

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

N. Gordon

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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Wine Occasionally,—Evelyn.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

"Wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging, and whose is deceived thereby is not wise."—*Bible*.

"Evelyn," said Mr. Sargent to his orphan niece, on the morning of her marriage-day; "Evelyn, I trust you will have sufficient influence with Frank Rivers, to induce him to leave those gay, wine drinking associates of his. I hope his attendance on convivial parties will now be less frequent; for, Evely," added the fond but cautious uncle, "bad habits are sometimes formed in this agreeable way."

Young Evelyn Sargent thought of her lover's devoted attachment, smiled incredulously, and said: "He only takes wine occasionally, dear uncle; besides, it would be hard to fancy Frank Rivers an inebriate, with all his good sense."

"Be not too confident; I would not grieve your gentle nature, Evelyn, yet it is well to be warned of danger. I trust, indeed, that Rivers will always possess the same self-command as now. It would be a fearful thing for you, my child, should he, after all, turn a charmed ear to the voice of that Syren, the end of whose song is destruction."

A slight quiver came over the lips of the young girl—there was a tremulous flutter of the white lids over the tender eyes. Saw this, she stood silent before her uncle, as pale certainly, and as beautiful as the most exquisite statue.

Her uncle looked on her pityingly.—"Forgive me, darling," he said, taking her hand. "If I probe the wound, God knows I would heal it. O Evelyn! when your sainted mother placed you, a little infant, in my arms, and bade me love you well—when, with her dying breath, she charged me to watch over your tender youth, and guard you from all evil—in that solemn hour, Evelyn, I folded you closer to my aching bosom, and vowed to fulfil the sacred trust reposed in me. It was no hard task to perform a parent's duty towards you, Evelyn; you became what your mother before you had been—the dearest object of my heart (though she left me for my adopted brother.) and my care for you has been truly a 'labor of love.' And well have the gifts and graces of your youth rewarded my care. You have brought joys to my lonely hearth, unknown to it since my—my first and last great sorrow. You have ever been a most dutiful and affectionate daughter unto me: but you are a woman now—you have chosen for yourself another protector, and, O Evelyn! God grant he may wear the priceless pearl of thy affections worthily, and be to thy future all thou so fondly hopest. But should the time ever arrive, that thou needest other help or guidance, remember my house and heart are alike open to thee—and thou wilt not say me nay. Promise me, Evelyn, that in such emergency thou wilt come to me—thy second father."

And Evelyn promised unhesitatingly—her future seemed so bright. For the last time she flung herself into the arms that opened to clasp her to a heart, which, on this eventful morning, dared not examine itself too closely. Had Evelyn known all that was struggling in the noble and generous soul of her benefactor, Frank Rivers had been less lovingly received in Philip Sargent's presence.

And Mr. Sargent gave away the bride—for Evelyn did become the wife of Rivers. Her uncle marked the bridegroom's smile of conscious triumph and exulting love deepen to a solemn awe, as

he uttered the trothplight that made him her husband and protector. How trusting and entire was the confidence with which she gave her hand to him, with whom she had chosen to tread life's crowded paths! And there was a deeper regret than the mere occasion required, in the sorrowful and earnest tones of Philip Sargent's voice, as he conigned his darling Evelyn to an untried guardianship. There was a quiver on the lips that pronounced a fond and farewell blessing on the young bride, now leaving the shelter of his roof forever. Turning a last time to Rivers, he wrung his hand and said: "I have committed a precious charge to your keeping, Mr. Rivers. As you hope for God's blessing, obey my solemn injunction—deal truly and tenderly by Evelyn; and" he added in a lower tone, "by yourself, too, deal faithfully!"

When the young, lovely, and confiding Evelyn said that Frank Rivers possessed too much good sense ever to become intemperate, she spoke but what she thought.—In her heart she could not believe that he, whose nature was so noble and generous, who evinced so many correct feelings and principles—Frank Rivers, gay, gallant, high spirited, possessing, in an eminent degree, all manly qualifications—how could she believe that he, by any possible temptation, would ever yield to the baneful influences of the arch destroyer.

During the first year after their marriage, Mr Rivers was all devotion to his beautiful wife; and every attention that love or duty could suggest was lavishly bestowed on her. About this time they removed to a large and populous city. Evelyn was mistress of a noble mansion, surrounded by all the splendor and luxury that love could bestow or wealth command. Basking in the sunshine of prosperity; caressed, admired, and flattered, the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Rivers (as she was called) swam along the stream of pleasure so gently, that one might well deem no thorns grew in her pathway of roses.

"Will you not pass this evening with me, dear Frank?" asked Evelyn Rivers, as she saw her husband, after an absence of three successive nights, again prepare to go out. "Come," she continued playfully putting her slender arm within his own—"come, Frank; you did not always think the evening lost which you gave to me." And she gazed upon him with the earnestness of a woman's pleading. But there was sorrow, as well as anxiety, in her look.

"You are a sweet beggar, Evelyn," said Rivers, after looking at her a moment; but it went do. I've pledged my word to Tom Arundel—a gentleman's party you know—I will be back before eleven;" and, as if anxious to be gone, he hastily kissed her, and went his way.

Heavily did his departing footsteps reverberate on the heart of his disappointed wife; and she thought time never moved so tardily. A sort of misgiving, for the first time, crossed her mind; not that it shaped itself into anything tangible, but a vague, undefined apprehension of some impending calamity. Silently Evelyn Rivers knelt down, and imploringly she repeated the intercession: "Lead him not into temptation; deliver him from evil!"

It were too sad a thing to trace Frank Rivers along his erring path of folly and dissipation: too sad a tale to tell, how he gradually, and almost imperceptibly, estranged himself from his gentle and trusting Evelyn; how, the more he neglected her, the farther he strayed from virtue and honor; and how the habit of drinking "wine occasionally" led him, at last, to bow down his high spirit