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The Good Resolution.

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Quite away from the dusty turnpike, and across sweet-smelling clover-fields, in a small quaint, moss-grown edifice, dwelt Job Woodell and his daughter May. Job had been a fisherman in his better days, but, sad to tell, had been drawn away from his honest occupation by the seductive charms of the village inn. There he might be found from early in the morning till midnight, scarce turning his steps homeward to the frugal meals prepared by his patient child, and leaving with her the whole care and toil of providing for their family necessities.

Happy was it for May, poor girl! that her heart was brave and hopeful, as it was patient and loving. Whosoever passed her door on a bright summer morning, might hear her voice, singing songs as sweet and merry as though she had not a care or sorrow in the world. And that little quaint old cottage! who would have deemed it the home of an inveterate tippler, with its neatly swept grass-sward, its bed of fragrant carnations, its honey-suckles, azalas, and moss-roses.

Job loved his daughter May—was proud of her—and, save his great neglect, always treated her with kindness. In his worst stages of inebriation, he exhibited no phrases of cruelty; he was only excessively and shamelessly silly, and disposed to lavish on May a world of foolish and fond caresses. May, in turn, was always gentle and patient with her father, never re-proaching him for his vile habits, but often tenderly entreating him to stay and assist her about her garden, or to spend the long winter evenings with her, instead of hurrying away to the "Admiral."

One very beautiful spring morning, Job stuck his old hat jauntily on one side of his head, ever and anon casting a wishful look towards May, who was busily wiping the breakfast plates.

"Can I do anything for you, father?" said she looking up with a pleasant and encouraging smile.

"Ah, you're a good girl, May, a blessed girl! I hate to trouble you—but just now I am out of change—and a curse on these times, I say, when an honest man can't get trusted for a shilling to save him from want."

"Dear father, I would willingly give you what little money I have, but if I do, we shall be forced to go without dinner or supper, I fear."

"Are we really grown so poor as that? Ah, well! these are melancholy times for us poor fishers. I'll not take your money, May; I can win a shilling from Ned Watkins, any day, at nine pins, and that will be easier than to rob you."

"O, papa! if you will not go to the Admiral, to-day, but will help me to plant out my little garden, and transplant those fine strawberry vines that yield us so many dollars every year,—O, dear papa, I cannot tell you how happy you will make me, how very gratefully I shall remember the kindness.

"Little need of my assistance," answered Job, with a good natured laugh, and a sly wink, that sent the bright blood gushing all over May's dimpled cheeks. Younger and steadier hands are at your service, and an old man like me would be in the way."

"O, no! papa!" exclaimed May, earnestly, dropping

her work, and clasping her arm in his, at the same time lifting up her beaming, tearful eyes most imploringly.

Job was touched. Tears were unwonted visitors to those joyous and radiant eyes, so, at least, thought he, who saw few of the many that were shed for him.

"You are a good girl, May," said he, patting her on the head, and kissing her white forehead with parental delicacy; "you are a good girl, and I wish I were a more worthy father. But let me go now, dear, and I will be soon back again to help you." With this promise, he tore himself away.

May had been too long accustomed to have her entreaties disregarded, to shed many tears for her present disappointment; so having completed her household arrangements, she tied on her little cottage straw—its blue ribbon somewhat faded, it is true, but thereby better suiting the exquisite delicacy of her complexion—and proceeded to the garden. There was a freshness and exhilaration in the soft spring air, that soon removed from her heart and face all traces of unhappiness; and if her cheek had previously been a shade too pale, this defect was remedied the instant the sound of a buoyant and hasty footstep fell upon her listening ear."

The person who approached was the son of May's nearest neighbour, widow Lovell. He was a fine looking fellow, with a complexion of the clearest white, eyes of darkest blue, and hair that would rival the gloss and blackness of "a raven's wing." He held a basket on his arm, full of young plants.

"You were wishing for some of those gorgeous pansies, May. See, I have been fortunate enough to procure you some."

"You are my good genius, Harry. I have but to wish, and lo! the prize is at hand. I thank you a thousand times."

The young friends busied themselves in planting the roots, for some time, in silence. They were lovers, though not acknowledged ones. The confession had long trembled on Harry's lips, (silly fellow! he did not know his eyes had told it over and over again!) but there was something in May's manner which restrained and embarrassed him. This morning, however, he had sought her with the determination to avow his love.

For nothing was Harry Lovell more remarkable than for his steadiness and eloquence of speech. It was astonishing what could keep him so silent on this occasion. Root after root was fixed in the ground, and still his tongue faltered in its instructed duty. "This is no place," thought he, "with the sun glaring down upon us, and in open view of half the village." He rose from the garden path, and lifting his new palm leaf hat—May's hand had braided it for him—brushed back from his forehead, which was a very white and massy and handsome one, a mass of black, glossy curls.

"You are weary, May," said he, "and the sun is really oppressive. I have my thoughts on a glass of your nice root-beer. Together with the shade of the porch, it will be very refreshing."

May laughed and led the way to the house. The beer was brought, drunk, and praised; the glasses removed, and May with her bonnet off, and her soft, brown hair parted smoothly from her brow, had seated herself on the thres-