

(For the Canadian Son of Temperance.)

THE BROKEN HEARTED:
OR INTemperance IN HIGH LIFE.

Sunshine and storm the alternate checkwork of human fortune.—SHIRLEY

How much of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shade a crowded into the brief hour of man's existence, our life is like the cloud which grows radiant as it drinks in the flood of golden light from the rising sun, but before the chariot of the day God rolls its wheels of light through the arches of the west, it loses its splendour, and rolls away in dark and sombre gloom. Happiness is sought often by all, but only found by those who walk in the paths of virtue, and spiritual nature expands as we tread with holy awe in the temple of nature. A calm peace, like incense poured from the censor of an angel, may flood the soul as we look forth upon the works of nature, which seem to be the base of the temple of God, whose glowing arches are held by the golden cloud; or look upon the majestic night as she slumbers in her star decked couch, and in the moonlit silver drapery, yet we enjoy not that happiness which is felt by the pure in heart. So much for the introduction, and now for the story.

As we wish to relate our story in as few words as possible we will introduce the reader to a beautiful and tranquil lake, in whose calm bosom were mirrored forth the granite hills of New England. As its waves were flashing in the sunlight of departing day, a youthful couple might be seen walking the shore of this beautiful lake. All around was calm and beautiful; the mild breeze sighed through the deep alcoves, and carried on their wings the gentle murmuring of the waves as they rolled upon the fresh sand and coral flowers. This youthful couple seemed deeply absorbed in contemplation. The tall, erect, and manly figure of the young gentleman, with lofty brow, and dark brown eye, bespoke him a youth of no ordinary cast. Upon his arm reclined one of the fair ones of earth, an angel in miniature; his hair in golden tresses fell in rich profusion around her shoulders, while her countenance was so pure, so lovely that one might fancy her a being of the upper air; and indulging in the language of the ancient poet—

"Fair as the snow, whose fleeces clothe
Our alpine hills; sweet as the roses spirit,
Or violets cheek, on which the morning leaves
A tear at parting."

But to add to the beauty of this fair one a flowing robe of white fell around her form like drapery around a Grecian statue; while thus they walked alone amidst the beauties of nature, their joy seemed complete, not a cloud dimmed their horizon; the gates of the temple of pleasure seemed open and its courts strewn with flowers, but alas!—

And was this then the end of those sweet dreams
Of home and happiness and quiet years.—MISS LONDON.

On the quick wings of time five successive years are borne away to be numbered with the past, and we find this lady of which we speak seated in the dining room of a spacious mansion. 'Tis midnight, all is silence; the moon is far up, and pours a flood of white light through the casement, softly as the radiance from eyes of love, the star beams slide down through the halls of blue, wreathing a lustre around the midnight hour. Few know or feel the oppressive power of solitude, like a nightmare, it paralyzes the energies of the youthful mind. But soon the silence is broken, a footstep is heard, the blood rushes quick through every vein as the young lady listens to the faltering step of the loved one of her youth; the door of her apartment is opened, and she gazes for the first upon a drunken husband. Oh how the blood curdled around her youthful heart as the truth flashed upon her mind that she was a drunkard's wife; the rainbow of hope and promise which bent over the future fled as if struck with the wand of destruction. The hopes and joys which had bloomed around the altar of her young heart were trodden down by the monster, whose breath, like the simoom of the desert, carries the arrows of death. This shock was more than the sensitive spirit of the sufferer could bear, she was like the tree uprooted by vernal storms, beautiful in its ruin—

"Tear followed tear, where long no tear had been;
I see the present in distant goal;
The past revived is present to my soul."

It was a calm and clear evening, at that season of the year when on the pages of nature's volume is seen the truth that all things earthly must decay, when by the light of the pale moonbeams which, like silver threads woven by spirit hands among the evergreen branches which overhung a deep and silent river might have been seen the form of this beautiful one, she was closely robed in black—fit emblem of the dark and gloomy feeling which rankled in her bosom. The altar of her heart was forsaken—where once the bright shadow from the wing of the angel of love rested now hung the shades of night. Ah! yes, a night on whose gloom no star radiant with immortality, like those held in the right hand of Him who walked among the seven golden candlesticks, shall throw its light. She walked to and fro on the very verge of a precipice, beneath which rolled the turbid waters—her look was wild. At length she stopped and looked upward to the stars which, like the tears of angels, lay glistening on the robe of night, and exclaimed—oh! my home—my mother, and is my husband a drunkard and one wild shriek rose on the midnight air, and all was still save the mournful rolling of the dismal stream. Thus fell another of the fair ones of earth, crushed and bleeding at the altar of Bacchus. Oh that the dying cry might, like the trumpet of doom, thrill the hearts of those who lift their voice or pen to aid the cause of temperance. Reader think not that the worst effects of intemperance are seen in the deformed and bloated sot who reels and staggers in our streets; no, would to Heaven it was. But, alas, like the wild tornado, it not only uproots the mountain oak, but blasts the fairest rose.

