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could again enjoy those comforts and luxuries to which from her youth she had been accustomed; but what to Mary was comfort and luxury without him who alone formed her happiness. "No," she would reply to all their persuasions, "am I not his own wedded wife? have I not sworn to love him through everything? 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 and suffering; true, she had to endure poverty, pride's 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.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

(From the *Bathurst Courier*.)

Edward E— was in affluent circumstances, surrounded by friends who admired and esteemed him, not only for the wit and talent with which he was gifted, but what was of infinitely more importance, the sterling qualities of his heart. He had lately married that one only being who alone could make him happy, and she was all that his idolizing love had imagined—with such prospects, who would not have prognosticated for him a long-continued scene of uninterrupted love and happiness? Who would not have said, "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 could not, or would not, release himself from the iron grasp of his tenacious enemy. In a few short years he had lost a lucrative situation, was deserted by his warmest friends, and his fate seemed inevitable, that he must eventually fill a drunkard's grave. But there was one gentle being who, unlike all the rest, still remained true 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. She had again and again been entreated to return to her mother's house where she

It was a dark, rainy night in November—in an upper apartment of a small house situated in the suburbs of the town, sat Mary—still lovely, though the bright bloom of health seemed to have faded for ever from her fair young cheek,—the room was poorly furnished, but scrupulously clean and neat—a small fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and on a table placed near it was a scanty supper apparently for one. Mary was seated near a cradle, which ever and anon, as its little inhabitant moved, she would bend over or rock with her foot. She had been for some time absorbed in deep, and it would seem, troubled thought, for as she gazed in the fire, a large tear had gathered in her eye and hung heavy on the long dark lash—"I am afraid he will not come," at length she murmured, "and yet he promised so faithfully he would." Mary sank upon her knees, her lips moved not in prayer, but there was more of imploring, beseeching earnestness in those raised eyes than any language would have expressed. At that moment a low knock was heard at the street door,—Mary sprang up and rushed to the top of the stairs, stood leaning eagerly forward to catch the first sound; it was indeed his voice, and the step seemed steady as it ascended. She returned to the room and stood leaning against the wall for support. Edward entered, not with his usual flushed face, unsteady gait, and excited manner,—his face was animated, it is true, but it was the animation of an approving conscience, and the consciousness of having gained a greater victory than earth's conquerors ever achieved—namely, a victory over himself and the demon of intemperance. He advanced to Mary, and placing his arm round her waist, he began, "My own Mary,"—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