

THE CALLIOPE.

husband beating the wife to death, whom he had sworn before God to cherish and protect, and again we have the wife, with steady hand and ready smile, prepare and administer, without fear or reluctance, the fatal draught, which sends to his last account her confiding and unsuspecting spouse. Beardless boys grasp a murderous weapon at some trifling annoyance and, often without provocation, sheathe it in the heart of their most intimate friend.

And what, we ask ourselves, can incite peaceable citizens, in a christian land, to perpetrate horrors such as these? Why are our senses daily shocked by scenes and details which cause the most hardened sinner to pale and shudder? The cause we find issuing hourly from the flourishing distilleries. *Some of the effects* we have shown,—*others* may be found in the dingy garret of the starving pauper, and in the crowded cells of Gaols and madhouses.

But it is useless for us to dwell upon the multitude of crimes, vices, misery and starvation which intemperance engenders, as it is more fully portrayed in every-day life; we would, however, point out to our friends what, in our humble opinion, appears to be the only remedy which can effect anything like a reform. The work lays with the boys, and to them will fall the profit. To endeavor to entice or force a drunkard from his bottle would be to attempt impossibilities; but for boys to abstain from it is comparatively easy, as they never feel the want of it while they continue to shun and refuse it. Fly from it. Abhor it. Look upon it as the Evil One, and the result will be a better state of things when you arrive at man's estate. By your example you may do much to pro-

mote the welfare of the rising generation;—in your hands you hold the happiness of yourself and children. How many a poor misguided wretch who would shudder at the sight of bloodshed, has been brought to an untimely end upon the scaffold through intemperance. His hand, which in sobriety, would have shrunk at the touch of a deadly weapon, seizes it, under the influence of alcohol, with avidity; and guided by the destroyer, and without one spark of his better nature left, blindly rushes upon his dearest friend and ends a life, to save which when sober he would, in all probability, have sacrificed his own. Some may feel disposed to laugh at, and scorn advice coming from such an insignificant source, but humble though our pretensions may be, those who follow our counsel may live to bless and thank us for it when we are "gone where all small papers go."

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Some years ago a celebrated English Jockey advertised in all the principle newspapers that, upon receipt of one guinea enclosed in a letter to him with the address of the sender, he would send by return of post, full instructions in horsemanship. As it is not our intention to make money out of his secret we will give it to our friends gratis. We hope they may profit by it, as, to those whose time will permit, there is no exercise so invigorating as horsemanship. Here it is:—

Your head and your heart keep boldly up,  
Your hands and your knees keep down,  
Your legs keep close to your horses sides,  
And your elbows close to your own: