

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS AT CROWLANDVILLE.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

DEAR BROTHER,—On the evening of the 2nd ultimo, the ladies presented a very beautiful Bible to the Dew Drop Division S. of T., accompanied by a very suitable address delivered by Miss Dell, to which a brief reply was made by — The chair was occupied by L. M. Mathews, Esq., Reeve of Crowland. In the evening the audience was ably, eloquently and powerfully addressed by the Rev. J. E. Ryerson of St. Catharines, dwelling principally on the necessity, constitutionality, and practicability of a prohibitory liquor law, which he proved to a demonstration. The feeling in favour of such a law is very strong in many parts of this county, and is rapidly increasing. There were in attendance the Port Robinson Amateur Brass Band, and a Choir belonging to the neighborhood, which added much to the delightfulness of the entertainment. The lecture was followed by a *Sorrel*, when refreshments were served up for about four hundred persons. On the evening of the 24th ultimo we held a Maine Law meeting in the village of Crowland. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. R. Corson, R. Clarke, and Mr. J. Gilbert; the chair was occupied by John Hellems, Esq., T. Councillor, who ably addressed us. The following resolution was then moved by the writer, and seconded by Mr. E. R. Hellems, who said a good deal in a few words, in favour of the same—resolved and carried unanimously:

That in the opinion of this meeting it is the imperative duty of our lawgivers, as representatives and guardians of the people, to free us from the tyrannical government of king alcohol, by passing a law prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Several accidents and deaths have lately happened within the circle of my observation, the direct result of intoxication, which a feeling of sympathy and respect for the relatives, &c., of the unfortunate victims forbids me here to record particularly. And is this not the case elsewhere? Although temperance men are accused of exaggerating the evils of intemperance, I firmly believe that the half has not been told.

Yours in the bonds of the Order,

G. W. COOK.

CROWLANDVILLE, April 4th, 1853.

CADETS OF BURFORD, DAUGHTERS AND SONS.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—As you have always opened your columns to the sayings and doings of the Sons and Cadets, it is with pleasure that I give you a short account of the proceedings of the CRYSTAL SECTION CADETS, No. 87, of Temperance. I had the pleasure of being present at their last session, which was held on the 6th April, and assure you that I was highly entertained. It being the night for installing their officers they were very much thronged with the fairer portion of Claremont and surrounding country. While the routine of business was going through, I happened to be in company with some friends, who could not be admitted. Presently the message came "Enter Friends." But where are we? We are not in our Division surely? So many ladies and strange faces, and still they come like the swarming of bees. And then in front of our view, what can be the meaning of that mammoth stage and beautiful scenery? After a little the whole secret is revealed—now the work is commenced, the Grand Guide conducts each brother up and down the aisle to receive the obligation, implements, &c., pertaining to his office, and all are conducted to their proper station. Now our anxious hearts beat again, what can be next? Yes, just as I was wishing, Brother C. P. Fowler, our respected Worthy Patron, rises to address the audience, and correctly shows the great importance of Sons and others encouraging this good work. He is followed by Brother Jacob Sherwood, D. G. W. P., who does ample justice to the question and resumes his seat. The W. P. gives an invitation to any Son or Sons to make remarks by way of encouragement, when who appears but our respected and zealous Brother, and formerly Worthy Chaplain, Henry L. Boss, and states that he has been labouring under affliction, and is unable to do justice to what he wishes to bring forward, but he proceeds and goes over a large field of argument and observation relative to the reformation of Cadets; dwelling lengthily on, and bringing proof entirely new of the importance of the organization of the Cadets. He then addressed the Sons in a feeling manner against getting lukewarm in the support of this brilliant Order; and read to them the appeal from the Grand Section to the Grand Division, concluding in a very affecting manner amid great applause. The W. P. then announces that the Cadets would entertain us now, which they did in such a manner as to surprise the whole audience; sometimes we would be convulsed with laughter, and then again with serious feelings almost uncontrollable. Thus we were kept until a very late hour when the pleasant scene closed, and each party returned home much gratified. I am sure that such meetings cannot fail to do good; besides training youths while young to face the foe. The Sons in this place are advancing; we have lately initiated several, and have also commenced our new hall, which, when finished, will be a credit to the Order. The AMERETH UNION of Daughters located in this place is progressing, they number, I believe, near fifty of the most influential ladies of our place. Who dare predict our downfall when witnessing the unanimity of action that is kept up by these three Orders? Brother John Cutton is our W. P., and L. D. Marks, R. S., for the present term.

