

rings of glowing light. Some are accompanied by the dance of many worlds all shining with their gentle light. Some of them have denser atmospheres than others, and probably the human mind cannot imagine the infinite variety, beauty, grandeur and loveliness of these countless systems and worlds. He who decked the millions of flowers and shrubs and the musical birds—the floating butterflies and the clouds with their lovely and glorious colours, and attributes on our earth, is abundantly able to exceed all this elsewhere. As there is no limit to the power of God or to his infinite operations in matter; so there is no limit to his ingenuity and ideality, or power to display the beautiful. The more nature is examined in small and great things, the more admirable are all things found. As we find millions of worlds in a dark spot of infinite space, which to us seems but a few feet in extent; so on the point of a needle, in a speck of water, by the aid of the microscope tens of thousands of perfect animals float and sport in seeming delight and pleasure. This vast multitude of worlds is doubtless, like ours, teeming with animated life and intelligent beings, whose creator is ours. To watch over the universe, to multiply pleasure and goodness—to carry out grand moral purposes; such as we see being carried out in ours; in the name of Jesus Christ; whom this Almighty One sent to earth to portray his glory and will to erring men, is the employment of God. He is the source of all power and wisdom, and at the same time the source of all benevolence and love. There are two universes—one of matter which we have just alluded to, and one of mind infinitely more sublime and grand. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard; nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the glory prepared by God for those who love him." Oh the glory of that world of mind—its brightness its harmony its armies of thousands of millions of spirits; drinking in life from the throne of God; all are the things prepared by the Almighty for his creatures from the dictates of infinite love.

### Youths Department.

THE ADDRESS OF THE LADIES OF MARKHAM TO THE CADETS, ON THE OCCASION OF THE SOIREE, 28TH AUGUST, 1851: PRESENTED BY MISS WILLSON.

WORTHY ARCHON AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE, MARKHAM SECTION, No. 36:—

The privilege we this day enjoy of publicly expressing the interest we feel in the welfare and prosperity of your society, affords us much pleasure and satisfaction. We cannot but view the organization of your youthful *Temperance Brotherhood* in this village, as being destined to effect such a change ultimately, in its social and moral character, as can only result from the forming of right habits in early life. You all understand those expressive words of the poet,—“Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.” Of this we wish no better proof than to behold you this day, clad in regalia, whose emblems express your determination to commence in the right time to cultivate and cherish the noble and elevating principles of *Love, Virtue and Temperance!* With these golden principles for their motto, what may we not expect from the Cadets of Markham? Living out such a motto, what may we not expect from the united Cadets of Canada.

Allow us then, young friends, to express our ardent desire that every one of you may maintain the honourable position you occupy; and when you are tempted to leave the ranks of your noble order, meet the tempter by a fixed determination never to exchange

*Virtue for immorality—Love for hatred and revenge—or the safeguard Temperance for the dangerous use of an article which the Word of God says,—“in the end biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”*

As a memento, then, of the interest we feel in the prosperity and final success of your praiseworthy enterprise, allow me, on the behalf of a few of your abiding friends, to present you this flag.

When you behold it floating in the breeze, be reminded of the *Pledge* of your *Order*, and also of the *honour* which will always be placed upon the heads of those who keep that *Pledge inviolate*. There is much depending upon your *adherence* to the *principles* you have espoused. Many of your young companions are still exposed to the evils you have *resolved* to *shun*, and the influence of your example will have a tendency either to afford yourselves the pleasure of extending to them the hand of welcome to the friendship and advantages of your order, or to give you the pain of seeing them shut out from those advantages, and in many instances exposed to a train of evils such as too often hurl many of the most promising youth into the vortex of infamy and disgrace. Remember, then, the importance of bending the *twig aright*, in order that the branches may take a proper direction, and thus the *tree* appear perfect and *beautiful* in all its *parts*. Thus, by your faithfulness to the cause of *Temperance*, and consistency of deportment in all your efforts to *advance* its saving principles, and *extend* its influence; you will secure to yourselves the right use of those exalted powers, both of body and mind, for which *God* has given the good will and respect of the wise and virtuous; and find yourselves progressing in the way of *morality, sobriety and knowledge*.

Go on, then, my young friends in the good work of saving by *prevention*, yourselves and others from the appalling evils of drunkenness. Go on in your laudable efforts to elevate yourselves in the scale of *moral and intellectual existence*.

Most heartily do we wish you *God speed*.

