

opened it himself.—'I am right glad to see thee,' said he; 'sit thee down. Well, hast thee kept thy promise?'—'Yes, sir,' I replied. 'Thee hast not tasted spirit since I last saw thee?'—'Not a drop, sir,' said I.—'I thought so,' he replied; 'thee lookest better than I have seen thee for a long time. Dost thee feel any the worse for it, friend Webber?'—'No, sir,' said I; 'I feel better and happier.'—'Well, now I must tell thee,' said the old gentleman, 'that I have been so much engaged since our last meeting, that thy matter has not occupied my attention so fully as it ought. I have had much upon my hands in connection with our conference, which takes place on Wednesday, and from which I shall not return till Thursday. On the evening of that day, I will endeavour to prepare for thee, and in the mean while, thee wilt promise me to abstain until that time.' I gave him my promise and took my leave.

"In the interim I began to feel the want of occupation; and, having foreclosed myself from seeking it at the grog-shop, I endeavored to find it in my own."

When George Webber had reached this part of his narrative, he perceived that Peggy was deeply affected. A few tears had fallen upon her infant's hand, which the child raised towards its mother, with a smile of wonder upon its features, while its eyes were turned inquiringly upon her's. The incident had attracted the attention of the clergymen.—"You are thinking of old times, Peggy," said her husband.—"Yes, George," she replied, "I can never forget that week, nor how I felt, when I told Eli to go over to the tavern and ask you to come home to dinner, and he told me you had been sitting at work on the shaving horse ever since breakfast. I always had a fondness for music, but I never listened to any one half so sweet as the *rub a dub dub*, that you kept up upon your barrels after your return from visiting good old friend Boynton."

Mr. Merrick, who had become exceedingly interested in the cooper's story, begged him to proceed.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "when Thursday evening came, I went once more to Mr. Boynton's house. He received me as kindly as ever. 'Thee lookest so well, friend Webber,' said he, 'that I need not ask thee if thee hast kept thy word.' I have kept it, sir," said I.—"And is not thy home pleasanter, and thy wife happier?"—'Oh yes, sir,' I replied, 'have you made up your mind, Mr. Boynton, as to any course which would be best for me.' 'I owe thee an apology,' said he, 'for thus putting off the full and final consideration of thy matter; but, if my life be spared, and thee wilt call on me on Monday morning, I will surely give thee my advice.—We have killed a pig, friend Webber, and my wife will have thee take along a roasting-piece for Peggy.—Thee wilt keep thy promise, I trust, until we meet on Monday.'—I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, and, having renewed my promise, I returned to my family.

"As I was sitting at my work, it suddenly occurred to me, that I had already reformed, without knowing it. I sat for a few moments upon my shaving horse, marvelling at my own stupidity, in not having understood the old gentleman's drift before. I had not supposed it possible to abstain for twelve hours, and yet I had already tried the experiment successfully for nearly nine days; and, when I marked the increased happiness of my poor wife, and the lightness of my own spirits, I resolved within myself, that it should be something more than a nine days' wonder. I hadn't been inside the meeting-house for about a year. Saturday night, after I had shut up the shop, I washed myself up nicely, and, when I went into the house, I told Peggy, if my coat wasn't torn so badly, I'd go to the meeting with her next day. 'Why, George,' said she, 'I'll sit up till morning to mend it, if you'll go.'—'Do go, daddy,' said Eli, and running out, he got my bettermost shoes, and began to scrub 'em up for Sunday. I remember your text, that morning, Parson Wheatly, and I applied it to my own case—*Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.*

"On Monday morning I went to see my landlord, Mr. Roby; and, when I told him that I had left off spirit and meant to work, he agreed to wait for his rent.

"I did not go that morning to see Mr. Boynton, and, in the afternoon, he came, of his own accord, to visit me.—He found me hard at work. 'Well, friend Webber,' said he, 'thee didst not keep thy appointment. I hope thee hast kept thy promise.'—'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I have kept my promise, and I trust, by God's help, to keep it to the end. If I can keep it for ten days, I begin to think I can keep it for ten years, and to the end of my life, and

such, I suppose, though I did not understand you at first, is the substance of the advice you intended to give me.'—'Yes, verily, friend Webber,' said he, with a benevolent smile, 'I can do no more for thee than thou hast done for thyself. If all, who are given to stroug drink, would make the effort, as thee hast done, the path of reformation would be found much easier than it is supposed to be.'

"Good old friend Boynton spread the news of my reformation, and I soon had as much business as I could turn my hands to; and from that time to this, Peggy has had no lack of that music that she tells you she is so fond of.

"If I am a better man than I was, your preaching, Parson Wheatly, with God's blessing thereon, has had its share in making me so. About two months after I left off spirit, Peggy and I went over together to see brother Bailey and his wife. He was sick in bed, and both were quite sober. They were greatly surprised at our visit. Peggy went up and kissed her sister, and I shook hands with them both. I told them that we had come to ask their forgiveness for all the hard thoughts, words, and deeds, which we had ever indulged or committed towards them. They behaved better than I had supposed they would. You know, Parson Wheatly, how it has all come round. It took a long time to bring it all right, but we all four have been members of the Temperance Society for years, and I believe there are few better friends than brother Bailey and I; and if there is no happiness under this roof, there is none in Eddington."

The Rev. Mr. Merrick became a devoted friend of the temperance cause. At parting, he assured Mr. Wheatly that he was desirous of commencing the reformation in Shuffleton as speedily as possible; and the haste with which he finally drove off from the door, produced an impression, that, where the bodies and souls of immortal creatures are at stake, he had come to the conclusion, that a minister of the Gospel is in no great danger of going *too fast and too far.*

Letters to the Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

SIR,—In my last I promised to give the names of the office-bearers of the Amherstburgh Society, they are as follows:—

President.—Thomas Paxton.

Vice-Presidents.—Mr. Joseph Gravelline and Henry Wright.

Treasurer.—Peter Taylor.

Secretary.—James Kevill.

With an Executive Committee of seven.

This Society is steadily advancing, and the opposition which was made to it at first, is considerably weakened. At Sandwich there have been two public meetings since my last, at both of which powerful addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. At the first meeting the Episcopal Clergyman, who joined the Society when I was there, is reported to have said that he had signed the pledge without due consideration, and in a moment of weakness, that he wished his name withdrawn, that the arguments of the Reverend Apostle from the other side of the water, were all sophistry, and that the ladies would be better at home putting their children to bed, than listening to such speeches. The Society is, however, likely to do well, although lacking the powerful aid of the ministers of the place. About seventy copies of the Advocate are now sent to the Western District; and I consider it of immense importance that correct principles should be known and acted upon in that region, which is, and always must be,