Yours in the bonds of the Order,

A SON.

BURFORD, April 6th, 1853.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. 22 v. 6.

SWEET LITTLE ELLEN.

By the side of a stream, 'neath a willow shade,
Two little laughing children strayed;
A fair young girl, with a gentle eye
Of the hue of the calmest summer sky,
And a bounding boy with a hearty look,
And spirit that no restraint could brook.
With a ringing laugh, the dark-eyed boy
Danced with a child's intensest joy,
As he saw his beautiful little boat
Down the crystal stream, like a fairy float.
But now it paused, then onward glided,
While the tiny waves curl up from its sides;
Then stops as it touches the pointed rock,
And back recoils from the sudden shock.
Young Ellen pushes the little bark;
Swiftly it passes along, but hark
With a bitter word and an angry blow,
Nathan has laid his sister low.
But Ellen rose with a tearful eye,
And lifting her clasped hands on high,
Said while her sobs she tried to smother,
"Father forgive my little brother!"
An angel form looked mildly down,
And wove for her a glorious crown;
For of children like this was the promise given,
"Of such is the blessed kingdom of Heaven!"

—Home Christian.

OSHAWA CADETS.—A very large meeting was held in the Sons of Temperance Hall, at Oshawa, on the occasion of the quarterly installation of the officers of the Section on the 1st April. The ladies presented an address to them, and the proceedings were very interesting; the section seems to be increasing. The Oshawa Freeman speaks of the affair in a commendable way; that paper is conducted in a very independent manner.

RECIPE FOR MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.—When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles in themselves light as air, will do at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old, and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human tide to eternity. By the most simple and arithmetic sum, look at the result. You send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year; and supposing you need forty years only after you commenced the course of medicine, you have made 14,000 human beings happy, at all events for a time, and this is supposing no relation or trend partakes of the feeling and extends the good. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say "I would if I could."

DANIEL WEBSTER.—In a speech which Rev. Theodore Parker made at the late anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, he said—"It is rumored—and on pretty good authority, too—that a little before Mr. Webster ceased to be mortal, he told a clergyman of this city, 'I undertook the defence of slavery after this sort. Before I went into that matter I was entreated by southern men and by northern men; I was told that if I espoused the cause of slavery, I was sure to be nominated for President—I was told this not only by southern men, but by northern men—politicians—men eminent in commerce—by Doctors of Divinity. Now I am satisfied that was the great mistake of my life, and Ward Beecher and Horace Mann have more power than I and all the south put together.'—In the same speech Mr. Parker administered a merited rebuke to that petty which takes the theologic form; stickles for an orthodox creed, and for a rigid observance of times and seasons, forms and observances; but never takes the natural type, venting itself in christianian morality, and showing love to God by love to man. Said he: "When I was a young man—no! before that—when I only thought myself a young man, and was merely a large boy—it was my privilege and my good fortune to sit at the feet of the venerable man whom I see before me now; and I remember very well when Dr. Beecher said, in his pulpit, that he thought before ten years were gone by, there would be a steeple erected on the top of every theatre in New England! The venerable man set his feet forward in that work, and half ten years did not pass by before there was a steeple on every theatre in New England. It did not mend the matter much. But now, theatres have come up again, and while the work of that venerable Doctor's daughter is read out of the churches, while its doctrines cannot be preached there, Mr. Kimball opens the door of his theatre, and Uncle Tom's Cabin is played in large audiences eight times a week. I thank God that when Humanity is excommunicated from the Boston Church, she can yet find a resting place for the sole of her foot in a Boston theatre!"

THE SCOPE OF OUR ORDER MISUNDERSTOOD.

There is much ignorance prevalent in some quarters where we might reasonably expect different things. For instance, the editor that the Grand Section and a few Sons of Hamilton have taken under their especial care, writes as if the only object of our Organization was the promotion of temperance; as if the only good it could do was in making men abstain from the use of alcoholic liquors. We have observed, even in some American papers, to wit, the *Tecumseh*, an talking of the same kind. The editor of the *Spirit* is, however, very different from other papers as to his estimate of the tendency of Divisions. He cannot see anything enlarged in their views or actions. But the moment a new organization springs up, and about 30 persons are assembled at London, C. W., to form the germ of a new movement, there is something mighty in prospect in all this! Of these 30 more than half were Sons too. Such critics should recollect that the Sons have had at least a dozen conventions in five years, at none of which less than 100 persons attended from all quarters of the Upper Province. They should also recollect that in June 1851, we had an assemblage in convention of about 100 Sons assembled in the National Division from all of the American States, and 5,000 Sons in one body in procession in Toronto.

