whiskey.

**EDWARD TURNER, M.D., F.R.S.S.,** Lond. and Edin. Professor of Chemistry in the London University.—It is my firm conviction that ardent spirits are not nourishing articles of diet; that in this climate they may be entirely disused, except as a medicine, with advantage to health and strength, and that their habitual use tends to undermine the constitution, enfeeble the mind, and degrade the character. They are one of the principal causes of disease, poverty and vice.

The following is the Certificate we extracted sometime ago from the *Temperance Advocate* :—

We, the undersigned are of opinion,

1. That a very large portion of human misery, including poverty, disease and crime, is induced by the use of alcoholic or fermented liquors, as beverages.

2. That the most perfect health is compatible with Total Abstinence from all such intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits, or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c.

3. That persons accustomed to such drinks, may, with perfect safety, discontinue them entirely, either at once, or gradually, after a short time.

4. That Total and Universal Abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts, would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and happiness of the human race.

Signed by the following number of Medical Gentlemen in the places stated :

London, .....	184
Dublin, .....	14
Edinburgh, .....	26
Glasgow, .....	46
Leeds, .....	53
Liverpool, .....	184
Manchester, .....	75
Nottingham, .....	32
Sheffield, .....	23

Total,..... 637

And about 400 in provincial towns. It is still in course of signature, and will no doubt receive many more, as Mr. Dunlop says this is merely a Report of Progress.

We are of opinion that such a testimony as the above, can be most intelligently, and will be most cheerfully acceded to by the Medical Profession in Canada.

We give below a few of the well known names which are attached to the above certificate.

## LONDON.

- Addison, T., M.D., Senior Physician, Guy's Hospital.  
 Arnott, Neil, M.D., Physician to the Queen, and Author of Elements of Physic.  
 Archer, William, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to Ottoman Embassy.  
 Bright, Richard, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen.  
 Brodie, B. C., Bart., F.R.S., Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen, Surgeon to Prince Albert.  
 Burnett, Sir W., M.D., F.R.S., Physician General to the Navy.  
 Chambers, W. F., M.D. F.R.S., Physician to the Queen and Queen Dowager.  
 Clark, Sir James, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty and Prince Albert.  
 Copland, James, M.D., F.R.S., Author of the Dictionary of Practical Medicine.  
 Ferguson, Robert, M.D., Physician Accoucheur to the Queen.  
 Forbes, John, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Queen's Household, Prince Albert and Duke of Cambridge.  
 Guy, W., Augustus, M.D., Cantab. Professor.  
 Hue, C., M.D., Senior Physician to Bartholomew Hospital.  
 Judd, W. H., F.R.C.S., Surgeon to Prince Albert.  
 Key, C. Aston, F.R.C.S., F.R.S., Surgeon in Ordinary to Prince Albert.  
 Latham, P. M., M.D., Physician to the Queen.  
 Liddell, J., M.D., Greenwich Hospital.  
 McGrigor, Sir James, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., Director General, Army Med. Department.  
 Paris, J. A., M.D., F.R.S., Pres. Royal College Physicians.  
 Prout, W., M.D., F.R.S., (Bridgewater Treatise.)  
 Roget, P. M., M.D., F.R.S., (Bridgewater Treatise.)  
 Smith, Andrew, M.D., Deputy Inspector of Army Hospitals.

## EDINBURGH.

- Alison, W. P., M.D., Professor and Physician to the Queen.  
 Combe, Andrew, M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen.

After the reading of these documents, how shall we speak of moderation, of Temperance, in the daily use of strong drinks. In what does the virtue of Temperance consist? In making a moderate use of *good* things, and abstaining from *bad* ones. To say that there may be moderation and Temperance, in making use,

without an absolute necessity, of a thing which can only do injury, is a contradiction in terms. True it is that we have heard said a thousand times that liquors were good in such and such circumstances. But in this we have been led astray; those who held to us such language, were as ignorant as we once were, concerning them. They were even interested to mislead us, because oftentimes they were fond of spirits, and were led more by their passion than reason. But as we perceive, we have presented the testimony of more than a thousand disinterested men, who have made a profound study of the nature of strong drinks, and who have examined the effects, and conscientiously weighed the good and evil they cause to man, in relation to his health, during the different circumstances of life, and they unanimously declare that they do no good, but are on the contrary always hurtful.

They say that whatever names are given to them, they are only a destructive poison. And shall we, after that, remain undecided, in regard to the use we shall make of them !

The Almighty who forbids me to commit suicide, forbids me also to drink the liquors which science and experience prove to be destructive to the life which has been given to me.

If it were a useless thing to take liquors, I would abstain from them, for the reason that the Sovereign Judge, who will punish me for a useless word, will not punish me less if I perform a useless action. And would to God that the only evil that can be said of ardent spirits, is, that they are useless to those who use them. But they have caused the total ruin of the best fortunes; degraded below the brute, the most enlightened and benevolent individuals; carried desolation among the most happy families; visibly and directly caused the death of thousands of individuals; daily extinguished the religious sentiments of our parents, brethren, friends and children; changed among us, men oftentimes the most calculated to become the ornament of society, into furious monsters; caused many to become widows and orphans; dashed into hell, innumerable victims; and taken from the bosom of Christ hundreds and tens of thousands of souls whom he would have saved at the price of his blood. And moreover with all those dreadful evils, *they have never been productive of the least good to any one !*

Said Jesus Christ: "Every tree, therefore, that yieldeth not good fruit, shall be cut down and cast into the fire;" Matthew, chap. 3, v. 11. Could we not say that liquor is that cursed tree, mentioned by our Saviour, and which ought to be destroyed because it produces no good fruits. Verily, is not liquor like a tree whose fruits carry destruction and death everywhere? We know that the inhabitants of France, and of other countries, who cultivate the vine, have excellent wines; we know that those wines are good to strengthen man and to nourish him. But it is madness to use the liquor, presented to us in this country under the names of Port Wine, Madeira, Spirits, (eau-de-vie), &c. &c. when the most enlightened men, and the knowledge we our-

elves possess, teach us that all those pretended wines are oftentimes a dangerous beverage, which cupidity, aided by chemistry, has composed, not to give us strength and health, but only to flatter our taste, empty our purse, impair our health, and ruin our souls.

The Chinese, who are poisoned by thousands, at this moment, with the opium given them by Englishmen at the point of their bayonets, could answer to their prudent Emperor, who has forbidden them the use of it: "The inhabitants of France have good wine to drink, why should we not drink opium." They would be as good logicians as our wine drinkers, who excuse themselves under the pretext that French wines are good.

What is it to me, if the Rum-seller has been pleased to call such liquor Port Wine and others Madeira Wine, Spanish Wine or Teneriff Wine, when by analysing them I perceive, by infallible tests, that for the most part they have only the name and taste of those which they represent, and that they are composed of substances only fitted to injure the organs which God has given to me for the preservation of my life? Ought I not to listen to the voice of religion and reason which commands me to abstain?

Such is now our position, in the most of countries where God has not permitted the vine to grow, that we can scarcely know good wine, but by their names. Such is at least what has been often told us by Frenchmen, travelling into this Country; such has been the remark made before a large meeting of the most influential men at Quebec by the Right Reverend Bishop of Nancy himself. The testimony of all those persons adds a new weight to the declarations of all those, versed in the science of chemistry, who unite in saying, with the physicians cited above, and with the learned Sir Astley Cooper, "that spirituous liquors are nothing else but a destructive poison."

Doctor Douglass, who is considered, with reason, as one of the most learned and best Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec, has twice declared in that city, in presence of more than two thousand citizens, that wines, beer and other liquors used in this country, were not only useless to persons in health, but that even when taken moderately they predisposed to a great many infirmities; that they rendered incurable, illness which the least care might otherwise have cured; that they paralyzed the effect of the most salutary and powerful medicines; that they were the cause of those sicknesses known under the names of apoplexy, gouts, palsies, aneurism, diseases of the nerves, &c. &c.

Not satisfied with enumerating the most respectable names in proof of his assertions, he has adduced proofs that may be called infallible and chemical, that the use of ardent spirits could only produce evil. Twice in Quebec, in presence of a large assembly composed of persons of the highest respectability; and once at Beauport, before the most part of the inhabitants of that parish, among whom were many Clergymen of the city and

rural districts, he decomposed Madeira and Port Wine of the best quality, and table beer, showing that the first contained one fourth of alcohol and the last one eighth.

He then took alcohol extracted from strong beer, and having mixed it with a little sugar, ether and other ingredients, he made with it excellent Port, Madeira, Champagne Wine, and then Brandy and Rum of the best quality. He closed his learned and interesting experiments by imploring his fellow-countrymen never to make use of those liquors, without an absolute necessity, and to rank them among those violent medicines which ought to be used only when prescribed by a skilful Physician.

After such proofs, if we were yet to be told: "But if it is a great evil to drink wine, why did Jesus Christ make some at the Wedding of Cana?" We should answer: "If you were provided with wine as sweet, good and salutary as that which Christ created, we should not blame you for using it. But for the reason that there is no similarity between the wine made by God, and those which are sold by your Merchants, we conjure you never to take it. The first was good for your body which it would have fortified; it was even good for your soul, which it would elevate towards God; whilst that which you have impairs your health, besots your souls, and stirs up in you all wicked passions."

Let no one cite, as an objection, the advice which Paul gives to his disciple, to *put a little wine in his water on account of the extreme weakness of his constitution*. This text proves in the first place, the contrary of what is desired by those who cite it on every occasion, without fully understanding the sense. It proves that St. Paul and his disciples ordinarily drank not wine, and that if we are desirous of imitating them, we should totally abstain from it for the love of our Saviour. If St. Timothy had been in the habit of drinking wine, Paul would not have urged him to do the same. Now, it is more than probable that, in all this, the disciple was only the imitator of his master.

"Nevertheless," you remark, "it is evident that St. Paul advises his disciple to take a little wine." Yes, but read all the text, and you will perceive that if he advised him, it is on account of his weakness and of his numerous infirmities. We plainly perceive that he would not have addressed to him such language if he had enjoyed good health. It is evidently proved, by this text, that the Apostle of Nations would never have conceived the idea of giving you such an advice to drink wine, my good friend, whose rubicund features and plumpness, would present such a contrast to the emaciation of Paul's disciple.

Besides, we know that the wine used in *Palestine* was extremely common, that it was even the beverage of the poorest of the country, and that consequently St. Paul, who considered

it a glory to live in a state of poverty and by manual labor, did not act inconsistently with a state of poverty, in taking wine during his sickness, or in advising others to do the same.

The wine was the liquor of the poor as well as of the rich. It was not, as in this country, a luxury to have some; the rich and the happy were not the only ones who availed themselves of them. It is then more than doubtful whether St. Paul would have drunk wine, if he had lived in our country, since we are compelled to lavish large sums to obtain it from a distance of many thousand miles. Most assuredly St. Paul, who supported miserably his life by his manual labor, as he tells us himself, in building tents, would have been oftentimes deprived of bread, if he had lived in Canada, and made a daily use of good wine.

But if you had a fortune so ample as to afford you for daily consumption the very best of the wines of Europe, I would not dissuade you from their use by referring to the sufferings which surround you; of naked and destitute families, stretched upon beds of suffering, and appealing to you for aid. I would not speak of all the good which you might project or carry on, and which would require the whole of our resources. Nor would I say any thing. No; for myself I shall be silent and allow you to hear the solemn voice of St. Jérôme. Listen to what that learned and pious Father of the Church wrote from the recesses of the desert:

“If any would listen to my counsel or give credit to the results of my experience, what I would offer as my first advice, and ask as the most important favor, would be to avoid the use of wine, as they would a poison. It is the most potent weapon which the enemy of souls employs against youth. More hazardous than avarice, it has more inflation than pride, and is more seductive than ambition. Of other vices we can easily divest ourselves, but this is an enemy that is shut up within us. In wine and youth there is a double focus of sensuality. Would you pour oil upon flame, or introduce fire into a body already burning? Paul wrote to Timothy; use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities.

“You perceive the motives which induced the apostle to permit drinking wine; it was as a medicine for the complaints of his stomach and his frequent illness. And for fear that we should perhaps make a pretext of our ailments, he commands to take *but little*. Besides, St. Paul remembered his own declaration that ‘wine is a source of *dissolution* ;’ and again, ‘It is good not to drink wine.’ Noah drank wine and became intoxicated. From the excess succeeded the uncovering of his person, and thus intemperance produced impurity. Lot, that friend of God, who was preserved upon the mountain, and who alone was found righteous among so many thousands, even he became intoxicated, and committed the most flagitious action, the most revolting enormity, and although his will



“ was not implicated in the crime, the error he committed was not the less inexcusable.

“ Elijah was forced to flee from the persecution of Jezabel, and in his fatigue sought repose under a juniper tree in the wilderness. An angel comes to him, awakens him, and says, “ Arise and eat.” Elijah looks up, and, at his head, sees a “ cake baked on the coals, and a cruise of water. Is it possible that God was not able to send him delicious wine?”

These are the reflections and this the language of one of the most learned, as well as the most holy doctors, with whom the Church has been honored, concerning the use of wine. And we would have been able to cite many other witnesses of antiquity, both Christian and Pagan, if the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves in this little work did not render it impossible. But what would St. Jérôme have said, if like us he had occasion to speak of the detestable beverages which are poisoning our unhappy people under the names of ale, rum, wine, whiskey, &c. &c. How would he have exclaimed against the daily use of even good wine if like us he had had to speak to men who cannot procure this luxury but at an enormous expense to their own fortunes, and the wealth of our impoverished country, where as yet everything has to be created.

With what thunders of eloquence would these oracles of the sanctuary have made themselves heard in their denunciations of drinking, if, as in our northern country, it had been the great scourge of the people, the first and most formidable enemy of the cross; and had been placed by the devil as the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of the bright and benign influence of the Gospel, not only among ourselves, but among the benighted, whom we would wish to emancipate from the darkness of idolatry.

We think that the following letter, received from our worthy friend, the Coroner of Quebec, is calculated still further to prove to us the evil of drinking, and is well fitted to make us renounce it forever.

“ REVEREND SIR,

“ I have the honor to reply to your letter of the 5th of December, 1841. Your first question is couched in the following terms:

“ Of the number of sudden deaths and shocking accid its which come under your notice from year to year, what proportion is caused directly or indirectly by the use of *ardent spirits*?

*Reply.*—“ I am sorry to say that with reference to by far, the greatest part, at least  $\frac{2}{3}$  of those who come to an untimely end, by sudden death and accidents, their fate is attributable to the use of *ardent spirits*.

“ Among the sad events of which I am obliged to take notice, I may be allowed to mention the circumstances which have affected me most. Would to God that the people of Canada,

whom you seek to regenerate, might reflect seriously on the numberless evils which they bring on themselves by the use of the pernicious beverage which is imported among us. May they be banished for ever from the country. If every one was a witness as I have been of the evils which intoxicating drink causes this unhappy country, you would have but little trouble in inducing every one to renounce it, especially when it was considered that, compared with the evils with which they afflict man, they confer upon him no real advantage.

"The incidents I am going to relate are those which occur at the moment to my recollection, and of which I have the most authentic particulars: but I assure you they are far from being the most atrocious.

"10.—Charles —, without being what might be called a drunkard, was rather fond of a glass, at the time of his marriage. His trade of a stower enabled him in the summer to gain high wages, and in winter a small business which he carried on, in his house, brought him in more than it was necessary to expend for his daily wants. He speedily acquired a couple of very handsome possessions. His wife had already presented him with two children, when she perceived him beginning to incur expenses, and neglect his business for drink. She endeavoured to remonstrate with him, but it was too late; her warnings only served to exasperate his temper, to alienate him from his house, and plunge him deeper and deeper into the abyss of drunkenness. Soon the savings which he had laid up in the year of his good conduct, became dissipated; and his wife for consolation, in her misery, betook herself to drinking also. The state of that unhappy family can be better imagined than described.

"The unfortunate man struck, one day, with a sense of his degradation, swallowed a strong draught of intoxicating liquor, even stronger than he had been accustomed to. Then he seized a pistol, and presenting the muzzle to his person, discharged the contents into his side. He fell down insensible, with a deep wound in his abdomen, and bathed in blood. His condition was horrible. The neighbors ran immediately for the Doctor, who lived not far off.

"In the interval, his consciousness returned. Perceiving the physician he said: "Good day, Doctor; you are coming of course to cure me, but first we must have a glass together." Making an incredible effort to put his hand into his pocket, he endeavoured to draw out of it half a dollar, that he might, as he said, send for rum. But he had not time to draw his hand from his pocket all covered with blood, when he expired!!

"The Doctor, the assistants, and myself who was called a moment after, accustomed though we were to scenes of horror, remained petrified with fright."

"2.—Louis —, born of one of the best families in the country, had received a good education in the College of — He was noted there for his talents and good qualities. Having

been through his collegiate course, he married a young and amiable young lady, who enjoyed a few years happiness with him. He had acquired the confidence of his fellow-countrymen, and even received an appointment from the Government. He had many friends, among whom I had the pleasure to be numbered. But he was fond of ardent spirits, and it was the cause of all his unhappiness.

“ He became so addicted to this vice after some time, that to satisfy his appetite, he neglected his business. His fortune was soon reduced to nothing, and his mind became weak. Feeling himself unable to endure his misfortunes and without the courage to abandon drinking, the horrible thought, to put an end to his life, flashed through his mind. He goes out without being suspected by any one ; he ties a stone to his neck and throws himself into the river of——, on the side of which I have had the sad task of making a post mortem examination ! Such was the lamentable end of this unfortunate man, who, without drinking, would have been, by his good qualities, the happiness of his family and the honor of his country.

