

PER
M-388
FS

MONTHLY VISITOR

OF THE



No. 8.

NOVEMBER.

1847.

THE LADY'S PLEDGE.

BY REV. T. I. WHITE.

To see a wild and arid waste cultured and made fruitful, is very delightful; to see order taking the place of confusion; cannot fail to gratify; to see beauty where once prevailed deformity, both cheers and pleases. But to see all this take place, in a moral point of view, attunes the heart to holy joy, and gives a spring to accents of lofty praise; and may well induce the exclamation of reverential surprise, "What hath God wrought!"

Miles Conrad's father was a moral waste—a pestilence that wasted at noon day—destroying mental beauty, and supplanting it by deformity and confusion, for he not only yielded himself up to all the besotting influences of drunken and dissipated habits, but was anxious that the young should be his companions; and by his taunt and jeer he would banter them into a *taste* and a *love* for the specious poison, and so draw them away from rectitude and sober uprightness. A good workman, with plenty of work, he was rarely short of the means which facilitated his base purpose; and, crafty and untiring he would rarely miss "*making a man*," (as his phrase was,) of some artless young fellow—hence the danger of being where there are such aids to vitiate taste, and overthrow just intentions. Miles' son was his apprentice, and unnatural as it may appear, yet Tom was the chosen "*butt*" of jest and ridicule. Tom would not drink, and though reproached and persuaded by turns, yet for years Tom only mourned his father's folly. Lost time—money unnecessarily spent—brawls and jokes that cost much to settle—always disgusted Tom. However, as water constantly dropping wears away stone, so the oft-repeated assurance that nobody would employ him, and nobody give him instruction or additional insight into his business, if he continued the unsocial and tame creature he then was, affected Tom. "Look at me," the father would say, "and see, every body respects me, and I can always get a job, and any one, for a pint, will give me instruction. Now mind, Tom, what I say, you need not get *drunk and make a beast of yourself*; but unless you drink a *little*, you will neither have strength nor spirit for anything." And so at last Tom entered upon the world, and in the