

Yet was she doomed to witness the full force of the conflict of grief and remorse against intemperance, only to see them suddenly overthrown. The reviving goodness, with whose promise she had so solaced herself, as even to give thanks that her beloved son had not died in vain, was transient as the morning dew. Habits of industry, which seemed to have been springing up, proved themselves to be without root.

The dead, and his cruelty to the dead, were alike forgotten. Disaffection to that tender and trusting wife, who, "against hope had believed in hope," resumed its habitual sway. The friends who had alternately reproved and encouraged him, felt that their efforts were of no avail. Intemperance, like the "strong man armed," took final possession of a soul, that lifted no prayer for aid to the Holy Spirit and ceased to stir itself up to struggle with the destroyer.

To lay waste the comfort of his wife, seemed now the principal object of this miserable man. Day after day did she witness for herself and for her household, the fearful changes of his causeless anger and brutal tyranny. She felt the utter necessity of deriving consolation, and the power of endurance, wholly from above.

She was faithful in the discharge of the difficult duties that devolved upon her, and especially careful not to irritate him by reproaches or a gloomy countenance. Yet she could not sometimes prevent from rising mournfully to her view, her sweet native village—the peaceful home and fond friends of her childhood so far away—and the constant, endearing attentions, which won her early love for one whose ill-treatment now strewn her path with thorns.

In this new and solitary settlement, she had no relative to protect her from his insolence; she felt that she was entirely in his power—that it was a power without generosity—and that there is no tyranny so entire and terrible, as that of an alienated and intemperate husband.

Still, looking to her Father in Heaven, she found her courage revive, and deepen into a child-like confidence. After putting her children to bed, as she sat alone, evening after evening, while the joys of early days, and the sorrows of maturity, passed in review before her, she questioned her heart what had been its gain from Heaven's discipline, and whether she was to sustain that greatest of all losses, the loss of the spiritual benefit intended by affliction.

The absences of her husband grew more frequent and protracted. Once, during the third night of his departure, she knew not where, she lay sleepless, listening for his footsteps. Sometimes she fancied she heard his shouts of wild laughter, but it was only the shriek of the tempest. Then, she thought the sounds of his frenzied anger rang in her ears. It was the roar of the hoarse wind through the forest.

All night long she listened to these tumults, and hushed and sang to her affrighted babe. Early in the morning, her eye was attracted by a group coming up slowly from the river which ran near her dwelling. A terrible foreboding came upon her. She thought they bore a corpse. It was, indeed, the corpse of her husband. He had been drowned, as it was supposed, during the darkness of the preceding night, while attempting to cross a bridge of logs, which had been broken by the swollen waters.

Utter prostration of spirit came over the desolate mourner. Her energies were broken, and her heart withered. She had sustained the hardships of emigration, and the privations of poverty, the burdens of unceasing toil and unrequited care, without murmuring. She had laid her first-born in the grave, with resignation, for faith had heard her Redeemer saying, "Suffer the little one to come unto me."

She had seen him, in whom her heart's young affections were garnered up, become a prey to vice the most disgusting and destructive. Yet she had borne up under all. One hope had lingered with her as an "anchor of the soul," the hope that he might yet repent and be reclaimed. But now

he had died in his sin. The deadly leprosy which had stolen over his heart, could no more be "purged with sacrifice or offering, forever."

She knew not that a single prayer for mercy had preceded the soul on its passage to the judge's bar. There were bitter drops in this cup of woe, which she had never before tasted. With heaviness of an unspoken and peculiar nature, was the victim of intemperance borne from the house that he had troubled, and buried by the side of his son, to whose tender years he had been an unnatural enemy. And among those who surrounded his open grave, there was sorrow, bearing the features of that fearful "sorrow which is without hope."—*Temperance Recorder.*

### A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE.

*"A Voice from the Vintage; or, The Force of Example."* addressed to those who think and feel. By Mrs. ELLIS, author of "The Wives of England," "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England," &c., &c. London. Price 4s.

We hail this elegant production of the celebrated Mrs. ELLIS, with peculiar satisfaction, as being the most likely instrument, in the hands of Providence, to convey truth respecting the Temperance cause into the minds of a very large and influential class of the community, hitherto almost wholly unreachd; we mean what is usually denominated genteel or refined society. From the strong hold that the accomplished author has obtained on the affections of the reading public, many are likely to read what she has to say on the subject of total abstinence, who would not probably listen to any other, and in the cause which we advocate the difficulty is not so much to convince as to obtain a hearing.

The following extract concerning herself, will shew Mrs. ELLIS to be fully qualified, by observation and experience, as a witness on this great subject, and we may add that many with whom we have conversed, and multitudes, of whom we have read and heard, have substantially the same story to tell, and we trust that the time is not far distant, when all, who are using intoxicating drinks for their health, whether by prescription or otherwise, will be able to join in a similar declaration of independence, the dictation of doctors to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Without entering generally upon the question of health, a question which has been circumstantially examined by judges more able than myself, and in relation to which many important and interesting facts are now laid before the public, tending clearly to prove, that, instead of suffering from total abstinence, most persons by whom it has been fairly tried, have experienced not only no injury to their health, but considerable benefit; I may perhaps be allowed to add a few words on the subject of my own experience, which may possibly derive additional weight from the circumstance of my having been, for many years of my life, an obstinate disbeliever in the efficacy of temperance principles to effect any lasting or extensive good; while of all respectable societies, that for the promotion of total abstinence—that which I now esteem it an honour and a privilege to advocate, would have been most repulsive to my feelings to join. Indeed, such was my contempt for the system altogether, that I often pronounced it to be a mockery of common sense, and at the same time frequently asserted my belief, that nothing could be more likely than the restraint of a public pledge to create an immediate inclination to break it.

For two years—years I may say of total ignorance on this point, during which I took no pains to make myself better informed, I treated the subject with the utmost contempt whenever it was brought under my notice. By degrees, however, it began to wear a different aspect before the world in general, and facts were too powerful in its favour to be disputed. By degrees it began also to assume