“ 3. Noël——, an excellent workman, had by his industry and assiduity in labour, and by the good conduct of his wife, attained a condition of ease and comfort, and had reached a certain age, without taking any kind of liquor. But, at length, induced by his friends, he consents to taste some, soon becomes fond of it, and dissipates in a few years all he had gained. Having by his faults reduced his family to the most frightful destitution, he attempted twice, to put an end to his life, and twice he was saved by his wife. But he soon avails himself of the opportunity of night, takes a rope, and hangs himself at the post of his bed ! And it was in that horrible state that his wife and children found him on awaking from their slumber.

“ 4. Great numbers of sudden deaths are caused by the effect of strong stimulants. One would be greatly mistaken, if he believed that it required always a great quantity of liquor to kill a man. A few glasses, drank with friends, without being sufficient to intoxicate, have many a time had the effect of a pistol ball, in the head or in the body, by the sudden and astonishing devastation they have caused. I have often been called in such cases. I always returned with my mind filled with disgust and horror for those devouring liquors, which are unfortunately so much in use among all classes of society.

“ It is often said ; such a person is dead of apoplexy, hæmorrhage, consumption. All those words are oftentimes a veil employed by our own ignorance, to conceal the suicide by liquor. If we open the corpses of those persons whom we consider dead of apoplexy, rupture of the blood vessels, consumption, we generally perceive, without mistaking, that alcohol is the immediate cause of those fatal deaths

“ 5. Not long ago, I was called to the country, to visit the corpse of an old man, who died suddenly, at the age of 80 years ;

that man had, as I am told, made an excessive use of liquors during his long life, had always felt well, and sneered, with apparent reason, at those who regard spirituous liquors as ruinous to the constitution. The Doctor opened his body before me and the jury. What was our astonishment on perceiving that his liver was not as large as my thumb; there was only a frightful heap of coagulated matter; all his other organs were still in a perfect state of preservation, and without liquor he would doubtless have lived many years longer.

“ 6. George —, a wealthy country farmer, was at the head of a large family, which he maintained honorably. But as he believed, as a great number of the inhabitants of this country do, that liquors give strength to man, he drank them in proportion to his arduous labors. One day when the weather was very warm, he took a dose stronger than usual; it was his last; the alcohol reached his head; carried the inflammation to his brain, and he died at the very instant. The Doctor whom I called, declared that his death was owing to inflammation of the brain, caused by liquor.

“ 7. The following fact, which I had the pain to witness, is very deplorable, and proves how careful parents ought to be, to conceal even the names of liquors from their children. A young girl, belonging to a respectable family, but one in which a great quantity of intoxicating spirits were consumed, had contracted, secretly, the habit in her infancy. Her parents, perceiving this, did not seem to care much. They were even in hopes that this inclination would disappear with age. Having arrived at the age of 17 or 18 years, tired of remaining under the paternal roof, and especially impatient of her mother's remonstrances, she left home and came to this city, into a house of ill-fame. She continued to drink. At the end of two years, I was called to visit her hideous corpse. She had expired in a complete state of drunkenness, and fell exhausted by the blows she had received on the preceding night, in fighting with three other infamous females.

“ 8. Augustus —, a young Canadian sailor, and excellent young man, came to town, met a few friends, who, in spite of him, brought him to a tap-house. He got intoxicated, and returned in that state to his vessel. He endeavours to dance and gambol before the rest of the crew: he reels and falls into the water and is drowned! He was the only support of an unfortunate mother.

“ 9. Patriek —, pedlar, gets intoxicated in an inn, near a river he intended to cross. He embarks in that state; having reached the middle of the current, in a fit of madness, he jumped into the water and was drowned, before the eyes of the affrighted rowers. On the next day I called to make a *post mortem* examination; I felt fully convinced that liquor is man's most fearful enemy, and that every one in society ought to do his utmost to check it at its very root.

"10. Mary —, a country-woman, of middle age, and mother of very respectable children, was unhappily addicted to strong drinks. She came to town during the winter, became intoxicated, lost her way in endeavouring to return home in the night, and was found frozen to death, on the next day, in the middle of a field. And how many deaths like this have I not been obliged to register !

"A great many persons addicted to strong drinks die suddenly every year. In opening their bodies, we perceive that their deaths are owing to a want of nourishment. A person, as we are aware, who makes use of strong drink, loses very soon the feeling of hunger : forgets during his intoxication, to relieve his body, which is in a state of feebleness, and thus the spirit leaves its exhausted tenement. Among many lamentable instances of this kind the following is one :

"11. Emelia —, wife of —, was extremely addicted to drinking; her husband, wearied by her excesses, shut her up, and gave her as much liquor as she would have. For about a fortnight, she drank excessively, when she at last died suddenly at the end of that period.

"Her corpse, which was opened before me, presented a horrible spectacle impossible to depict. Her liver, horribly swelled, was as hard as a stone. Her lungs were in a state of frightful decomposition. The Doctor declared that strong stimulants had been the only cause of her death.

"12.—I was called some time ago to hold an inquest on the body of a child, of about two years of age, which died suddenly, and the following is the account given by the witnesses of that lamentable event. The mother, who was known as being fond of liquors, had gone out without telling where she was going. The hour of meals came, her husband seeing that she did not return, feeling uneasy, goes out in search of her; he found her at a small distance from the house, in a complete state of intoxication, lying on her unhappy infant whom she had crushed by the weight of her body. And would to God that this woman was the only one, who had caused the death of her infant by her passion for drinking. But she is not the only one. Wo to the poor children who possess mothers addicted to drinking. The Romans of old punished with death the woman who was too fond of liquors. *They acted wisely.*

"My books contain a thousand o'her instances of the baneful effect of liquors, but it would require too great a space to insert them here, and, moreover, I should feel embarrassed in selecting from them. I will content myself with answering simply your questions, which you have done me the honor to address me. Your second question is couched in the following terms: How many persons are yearly drowned? How many commit suicide? How many perish in other ways as lamentable?" Reply: In the course of each year, there are found between thirty and fifty drowned, who are recognized to be sailors, men employed on board

schooners, sloops, boats and on wharves, &c. These are generally young men who, after having taken a few glasses, are emboldened, defy danger, and expose themselves to a shameful death. The number of suicides varies from one, two, to ten per annum. On an average from 59 to 72 inquests are held by the Coroner and jury during ordinary years.

“Your third question is: Since the Temperance Society has made some progress among the people, have sudden and violent deaths become rarer? Reply: I can assure you that the number of deaths caused by apoplexy, epilepsy, delirium tremens, &c. &c., indebted for the most part to strong drinks, have been much rarer since the institution of the Temperance Society. The number of inquests has not diminished during the opening of the navigation, on account of the increase of the marine; but since the navigation has closed, now that there remains only the Canadian population, who are reformed by the happy influence of the Temperance Society, the number of accidental and sudden deaths has diminished to a very perceptible and gratifying extent.

“No one can remain a silent spectator, on beholding the good effects produced by the Temperance Society among us. Many families in our cities and villages, which formerly were in a state of poverty, are now thriving and comfortable. Large numbers have enjoyed better health, and have had better constitutions since they have joined the Total Abstinence Society. A good number of taverns have been shut, on ceasing to be frequented.

“Your fourth question is as follows: If we succeeded in abolishing the use of strong drinks among our people, do you think that the number of deaths would diminish considerably, and that there would be a great deal of good done? Reply: Yes, Sir; I think such would be the case, if, as I hope, the use of spirituous liquors shall cease, accidents and deaths will become as rare as they are now frequent.

“And the good which would result to society in general, as well as for every individual, would be *incalculable*.

“Believe me, Reverend Sir,

“Your very humble servant,

“B. PANET, *Coroner.*”

We felt an intense satisfaction, some time since, in falling in with one of those admiral's men whose noble sacrifices and whose heroical virtues will never be fully appreciated by the world, but which will be magnificently rewarded in Heaven. It is the Rev. Father Durocher, missionary, who had traversed 150 leagues of land. During this journey, his life had been exposed to many dangers. He had been obliged, in a frail boat, to pass through rapids; crossed many lakes and rivers; rested on the naked earth, and often had only the canopy of heaven for shelter. Covered with sweat, panting with fatigue, exhausted by the intently warm weather during the day, he was, also, oftentimes thoroughly drenched by the cold rain.

But the fatigue he experienced, in overcoming rocks, mountains, forests and lakes, seemed light to him; for, a cross on his breast, reminded him of the labors and sufferings of Jesus Christ: he had followed the path of the good *Shepherd* for the spiritual good of about five thousand young men, scattered on the Ottawa River, and who were occupied six months of the year lumbering in the woods.\* The Church had sent him to those young men, abandoned to themselves, as it were, lost in the midst of those immense forests, to address them words of consolation, and inspire in them strength, peace, and the love of God. He told us the most remarkable events of that mission, and though the Lord had showered down his blessings upon him even beyond his hopes, he seemed to be overwhelmed with sorrows; his trembling voice told us that he could not repress his sighs and sobs; and tears always ready to trickle down his cheeks, moistened his eyelids while he was speaking. "The majority of those young men," said he, with an accent which deeply affected us, "are courageous, amiable and good, but many of them are addicted to drunkenness, and the use of ardent spirits brings upon them all kinds of evils! This spring more than 80 of those young men, whom I had seen and so much loved during my mission, have perished miserably, either killed by the fall of trees or drowned in lakes. Now, among those 80 unfortunate men I am assured (and I have it from sources unfortunately too *authentic* to admit of a doubt) that 70 were drunk when they were suddenly seized by death. And ocular witnesses have assured us, that a great number, during their intoxication, had uttered frightful blasphemies, and even called the devil to their aid when they were summoned to the bar of their Sovereign Judge.....!"

But, is the fate of those young men, who do not perish in that way, more consoling for their religion, their families and their country? Ah! what more painful spectacle than those hosts of young men who descend yearly upon those rafts. On returning from the woods, exhausted by a more than ordinary work and cruel privations, what would they do in the midst of their families? Do they not become the scandal and a reproach of a parish? A month has scarcely rolled by, when they have spent in liquors and revels, the money they had gained at the price of so much pain and dangers. And this lumber trade, which ought to carry riches everywhere only serves to enrich a few, who will leave very soon, as we have seen many a time, the impure glass of the inn, to enjoy *their gold*, and who sooner or later are suddenly summoned to eternity, to give an account of their enormous wealth, ravished from those young men, now abandoned to misery and wretchedness.

Once more we ask, is it their family, their parish or their coun-

\* Rev. Father Durocher, of whom particular mention is made by the writer, is one of the missionaries belonging to the order of *Oblats de Marie Immaculée*. Their motive in carrying with them a small cross, is to remind them constantly during their missionary labors of the sufferings of Christ dying for mankind.—*Translator's Note*.

try, that is benefitted by so much money gained at the rate of those five thousand young men's hard labors in forests? No. Liquor deprives us of all our wealth.

And this is so true, that nothing is rarer in our country places, than to see a man who is able to settle honorably in life, after having gained large sums of money in working for timber merchants.

After witnessing every day such facts, in the midst of all our parishes and cities, it is needful that we should implore our pastors, fathers and all those who can exercise their influence on others to be united in abolishing throughout the land the use of strong drinks and inspire horror of them in the young men of Canada? But once more, how could young men make such sacrifice, if those whom Providence has given them as fathers have not the strength to give them the example?

If a wolf passes a place, and carries off one or two sheep, every one is immediately armed, and pursues the ferocious animal; it is followed till caught; we feel repose only when it is dead. No one dares cry out to the hunters: "Beware, strike not that poor animal, it does not know what it is doing; remember that it is a creature of God!" But it is destroyed without mercy, because it does us injury and is not fit to do us any good. The death is not even postponed till it has entered into the sheep-fold; it is not even permitted to reach the flock, for the reason that if it kills a few sheep, it leaves many to which it has done no injury. Such is the way we ought to act and reason in regard to strong drinks, which have done more injury to men than all the wolves put together. Every one must do his utmost to check their progress. Let us not wait till they have done us injury, for it would then be too late successfully to resist them.

On beholding the devastation they have caused everywhere do not remain a silent spectator, saying: "They have never injured me;" but rather say: "they might be of some harm to my children, and that is the reason why I intend to join the Total Abstinence Society, in company with my children, in order to be all sheltered from danger under its happy influence."

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## CHAPTER V.

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### 5°. EXCEPT AS A MEDICINE.

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*Circumstances in which we should especially avoid the use of intoxicating liquors.*

PERHAPS some one may say: "We are convinced that intoxicating drinks have done more harm than good, and that if we were to abolish their use, there would be very few who would suffer from the want of them; but are there not circumstances in which they may be beneficial and salutary!"



To this we would reply: The writings of men most conversant with the subject, the testimony of the most skillful physicians of England, the United States and Canada, agree in asserting that they are dangerous and hurtful to men, in almost all the circumstances in which they are used. They say that even in those rare cases where they are good, their place can always be supplied by something better. They are very prejudicial when taken fasting, and those who make use of them before breakfast or any other meal are not long in experiencing their pernicious effects.

In a few years, and often in a few months, they completely lose their appetite; they no longer feel a desire to eat, because the stomach, fitted by God to give notice to the body of its need of nourishment, is paralyzed, scorched and burnt up by drink. Hence it is that persons who have contracted the baneful habit of taking a morning dram when fasting, are no longer capable of enjoying their breakfast, but even feel a sort of repugnance to the act of taking food. It is then that they feel the need of stimulants, and of taking what they call their glass of "bitters." But the stomach with many persons soon becomes habituated to this single glass, and demands something more; then they increase the dose.....and this dose thus increased ends often by being again insufficient. They must again augment the dose until at length.....But we must desist for the purpose of asking every sensible man whether it is not unseemly, ridiculous, we will almost say shameful, thus to take a glass to produce an appetite, the practice of which has nevertheless in our days become common and fashionable.

We ought to consider the table a battle field, rendered mournful to us by a thousand defeats, to which the demon of gluttony has exposed us. We should never approach the table, but with arms in our hands for an encounter with our most deadly enemy; and here behold we deliver ourselves up to him, so to speak, bound hand and foot even before we are attacked, by every means in our power, an appetite which we should much rather seek to moderate, for the sake of our bodies as well as of our souls.

The hour of dining has arrived and the table is laid; a man advances to take his seat—he is a Christian. He makes over his forehead the sign of the cross to make him remember that on the cross his Saviour had been given the bitter gall and vinegar to drink—Then a thought seizes him—He is restless—Would you know why? He is afraid he will not eat enough. He is afraid of some defect in his appetite—And to increase this appetite, he swallows a burning liquid, the effect of which is so well fitted to derange the tone of his stomach that he shall no longer be able to ascertain when he has eaten enough. Here is a phenomenon which would be incredible did we not witness it daily.\*

\* The pernicious effect resulting from such customs is forcibly shewn in an important and valuable work from the pen of John Dunlop, Esquire, on "The Drinking Usages." A work which ought to be in the hands of every well wisher of the cause. — *Translator's Note.*

In sitting down to table, our sole anxiety should be, lest we should eat too much, and a fear the other way is more than puerile; it is unseemly and disgraceful.

We need not stimulants to excite an appetite. We have enough of the demon within us which exaggerates the good qualities of the viands before us, and who cries out from the commencement of the meal to its termination, "Eat, eat, eat, for you need it."

But if ardent spirits are useless before a meal, much more are they of little service during the progress of it.

According to the testimony of those who are best informed in such matters, the most powerful dissolvant which we have for food, is water, and water in the state of purity in which it is given us by the Creator.

Ardent spirits, so far from promoting digestion, as some pretend, arrest it, and those who make use of them during meals are infinitely more liable to flatulency, sickness at the stomach, than those who drink only water. The reason is evident. Do we wish to preserve for a length of time flesh or any other substance which is liable to putrefaction? Is it desired that it should become hard and tough? We would steep it in spirits and let them soak it up. In like manner if the food taken into your stomach be steeped in the spirituous liquors which you drink, far from being more tender and easy of digestion, as you suppose, it necessarily becomes harder; and your poor stomach has to work three times harder, to digest it than as if you had only taken water. On the whole, if people would be honest, they would avow that after a meal, however small a quantity of spirits is used, they feel themselves heavy and fatigued, experience a sensation of feverishness, are troubled with headaches and want of sleep: these are a catalogue of ills and infirmities to which he will never be exposed who restricts himself at his meals to the use of water.

If ardent spirits are only productive of injury to man before and during meals, at least, will some say, they are exceedingly useful to him, when engaged in hard labor? Not at all: the harder a man works the less has he need of drinking. The poor day-laborer has quite enough of toil and hardship to fatigue and exhaust him, without drinking in addition a devouring liquor, which is more calculated to fatigue and waste him than all his labor, by maintaining his blood in a constant state of fever.

God has condemned man to toil, to suffering and fatigue, and he will endeavour in vain to escape from this sentence. Do not imagine that the use of ardent spirits will relieve you from the exhaustion or fatigue of labor; it will only deprive you of feeling, and thus expose you to prolong your labor much beyond your strength. In taking ardent spirits we readily admit, that, at the moment, you may experience less fatigue than he who confines himself to water; perhaps at the instant you will continue a labor which you were on the point of abandoning; yes,—but it is at the expense of your health, which you undermine, and of your life, which you abridge.