### MARKHAM CADETS' ANSWER TO LADIES' ADDRESS.

#### RESPECTED LADIES OF MARKHAM:—

On behalf of this Section of Cadets, permit me to return you our sincere and warmest thanks for this beautiful present. We receive it as an expression of the esteem in which you hold our order, and as a mark of kindness to ourselves. We feel proud of our institution and the position which we this day enjoy. As Cadets of Temperance, Ladies, when we look upon the present, we will be reminded of you, who have to-day done such honour to our order and to ourselves by presenting us this Flag. We are encouraged to go on in our *voluntary* work, in trying to stay the progress of intemperance, by your presence and unfeigned wishes for our success. Ladies, we unite with you in the hope that none of us may ever dishonour the Order, by violating our sacred pledge; we hope we may preserve untarnished the motto characteristic of our Order,—*Virtue, Love, and Temperance*. And we also cherish the hope that the united efforts of the Cadets, Daughters and Sons of Temperance, in their efforts to emancipate the world from the slavery of intemperance, may, by the blessing of God, be successful. In conclusion, we again thank you for this present, and when we are done meeting in this world, may we unite with the glorious order in Heaven.

### PARIS SOIREE.

To the Editor of the *Son of Temperance*.

PARIS, September 2, 1851.

SIR,—

The Sons of Temperance have a grand celebration here, on Thursday, the 28th ultimo. Although the morning was hazy, no sooner did “old Sol” show his bright face over the tree-tops than the mist was dispelled, and nothing now remained to damp the expectations of the good people of Paris. About ten o'clock, long strings of carriages began to pour in. These were soon followed by the Duncas, Preston, and Brantford Bands, which certainly did excellent service. At noon, the procession formed in front of the Temperance Hall, and shortly after moved down to the flats, where a splendid banner was presented. The procession

again formed, and, after parading the principal streets, proceeded to a booth on the river flats, where tea was served at three o'clock P.M. After about 1200 persons had partaken, speeches were delivered by many celebrated speakers, among whom was the celebrated “London Sailor,” Mr. Murrell. The party then proceeded to their respective homes, and, I am proud to say, during the whole day not one scene calculated to disturb the peace, was witnessed.

To the eye of every well-wisher of the temperance cause, the long line of banners which headed each separate division, was a sight calculated to rouse the most heartfelt gratitude towards that Being whose pleasure it is to prosper every good work.

Such demonstrations as this prove, daily and hourly that the rule of “King Alchy” is tottering to its fall.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

BY A CADET.

## THE CANADIAN Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Tuesday, September 23, 1851.

### Original Poetry.

#### TEMPERANCE SONG FROM THE BACKWOODS.

Away to the conflict ye sons of the brave,  
Why linger behind in the fight?  
Thou' the Tyrant be mighty he sinks on his grave,  
And the laurels of glory triumphantly wave  
O'er our leader encompass'd with might.

We battle no longer with helmet and sword,  
Nor foemen we strike to the death;  
Thou' our cry be SURRENDER!—no life blood is pour'd,  
Nor a groan—nor a wail from the dying is heard,  
Nor a curse from the quivering breath.

O, no! but the blessing—and the pray'r  
From the heart that was weary with pain,  
As we strike from the feet of her loved one the snare  
And God speed you, is heard from the lips of the fair,  
As we break the incubate's chain.

Love, Reason, and Truth—are the weapons we wield,  
And so strong is our Brotherhood Band  
That tho' boundless as earth the extent of our field,  
We sweep it unstem'd, and the mightiest yield  
To humanity's conquering hand.

Away to the combat, ye Sons—for our name  
Is abroad! In Jehovah we trust!  
Away, the usurper is yielding his chain.  
And the soul that might grasp immortality's fame  
Is grov'ling no more in the dust,

Here waves in its glory our Banner of Light,  
By the hand of high Heaven unfurl'd;  
'Tis for this, O, ye heroes, we rush to the fight!  
For this hath our arms been girded with might,  
For this do we war with the world.

On—on to the battle—why linger dismay'd,  
Or tear the high badge from your breast;  
By that tri-color'd emblem of light thou art weigh'd,  
Then bear it undim'd till its beams have conveyed  
Thy soul to its home in the Blest.

Go point to the desolate homes that have been—  
To the grave where the drunkard lies cold;  
Go tell what your eyes and your fathers have seen—  
Go dash from the gulph the gay curtains that screen  
The horrors for ages untold.

The mighty of earth and the high and the low  
Have joined in our brotherhood band;  
Then gird on your armour—away to the foe  
And strike as he trembles the angel of woe,  
And drive the dark god from our land.

Then away to the conflict ye Sons of the brave,  
Why linger behind in the fight?  
Thou' the Tyrant be mighty, he sinks on his grave,  
And the laurels of glory triumphantly wave  
O'er our leader encompass'd with might.

Innisfil, C. S., Aug., 1851.

STEVICOLA.