

thers, and you, Constance, will learn to smile of-
tender.' I brushed away the tears and spoke cheer-
fully. I could not dim their pleasant prospects, for
I knew too well when the roses bloomed Alice
would sleep beneath them.

"One stormy, dreary night in January, I sat
alone in the drawing-room. I had prepared every-
thing for Alice's comfort during the night, and had
left her in a peaceful doze. I felt unusually wretch-
ed—a foreshadowing of coming ill rested upon me;
I could not drive it away. I went to the piano and
tried to play, but it jarred painfully on my over-
wrought nerves. I looked out of the window re-
peatedly. The storm raged fearfully, and the night
was intensely dark. I had not seen Philip or Sid-
ney since dinner, and then their strange conduct
alarmed me. Philip's brow was clouded, and he
spoke very little, and seemed to evade all conver-
sation with Sidney. I knew that there was some
trouble, and longed to ask their confidence, but
dare not intrude. Philip, after swallowing two or
three glasses of wine, left the table hastily without a
word to me. Sidney arose and stood by Alice's
chair a moment, as if he wished to say something.—
Then, suddenly changing his mind, he stooped, and,
kissing her tenderly, left the room. I thought this
all over,—every look and word came vividly before
me. The clock rang out the hour of midnight. I
threw my dressing gown around me, and, leaning
my head back, tried to sleep. Another hour pass-
ed,—the streets grew quieter,—the gas burnt less
brightly,—a drowsy sensation crept over me,—I
slept, and dreamed a fearful night-mare dream. A
noise in the lower hall awakened me. It sounded
like the tramping of many feet. I rushed to the
door, threw it open, and, leaning over the railing,
I looked down into the dimly-lighted hall. I saw a
group of rough looking men bending over a litter
on which lay a prostrate figure. The face was
ghastly pale. I looked a moment—it was Sidney.
In an instant I was at his side. His eyes were
closed. I thought he was dead. His brown hair
was dabbled in blood from a great clotting wound
across his forehead. 'Is he dead?' I screamed
frantically. 'Oh! Sidney, Sidney, speak to me.'
He opened his blue eyes languidly, and smiled.—
'Constance, I am dying,' he said with difficulty.—
'Don't blame Philip; it was my fault. Tell him I
forgive him. Alice! Alice! come to me.' He held
out his arms. There was a rustling of robes. I
looked up. Alice stood by my side in her white
night robes. Her face was ghastly pale. My
screams had aroused her; she glanced wildly from
one to the other, then, with a piercing scream, she
threw herself on his breast. Some one tried to lift
her up. 'Let her alone,' the physician said, softly;
'poor young man, he is dead.' The hall door was
thrown open and Philip rushed in without his hat.
He looked like a madman,—great drops of sweat
stood on his brow. 'Constance, I have killed him.
I have killed him with my own hand. Forgive me,
for God's sake. I knew not what I did.' And,
rushing past me furiously, he fled up the stairs be-
fore I could answer him. I stood looking after him
like one in a dream. My senses seemed leaving
me, when the sudden report of a pistol sounded in
my ears. For one instant I comprehended all.—
The dimly-lighted hall, the group of men with pale,
sorrowful faces, and the white, stiffening corpse of
my only brother, half covered by the prostrate form
of Alice, and then the horrid scene in the upper
room. I knew that one dearer than my own life
had fallen by his own hand. The floor seemed slid-
ing from under me,—a horrid darkness gathered
over my eyes, my senses mercifully fled, and I sank
unconsciously by the side of my murdered brother.
Oh! Sidney, would to God I could shut out that
scene from my memory for ever. But it cannot be,
time will not heal the wound grief has made. I never
looked upon either face again. For many weeks
I was insensible to everything. At last I arose a
shadow of myself, scarcely conscious of anything.—
I wandered about like a lost spirit, pale and wan.
They carried me back to my old home; my poor
father met me at the door. Oh, how I was shocked
at his appearance. My once proud, noble-looking
father as feeble and imbecile as an idiot—his intel-
lect gone, his reason shattered, he stood before me
a wreck of his former self.

