

though death should be the penalty of adhering to this resolution I have one request to make, and that is, if not inconsistent with your regulations, that you will let me wear this collar home to night, that my wife may see what I have done. I know the sight of it will gladden her heart more than anything else which the earth could present to her gaze.

The division was dismissed and he went his way, wearing the simple, yet suggestive regalia of the Order, and, as he told me afterwards, found his dear, noble wife, awaiting his coming; and when he entered the door of her chamber and she saw the symbol of sobriety about his neck, a hearty "thank God" was all that her lips could utter, though the face was radiant with pleasure and gratification. How often has that plain white collar with its simple, rosetta, sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the wife, who had silently suffered the pang she might not tell save to her God in the secrecy of her chamber. How often has it driven away the clouds from the face and heart of the mother, and filled the home of its wearer with sunshine and songs!

David Digges had not miscalculated the struggle through which he would be called to pass. The sudden abandonment of the use of alcoholic liquors, prostrated him upon a bed of sickness, and through weary days the strong man armed, strove for the mastery. Words cannot depict the severity of the conflicts. All the horrors of delirium tremens visited that sick bed. Spectral shapes, demon forms, horrid fancies, the wildest visions, haunted the sufferer by day and disturbed his slumbers at night. Now here, now there, on the wall, crawling over the bed, basking on the fire light, hissing from a corner of the room, twining about his limbs, creeping over his face, and springing at his throat, reptiles, vile, venomous, things, kept him in constant terror, and apprehension while awake, until exhausted, he sank into troubled sleep, only to start shudderingly from it, bathed in perspiration and trembling like a victim of ague. Even the food and medicine were loathed, because the diseased nerves pictured in each deadly poison, and the fondest and most cherished friends were regarded with the deepest aversion. The fiend of the wine cup would not willingly give up his worshipper, and the man and the demon fought again as fought Apollyon and the pious pilgrim.

A firm will, aided and supported by the judicious attention and sympathizing friends, conquered at the last, but not until life was well nigh extinguished. A few days more would have ended it all, and even as it was, when the excitement subsided, the weakness which succeeded was scarcely less than death. The strong, athletic man was weak and helpless as an infant of days.

It was while in this condition that David Digges was ordered by his medical attendant, to take several times during each day, a small portion of French brandy. He positively refused. The doctor insisted, and told Mrs Digges to get the brandy, prepare it properly, and make her husband drink it, assuring her that his life was involved in obedience to the prescription. The brandy was procured, prepared, taken to his bedside, and the wife so tenderly loved, besought him to drink it. He regarded her with a wistful affectionate gaze, and then asked her to hand him the draught. Now raise the window, said he, pointing to a window near the bed. This was done, when to her astonishment, her husband deliberately cast the tumbler with the con-

tents, into the yard, and seeing that his wife was grieved, he spoke kind, soothing words assuring her that he designed no unkindness but that whether he lived or died, he would not again awaken, by indulgence, the appetite for strong drink which he had just now conquered, at the peril of life.

The woman's heart acquiesced in the propriety of the decision and honored him the more. She saw then, that it was really deep love for herself which caused her husband to spurn the cup she proffered, and imprinting a warm kiss upon his forehead, she turned away and prayed as only a wife can pray that God would restore her noble husband to perfect health and soundness.

And God the merciful, heard that prayer of faith. The roses of health soon bloomed again upon the pallid cheek. Strength came back in the sinews and muscles, vigor returned to the limbs, and David Digges arose at the end of eight days, a renovated and renewed man—his physical system purified as by fire, and went forth among his fellows, in the highest sense of the term, a sober man, not merely freed from the influence of stimulants, but radically and thoroughly cured of the desire for strong drink.

Just three weeks from the date of his initiation he again appeared in the division room, and before nearly two hundred persons, renewed his promises of adherence to the cause of Temperance, and announced his resolution to do what he could to promote the prosperity of the Order of Sons of Temperance.

