

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

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"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor do any thing by which thy brother is made to stumble, or to fall, or is weakened."—
Rom. xiv. 21.—Macnigh's Translation.

PLEDGE OF THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

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 DISCOURTAGE THEIR USE THROUGHOUT THE COMMUNITY.

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MARY GARDNER'S WEDDING-DAY.

Merrily rang out the bells in the old church tower of the pleasant village of Lappington; the whole place was astir. Aged women sat at the doors of the low thatched cottages, enjoying the bright sunshine, and here and there the mothers of the little children, playing about the road, were standing in groups talking of what was going on; but as they spoke all at once, nothing could be made out, except the name of Mary Gardner, which went from mouth to mouth, from one end of the village to the other. The younger portion of the population was collected about the church and church-yard, where the old yew looked less gloomy than usual, and the bees seemed beside themselves with gladness, as they hummed among the branches of the tall lime-trees that grew by the wall of the rector's garden. All who were able had come out; for this was Mary Gardner's Wedding-day. Every one loved her, and though they felt sorry that she was so soon to leave them, they could not let her go without their kind and hearty wishes at parting. The miller had come up from the mill that looked so busy and clacked so noisily down by the river, to give the bride away; and the ringers, spirited young fellows, had agreed to ring her into church, as they said, as well as out of it; and thus it happened that on this bright May morning, the bells of the church at Lappington were ringing so merrily.

Who was Mary Gardner?—She was an orphan: her father and mother, ordinary farm-laborers, both died before

she was two years old, and she had been brought up at the charge of an old lady who lived in the dark-red brick house, with curious twisted chimneys, and a double row of chestnut-trees leading up to the entrance, at the end of the village. The girl was of a quiet, contented disposition, and well repaid the kindness bestowed upon her. When of age to be useful, she was taught to rely upon her own exertions for support and independence, and passed through various grades of a servant's life, in the household of her benefactress, and at last, for her steadiness and good conduct, was chosen to assist the housekeeper, whose advancing years rendered her unequal to the duties of her office. In this way she learned everything connected with the proper comfort and management of a house, until about the time of her twentieth birthday, the old housekeeper died, and Mary was put into her place. Here her natural kindness of heart made her so careful to avoid giving offence, that some of the older servants, who had been looking forward to the housekeeper's situation, acknowledged that it could not have been in better hands. Three years afterwards the old lady died, leaving a small legacy to each of the servants, and two hundred and fifty pounds to her faithful housekeeper, who thus lost her home and her friend at the same time.

Mary was clever with her needle: she undertook the making of the mourning-dresses of the other servants, as the last act of kindness she might have in her power to show to them; and after the first depressing feeling of sorrow had gone off, considered that dress-making would afford her a very good living, and in the course of a few weeks, was comfortably established in a lodging in the chief street of the village.

The old house, where she had passed so many happy years, stood empty for six months, when one morning a party of workmen were seen busily engaged in repairing the antiquated building; masons, painters, carpenters, made the ancient walls echo again with their whistling, knocking, and hammering; and it was soon known in the village, that a family from a distant part of the country might shortly be expected to take possession. Among the plumbers, who came from a shop at a village about eight miles off, was a young man, said to be the best and steadiest workman of the company. The gossips of Lappington, now and then, whispered that he liked a glass of good ale a little too well, and was sometimes the worse for liquor, but he was such a light-hearted fellow, always singing at his work, so much liked by his companions, that no one would believe the reports, and set them down to the score of ill-nature. He was seen at church on the Sunday, and before many weeks were over, it was known that Philip Harris was the accepted lover of Mary Gardner. From this time he stayed at Lappington, instead of returning at the end of the week to the village where his master lived, and might be met in the evenings, walking arm in arm with Mary in the green lanes or across the meadows, both looking so happy that everybody agreed it would be a capital match.

Appearances, it is often said, are deceitful: Philip, though a good-natured and diligent workman, was fond of gay company, and had been accustomed to meet once a week at a