The Officiel Organ of the Order of the Friends of Cemperance.

Original Flory.

[Written expressly for the Friend] THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

BY J. W. THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I. THAT IS CHIEDHOOD'S MEMORIES.

My earliest recollections, dating far are connected with the vision of a fair, golden-haired being, whose tender cawere no other reason, would lead me the floor of her chamber. She had seen years at college, completing that educa- morning for the present." to call her by that sac red name Moth the riderless horse, and her fears had tion which I had commenced under the en! How well do I remember that overwhelmed her. Under my passionmother; how she sympathized with all ate cries and lamentations, she soon re- How many bitter tears have I shed, and my childish sorrows, participated in all covered. Starting up she seemed bemy childish pleasures, and trained my wildered. Then memory came back, experienced, when, in the loneliness of the great pathway of life.

mother, which, small as I was, often towards the village to search for the ri- During my college life, it is needless baggage sent to the residence, Mr. but still holding on to the door latch, chilled the blood; and advancing to the caused me sorrow; and that was, she der, she was arrested by the sight of a was always sad. From the first dawn- solemn procession coming up the aveings of recollection, I cannot remember nue, bearing with them the seemingly of ever having seen her smile, except lifeless body of a man upon a litter. when in the nursery with me, her only child, when she would seem somewhat to throw off the restraints around her, and sometimes smile at my juvenile that they seem to me now to have been pranks and frolics. At other times, she was always sad. Why it was, my young mind could not comprehend: but her sober countenance and drooping form seemed to cast a shadow over my life, which I could never escape.

Though I knew not then the cause of her sadness, I know now! The mantle of mystery that hung around the subject, to my childish mind, has long since been drawn aside, and the light of years has made it all plain enough.

My father was a drunkard! Oh that terrible word! It is the deathknow of hope, the funeral dirge of har ss! Adrunkard! Yes, as I at terwards learned, he had so degraded himself as to submit to the tyrant's power, until the chains of his bondage were forged so tightly as to preclude all hope of escape.

Why one of his position-for he was of one of the proudest families in the country-should become a victim this debasing habit, was most remarkable. In other respects, he was all that could be desired in a devoted husband father. High-toned, generous, courteous, he was well prepared to sustain the ancient dignity of the family from which he sprung, but for that terrible habit that blasted all his hopes, paralyzed all his energies, and changed the high-toned, honorable gentleman. into the unfeeling, ignoble brute.

It is not my happy experience to member him as he was before the temp ter entered his heart; I only know his former character by the descriptions of others. But I can only remember him as a gloomy, morose man, fierce towards his domestics, cold towards his wite and child, and indeed, sullen towards every one, but the companions of his revelries. I can remember only once that he spoke kindly to me; and that was one morning, after a night's debauch of unusual severity, when he came into the nursery while all the servants were gone, and took me upon his I, who was unused to his presence, and somewhat afraid of him, struggled to be free. But while he gently held me in his arms and stroked my hair, the tears welle lup to his eyes. and he murmured brokenly:

"Afraid of his father! Ah! well he has reason enough. He is a drunkard's child !- a drunkard's child! Oh!

God, how bitter!" Then, as if the good spirit had left his bosom, and the dark spirit had re turned, he almost flung me from him,

and angrily snatched the belirope. The servant appeared in haste, at the

"Go, tell Jim to saddle Black Prince

immediately. Go.!" As his retreating footsteps' sounded in my mother's arms.

was heard, and looking from the window by which my mother was sitting, towards the village at full speed.

From that time forth, I saw little of and the next,"

him, and might have forgotten my sorrow, but for that pale, sad face of my angelic mother, continually growing in her ears. paler and sadder, soon, ah! too soon for me, -to settle into the marble rig-

idity of death! One afternoon, I had finished my les- temptations and t sons for the day, laid aside my books, gers. and was playing merrily upon the lawn, when I heard the ringing of iron hoofs close by, and Black Prince almost ran over me in his way to the stable.

excess of her feelings! Before she those happy hours long gone by, alas! good capital to begin life with." There was wone peculiarity in my could ring for one of the servants to go to return no more!

> What followed is almost to me a blank. The events crowded into those few days, were so numerous and awful, some hideous night-mare, rather than

black hearse, with its gloomy appenda- to drick. ges and dark mourning plumes upon et as before.

of my mother, who seemed to grow thinner every day.

At last she was confined to her room. then to her couch.

It was her death-bed!

in their painfulness.

that tore my heart, save those who have ger and make an early escape. lost a mother! None but they who ings of a motherless child!

