

Mr. Crawford drew his arms around the child and hugged him to his bosom. Pride gave way; the iron will was bent; the sternly-uttered vow was forgotten. There is power for good in the presence of a little child. Its sphere of innocence subdues and renders impotent the evil spirits that rule in the hearts of selfish men. It was so in this case. Mr. Crawford might have withstood the moving appeal of even his daughter's presence, changed by grief, labor, and suffering as she was. But his anger, upon which he had suffered the sun to go down, fled before her artless, confident, innocent child. He thought not of Fanny as the wilful woman, acting from the dictate of her own passions or feelings; but as a little child, lying upon his bosom—as a little child dancing and singing around him—as a little child, with, to him, the face of a cherub, and the sainted mother of that innocent one by her side.

When the Friend came for the little boy, Mr. Crawford said to him, in a low voice—made low to hide his emotion—

"I will keep the child."

"From its mother?"

"No. Bring the mother, and the other child I have room for them all."

A sunny smile passed over the benevolent countenance of the Friend, as he hastily left the room.

Mrs. Logan, worn down by exhausting labour, had at last been forced to give up. When she did give up every long-strained nerve of mind and body instantly relaxed; and she became almost as weak and helpless as an infant. While in this state she was accidentally discovered by the kind-hearted old Friend, who without her being aware of what he was going to do, made his successful attack upon her father's feelings. He trusted to nature and a good cause, and did not trust in vain.

"Come Mrs. Logan," said the kind woman, with whom Fanny was still boarding, an hour or so after little Harry had been dressed up to take a walk—where, the mother did not know or think—"the good Friend who was here this morning, says you must ride out. He has brought a carriage for you. It will do you good, I know. He is very kind. Come, get yourself ready."

Mrs. Logan was lying upon her bed.

"I do not feel able to get up," she replied "I do not wish to ride out."

"Oh, yes, you must go. The pure, fresh air and the change will do you more good than medicine. Come, Mrs. Logan. I will dress little Julia for you. She needs the change as much as you do."

"Where is Henry?" asked the mother.

"He has not returned yet. But, come! The carriage is waiting at the door."

"Won't you go with me?"

"I would with pleasure—but I cannot leave home. I have so much to do."

After a good deal of persuasion, Fanny at length made the effort to get herself ready to go out. She was so weak, that she tottered about the floor like one intoxicated. But the woman with whom she lived, assisted and encouraged her, until she was at length ready to go. Then the Quaker came up to her room, and, with the tenderness and care of a father, supported her down stairs, and when she had taken her place in the vehicle, entered with her youngest child in his arms, and sat by her side, speaking to her, as he did, so kind and encouraging words.

The carriage was driven slowly, for a few squares, and then stopped. Scarcely had the emotion ceased, when the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Crawford stood before his daughter.

"My poor child!" he said, in a tender, broken voice, as Fanny, overcome by his unexpected appearance, sank forward into his arms.

When the suffering young creature opened her eyes again, she was upon her own bed, in her own room, in her old home. Her father sat by her side, and held one of her hands tightly. There were tears in his eyes, and he tried to speak; but, though his lips moved, there came from them no articulate sound.

"Do you forgive me, father? Do you love me, father?" said Fanny, in a tremulous whisper, half-rising from her pillow, and looking eagerly, almost agonizingly into her father's face.

"I have nothing to forgive" murmured the father, as he drew his daughter towards him, so that her head could lie against his bosom.

"But do you love me, father? Do you love me as of old?" said the daughter.

He bent down and kissed her; and now the tears fell from his eyes and lay warm and glistening upon her face.

"As of old" he murmured, laying his cheek down upon that of his child, and clasping her tightly in his arms. The long pent-up waters of affection were

bright light of other times; for now the rays were mellowed. But it was light. And there was music, again; not so joyful; but it was music, and its spell over his heart was deeper, and its influence more elevating.