The Order of the Sons (as we have often said,) is as useful in promoting among each other, and in the community, feelings of benevolence and charity—a thirst for enquiry and mental improvement, and habits of public speaking, disputation, and business habits, as it is in furthering true temperance. It has done infinite good in all these things. Our aim is social improvement, mentally and morally. Let these weighty considerations never be overlooked. Ours is an Institution that may last as long as that of the Freemasons, and become as widely spread. It embraces all that the Freemason's does, with none of its rigid secrets, accompanied by the additional pledge of total abstinence. Its field is the whole world—its goal only the end of time. It is no effervescence that may burst in one year. It is no movement without hinges, rails, or constitution, compact by particulars. No, it is well balanced—fit for all ages and countries, and may be improved—admitting of public meetings, conventions, and general agitations. All the great American conventions have been got up chiefly by the Sons at New York, Albany, and Boston, and in Maine.

ILLUSTRATION OF THE ABOVE REMARKS.

Several strangers have died in this city within about a year, and have been cared for in a peculiar way by our Divisions. Most of the Sons of this city remember the case of Dr. Fraser, and recently of Br. Lay; and here is another case that strikingly carries out our idea. Let it not be said then, that our Order is only of use in a temperance point of view. Remember also the account we gave in our last of the Brother of Porthope.

A Son of Temperance going to California, took his card and arriving at San Francisco, united with Excelsior Division, No. 6, of that city. But he took sick and died, leaving two orphan children in Virginia, to mourn his death. His Division in San Francisco, after burying him with the honors of the Order, appropriated \$100 of their "orphan fund" to his children, and the money was remitted to the G. W. P. of Virginia, for their benefit.—N. Y. Organ.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SLAVERY AND DRUNKENNESS ALIKE.

MR. EDITOR.—In surveying the nature of slavery in the United States, the soul of the humane and benevolent must be awakened in sympathy, every nerve must tremble, and every sensitive conscience feel a sickening shock of horror, sufficient to sink his spirit in despondency. Fain would we believe the distressing picture contained in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be a mere tragedy of imaginary novelty, written to satiate the "love of the marvellous" possessing no reality. Our ideas in Canada are too moral and christianian like to conceive the possibility of Godlike, responsible, soul-possessing, immortal man sunk so far beneath the surface of average justice, humanity, and all feelings worthy of man, as to make a brother, whom God has merely distinguished by a different shade of colour, his slave!

Yes, fair would moral honesty and integrity look upon this system of injustice, as a dream, a fabrication, but alas, it is too true. It really exists, a disreputable stain upon the character of a nation—it stands a prominent blot which can only be stoned for by a total extermination of the traffic—by violating the conditions of those articles of commerce, and making men of their horses.

But, Mr. Editor, while we fully deplore this most brutal trade of our brethren of the United States, fully aware that all we can affect in this trade, is to record our horror and disapprobation of it, we leave the subject and ask ourselves if there be no slavery at home with us. Is there any? Yes,—yonder the soul-suffring, self-constituted slave to drink, reeling in the burning tempest of passion—tossed among the raging storm of sensuality—drawn gradually into the vortex of the flaming cataract, and finally wrecked on the boisterous shores of debauchery.—an alarming and true fact. Can our senators of the North and South not unite in a host of combined, energetic men, to abolish the degrading and demoralizing institution of DISTILLING, and set our country in a position where no mountains, no waters stand to debar the onward march of mind!—where it may have free course and be glorified. Never was it more the duty of a Canadian parliament to decide upon this question of so much importance than now.

Let me conclude by addressing or giving the following words of Burns, in concluding an address to the Free-trade and gentlemen of the Aberdeen Hunt, to our own legislators, viz: "May corruption shrink at your kindling indignation, and may tyranny in the east, and west, and south, and north, yield to your inexorable foe." Yours, Henry J. FRANCES, March, 1852.