

versation with others; and past history incline us to believe that we are at times acted on mentally by some hidden intelligence or mental agency, whose nature we cannot know in life. Another state of things—the voice of a far off world at times whispers gently to our souls; and like the speech of long absent friends steals over our watching spirits. We stand on the verge of two states of being. We now live in matter and we may live in mind entirely. Whispers from the far off land steal over the distant ocean. Silent presentiments strike the soul; giving it a foretaste of a new power which it will possess in the land of spirits. Clods of matter now clog our vision and weigh down the mental power. We feel and know that thought—unclouded thought is heaven born—mighty and progressive; that it at times comes in contact with invisible intelligences.

An eminent minister of this city not long since told us of a dream his wife had in relation to a deceased friend in Scotland. His wife dreamt that she saw the grave of a dear friend whom she had always supposed well. The tomb was before her eyes and the name written thereon. It affected her much, but she passed it off as a mere dream, until news a few weeks after came, that this dear friend had actually died at the time the dream took place. The last time she had heard from the departed all was well.

Others equally, and some dreams much more extraordinary have been related to us by those who knew them to have taken place. We know from the Old and New Testaments, that angels spoke to men in dreams. The ancient Heathens have recorded facts of the same kind.

When a dream occurs and is verified after by time, place, and other details, what are we to believe but that there is some hidden agency acting on the soul at times. We know that before battle—in the midst of healthful life, and before death presentiments have visited the minds of men of all classes—which premonitions were afterwards verified. We cannot now further enlarge.

AN ADDRESS TO THE SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Hail "Son of Temperance!" with joy we greet thy coming. Welcome to our hearts, our homes, our fire-sides! Truth sparkles upon thy coral lips, and love sheds her mild and heaven-like radiance around thy head. Thy voice though mild, is penetrating; it falls upon the ear like the full and gushing melody of an angel's harp, and rolls its soft and mellowing cadence to the chambers of the heart!!

Three guardian spirits from the far off "Elysian fields" of light stand around thee "Love, Purity, and Fidelity"! They shine out upon thy forehead, in all their native and matchless simplicity; and glitter like living pearls in the coronet, which sits upon thy brow. "Love" that deep and holy emanation, which pervades the bosom of angels, and gives life and animation to their rapturous songs of praise; and causes them to linger around this dark world of ours with blessings rich, to give to fallen man, glows upon thy every pore. — "Purity" so fitly prefigured by the pearly dew drop "the crystal east in moulds of air" which wets thy bosom, lifts her "magic wand" and sweeps from thy pages the black stains of malice hated and revenge. While "Fidelity" prompts thee to strictly adhere to those solemn truths which thou art designed to perpetuate. But al-

though much we love thee, we would not detain thee. Go on thy mission of mercy like an angel blessing and being blessed. Go where the bloated victim of intemperance has fallen at the shrine of Bacchus; and bid him dash the sparkling wine cup down. Let him hear thy mild persuasive voice. Break the horrid spell which binds him to his cups. Display before his mind those golden joys which are so thickly clustered around him. Speak to him of home, its quietude and peace; where conjugal love and contentment dwell, and throw their radiance on all around. Speak to him till the lamp of Hope shall throw its light down to the deep chaos of his heart; and reason shall resume her empire in his mind. Go where the dark and Death-dealing stream of intemperance has swept away the hopes and joys of the once lovely female; where she now drags out her life in the gloomy wretched abode of poverty and want. Behold—

Her "breast like echo's haunted hall,
Is fill'd with murmurs of the past;
Ere yet this gold was dim, and all
Its pleasant things laid waste:
From whose sweet windows never more
May look the sunny soul of yore."

