

the children rosy, well dressed, and all doing something. 'Mary,' whom her husband has characterized as 'the patient,' was busy and bustling in the very act of adding to the coffee, which was steaming on the table, the substantial accompaniments of fried eggs and bacon, with a large dish of potatoes. When the children saw their father, they ran to tell him all they had done that day. The oldest girl declared she had achieved the heel of a stocking; one boy wanted his father to come and see how straight he had planted the cabbages; while another avowed his proficiency in addition, and volunteered to do a sum instanter upon a slate which he had just cleaned. Happiness in a cottage seems always more real than it does in a gorgeous palace.—It is not wasted in large rooms—it is concentrated—a great deal of love in a small space—a great, great deal of joy within narrow walls, and compressed, as it were, by a low roof. Is it not a blessed thing that the most narrow means become enlarged by the affections?—That the love of a peasant within his sphere is as deep, as fervent, as true, as lasting, as sweet, as the love of a prince,—that all our best and purest affections will grow and expand in the poorest worldly soil,—and that we need not be rich to be happy.

James felt all this, and more, when he entered his cottage, and was thankful to God, who had opened his eyes, and taught him what a number of this world's gifts that were within his reach might be enjoyed without sin. He stood—a poor, but happy father, within the sacred temple of his home—and Andrew had the warm heart of an Irishman beating in his bosom and filling him with joy.

'I told you,' said James, 'I had the true temperance cordial at home; do you see it in the simple prosperity by which, owing to the blessings of providence, I am surrounded?—Do you not see it in the rosy cheeks of my children, in the smiling eyes of my wife—did I not tell truly that she helped to make it? Is not this true cordial,' he continued, while his own eyes glistened with manly tears, 'is not the prosperity of this cottage a true temperance cordial,—and is it not always on draught, flowing from an ever-filling fountain? Am I not right, Andrew; and will you not forthwith take my receipt, and make it for yourself? You will never wish for any other; it is warmer than ginger, and sweeter than anniseed. I am sure you will agree with me, that a loving wife, in the enjoyment of the humble comforts which an industrious, sober husband can bestow—smiling, healthy, well-clad children, and a clean cabin, where the fear of God banishes all other fears, make the true temperance cordial!'

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

From the Congregational Observer.

The following circumstances were related to me a short time ago, by one of the parties named, and with whom I have been acquainted for several years. They have not been published as yet, to my knowledge.

A few years ago, the person who will figure as the principal character in the following lines, was employed by an English nobleman in the capacity of Steward. In this situation he accumulated about eight hundred pounds sterling, equal nearly to four thousand dollars. He then married the maid of this nobleman's lady, and they soon emigrated to Canada together, taking with them what property they both possessed. He purchased a farm in Lower Canada, and settled there with his wife. He was rather unsuccessful, and in a short time became intemperate, lost all he had brought with him, and was reduced with his family to extreme wretchedness. He then attempted to procure a subsistence by teaching a school, but he was now

attacked by *delirium tremens*, and in a paroxysm which occurred a few weeks since, he cut his throat with a razor very severely, but did not sever the wind-pipe or the great blood vessels. His distracted wife immediately called in some men who were near, to assist her in an effort to save his life. They came, but would do nothing; said he must die before a surgeon could arrive, there being none for many miles around. The woman, unwilling to abandon her husband, next ran for the Rev. Mr. Addyman, a missionary of the Methodist New Connection, (a body of English Methodists) who resided at a short distance. Mr. Addyman was not at home, but she begged Mrs. Addyman to go with her, which she did. Mrs. A. found the man determined to destroy his life, but the razor with which he had made the attempt, had been taken from him. He had, however, inserted his fingers into the wound, passed two of them round the wind-pipe, and was determined to pull it out. The men who were called at first, were still there, but though both the women entreated them to do something for the man, they would not, saying it was useless, and shortly after went away leaving them alone. By this time he was getting exhausted from loss of blood, and his wife was in such a state of mind as to unfit her to do anything for his relief. Mrs. A. saw that if anything was to be done it must be attempted by herself, and it would not do to delay, for he had already lost a large quantity of blood, which was still flowing fast, and the man presented a shocking spectacle. His wife brought a darning needle and some woollen yarn, the only materials for sewing which she possessed, and with these Mrs. A. commenced her surgical operation. She first disengaged his hands from the throat, and with such assistance as his wife could render, managed to keep his hands away until the wound was drawn together. But as soon as his arms were at liberty again, which incautiously they suffered them to be, he tore the wound open worse than before.

With much difficulty she succeeded in sewing it up again, and by this time he was so faint from loss of blood that he was able to offer little resistance. This done, Mrs. A. went to a barn that was near and procured some cobwebs which she matted together and applied to the neck, so as to cover the wound, and bound it fast with a shawl.

Several hours had now elapsed, and Mr. Addyman had returned home, and in their care of the patient subsequently, he assisted. The next day she removed the bandage, and found the man doing well.

He was now willing to live, and at the last accounts which I had of him, he was nearly recovered.

I think you will agree with me that Mrs. A. manifested a degree of firmness and good conduct, in these trying circumstances, such as is rarely met with.

Perhaps your readers may like to know further that the man a few days after signed the *total abstinence pledge*, and has since received a letter from his former employer in England, offering him the situation which he held before, and which he was glad to accept of. He is now probably on his way to his native land. C. B.

[We heard of the leading facts above narrated when they occurred, a few months ago, at Henryville, near Montreal, but could not before procure the particulars for our readers.—ED.]

We copy the following as a valuable authentic document, drawn up with care and ability, and well worthy the attention of the public. We wish that a similar history of the fruits of tavern-keeping were drawn up and published in every city, town, and village in Canada, that all men might hereafter be deterred from embarking in that body-and-soul-destroying business.—ED. C. T. A.