F. B. R.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance and Literary Gen.

LAUDABLE EFFORTS OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND
IN THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

The following correspondence has taken place between the Stratford Division Sons of Temperance, No. 236, and His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, on the subject of the laudable exertions

of His Grace in endeavoring to effect a reformation in the health of the fisher men engaged in the North of Scotland in the Herring Fishery. His Grace's answer to a petition which reflects much to his credit—and if his example be followed by his peers in a consideration of the social habits of those who move in a sphere of lowly existence,—if man however humble, be valued for his virtues and goodness by those whose nobleness of class, places them far above the toiling mass,—if there is a nobleness in the mind of man which can be cultivated,—there is a wide field for the exertions of philanthropic spirits among the nobles of Britain. "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn," as wrote Scotland's noble poet, may yet be modified by a personal and truthful knowledge obtained of the social habits and customs of hardworked and overlooked lower classes. What an enterprise,—the elevation of the moral and social state of mankind, by thinking of and acting for their temporal welfare. And who are the nobles of Canada? "The sons of the soil. What are their habits and customs as to the drinking usages? Yeomen and freemen of Canada, what power of class is above you? I answer, a laquidated Demy! Then, if so, learn if know that you yourselves can strike the blow, and make the tyrant tremble. COM.

Stratford, County of Perth, C. W. }
10th January 1853. }

To His Grace the Duke of Sutherland—London,

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

We the managers of the Society here known as "Stratford Division of Sons of Temperance, No 236," approach your Grace, to notice approvingly a paragraph which is quoted in some of the Canadian papers as follows:—"The Duke of Sutherland has kindly offered to the fishermen on his estates in the habit of prosecuting the Herring Fishery at Helmsdale, a supply of coffee during the fishing season, as well as the apparatus necessary for properly preparing it, provided they will give up the large supply of whiskey (ten gallons) which each crew has hitherto been receiving as perquisite, and accept some other consideration in lieu of it.—John O'Graal's Journal."

We as one of the subordinate branches called "Divisions" of the "Grand Division" of the Sons of Temperance of Canada West, not merely highly approve of your Grace's considerate views as regards the fishermen of the North coast of Scotland, but view your Grace's practical example as one, which if followed in the various ways which circumstances induce, by those in high, honorary, and hereditary positions similar to those occupied by your Grace,—would, we humbly conceive, be the means under a directing Providence of reforming the social habits of those among whom customs descended from previous times, which are anything but the reverse of promoting a real social habit of moral and temporal good. An example such as that afforded by your Grace, shown by one in a class next to royalty itself, will, it is hoped, be the means of re-awakening the responsibilities of those who are "great in the Land," to consider,—what are the best means of raising to a moral and temporal standard of social happiness, those who are necessitated to obtain by labor a subsistence either singly or in masses congregated together for one object, and as such compelled by the voice of custom to do, comply with, and live in ways which too often tend to a lowering of such a standard as we refer to; and thereby leave behind them the seeds to germinate, of social habits and customs which directly and indirectly tend to the degeneracy, and not to the elevation of man."

That your Grace may be long preserved to be the means of nurturing an improvement in the social habits of those on your extensive estates, such as those we have the pleasure of referring to in this letter, is our desire,—joining in our desire the same wishes for Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, and we remain with all respect &c.

(Signed) JOHN A. SCOTT, W. P.
JOHN J. E. LINTON, R. S.

Trenton, Staffordshire, Feb. 5th 1853.

To Messrs. J. A. Scott and J. Linton, Stratford.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge receipt of your communication as managers of the Stratford Division of Sons of Temperance Society,—and I wish to express my thanks, and the satisfaction it gives me to find the measures I have taken, thus approved of. I fear that my influence may be over-estimated by you in your desire for their success, but I have pleasure in stating that some good results seem certain. It has been the custom of the Herring Fisheries in the North of Scotland, to give every crew in lieu of proper money wages, a large quantity of whiskey, thereby encouraging the abuse in a manner irresistible for the fishermen, and thus the habit of drinking spirits not confined to the period of hard work out at sea at night, is unhappily spreading among the population and demoralizing a naturally well disposed people. I trust that I have persuaded the curers on the East coast of Sutherland, having obtained the concurrence of some of the principal, to desist from this and to pay wages in money. I am now engaged in the same way at the important place of Wick in Caithness, and I have much satisfaction in meeting with attention from several there and acknowledgment that the change is desirable.