The end came!

moned to the couch of my dying moth- his whole property in dissipation. awoke, it was upon a bed in a darken-

"Where is mother?" was my first

motherly-looking woman in attendance. you have been very sick. But you must not talk any more, now. Go to sleep, and when you awake I will tell

I was too much exhausted to indulge in a fit of weeping; so, overpowered ty a sense of utter loneliness that almost crushed my young heart, fell back upon my pillow, and soon forgot my

troubles in the arms of sleep. When I became strong enough to walk, my memory seemed almost a blank. Of that fearful scene, I remembered almost nothing! Ah! there is one circumstance that can never be effaced from my memory while I have being. It is the feeling of a thin, wasted hand upon my curls, and the sound of

a feeble voice, saying: through the hall, I ran to seek refuge "Edgar, my child, never touch a drop of ardent spirits. It killed your In a few moments the clatter of hoofs father, and through him, it will soon send me to the grave. It has well nigh blasted your young life. Oh! my child, never put a drop inside of your lips .-I saw him ride down the avenue and off It will rob you of your honor, your friends and your life, both in this world

She died with the

Such, dear rea of those princip chapters will exh

TEMPTATION

We will pass rapid of succeeding years, until I arrived at | She has tuition of that fair-haired being at home. how many weary heart-longings have I merchant's office.

to say that I was exposed to many Sinclair joined me, and we set forth for with an imploring look, he stood right bedside, with eyes starting from their my angelic mother:

"Edgar, my child, never touch a at home. drop of ardent spirits."

the horses heads. Then all was as qui- tempter stood before me, in the shape flashing orbs, and a single imperious of leaving you to wait on your mother But, I could not help noticing the in- press the wine glass to my lips, I would Again she could draw you towards her mule-will you disobey me?-take

drop of ardent spirits." If the events that immediately suc- ing mother seemed to rise up, even in in token of tormer acquaintance.

ceeded my father's death were sad and the very depth of the fiery liquid which gloomy to me, those that were now they urged me to quaff, and warn me about to transpire were overwhelming of danger. I could not drink with such scenes thronging the avenues of memo-Ah! who can describe the emotions ry. I could only shudder at the dan-In due course of time my education

have stood by the bedside of a dying was completed, and I returned to the mother, and watched the death damp old homestead. There, after settling as it overspread that dear countenance, up the affairs of my father's estate, and caught the last whisperings of that which had been neglected so long, I off the liabilities of my father, almost nothing was left for my patrimony.

One bright spring morning, just as I say that I was surprised; but I need the sun was gilding the eastern hill-tops not have been. My father had done as and the birds were warbling forth their | thousands of other rich and prosperous morning anthems of praise, I was sum- men have done, -he had squandered

er. My grief was so uncontrolable, that But regrets were worse than useless I cannot remember the scene that ensu- So, after paying off all the debts of the ed. Overcome by the intensity of my estate, and discharging the remaining emetions, I fainted away. When I domestics, I set about to find some- seems at ease when forced to appear in year he had fallen lower in the sink of but little time to say it in. I feel that I thing to do for a living.

It was not long before I received proposition from a friend of my father in his early years, to fill the position of for and receive the attentions of the "At rest, my child," answered the book-keeper and confidential clerk in other sex, Alice rarely appears. The was a hard task for her to perform; ported her sinking frame—"you'll live his large mercantile establishment in "She has been buried over a week, and the city. As the salary was amply sufficient for my support and the situation bade fair to be a pleasant one with- ets, and even the most abstruse metaal, his proposition was unhesitatingly physical and philosophical works, to all Health had fled from her cheeks, and accepted. Thus it was that one morning I found myself rapping at the count ing-room door of Augustus Sinclair, Esq, the wealthy merchant.

I was met by Mr. Sinclair, a fine-look ing old gentleman, with a cordial grasp of the hand, and invited to make myself comfortable in a large arm chair.

"So, Mr. Trent, you have come to ive with us, baggage and all," said the old gentleman, 'smilingly, glancing at my trunk and valise that had been thrust in after me.

I replied that such was my intention, "No fear of that, my boy," replied he heartily. "I think you will suit .-But," added he, glancing at his watch. "it wants some hours of dinner time, Perhaps you would like to see somevour future home. You may take a

promise still ringing Mrs. Sinclair and the girls are expect- drunkard, ing you."

we were children."