"When they raised Alice from the bosom of
Sidney, a small crimson stream trickled from her
mouth. She never spoke again. In the dim morn-
ing light her spirit went forth to meet his. Kind
friends prepared everything for their last home,
and they were taken back to the spot that had been
so dear in other days. They sleep side by side be-
neath the shade of a broad willow. I never learned
the particulars of that horrible night,—I never wish-
ed to know. But one thing I do know, that Sidney
came to his death by a blow from Philip's hand in a
moment of intoxication. It seems wonderful to me
how I lived through such a scene, but the human
heart can bear much, can suffer and break, and yet
'brokenly live on.' The summer passed away I
scarcely know how, but I believe the most of my
time was spent at their graves when darkness veil-
ed every object, or, in my room with the light of day
excluded.

"The next winter my father died, but I did not
weep. He had been dead to me so long, a very
child, neither companion nor friend, I was thankful
that he was at rest, and longed to lie down by his
side. I coveted the peace of the quiet sleepers in
the grave. I did not see your mother through it all,
for about that time you were born, and her health
was too feeble to undertake so long a journey.

"The great white house on the hill passed to the
next heir, a coarse, good natured man, with a grown
up family. The shutters were soon thrown open,
gay company passed up and down the broad ave-
nues, and all was life and festivity in the place that
should have been my home. For five years I wan-
dered about the haunts of my childhood like a spec-
tre, pitied by all, approached by none. So closely
was I enveloped in my own mourning that none
dared offer their sympathy. I was heirless with your
mother of all my father's vast estate. I did not value
wealth, I could not bring back the love I had lost.
I would have given it all willingly for rest in the
grave. Summer succeeded winter, only marked by
the roses on their graves. The garden was over-
grown with weeds. Every thing had a gloomy, de-
serted look. One by one the servants dropped off
—they did not thrive well in such a gloomy atmos-
phere. At last they were all gone but the old house-
keeper and her husband. We lived there alone,
with the greater part of the Hall closed. One or
two rooms were enough for me. I never entered
those where I had been happiest. They were all
shut up with their elegant furniture, to dust and
decay. I thought I was shut out forever from the
world, when, unexpectedly, your mother came from
her far American home, bringing you with her. It
was a mournful meeting, but I felt peace in once
more leaning my weary head on my sister's bosom.
During her stay I became so much attached to you
that when circumstances made it necessary for her
to return to the duties of her home, I found it im-
possible to be separated from you. After a great
deal of entreaty I was induced to leave their graves
for a home on another continent. The old Hall and
all the lands were disposed of to a young nobleman,
and I tore myself away from the spot dearest to me
on earth.

"Many fathoms of ocean roll between their graves
and me. I shall not sleep by their sides as I had
hoped to, but I shall meet them all again, when the
green mounds shall yield up their trust. Till then
I wait in hope. And now Sidney, do you blame
me for my fears?"

He had covered his face with his hands, and was
weeping.

Constance arose and walked the room softly, until
his tears were wiped away, when he looked up and
said in a clear decided tone—"I will never drink
wine again as a beverage, so help me God." And
that promise was faithfully kept. He lived to be a
good and noble man beloved and respected by all
who knew him. Constance Egerton lived to find
the happiness of her old age in her nephew and his
children; and at last when she peacefully fell asleep,
it was on the bosom of Sidney she leaned her head,
and it was his voice that gently soothed her when
the pangs of death had hold upon her, and her hand
lingered last upon his head in loving benediction.
She died peacefully and hopefully murmuring the
names so dear to her. A white marble shaft over
her place of rest points to the home above, and chil-
dren hands keep the turf green upon her grave.

Many years have passed since then, and in the
drawing-room of one of her descendants hangs the
picture of Sidney Egerton. And if any of the fa-
mily are ever tempted to the use of intoxicating li-
quors, the sad history is related, and they take warn-
ing therefrom.

THE ABSTAINER.

HALIFAX, N. S., MARCH 15, 1860.

GROCERY vs. GROG SHOPS.