Let us explain our ideas more clearly: The man who performs his work without the stimulus of alcoholic drinks, performs it like a reasonable being; he follows the law of nature which is that of the Deity; when wearied he rests; nor has he the imprudence to overtask himself with a burden beyond his strength — if it must be borne, he refuses wisely to undertake it alone, but waits for the assistance of his companions and friends. But as soon as a man makes use of alcoholic liquors, he cannot be said to labour like a human being but like an irrational animal—Give him a glass of spirits and he will tell you that he has lost almost all sense of exhaustion; give him two, and he will tell you that he is almost as strong and as fresh as before he began. Give him a third, and he will begin to laugh and sing under his burden, although it is well nigh crushing him; and if you should add a fourth he feels himself so strong that he is a match for anything; he cannot carry his own weight, but he thinks he could carry the world if you would help him up with it on his back.

The fact is, all the while, that the liquor has not really given him strength, but that it has bereft him of his wits in proportion to the quantity he drank. It had partially abstracted his senses at the first glass, and completely deprived him of them at the fourth.

Thus you perceive how he acts, how he strains himself without reason, and labours imprudently when his head is turned ever so little. But frequently, from the next day forward, he is found prostrated on a bed of sickness, with a pleurisy, the consequence of his over-exertion and from which he will not be cured but after months of severe suffering. Then he must pay roundly to the Doctor,—lose time when it was most important for him in the gaining of his living,—his few savings are soon dissipated,—a few days more and he is reduced to beggary, and must have recourse to his neighbors for support—And we question much whether the tradesman who has thus induced you to drink that you might work beyond your strength, and who was the first cause of your distress, will put himself much about to furnish food or clothing for your unfortunate wife and children, who are languishing in penury around your couch of sorrow.

Upon this subject, we have made inquiries of a host of respectable workmen in Quebec, and elsewhere, whose unanimous declaration is, that when they used ardent spirits, even in a moderate quantity, if they forgot for a moment their fatigue, they speedily paid dear for the temporary relief, for a few moments after, they felt themselves so worn out and exhausted, that to forget their new exhaustion and continue their employment, they had to drink anew of the strongest liquors, almost to the amount of their day's wages, at the end of which, however, they had never accomplished so much as they have done since they joined the Temperance Society.

It is so far from being true, that drinking increases a man's strength, and renders him more capable of enduring the fatigue of hard labor, that the owners of the shanties of laborers, and all the great contractors of Quebec and elsewhere, prefer the day's work

of those belonging to a Total Abstinence Society to that of others. Nay, even, there are many who will employ no journeymen, but those who belong to a Temperance Society.

This important truth has been proved a thousand times; but by Father Mathew, it has been demonstrated in a manner as striking as it is new and ingenious: Many respectable persons had said to him, that they considered it hard to advise poor men of the working classes, to abstain from ardent spirits and beer, which, according to them, were so well fitted to sustain them in their painful labors. The venerable Apostle of Temperance, wishing to convince these gentlemen that alcoholic liquors, so far from giving a man strength, rather serve to enfeeble him, hit upon the following expedient:

He gave orders that three boats should be constructed perfectly alike, of the same dimensions and wood, and the same amount of iron work, weight, and degree of swiftness, each of them should accommodate a dozen rowers. There were selected to man them thirty-six of the most able bodied boatmen, and so far as was possible, of equal strength. Twenty-four were chosen by the gentlemen who were of opinion that spirituous liquors have the quality of imparting strength, of whom twelve were in the habit of using rum, whiskey and other species of ardent spirits, and twelve of strong beer. They embark, each one on board the boat he prefers, they are presented with a glass of the liquors they love the best, to give them strength, and a reward is promised them, if they should pass the third boat, which is manned by twelve Members of the Temperance Society, who had left off drinking spirituous liquors for several years. They are shown the space they have to traverse. It requires not less than an hour of labor. Thousands of spectators have come from all directions. The three boats are disposed in order; they are equally handsome and swift, the sea is perfectly calm! The rowers are at their post, with arms stretched on the oars; they wait for the signal. Every one's heart pants between fear and hope. At length the signal is given. The three boats advance with an equal velocity. No one of them seems to outstrip the others; but a cry of joy is uttered by the drinkers of spirituous liquors. And, in fact, all the spectators perceived that they were a few feet ahead of their adversaries. Those who followed them were the beer drinkers. Father Mathew's disciples are in extreme confusion: the boat manned by the Members of the Temperance Society is the last. Each one from the beach excites, by his gestures and words, the courage of those with whom he sympathises. The drinker of spirituous liquors triumph and express the joy they feel by repeated shouts which the wind carries to their friends, and seems to strengthen them.

The place allotted to them for the race course, is nearly passed, and although it is impossible to distinguish the rival vessels, and still it is perceived that without being at a great distance from each other, they are moving at an equal pace. The boat which preceded all the others seemed not to be the same as at the commence-

ment. The multitude of persons so clamorous, an instant ago, are now in a perfect silence. Each one looks on with an uneasiness impossible to depict, in the hope that he will perceive ahead of the others the boat of those for whom he is interested. But their minds do not remain in suspense. The boat ahead of the others, seems to fly on the waters. Father Mathew recognizes very soon, that it is manned, as he had foreseen, by his dear and beloved disciples. The beer drinkers were behind them at a certain distance, and seemed a great deal more exhausted. The drinkers of strong drink were the last. On departing they seemed stronger and more vigorous than the others, but they had scarcely reached the middle of the racing boundaries before they lost their former advantage. They seemed to be exhausted, so wet with their own perspiration, when compared with their conquerors, that each one remained convinced that strong drinks, so far from strengthening man, are only fit to exhaust and enfeeble him.

The late immortal O'Connell is another striking proof that the active and laborious man ought not to attribute his strength and energy, to the liquors he drinks, and that there are always some benefits arising in abstaining from them.

That glorious defender of his religion and country, felt a wish to become a tee-totaller, and to accomplish that object, he begged of Father Mathew to receive him among his disciples.

So netime after this had taken place, he attended a Temperance Meeting, and addressed his fellow-countrymen, to whom he showed with how much more facility he could perform his hard labors, since he had taken the pledge.

The following is an extract of the Speech he delivered upon the occasion of his election as Lord Mayor of Dublin :

“ His Lordship felt proud (he said) that the first compliment which he was enabled to pay any body of his fellow-citizens, in his official capacity, was to a party of Tee-totallers. (Cheers.) The glorious spread of Tee-totallism, did not commence with the rich, or the proud—those who congregated round Father Mathew, in that glorious movement, were not to be found among that class of society ; but, on the contrary, his principal adherents and supporters were in the humble, lowly virtuous classes of society, who were poor in worldly matters, but rich in the possession of every moral excellence. (Hear, and cheers). If he had not been a Tee-totaller himself it was impossible he could have got through the quantity of work which he had to perform during the last few weeks ; when he worked harder than any stone mason, but because he drunk but water, he was more ready for the battle ; he was enabled to sleep less and rise in the morning, refreshed and invigorated for the labor of the day. Before he took the pledge he hesitated for some time, lest it might not be prudent to do so, considering that he was then sixty-five years old ; but, having once resolved upon doing it, he found from experience that, though at all times temperate, yet he was a better and a stronger man by becoming a Tee-totaller. (Cheers.) Oh ! what a people, were

those of Ireland, in presenting the grand moral spectacle of five millions of Tee-totallers, Yes, the mothers—the wives—the daughters—the sisters—they whose character was written in glorious colours for the page of the future historian, drawn not by his partial tongue, but celebrated and eulogised by Lord Morpeth in the Legislative Assembly of the land. Yes, the advocates and patrons of every moral virtue, were the women of Ireland. (Cheers) He thanked Heaven, Tee-totallism was placed under their auspices, and if any young man was disposed to ask any young lady, any particular question, (laughter) let her first reply be, “Are you a Tee-totaller?” (Cheers and laughter). And if he be not, let her look for somebody else. (Continued laughter.) And if he had one object more than another in becoming Lord Mayor of Dublin, it was that he might in that capacity extend Tee-totallism. (Cheers.) It was the most salutary plan ever devised for the regeneration of any nation or any people; and all the Tee-totallers had to do, was to feel their own importance; and for his own part he would not trust any man on his oath, who would violate his pledge.”

Yet, this is not all, new objections, stronger than the first, are presented to the Apostles of Temperance. They are told “We admit that you have convinced us that liquor was of no good use before and after meals, and that they are also useless in working. In consequence of which, we pledge ourselves, never to use them on such occasions. Our resolution is taken, and nothing shall change it. But, if till this moment, we have conceded to you, all you desired, you must also grant us some privileges on our side. You cannot deny us a glass or two of warm liquor, when travelling during the cold winter season, which, as you are aware, benumbs and freezes us, if we do not take some extraordinary precautions to protect ourselves from it.”

Of all the most erroneous prejudices among us, we know of none more fatal, than to believe that strong drinks have some effect in protecting from the influence of cold. Oh! how numerous are the people of this country who every winter perish, the sad victims of this prejudice!

Intoxicating drinks are not more fitted to warm us during the winter season, than they are to refresh us during summer. Our eternal enemy, the devil, is the only one who has impressed on our minds such a belief that they are efficacious during those seasons. Provided he give us the taste for liquors and accustom us to drink them, it is all he wants; he has achieved his purpose. In so doing he excites all our bad passions; he weakens our will of doing good, diminishes in us the exercise of reason and of faith, and extinguishes by degrees the respect we owe to ourselves.

He weakens and breaks very soon the bonds which attach us to every thing we held most dear in the world,—And when by repeated acts, which at first appeared to us without danger, he has made us contract the habit of drinking, he has accomplished his purpose and beholds us with an infernal joy, struggling under the most heavy and shameful bonds, till at last wearied and weakened,

we are plunged into the lowest degradation, and then dashed into hell.

There is no season during which liquor is more hurtful than in winter, and there is no season, consequently, during which you ought more to abstain.

What! Liquor protect you from cold!!!—But you do not reflect! liquor and cold!!!—Are you not aware that when they meet at your homes, they always unite to deprive you of your life, or at least make you lose some of your limbs, which causes you painful sufferings.

Cold will scarcely be injurious to a man who drinks only water. For if it attack some of his members, it is instantly withstood.

The man who drinks only water, is possessed of a delicate feeling, a sound and good reason, and a powerful will; his life is precious to him; he knows its value, and defends it to the last.

It very rarely happens that those generous men who have taken the pledge, get their fingers, feet and face frozen.

They struggle and defend themselves with courage and constancy against their terrible foe. They strike him, till he has abandoned them, walk with great swiftness, and even run to escape his attempts.

A contrary effect is produced upon the man who drinks liquor, even moderately, especially when it is warm, before exposing himself to cold!

What would you say of a warrior, who previous to starting for the battle field would smash his sword to pieces.

Such is absolutely the case with the man who drinks liquor to support better the severity of winter.

For to be secured from cold we must possess energy, will, strength and attention. These are the indispensable weapons to resist. Now those arms so necessary, are broken and destroyed by ardent spirits, for although they may not deprive man entirely of his energy, will and strength, according to the quantity, more or less, he has drank, they nevertheless diminish them considerably.

Do you feel a wish to know the good done by liquor, when one takes it during the cold winter season?—Listen then to the following lamentable narrative; it will tell you more than all books and discourses:

“ Scarcely two years ago, three Canadians, of the highest respectability, had to travel during a winter’s night to a neighboring settlement. The bad state of the roads did not permit them to make the trip in a sleigh, they determined to walk——But unfortunately, like a great many, they believed that liquor would enable them to resist the effects of cold and fatigue. They accordingly took a bottle with them.—Before setting out on their journey, they agreeably to custom, drank some ardent spirits. On reaching a certain distance they felt tired, and had immediately recourse to the ordinary remedy: they drank a second draught. It was their last——On the next morning, travellers passing there perceived three corpses, at a certain distance from each other, stretched upon

the snow! Two of them were dead, the third was resuscitated with great difficulty."

And misfortunes of this kind happen yearly in this country from the same cause.....the pretended moderate use of *strong drinks*.

In drinking a glass of liquor, especially if it is warm, you immediately have a heavy head, and feel at the instant that it has deprived you of your energy, strength, and even your senses. You see then, that it cannot be a remedy against the attack of cold, which demands, above all, energy, strength and attention. Expose a man asleep to cold, and he will die in a few minutes. If then one of the first and most direct effects of alcoholic liquors is to induce sleeping, he who takes it to secure himself from cold commits a foolish act condemned by common sense.

Every one is aware that the energy and strength produced by liquor, last only an instant. The violent agitation which the blood experiences, and which has produced more activity, is immediately followed by a reaction, and weakness through the frame.

And that is the reason why in the case of two men (I suppose them of equal strength and equally well clothed) travelling during the cold winter season, if one of them drinks one or two glasses of strong drinks on their departure he will never be able to resist the cold as well as his companion. The former will be able before the latter; will be compelled to step on the way at each tavern to warm; and even at night he will not be half as much advanced in his journey, nor will he have as much energy as his companion. Such is what daily occurs during winter.

Besides, the proof of all this seems very clear; if you take strong drinks, especially when warm, your blood, as we remarked an instant ago, is agitated with an activity and violence which are not natural; they then necessarily exhaust. And the result will be that each of your members will experience a sweat and moisture. The water which comes out at all the pores of the skin, coming in contact in certain parts with the exterior air, gets cold and chills on you, and it is then that, without perceiving it, your feet, hands and face are frozen much sooner than would have been the case if you had drank only water.

Besides, every one knows that one of the tendencies of strong simulants is to benumb, and make insensible, more or less, those who make a daily use of them. And it is just for this very reason that you ought not to have the imprudence to use them when you expose yourself to cold. He who drinks water only, immediately feels his body seized with cold,—he stretches his hand on the attacked limb,—stands on the watch,—keeps himself moving,—walks or stops according as he wishes. But the individual who uses strong drinks will not have this wisdom, for the nerves, which like faithful servants, had received order from God to warn their master when exposed to some exterior accidents, are paralyzed, burnt by alcohol, are for the time dead, silent; then it follows that feet, hands and face are horribly frozen, which is perceived only when it is too late.



Oftentimes the pleasure of drinking a few glasses of liquor has cost the loss of an arm, or of a leg, which had to be amputated by the Doctor, in order to arrest the progress of greater evil. Among twenty persons who have lost a member by cold within our knowledge, seventeen were intoxicated when it happened. From whence we conclude that if, as we are in hopes, every one takes the total abstinence pledge, we shall see no more losing of arms as in the past under similar circumstances.

In proof of our assertion we have furnished ourselves with a good number of facts. But we will only cite a few, for fear of being too long.

1.—Mr. A —, Notary, was fond of inebriating liquors. During one of those cold winter days, as he intended to set out on a journey, he drank a few glasses in order to suffer less from the intense cold. But after he had travelled to a certain distance, worn out and fatigued, he stopped on a river he had to cross. We were amongst those who saw him, frozen to death, on the next day. His head was half concealed in the ice, which the heat of his mouth had melted; his face which had sunk down had left its impression as on a mould of plaster. The remembrance of it is yet frightful.

2.—The crew of many vessels are composed of men who have taken the total abstinence pledge. We have inquired of many Captains in regard to it, and all have told us that sailors who drank no spirits, bore fatigue at sea, much better than others, and that they were less subject to sickness.

But the following will confirm the veracity of the statement:

A magnificent vessel (the *Bellona*) was shipwrecked at about thirty leagues from Quebec in a storm during the autumn of 1842. It was during the latter end of November and the cold was intense. To suffer less from it, the Captain and some of the crew, drank liquor, without however carrying it to excess. The others refused even to taste of it. The result was that two of the sailors who had drank, were already frozen to death before the vessel reached the shore. The Captain died a fortnight after, owing to the cold he had been exposed to; the rest of the crew had experienced no injury.

3.—The following fact, although it took place some years ago, is still, we doubt not, remembered by all the inhabitants on the River Chambly:

Two young men had to travel from St. Johns to Rochester, to Isle aux Noix, during a cold winter day, but unfortunately, the bad state of the roads did not enable them to make use of a sleigh. They were consequently compelled to walk. Before leaving, they were offered a glass of strong drink, in order to enable them to resist the effects of cold,—but the youngest of the two had heard it mentioned that nothing enervated so much the legs of a traveller as liquor, in consequence of which he declined the offer; the other, on the contrary, had unfortunately great confidence in its pretended effects, and took a glass. They both of them lost their way,

the first reached his destination without any accident, whilst the other, conquered by fatigue and sleep, felt exhausted.....And when help was sent to him he was found dead.

## CHAPTER VI.

### 6. I ENGAGE FURTHER, BY WORD AND EXAMPLE, TO INDUCE MY RELATIONS AND FRIENDS TO MAKE THE SAME SACRIFICE.

*Ministry which the Members of the Temperance Society engage to exercise in reference to their friends and relatives.*

If there is need of courage and an ardent charity to enable one to submit, for a lifetime, to the sacrifice of *personal* abstinence from intoxicating *drinks*, to aid our feeble brethren to renounce them, is a no less binding obligation which the Temperance Society imposes on its members, and an obligation requiring no less charity and courage to fulfil. They will require especially to arm themselves with a spirit of holy fortitude, and to trample under foot all worldly considerations. But difficulty and self-denial are nothing, when they are submitted to, for the salvation of one's countrymen, and the glory of God.

Let not the Members of the Temperance Society forget that its existence depends on the zeal they shall put forth in propagating and extending it.