The man with the iron will and stern purpose was subdued, and the power that subdued him was the presence of a little child.

Ladies' Department.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Yes—Yes—I'll lead a single life
(A married man is lost;)
For the dearer that a wife may be,
The more that wife will cost!

Ye meddling matchmakers may try
To wheedle me, 'tis true;
But though I'll never match your choice
I'll be a match for you.

Myself to you I'll never lend,
So fret, and sigh and groan,
For though I am a single man,
I'll prove I'm not a loon.

I've sought all Brooklyn through and through,
'Mong dames of high degree;
I've seen a hundred pretty maids,
But not one made for me!

A bachelor! my friends may laugh,
No Benedict they'll find me;
Free as the air I'll live and die
And leave no heir behind me.

CALL NOT THY MOTHER "OLD WOMAN."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a strippling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used indelicately. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all other phrases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other of worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight," and come off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills of life have been hers; trials untold and known only to her God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now in her old age—her duty done! patiently awaiting her appointed time; she stands more truly beautiful than even youth! more honourable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory!

Young man! speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously—tenderly of her! But a little time, and you shall see her no more forever! Her eye is now dim with age her form is bent and her shadow falls graveward! Others may love you when she has passed away—kind hearted sisters perhaps, or she whom of all the world to you most dear you choose for a partner; she may love you warmly, passionately! children may love you fondly! but never again, never! while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling weakened mother has been.

In agony she bore you through pining, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, fetchy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you safe through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lighted up the the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching always in your fitful sleep, sleepless by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly! for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully! Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace! Up to bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor even then forsakes or forgets. Speak gently then, and reverently of your mother; and when you too shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins—to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to "old woman."

A clergyman in Cincinnati last week performed a marriage ceremony, receiving therefor

their preacher married another couple in his charge about the same time, and got nothing for his trouble. So goes the world.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.—A bashful gentleman, who had for some time admired a lady without daring to disclose his passion, sitting near to her one Sunday, at church, hit upon the following method of declaring it: Taking up his Bible he handed it over to her, having first turned down a leaf on which he had marked with a pencil the following, in the epistle of St. John, 2d. ch., 10th verse: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we have had from the beginning, that we love one another." The lady, in a few minutes, returned the book with this passage turned down and marked: (Ruth, 1st chap., 16th verse,) "Whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people; thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried also. The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."



Youth's Department.

LITTLE EMILY.

Sweet Emily with bright black eyes,
And dimpled cheeks of cherry hue,
With winsome tricks she laughing tries,
To fill our home with laughter too.

She has some teeth of pearly white,
And skin as white, as soft and clear,
And through those eyes a spirit bright,
Speaks out in words of love and fear.
Let this sweet bud be nourished well,
Her heart be sown with virtue's seed,
And may her bosom ever swell,
When truth's great champions stand in need.

Her guardian star may truth e'er be,
And modesty her brightest crown;
And as she travels o'er life's sea,
Contentment o'er her heart be thrown.

Sweet Emily, with smiling face,
And heart from earthly cares so free;
Upon her countenance I can trace
No sin, or seed of misery.
Jan. 1854. C. M. D.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

KINGSTON, Jan. 15, 1854.

MR. EDITOR. Permit me to trespass on your columns, hoping that it would not be uninteresting to you, to know how our noble order is prospering in this city. The Elgin Section, No. 1, having declined, through a foolish disposition, in some of the members, to quarrel, it was agreed by some of the more respectable youths, to exert themselves in endeavouring to organize a new section. By their united efforts, they succeeded in obtaining a charter, under the title of "YORK MECHANICS' SECTION, No. 163, Cadets of Temperance." For a while their prospects seemed rather discouraging; but, by patience and perseverance, they have at length succeeded: and now their numbers range from forty to fifty members—all in good standing; of whom twenty-five or thirty are regular attendants. On Friday, January 13, they held a public meeting, for the purpose of installing their officers for the ensuing quarter. After the meeting was opened, the Secretary read off the names of the officers elect, viz.—John Jones, W. P.; Wm. Minnie and James Howe, W. Associate; H. Meadows, W. A.; John M. Fisher, V. A.; N. Greenwood, S. Wm.; J. A. S.; J. Lawson, T.; John W. F. sett, A. T.; Jas. Kennedy, W.; Thomas D. C. W.; Thos. Webster, G.; John