Is there any other part of the world but Hal-
ifax, where the terms which form the head of this
article are confounded so as to mean the same
thing? We know not; but to many ears the com-
bination sounds offensive and anomalous. Grocery
used to signify the place where the poor man
could get his bit of cheese and bacon,—and the
good woman her grain of tea and sugar, and tri-
fle of spice,—and the name was significant of
humble luxury, and of cozy gatherings about fa-
mily fire-sides. Now, what does it too often
mean? Does it not signify the decoy where vil-
laneous compounds called liquors are vended;—
where the poor man is, in effect, much more than
swindled out of his scant cash?—where he becomes
worse than brutified, and whence he goes to terrify
and blast the poor tenement where he is still cal-
led husband and father? Husband and father,
indeed! the names written in such connection
might well blister the paper on which they ap-
pear. They are among the most sacred titles in

the world,—they include some of the dearest
earthly privileges and most solemn duties,—and
he who deserves them aright is no indignant per-
sonage in the eyes of Heaven and good men.
though his speech may be unpolished, his clothes
coarse, and his hands horny. Such a one keeps
warm and active some of the patriarchal life, even
in this day of parade and sham and worldly wisdom.
But the husband and father, as perverted by the
grog-shop, might cause pity and disgust among
the very fiends whose work he does.

We did not intend to harrow our own feelings
or the feelings of others, when taking up the pen
to put together a few thoughts on the separation
of the sale of Groceries from that of Liquors, so
instead of continuing the theme just touched on,
we again enquire, Why are the terms of the title
of this article united? Why do those Grocers
who refuse to have any part in the evil, al-
low such a slur to exist? Why do the people,
generally, tolerate the anomaly and the mischief?

Two or three years ago, some friends of Temper-
ance urged that the sale of liquors should be kept
separate, by law, from the sale of other articles,
that the name, if tolerated, should not be allowed
to thrust itself among articles to which it had no
affinity; that, in fact, the evil spirits, which had
too many patrons for entire suppression, should
be restricted to pandemoniums of their own, and
not be allowed to wander at will where they liked.
Such restriction, influential friends of Temperance
said could be effected at the time, rather easily,
if the Temperance public generally interested it-
self on the subject. But that public was rather
apathetic on the question, and a part of it adopt-
ed, in reference to a more sweeping measure,
the cry of "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing
but the Bill." We believe that to have been very
poor policy; policy, in fact, which, as representa-
tives of a great cause, they had no right to adopt.
While seeking for the abolition of the free traffic
in that which was a lamentable evil (an effort in
accordance with reason and right and justice,) they
should have taken, meantime, any part of the full
measure. They were not warranted in refusing
any portion of the debt, provided that they did
not accept the instalment as full and satisfactory
payment. Such instalment would be an advance
in the right direction,—and would, naturally, ren-
der the chief object more practical; so that, if
believed to be good in itself, it should by no means
be declined, merely because more was desirable.

The "whole Bill" is again asked for, and very
properly;—but, if delay be apprehended, should
not the minor and more practicable measure be
sought, and thus a past mistake be in some de-
gree remedied?

The objections to the trade-union of liquors
and other articles, are: That it extends a pern-
icious system; that it causes temptations to the
poor, who go to purchase articles of food, and are
induced to expend money which they cannot afford,
and for that which is dangerous and detrimental;
—that it gives cover to stippling by those who
would not resort to other places for that purpose;
—that thus, it very seriously promotes the forma-
tion of deplorable habit; aids the great plague
of intemperance, and brings considerable collat-
eral influence in support of the liquor system.

Proofs of these points are evident enough; the
group is seen at the liquor counter, while another
group is at the counter where the tea and sugar
are dispensed;—the shivering horses of the coun-
try carts, late at night, outside the liquor groceries,
tell the sad tale of spendthrift dram-drinking, and
of wronged and suffering families anxiously wait-
ing for the heartless loiterers. Again, of another
class, the visitors, solitary and in twos and threes,
to the back shop, are notably numerous, while a
sense of self-respect and of social position, would
effectually deter the same from haunting the com-
mon grog-shop. Of such customers one sometimes
sees the liquor-hardened stultified indulger; the
blotted inebriate suggestive of incipient putrefac-
tion;—and the lank stripling, proud, forsooth, of
his bad introduction to the path of ruin. The lat-
ter reminds of the calf, ambling playfully on the
way to the slaughter-house; with this difference,
that the four-legged creature is not aware of the
end of his journey, and the biped has it before his
eyes.

