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THE INEBRIATE RECLAIMED.

BY MISS M. E. BLACKMAN.

He stood alone by the grave of her who had watched over his helpless infancy. The procession which followed to its last resting place the body of the sleeper, had departed. No friendly hand was extended for him to grasp, no soothing voice sought to pour the balm of consolation into his distracted bosom. No unpitied the mourner, for all felt that his own cruelty and unkindness had deprived him of his only friend. But they saw not the contending torrent of anguish and remorse which warred like the destroying elements within his bosom. That heart of stone which had so long and so disdainfully rejected the admonitions of her whose love had followed him through all his degradations in vice, was now humbled and subdued. An overwhelming consciousness of his wickedness and cruelty rushed upon him, and a flood of tears, the first which had flowed from his eyes since his alienation from the path of virtue, came to his relief.

He flung himself upon the new-made grave, and implored the forgiveness of the spirit of her whose voice was forever hushed within its bosom. And O, how agonizingly did he beseech heaven to grant him that relief, that consolation which hopeless and forlorn, he might seek in vain from any earthly source. Then came the recollection of those happy and innocent days, ere he became the victim of intemperance and cruelty, and springing to his feet, he exclaimed, "O, my God! that thou hadst permitted me to die ere my soul was scathed by the blighting influence of the fiends of darkness, while I was yet pure, and innocent, and happy!" "Thou mayest yet be innocent and happy," whispered a voice near him; and at the same time he felt the light pressure of a hand upon his arm. He turned suddenly round and exclaimed, "Maria!"—and the next moment the angelic being before him was clasped to his trembling and panting heart. It was her to whom his vows had been pledged, and his hand given before he yielded to the siren voice of temptation, or became the victim of the fell destroyer. His oft-repeated acts of cruelty and wickedness when inebriated, had driven her from him, to seek a refuge in the home of her childhood. For four long years had she continued to pour forth her daily and hourly supplications to heaven that her husband might be reclaimed, that he might see and return from the error of his ways. Twice had they met since their separation; once at the grave of their only child, and again at the bedside of his dying mother; but these afflictions, which she earnestly prayed might be sanctified as the means of his reformation, appeared only to rivet his chains more firmly upon him. But now, when he stood forsaken and alone by the grave of his sainted mother; when he thought no eye, save the eye of Him who seeth all things, was witness to his sufferings, she, unseen by him, beheld with thankfulness and gratitude his penitence and humiliation, and most joyfully did she welcome back the returning wanderer. Peace once more began to dawn upon the penitent, and here among the lone habitations of the dead, they knelt side by side, to implore the assistance of heaven to strengthen him in his return to virtue.

Years have fled since the events above described, transpired; yet often as the setting sun flings his departing rays upon the glittering spire of the village church, may be seen issuing from the neat little cottage on the adjacent hill, a happy couple, who, arm in arm wind their way to a simple monument of plain white marble, that marks the grave that first witnessed the penitent tears of the returning prodigal.—*Glad Tidings.*

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"You ask what I have seen of the effects of strong drink on

domestic happiness?" What pen can describe what I have seen! or who can tell what I have felt! My wife is a woman of respectable connections. After our wedding we received visits from a large circle of neighbours and friends, for whom, as was customary, what are called refreshments were provided. I felt myself bound to partake in the glass I offered them. At the end of several weeks I commenced with my wife to fulfil the engagements we had made, to return the numerous visits, and the hospitality of our friends was invariably manifested by pressing me to drink; so that about two months the bottle and glass were constantly before me, and it seemed as if I was bound to make use of them. At length the time arrived when we were to establish ourselves in our new home.

I had not at this time thought of imposing on myself any restraint as to the use of ardent spirits. It had never entered my mind that there was a necessity for a caution. But I had of late been so accustomed to take strong drink, that I now felt a want which before my marriage I had never experienced. It was sometime before I observed that I was impatient for the hour when it had become habitual for me to take a glass. I was somewhat surprised, too, to observe that a bottle of liquor did not last half the time it used to do. I then thought I was getting into a very bad habit, and determined that I would correct it. I did not make this determination with any great solemnity, for as yet the idea that it was possible for me to become a drunkard, I would not harbor. I did not, therefore, resolve to forbear drinking as often as usual. I thought it enough to determine to put less spirits into my glass. But how often are such resolutions vain against confirmed habits?

At length the fears of my wife were awakened. I shall never forget the anxiety of her countenance, when, upon one occasion, she saw me approaching the closet where the poison was stored. She was surrounded by those children, whom at their birth, she had thought a blessing; some of them now so advanced in life as not to be unobservant or indifferent spectators of the scene which passed.

When I drank and turned to my wife, her look was irresistible. Not a word passed between us, but I threw myself on my knees before her and hid my face. When I could recover some composure, I found her in a silent agony of grief, and our children shedding sympathetic tears. There was no remonstrance or language of reproach; but in mutual embrace she understood that I had determined to abstain, and I that she would forgive the past. For a time I did observe the mental vow I had then made; but it is impossible to describe the exertions it required. It was not the taste of the liquor for which I repined. No; that the callous palate of the drunkard never enjoys. I was miserable for the want of that stimulus which would put my body in a state which, if I may so express myself, had become its preternatural condition. So it is with the snuff-taker, the tobacco-chewer, and the opium eater. It is not the taste that they gratify; they seek to produce that state of the organs under which alone they can be easy, or indeed endure existence.

I will not further trace the progress of that vicious course which brought me to what I am—a confirmed drunkard. The sense of shame has forsaken me; I spend days and nights in the lowest haunts of those who are abandoned to liquor; I have deserted my wife's fortune and my own, my children are uneducated, and in rags and poverty; my health and strength are gone; I have no appetite, and have no sleep unless it be under the influence of so much liquor as destroys the sense of even that enjoyment. My relations and connections, and their friends, turn their faces from me, as from a loathsome object; and, in the prime