And there are not wanting witnesses who can testify with what fidelity he has kept and performed these promises. Never, for a moment has he faltered or wavered in his devotion to the causes of all mankind, but has been "instant in season and out of season" to do his whole duty as a Son of Temperance. Loving the Order and labouring cheerfully for its success in the community where he lives, his brethren have honoured him with their confidence, and his zeal for the cause has made his name to be known widely among the members of the fraternity. With the change of his habits began an era of pecuniary prosperity which we may fairly interwill continue to the end of his life. A fond husband, a tender father, a good citizen, prudent in business, a warm and true friend, a generous and benevolent man, he needs but the crowning grace of nobtrusive, gentle, heaven derived piety to make him the noblest type of manhood which the sun shines on.

What higher eulogy could be pronounced upon the Order of which he is an honored member, than to say of it, as we may say of it truthfully, that he is one of thousands, who have been thus saved from the depths of drunkenness, who live an ornament to society and valuable citizens of the country? Let senseless withings, and empty headed sneerers say what they will, while the Order can point to these trophies of its power, it cannot fail to command the approval of all right thinking and fair minded men.—*Virginia Connaucor.*

AN ASTOUNDING FACT.

MR EDITOR: In the County of L—, in this State, there once lived a very respectable family of the name of B—, consisting of a father and mother and four sons. This family from its position and opulence, wielded an almost unlimited influence in the vicinity: and had it not been for that old

me practice of teaching children to drink their morning drams, and that *ground work of all evil*, of every man (who was able) having a distillery and making the poisonous article, its influence and responsibility might have remained useful and untarnished. But unfortunately for the boys, the habit of drinking increased upon them, until the three eldest went down in ignominy to a drunkard's grave. W—, the youngest, retained his position in society until he had wooed and obtained the heart and hand of Miss E., a more intelligent and lovely creature than whom probably never lived. She belonged to the upper *teudom*. She was the reigning belle of—, and was regarded more in the light of an *Angel*, than a human being. Her parents had lavished hundreds and even thousands of dollars upon her accomplishments, and were very solicitous that her rival should not be found. She and W— were married, and every body envied their happiness. They were opulent, respectable, and accomplished. For a time, W— bade fair to excel the most sanguine expectations of his friends, and until an adverse wind blew across his path, sweeping away a greater portion of his wealth, none suspected that he drank. But now that the prop upon which he rested had fallen, the early habits of his life began to develop themselves; and ere the *tenth* year of their connubial happiness had expired, W— was borne to the home of his brethren, the grave of the drunkard.

But the most melancholy part of our tale remains to be told: In the multiplicity of her cares, sorrows, and distractions, the once beautiful E. flew to the wine cup to drown her miseries. She drank and neglected her gentle babies, until one, two, three of them sank silently into the grave. There still remained one boy—a noble looking one he was. Friends now interposed and besought her, in view of her eternal interests, and in the interest of her only remaining child, to dash down the accursed cup. But so strengthened and confirmed were her habits now, and so completely had the demon meshed her within his coils, that she gave no heed to the admonitions, but drank more deeply of the draught. Soon! very soon, poor little Willie died from neglect.

On the morrow the friends collected to prepare the child for its burial, and a liberal-hearted friend, knowing the poverty of the mother had purchased some suitable material for its shroud, which was placed within the closet for the moment. While the attention of the friends were directed to the child, its mother being destitute of the means of procuring her drink, crept slyly to the closet, obtained the material for the shroud, carried it to the dram-shop hard by, and *paid for one half pint of spirits!!!* What more shall I say? Need I? Is this humanity—poor, fallen humanity? I have related a fact—an actual occurrence. Where is now that once angelic like creature Mrs. —? But I close. God have mercy on dram maker, seller, and drinkers. H.H.O.

RUTHERFORD ACADEMY, Burke Co.
—*Spirit of the Times.*

LICENSE LAWS.

I have heard with great surprise, Sir, from good and staunch temperance men, expressions of discouragement; and on account of all these difficulties, embarrassments and delays, and the determined and persistent op-