To check all this would be a good work, and
would be so far travelled on the road to prohibi-
tion. But should not the benefit of the dealers
themselves form part of the estimate? Yes, sure-
ly; for Temperance seeks "the good of all man-

kind." Is it nothing to save men, otherwise res-
pectable, from the contamination and responsibil-
ities of a deplorable traffic? Would they like to look
back on the day of probation so occupied? Do they
deem the present life so long and important, that
the great life beyond, and its views and estimates,
are to be ignored? Surely, surely not. For their
sakes, then, as well as for the weakening of such a
trudo, the lessening of a dire temptation, and the
growth of a great virtue, the separation of the
"Grocery" and the "Grog-shop" seems well wor-
thy of wise, timely, and generous effort.

TEMPERANCE AID ASSOCIATION.

The semi-annual meeting of this Association
was held in the Division Room, on last Saturday
evening. Reports from delegations were re-
ceived, which gave the most encouraging accounts
of the progress of the work in the various rural
districts where meetings have been held. In
some settlements rum is only heard of, and in
other places the people are preparing eagerly to
wage war with the enemy of domestic peace and
comfort. Indeed, there would be little or no dif-
ficulty, in a large portion of the villages visited,
in carrying out and maintaining in all its integ-
rity, a Prohibitory Law. The President's Re-
port for the term exhibits the operations of the
Association for the past six months, but, as it is
likely to be published, we make no further com-
ments on it. The following Officers were elected
for the ensuing term:—

WM. C. SILVER—President,
PATRICK MONAGHAN—Secretary,
MANFRED A. SHAFFER—Financial Secretary,
JOHN LAMIGAN—Treasurer,
R. BOAK, SENR., G. BUTLER, R. M. BARRATT,
W. A. S. BLEWETT, E. BOAK, E. MORRISON,
G. MATHESON, C. ALLAN, J. COOMBS, and
W. G. PENDER—Comtee. of Management.

On motion, it was resolved to confer the degree
of HONORARY MEMBERSHIP on the Presidents of
Branch Associations, and on donors contributing
the sum of ten shillings towards the funds of the
Association,—whereupon, several gentlemen were
elected to that position. After some discussion on
minor topics, the meeting adjourned.

NEW DIVISIONS.

On 17th February, Rev C. Randall, D. G. W.
P. for Digby County, assisted by members of
"Union," "Hope," and "General Williams" Di-
visions, opened HALYON Division, No. 160, at
Digby. Mr Charles Pinkney was installed as
W. P., and Abijah Hurd R. S.

On the 21st February the same Brother, as-
sisted by "Tyro" Division, organized a new Di-
vision at Long Island, Westport, in the same
county. Twenty-one members were admitted.—
The name of the Division is WESTERN STAR.—
W. P.—Isaiah Thurber, Esq.; R. S.—Robert
Haines.

This week the Grand Scribe has forwarded
Charters for the organization of two new Divi-
sions—one at Springfield, Annapolis County, the
other at Big Baddeck, Victoria County, C.B.

Two other applications for Charters are expect-
ed from Cape Breton. Thus the good work goes
bravely on.

THE MIC-MAC DIVISION ENTERTAINMENT came
off on Monday evening last with great eclat, as
the saying is. It was an exceedingly interesting
occasion. A happy company, in which the whole
of the temperance family were represented, occu-
pied the benches of the Division Room. The W.
P. (H. A. Jennings), opened the meeting with an
appropriate address, and introduced the Rev P.
G. McGregor, G. W. P., who was the speaker of
the evening. He contrasted the state of society
now to what it was some years ago, and showed
to how great an extent its improvement was due
to the progress of the temperance reform. He
felt very great pleasure in being present on this
occasion, and witnessing the character of the au-
dience before him. Here was the child—the
youth—the aged, of both sexes. What a bright
prospect for the future! He passed a high eulo-
gium on the character of woman, and entreated
all to use their influence to suppress that which
blights and withers their fondest hopes.

Recitations were given by Messrs. Weeks and
Harrington, and Master Barnes, all of whom ac-
quitted themselves very creditably; a reading
on "The Beauties of Water" was given by Mr
R. M. Barratt.

Rev Messrs. Gunnison and Cramp also made
a few remarks with reference to the meeting, &c.
The Mic-Mac Bard of Hope took a prominent
part in the entertainment. A dialogue between
several of its members elicited great applause.—
Too much praise cannot be given to several of
the Lady Visitors and Band of Hope for the
musical treat with which they favored the audi-
ence.

Refreshments in abundance were handed round
during the evening.