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WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

WHEN the glass, the laugh, and the social "crack" go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have heard the words, 'We'll have another!' It is an oft repeated phrase—and it seems a simple one; yet simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yields to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catches its thousand echoes, that it is a phrase which has blasted reputation—withered affection's heart—darkened the fairest prospects—ruined credit—conducted to the prison-house, and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the words, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow, who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Vevoit. From infancy, Adam was a mild retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his schoolmates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say: Dinna stir up the fire, bairn; ye dinna mind that coals are dear; and I'm sure ye'll hurt yourself' wi' pore, poring owre yer books—fore they're never oot o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite shady nook by the river side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, 'crack wi' kings,' or 'hold high converse with the mighty dead.' He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, 'she had a sair bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankfu' that she had ae comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every night he had read a chapter to his younger brothers—and, oh, sir,' she added, 'it wad make your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother.' Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy, and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visitor at the manse, and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr. Douglas had a daughter who was nearly of the same age as his protegee. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful; but she was a gentle and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles, and consider himself happy when he obtained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him; 'But,' added she, 'he is a guid scholar, that is ae thing, and CAN do is easy carried about.' Mr. Douglas himself became as anxious about Adam's prospects; he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession, and he was too old to remain longer a burden upon his mother. At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighbouring village. Some said,

that he was too young; others that he was too simple, that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and forward to the manse in the adjoining parish, to pay attention to his school. However these might be, certain it is that the school did not succeed; and, after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick to be forwarded by the carrier. Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning; and, on the evening preceding his departure, he paid his farewell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness; he gave him one or two letters of recommendation, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world, as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long and said little; for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas, in plain words, that he loved her—he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent on her, trembling to bid her farewell. She, too, was silent. At length he rose to depart; he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding—'Farewell, Adam!—may heaven protect you amongst the numerous of the great city!' He turned towards Mary—he hesitated, his hands dropped by his side—'Could I speak wi' you a moment?' said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke. With a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she rose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower garden—he had taken her hand in his, he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and, at length, in a tone of earnest fondness; and he shook as he spoke; he said; 'Will you not forget me, Mary?'

A half-smothered sob was her reply, and a tear fell on his hand.

'Say you will not,' he added, yet more earnestly.

'O Adam!' returned she, 'how can you say *forget*—never!—never!'

'Enough! enough!' he exclaimed, and they both wept together.

It was scarce day break when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethren farewell. 'Oh!' exclaimed she as she placed his breakfast before him, 'is this the last meal that my bairn's to eat in my house?' He ate but little; and she continued, weeping as she spoke—'Eat, hinny, eat; ye have a lang road before ye; and, oh, Adam, aboon everything earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think of the postage—for, though it should take my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye.'

He took his staff in his hand, and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers, and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud. 'Fareweel, mother?' said he, in a voice half-cloaking with anguish—'Fareweel!'