

CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, C.W., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1851.

NO. 18.



Poetry.

THE NIGHT WIND.

BY "ELLIS BELL," THE LATE MISS EMILY BRONTE.

In summer's mellow midnight  
A cloudless moon shone through  
Our open parlor window,  
And rose trees wet with dew.

I sat in silent musing,  
The soft wind waved my hair,  
It told me heaven was glorious,  
And sleeping earth was fair.

I needed not its breathing  
To bring such thoughts to me;  
But still it whispered lowly,  
"How dark the woods will be!"

"The thick leaves in my murmur  
Are rustling like a dream,  
And all their myriad voices  
Instinct with spirit seem."

I said "Go, little singer,  
Thy wooing voice is kind;  
But do not think thy music  
Has power to reach my mind.

"Play with the scented flower,  
The young tree's supple bough,  
And leave my human feelings  
In their own course to flow."

The wanderer would not heed me,  
Its kiss grew warmer still;  
"O come!" it sighed so sweetly,  
I'll win thee 'gainst thy will!

"Were we not friends from childhood?  
Have I not loved thee long?  
As long as thou, the solemn night,  
Whose silence wakes my song?"

"And when my heart is resting  
Beneath the church-aisle stone,  
I shall have time for mourning,  
And *thou* for being alone."

PRAISE AMONG THE MARRIED.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

Yes, among the married. Why should they not speak kindly of each other? the voice of commendation is sweet, doubly sweet from the lips of those we love. It chills the best feelings, weakens the highest aspirations when continuous and sacrificing effort calls forth no kindly returns—no words of cheer, of encouragement. The snow is ever unimpressible in the deep, hollow recesses of the mountain cliff, where no straggling beam of merry sunshine melts it with kisses; cold and white it sleeps in perpetual shadow, till its soft roundness congeals into ice. And so the heart, if forced to abide in the shadow of frowns, under the continual dropping of hard, unkindly words, will assimilate itself to its mate, and become a sad and listless heart, lying heavily and cold in the bosom that should be all filled with glowing sympathies.

Husbands often do not know with what ceaseless solicitude the duties of a wife and mother are accompanied. They leave home early, many of them; the routine of business, the same as it was yesterday, and will be months to come, is so thoroughly digested that the performance is measurably without annoyance. They have no heavy or wearing household work to do, no fretting little ones hanging on to their garments, now to nurse, now to correct, now to instruct, while still the dusting, and the cleansing, and the preparing of food, must be going on, and the little garments must be nicely fitted and made, or all would be untidiness and confusion. Yet how many an adroit manager contrives to get through with all this, willing—if she is but appreciated, and her valuable services esteemed—to endure, calmly, the trials incident to her lot, keeping care from her pleasant face by a merry spirit and cheerful demeanor.

But if she never hears the kindly "I thank you," or beholds the beautiful smile that unaltered gratitude spreads upon the countenance of him for whom she has forsaken all, what immeasurable anguish will she not experience?

We have often thought how poignant must be the grief, how heavy the disappointment of the young wife, when she first learns that the husband of her choice is totally indifferent to her studied efforts to please. He has many times in former days, praised the glossy beauty of her sunny hair, and curled its rings of gold around his fingers. He has gazed in her face until it is stamped upon the tablets of his heart, yet—through utter thoughtlessness—he forgets now that it has been such a talisman of goodness and purity to him, or old associations have made him too much their own, to play the lover after the solemn words of ceremony are spoken. He has given her his honor, and a home; his name, his means, what more can she want?

Gaily as the bird upon the tree by her door-side, does she go carolling about her work. The day seems one long year—but still, twilight does come, and she awaits the return of her husband. He has perhaps but slender resources; he is a laboring man, and their cottage is humble and low-roofed. How light is her step; how happy her brow. Like a skilful painter she has touched and re-touched all the slender luxuries of her home, till they seem to her like the adornings of a paradise. She has taste, refinement, a quick perception of the delicate and beautiful, though mayhap she never has plied her needle at worsted tapestry, traced the outlines of a single tree or flower, or elicited sweet sounds from a harp or piano.

The hearth is bright and red—not a speck of dust is visible. She has brought out all her hoarded wealth, and the tables, the new varnished bureau, and the arm-chair back, shine in snowy garniture. She has placed the little pictures in the best light, hung up the wide sampler—her child-work at school—made all things look cheerful and bright, placed a bouquet of brilliant flowers upon the neat supper-table, and another in the little fire-place, and with pleasant anticipations she awaits his return.

"How cheerful everything looks," she murmurs; "and how pleased he will be; he will commend my care and taste."

Presently the well known step draws near; she flies with a happy smile to meet him, and together they enter their mutual home.

What! no sign of surprise? no new delight on his features?

Does he receive all her attention as a matter of course? something looked for, expected, easily done, and without price? Can he not pay her the tribute of a glad smile? Alas! he does not believe in praise; his wife must be disinterested; must look upon these performances as stern duties; if he praise now, and forget to praise again, they may be discontinued.

She is disappointed, chagrined; and unless taste and perfect neatness are indispensable to her own comfort, she gradually wearies in well doing, when a little kindly encouragement, a little praise, might have stimulated her to constant exertion.

Many a wife becomes careless of her appearance because of her husband's indifference. Now in the simple matter of dress—not so simple either—how often men think it beneath their notice to approve the choice of their companions. We once remarked to a gentleman, that his wife displayed most admirable taste in her attire, and what think you was his answer? With a sigh we record it: "Has she! well now I should hardly know whether she had on a wash gown or a satin dress." We involuntarily disliked him; and thought that the expression upon the countenance of his partner spoke volumes.

Now we do like to see a husband notice such things, even to particularity. We like to hear him give his