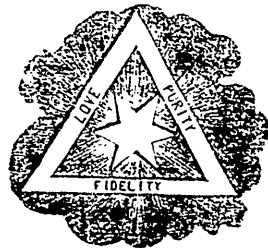


39969
CANADIAN

SON OF

TEMPERANCE



AND LITERARY GEM.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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NO. 1.



A HYMN OF LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A TRAVELLER through a dusty road
Sifted acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its bows :
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing ever more !

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn :
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo ! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside !

A dreamer drop'd a random thought :
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true :
It shone upon a goodly mind,
And lo ! its light
A lamp of life, and here it lay,
A monitory beam.
The thought was small, but none great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still !

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart ;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ ! O font ! O world of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last !

THE HUMAN SOUL.

The soul is the great ennobling principle that distinguishes man from the beasts that perish. Man has a soul as well as a body, and it is this immaterial and thinking part, which is possessed with the powers of judging, invention, and memory ; and capable of knowing, obeying, imitating, and praising its great Creator, that chiefly distinguishes him from the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea.—It is this spark of Divinity that unites the earthly to the heavenly nature, and constitutes Man the lord of the interior creation, the connecting link that unites it to the superior intelligences.

But what above all things, renders the soul of man infinitely valuable, and deserving of his most serious concern, is that IMMORTALITY, which although it has been more clearly brought to light by the gospel, is nevertheless deducible, to a certain degree, from some of the sublime pages of the Book of Nature.

We all know that we are to DIE, and the many vexations and crosses, troubles and losses, pains, afflictions and diseases, which we here experience, we have reason to believe are wisely and benevolently sent by an indulgent providence to prepare us for the change. But when death arrives,—sensation fails,—and the stiff inactive body is stretched on the silent bier.

Dream we — that lustre of the moral world."—that thinking immaterial part in the composition of man. " goes out in darkness ?"—Is it possible to conceive, that while not an atom of the earthly tabernacle can possibly be lost in suffering its decomposition in the grave, or in any other situation undergoing the process which reduces it to its first principles—the light of the soul shall be utterly annihilated, and that lamp of the Lord be for ever extinguished ?

To reason from analogy, and what we have seen of the works of the Creator, have we not rather reason to conclude, that the soul here, is, as it were, in a state of embryo, or preparation for another and a future world, where its feeble powers shall be ripened into action, and the glorious studies of its Maker's works here begun, shall be perfected and completed ? "How," says

the pious and judicious Addison, " can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created ? Are such abilities made for no purpose ? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he never can pass : in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of : and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from attainment to attainment, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries ? The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose ? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings ? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted ?—capacities that are not to be gratified ? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing, that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick succession, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity ?

It is true, that if nature is left to herself, doubts and fears will sometimes spring up in the mind of man, and those transporting views that arise from a belief of the immortality of the soul be at times darkened and overclouded ; but what else can be expected in such an imperfect state as this, where we see but darkly *as* through a glass ?

From what we do see we have reason to conclude, that all things are ordered in the best manner possible ; and it is no doubt, equally necessary, that the more substantial joys of a future life should be veiled from our eyes in this world, as it is that the glory of the sun should be concealed below the horizon, and the atmosphere enveloped in the shades of night, in those intervening seasons, when deep sleep *is* upon mankind, because man stands in need of repose. A sailor, (says St. Pierre,) that when I arrived at anchor in a ship which was returning from the Indies, as soon as the sailors perfectly distinguished the land, their native country, they became almost entirely incapable of attending to the ship. Some fixed their eyes upon it, incapable of turning them away ; others put on their best clothes as if they were immediately to disembark.