According to the best returns which we have been able to procure, there are, at the present moment in Canada, more than a hundred thousand pledged Members of the Temperance Society. Now, if each one of these would engage to gain over, during the present year, only two of their relatives and friends, within a year the Temperance Society would number on its rolls three hundred thousand Members; and if these again, animated with a like zeal to the first, would gain in the course of a year, two others of their friends, before two years, there would not be consumed among us a single drop of spirits, except in those rare cases where they would be really useful, when wise and skilful persons would advise their use. What an amount of sin would then be suppressed! how many fights and blasphemies; how many licentious words, and criminal actions, and desires, which drink is every day producing; how many tears would be wiped away! How many families on the broad road to ruin, or ruined already, would retrieve themselves! How many broken-hearted mothers, who have never known domestic peace and tranquillity, would bless God for the change effected in their dwellings; and how many children, destined to become the reproach of society, the scourge of their families, the scandal of religion, by the wretched education which they were receiving from parents addicted to the use of liquors, would become at once good citizens and Christians.

Aware of the good which would result, let every member of the Temperance Society avail himself of all circumstances to check the predominance of the good opinion entertained, till now, of the liquors in use among us; and let him not lose the occasion to increase the number of the generous soldiers, who pledge themselves to oppose, during their lifetime, the evil spirit of drunkenness.

But to ensure success, the Members of the Temperance Society must do all they can to make this Society respectable: and for that, they must do more than show sobriety in drinking and eating. They would certainly miss their end, expose themselves and the Society to ridicule, and lose honest people from their number, by preaching Temperance, and forgetting the other duties which are imposed upon us, by religion. This was the misfortune of the Pharisees: they evinced an extreme regularity in the fulfilment of certain visible virtues, but neglected the most absolute commandments of God; and that is what induced Jesus Christ to call them hypocrites. The Members of the Temperance Society should not only be characterized by this sublime virtue of temperance, but should, moreover, be modest in their words, simple in their habits, charitable towards their brethren, pious at church, zealous in observing the Lord's day, punctual in taking the sacraments, and diligent in silencing slanderers and swearers. And they should not fulfill those duties with ostentation; no, but for their own salvation and the glory of God; having no other desire than to follow the advice given in the Gospel by our divine Saviour: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in Heaven." (Math. chap. 5, v. 15.)

And if we possess any love for the land of our birth, or country of our adoption, ought we not then to do our utmost to save it from total ruin and dishonor?

For many years past, we have been afflicted in succession by various scourges,—plague, civil war, frosts, and the harvest destroyed by insects, throughout Canada: Commerce is hindered by poverty and misery from prospering. Would it not be a criminal abuse of the gifts of Providence, added to our other iniquities, if we were to continue to incur the foolish expenses we were addicted to formerly, and which reduced us to misery, even in the days of abundance?

"But you labor under a mistake," it is said oftentimes, to the Apostles of Temperance. "Inebriating liquor seems, to your imagination, like certain objects, during night, to fearful travellers. They perceive everywhere frightful ghosts; the blood runs cold in their veins; they shut their eyes, in order not to witness the hideous spectres running after them; then they run out of breath, and are covered with sweat; the following day, they relate, with trembling, their visions. The credulous vulgar are amazed and astonished; but wise men know what to think of these narratives. You draw general conclusions from isolated facts. Because a man has been seen dead drunk at the corner of a street, you think that every one must be a drunkard; and because you

“ know an unfortunate family, brought to a state of destitution by the use of ardent spirits, you candidly believe that the entire people stagger in intoxication, and will soon be overwhelmed in ruin.”

Oh! would to God, that the evils we have spoken of, in regard to strong drinks, were untrue. Yes, with all our hearts, we would give the last drop of blood which flows in our veins,—in order that those numberless public and particular evils, the ruin of so many families,—the desolation and tears of so many women,—the degradation and loss of myriads of young men,—the damnation of so many souls, directly and daily resulting from drinking,—might be forgotten.

But at this moment, we feel ourselves unable to commit exaggeration and error. For to employ all possible means in investigating truth, was a duty we owed to our country and to ourselves. Now, to attain our aim, nothing could be more loyal and advantageous, than to write to our fellow-members and countrymen, entreating them to enlighten us by their advice, to assist and make known to us their remarks upon the disorders caused by strong drinks, in the different localities. And without any regard for the clamours of calumny, or the advice of the fearful, we have had recourse to that experiment. And what were the results?

“ We could not answer;” we have been told by a great many from different localities, “ for if we were to tell you the daily follies, revels, crimes, misfortunes of all kinds, engendered by liquor among our people, it would appear too much, as if we were writing a libel; so we have entered on a determination to be silent in relation to those things, and we advise you to do the same.”

Some other fellow-members and laymen of the highest respectability, have depicted to us with a trembling hand, facts which would be sufficient to make us shed tears of blood, imploring us (although they were public in their localities) not to mention them in the Temperance Manual, in order not to hurt the feelings of such and such a parish, or of such and such a family.

What conclusion can we be permitted to draw from those communications, which have been sent us, from many localities, if not that it has injured the people of this country, more than we were led at first to believe?

“ The merchants of my parish,” has written a venerable priest, “ have sold eighty thousand dollars worth of ardent spirits during the space of twenty years, and during that period we have been unable to sustain two respectable schools!”

We received a letter from a country merchant, from which we extract the following lines: “ For the space of fifteen years past, I have sold, per annum, between eight and ten tons of ardent spirits; and, besides myself, there are six others, who have sold as much. A great many traders have become wealthy, in this parish while the most part of our farmers are reduced to a state of misery.”

“ I would have a great deal to tell you,” we have been told in a letter from a respectable merchant, “ if I were to depict to you the

evils which liquor has done to my parish. Suffice it to say that, during the space of twenty years, I have been settled here, there have been not less than sixty of the wealthiest farmers who have been obliged to sell all they possessed; whose children have become, for the most part, strolling beggars, and who would still be the owners of their property, if there had been no liquors in use here."

A lady has addressed us a letter, from which we extract the following: "You feel a desire to know," said she, "the evils caused by intoxicating liquors: you are acquainted with my history. Oh! Sir, if I recall to your mind those incidents, it is to induce you to continue your noble efforts in checking the destroying fiend. People are not yet fully aware of the evil which it does every day. It requires to have been the wife of a husband addicted to this baneful vice to know what are its evils. I was young, rich and happy, at my father's home, when my husband solicited my hand. His wealth amounted to about two thousand pounds, and I gave him nine hundred on the day of our wedding. As you are aware, Sir, I am now reduced to a wretched state; I, many a time, seek relief from others, and eat the bread of charity! My husband has spent all, in drinking with his friends during the space of twenty years we have lived together. And my unfortunate children have not been educated. The two eldest set out for the United States, and eight years have already rolled by without my hearing of them. Believe me, Sir, in a life like mine, there are more sufferings and tears to be shed than is yet credible. If I were the only one! But I am personally acquainted with many others who are in the same circumstances as myself. May God bless you, and grant you the means of succeeding in your holy and generous design. My little children are daily praying to God for you!"

We think it proper to give here a few verses extracted from the Canadian Temperance Minstrel, being the lamentations of the Drunkard's Child.

### THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Oh! my clothes are all ragged, and tatter'd, and torn,  
I wander about quite unfriended—forn;  
On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds blow,  
And my poor naked feet are benumb'd in the snow!  
No bright blazing fire, with its comforts, I see,  
Surrounded with faces all shining with glee!  
Ah! no: the cold street, now deserted and wild,  
Is the only home left for the poor Drunkard's Child!

My mother; she died in the workhouse hard by,  
And I, her poor orphan, received her last sigh;  
For her heart, it was broken with anguish and pain,  
And I weep, for I never shall see her again!  
My father spent all that he earn'd at the inn,  
And drink cut him off in the midst of his sin;  
His last words were curses—his death-bed was wild,  
Oh! friends of humanity, pity his child!

I see happy children all smiling and gay,  
 And I sigh, for I once was as happy as they!  
 Their light, merry laughter, falls sad on mine ear,  
 For ah! they all shun me whene'er I draw near!  
 The smiles leave their faces—they treat me with scorn,  
 And it makes me regret that I ever was born;  
 No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,  
 E'er cheers the lone heart of the poor Drunkard's Child!

Oh! still must I wander this wild world alone,  
 Unfed and unshelter'd, disown'd and unknown!  
 'Mongst the millions of earth not a friend can I claim  
 To wipe off my tears, or to call me by name!  
 On my cold bed of straw I will lie down and die,  
 And my prison-ficed soul shall ascend up on high:  
 Where Jesus, with accents of mercy so mild,  
 Shall comfort, for ever the poor Drunkard's Child!

It is impossible to cite all, we repeat; it would require volume to relate the shedding of tears, and ruin of families, caused by liquors; and how much it paralyses worthy actions, and causes crime to be committed throughout Canada, in the short space of a year!

No week has elapsed, but we have noticed in the public newspapers some deplorable facts of this nature; and we are aware of the means employed by friends and families to conceal them, as much as lies in their power, that they may escape publicity. A few days ago, in glancing at *La Revue Canadienne*, we read the following narrative:

“An individual known by the name of Edward O’Neil had murdered his wife and five of his children, after which he shot himself dead on the bodies of his victims. A girl of sixteen years of age, was the only one who escaped this horrible massacre. This man was addicted to strong drinks, and when he was about to commit his last crime, he was greatly under the influence of alcohol.”

A few days after, the same journal reported the lamentable and tragical end of another drunkard, who died suddenly at an inn.

We are far from knowing all the evils which have been done by liquor during the space of six months. Nevertheless, the number of facts recorded in that short period, which have been communicated to us by citizens of the highest respectability, is truly frightful, and the most of which are accompanied generally with the most deplorable circumstances. We rather feel embarrassed in selecting them, but we take them at random:

“If there is a God for drunkards,” was remarked to us recently, “must be very terrible. Two of our most distinguished farmers have tried the frightful experiment. Both of them were returning from the city so much under the influence of liquor that they were unable to drive their horses. Having reached a place where the road passes near the river, their vehicles capsized and our two unfortunate farmers were precipitated into the water and drowned.”

“ Francis — accompanied by his wife, had gone to pay a visit to a relative at a neighboring parish; after which they both resumed their seats in the carriage to return home, as drunk as they could be. The roads were in an awful state: a heavy rain which had lasted for three days, had covered them with water and mud. The carriage was drawn with great speed by a fiery horse, which the powerless hand of his master could not control.

“ If at this late hour of night, you had passed through the village of—, you would have seen a lamp whose faint gleam lighted a house in which happiness and peace have never dwelled. A few children, in different corners, sighed, and interrupted the dead silence of night only to utter these mournful words: “ My God! how painful it is to think that our parents are now on the road at this dark hour of the night. How many various accidents may happen to them!” Their souls were crushed by a frightful presentiment. At length, the clock struck the hour of midnight! And the noise of a vehicle was immediately heard,— it stopped at the door—it contained no seats. The children perceived their father alone, covered with mud, stretched at the bottom of his cart—“ Where is our mother?” inquired they altogether; “ Papa, where is our mother?” And the wretched man, with difficulty lifting up his head, made heavy by liquor, seemed to recover from a dream— “ How then! we are already arrived! “ Your mother—? Your mother? Ah! the devil must have taken her, I believe, for she was with me when we left—But the roads are awful! And after all she had drunk a great deal more liquor than I did.”

“ These words had the effect of a thunder-bolt on those unfortunate children. The two eldest took a lantern and away they ran in search of their mother. At a short distance they perceived something in the middle of the road resembling a heap of mud. It was a female whose body seemed to have been crushed by a carriage; for her head was entirely plunged and concealed in the mud. Life had abandoned her. It was their mother!!”

We had just given communication of the lady's letter cited above, to the Rev. Father—, who was on his return from missionary labors: “ What this lady has written to you,” said he, “ is but too true. Intoxicating drinks torment the soul and heart of more women than we are aware of. And we can form no just idea of a woman's sufferings, especially if she is the mother of a family, when she has a drunkard husband. I met one, in the last parish where I delivered a sermon, whose history, were it written, would draw tears. As I was departing, one of those unfortunate women came to me, and told me things which might have appeared incredible, if her body had not presented marks of violence, which were still bloody. Her husband, unwilling to attend to the exercises of a retreat, had spent that time in drinking, as if his intentions were to despise God's warnings. During his intoxication, in a moment of madness, he seizes his wife, tore her hair, struck her in the face, and dreadfully bit her arms in various

places. The groans, tears and sobs of this unhappy creature, her bruised face, and arms torn and bloody, pained me the more as I was aware that all this was the work of a Christian and of her own husband;—that the children had witnessed that scene of abomination and horror. Never will I forget that scene. I know already that ardent spirits were the greatest plagues of the country, but I remained convinced of the fact more than ever.

But who could relate the distress, sufferings and lamentations of the wife and children of F——, a wealthy Canadian farmer of ——, who was drunk when they took him from the sleigh, to witness him a moment after dying like a reprobate. He had been absent for several days past, and great was the anxiety of his family, for no one knew whether he had gone. Each one made painful conjectures on his behalf; he had been so many times picked up stretched along the ditches! And during this very winter he would have been frozen to death, if Providence had not permitted his neighbour, one evening, to pass through an unfrequented route. He picked him up, lying, towards dusk, in the middle of the road, during the very cold weather. But this time, he had left home, without mentioning whether he was going, and had gone to the City, in the company of another drunkard.

Although they were in possession of a large sum of money, which they were either deprived of by loss or theft, they were compelled, after several days, to return home, having not the means of remaining any longer. Besides, as one easily supposes, they were exhausted. There yet remained to them enough money to enjoy another drunken feast, after which they left town, greatly intoxicated. The wretched F——, who had drank more than his companion, could hardly stand upon his legs, and lay stretched along the vehicle. The roads were dreadfully bad. The rain which had fallen the preceding day, followed by an excessive cold, had rendered them extremely rough. The horse, which was naturally fiery, and which had not worked, during a few days, worried by the jolts of the vehicle, sets off at full gallop, and in the twinkling of an eye reaches his master's home.

The sun had set, the misty shadow of evening gathered fast, and the unfortunate woman had abandoned the hope of seeing her husband that night. Although she had never experienced a happy day, during the eighteen years which had rolled by since she had been married to a drunkard, yet her soul was in that moment more gloomy than usual.

The tears which she usually shed had ceased to flow, and she experienced an immense weight on her heart. The children were more grieved than usual, and had spent the day in a mournful silence. The sorrows of their broken-hearted mother; her everlasting sighs; the disorder of the house, which no one had the energy to put in its proper state of cleanliness, the infamous conduct of their father, more especially for a year, his absence, which became more and more frequent, all conspired to render their existence tiresome and insupportable. The eldest one, would



have long since abandoned his native land, for another, if his heart had not glowed with filial love for a mother, whose sorrows he shared, and often alleviated.

The vehicle at length reached the door, and each goes out. They take their father in their arms and carry him into the house.

Christ'm woman! cover yourself with mourning. Good and sensitive heart: you have at last attained the highest pitch of suffering! What you feared so much has occurred! The dreadful chastisement which you beheld suspended over the head of your husband, and against which you warned him so much, with words of love, has had its course! He has died a drunkard! And you, unfortunate children! make the air resound with your groans and lamentations. A sharpened sword has pierced your hearts, and it will never be drawn out. A painful and desolating thought will poison the remainder of your days. You will repeat daily: *My father died a drunkard!*

Neighbours, and you especially who have been the accomplices of the drunkard, behold him in his last moments. His face is covered with blood, his head is bruised, as if it had been struck for several times by a hammer. By the unceasing jerking motions of his head, it had been deeply wounded! The blood having sprung into the brains by the incessant jolting of the vehicle, has killed the drunkard!

God has always disdained drunkards. He has at all times punished them severely. But he has never struck them in so terrible a manner as in these last days.

In the month of November last, an Irishman named Rodgers, had left his horse in a stable at La Pointe Levi. He visited and teased him, as usual: but the animal threw himself on his master, knocked him down, and with his fore-legs endeavoured by kneeling on his stomach to crush him down. The hopeless drunkard cries out, struggles, and does all he can to extricate himself. But in vain, the furious animal seizes him with his teeth, thrusts him between his legs, and tramples upon him. At last, help is given. And it was with great difficulty, that he could be extricated from the teeth of his dreadful adversary. He could hardly be recognized. His face was dreadfully bruised. His entire body was covered with wounds. Both of his arms were broken and lacerated by the teeth of the animal; so much so, that one had immediately to be amputated. But remedy was useless, for it was God's desire to set another example before the eyes of drunkards. Gangrene was engendered in his wounds, and after a few days of the most cruel suffering, the drunkard was summoned to the bar of the Omnipotent Judge!

Three young men were drinking in a public house of Montreal, holding impious and irreligious language. "Let us drink to the *honour of God*," said one of them, rising at the same time to drink; but he had hardly drank the contents of his glass, when as a punishment from God, he fell dead at the feet of his companions. *Cursed liquor!*

On the 28th of October last, a woman named Pauline St. Germain was picked up, drunk and completely naked, in one of the streets of Montreal. She was transported to the hospital, and died a few hours after.

On the following day another one was found also in another street. She was sent to the hospital, where she died in frightful agony.

A painful incident occurred in our parish, we were told, about the same time, by a curate of one of the rural parishes of Montreal. "Awretched creature for a long time addicted to the use of strong beverage, demanded liquor of her husband, who refused her. Bursting into a passion she said: 'You refuse to comply with my demand, but I will soon find money to get some.' And away she went towards the bank of the river, to get in a fishpond, a few fishes which had been taken. She wished to sell them, so as to enable her to buy ardent spirits. But on coming to the river she fell into the water and was drowned!

