

TEMPERANCE.

THE PLEDGE.

ONE Sabbath afternoon, as I was passing through one of the grave-yards, in the suburbs, of our city, my attention was arrested by one of our reformed drunkards who was seated near a grave, in a retired part of the cemetery. He was apparently unconscious of my approach, and sat gazing upon the grass-covered hillock that entombed the ashes of a departed one. The tears were coursing their way down his cheeks, while the heaving of his bosom indicated unfeignable sorrow. I immediately recognized him as brother D—, a man who, two years ago, was regarded by all that knew him as one of stitute of every feeling, and unsusceptible of emotion—a lost and wretched drunkard. Unwilling to intrude upon his meditations I endeavoured to pass by unnoticed. But in this I was unsuccessful. He recognized me, and I drew near. He grasped my hand affectionately, but his heart was too full to permit him to speak for some moments. "There," said he, at length, "repose the mortal remains of my wife;" pointing to the grave before him; "often within the last two years have I made a pilgrimage to this spot." Not having been acquainted with his early history, and my curiosity being somewhat excited by what I had already seen and heard, I desired him to inform me as to his life. He related something like the following story:—

"I was born on the eastern shore of Maryland. My parents were in moderate circumstances, but highly respected. I was their only son, and they gave me every opportunity to render myself worthy of the affection lavished upon me. At an early age I was prepared for college, and left the paternal roof with a mother's blessing, and followed by a father's prayers, to enter upon a full course of study in a University. For a time, my success in my studies was gratifying to my friends. Before two years had passed, however, I had contracted a fondness for company, and a taste for the intoxicating cup, which has since been my ruin. Tired of a college life, I abandoned my books—became idle and dissipated, and was privately advised by the Professors that I had better go home. In obedience to their wishes, and my own inclinations, I returned once more to the theatre of my childhood, and the bosom of my parents. But I was not the same confiding, affectionate, and obedient son; but was passionate, headstrong, and wayward. The pocket-bible, which my mother gave me on my departure for college, and which I was careful, for the first few months, to read, had been neglected, and was no longer my counsellor. Well now, do I remember, the line traced on the first leaf by a mother's hand: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Soon after my return, my father sickened and died. As he was breathing his last, he laid his hand upon me and exclaimed: "May God bless thee, my son!" Now I can realize something of the value of that blessing, and the priceless excellence of the favour of God. Then it affected me but a short time; for a few months after the decease of my father, I banished every serious thought, and plunged headlong into the stream of guilty pleasure, and followed its rapid course downward towards the gulf of ruin. I was arrested temporarily in my downward progress, by the sudden death of my mother. This dispensation of Providence almost overwhelmed me. I felt that my all was gone—that I was left alone in the world. The thought that my waywardness had hastened her departure, imbittered every moment of my life. I resolved to live differently, and for some time attended Church, and read my Bible; and avoided the society of the intemperate and profane. I was not yet lost to every refined sentiment; my heart had not yet become hard as the nether millstone. At the age of twenty-four I married one of the most amiable and lovely of women—never was a husband more fondly loved, and never was affection more cordially reciprocated. For two years we lived in the bright sunshine of holy affection: each studied how to make the other more and more happy. But, alas! the demon of intemperance laid his hand upon me, and he converted our little heaven into the most gloomy hell. When I began again to drink, my appetite returned with tenfold more power than ever. I neglected my business, forsook the society of my companion, and very soon was fit only to associate with drunkards and devils. Rapidly I squandered the little patrimony left me by my parents, and was a poor, poverty-stricken, wretched drunkard. My wife saw and wept over my ruin, but she loved me still. The more the world shunned me, the closer she seemed to cling. Having lost my property, and, what was worse, my character, I determined elsewhere to seek a home. I then moved, with my wife and one child, (who is now, in heaven,) to the state of Pennsylvania. I fortunately obtained a situation to keep a small school, and for three months remained sober, and was much esteemed as a teacher. But I returned again to my cups, and was consequently compelled to seek employment in some other quarter of the world. We found our way to Pittsburg, and here I laboured and drank alternately, until I had performed almost every menial service.

At one time working in a furnace, at another in a livery stable, at a third, making a few cents on the wharf, loading and unloading steamboats. Thus I spent, or rather wasted; ten months! At the end of that time, we came to Cincinnati, and here too, I was soon known as a poor drunken exile and vagabond. Soon after our arrival in this city, our child died of scarlet fever, and was buried somewhere by the Township Trustees. Oh! that I knew the spot, that I might water it with my penitential tears. During the first year after I came to Cincinnati, I made three trips to New Orleans as a fireman. My wife laboured with her own hands to pay the rent of the small house we occupied, in — alley, and to procure her food and clothing. Five years ago last August, overcome by disappointment, her spirit broken, and her affections crushed, her bodily strength gave way, and she died; and here on this sacred spot, her ashes were entombed. Her path in life was strewn by me with briars and thorns, which should have been covered with flowers, to have been worthy of her loveliness and her virtues. In all my wandering and my departures from the path of rectitude, she never reproached me. Kind and forgiving in her disposition, and amiable in her temper, she seemed to love me more ardently as she found me cut off from the sympathies of the rest of the world. She commended her wretched husband to the forgiving mercy of God, and plunged into the stream that separated her from a bitter world, without a murmur. Since her decease, I have been in almost every city in the West and South. I am acquainted with most of the watch-houses, houses of refuge, and hospitals having been an inmate in all. Two years ago, a houseless wanderer, on the verge of the delirium tremens, I was conveyed to the reformed drunkard's asylum on Vine street, and, blessed be God, the blind received sight, the dead was made alive again. I am now free from the monster grasp. I am now a member of the Methodist Church, and have a hope that maketh not ashamed. I love, on Sabbath evening, to find my way to this sepulchre. It makes me feel sad, it is true; "by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better." My greatest desire is, to live in such a manner that, when I lay this body in the dust, I may be permitted, in yon bright abode, to join in full chorus with my father and mother, and wife and daughter, in celebrating the praise of Him who hath redeemed us, and bought us with his blood."