meeting broke up, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment. The only drawback to the cadets in this city, is the neglectful manner in which they are treated by Sons of Temperance; and while this state of feeling lasts, the order of the Cadets of Temperance will not succeed. True, there are some noble exceptions; but they are comparatively few. Yet, still, the effect of their exertions is not inappreciable. For instance, last year when the Cadets made an effort to raise funds to purchase a new banner, some of the Sons, especially of the Mechanics' Division, made liberal donations toward this object; and the result was, they obtained a new and beautiful banner—a monument of the energy and perseverance of the Cadets of Temperance, and of the generosity of their friends. Then some of the Frontenac Division, stimulated by the example of the others, donated a set of officers' caps. Here there was some encouragement to the Cadets to persevere. It is their intention to persevere: accordingly they intend, in the course of the winter, to hold a soiree or tea-meeting—the proceeds of which, will be devoted to the erection of a new library: which will be another inducement to boys to join with them.

I remain yours, in V. L. and T.,

A SPECTATOR.

The Toronto Section C. of T., are about establishing a Library in connection with their useful Order. It is a praiseworthy effort, and the friends of Temperance ought to aid them in their laudable undertaking. Subscriptions of either money or books will be thankfully received by George L. Davis, at Thomas Mackay & Co's.—Com.

EASTERN MODE OF MEASURING TIME.

The people in the east measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes in the sun, stands erect, then looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work.—A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "How long my shadow is in coming?"—"Why did you not come sooner? Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th chapter of Job, we find it written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."

A Connecticut minister having walked thro' a village church-yard, and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gatepost the following lines.—"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie!"

California certainly exceeds any other portion of the globe, for curiosities of every kind, and astonishing freaks of nature in her wayward moods. A correspondent of the Sacramento Journal, writing from the Fiddletown, Eldorado county, gives the following description of one of nature's daguerreotypes:—As the newspapers say, "this is certainly curious, if true." Mr. Hopkins, of Daytown, while prospecting near the American Hill, at that place found a stone, which, upon being broken, presented a perfect fac simile of the hill on the opposite side. In fact, it is nothing more than nature's own daguerreotype, and is certainly one of the rarest of curiosities. Every tree, bush, and even the exact colour of the ground is as distinct, and even more so, than if taken with a camera, from the fact that the colors are all perfect. Mr. Hopkins has been offered three hundred dollars for it, but as he is going to the East soon, he intends taking it with him.

MORE WIT THAN MONEY.—A boy about six years of age entered a shop in Dundee, a few days ago, and asked for a pound of canary seed. As he had no money to pay for it, the shopkeeper, (to whom the boy was well known,) wishing to ascertain whether he had been sent by his parents, or by some other party, asked: "Is that seed for your father, my mannie?" "No," said the boy, "it's for the bird."

THE COLDFRONT DIVISION was installed and initiated members under the New Ritual on Wednesday 4th instant. Br. Miller late of Niagara, was installed W. P., he is an excellent temperance man; this Division progresses finely.

THE ONTARIO DIVISION.—Brother Robinson was installed W. P. of the Division on the 2nd January. The NEW MOON DIVISION, Vaughan is increasing.

AN INDEPENDENT TEMPERANCE PARTY.

Americans are agitating the necessity of forming one. Their trading office seeking Whigs and Democrats are so corrupt that they cannot trust them.

The Temperance people of New York State do not intend circulating any Petitions in that State this winter. Their efforts will consist in lobbying the House and creating a good feeling in the counties. We et