

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.

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Poetry.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here,  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, Brother,

All who hold each other dear.  
Each chair is filled; we're all at home!  
To-night let no cold stranger come;  
It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot;  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle peace assert her power,  
And kind affection rule the hour.  
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
And gave the hour to guileless mirth,  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Looked in and thinned our little band;  
Some like a night flash passed away,  
And some sank lingering day by day;  
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—  
And cruel ocean has its share;  
We're not all here.

We are all here;

Even they—the dead though dead, so dear—  
Fond memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view,  
How life-like, through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears;  
We see them, as in times long past;  
From each to each kind looks are cast,  
We hear their words, their smiles behold;  
They're round us as they were of old:  
We are all here.

We are all here,  
Father, Mother,  
Sister, Brother,

You that I love, with love so dear,  
This may not long of us be said;  
Soon must we join the gathered dead;  
And by the hearth we now sit round  
Some other circle will be found.

Oh! then, that wisdom may we know,  
Which yields a life of peace below;  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
We're all—all here!

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character, that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearl street, were particularly intimate, so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some time his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand on his hind legs and to do many other trifling but amusing tricks.

At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved that whilst his friend was being a tutor of Grotto, he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of Grotto was a little the senior in the store of the other, and of course ranked over him in promotion. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking very much downcast approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this summer to France, to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, provided I could speak French; but as "Oui" is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this child. What a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why, yours, of course. They will put the question all around, out of politeness; and as none of us can *parley vous*—why, somebody will be engaged and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning, Tom was called before the firm and in glowing terms, were the advantages

set forth, if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly smiled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation, if you could only speak French;—but as you cannot we shall have to employ some one else—very sorry—great pity, &c."

"Well," said Tom, "it cannot be helped, and there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat, and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up, in double quick time, for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's fair.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good ha, ha, ha!

"Well, Tom, no use; I told you so."

"Ah," replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so! but Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching Grotto."

"What!" said he, "whilst I was fooling over that dog, you were studying?"

"Just so; and you know with what success our time has been rewarded."

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst by throwing away time, another equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days.

In New York there are some seven thousand grog-shops, of which fifteen hundred are known to be unlicensed.

Charles Dickens (Boz) is at present keeping his terms at the middle temple, for the purpose of becoming a barrister.

A son of late Sir Robert Peel has been appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, in the place of Mr. Wm. Hawes, who has been promoted to a more lucrative office in the war department.

"I wonder," said a Scottish maiden what my brother John sees in horses, that he likes them so well; for my part, I wadna gie the company o' a' lad for twenty laasies."