On Easter day, Lewis ———, after having spent the holy Friday and Saturday at the taverns, returned home early in the morning. His unhappy wife, who during his absence had been continually shedding tears, without taking any nourishment or rest, had, at last, wearied by fatigue, sunk down on a chair. Suddenly the door resounds with heavy knocks, accompanied by rash swearing. She recognized, with trembling, the voice of her husband. She ran and opened the door. At the foot of the stairs she perceived a man lying down deprived of his senses. He was her husband—he had departed this life on a sudden, like a drunkard.

On All Saints day, this year, early in the morning, a Canadian woman called Ann Labadie, was picked up in a back yard of Montreal, where she had sought refuge under the influence of alcohol, and died during the night.

On the next day, near the market of the city, another female was so intoxicated that she could hardly walk. She staggered at every step. Among the crowd that gazed at her, some were laughing, whilst others felt shame, compassion and sorrow for the wretched creature. At last she sunk down on the pavement. They ran to assist her! but she had breathed her last.

A few days afterwards, another woman in Montreal was found dead in a stable. It appears that she had been previously intoxicated.

Cursed liquors, which disgrace woman, and destroy her life!

In the columns of the Quebec Bearer, of October 29th, we perused: "On Monday last, the Coroner held an inquest on the body of a person named McGlory: He had been a few minutes before picked up drunk on the market place. He was removed to the first police station nouse, where he died suddenly!"

We had just landed at ———, when we fell in with a friend, but he seemed buried in deep thought.

What ails you? have you had some misfortunes?

Yes, a very deplorable event took place but an instant ago. Do you remember Mr. ———, whom you undoubtedly knew at College? Well then, he has just been drowned; he was under the influence of alcohol! His brother, who I believe has been your pupil, has not been through a better career. After having frequented taverns during the space of twelve years, he was picked up, a few months ago, in the streets of Bytown, and sent to the Hospital, where he died the next day, as he had lived. Those unfortunate persons who have inherited a large fortune, and who have respectable relations, have been reduced to the last extremity by intoxicating liquors. Do you see those splendid buildings? They were not the only possessions which their father had gained by the sweat of his brow. Well then, they have lost them in the space of a few years, by their indulgence in strong drinks. True it is, that they contracted that baneful habit, under the pernicious example of their mother!

“What angelic features, what a lovely infant,” said we, as we passed our hand over the auburn tresses of a child of about five years of age, or rather a little angel we met, sitting alone on the door steps of a house, near which we were passing! How must its fond mother dote upon it! What delight must she experience in clasping it a thousand times in the day to her bosom.\*

“Ah! Sir,” replied the Most Rev. Grand Vicar Cook, who did us the honor to accompany us, “its mother, unfortunate and estimable woman! She was withdrawn in a tragical manner from the caresses of this dear infant. Instead of pressing this little angel to her heart, she is now only the prey of worms and putrefaction, for she is lately dead! This child was picked up in the street, and is supported by the charity of the worthy man whom we met.

“The following is briefly the history of its parents’ unhappy end: Its father, who was poor, but an honest man, if ever there was one, had a drunkard for his neighbor. In endeavouring to restrain him, from the violence of which he was guilty in his inebriation, he had been severely litten. The wound was an envenomed one, and in spite of the skill of the doctor, he died after a week of awful suffering. His young wife, possessed of one of those sensitive and loving tempers which the least shock overwhelms, was not able to survive her husband. She pined in sorrow and dejection and died a few days after.”

We now regarded this little orphan with a new interest. His auburn hair fell in ringlets on his shoulders; but we perceived that it was not his mother’s hands that had curled them. One would have said, that sad care had already blanched his fine forehead. Alas! his sweet mother was not there to overwhelm him with a thousand kisses of the purest and most holy love, next to that of the Deity. His full eye, with an undefinable expression of sweetness

\* The above narrative, thrilling with interest, took place in the beautiful town of Three-Rivers.—*Translator’s Note.*

and melancholy, fixed on us an inquiring look, as if he would have said : " I am a poor helpless orphan ; my mamma, my sweet and good mamma, has deserted me, and I don't know why. They tell me she is dead. If you see her, tell her to come back. Say to her, that I still love her. The last time I saw her she was lying on some boards ; but how pale and gloomy she looked ! I called to her, but she did not answer me. I wanted to caress her, but she would not smile upon me ; she did not reach out her hands to me, as she used to do. Why does she not come back, to let me sleep upon her bosom ? I don't find her now to smile upon me when I wake, and hug me to her, I am abandoned ! My papa has left me also ! "

" Poor sweet orphan ! Sad victim of Intemperance. May God protect you ! " we muttered, as we left him : our heart, was big with grief, and our mouth gave utterance to expressions of denunciation against strong drinks, which make man a homicide, and is daily consigning defenceless infancy to abandonment in the streets. And we then inwardly addressed the Deity.

" Lord God, thou who hast promised to hear the prayer of those who call upon thee, grant to us in thy grace, that we may see the reign of Intemperance overthrown, for it is an awful evil, separating the husband from the wife, and destroying him : debasing man to the level of the brute ; it insidiously plunges a dagger in the heart of the young wife ; tears the mother from the embraces of her children ; tortures her soul with a thousand pangs, and renders that bitter to her, which God had made sweet, her husband, her family, and life. Grant, O Lord, that the infant may no longer be left unprotected and doomed to inheritance and opprobrium, by the destructive evil which hurries his sinful parents to an untimely grave, and permit, O God, that those among us who profess thy name may be imbued with a salutary horror of intemperance, that they may count it accursed, and lend their aid in suppressing it. "

Generous Christians, who for the love of Christ, and of your brethren, have ceased using strong drinks, bear in mind that you have two dangerous enemies to encounter, in your worthy efforts, in inducing others to take the total abstinence pledge. The one class will attack you immediately, and will tell you frankly that they love their liberty, their pleasure, and especially liquor ; that consequently they are fully decided never to adhere to your callings ; those are not the dangerous ones, for they are at least honest and frank. The second class is a great deal the worst ; and they are the persons whom you ought especially to fear, but before whom you ought never to draw back. They are numerous ; a great many among them have even inscribed their names, on the rolls of the Temperance Society, or at all events are aware of the necessity there is for them to join it, on account of their position, or of certain circumstances of which they are not masters ; these are the *Judahs* of the Society. They begin generally by giving you their applause. They tell you that they ad-

mire your zeal and success; but do not conceive, how ardent spirits are so apt to injure. "Beware, they continually repeat to you "for with all those exaggerations, you are doing more harm than good, to the Temperance Society."

But then, to prove that there is nothing fictitious in the evils, you attribute to distilled liquors, have recourse to the best argument: cite facts,—numerous and recent facts, and facts which have taken place before them, and even in their own families. Seeing their subtleties unmasked, they shut their ears with horror lest they should be convinced.

"Would it not be better," they say, "to bury all those trifles in forgetfulness: what right have you to publish facts which compromise us, indispose and disaffect people towards each other?"

Do not allow yourselves to be imposed upon by all those clamours. To inspire every one with the horror of liquors, cite all the facts which have come to your knowledge. Provided they have become a matter of *notoricty* in a locality, they belong to the public. Conceal the proper names, as much as possible; but *the public event* is your property: Providence has made it known to you in order to inspire you, as well as others, with a disgust and horror for strong drinks.

Nothing is more fatal than that system of secrecy, which, under the mantle of charity, hinders truth from being known, whilst giving it publicity it might be sufficient to stay the plague.

Oh! If the people of this northern country knew the numberless evils which liquors have caused among them: if correct calculations, made in each locality, were to show them how much money has been wasted, and tears shed, by means of strong drinks: if like us, they perceived the hideous scourge which disfigures them and tarnishes the brightness of their best virtues before God; if they perceived the canker which gnaws their vitals; they would be seized with awe, and would employ, with energy, all the means afforded them by Providence, for removing the evil before it becomes incurable.

We act like those men, who, perceiving a fire in the midst of a city, would prevent the alarm from being given. We behold the evil increasing, and not satisfied by our own silence, we desire to impose it upon others. Is not such silence a crime?

The fortress is as if it were surrounded; the enemy is at the gates. He forms, and increases his ranks—prepares new batteries; the breach is already open, and shall we remain without giving the alarm, and call every one to battle!!

The following is an extract of a letter dated November 23d, and addressed to us by one of the most distinguished and best informed Physicians of Quebec. "You could not conceive the progress that drunkenness has made throughout the community. There is one of the most deplorable re-action. It has not been signa-  
lized by no one, although, all are aware of, and afflicted by it."

"Last Sunday, two unfortunate individuals were again the victims of Intemperance. One of them died in a tavern. His

" death was so sudden that he has been deprived both of the help  
 " of medicine and religion. The other was picked up in the street  
 " and carried to a baker-house, where he expired a moment after,  
 " from a cerebral congestion, caused by inebriating drinks. A  
 " third drunkard fell yesterday into a well and was drowned.  
 " Those three unfortunate persons, having died in a state of intox-  
 " ication, were buried in a corner of the church yard. I am pro-  
 " foundly grieved in witnessing the daily and increasing disorders  
 " which the use of strong stimulants is causing among the people  
 " both of the city and country."

If we could only make known the half of the money expended  
 by the people of all classes and ranks in the city of Quebec and  
 of the *faubourj* St. Roch, and picture the numberless evils which  
 have been caused there, by the use of strong drinks, we should  
 scarcely be believed; the picture we should be forced to draw,  
 would be absolutely frightful. But our tears and sobs would  
 have arrested us, for we love the people of Quebec and St. Roch,  
 with all the strength of an intense affection. But is it only that  
 unfortunate people, already so often and so strangely visited by the  
 hand of God, which continues to outrage Him by plunging itself  
 more than ever in the vice of Intemperance! No! the new me-  
 tropolis of Canada; the great, rich and beautiful city of Montreal,  
 rivals its elder sister, and will soon surpass her by its brutal or-  
 gies, by the grovelling and disgusting drunkenness of a portion of its  
 inhabitants.

Let us listen to the solemn and patriotic warning of one of its  
 first Magistrates, the Honorable Judge Mondelet, in a Charge de-  
 livered before the Grand Jury at the last Term, in which we shall  
 be informed of what is going on at this moment in Montreal.

"When we consider that Education and Temperance are making  
 such progress, that there are few unimpressed with a firm belief in  
 the ultimate triumph of one and the other cause, we need not des-  
 pair of a thorough change in the condition of our society. But,  
 gentlemen, the sooner this is achieved, the better; for should apathy  
 be found where energy and activity are required, we shall not  
 merely tarry in our courses, but inevitably retrograde. It, there-  
 fore, becomes the bounden, the imperative duty, of every member  
 of the community, to aid in accomplishing a reform which is loudly  
 called for. The crying abuse which we allude to, is that springing  
 from the innumerable places of resort in this city, where people are  
 allowed to indulge in their propensities for the use of spirituous  
 liquors. The number of taverns, and especially of that sort which  
 hardly admits of a correct description, is very large; and the evil  
 resulting from their existence, is incalculable! To those dens of  
 immorality, of revelry, and debauchery, are to be traced the mid-  
 night disturbances, the allays, the tumults and frightful scenes,  
 which, for some time past, have been the theme of public animad-  
 version, of scandal, and a source of deep affliction. It is in those  
 low and disorderly houses, that are daily expended the fruits of  
 hard labour, the earnings destined for, and necessary to a virtuous

and industrious wife and mother, and to helpless children. *There* all feeling, all shame forsake men—he becomes lost to self-respect, he ends by being hardened to the misfortunes of others, in proportion as he is deaf to his own interest.

“ That crime and disorder are on the increase, no one can doubt ; that such a deplorable state of society should be made known, in order that a prompt, judicious and energetic remedy may be applied to the evil, every well-wisher of his country’s good, every honest and fore-seeing individual in this community will, at once, feel and acknowledge: temperance has gained ground, but, practically speaking, it has yet much to achieve. There is, however, no cause for gloomy apprehensions, if that cause continues to be ably advocated, as it has, of late, been. The press has not in vain, called forth its powers ; its influence has been felt, through the medium of education, without which temperance can never be perfectly efficient. Such has been the moral course, attended with a partial effect. But, Gentlemen, what of all that, if instead of being aided, assisted, and countenanced, the worthy advocates, the apostles of Temperance and Education, are to be opposed by ignorance, by wilful evil-doers, in a word, by means of physical and brutal force ? How can we expect virtue, sobriety, industry, and peace to prevail, if temptations are held out to the people to induce them to set on foot, and patronize houses of the worst kind, where all moral sense is lost ! Upon those who are instrumental in such nefarious doings, rests the responsibility, to those who have the energy to call upon the community to awake to the impending danger, would attach a greater responsibility, were they to remain silent. To you, Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, the proper organ, the representatives of the District, to you, may we, not in vain, appeal for a diligent inquiry into this most important subject. Many of you have been called away from distant parts of the country ; the influence, the baneful influence of the evil which has become so great in this city, may not be immediately felt in the localities where it is your good fortune to live ; but, impressed, as, no doubt, you are, with a Christian and philanthropic belief, that we are all bound to do good to our fellow-men, whatever their colour, origin, or creed may be, you will surely step forward like men, and speak out in such a way, that you may not be misunderstood. Besides, should immorality continue to increase in the city, sooner or later, its destructive effects will extend far and farther every day, until the land becomes overspread with vice and desolation.

The means we have briefly adverted to, are not the only ones which might be used to better our social condition.

What a prospect for our two great cities of Montreal and Quebec.

In the cities, then, as well as in the heart of our peaceful, moral districts, drunkenness is making fearful ravages. Every where there are public facts, and every where disasters of all kinds to tell us that drink is one of the greatest plagues of the country, and that it will soon become its mortal and incurable plague, if, as is so seasonably and eloquently expressed by the Honorable Judge Monde-

let, the Apostles of Temperance are not aided and sustained by the example of their fellow-men.

"You desire to know the bad effects of intoxicating drinks on the country in general," said the Most Revd. Grand Vicar, in a letter. "They are every where productive of evil, and no where of good. But I shall mention a circumstance which seems brought about by Providence, to open the eyes of the most blind to the evils which are the consequence of Intemperance. The principles of teetotalism had been inculcated, as you are aware, in this parish of —, but although the greater part of the inhabitants needed greatly to embrace its salutary rules, they treated the matter with disregard, and continued to drink, as was their custom. They needed some example, and God did not spare them; —, on a severe and terrible day. It is only a few days since — returned drunk to his home, and, unfortunately, it was not the first time he had so returned. His wife had addressed him some reproaches, but it was not in a suspicious moment. He replied to her as usual, only by imprecations and blows. So much so, that the poor woman would do no better than look to her own safety, and betake herself for concealment to a corner of the stable. The night was cold, for the earth was still covered with snow, and the north wind was blowing violently. Suffocated with her sobs and bathed in tears, this unfortunate woman must have felt the hours very long which she passed thus among the cattle, which were better to her than her own husband. At length, thinking that her cruel and merciless persecutor must be asleep, and that she might return to the house without a recurrence of ill-treatment, she leaves the stable. But, just Heaven! what a spectacle! Flames were issuing from every opening in the building.

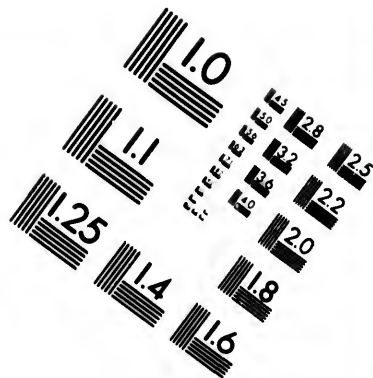
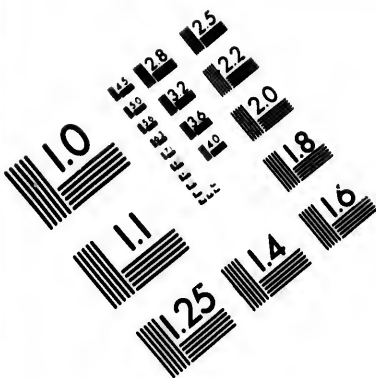
In a moment the neighbors are running from all sides to extinguish the fire. But it was too late. They were there only to be witnesses of the vengeance which God executes against the Intemperate. When the door was consumed, the wind, which was blowing furiously, rushed into the house and increased the conflagration. The flames and smoke, in different directions, permitted from time to time a sight of the body of the drunkard. He was extended on the heaps of burning coals, and seemed to swim in a sea of fire. One would have said that the flames, curling round their victim, took, as it were, a pleasure in wrapping him in his winding sheet.

The following morning, when all was extinguished, there was only to be found some blackened and calcined bones."

