

and hands. This company commenced business twenty years ago, on a very small scale, being much smaller than the smallest works in England.

THE DEATH OF THE LATE ARCHIBALD McTAGGART OF BLAVERTOWN—Mr George Monroe of Sutton has written us another long letter on this subject, confirming his former statements, so far as his word goes, and that of the assertions, he says of some of the Blavertown people.

The April number of the Maple Leaf of Montreal, now published for the benefit of Mrs. Lay, widow of the late R. W. Lay, its enterprising projector, lies on our table.

Mr. Maclear's Anglo American Magazine for May, is received, and is filled with very choice reading; it also contains a good wood-cut of Quebec.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE IS OUT AGAINST TETOTALISM—It is a significant fact when this time honored and talented Magazine speaks out on any great movement of the day.

MICHIGAN TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE—We have received in exchange several copies of this large and well got up Temperance paper, published at Detroit, \$1 per annum.

TEMPERANCE PROGRESS—Ontario Division initiated nine persons into the order on the 9th inst. Royal Division, Sarnia, are about to build a Temperance Hall, Br. Wm. Taylor having given a lot in Sarnia for that purpose.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS—On the 25th April the Grand Division of Maryland held their quarterly meeting. A procession of a large and enthusiastic kind took place, and some excellent speeches were made at Frederickburgh.

INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME.—At the late Assizes in this city, there were no less than twelve criminal cases before the Grand Jury, all occasioned by strong drink.

MANSLAUGHTER.—In the Township of Walsingham, on Monday the 21st ult. a man by the name of Rockefeller got into a quarrel with several other persons who were drinking at a tavern, and was so badly beaten that he died in consequence.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. 22. v. 6

(ORIGINAL) CHILD'S ADIEU

Weep not, then, for one so tranquil, But to Jesus strive to live. That you may at last be worthy Of the crown which He can give.

Font Hill, C. W.

THE LITTLE HOME.

'I wish, mamma,' said Ella Harrison, 'that we were rich like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it.

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet looking, middle aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room with her youngest child, a rosy-cheeked curly-headed little fellow of four years, asleep upon her lap, looking up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

'Thousands, my child,' she said, 'are at this very moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their desires cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have!—Don't you think we should?'

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

'It seems to me, mamma that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume you are about to point me out to the Smith's, who are the wealthiest, and still the most miserable of all our city abodes. But really my dear mother, if we were rich, don't you think that we should be very happy?'

'I am very rich, and very happy too,' said Mrs. H. with a self-satisfied air. 'I know of none in this world with whom I would exchange places.'

Ella dropped her clenched-work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

'We rich!' she exclaimed. 'Why, how do you make that out? Would't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?'

'No; I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre,' said Mrs. H. 'for if I did I should have to resign you and Nelly and your dear father and my brave little Tommy, who is sleeping so sweetly here in my lap.'

'Oh, I did not mean that at all,' said Ella; 'I did not mean that you individually, should make the exchange. I meant that the whole family should share in it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?'

Mrs. Harrison shook her head. 'Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable.'

'If we had their riches my dear child,' said Mrs. H. 'we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich. I am rich in my health—rich in my husband—rich in my children—rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable; I am rich in mental wealth for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder, and peep with breaths of incense through the window—rich in the golden sunshine—rich in nature—rich in the calm thoughts which visit all, who with thankful contented hearts look upwards and say with the poet:

'Praise to our Father God, High praise, in solemn lay, Alike for what his hand doth give, And what it takes away.'

'But if we had more,' said Ella, 'you would have more to be thankful for.'

'I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the back woods of Canada, shot whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's valuable work—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters, think of the thousands in cities, who are stowed in cellars and back rooms and garrets, and bat haunted places, who seldom breathe the fresh air or see glad sunshine—think of the poor Irish who a short time ago were starting to death—Gasping with their dying breaths—Give me three grains of corn! Only three grains! Think of the millions in Africa and Asia, who are living in mental and moral degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception—without Bible—without civilization—without any correct idea of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply grateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not

order the circumstances of your birth—you might have been on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of surfeited Paris or London.

'That is true,' said Ella; 'I never thought of that before.' 'My dear child,' said Mrs. Harrison, arising and depositing her burden in the cradle, 'our happiness does not depend upon external circumstances. It lies beyond these in a great degree, if not altogether. But the world is slow in learning this fact.—Multitudes think as you do, that it is attendant upon wealth, upon fame, upon position in society, now if their wishes could be gratified, they would doubtless in almost all instances, find that they had mistaken its nature entirely. It comes to those who with grateful hearts take what their Father has appointed them, looking beyond the mists and shadows of Time, into the clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who forget self, and look to the welfare of others, who scorn the wrong, and adhere firmly to the right, never pausing to weigh results in the nice scales of self-interest and worldly pride; it sits a guest at the humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity presides.—Georgia Family Visitor.

