



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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[FOR THE CADET.

### The Dream.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

The meeting was thronged that night—a powerful speaker had been declaiming against the evils of intemperance, and the fruits of his eloquence were seen in the goodly number who affixed their signatures to the pledge. There were three youths sitting side by side, who seemed agitated by opposite feelings.

"We have treated this subject too lightly," whispered one of them earnestly; "it is not to be trifled with; let us all go up, or if you will not Warton, dear Osbourne, do you come with me, and let us make the promise; we have not wandered very far yet, but we may do."

A sardonic smile crossed Warton's features, and Osbourne answered hastily,

"Nonsense, my good fellow; we do not want to be laughed at for nothing; why, neither the one nor the other of us have ever been touched by liquor yet, not to say really the worse for it; to sign the pledge in such a case is sheer folly."

Leslie seemed to waver. "Well," he said sadly, "but something tells me that this ought to be done; with the feelings that now press on my mind, it seems a duty."

"Oh, never mind such thoughts; the man is a better speaker than usual, that is all; forget his words, and come home with me, as we had planned. There—that is my good Leslie," he added, perceiving he had gained his point; "now let us go."

The young men left the house together, and repaired to Osbourne's home. Leslie sighed heavily as he turned away, and his heart bitterly reproached him for yield-