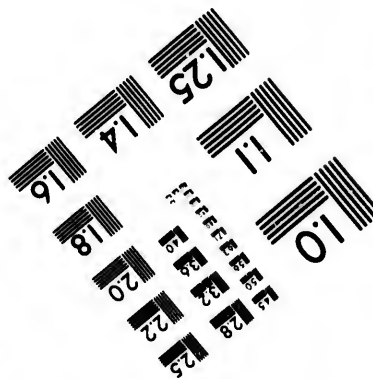
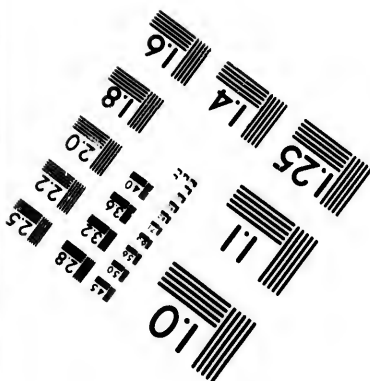
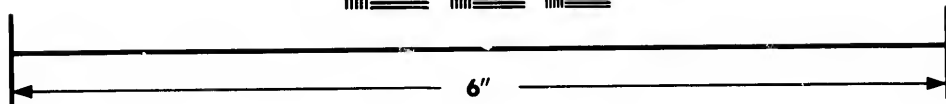
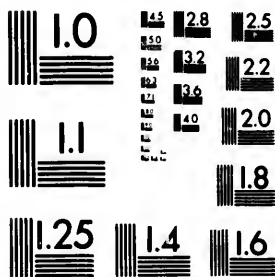
Traveller, when you shall pass through the village of —, not far from the place where the God of vengeance makes his abode, look to your left, and you will see the blackened remains of the house of the drunkard. And, if it is night, pause; make the sign of Christ's cross upon your forehead, and listen —; at first you will seem to hear a few faint sighs, — then stifled groanings; —







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and the earth, quaking under your feet, will seem ready to heave asunder.

And that your blood may not freeze in its course, by the near proximity of terror and death, make again on your forehead the sign of the cross of Christ. Listen—; and a plaintive voice will be heard issuing from the bowels of the earth,—and that voice will say, “Cursed drink! you have caused all my misfortunes—cursed drink! you have made me an undutiful son, an unkind father, a faithless husband, a bad citizen, an unprofitable Christian—cursed drink! you have spread mourning, desolation and reproach over my wife, my children. You have undone me! May that fatal cup be ever cursed on earth, as it is in Hell, which plunged me, in the midst of my drunkenness, at the feet of my terrible and Sovereign Judge ——!”

Traveller, if the mournfulness of these words makes your knees to tremble, your teeth to chatter in spite of you, and a cold sweat to trickle down from your forehead, descending to the very ground you are treading on; think of the angel whom God has given you as the companion of your pilgrimage. He has both the authority and the ability to defend you. Arm yourself for the third time with the sacred and all-powerful sign of the cross, for you have still a great lesson to receive. Listen.—It is not only one voice which you are going to hear, but your spirit will be affrighted with the confused din of a thousand voices. You will hear howlings, and something which seems like a terrific concert of blasphemies and maledictions.....

“Forever cursed be the drink which has made us undutiful sons, unkind fathers, faithless husbands, bad citizens, unprofitable Christians. Cursed in Heaven and earth, as it is in Hell, be the drink that has undone us!”

Succeeding this there will be an awful silence.

Traveller, retire promptly from this place of terror; for the angel of the wrath of God has passed over it with his fiery sword, to strike down the drunkard and make him disappear from the earth. And, on whichever side you turn, every where repeat what you have just heard:

“Cursed be the drink which converts man into an undutiful son, an unkind father, a faithless husband, a bad citizen, an unprofitable Christian. Cursed be the drink in Heaven and on earth, as it is in the depths of Hell!”

Canadians of all degrees and origin, rich citizens of the towns, and you who are the peaceable inhabitants of the rural parishes, we conjure you to be warned by the abyss which yawns before you!

You laugh, you sing, you celebrate expensive weddings: Liquors of all kinds inundate your tables; Europe hardly furnishes dresses sufficiently costly or fashions sufficiently elegant for your wives and daughters! But, do you not perceive how that the horizon before you is covered with sombre clouds, which are the sad but too certain harbingers of the storms which a near future is preparing for you!

Your joy, your incomprehensible security, is a source of tears to those who love you. And, to depict to you our sadness, we should need to use the words of the Prophets, bewailing the ruin and desolation of a faithless people. Do you not see written, every where, in letters of fire, the fearful *Mene, Tekel, Pharsin*?

*It is all numbered: you are weighed and found wanting.*

It was an invisible hand which traced these formidable sentences on the walls of the palace of Belshazzar at his last feast. And for you will be invisible and unknown, the hand that writes in characters of fire, upon your towns and country places, *Mene, Tekel, Pharsin. I have weighed, I have numbered your iniquities, your follies, your pride, your drunkenness.* As a punishment your goods are to be taken from you and to pass into the hands of strangers!

Yes, it is with a heart filled with inexpressible sorrow that we announce to you, that before many years, if there is not a prompt and universal change effected among you, you will be chased from your dwellings, and your descendants will remain only as servants and slaves. The goods which you employ in offending, will sooner or later, be taken off from you as a punishment.

People of Canada! the time for foolish rejoicings, for useless expense, for costly weddings and ruinous festivities, for luxury and drinking has passed away, or you are undone. The hour of toil, of industry, of religious and strict economy, of union and concord, of penitence and a sincere return to God, has sounded. Take care that you do not misunderstand what Providence is requiring of you at this important juncture.

Already is the axe uplifted which is to fall upon your heads. Already has commenced the work of your annihilation. The most noble and ancient of your families, the most wealthy and influential are every day rapidly disappearing. Count up how many illustrious names among you are wholly extinct within the short space of the last thirty years!

What has become of your ancient Seigneurs? How many are there among them whom the whip of the creditor has already chased, or will soon chase ignominiously from their manors, and whose children will be compelled to hide their shame in a foreign land?

For the gratification of your vanity and sensuality, for the payment of your beautiful cloths and silks, eye, and for their liquors, do you not bring daily to the merchants a part of the inheritance which was left to you by your fathers, and which you were commanded to preserve and increase for the benefit of your children?

Do you not see in the cities, and unfortunately already in some of our most beautiful country places, those immense distilleries set up? What is that thick, black smoke which escapes from them, and darkens every thing, even the rays of the sun?

That smoke, which rises up to Heaven, cries for vengeance against you.

That smoke! \* \* \* It is your substance; it is your children's bread; it is the inheritance of your fathers.

Yes, your blood, the sweat of your brow, your wealth, your religion, all will be swallowed up and lost at the counter of the merchant, the distillery, and the tavern.

And do not say, like some senseless persons, we feel happy in having these distilleries, for they purchase our grain and increase its value.

If you purchased neither beer, nor whiskey, you might indeed have some profit in getting a very high price at the distillery. But that supposition is impossible: for as soon as you will have, as we hope you will, the wisdom to drink only the water so pure and so good, which God in his mercy offers you every where, the distilleries would be ruined and fall. And the day appointed for their fall will be for you, for your family, and for your parish, a day of joy. It would then be proved to you that it is not the distillery which supports you, but rather you who support it, and enrich it by your Intemperance.

It would be better, for your own interest, if your grains were burnt on the field, instead of being consumed in the distillery. In the first case, at least, you would be exempt from the trouble of harvesting it.

"You say that if there were no distilleries, your grain would be sold at a much lower rate?"

Would it not be better to receive only two pence for a measure of grain which would be employed to good use, than two shillings which would be used to purchase beer and other liquors as noxious?

"A time will come, when Education and Temperance will heal the scourges of society with more efficiency than it could ever be done by our tribunals and prisons. It was the Honorable Judge Mondelet who uttered those words so full of hope, in the time to come, at the Court of Quarter Sessions in the month of October, 1844.

Those words have undoubtedly found a noble and powerful echo in all hearts imbued with Christianity. Those beautiful days are recalled and wished for by the whole community. But when will they return? those happy days when Education (we mean, with the Honble. Judge Mondelet, religious education,) and Temperance, will unite hand in hand and institute every where their peaceful reign? Those happy days will never return as long as we will leave the people in the belief that the distilleries are their friends; and that the best use of their crops is to carry them to their vaults or to their contagious granaries, so that they may rot and become changed into a deluge of fire.

We conjure our fellow-citizens, and particularly those of them to whom God, in calling them to direct the press, seems to have given commission, to enlighten and improve the people, to use the knowledge and the irresistible power they have on the public mind, to paralyze and stop the erection of those gigantic distilleries, the multiplicity of which should grieve the eye of the patriot as much as that of the moralist.

Let us tell the truth, and all the truth, to our people. Let us show them that if they wish to draw down the blessings of Heaven on their fields, it is not by having their grain changed into poison, in the distillery, that they will succeed. Let us show them that though, for the moment, they may appear to have increased their income, before many years they will be grievously convinced of their error: for, as the distillers multiply, the use of liquors will increase; a thousand new snares will be put in the way of the youth; a thousand new traps will be so well laid for them every where, which, sooner or later, will bring ruin on their persons and fortunes.

Let us repeat to the people every day, if necessary, this first principle of political economy, which is never to do any thing, though it may for the time appear advantageous, which tends to encourage vice and immorality. It would be much better to raise wheat, than any of those grains which distillers use. And, in any case where the ground can produce none but the latter, it would be better for the country in general, if they were made use of to fatten meat cattle for exportation, than to exchange them for liquors. Let us show them that the system of free-trade opens an unfailing market for their wheat. And that even though they should sell it at a low price, they have nothing to fear; for a man can never suffer while his granaries are full of wheat, if he slacks his thirst with the pure water of the fountain, if he can moderate his desires, and think himself and his family as respectably dressed with the fleece of his own sheep, as with the cloth of Europe, which, though fine, is expensive.

It is a well known fact, that nothing so soon brings ruin on a parish as the setting up of a distillery in it. The more it prospers, the more the parish will sink into poverty. This is too clear to require proof.

The distillery! It is the forge where the chains are prepared to bind your hands and feet to force you the more easily from your homes.

The distillery! It is the citadel from whence the devil hurls, without ceasing, his fiery darts, to consume your houses and fields, and to reduce them to ashes.

The distillery! ah! it is like a cloud of fire, which passing over your heads, and falling in a ruin of fire, as it did formerly in Sodom, will cover the land with ruin and tears.

The cholera, which swept away the tenth of you, and the fly which devoured your harvest these past years, have not done half as much harm as the distilleries will, if you have the misfortune to accustom yourselves and your children, to use the poison they prepare, no matter under what name.

We read in a Montreal French newspaper, of the 14th December, a long congratulatory article on the prosperity of distilleries. It was there said: "Four million gallons of whiskey have been distilled in the city of Montreal in 1846. It affirms that one of these establishments, alone, does not consume less than 1800 bushels of grain every day."

Truly it is incredible, that such a fact should be a matter of rejoicing, and should be announced to one's fellow-men, as an event of happy omen.

What! you admit that no manufacture is encouraged in Canada, that a pin or a button cannot be manufactured here, but that the cloth for our coats, and even the straw bonnets for the women, must be imported from England.

Only one branch of industry receives an incredible encouragement, and its immediate result is to cause torrents of tears to flow, and to carry rain, desolation, opprobrium and death into the hearts of thousands of families! and, strange it is, that you feel able to congratulate your fellow countrymen on it!

In a country which has been smitten, stroke after stroke, by all the scourges, pestilence, civil war, famine and such conflagrations as have struck the whole world with awe, do you know what causes the heart of some men to glow with joy! Hear the great news: *Montreal has furnished the country, this year, with four millions gallons of whiskey!!!*

Poor children, who, by thousands are in want of bread, clothes and fuel, because your parents are drunkards; oh! console yourselves.—Your parents will never be in want of whiskey: Montreal does not distil less than ten thousand nine hundred and four gallons every day.

Unfortunate women! the number of whom is daily and rapidly increasing, who have to endure the brutalities of a drunken husband; wipe away your tears. Four millions gallons of whiskey have been distilled in the City of Montreal alone; and it is hoped, seeing the progress of civilisation and the march of intellect, that this quantity will be doubled next year!

Fathers and mothers of families, whose children, by hundreds and thousands go daily to the tavern and to the house of refreshment, to forget the sentiments of probity and religion which they had imbibed at the paternal fire-side!—Console yourselves, and hope all things from the future; the distilleries are in the most prosperous state. To assist you in bringing back into the paths of honor and virtue, your numerous families, they distil for you at each hour of the day and night not less than four hundred and fifty-four gallons of whiskey, of the best quality, at a low price.

Canadians of all denominations! open your hearts to feelings of the most holy joy. The country is out of danger. Our dear Canada will soon be ranked among the greatest, strongest and most intelligent nations. A futurity of unbounded prosperity is opening before you; and if you have any doubts on the subject, come into the distilleries and see the prodigious quantity of whiskey they issue every day, and which carry every where peace, happiness and plenty!!!

With all due respect to the intention of the estimable writer, with whom we contend, we must say, that too much has been said of the amount of money which the distilleries circulate among the public, and the price given for grain, while not a word is said of the enormous sums taken from the people, yearly.



To hear our modern economists speak, one would think that Messrs. the distillers, after having paid a good price for the grain, give their beer and whiskey gratis.

Have these four millions gallons of whiskey, distilled last year, in Montreal, been exported? No, (with the exception of 3,074 gallons sent to England, within the last two years,) all has been drank, and consequently paid for, by our poor and unhappy people.

The traffic with the distillery is, in every respect, ruinous to the people; and to be convinced of this, we need but look at the following table, which is only the history of the trade, carried on between the people and the distillery, in figures.

January 1st, 1846.	
<i>Dr.</i>	THE DISTILLERY TO THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.
For Barley, Rye and Oats, received.....	1,000,000
December 30th, 1846.	
<i>Dr.</i>	THE CANADIAN PEOPLE TO THE DISTILLERY.
For Rum, Whiskey, Beer, &c., delivered.....	2,000,000
Balance against <i>the people</i> .....	1,000,000

Oh! May God give to our feeble voice the useful strength and authority, to enable us to make the truth penetrate every where, and we would say to our fellow countrymen: Guard against the distilleries, and those who extol their imaginary benefits.

The high price they give for your grain, is an illusion, and not a real advantage: for if a million of dollars have been put into your hands, as the price of your grain, in the autumn of 1845, means have been found in the course of the year, not only to make you bring back that sum to the distillery, but you have been induced to double it; and for a million of dollars that they appeared to give you, they have taken two millions from you.

But the price for all grain would be considerably reduced if there were no distilleries! And what of that! Instead of selling their grain for a million of dollars to distillers, the people would only get five hundred thousand from other traders. It is true; but we ask, would not five hundred thousand dollars, employed to sustain their institutions,—to pay for the sustaining of their schools,—to improve agriculture—to cultivate the now barren land, and settle their children in life, be of more benefit to the people than two millions spent in purchasing whiskey and beer, and in enriching Messrs. the distillers!

O! that the only evil done to the people by distilleries, were to deprive them of the bread they had gained by the sweat of their

brow, and bring ruin upon them—making them believe that they enrich them! But to the poverty and profound wretchedness to which they have daily reduced a great many, may be also added crimes of all kinds, desolation and death. A few lines above the article we quoted, we perused another in the same journal.

“Tuesday morning, 22nd, it was recorded, a woman from St. Elizabeth street, was found dead in her bed. The preceding night she had gone to bed under the influence of strong *drinks!*”

“The third December, a man was found dead in a field, on a very cold day, in a complete state of nakedness. He had been long before, addicted to the baneful habit of drinking. It appears that his mind being injured by liquor, he had stripped himself of his clothes, and was frozen to death.”

And while we were writing the foregoing lines, not far from our dwelling house, a Scotchman was picked up, weltering in his own blood. Delirious with liquor, he had committed suicide.

Fellow Countrymen and Christians! such are the benefits arising from distilleries; with the poisons they give you, they enfeeble your intellect, demoralize, and lead you to the grave, and for that you give them annually two millions of dollars!

As we were crossing one day in the Longueuil ferry-boat, on our way to Montreal, we noticed three richly loaded carriages, one of which belonged to an Irishman of the Townships, who told us that he had emigrated to Canada only four years before, informing us, at the same time, that before leaving his dear Ireland, he had taken the total abstinence pledge, like the rest of his fellow countrymen. The two other carriages, which called our attention, belonged to two Canadians.

On returning in the afternoon, to the country, we felt a little surprised in falling in with the three same individuals, we had noticed on that morning. But how sorry we felt on perceiving that one only amongst them had made a good use of his time and money! It was the worthy Irishman. He was perfectly sober, and looked with an eye of complacency at the different things he had bought for the support of his family.

They consisted of meal, leather, and school books. His face expanded with the most lively joy; he seemed to think of the tender embraces of his wife, at his return home; of the sweet caresses of his darling little children, who would not fail, on perceiving him at a distance, to run towards him and rejoice at his happy arrival. One would have said that his heart returned thanks to the Almighty, which the angels seemed to carry to Heaven. And the two Canadians! We say it with sorrow and regret, each one of them had a barrel of ardent spirits in his carriage! We beheld one of them in a state of stupidity and complete intoxication, stretched near his barrel, and he was the laughing stock of all the numerous passengers who were on board the vessel. He uttered constantly silly things and blasphemies. The other, although not so much under the effect of stimulants, was, however, in a deplorable state.

And lest some of our readers should be inclined to treat their brethren of French origin with contempt, we shall subjoin to this English edition of "The Temperance Manual," the following statistics, which we owe to the politeness of Mr. Wily, Chief of the Police of Montreal, to which we beg leave to add a few reflections.

In casting a glance over this frightful picture, every good citizen will have to blush at the disorderly habits of his fellow-countrymen. And instead, then, of accusing each other, every moral man of Canada, be his origin or religious creed what it may, if he have the principles of a man and of a Christian, must assist his fellow-men in the overthrow of the common enemy.

