

# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—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 discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## The Pledge—Chapter VII.

The sudden departure of James Latimer, for which no satisfactory explanation was given, caused Mary, notwithstanding her confidence in her lover, to feel sober. He had said that he was going on an errand of mercy; but why should the particular object in view be concealed from her? This she could not keep from thinking. And the fact, too, that he had studiously concealed from her and from every one else the probable extent of his journey and time of absence, troubled her mind whenever she thought of it.

One, two, three weeks passed, and not one word of intelligence came from the absent one.

"It is strange!" said the father of Mary.

"It is strange!" said the mother.

"It is strange!" thought Mary; and the pensive maiden would lie awake for hours at night seeking, anxiously, in her own thoughts for an explanation of her lover's singular and prolonged absence, but in vain. Still her confidence in him was unimpaired. She believed, as he had said, that his errand, whatever it might be, was one of mercy.

It was Saturday night, and Mr. Arlington had come home from his work, bringing his week's wages and placing the money, as usual, in the hands of his wife, who was a good economist, and always managed to keep expenses considerably within the limit of income.

After tea the family gathered in the little parlor, and the father read aloud while Mary and her mother sat sewing at a little work-table. While thus engaged, the whistle of the approaching steam-car was heard; and Mr. Arlington laid down his book and listened. Since the departure of James, every member of this family had felt a new interest in the daily trains of passenger-cars that went sweeping through their town, and would pause, almost involuntarily, when the noise of wheels, or the shrill sound of escaping steam disturbed the quiet air.

"I wish that boy was home again," said Mr. Arlington, as he sat listening to the thrilling scream of the whistle.

"And so do I," answered Mrs. Arlington in a concerned voice.

"What could have taken him away?"

"Heaven only knows," said Mary. "It is now three weeks since he went away, and not one word, to tell us that he is even alive, has come."

"Perhaps he will be home to-night," said the mother of Mary.

"I have felt, all day, as if I should see him enter the door in the next moment."

And Mary had experienced similar feelings, but she did not say so. Her voice would have trembled too much.

"Let him come when he will, and my word for it, he brings a good account of himself," said Mr. Arlington, confidently.

There was thankfulness in the eyes of Mary, as she looked her response to these words.

"I wish he were home to-night," remarked Mrs. Arlington.

"I feel as if I could not bear the suspense of his absence any longer, without being unhappy. And something says to me, that he will be home; that he is in the cars that have just arrived. Do you know that I have been thinking of John all day, and that I have had the same feeling in regard to him? If they should come home together!"

"Don't think that way, mother," said Mr. Arlington; "you

will only be fated to disappointment. John, I am sure, has found a grave long and long ago."

"And who knows," exclaimed Mary, who had not listened to her father's reply, clapping her hands together as the thought flashed through her mind—"but that James went in search of brother John!"

Mr. Arlington shook his head doubtfully; but a flush passed over the face of Mrs. Arlington, and a light flashed in her eyes.

"It may be so," replied the latter, in a trembling voice.

"He has been receiving a good many letters from all parts of the country for some time," said Mr. Arlington, "as we know. But never has he spoken to any one of their tenor. He has also written and sent a good many away."

"It must be!" broke in Mary, speaking with confidence and enthusiasm. "Oh! if they should both return to night!"

"Don't—don't conjure up hopes so fallacious, to die, as they must, in disappointment, and render the return of James, when it does take place, less happy for all than it would otherwise be."

And even while the father was speaking, the sound of rapidly approaching feet was heard. The door flew open as the last word fell from his lips, and in rushed the absent ones. Oh! what a happy meeting! What tears; what words of joy; what moments of speechless thankfulness followed the first glad welcoming! The son and brother was restored; the lover and friend had come back! And the fulness of joy was in every heart.

[FOR THE ADVOCATE.]

## What brought Burns so prematurely to his Grave?

BY A SCOTCHMAN.

There cannot be any better illustration of the wonderful character and prospects of this age, than that which we have in the temperance reformation. Commencing a quarter of a century ago, in the simultaneous convictions and efforts of a few sincere and earnest friends of humanity, and, for a time, compelled to conquer every man's good will, by sheer dint of reason, this reformation has, to this hour, steadily advanced, until its principles are engrafting themselves into all our institutions and commanding the attention of the world.

A glance at some of the happy results thus far, leads us, involuntarily to exclaim: Would to God! this blessed reform had sooner dawned upon the world. What sorrows had been prevented! What crimes had never been committed! What men of heavenly genius had been spared!—spared the woe, the vice, the infamy of an inglorious and eternal shipwreck! And here there recurs the memory of a name, which is world famous,—which, if duly considered, may afford more than one useful lesson connected with the reform of which I now speak.

Hardly a name appears on the scroll of the past, around which there has gathered a more sudden, enduring, and enthusiastic admiration. He was only in his 37th year when he died; and