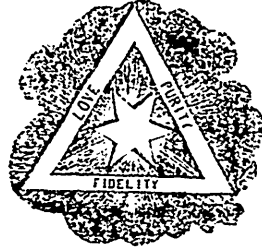


CANADIAN

SON OF

TEMPERANCE



AND LITERARY GEM.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 23.

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DANDELIONS.

BY EMILY HERMANS.

When Simon turned his steps homeward, the boys ran out shouting 'Father's coming!' and little Mary went toddling up to meet him with a dandelion blossom to place in his button-hole. The little orphan pointed to the fields covered with dandelions, and said, 'See how pretty! It looks as if the stars had come down to lie on a grass.'" Mrs. Child.

BRIGHTLY on the pasture land,  
On the mountain bazy,  
Does the dandelion blow,  
Like a golden daisy.

Cheerily with early spring,  
Comes it to the meadow,  
And the hardy, careless thing,  
Heeds not sun nor shadow.

Brings it for the rabbit food,  
While beneath low eaves  
Little children sit and forge  
Chains among the leaves.

On a time I sought it,  
Learned the time of day,  
When the down about it  
Was half blown away.

Then it grew among the tombs,  
Epitaphs all hoary,  
Told among its yellow blooms,  
Many an ancient story.

Near the pathless wood,  
Near the cattle's bye-way,  
In the solitude,  
On man's trodden highway.

For the lonely orphan child,  
For the Father coming,  
For the dies and little bird  
With the dainty humming.

Bring it down to fill the nest,  
Honey for the bee,  
And for humans, everywhere,  
Smiles and poetry.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

The proof of the truth of the following statement taken from the *Courier de l'Europe*, rests not only upon the known veracity of the narrator, but upon the fact that the whole occurrence is registered in the judicial records of the criminal trials of the Province of Languedoc. We give it as we heard it from the lips of the dreamer, as nearly as possible in his own words:—

As the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been travelling for some time on the business of the firm, when one evening, in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up at a quiet inn in the suburbs, and being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after, determining to begin very early in the morning my visits to the different merchants.

I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day instead of the evening as was really the case—that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street into another street, crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far when I came to a church, the Gothic portal of which I stopped to examine. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a bye path, which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor control, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rugged and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it wide enough to admit four carriages abreast. I approached an old well which stood solitary and gloomy, in a distant corner, and looking down into it I beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out; but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing my forehead,—awoke to find myself comfortable in bed, my trunk standing beside me; birds warbling cheerfully around the window; whilst a young clear voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtains.

I sprang from my bed dressed myself, and as it was yet very early, I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The

farther I went the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange," I thought, "I have never seen this house, and the next, and that other on the left." On I went till I came to the corner of a street crossing the one down which I had come. For the first time I remembered my dream, but put away the thought as too absurd, still at every step I took, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. "Am I still dreaming?" I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. "Is the agreement to be perfect to the end?" Before long I reached the church with the same architectural features that had attracted my notice in the dream, and then the high road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same bye path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before—there was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn, was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn; and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind had never dwelt upon the hallucinations, the presentiments that science either denies or is unable to explain, but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment—and with Pascal's words on my lips—"A continued dream would be equal to reality," I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage, and this really was the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. Who then could wonder that I determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point! I entered the garden and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well there was none. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible, but no where could I find any vestige of a well.

I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the hotel in a state of agitation difficult to describe; I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such an extraordinary coincidence—but how was any clue to be obtained to the terrible mystery?

I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for some time on different subjects, I came to the point and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on the bye road I had described to him.

"I wonder, sir," said he, "what makes you take such particular notice of such a wretched little house? It is inhabited by an old man and his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsocial.—They rarely leave the house, see nobody, nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them beyond this. Of late their very existence seems to have been forgotten;—and I believe, Sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned his steps towards the deserted spot."