NATIVE COUNTRIES of offenders for the months of July and December, 1846 :

Months.	Irish.		F. Canad'ns.		English.		Scotch.		Americans.	
	Mls.	Fls.	Mls.	Fls.	Mls.	Fls.	Mls.	Fls.	Mls.	Fls.
July,.....	168	45	99	19	32	8	25	5		
December,.	86	46	65	15	25	7	19	2		
Total,....	254	91	164	35	57	15	44			

Population.	Irish.	F. Canad'ns.	English.	Scotch.	Americans.
Total,.....	9595	19041	3161	2712	701

We bless God with all our hearts, for the wonderful change that Temperance has wrought within a few years, especially amongst Irishmen. Nevertheless, the above picture is a painful proof of the pernicious effects of intoxicating liquors among them. Does it not make the heart shudder to have to record, that in the short space of two months 345 persons of Irish origin, 91 of whom are females, have been dragged to the jail of this city, for crimes committed in a state of inebriety. We recently perused a work from the pen of the Rev. James Bermingham, bearing the title of "A Memoir of the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew." This work has received the full approbation of the most respectable citizens of Ireland. In the preface, we find the following lines:—

"In truth, not only were our countrymen remarkable for the intemperate use of intoxicating liquors, but Intemperance had already entered into and formed a part of the national character. An Irishman and a drunkard had become synonymous terms. Whenever he was to be introduced in character, either on the theatre or the pages of the novelist, he should be represented habited in rags, bleeding at the nose, and waving a shillelah. Whiskey was everywhere regarded as our idol; our friends were ashamed

of us ; our enemies sneered at us ; and a frequent, if not a strictly, just argument set up against our claims for liberty, was, that a people so enslaved to a base and demoralizing habit, could not be entrusted with civil rights and privileges.

“Every day the evil was increasing, and with it our weakness and dishonor. Still the Irish had redeeming virtues: they were brave, generous, hospitable ; they had other virtues, too, for which they suffered.”

Sons of Erin ! If we have exhibited before you the sorrowful picture of your former degradation, it is not because we feel a pleasure in humbling you by alluding to your past errors. No. Our sincere and only desire is to cheer you in the course which you have proved to the world you are determined to follow, in order to obliterate the dark days of your history. God is our witness that we love and admire Irishmen. And who can read of your martyrdom, your fidelity to the faith of your forefathers, without experiencing towards you feelings of admiration and love.

If in the present state of things you are unable to find shelter in your own country ; if you have exchanged the green meadows of Ireland for the frozen region of Canada ; if you have bid a last farewell to the friends of your infancy, abandoning an affectionate mother, a father, whose only supporter you were in his old age, to lead the life of an exile in the vast plains of America, is it not, we ask you, on account of your faithful attachment to your religion, which you prefer to all the joys and contents of this world ? How many times have I been struck with admiration in viewing one of those noble sons of St. Patrick ? The rags that covered his body seemed to me more precious and beautiful than all the gold and money of this world. I thought I beheld one of those ancient soldiers of Christ who returned in triumph from the Roman arena. He had been severely wounded by wild animals ; they had torn in pieces his vestments, but a powerful hand had, on a sudden, appeased their fury. Their natural ferocity had disappeared. The ferocious lion, the unconquerable tiger, had lain down as peaceable as lambs at the feet of the martyr, and licked his wounds.

Generous Irishman ! how many times have I bowed with respect at the deep scars that three centuries of martyrdom have impressed upon your forehead. But, then, why did my soul become possessed with gloomy thoughts ? It is because from many tribunals, police station houses, and from many taverns, a voice is heard against you. Yes, and it gave me to understand that thousands of Irishmen are no more worthy of bearing that name. They had become the degenerate children of a nation of heroes ; the love of liquor had obliterated the laurels won in a holy war. The evil spirit of drunkenness, after having deprived them of the glory acquired by their unconquerable faith, had dragged them into the most infamous places, had ranked them with men destitute of principles of honor and religion, which had, at last, made them the ridicule of all sensible people.

Men of Ireland! we entreat you, in the name of the land of your birth; of your ancestors, religion, and all that is dear to you, put an end to those pernicious habits. Cease to grieve those who love you. Cease to gratify those who despise you on account of your past degradation; and to that end receive all of you, with gratitude, the grace which the God of Mercy offers to you through the means of the Very Rev. T. Mathew. Enroll yourselves under the peaceful standard of Temperance, and respect the total abstinence pledge you have taken at the hands of His worthy apostle. Touch and handle no more the impure glass of the tavern. Take a last farewell to those houses of debauchery, where rum-sellers, for the sake of a few pence, will lead you astray from the true path of virtue. Let us no more see in future, as formerly, the name of an Irishman appended to the sign-post of an inn: may such sign-post denote henceforth the infamy of the houses, if it signifies rum-seller; and if an Irishman become the tempter of his brethren, in offering them liquor, shun him as a personal enemy, as a venomous snake. Bear always in mind, wherever Providence may direct your steps, the memorable words of the Rev. Mr. Bermingham, which I have already cited to you: "Providence," says he, "was pleased to regard their sufferings; to look down with pity on their faults, and complacency on their virtues. A mighty change has come over the land; the night of Ireland's degradation is past; the foul vapours are scattered which obscured our best prospects; bright, and peaceful, and happy days, are opening upon us."

And you, worthy sons of Albion! whose glory it is, to belong to one of the most powerful and enlightened nations of the world, behold the fearful degradation wrought by the sin of Intemperance, in the souls of a large number of your fellow-countrymen. Seventy-two in the space of two months, being at the rate of more than four hundred annually amongst you, men and women, lower themselves below the level of the brute. Do you hear? Four hundred Englishmen are annually, in Montreal, declared unworthy to live with men sharing true principles of honor, and to inhale the pure air of liberty. Liquor, (for to liquor only can be attributed the most of their imprisonments,) has deprived them of the most generous sentiments which christianity had taught them.

We are then to believe English writers who tell us that England, this noble and powerful Queen of the seas, nourishes in her own land six hundred thousand drunkards. Six hundred thousand Englishmen are annually reduced to the last state of degradation. And we are told that among such an overwhelming number, not less than sixty thousand die as they have lived! Just Heaven! What lives! What deaths! How many tears, and what mourning, liquor has caused in England as well as in Canada! Numerous are the unfortunate children and women who, there as well as here, mutter a curse against that baneful fiend.

Englishmen ! ye who have adopted Canada for your home, we beseech you, arm yourselves with all the strength and power that your national honor and religious feelings may give you, to help your brethren of French origin to banish from this country the common enemy, "Intemperance." Remember that such an object can be achieved only by adopting the rules of the Total Abstinence Association.

"THOUGH BRITANNIA RULES THE SEA."\*

Though Britannia rules the sea,  
Though her sons are called the free,  
Thousands live in slavery,  
And wear a drunkard's chain.

Sober drinkers, think awhile,  
Cease your proud, self-righteous smile,  
Your ranks produce the drunkard's pile;  
Then never taste again.

Sons of woe! on you we call,  
Friendless, hopeless victims, all,  
Slaves to dissipation's thrall,  
Your liberty regain.

By the most endearing ties,  
By your famished children's cries,  
By your wives' heart-rending sighs,  
We charge you to abstain.

Dash the poisoned cup aside!  
Now, to sign our pledge decide,  
In Almighty strength confide,  
And never taste again.

May the following narrative of an event which took place in an English family, inspire you with horror for strong drink :

"I was at that time discharging my pastoral duties at — ; I had been paying a visit to a sick person, when, on returning, I found, sitting on the door steps of my house, a young girl of about 15 or 16 years of age. Although familiar, by the duties attached to my ministry, with human misery and poverty, I was struck by her melancholy and pallid features. The garments which she wore, were a forcible evidence of her wretchedness. Tears were seen trickling down her pallid cheeks. This young person's amiableness, accent and language, gave me to believe that she must have experienced better days. She advanced with timidity towards me, holding in her hands an object enveloped in a very clean cloth. "Reverend Sir," said she, in a trembling voice, "my mother sends you her best compliments, "and would be desirous to know if you could purchase this "engraving."

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\* The above beautifully written verses, are extracted from the Temperance Minstrel.—TRANS: NOTE.

"My good miss," I replied, "this picture is truly beautiful, and I would feel most happy, if I could buy it. Be sure, rounded as I am by so many poor, it is impossible for me to give a single farthing for such an object. The pleasure I would feel in purchasing it, would be too dearly paid for, on thinking that it would be so much taken from the poor, who have so much to suffer during this cold season of the year (it was in the winter of 1838). Although I have not the honor of knowing your mother, give her my best thanks and respects."

But I had hardly pronounced those words, when a piercing cry was heard, which made my blood run cold in my veins.

"Oh! dear man, what will become of you!" It was all she could say. Her voice became oppressed by her weeping. She had sunk down on a bench, her face being concealed between her hands, which she overflowed by her tears.

I felt something painful within me, and which it would be impossible to depict. I foresaw that God would reveal to me, one of those profound evils concealed from the eyes of the world, but whose sudden and unexpected appearances which so often breaks the Priests' hearts, who oftentimes are the only witnesses of such sufferings. And I was praying inwardly in order that the Lord might give me the oil and balm I needed.

I took the picture, regretting not having sooner purchased it, and which I was now ready to pay for, with its weight of gold. On looking at it, I perused on the back, written in capital letters, the name of William ———, Esquire, Seigneur of ———.

The unfortunate girl standing before me, and whose mother was undoubtedly dying at that moment of cold and hunger, was accordingly the daughter of William ———, of English origin! Ten years previous, I had received hospitality at her father's house. He was at that time the rich proprietor of a valuable Seignory; his father had, besides, left him after his death, four thousand pounds in specie; but he was a frantic inebriate, and in the space of eighteen years, he had spent and drank with his friends all he possessed.

Since this occurred, we are told, that this amiable young lady has retired, with her unfortunate family, into a corner of the City of ———, where their past prosperity is unknown, and where she has more than once washed the floor of her neighbours, to sustain her poor mother.

We will now in conclusion address a few words to the natives of Scotland who have emigrated to Canada. We earnestly desire them to cast a glance over the picture above mentioned. They will perceive, that in the short space of two months, fifty-one of their country people, composed of both men and women, have been thrown into the Montreal jail; and for the most part being brought there for crimes committed in a state of drunkenness.

Yes, Scotch people, whom History represents as so great on the battle-field, and whose history has been illustrated by numberless acts of the purest heroism, they also behold their laurels lost by drinking. They are then, as much, if not more, galled by drunkenness, as other people, and they have their interest too much at heart not to help us in putting the common enemy to flight.

The following memorandum, for which we are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Jessopp, from the Custom House of Quebec, is well calculated, as we are led to believe, to make known to us the necessity there might be for a speedy and noble reform.

MEMORANDUM of strong drinks imported into Montreal and Quebec, and the quantity manufactured in Canada, during the years 1839, 1840, 1841.

Years.	Imported to Montreal.	Distilled in Canada.	Imported to Quebec.	Total.
	Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.	Gallons.
1839	350,523	440,000	272,661	1,073,184
1840	291,338	330,000	242,766	870,104
1841	443,479	110,000	136,887	470,366
				2,425,656

Custom House Office,  
Quebec, October 21, 1841.

Signed, H. JESSOPP,  
Collector.

These statistics are an evidence of the considerable and very consoling diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits in this country, during the years 1840 and 1841. This happy result was ascribed to the efforts made every where to institute at that period Temperance Societies. But, unfortunately, since 1843 the following statistics, on the authenticity of which we can rely, show a frightful and speedy augmentation in the importation, as well as in the distillation, of ardent spirits.

Statistics of strong drinks imported and distilled in Canada.

	In 1843.	In 1844.	In 1845.	Total.
Imported—Gallons.....	401,128	867,893	588,893	1,858,493
Distilled in Canada.....	800,000	1,500,000	2,500,000	4,800,000

We see that six millions six hundred and fifty-eight thousand four hundred and ninety-three gallons of spirituous liquors are consumed in Canada in the short space of three years!

On the supposition that each gallon of those spirituous liquors is valued at the rate of a dollar, (and it is certain that it is worth more) it amounts to the sum of six millions six hundred and



fifty-eight thousand four hundred and ninety-three dollars spent by the people of this Country in the space of three years for that sole object. Consequently during the space of twenty years, it has reached the amount of twenty millions of dollars spent in Canada for liquor !!!

Twenty millions dollars spent to attain an object which has not contributed to the happiness of a single family—which has not inspired one individual with a good thought,—an action honorable to its author,—useful to the country—glorious to God! Without mentioning the blasphemies, discords, disorders of all kinds, theft and murders, of which liquor has been the baneful source among us for twenty years, are not the heavy expenses incurred in order to avail ourselves of the pleasure of liquor, a frightful crime of which our unfortunate Country is guilty? If there are crimes for nations as well as for individuals, most assuredly this must be one. If that sum had been thrown into the sea we would certainly have committed a gross fault; but is not our crime a great deal worse for having employed such a prodigious quantity of money to obtain a thing which has made us commit numberless crimes, without producing one single virtue; which has caused the eternal ruin of myriads of unfortunate people, without having ever contributed to the salvation of one, which has reduced to extreme misery thousands of families; and which has shortened the life of a host of individuals, without having superadded a day to the existence of a single person!

Our principal citizens would deserve to be cursed by God and man, if they were unanimously to deprive, every twenty years, their children of twenty millions of dollars, and cast it to the bottom of the sea? Would not such an action be as criminal as it would be extravagant! And are we less guilty, less senseless, we who for twenty years have taken from the hands of our children that large sum, not to throw it to the bottom of the sea, where it would have injured no one, but to purchase that which destroys all the shining qualities of man.

What good should we have not done, if we had only known how to economize such a sum. How many young men would have been able to settle in life: Forests yet in their natural and savage states, would have been transformed in twenty years into fertile fields, and covered with harvests, with twenty millions of dollars! How many pieces of land, inhabited till now by bears and wolves, would be covered by growing families, who would be the support, the strength of the Country—the honor and hope of religion!

Education is still neglected in many localities. When one tells the people to send their children to school, he receives for an answer: "We cannot afford it." True it is, for when a poor people has spent twenty millions of dollars to pay rum-sellers, they certainly cannot afford the means to sustain schools. But can such a state of things subsist long? Can we in honor and conscience squander away to get a useless thing, often hurtful,

always dangerous, the wealth which God has given us in his mercy.

Are we not like the prodigal child, who after having foolishly spent the wealth which had been given him by the best of fathers, found himself reduced to extreme wretchedness and ended by seeking after the nourishment of the vilest animals. The people of this country have nearly reached that degree of misery. After having foolishly spent twenty millions of dollars, they have been reduced, in different places, to such a degree of poverty that in order to sustain themselves, they have had recourse to the oats given formerly to the animals. It is a fact that cannot be denied, and in regard to which it is impossible not to see the visible punishment of God. But he chastises us only to make us follow a better path; and that is the reason why Divine Providence offers, us through the means of the Temperance Society, prompt and infallible means to put an end to the evils which liquors have done us.

A few easy calculations will help us to understand the advantages that would inevitably arise in the country, in regard only to an economical point of view, by the institution of the Temperance Society. Let us suppose that the hundred thousand members of this Society were in the habit of spending daily, a copper for rum, before they would join that regenerating Society, they would then spend yearly, the sum of three hundred and fourteen thousand two hundred and eighty dollars, which they spare at this moment! If the Temperance Society were to be considered only in the economical point of view, would it not be sufficient for every true Christian who entertains friendly feelings towards his native or adopted country, to become a zealous member of that Society?

It is often asked, in a *satirical* way, if it is a great crime to take a glass of liquor from time to time, or in the company of friends. To this we reply: there is, in the first place, the sin of drinking for sensual indulgence, which is committed nearly always, or at least, more or less, by the tippler, knowing that intoxicating liquors are not fit to preserve his health, nor to sustain his body, and who drinks them only because he likes them; the second sin committed, which is found, if not always at least very often, in the use (even in the moderate use) of strong drink, is the useless expense. For instance, a man who could drink every day only three coppers worth of liquor (which would not be quite two glasses) would certainly not be guilty of the sin of drunkenness, such a little quantity being unable to intoxicate him. Nevertheless he would spend every year nine dollars and sevenpence half-penny for that liquor. Now, we do not fear to say, that such an expense is excessive and criminal, among the most of our farmers, for reasons that we shall explain hereafter. Thus a man might not sin seriously in the first point of view, that is, for excess of drinking, but still would be guilty in another view for drinking his two

or three glasses a day. It would not be so, if God had allowed every one to do whatever he pleased with his wealth; but such is not the case; and, on the great accounting day, we shall have to give an account of a copper badly employed, as well as a useless word.

The majority of our country farmers are in debt; they are, or at least consider themselves to be, incapable of sending their children to school; they cannot encourage a multitude of good actions, which would be wrought every day with some help; they cannot afford the means to settle their children in life, or if they do, it is only after having given a part of their patrimony to rum-sellers. We are not exaggerating in saying that each of the farmers and English settlers of this country (we only allude to the most sober) has annually spent between fifteen and twenty dollars for liquor, which would amount to the sum of three hundred and sixty dollars taken from each one's purse in twenty years; that is to say, more than would be requisite for a young man who is the least industrious to begin for himself. The result is, that in twenty years fifty thousand at least of our youth, belonging to different ranks, have been unable to have an establishment in life, and remained in misery, because their parents have spent their patrimony at the tavern! And if to that, one adds the other expenses caused by liquor, such as visits, useless journeys, time lost, sickness, repasts, festivals, &c. &c.

Nothing is more certain than that the use of strong drink will stand high in the scale of iniquities of many fathers of families, even of those who have never been intoxicated.

