

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE AND NEWS.

Vol. XI.

JULY 15, 1845.

No. 14.

CONTENTS.

The Rising Tide.—Continued.

New-York State Temperance Convention.—This interesting report shews the point to which the temperance cause has arrived amongst our neighbours, a point which appears little short of complete success. Such a law as has been passed in that state, appears to us eminently wise and expedient, and we trust its working will shew that there is a decided majority of the community in favour of good morals.

Temperance Societies.—A most cheering picture of the progress of the temperance cause in Britain. We trust it is not overdrawn.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

Progress.—Mr. Bungay's report of the Johnstown District, to which special attention is invited.

Miscellaneous.

Poetry.—“The tender mercies of the Drunkard are cruel.” An exquisite piece from a *Whitehall* (N. Y.) paper. We earnestly advise Temperance Societies to make it one of the pieces at their musical entertainments.

Editorial.—*Objections to a Christian's Joining Temperance Societies.*—Continued.

The “Banner” and Induction Dinners.

The Pipe and the Gospel.

Education.—*Rollo Philosophy.*

Careless Words.—We think every reader of this article will wish he had read it sooner.

Mary Lundie Duncan.—Continued.

Agriculture.—*The Rearing and Keeping of Stock.*

News, Price Current, Money List, Advertisements.

THE RISING TIDE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

Continued from Page 195.

It was a second-rate sort of house; and the one domestic who waited upon the old man, was yet too soundly asleep to hear their summons, for they knocked in a trembling and hesitating manner. At last they heard a slow step in the passage. One bolt was drawn away, and then another, and then the door was opened by the old man himself, who stood before them with an inquiring gaze, while he held in one hand a lighted candle, which had burned down into the socket.

Grace Dalton looked at her cousin. His lips moved—his voice faltered—he could not utter an articulate sound.

“Perhaps you will allow us to come in,” said Grace; “we have come to speak with you on very important business.”

“Business?” repeated the old man, as well he might, at that hour of the morning, and with such guests. He admitted them, however; and throwing open the door of his little sitting-room, it was easy to see that he had known no rest that night, for his table was covered with papers and account-books; and everything wore the appearance of solitary and anxious toil—that toil of mind, and labour of calculation, for which old age is so unfitted. Without betraying any curiosity, he motioned for his guests to be seated, and resumed his own chair, waiting patiently for them to begin the conversation.

They were both silent; while the quivering fingers of Grace Dalton played amongst her hair, and her open lips were pale as ashes. At last she spoke.

“I think, Sir, you are aware where your son spent last evening?”

“I know little of where he spends his evenings,” replied the father, “and it has become a matter of small importance to me.”

There was a real or assumed severity about old Kennedy, which drove most people away from him, and which might, possibly, have had its influence in estranging his son from the affections and

the duties of home. But now this apparent coldness, while it shocked the feelings of Grace Dalton, gave her nerve to proceed, and she actually related the whole account of the fatal catastrophe, exactly as it had been told to her, only pausing occasionally to ascertain whether she ought or ought not to proceed.

“Go on,” said old Kennedy, every time she stopped, in a deep-toned and sepulchral voice; but he never once looked up, nor changed his attitude, nor unclasped his hands, that were closely folded together, with his lips pressed upon them, and his elbows supported by the arms of his chair.

“Go on,” he repeated, until the whole had been told; when he simply asked—“And the body?”

“I have stationed six fishermen from the village,” said Falkland, “along the bay, and three beyond the crags; but they say it is impossible it should be found before the tide goes down. I shall then be on the beach myself, and see that nothing is neglected. In the mean time, if you would like Grace Dalton to remain with you, she will be most happy to render you any assistance in her power.”

“Who is Grace Dalton?”

“The young person who has accompanied me.”

“I would much rather be alone; and, perhaps, the sooner you both leave me, the better.”

There was no forcing their presence upon him after this remark; and the two cousins arose, and left the room, with that stealthy step with which we instinctively tread in the presence of affliction; the old man neither rising from his chair, nor offering them the common civilities of one who takes leave of departing guests.

They had not left the outer door, however, before their progress was arrested by the sound of deep groans from within. They paused; for it was not easy to leave an aged man, under such circumstances, alone. They paused; for pity, as well as horror, seemed to chain them to the spot; and now they discovered that those strange and awful sounds were the strong prayer of mortal agony—that prayer which is wrung out from the human soul by its necessity, not by its inclination or its hope.

“He did love him, then!” exclaimed Grace Dalton; clasping her hands together; “He did love him as a father ought to love a son! May blessings fall upon the head of that old man!”

As she said this, a flood of tears gushed from her eyes; they were the first she had shed on this melancholy occasion: for grief, that is mixed with horror, seldom causes tears; while, add but to the bitter tide one drop of gratitude or joy, and tears immediately become the natural relief of the over-burdened heart.

“Why, Grace,” said Falkland, as he led his cousin away from the house of mourning, lest by again yielding to her own emotion, she should be the cause of interruption or alarm to others—

“How is this? You are overwhelmed with gratitude, because a stern old man is melted into common feeling by the death of his son. For my part, I should have felt more pity for him had he received the first intelligence more like a father, and a Christian.”

“We cannot all feel alike,” said Grace, “nor make the same display of sorrow when we feel it. I confess, like you, I was shocked at the seeming apathy with which our intelligence was at first received. But those fearful groans, George, they surely tell of more than common grief.”

The gray dawn of the morning had by this time given place to the full light of day, though it was one of the darkest and the gloomiest of those which usher in the storms of winter. The stillness of the preceding night had occasionally been interrupted by a rushing wind, which now swelling into a strong gale, blew fiercely over earth and sea, sweeping across the bosom of the troubled ocean, and lashing the spray of the rising billows into one vast bed of foam. The tide was rolling out, but it retreated with an angry roar, as if unsatisfied with the work of destruction it had already accomplished.