

The Canada

# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED

TO

TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION,



AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

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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## THE COUSINS.

BY ROSILIA FLORIANA.

(From the *New England Washingtonian*.)

"Come, cousin Anthon, go with me to the Theatre to-night. There are to be several new plays! it will be a grand exhibition, well worth witnessing!"

"No, my friend, you know I cannot sanction an institution so deeply dyed with vice as the Theatre."

"Well, go just half-way then, to Allden's, and take a glass of blushing wine to cheer up your spirits, for really you are getting too serious of late—you can at least do that."

"Again, dear Clarentius, I must refuse;—for I endeavored to act conscientiously. I think now you had better accept my invitation to remain at home and keep our company till the store is closed, and then we will read together, and enjoy a lively chat."

"That is too dull amusement for me when there are pleasures so much more enchanting to be found abroad. But I do wish you would come with me this once, and I have not the shadow of a doubt but that you would be so delighted, you would soon become my constant companion."

"Nay, Coz,—my word once pledged cannot be broken.—You know I am decidedly opposed to Theatres, Drinking Saloons, and every thing else of a kindred nature."

"Well, then, if you are not to be influenced, I must go alone; so good evening, and a merry time to you, shut up here behind the counter."

Having thus introduced the subject of my narration, allow me to digress a little, and give you a brief extract from their previous history.

Anthon Bloomingdale and Clarentius Mervidon were cousins, as you have doubtless ere this concluded. The striking contrast in their characters, portrayed in the above conversation, was no greater than in their personal appearance, though in some respects there was a wonderful resemblance. The jet black eye of Clarentius flashing wildly, betrayed the restlessness of the spirit within, and his dark auburn locks fell over a brow lit up with sparkling intelligence. While the light brown hair of Anthon was combed smoothly back, indicating precision and neatness, and exhibiting a fair open countenance beaming with truth and lofty principle, and his soft hazle eyes were but the windows of the soul, through which shone the love and gentleness that reigned there; o'er his features played the light of a noble intellect, a heavenly serenity sat enthroned on his noble brow, and his

whole visage radiated Christian philanthropy mingled with a holy enthusiasm. The consistent piety of his devoted parents had been a bright light in his path, luring him on in Wisdom's pleasant way; daily had their prayers ascended to the Almighty One for their idol boy. The watchful eye and faithful training of the father, blended with the judicious instructions of the tender mother, had instilled into his mind the pure principles of virtue and truth, and infused a love for the strictest morality; thus was he early fortified against the wily temptations of an ensnaring world, and in his boyhood's days were the yearning hearts of dear friends made glad by the yielding of his to the Saviour. O! what tears of joy stole down the cheeks of that kind father and that fond mother as they clasped in their arms their only son, rejoicing at the foot of the Cross, and saw him numbered with the humble disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus. With the Christian armour thus girded on in the spring-time of his existence, he went forth amid the busy scenes of life, to brave its opposition, encounter its dangers, breast its ever-changing tide, and conflict with its evils. Not so with Clarentius; parental authority had been almost powerless, blind indulgence had spoiled his temper and disposition in his early childhood, and he now became a rash, impetuous youth, whose every wish must be gratified, and by whom the healthy virtue of self-denial was little studied—far less practised.

With characters differing so widely, the cousins were placed together in a store, in the grand emporium of America, and became room-mates. The one gaining strength and true manliness by resisting the deceitful temptations of the city, the other becoming a willing slave to the impulse of the moment, and heaving fast the vortex of ruin. Little dreamed they, as they separated that evening, of the adverse scenes before them.

Long waited Anthon in his lonely room the coming of his friend, whom, with all his faults, he tenderly loved; whose reformation he ardently desired, and for whose conversion and salvation he had often fervently prayed; the midnight hour had arrived—the clock struck one—two—three—and yet he came not. The morning dawned, and his footsteps was not heard,—day rolled by and no tidings came. Thus day succeeded day, and months glided on, yet nought was heard of the lost. Poignant was the grief, and heart-rending the anguish of his fond parents and kindred while they sought him carefully, and with tears, but found no traces of him; and they mourned for him as for one dead.

Thus ten long years were numbered, years of the deepest