"You are right in supposing that I have but one daughter. The other inmate of my family is Alice Haiden, my er the events niser, a loss perents are both dead. Running into the house to tell moth- the age of manhood. Suffice it to say, But you will soon know enough of

He resumed his writing, and I sauntered out into the street.

infant feet to take their first steps in and she almost fainted again from the my college room, I have recurred to "Glad to see it, sir. Panctuality is a bed, you imp-do y u hear?"

temptations. All who have passed the house. I found Mrs. Sinclair to be in the way by which his parent would sockets, he laid his hand upon her marthrough the same experience, know full a somewhat handsome lady, dignified have to enter the room. ble brow-"then oh, my God! I have well the peculiar trials to which I was in her demeaner, and withal a most fit- "Ain't you going to mind?" said the murdered her! Emily, Emily, you are

solemn than the first, preceded by a and as often as invited, I was pressed to blend in most intimate connection. mustn't go in." When she chose, she could keep you at! But at such times, when the Arch- a distance by a single look from those out the inebriate anguily-"this comes of my fellow-students, and sought to wave of that delicate, jewelled hand - till you learn to be as obstinate as " Edgar, my child, never touch a learned afterwards! On this occasion, strode into the dilapidated room. she received me with a stately bow, The sad, beseeching face of my dy- and a slight pressure of her tiny fingers, home of such a vagabond as he. The

self-possession, which so eminently glass, and a three-legged table, on ceived. But I had observed her departure, though the others seemed not to have noticed it.

when she had gone. "Yes," replied she, "she hardly ever of Byron, Moore, and others of the pothe admirers that throng around Helen." her eyes were dim and sunken. She blush tinging her cheek, "you would make Mr. Trent believe that I am fond of attention and flattery."

Just then the dinner-bell sounded, and the conversation ended. (To be Continued.)

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned provided I could suit for the position, into a dirty sliey and entering a low man besides was in a passion. rninous door, groped through a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a as he reeled into the room-"is this the once been a wealthy, man respected by day in the rain to get something for is above, as you love your own blood. his neighbors, surrounded by his friends. your brat and you? Come, don't go and as you value a promise to a dying thing of the city which you are to make But alas! the social glass had first to whining, I say,"—but as his wife wife, keep, love, cherish him. Oh! re-

I promised that I would never drink. in time to accompany me to dinner .- in-briety, until he was now a common fell back senseless on the bed, he

anxiety and dread-

"Is that you, father ?" you brat?

o little fellow d slowly in. I station before the

"Punctual, I see," said he smilingly, night to chime in the morning-get to awake.

After directing a servant to have my seemed to have deprived him of speech; continued, in a tone of horror that

subjected. But, during all these years, ting companion for the generous-hear- man with an oath, breaking into a fury. not dead-say so -oh! speak and for-I never forgot that dying injunction of ted merchant. She received me with "Give me the lamp and go to bed, or give your repentant husband?" and warm courtesy, and soon made me feel I'll break every bone in your body." kneeling by the bedside he chafed her

Miss Helen Sinclair, whom I had not the little fellow, bursting into tears - hot tears as he sobbed her name, My principles were often severely seen in many years, I found to be a "you'll wake mother; she's been worse, I have a faint recollection of a shrow- tested. I was called a " milk-and-wa- stately beauty, a very queen in her de- all day, and hasn't had any sleep till restored her, and the first thing she saw ded form in the great hall, a dark, glooter" man, a "teetotaler," a "coward," portment. Tall, majestic figure, slen now,"-and as the man made an effort upon reciving was him weeping by her my-looking coffin, enclosing a still form and every scheme was laid for my der and graceful as the gazelle, eves to snatch the candle, the boy losing a'll side, and calling her "Emily." It was and a stony countenance. I remember downfall which artifice could devise. - and hair of midnight darkness, and an personal fears in anxiety for his sick the first time he had done so for years. as a dim vision of the past of a funeral Banquets were prepared, and suppers indescribable expression of countenance, mother, stood firmly across the drunk- It stirred old memories in her heart, -another procession larger and more were given, and I was always invited; in which dignity and affability seemed ard's path and said, "you mustn't-you and called back the shadowy visions of

"What does the brat mean?" broke creased and almost alarming paleness swiftly recur to that pale, fair face up- byan irresistible impulse, by the melting that, and that, you imp," and raising on the pillow, surrounded by its halo of tenderness of her look and the graceful his hand he struck the little sickly being golden curls, and that faint voice, saying: attitude of her superb form. This I to the floor, kicked aside his body, and

It was truly a fitting place for the there for very joy. walls were low, covered with smoke But Alice Haiden was the very oppol and seamed with a hundred cracks .ite. Slight in figure, with a wealth of The chimney piece had once been white, golden hair clustering about her tem- but was now of the greasy lead color of ples, and eyes of purest blue, in whose age. The ceiling had lost most of the liquid depths the very emotions of her plaster, and the rain soaked through soul could almost be perceived. In- with a monotonous click upon the floor. stead of that stately dignity and cool A few broken chairs, a cracked lookingcharacterized her cousin, there was a was a rimless cup, were in different certain shyness and timidity in her de- parts of the room. But the most portment, which she seemed entirely striking spectacle was directly before beloved voice, can appreciate the feel- found to my surprise that, after paying unable to overcome. She received me the gaml ler. On a rickety bed lay the with a low courtesy and a downcast, wife of his bosom, the once rich and blushing face. After the first courte beautiful Emily Languerre, who, sies of introduction were over, she em- through poverty, shame and sickness. braced the first opportunity of slipping had still clung to the lover of her youth. from the room, as she thought unper- Oh! woman, thy constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery

"Your niece seems to be diffident in Friend after friend had deserted that company, Mrs. Sinclair," I remarked, ruined man; indignity had been heaped upon him, and deservedly; year by the parlor. She keeps very closely to infamy, and yet still through every shall never see another sun." A violent her room, engaged in study, which she mishap that sainted woman had clung fit of coughing interrupted her. likes. Helen and she are very unlikes to him-for he was the father of her While Helen prefers to stay in the par- boy, and the husband of her youth. It die, weed her husband as he supsmiles and flattery which Helen prizes, but it was her duty, and when all the to save your repentant husband. Oh seem to be entirely valueless in her world deserted him, should she too eyes. She prefers the companionship leave him? She had borne much, but alas! nature could endure no more.-"Fie, mother," said Helen, a slight was in the last stage of consumption, but it was not that which was killing her-she was dying of a broken heart.

The noise made by her husband awoke her from her troubled sleep; she half started up in bed, the hectic fire. streaming along her cheek, and a wild. fitful shooting into her snuken eyes .-There was a faint, shadowy smile lighting up her face, but it was as cold as moonlight upon snow. The sight might have moved a felon's bosom; but Henry, give me your hand." what can penetrate the scared and hardened heart of drunkenness? The

"Blast it, woman," said the wretch, look around the city, and return here allured him to indulgence, and then to uttered a faint cry at his brutality, and member that he is young and tender-

seemed to awaken to a partial sense of The noise of his footsteps had been his condition; he recled a step or two the foundation "Pardon me, sir, but did you not say heard within, for the creaking door was forward, put his hand up to his forehich succeeding the girls? I was not aware that you timidly opened, and a pale emaciated head, stared wildly round and then nid the fiercest had more daughters than one-the fair boy about nine years old, stepped out gazing almost vacantly upon her, cont fearful dan- Miss Helen, whom I have not seen since on the landing, and asked in mingled tinued, "but-why-what's the mat-

> His poor wife lay like a corpse before "Yes, wet to the skin-curse it," said him, but a low voice from the other man-"why an't you abed and side of the bed answered, and in tones

quivering as they spoke :-"Oh !- nother's dead!" It was the resses and maternal fondness, if there er about it, I found her fainting upon that during that time I passed several them, without my assistance. So, good sing with former reason, would load me the floor of her clearly as he tried "What are you standing there gaping proben for weeks her only nurse, and for?" said the wretch. "It's bad had long since learned to act for him In due time I appeared again at the enough to hear a sick wife grumbling self. He bathed her temples, he chafed all day without having you kept up at her limbs, he invoked her wildly to

"Dead!" said the man, and he was The little fellow did not answer; fear sobered at once-"dead! dead!" he "Oh! father don't talk so loud," said white, thin hand, watering it with his

years long passed. She was back in her youthful days, before ruin had blasted her once noble husband, and when all was joyous and bright as her own happy bosom. Woe, shame, poverty, desertion, even his brutal language was forgotten, and she only thought of him moment of delight! She faintly threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed

"Can you forgive me, Emily ?- I have been a brute, a villain-oh! can you forgive me? I have sinned as never man sinned before, and against such an angel as you. Oh! God annihilate me for my guilt."

"Charles," said the dying woman in a tone so sweet and low that it floated through that chamber like the whisper of a disembodied spirit, "I forgive you, and may God forgive you too; but oh! do not embitter this last moment by such an impious wish."

The man only sobbed in reply, but his frame shook with the tempest of agony within him.

"Charles," at last continued the dying woman, "I have long wished for this moment, that I might say some thing to you about our little Henry."

"God forgive me for my wrongs to him too!" murmured the repentant

"I have much to say, and I have

The tears gushed into her eyes, but. she only shook her head. She laid her

wan hand on his, and continued feebly, " Night and day, for many a long year, bave I prayed for this hour, and never, even in the darkest moment, have I doubted it would come; for I have felt that within me which whispered that as all had descried you and I had not, so in the end you would at last come back to your early feelings. Oh! would it had come sooner-some happiness then might have been mine again in this world; but God's will be done! -I am weak-I feel I am failing fast-

The hittle boy silently placed it in hers; she kissed it, and then laying it within her husband's continued-

"Here is our child-our only bornwhen I am gone he will have none to room within. That degraded being had way you receive me after being out all take care of him but you, and as God