

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use Intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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The Pledge—Chapter VIII.

But little more remains to be told. The pledge has done its work. How well, we need not here repeat.

After John Arlington had signed the pledge, James Latimer went with him to a store, and procured a full suit of clothing. The trunk of the latter was then removed from the boat that was to sail down the river in the morning, to one that was to leave, on the next day, for Pittsburg; and to this boat the two young men repaired, and spent half the night in conversation upon past misdeeds, and future hopes of a better and happier life.

As swiftly as rushing steamboat and hurrying car could bear them homeward, did they pursue their journey, and arrived unannounced, formally, but not unannounced, as has been seen, by the hearts' true instincts.

With what a gushing thankfulness did Mary pour out her feelings to James, when they were first alone, after his return.

"You gave me my father," she said, with the glad tears springing to her eyes. "You restored to us our home; and now you have brought back my wandering brother, whom we all mourned as lost."

"I can never repay you for all this—never, never!"

"You can more than repay me," said James, kissing her lips fondly.—"And you will. Name an early day for our union; no hindrance now remains. Your brother's absence weighed heavily upon you all. The thought that he was a wanderer and an outcast, would have marred the joy of our wedding-day, and I resolved, long ago, that our pledge of love should not be made at the altar, while I had a reasonable hope of finding and reclaiming your brother. No impediment, therefore, now remains. So, Mary dear, name, as I have just said, an early day."

"How early?" and the happy girl smiled. "Six months from now?"

"Six months! Six weeks will be a long time. It must be earlier than that, Mary. And why not? What impediment is there? Why may not the union to which we have looked so long, be the crowning joy of this blessed time. If you do not say 'no,' there will be nothing to hinder the happy consummation."

The face of Mary, covered with blushes, was turned partly away.

"Do you say no?" The ardent lover pressed for a decision.

"Let it be as my father and mother think best," murmured the happy maiden.

"I know they will be on my side," joyously fell from the lips of James, as he drew the sweet girl towards him and almost smothered her with kisses.

And he was right. It was only for him to express a wish for Mr. and Mrs. Arlington to approve. Space sufficient to give timely notice to Mary's uncle in the city was permitted only to elapse before the marriage ceremony was performed in the presence of the re-united family, and a few intimate friends.

"To you, excellent young man!" said the uncle of Mary to James Latimer, as they all sat together that evening, "we owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. May you be as happy as you deserve to be; as I know you will be."

"Not to me," quickly replied James, "but to you is the debt owed of which you speak; and I, with the rest, am an equal debtor. Had you not reached forth your hand, and saved me when there was no one to care whether my life were evil or good, I would have been now, in all human probability, if alive, a miserable outcast. Ah, sir! there are times when my heart burns with a gratitude that I cannot express; and when I think

of you with feelings of unutterable thankfulness. It is to you—to you, that all the happiness we feel this evening must be ascribed!"

"No, not to me, but to the pledge," replied the uncle of Mary. "I only presented the pledge; and that sustained you."

"And not to the pledge," said the minister who had performed the nuptial rite, "must we really ascribe the good that has been done, but to God. Were he not present in every good resolution—the inspirer and sustainer thereof—no pledge could be kept. To God, therefore, let us ascribe the praise. We are humble instruments in his hands, and for every good act we perform, he rewards us amply. In the present instance, how great has been the reward!"

"Unspeakably great it must be!" said the father of Mary. "I can realize, in some sense, the happiness that must fill the heart of at least one who is here this evening, while he looks around and sees such a harvest as the crowning glory of his labor. May God bless him as he deserves, for it is not in the power of man adequately to reward him!"

A low but fervent "Amen" rang audibly from every lip.

We have no more to add. The "Bottle has done its work and so has the "Pledge." But, what different work!

What brought Burns so prematurely to his Grave?

(Continued.)

But look we now at stern matters of history. We find that towards the close of his thirty-seventh year, he is carried home on a pleasant day in July, from a temporary retreat, where he had spent a few weeks—carried home to die. Not long is the mortal agony. A few troubled, and awful solemn, tho' distracted days, and his gifted spirit bids adieu to all earthly scenes.

What struck him thus prematurely down to the silent chambers of death, when life was yet in its prime? What quenched the genial fires of this rare and excellent soul, and for ever took away the hope of those noble impulses—those world stirring inspirations, which it was his mission to have imparted to men? With sternest grief in our hearts, we renew the demand: What was it? For in the untimely death of that man—one of the greatest of the age, and it was truly an age of great men—we have a human interest, which neither time nor distance may persuade us to forego.

It is a fair question, necessary to satisfy the anxious turmoil and sorrow of our hearts—necessary to solve the enigma of his history, and bring out of it that instruction which belongs to the world, from a survey of the causes in the midst of which, and by the force of which, he perished,—a proverb—a mystery—a beacon to many generations.

Now, *requiescat in pace*, I would with my own hand inscribe this hour on his tomb. It is no work of pleasure to disturb the ashes of the dead. Nor can there be any wish to detract from the fame gathered around him from all lands, least of all in one, who has breathed the same balmy breezes "in the