Such was the simple narrative of one "unknown to fame," who has been saved from ruin through the instrumentality of the Pledge.—*The Organ.*

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1844.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

If there be one Christian grace of more importance than another, it is that which forms the subject of this article. Brotherly love has reference not to man only—it has reference to God also; reference not only to time, but to eternity. Love to our Maker cannot exist without it: in an evangelical sense, they are inseparable. Hence it is written, "If a man love not his brother whom he hath seen; how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

The absence, or, if you will, the small amount of this grace existing in persons professedly Christian, is a great drawback to the interests of true religion—as it leads to disunion, misunderstandings, complainings, and mistrust. These evils are calculated to make an unfavourable impression on the minds of worldly men respecting the practical working of the religion of the Bible—whereas all is to be attributed to the want of that religion.

There is such a discrepancy between the precepts of the Gospel and the practice of its professors in this matter, that some are led to doubt whether there be any true religion among men—or whether it be not, at the best, confined to comparatively few individuals. There is a narrow, contracted, selfish feeling too generally manifested by even professing Christians—which, instead of rendering the religion of the Saviour which they profess, amiable and desirable, greatly tends to multiply sceptics and mere formalists. This is not as it should be. We maintain, that no profession of religion, however high it may be, without this grace, will avail any thing in the

eyes of Him who, in the days of this flesh, delighted himself in relieving the sufferings of humanity, and whose latest command to his disciples, and through them to us, was, "Love one another, as I have loved you;—By this ye shall know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another."

We refrain from referring to numerous portions of both the Law and the Gospel bearing directly upon this duty—they will at once suggest themselves to the mind of every student of the Bible. But we do most earnestly hope, that a period will arrive in the history of the Church, when BROTHERLY LOVE will shine forth as the crowning grace of the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, and as the legitimate offspring of that love which every Christian professes to bear towards his Saviour.

WESLEYAN EDUCATION MOVEMENT.

We copy the following intelligence respecting this interesting movement, from the *London Watchman* of the 21st ult. It forms part of a report of the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, held in Birmingham during the last month.

On Monday evening, there was a very full attendance of the *Education Committee*, as well as of Preachers and other Friends. The Rev. JOHN SCOTT, President of the Conference, took the chair. An interesting report of the last year's proceedings was read by the Rev. JONATHAN CROWTHER, after which the Rev. J. C. PENGELLY furnished some valuable statistical details, and the Rev. R. WOOD gave a financial statement. It appeared that, including a grant from the Centenary Fund, above 12,000l. had been already contributed or promised. There had been 110 candidates for training, as masters or mistresses, 42 of whom had been accepted, and sent to the Glasgow Normal Seminary. Since August last, about 13 had finished their preparatory course, and had been sent out to different places, and there were a number of applications which would be met in the course of a few months. There had been an increase, during the year, (if we caught the number correctly,) of 143 Sunday Schools, and 15,672 Scholars. Of Week-Day and Infant Schools there were 183 for Boys, 109 for Girls, and 40 for Infants, containing 13,138 Boys, 8,776 Girls, and 3,349 Infants,—making a total of 25,463 and an increase of 4,659 children. A long and interesting discussion took place, before the reception of the Report, on the proposed junction of the General Chapel Fund, with the Education Fund, as recommended by the Select Committee of Ministers and Laymen which met in London towards the close of last year. This measure, which formed an essential and integral part of the plan, was moved by the Rev. R. REECE and seconded by the Rev. R. WADDY. It was opposed by the Rev. JOSEPH FOWLER, who, in a long and earnest speech, deprecated the proposal, not because he was indifferent to the educational movement, but because, for the reason which he assigned, he thought the union would operate injuriously on chapel interest. Dr. BUNTING replied, seriatim, to the arguments of Mr. Fowler. The other speakers were the Revs. C. PRIST EDWARD WALKER, and WM. VEVERS. The motion was finally carried with only one dissentient. Mr. ROBISON KAYE, Mr. YATES, the Rev. G. MARSDEN, and other Gentlemen, afterwards addressed the Meeting, on points connected with educational topics, or the raising of funds; and Mr. FOWLER took occasion to state, that, though he had unsuccessfully opposed one recommendation of the Committee, yet he should most ardently co-operate in carrying out the general plan. The resolutions of the Committee were finally commended to the consideration and adoption of the Conference.

THE SLANDERER.

Of all characters in society, the slanderer is the most dangerous. "His tongue," says the great Masillon, "is a devouring fire, which tarnishes whatever it touches; which exercises its fury on the good grain equally as on the chaff—on the profane as on the sacred; which, wherever it passes leaves only desolation and ruin; dig-