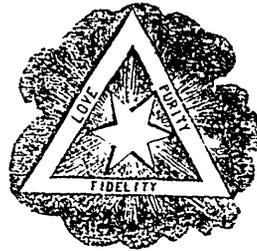


CANADIAN

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.

FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers! wherever ye bloom.
With your soft tinted leaves, and your fragrant perfume;
Whether in Spring ye come forth from the groud,
Or when Autumn scatters her dead leaves around,
Whether in cottage or palace ye dwell,
Beautiful flowers! I love you well.

Behold a young girl in her mirthful play,
Laughing the hours of childhood away,
The light winds are waiving her sunny hair,
And her voice sounds sweet in the silent air;
While her fair hands are twining, from Summer bowers,
With blooming wreathes of the beautiful flowers.

The scene is now changed, for years have flown;
The gay laughing girl to woman has grown,
And the lover is there, who fain would tell
The secret their eyes have reveal'd too well!
But flowers he plants in her snowy breast,
And their eloquent leaves has his love confess.

'Tis a bridal morn, and loudly swells
A merry peal from the old church bells;
The white-robed bride is smiling now
'Neath a budding wreath from the orange bough;
And bright-eyed maidens before her stand
Beautiful flowers of every hue.

There's a voice of sorrow—for time hath fled—
A wife and mother lies cold and dead;
They've laid her to sleep in her endless rest,
With a young babe clasped to her marble breast;
And flowers are there, with their perfumed breath,
Decking the bud and blossom in death.

In the green church-yard is a lonely spot
Where the joyous sunshine enters not,
Deep in the gloom of the cypress shade,
There is her home in the cold earth made.

And ever her still the sweet flow'rets bloom,—
They were near her in life, and forsake not her tomb.

Beautiful flowers, ye seem to be
Linked in the fond ties of Memory!
Companions ye were to our childhood's day,—
Companions ye are to our lifeless clay:
And barren and drear were this wide world of ours,
Lacking the smile of the beautiful flowers!

THE RESCUED CRIMINAL.

A great number of persons who know the celebrated Dr. B—, a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote: One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bed room. During the evening, Dr. B— wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies. Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and, on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing? The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when to his horror and amazement, he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a corner. Poor Dr. B—, at this unexpected apparition, became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him—whatever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him. The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror. He retreated, step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him whose vivid features, added to the lateness of the hour, and the stillness of the night, seem to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he had left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness. The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment, and thrown himself on his bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror, the doctor loudly exclaimed,—“Whoever you are leave

me.” At this the spectre let go its hold, and moaned feebly these words:—“Pity, good hangman, have pity on me!” The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained, by little and little, his composure. He explained to the criminal who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call up some of his family.

“Do you, then, wish to destroy me?” exclaimed the criminal. “If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity, save me from death!”

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled the unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and, having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold. He was a deserter. The doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country; so, having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his protegee, whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in. When they had got into the open country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor, having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him, with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B— had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well dressed man—one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city. The merchant asked him politely if he were Dr. B—, of London; and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house; which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant mansion, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never before met. After dinner the merchant having taken him into his counting house seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him:

“Do you not recollect me?”

“No,” said the doctor.

“Well, then, I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand, and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained me the confidence of my employer, and the affections of his daughter.—