I should apologize for saying so much on the subject to you who have so well expressed your sense of the importance of attention to the social habits and character of the people, and of the duty of those who may have influence, to exert it for the promotion of their temporal and also eternal happiness.

I feel truly grateful for the kind wishes expressed for the Duchess and myself. No one can be more anxious for the welfare of our fellow creatures than the Duchess, who devotes as much time and care to the subject, as is possibly in her power. It is pleasing to know that assistance does not prevent participation in arguments of good will and friendly feelings.

I am Sir, very truly yours,
SUTHERLAND.

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE?—To sell and advertise rum.

WHAT IS THE BEST WAY TO GET DOWN INTemperance?—Advertise liquor.

WHAT IS THE BEST TEST OF TRUE SOBERITY?—Punish poor men for breaking their pledge, and pass resolutions punishing editors who are Sons for inviting them to do so.

WHAT IS THE BEST TEST OF IGNORANCE AND STUPIDITY?—For a Division to pass a resolution against the word "intemperance," when the members thereof themselves use and sell it.



Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

MY FUTURE HOPE.

'Twas lately I saw, when in glory descending,
The sun o'er the earth all its radiance threw,
So softly the shadows of even were blending,
With a soul full of rapture I lingered to view:
Methought, as I gazed, how I'd like to be parting,
From earth and its scenes in a season like this!
To feel o'er my pillow the sunny beams darting,
A foretaste of joy in the regions of bliss!

And may it not be I gracious Heaven bestowing,
My sin weary soul in its pilgrimage here;
The strong arm of Faith invites Mercy extending,
To aid and enlighten my earthly career.
Then, when on the world my failing eye closes,
The sunshine of Love may my bosom possess;
And tho' on earth this frail body reposes,
It soon shall awake in the Mansions of bliss.

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. West.

THE ORDER OF DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE

Like that of the Sons, is advancing in Canada; we have, as the following letter justly says, ever advocated their claims upon Society. The institution, properly conducted, cannot fail to do good from the private influence they will exercise over families. We are aware of the objection urged that the intermeddling of women with secular affairs is unbecoming, and makes them too worldly or masculine; but if their intellectual and moral education be right it cannot have that effect, if that intermeddling relate to the moral movements of the day:—

OXFORD UNIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—As the Order of the Daughters of Temperance is advancing I think that every union should, at least once a year, write a few lines and forward to you for insertion in your valuable paper—the *Son of Temperance*—of which you have so kindly offered the columns to our Order, without remuneration, for the good of the public. It is one year this day since the Blooming Rose Union—No. 43 Daughters of Temperance—was organized in this place. It perhaps was for novelty that some united in the commencement, but now all admit the utility of our Order, to be four, yes ten fold, more advantageous to ourselves than we expected in the commencement, saying nothing of the honor and fame of the inhabitants in a section of country where a thriving Union of the Daughters of Temperance is located. Our meetings are well attended, considering that many of the members live from two to three miles from the Union Room. We intend to send one or more members to the Grand Union to be held in London next month, and would recommend all other Unions to do the same, believing that well attended Grand Unions are a great benefit to our Order, and the temperance cause generally. We number thirty-five, and ten applicants are proposed; and probably would have numbered over fifty if we had not organized about three months ago a new Union three miles west of this called the *Queen of the Meadow* Union Daughters of Temperance No. 69, located in Springfield, Mrs. Mudge, P. S., Miss Wright, R. S. We have fifty dollars in our treasury, of which, I think, few Unions of our number and age can say. Our Union about two months ago resolved to help in the building of a Temperance Hall in this place, and four subscription lists are in circulation by our members; one of which I hold, has eighty-six dollars subscribed; Mrs. Johnson, P. S., Miss Barnes, R. S., of Blooming Rose Union, Daf. T.

Yours in V. L. T.,
ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

OTTEVILLE, March 4th.

The North Gower Union of Daughters, No. 63, held a Soiree on Wednesday the 16th February. Some excellent speeches were made, and the evening passed off admirably. The North Gower Division Sons of Temperance showed their approval by turning out in large numbers in regalia.—Com.

NOVA SCOTIA TEMPERANCE.

(From the Halifax Athenaeum.)

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

FEBRUARY 9TH.—Hon. Mr. Motion on presenting five of the petitions on Temperance, read one, and remarked that the subject was well worth the attention of the House. He did not know of any other evil so great as that arising from intoxicating drinks. By a large amount of money were expended, and families rendered miserable. He was sorry to see instances of families becoming destitute, while those who should attend to their sustenance spent much money in intoxicating liquors. If the importation and traffic in these liquors could be prevented, let the Legislature do so. Some of those who drank liquors as described signed the petition, praying that the Legislature should