PENCILINGS ON TEMPERANCE, &c., IN OXFORD AND BURFORD.

Mr. Editor,—I will give you a short and concise account of a tour which I have recently taken to the west.

After leaving my quiet home, I soon found myself upon the rolling waters of Ontario,—no lover of the "beautiful and sublime" can look upon the proud and majestic Ontario, as it opens its bosom to the full tide of sunlight, and not feel emotions of pleasure—it is like the apocalyptic "sea of glass mingled with fire."

As my stay in the "Queen City" (Toronto) was very limited, I had only time to admire its beauty, and lament that within its precincts, so much wealth, talent, health and comfort are sacrificed at the dark and bloody altar of Bacchus.

The next place of note which I visited, was Hamilton. Hamilton is beautifully situated; but the dark stain of Intemperance is upon its mantle.

When I stood with a friend upon the mountain which overlooks the city, and saw the sun hide the crimson locks of his golden head behind the mild curtain of evening, and then looked upon the low rum shops, which, like leprosy spots, defile the city, I felt to exclaim, oh, my God, whom shall the strong arm of the law wipe the foul stain of intemperance from Canada.

The next place which we visited was the village of Claremont, in the township of Burford. Here we had the privilege of attending the funeral of a brother, by the name of Lawrence Fowler. Quite a large number of Sons appeared dressed in the sable badges of mourning, to pay their last respect to departed worth, and to convey to the silent tomb, one whom they had loved, and now delighted to honour. The services were conducted by their D. G. W. P. Jacob Sherwood.

We next visited Canning, located in the township of Blenheim; here we found an energetic and warm-hearted band of brothers. We had the privilege of seeing their officers installed, and received an invitation to lecture to the friends, which we accepted, and had the pleasure of speaking to a large and respectable audience; brother Williamson, P. W. P., and Kooze of Blenheim, in the chair. For our humble services we were kindly and liberally rewarded, by the brothers of Canning Division.

Br. Durand, the cause of temperance and the order of the Sons are advancing in the west; hundreds who were once drunkards, are now found enlisted under the tri-colored flag of our order, clothed and in their right mind.

Yours, in L. P. and F., F. B. ROLF.

P. S. On returning home, I chanced to pick up a paper in the cabin of the Maple Leaf, and my eye fell upon an account of a man in Toronto drowning himself, while laboring under a fit of insanity, caused by drinking alcohol. Would not this man have been still alive if the Maine Liquor Law had passed? Shame, you legislators of Canada! F. B. R.

SONS OF LONDON.

SIX AND BROTHER.—In your last issue, you say you have converted with Judge Marshall on the subject of ADVERTISING LIQUORS. I am happy to hear that he coincides with so many of us Londoners, about it. The Spirit, I wonder if he is one more of a LIQUOR SPIRIT than anything else, I think, has a few friends (?) who dare not come out like men, and accept a challenge of a discussion; but, as you say, "they are snakes in the grass," and, as we are commanded to "bruise the serpent's head," we can do it with a good conscience. It seems to me that the snake story will run thus—A NOBLE-LOOKING TOOTH, THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE, is enjoying himself walking through a meadow, there is a snake, (the Spirit), there, but he does not perceive it; the snake shows fight at first, but seeing that he is not noticed, runs away—is not quick enough, for this youth's little pet dog (the Gem) catches it, rats it up, but the master knows nothing of it, and walks on as unconcerned as before, only thinking that his dog has had something to play with. Such is the opinion of us Londoners. Don't mind him and he will be sure to get in his own light.

I am, dear sir and brother, yours in the bonds of the order. JAMES JOHNSTONE, Pioneer Division.

LONDON, May 2, 1853

The above writer is an entire stranger to us; but he speaks in the spirit that used to move and we hope still moves the London Divisions. We have had a few enemies, who have been attacking us from London, under disguised names, but we believe the majority there are friendly. Of one thing we are not guilty, and that is—inserting letters under fictitious names.

NOTICE.—Can't our friends and agents send us a few hundreds of additional subscribers. We can't visit distant localities, and it is too expensive to employ travelling agents for a weekly paper, the price of which is only \$1 per year. Also, our friends will notice that we have got bound near a hundred copies of the volume of 1852, all we had on hand,—thinking many might desire them for reference or to make presents to their friends or Divisions.