



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME X., NO. 12.

MONTREAL, JUNE 15, 1875.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 6 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.



Temperance Department.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. E. N. JANVIER.

I was spending the summer months in a charming country resort by the side of one of our largest rivers, surrounded by mountain scenery, with its ever-varying aspects of grandeur and beauty; sometimes fascinated by the changing loveliness of early morning, when the soft river mists climbed up the mountain-sides and rolled away before the golden sunshine; and again calmed with pensive musings in the gentle coming on of twilight, with its shadowy folds settling down over river and hillsides, blending all with peaceful harmony, until the stars came out with their glittering rays, or the full moon came up from behind some distant mountain, and shot an instantaneous path of rippling light across the water.

It was at just such a moment, on one memorable evening, that I was seated on a rock near the river's edge, alone, and completely absorbed in the solemn beauty by which I seemed surrounded.

Suddenly I heard a voice, in clear but agitated tones, calling as if to some one on the river—

"Caroline! Caroline!"

But the wide river rolled on, and no answer came back.

The voice came nearer, every few minutes repeating the name, and with increasing agitation.

A steamer came in sight from around the Point, out in the middle of the stream; beaming with light, she ploughed her way along. I could hear the lashing of her revolving wheels, and presently the waves came wandering in nearly to my feet—she had passed.

Just at that instant the voice again called, almost in agony, close to my ear—

"Caroline! Caroline!"

Turning quickly, I found Mrs. Townsend, the mother of Caroline, had approached me without knowing I was there. She was a lady well known to me, and, after the first start of surprise, she was thankful for my presence and sympathy.

"Is it your daughter Carrie you are calling, my dear Mrs. Townsend?" I asked. "Is she on the river to-night?"

"Yes, yes, it is Carrie. She and one of her young friends hastily accepted an invitation to go out on the river more than two hours ago. I am almost wild with anxiety. I charged Leonard not to go out into the middle of the river, on account of the night boats coming up; and, indeed, to be at home before the time for their passing. One of them has just gone up now. O my child, my child!"

"Do you feel a want of confidence in the young man who is rowing," I asked, my own heart sinking as I recalled the fact that this Leonard was known to be at times intemperate in the use of wine or brandy; not grossly so, but frequently in a state of excitement, which



PROF. DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

The above is a portrait of Professor Daniel Wilson, LL. D., of Toronto, Ontario, a very distinguished man of science. He is one of the wiry, muscular sons of old Scotia, and his great force of character combined with his executive ability has caused him to attain a very prominent position in the land. He is now Professor of English Literature and History in Toronto University. He has written several works which have not only been well received in this country but also in Great Britain, where the leading reviews criticised them favorably. Among these is a book entitled "Prehistoric Man," which manifests great originality of thought in dealing with that great field of speculation for scientific men—the state of man before the period of well authenticated history. "Caliban" is the title of a more recent work, and as it is a conversation between a teacher and pupil on important subject matter it could be read with interest by some of our youngest readers.

The subject of this sketch has always taken a great interest in the young people of Toronto, where he resides. Among other works which will always redound to his credit is the establishing of the "Newsboys' Lodgings," an institution in which the Toronto newsboys are lodged and boarded at a very moderate rate. He also takes a prominent part in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and has with Mr. John McDonald, M.P. for Centre

Toronto, been largely instrumental in bringing it to its present influential position in the Queen City. In fact the Professor is always active in every good work, and is always ready to manifest his opinions by his example. A rather amusing illustration of this was given at the formation of the University Rifles, which suffered so severely during the Fenian raid. Several of the professors joined the company, and were appointed officers, but Professor Wilson persisted in remaining a full private, and although short sighted, and consequently scarcely able to see a Fenian at a hundred yards, he was accustomed to go through the "goose step" and manual exercises with the students, although it used to be confidentially whispered that the numerous mistakes he made would have consigned him to the "awkward squad" had such an institution existed. He is a member of the Anglican Church, and has thrown his influence with the Church Association. Professor Wilson is perhaps the best known figure in the city of Toronto. Tall in figure, with body slightly inclined forward, he quickly passes along, yet is ever ready to stop and converse with a newsboy, or any one that may seek his aid or advice. Entirely unaffected by ostentation he has quietly yet effectively worked his way into the affections of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

overcame his calmer judgment. At such seasons he was not a safe escort for any lady.

My friend hesitated slightly, and then said: "Leonard is a gentleman. I can trust him certainly, and I think he understands the management of a boat; but there are times—oh! what shall I do! I remember now his face was flushed and his manner excited when he came from that dinner party, and hurried them off 'to see the moon rise from the water,' he said. Can it be that just now he is not in a state to be trusted? O my poor child!"

I tried to cheer my distressed friend by every excuse I could invent for their being detained so late, but all to no avail. The bitter cry was still repeated along the river's brink, "Caroline! Caroline!"

I could not help but follow the anxious mother, and for a long distance down the stream we wandered, both striving to pierce the night with our voices, calling on all their names in turn.

But the wind sighing among the trees, and the lapping of water on the shore, were our only answer. At length we turned and retraced our steps towards home. No rest was there yet for the weary watcher; and, indeed, others besides ourselves were now aroused, and together we all followed the upward course of the river, calling as before.

Not until after midnight was the suspense of the poor, wretched mother relieved.

An answer came at last to the agonized call from shore, and in a few minutes the welcome sound of the boat-keel grating on the sand.

The meeting between mother and daughter I will not describe.

But the laughter and joking of Leonard, on hearing of the alarm he had caused, seemed more than any one could endure. The two young girls scarcely returned a "good night," as he dipped his oars again on his way towards home, and, as soon as they reached the cottage, sank down on the sofa completely exhausted.

While refreshment was being quickly prepared, we could not refrain from questions regarding the experience of the evening, and they then described the horrors of their situation.

But a few minutes had passed after leaving the shore before the girls both observed that Leonard seemed to be particularly agreeable and animated in his manners and conversation; he said he felt full of mischief, and, as a specimen of it, he told the girls he was not going to keep his promise to Mrs. Townsend of coming home before the boats passed up, but he was going to row out into the middle of the stream, which just here was very broad, and there enjoy their alarm when the waves, caused by the steamers' wheels should rock the boat, and make them believe they were going to be upset.

From that moment there was no more enjoyment for the poor girls, Leonard would listen to no entreaties, no coaxing; he said triumphantly they were in his power, and he meant to have as much fun as he could.

It soon became only too evident that he had been drinking wine to excess: the effect of it became more and more alarming. But it was also apparent that there would be great danger to the girls if they showed any suspicion of the fact, or if they behaved in any unfriendly manner towards him. It was an alarming fact that they were alone, helpless, on a broad and deep river, with an intoxicated guide.

Once Caroline attempted in a playful way, although she was in fearful earnest, to get possession of one of the oars.

Leonard looked keenly at her in the moonlight, and said:

"Don't you trust me? You'd better not show it if you don't."

That resource was cut off; she dare not attempt the artifice again.

After using every expedient they could think of to induce him to row in towards the shore, even if they did not land, the dreaded moment came. The lights of the first steamer