Stand by her like a ministering angel; and wipe from her care-worn cheek the falling tear; and point her to that bright world where no clouds arise; but where the bright effulgence of the Glory of God, will pour upon the soul!! Let thy voice be heard in the spacious temples of Bacchus. Draw the two-edged sword of truth; and cause the monster intemperance to tremble upon his throne. Speak to the youth of our highly favored land. Bid him beware of the social glass. Teach him to dash its sparkling contents to the ground; for "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Although it sparkles, yet beneath its "roseate brim" lurks a poison more deadly than the "Upas tree." Open to him the golden gates of the Temple of Temperance; and bid him enter where peace and sobriety, offer their holy odours upon the altar of the heart!! Go where the "silver crested wave of our native Ontario" rolls with majestic grandeur on the golden sand; and the whitened waters are pressed onward by the briskness of the whistling breeze; and teach the sailor temperance!! Go like a purifying flame through the crowded haunts of vice, and like thy great prototype dispel the gloom and scatter blessings in thy pathway. Let thy voice be heard in the gilded palace and richly adorned saloon; and in the crowded street or sequestered vale by the flaming orator and the poet; by the philosopher and the lover of nature; as he beholds the clouds drifting on through aerial space Ocean-like the beautiful vessels of Heaven!! Lastly may they love thee; and when thy career is done on Earth, may the fruit of it be found in Heaven.

FREDERICK B. ROLF.

Newcastle, Orono,
July 1st, 1851

THE DEVIL SNEER.—A "fast" young man, died at Pisa, rejecting the good offices of sundry monks, who threatened him with "the Devil;" and exacting a promise from a friend that he would not leave his body until it was buried. The friend, a Corsican, accordingly watched over the body in the burial. At the dead of night "the Devil" stood by his side, draped in black and red, having enormous horns and a long tail. He was asked what he wanted; but as he gave no intelligible reply, and made advances towards the body, the Corsican coolly drew a pistol and shot the Devil dead. He proved to be the convent "bellman!" The young man was tried and acquitted, as there was no law against shooting the Devil; and the young man persisted that he really believed he was firing at Satan.

A lady, on a cold morning, seeing, all the windows and blinds of a wealthy neighbor's room thrown wide open, inquired the reason. "Oh," said he, "it is merely to let in my only air."

Youths Department.

THE BIRD'S SONG

I asked a sweet Robin, one morning in May,
Who sang in the apple-tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about,
For I tried a long time, but I could not find out;
"Why I'm sure," she replied "you cannot guess wrong,
Don't you know I'm singing a Temperance Song?"

"Teetotal—O that's the first word of my lay,
And then don't you see how I rattle away?
'Tis because I've just dipp'd my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the Lark with my wing.
Cold water, cold water, yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long."

"And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me a crumb,
For the dear little nestlings are waiting at home?
And one thing beside, since my story you've heard,
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird;
And never forget, whilst you list to my song,
All the birds in the "Cold Water Army" belong."
E. P. HOOD'S *Temp. Melodies*

INDUSTRY—A LECTURE BY A CADET OF HAMILTON.

Worthy Archon and Brethren, Ladies and Gentlemen,

The subject I will endeavour to bring before you this evening is Industry; it is a principle that should be ever uppermost in our thoughts; a principle without which no man can ever be respected by his fellow beings; and I might safely say a principle without which no man can get honestly through this world. And although we see instances every day around us of men amassing fortunes on the wrecks of others, yet this should be no criterion to go by—for instance, we will take the tavern-keepers, and see them selling their destructive poisons to poor deluded beings; and not only do they take from them their hard earned money and give them no value for it, but hurl them swiftly down the path to destruction, and very often to a premature grave. But it is not for me to attempt to speak on a subject that has been brought before you so often and by individuals more able to explain it, I mean the temperance cause. But to return to our former subject Industry—diligence, industry, and the proper improvement of time, are material duties which we ought to fulfil. To no purpose are we endowed with the best qualities if we want activity of exerting them. Unavailing in this case will be every direction that can be given us either for our temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired; in youth the incentives to it are strongest from ambition and from duty, from emulation and from hope; from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords; if dead to these calls you already languish in slothful inaction and will be unable to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years. Industry is not only the instrument of improvement but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposed to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess but he cannot enjoy; for it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure; it is the appointed vehicle of every good to man; it is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself its effects are fatally powerful, though it appears a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils; it is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly therefore from idleness as the certain