

animals live in the blood and we enbale them with every breath of air. Thousands sport on every green leaf unseen; and there are millions of creatures unseen by any human or known animal eye, to one seen by them. Nature seems as infinite in the minimum as in the maximum. One of the strangest things in nature, is the fact that the sap of trees rises without any known or imaginable power to the tops of trees in the spring, and falls again in the fall. We hear it said that the power is in the earth, but such is not the case—for the butterfly or the caterpillar—the grub or the fly, that has no connection with the earth as a body or part thereof, shed its coat, fall into sleep, and their juices remain stagnant until spring causes the blood again to flow. The birds of the air smell the approach of winter and rise to the skies and sail on quick wings to the South, until a something again in the spring impels them to the North.

A grain of millet found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy four thousand years old, grew lately in the United States, as did also a flower bulb of equal age. Had ten thousand years have fled the millet and flower bulb would have grown equally well. There is a sympathy in everything in nature, the one with the other; the air with the animal and vegetable kingdom, and the elements with one another. And there is a hand that worketh unseen. When nothing appears yet there is something. The glory of the unseen is infinitely more glorious than the seen. As strange as is life, animate and inanimate, yet more strange is thought, the action of the brain in sleep. Somnambulism, and what some call clairvoyance, or the supposed capability of the flight of the soul from the body and its immediate return.

Thought, in the twinkling of an eye, will wander from earth to the remotest star. Thought in speed as far exceeds the forked lightning as does the lightning the pace of the sloth. We believe there is a universe of mind as infinite as that of matter in variety—and the crown and glory of all is a fountain of moral and infinite love whose centre is the *Ancient of Days*.

For the Son.

#### ON TOBACCO, No. 11.

In the first part of this article it was asserted, that the use of tobacco was injurious to the human system, and if persisted in to excess, it would derange the harmony of its several parts, if not eventually destroy the entire connexion between them.

But says one, in reply to this, "how can that be possible, when I take it as a medicine—as something to recruit and invigorate my impaired constitution? When my Physician ordered it as an antidote for some disease with which I am afflicted?" Very well, we say, has the proposed remedy proved an effectual cure? If so, why continue to use the medicine after you have been healed? Or, if after having given it a sufficient trial, you find that instead of eradicating one evil it is implanting ten, why not much more quickly abandon it? Friend, how canst thou work thy way out of this dilemma? Like Alcohol it may effect a partial and temporary good, but it more frequently entails on its patients great and per-

petual evils. Implacable indeed must that disease be, which requires so harsh a remedy; and painfully burdensome must be its pangs, if more frequent and acute than those which the cure would impose!

We cannot converse with scarcely an individual, addicted to the "use of the weed," who will not admit that he would be better without it. Even the most inveterate chewer, smoker, or snuffer, instead of advising you to adopt the practice will caution you against it; and who will not fail to deprecate, in terms of the most bitter regret that epoch in his life, when he became habituated to either of these most pernicious customs. What can be more humiliating, and at the same time hopelessly debasing, than the nature and extent of that habit which such confessions from time to time unfold! Here we find persons acknowledging their error—regretting the injuries they are inflicting upon themselves and yet, by their conduct, seeming utterly destitute of the power to reform. Here we witness Reason descending from her throne, to perform a degrading and obsequious pilgrimage to passions' temple! We see the moral faculties—those God-like principles of our nature—made subservient to the mere animal sentiments, and all their vitality and nourishment consumed by a perverted alimentiveness. Can persons living in such a condition lay full claims to temperance? Can any one be said to live "soberly and righteously" who is revelling in excess, and continually violating the constitutional laws of nature? These questions should be impartially investigated by all enquirers after truth.

"Ah!" but says one "this is all very well for those who use it to great excess, yet it does not reach me, or others who use it in like moderation. If others are such debasing slaves of tobacco it is no reason why we should leave it off who are not." We answer, that, to look at the question in the most charitable light, you are at least indulging in an idle habit, and creating a worse than needless expense. The time and money expended so foolishly and extravagantly if devoted to some useful pursuit and expended in some charitable manner, would in the aggregate accomplish amazing results. Suppose for instance that a person smokes only three times a day, and that he spends five minutes each time; then this amounts to one quarter of an hour each day: that is 91½ hours in a year—in 40 years this amounts to 3650 hours; making 304 1-6 days of 12 hours each—nearly a whole year! So this individual—this *very moderate* smoker in living 40 years has spent ONE of them in smoking! Then look at the expense. Why Canada with only one million and a half of inhabitants expends about three millions of dollars annually in this narcotic! *which is more than one million above the entire sum expended by the Province for all the purposes of Education!*

Then say no longer that your moderate indulgence is harmless when it causes mankind to be so prodigal of their time and money as this very limited calculation shews them to be. If you have the power to partake moderately you also have the power to abstain entirely; and you are therefore less excusable than those pitiable victims, whose chains are riveted. Nor is the useless expense and waste of time, however important in themselves, the only motives that we

would urge upon the calm consideration of the moderate consumer to abandon his tobacco; but the evil influence which his example has upon those by whom he is surrounded is, we think, more incalculably important than either.

CONSTANTIA.

To be continued in a future Number.

#### TIME ADIEU ADIEU.

Go thou fleeting thing, and be no more,  
Go to that bourne whence none return;  
We soon will seek that distant shore,  
The secrets of the dead to learn.

Ah! many have gone before us there,  
And rest upon that shore so fair,  
That valley dark is lit beyond,  
Oh there we'll see life's friends once fond.

Their voices come o'er the distant gloom,  
Like music o'er the midnight air,  
There is a land where spirits bloom,  
The dear the loved of earth are there.

Hark! seraphic music sounds afar,  
And glorious light is dimly seen,  
Across death's valley it seems a star,  
A few short years will move the screen.

Time adieu, adieu departing year,  
Bear on thy wings all sorrow, grief;  
We'll drop for thee a friendly tear,  
We bless thy reign, although 'twas brief.

Old time, old friends, affections dear,  
Shall never be by us forgot.  
And tho' thou art a passing year,  
We cast with thee, old friend, our lot.

Grey grow this head and dim this eye,  
And tottering be the step of age,  
But friendship's warmth shall never die,  
We'll write thee on affection's page.

C. M. D.

#### FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1851.

Time fleeth and no man can stay it. Another year has drawn to a close with all its good and evil, with its chequered mass of events, bearing to the lake of Oblivion the joys—the sorrows—the tears and oppressions of another cycle of time. Well would it be for all if they could turn their thoughts inwards, and receive an answer from the inmost heart, "You have striven to do your duty well." Be that as it may, let it be the part and resolve of all to examine their hearts with a view to thankfulness to, and forgiveness from their Maker; and a determination to be wiser, and more active in the cause of Religion, humanity and temperance in 1852. A few years ago and all of us were prattling babies upon the knees of those who sleep beneath the clay. We bloom like the forests of Spring, and now stand, some of us, on the summit hill of life, looking both ways; towards our infancy one way, and towards the grave on the other. Some of us have our faces turned down the hill of time, and we are hurrying down its steep to the quiet graves of our forefathers to sleep with them. Such are life and time. Time is emblematic of death. Blessed is he who can say within his soul, "My end and hopes are not centered in the grave," but "I yearn for the company of the bright and