

on, "my guardian angel, whose love has been a sweet unquenchable light on my dark path of sin and degradation, ever alluring me back to virtue, let this temperance pledge,"—and as he spoke he placed a small paper in her hand—"which I have this night signed, and which, with God's blessing, I hope to keep, be to us a pledge of returning happiness." Oh who can paint the love, joy, gratitude, that leaped into those late melancholy eyes, or the bright blood suddenly crimsoning cheek, neck, brow, and as quickly ebbing back to her too happy heart, as she hid her face in his throbbing breast and wept aloud.

Edward E.—, is now a doting husband, an affectionate father, a steady industrious man, and I have no doubt will soon be a prosperous one. For "I have been young, and am now old, yet have I never seen the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread."

Mrs. J. P. G.

Port, August, 1848.

A REFORMED MAN.

(From the *British Temperance Gazette*)

I was born at Trowbridge in the year 1788. At the age of seventeen I enlisted in the Royal Marines, and was soon called to take part in several bloody engagements, both by sea and land. Many have been the storms and tempests I have weathered, and the dangers I have escaped. But for thirty years I was a most confirmed drunkard, and was as ignorant of God as any poor heathen. In 1814 I was discharged from the naval service, and came to reside in my native place; when, if possible, I became a more wretched and degraded character than before, so that at length I was quite proverbial for drunkenness, and all the evils connected with it. In short, I was generally known as "the town sinner." I was a terror to the neighbourhood in which I lived, and was shunned and despised by every one as a moral pestilence. I was a brutal husband, and a cruel father. My home was destitute of furniture and every comfort, my wife and children were half-starved and in rags, and I was myself more like a wild beast than a man. Not a farthing did I earn but it was spent in liquor, and my wicked courses were fast hastening me to the grave. I hated everything that was good, and my only delight was in cursing and swearing, drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking, with almost every other sin. At length (to my shame) I became a complete monster of wickedness, and so hardened was I in transgression, that if I saw my children with a Bible, I would take it from them and kick it about the house. It seemed as if I was quite given up to drunkenness and depravity of heart. Sometimes, indeed, I had sober moments, but then my state of mind was dreadful; it appeared as if I had a burning hell within me; and the awful horrors I endured at such times no one can tell, unless it be some poor drunkard who has passed through the same.

At length I was so miserable that I could bear it no longer, and I determined to take away my life. With this intention, I got a rope and hanged myself; but my wife, hearing a noise, ran up stairs, and cut me down just before the vital spark was extinct. But even this narrow escape from perdition made no impression upon

me; if possible, I went on afterwards worse than ever, until about eight years ago, when a neighbour begged me to accompany him to a place of worship, and, more for the sake of pleasing him than anything else, I consented to go. I had not been to a church or a chapel for many years, and every thing was new to me. The sermon, however, under the blessing of Heaven, reached to my heart, and I often said to myself, "O, what is to become of me, if all this is true?" I went again to the chapel, and continued to go, until at last it pleased God to show me my lost and ruined state as a sinner in his sight. Earnestly did I pray for mercy, and, thank God, I did not pray in vain. About the same time, I joined the Teetotal Society, and this, under the Divine blessing, has been the means of keeping me from temptation, and leading me to steadfastness in my religious course. Soon afterwards, I was baptized by the minister under whose preachings I had been awakened, and I was received into the fellowship of the church, of which I have now been a member eight years. My teetotalism has been instrumental in renewing my health, and I enjoy much inward peace. I am respected and happy; my house is well furnished, my wife and children are in comfort, and I have something laid by for a time of need. I do not say this to boast, but from humility and gratitude. Thank God, that although I was once in a state of demonic madness, I am now "clothed and in my right mind," and that "whereas I was once blind, now I see."

Should this account of myself meet the eye of any poor, miserable drunkard, I would earnestly entreat him, as he values his happiness here and hereafter, at once to give up the use of intoxicating liquors, and sign the teetotal pledge.

J. L. (A reformed drunkard.)

TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF HUGH BRYSON AND SOPHIA SPARKS FOR THE MURDER OF WILLIAM SPARKS.

Hugh Bryson and Sophia Sparks were placed in the dock charged with the wilful murder of William Sparks, the husband of the female prisoner, on the 11th June last, in a house in Terauly Street. The prisoners pleaded *not guilty*.—Solicitor General Blake conducted the prosecution.

James O'Dee, sworn.—I reside in Elizabeth Street; had known Mrs. Sparks three months; she was married to deceased; they lived over me in Elizabeth Street. Her husband and she could not agree. Sparks was killed on the 11th June, on Sunday, at half-past 5 o'clock—I saw Mrs. Sparks and Bryson coming up two houses below the place to turn to their house; was on same side of the street with them; Mrs. Sparks asked the time of the day. I observed that her eye was black; she had a white handled knife in her hand. She said that "Bill Sparks was always abusing her when he got drunk, and throwing Mr. Haslep in her face." "Nonsense, said I." She said she would "stab her husband through the heart." "Oh! nonsense, said I." She passed and went home. I went home. Bryson seemed to be as if he had been drinking. I had not been drinking.

Cross-Examined.—Went over to the house (Sparks') at eleven o'clock; found there an aged man sitting at