

me. When I left that scene, I wandered through the streets with no purpose or project in mind, and not knowing or caring whither I went, when I felt t^{he} ground perfectly exhausted. Providence sent you to my relief; you saved me from being robbed of my all, and by your kind efforts I stand here before you, again in the possession of my reason; would that I might continue thus, and never more be found a slave to passion."

"Thank God for that earnest desire," replied Anthon, "and whatever assistance I may be able to afford in enabling you to be henceforth a free man, shall be most cheerfully granted; but here is the only safe ground," he added, drawing a Temperance pledge from his pocket, "this places you above temptation; put your name to this pledge with a fixed determination to keep it inviolate, and a fervent prayer to the Eternal King to sustain you in carrying out that resolution, and you will feel as if you had imbibed the strength of a giant to contend with the wily foe." Clarentius lifted his eyes to heaven to invoke Divine aid, and then with a steady hand traced his name in bold characters on that magic sheet. He had scarcely laid aside his pen, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, it opened, and a beautiful female of nearly thirty, perhaps, entered—she started back deeply agitated when she saw the stranger, and Clarentius trembled in every limb, his heart beat quick and hard, their eyes met, and that recognition,—I pass the scene, for no language, however vivid, can give a true description. That little circle wept showers of tears, but there was joy and rejoicing mingled with those tears, joy at the return of the *lost* and the *errand*. That lovely one who entered with so soft a step, strikingly resembled the fair companion of Anthon, and you may guess kind reader that it was her sister. You are right in your conjecture, it was her only sister, sisters indeed they were who could not long be separated.

Rosanna had from her first acquaintance felt deeply interested in the welfare of Clarentius Mervidon, and he with all his faults had loved her truly; he sought her hand, and pledged to her his heart, and though she could not bestow hers in return, reckless and rash as he was, yet she promised to be his whenever he should reform and become like his noble cousin; and she could not love another.

Through all his errors and wanderings her prayers had followed him, and even in the darkest hour, her hopes had been bright, and her faith strong that she should yet see him an honorable man, honestly wearing the title of a Christian. The parents of Clarentius were sent for that day, as Anthon insisted upon retaining his cousin with him, for a season at least. Not a lip had been breathed of the absent, when they entered the house, and what a meeting! how their tears mingled, and how the hearts of the indulgent father and the fond mother yearned over the returning prodigal, not only to them, but to God, for there he knelt a penitent, bowing low at the foot of the cross for mercy, and mercy was found, the Saviour smiled, and whispered "thou art forgiven."

The news of Clarentius Mervidon's return spread rapidly, and old friends were eager to welcome him. Firm and stedfast he stood to his Temperance principles, and no temptation, however strong, could lure his feet aside to walk with those "who look upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkleth in the cup."

Anthon Bloomingdale's name appeared in gilt letters on a new sign over his former establishment, to which that of Clarentius Mervidon was added as a partner in business;—their traffic was honorable and prosperous;—Clarentius was numbered with the professed Disciples of Jesus, and every day became more like his noble cousin.

Months rolled on, and there was gathered a happy circle at the house of Deacon Vestallon, all decked for another bridal; joy beamed in every countenance of the smiling

group, as they waited the entrance of the beautiful pair. They came at last, and a solemn stillness reigned through all that solemn ceremony that joined their destinies for life. Reader, I need not repeat their names, for they are already known to you; the loveliness of the fair bride was heightened by her modest dress of purest white, and the countenance of the manly bridegroom shone with a blissful radiance.

Years have rolled away, and those happy couples have lived to labor zealously in the vineyard of their Master, to aid in the reformation of many an inebriate and to bless the world around them by their Christian offices.

Never has Rosanna Vestallon regretted the day when she became Mrs. Mervidon, and never has Clarentius sorrowed that he refused to follow the Saviour, and united himself with his faithful servants; or that he has so *decidedly set his name to the exalting TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.*

AWFUL DEATH OF A DRUNKARD.

"On the next Saturday another drunkard died, and was buried on Sunday. I was sent for on Friday night, in an awful storm of rain and thunder and lightning, to see him. I found him in dreadful agonies. His throat very much swollen, the saliva flowing in streams from his mouth, his eyes prominent, inflamed, wildly staring; his nervous system greatly excited; and his mind filled with dreadful forebodings of approaching death and eternal sorrow. I endeavored to soothe him, and partially succeeded; so that about two o'clock A.M., he fell into a kind of sleep, if that hard, suffocating breathing, and heaving, and twitching, and jerking, which continued during his slumber, could be called sleep. His heart-broken wife, like a ministering angel, was watching by his side. He suddenly awoke in awful horrors. His mind was wild and affrighted and wandering.—Every movement in the room caused him to start with terror. He would clench his fists, grit his teeth, compress his lips, knit his brows; then seizing the bed posts, would piteously beseech us to save him from them. He was under the impression that the officers of justice were in pursuit of him, for the commission of some infamous crime. Then he apprehended that God was gazing on him in anger. He tried in vain to avoid the gaze. Turn which way he would, close his eyes, bury his head under the clothes, still he saw those holy, piercing eyes beaming wrath upon him. He could hear the call for judgment. It seemed to him louder than any sound mortals ever heard. Useless was the effort to stop his ears; the sound rose fearfully distinct above the roaring and bursting of the storm then raging in its violence. He was certain that a legion of devils was about to dash at him, and drag, reluctant as he was, in all his sins, to meet his God and his doom. With unnatural strength and activity, he started from his bed to flee and hide himself in death, from the indescribable torments and horrors of the moment. His wife threw her arms around him to arrest his flight. He seized her by the throat, and with unyielding grasp and demon laugh, held her at arms-length, exclaiming, off! off! Her face turned purple; her tongue lolled out; her eyes became blood-shot. But he held on, laughing and exclaiming with loud shouts, "off! off!" Violent measures had to be employed to rescue her.—During the storm of elements, both without and within, the affrighted children were huddled in a corner, joining their screams to the more than fearful catastrophe.

"He afterwards became more calm. He seemed aware of his situation; blamed himself most bitterly for his past life. His prayers for forgiveness seemed to be sound without hope; but still he prayed. He desired that his drinking companions should be sent for; he wished to give them a parting and a dying admonition. They refused to come; they dared not witness his death.