There are two parishes where Temperance Societies of the second order have been instituted, and we were informed by their pastors that there were scarcely any drunkards among their parishioners; that is to say, that they observed what our farmers call the partial Temperance (*petite Temperance*), which is, indeed, easy enough to observe. Now, in one of those parishes which hardly numbers 1,000 communicants, there were consumed in 1843, 840 gallons of rum, at 2s. 6d. per gallon; 988 gallons of whiskey, at 2s. 7d.; and 60 gallons of brandy at 7s. 6d., by which we perceive that those farmers, who styled and believed themselves temperate, consumed 1,888 gallons of ardent spirits, and that they were obliged to give more than a thousand dollars to pay for that quantity, during a year in which a part of the grain was frozen, and another part remained under the snow, without mentioning the failure of the potatoe crop, caused by untimely frosts. The very same year the same parish could hardly sustain two schools.\*

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\* Since that has taken place, it is with pleasure that we have to record that one of those two parishes has marshalled itself under the banners of the Temperance Society. And in order to strengthen the laudable resolutions of their co-parishioners, the most influential merchants have taken a solemn and public oath to abandon the traffic of intoxicating drinks. A wonderful change has already been the result of this movement. School-houses have been built: sixty-six pounds have been collected for the propagation of the faith, and they are now laying the foundations of a beautiful church.

The other parish numbers about eighteen hundred communicants; nearly all its inhabitants belong to the partial Temperance Society, and we regret to say that they have spent eighteen hundred and ninety dollars for strong drinks during the year 1843.

The respectable merchants to whom we feel indebted for those details, and who have had themselves sold those liquors, grieve to perceive the want of wisdom of their co-parishoners, to give so much money in the midst of public misery, to get a thing so perfectly useless, and even fruitful in evils of all kinds.

Those two parishes together (they are separated only by a short distance) have, consequently, spent in one year, the enormous sum of two thousand eight hundred dollars for ardent spirits, so that if they had continued to cling to their Temperance Society of pretended moderation, they would have spent, in twenty years, the enormous sum of fifty-seven thousand six hundred dollars.

"These calculations are well fitted to teach us that if the Temperance Society of the second order is not fitted," as remarked the Very Rev. Pastor of Quebec, at a public meeting, "to reform public morals, and make drunkenness disappear, neither is it proper to check another crime, perhaps not less dreadful, we mean the bad use of the wealth which we inherit from God." For who would dare say that each of our parishes has the right to spend, for a dangerous and useless thing, in all respects, (in the most part of the circumstances in which they are used,) the enormous sums cited above? Now, we can say that nearly all the parishes and townships of this Province, with the exception of those where the Total Abstinence Society is generally instituted, are incurring as much, and more expenses for liquor, than those cited already. After that, shall we be charged with being extravagant and fallacious in our principles, if we maintain that the heads of families, who expend such sums of money, have not the right to do so; that they rob their children in a cruel and senseless manner, whose estate they diminish and ruin, and to whom they will leave only examples of a foolish prodigality, of which they will have to render a severe account to God?

Shall we be blamed for telling to our fellow-countrymen that God has given them property for a noble use? That religion and reason unite to warn us that it is time to cease those foolish expenses? Shall we be condemned for imploring our fellow-countrymen to employ the little left them by Providence to educate their children—to provide for the comfort of their families—to provide the poor with nourishment and clothes—to sustain their institutions, and finally, to make use of what they have for the welfare of their country, and the glory of God?

For the love of his country, let, then, every member of the Temperance Society show himself zealous and courageous to destroy around him and banish from the parish to which he

belongs, all kinds of strong drinks, and to accomplish that object, let him induce every sensible and generous man of his district to enroll himself under the peaceful banner of the Temperance Society, to whom a small sacrifice will not cost much, when he is called to chase from the land one of the greatest curses which Heaven, in its anger, has permitted to visit us.

Yes, by considering things in their true point of view, and weighing them as they ought to be, we can say that one of the greatest curses with which God in his just wrath has visited us, has been to allow the introduction among us of the use of strong stimulants.

Enter into the prison, and put questions to the numerous victims it contains; most of them will tell you that the first step towards the abyss into which they have fallen was taken by the use of strong drinks.

Most of the robbers will tell you that liquor alone is the cause of the thefts they have committed, and that without the boldness which liquor gives, they would have been incapable of committing the crimes of which they are guilty. Penetrate into those dark and damp prisons, and if you encounter a monster who has imbrued his hands in the blood of his father, and who, in a few days, will expiate his crime by an ignominious death, ask him how he could have taken upon himself to commit such a wilful murder, and he will answer you, that it would never have happened to him, if he had not been addicted to drinking; that it was under the hellish influence of strong drinks he became a murderer. Every one remembers the gloomy history of those two young men, who, not long since, met after a long absence. They had been companions in childhood. They had travelled each on his way, and had not seen each other for many years; great then were their joy in meeting. They cordially shook hands. But they were at the door of a tavern: they enter to drink liquors, and celebrate in a worthy manner the festival; each one shows his politeness, and receives the like from his friend; the joy increases, the glasses are speedily emptied, and they were soon both intoxicated. Their conversation enlivens, a dispute arises between them, during which they get angry, and insult each other without mercy; the more drunk of the two falls down, the other one strikes him with his foot on the side of the head, and kills him.

Shocking tragedy! Another of those dreadful occurrences, at the very mention of which the blood runs cold, arising from the use of intoxicating liquors, has taken place lately. The unfortunate victim to the fury of a man, mad with drink, was a woman, named Jane Boland. It appears that she was confined on the previous Tuesday of a dead child; and a witness swore that she confessed that her husband, when in a state of intoxication, on Sunday, came into the room, where she was lying, and struck her with a stick several times across the body. The Coroner's Jury returned the following verdict: "Death produced by blows inflicted by her husband, while in a state of intoxication."

Mr. James McLaren, guardian of the Prison at Quebec, presented us in 1840, with statistics of persons imprisoned during the first nine months of that year. Of 1400 imprisonments, more than 1140 had been caused by liquor. The latter part of that gentleman's letter was expressed in these remarkable words: "If the Temperance Society was instituted throughout Canada, we should hardly need the use of jails."

If one is desirous to have an idea of the numberless evils done to society by liquor, he may glance at the two following statistics of imprisonments which took place at Montreal in 1845 and 1846, in which those caused by liquor have been made authentic:—

Months.	Number of Imprisonments.	Caused by Intemperance.	Unknown.
1845.—January.....	356	158	198
February.....	264	123	141
March.....	273	183	190
April.....	347	203	144
May.....	345	400	145
June.....	550	352	198
July.....	600	371	229
August.....	482	226	156
September.....	451	305	146
October.....	496	314	182
November.....	417	271	146
December.....	369	205	191
Total.....	5,277	3,311	2,076

ARRESTS made by the Police of the City of Montreal, from the 1st January to the 30th of November, 1846, arising from drunkenness.

Months.	Picked up drunk in the streets.			Scandalizing and dis- turbng the peace, in their intoxication.			Total.
	Men.	Women.	Children.	Men.	Women.	Children.	
1846.—January.....	81	38	...	50	18	...	197
February.....	75	35	4	49	11	1	175
March.....	79	35	...	64	16	...	204
April.....	105	32	...	67	15	..	219
May.....	128	25	1	75	16	1	246
June.....	162	22	1	85	19	...	280
July.....	118	22	...	86	11	1	238
August.....	137	23	2	80	12	...	265
September...	127	26	2	95	10	...	260
October.....	146	20	3	69	12	...	250
November...	114	27	...	62	15	...	218
Total.....	1273	315	13	792	146	3	2542

Montreal, Dec. 22, 1846.

J. WILY,  
Chief Police Officer.

Immorality increases in a frightful manner, in proportion not only to the increase of the population, but also to the augmentation of the use of liquors.

We have extracted the following fact from a Medical Journal published in Montreal, and edited by A. Hall, Esq., M. D., and R. L. McDonell, Esq., M. D., No. 2, Vol. II, which affords us a new and painful truth.

Population of the District of Montreal in 1831,...277,637  
 " " " 1844,...370,342

	In 1827	In 1830	In 1831	In 1832	In 1833	In 1839	In 1840	In 1841	In 1842	In 1843
Indictments .....	137	121	179	183	379	419	697	317	346	243

The first five years of this picture presents a total of 1099 persons against whom the Grand Jury found bills of indictment, and the last five, 2,151. The result of these researches proves, then, that while the population at that period has increased in the proportion of 33 per cent, the public crimes have increased in the dreadful proportion of 100 per cent. And no one doubts that this incomparable and rapid demoralization is owing to the use of strong drinks.

But the following contains things more painful than all that has been said heretofore.

What divine or faithful Christian, of whatever rank, could read the following lines, without giving vent to bitter sorrows, without his soul being filled, not only with the most profound disgust, but also with horror and implacable hatred against strong drinks! Oh! what is then the strange power of those liquors, since they seem to defy him, even in his most merciful goodness!

The following is an extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Bolduc, a young and courageous missionary at Colombia, addressed to one of his friends:

" I apprehend a most deplorable future, so that on hearing last Sunday, Rev. ———, give a sermon, on that subject, I felt discouraged and formed the plan of returning to Canada, in a few years, if things did not take another aspect, in order not to witness the evils which will befall our colony. You will inquire of me, I presume, my motives for suddenly abandoning the cheering hope I had conceived. Hear it in one word: Liquor! yes, this poisonous beverage, which is manufactured here, will create more evils than the devil ever created, since there were white men in this country, and this in less than two years. Our warnings and threatenings of the wrath of Heaven are useless.

" The disorder increases rapidly. Aged travellers, who from their infancy, have been addicted to liquor, and who have been deprived of it for many years, are now so fond of it, that

“ a great many amongst them, I dare say, would sell their wives  
“ and children to get a glass of liquor.”

If all of us ought to detest liquors in proportion to the evil they have done us, what limits shall I put to our hatred against them? On beholding the public and private calamities, and crimes of all kinds which they have engendered wherever they have been used, to what should I not be urged, if not to thoughts of complete annihilation and destruction of these spirituous liquors! Had they produced some good to our Country, it would still be necessary to destroy them, on account of the immense disproportion which is found between the evil and good they produce. But besides the numberless evils they engender, they are entirely fruitless of good. It is consequently total abstinence, such as preached by Father Matthew, that we must advocate, and teach by word and example. The most zealous advocates of moderate drinking cannot refrain from saying, that a man who avoids drinking spirituous liquors runs no risk of being ensnared by them, whilst they are forced to admit that whoever tastes them can love them, and plainly runs the risk of becoming a drunkard. Now, according to the warning of the Holy Spirit: *He that loveth danger shall perish in it.* Eccl. chap. 11, v. 27. If I see ten persons, who drink moderately, of those inebriating drinks, I can say, without committing exaggeration, that many amongst them being fond of danger shall perish.

It is impossible at this moment to advocate other principles than total abstinence. Father Matthew, in a letter we had the honor to receive from him, has stigmatized forever the Societies of the second order, saying that, “ I have never administered “ the moderation pledge, and I abhor it as leading to Intemperance.”

Since the publication of the first edition of the Manual, most of our contemporaries who advocate the Temperance cause, with the most enlightened friends of that work, have fully recognized that truth. What do we fear in abstaining totally from strong drinks, and in soliciting others to abandon them for the love of Christ! Let no one say: “The sacrifice demanded is too great and painful. The people are not called upon to practise the most heroic virtue; this Total Abstinence from strong drink, like continency, can only be proposed to a small number.” There is most assuredly no analogy between advocating Total Abstinence, from a poisonous beverage, and the preaching of perfect chastity. He who would endeavour to bring every one to the practice of this heroic virtue, would be a senseless person; and if he had sufficient power as an orator to lead every person into that path, it would be prudent to put an end to his doings. He would try to subject every one to a law, which God desires only to be followed by a small number.

“It would cause calamities and frightful crimes to spread over the land. What a special grace does not a person require to



be perfectly chaste! In order that this virtue, which raises man to an equality with the angel, may be practised in its perfection, it requires a continual miracle from the Almighty. The frail heart of man, when surrounded by all the seductions of the world, would soon lose its brightness, if deprived of the constant help of God."

But, does it require, we ask, an extraordinary and privileged grace, for a man to abstain, all his lifetime, from drinking ardent spirits? which do him no good, and which sooner or later may cause desolation and ruin to spring up in his family. No, a good Christian only requires an ordinary grace, and to bear in mind Christ's sufferings when gall and vinegar were given him to drink.

There is, we repeat, no analogy between preaching chastity to the people, or some other evangelical virtue, and inviting them to abstain from those nefarious drinks which are sent them by the colored men of America, or distilled in Canada. Such is the reason why Father Matthew, on calling upon his fellow-countrymen and brethren to abstain from intoxicating drinks, which proved to be injurious to them, was listened to with respect. If, like some heretics of old, he had considered conjugal chastity a crime, and forbidden matrimony, the Catholic Church would have anathematized him. But he advocated no such silly principles. He has planted a tree which God has blessed: Six millions of men have tasted its fruits, and have found them delicious; entire people have sheltered themselves under that tree, whose roots cover the earth, but whose head is in Heaven: they have found there, refreshment, peace, happiness, and the life which they before needed.

In working for the love of our brethren and children—for the love of our country—for the love of our Saviour, we work for a holy and noble cause. The Almighty will help us. Ardent spirits have great and powerful adversaries. We behold everywhere generous men doing their utmost to destroy the detestable fiend. Let us listen, and we will hear voices in Heaven, on earth, and in hell, accusing and cursing them, and calling upon us to destroy them. They are cursed by myriads of reprobates, whom they have dashed into the eternal abyss: they are cursed by thousands of women, whom they have cost a life of tears and sorrows: they are cursed by a host of children, whom they have deprived of the wealth of their ancestors and reduced to extreme misery.

And if Jesus Christ has cursed the sterile fig tree because it produced no fruit, ought not he to detest and curse liquor, which has wrested from him thousands of souls whom he had saved at the price of his blood.

For us, prostrated at the feet of every minister of Christ, of whom we are the most unworthy—at the feet of every father of a family—of each Christian of this country, although humble may be the social position assigned them by Providence, we

implore them to wage war against that terrible enemy of our souls and bodies. Let us not speak among us of moderation in the use of those detestable and inebriating drinks; let us entertain our people, friends and brethren, with the language of truth; let us tell them frankly, that those liquors are not a beverage given to man by God for his common use, but that they are a destructive poison, and an invention of an original cupidity, which has been favoured by our sensual appetites. And if an objector remarks, "If liquors are so injurious, how is it that such a great number who have made use of them have lived longer than the common run of life?" let us answer him, "The fire spreading, in a forest, destroys, burns and ransacks every thing. Nevertheless there are always a few trees remaining which escape its fury, either on account of the natural firmness of the bark which covers them, or of other circumstances. Whilst the earth groans under the fall of the pine and cedar trees, which have braved for a long time the tempest and thunder, and which fall consumed by the flame, the oak and maple trees have only lost a few branches and leaves, perhaps." Such is the case with men attacked by the conflagration of ardent spirits, which are in use among us; they abridge the life of thousands of unfortunates, but some one, whose physical force and constitution are stronger, resists a longer period; but, sooner or later, fall, under its baneful influence. How otherwise should we apply the word *moderation* in the daily use of a thing which is declared to be by the most learned men, at all times, hurtful and useless? According to our opinion, the least use of them is bad, and the great use a crime oftentimes long continued and frightful.

Our misfortune now is, having adopted for our watchword "Moderation," whilst it should have been "Annihilation!"

"If thy right eye," says Jesus Christ, "cause thee to offend, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; and if thy right hand cause thee to offend, cut it off, and cast it from thee."

He does not say, use them moderately. No; but it is desirable that we should cut off that eye, hand, and foot. Now, those words are not addressed to any particular individual only, but to the whole community at large. We perceive, then, that it is not only the individual who should totally abstain from the things which lead him to sin, but it is the duty of the entire Society to destroy whatever is an object of sin, and draws thereby upon us the chastisement of Heaven.

If we dare not walk in the same path with the Temperance Apostle of Ireland; if we have not the courage to take the total abstinence pledge; if we content ourselves only with what is called the moderate use of liquor, what will be the result? The prodigious efforts most assuredly which are made to destroy drunkenness, will be crowned with some success; but the source of the evil will remain, the evil tree will lose some of its branches, but will soon grow up, covering the land once more with misery and wretchedness.

The pretended moderate use of those drinks, which is only an *apprenticeship* in drunkenness, will cause a terrible re-action, which nothing will be able to resist. It will be like the spark, which has been neglected after the conflagration, and which re-kindles a more dreadful one.

It will be like the torrent, which, although stopped for some time in its course, overflows the banks and drags every thing along in its devastating waves. The following memorable words of the highly influential Pastor of Quebec, the Very Rev. Mr. Buillargeon, addressed to his parishioners, are replete with noble feelings, and evince a heart glowing with charity towards his brethren: "Beloved brethren," said the Rev. Gentleman one day, in addressing his congregation, "I am so impressed with sentiments of awe on beholding the dreadful evils that ardent spirits are causing among you, and in the midst of thousands of families; I am so fully convinced that they are useless to every one; that if to banish them from society, I were asked by the Almighty the sacrifice of my life, I would submit to it with joy." Those sublime words ought to remain impressed in the heart of each member of the Temperance Society.

They teach us better than all discourses with what zeal we ought to discountenance the use of strong drinks, and with what unshaken fidelity we ought to respect the pledge we have taken, to *abstain, for the love of our brethren, our country, and our God.*

FINIS.

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**E**NREGISTERED according to the Act of the Provincial Legislature, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, by the Rev. C. CHIRQUY, at the Registrar's Office of the Province of Canada.

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