

# Canada Temperance Advocate.

*Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.*

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The following beautiful original tale, is from an unknown Correspondent.

## THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

A TRUE STORY.

Edward E—— was in affluent circumstances, surrounded by friends who both admired and esteemed him, not only for the wit and talent with which he was gifted, but for what was of infinitely more importance—the sterling qualities of his heart. He had lately married that one only being, who had won his earliest, freshest, deepest affections; and she was all that his idolizing love had imagined her. With such prospects, who would not have prognosticated for him a long continued scene of uninterrupted love and happiness? who would not have exclaimed “his life will be a bright exception to the general rule, that man’s days are full of evil.” But alas for human hopes and anticipations! Edward E——’s page of prosperity was short, whilst his chapter of adversity proved long and bitter. Gradually, and by almost imperceptible degrees, he became addicted to the heart-hardening, soul-killing vice of intemperance. In vain his friends warned, remonstrated, entreated; he either would not, or could not release himself from the iron grasp of his tenacious enemy. Oh how altered in a few short years were his once brilliant prospects! he had lost an excellent situation, was despised by those who had formerly esteemed him, and excluded from the society of which he had once been the ornament: even his own relations, who had given up all hope of reclaiming him, sought only to shun or disown any connexion with him, prophesying that he would live a few short years a disgrace to himself and them, and then die, unloved and unregretted, nay more—despised, in short that he would inevitably fill a drunkard’s grave. But there was one gentle being who, unlike all the rest, still remained faithful to the lost, wretched Edward; one who loved him with that true love that *hopeth all things, believeth all things, that suffereth long and is kind*. It was his own meek uncomplaining wife who thus hoped, thus believed, thus suffered, and yet was kind. She had often been entreated to return to her father’s house, where she could again enjoy those comforts and luxuries to which from her youth she had been accustomed. But what to Mary was comfort or luxury without him, who alone formed her happiness or misery. “No,” she would reply to all their persuasions, “am I not his own wedded wife, and shall I desert him? Have I not sworn to love him through every thing, and Edward will yet be reclaimed, I know he will.” And oh, blessings on that fond trusting woman’s heart! Edward was at length reclaimed and through her gentle influence and instrumentality. True she had to go through long years of humiliation, mortification and pain; true she had to endure poverty, pride, neglect, and the world’s scorn; but it was for his dear sake, and God who holds in his hands the hearts of men had prepared for her a rich reward, even the consummation of that for which alone she lived. Edward was not totally devoid of feeling, and Mary had judged right in believing that kindness and long-enduring affection, would make a deeper impression than harshness or upbraids; for in his sober and better moments as he looked on the pale face of his once happy and adored wife, and ever met there the same glance of untiring love, the thought of the dark cloud which he had spread over her days, of the ruin and the desolation which he had hung around her path, inflicted a pang sharper and deeper than the most bitter taunt could have wrung from his agonizing heart.

It was on a dark, cold night in November, that Mary sat in an upper apartment of a house situated in the outskirts of the town, still lovely, though the bright bloom of youth seemed to have fled for ever from her fair young cheek, the room was scrupulously neat and clean though but scantily furnished, a small fire burnt cheer-

fully in the grate, and on a table near it was placed a supper apparently for one. Mary was sitting near a cradle which ever and anon as its little inhabitant stirred she would bend over and rock with her foot. She had been for some time absorbed in deep, and it would seem, troubled thought, for now and then the large tear would gather in her eye and hang heavy on the long dark lash. “I am afraid he will not come,” at length she murmured; “but he promised that he would, and he has been home earlier than usual these last few nights, and appeared more like himself than I have known him for many years.” Mary sank upon her knees, her lips moved not in prayer, but her now streaming eyes were raised to heaven, and there was more of imploring, beseeching, earnestness in that look than language could have expressed. At that instant a low knock was heard at the street door, she sprang up: “Perhaps it is him.” With a trembling hand she snatched the candle and stood leaning eagerly forward at the top of the stairs to catch the first sound. It was indeed him, and his step sounded firm and steady as it ascended. Mary returned to the room and stood leaning against the wall for support. Edward entered, but not with his usual flushed face, staggering gait, and excited manner, his air was animated it is true, but it was the animation produced by an approving conscience, and the consciousness of having gained a greater victory than earth’s proudest conquerors ever achieved—namely, a victory over himself, and the *demon of intemperance*. He drew near to Mary, and passed his arm round her waist, “My own Mary,” he began, and his voice was soft and low and to her ear just as musical as in happy years long since flown “my own Mary,” he went on, “my guardian angel whose love has been a sweet unquenchable light in 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 that suddenly crimsoned the cheek, neck, brow, and as quickly ebb’d back to her too happy heart as she hid her face in his throbbing breast and wept aloud. Her work was done, she had not suffered in vain, her prayers had been heard, the lost was found, the dead was alive. Edward E——, is now a devoted husband, an affectionate father, and 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.”

E. J. D.

We have been requested by influential individuals, belonging to the Methodist Society, to insert the following Tract, which has been widely circulated in England.

Such men as JOHN WESLEY are the instruments in the hands of providence, for purifying the moral atmosphere of our world, and it gives us great confidence in our enterprise, to find it sanctioned, and promulgated, by a man so eminent for piety, wisdom and foresight, as the founder of Methodism.

## REV. J. WESLEY’S OPINIONS.

If Rules have any meaning, Methodists are bound to help on the Temperance Society. The Preachers of this sect are much abroad; each one preaches eight or nine times a week, and in from twelve to twenty different places in a quarter. The influence of their example is therefore extensive, and of course their responsibility great. Many of them have promised over and over, to adopt the rule of the Temperance Society. If then they are found daily or weekly breaking it, they must sink in public estimation,