

And in conclusion, we would beg to report our debt of gratitude to our many friends who have aided us in sustaining this glorious cause, viz. To the Jonadab Division, Sons of Temperance, for their liberal support and kind attention in granting us the free use of their rooms, furnished, lighted and heated, all ready for our accommodation, without expense. To Messrs. G. Pearson and Hodgson, for their unwearied attention, and valuable instructions for our better conducting the Order. To Mr. F. Carlisle, for his donation, of a beautiful gilt frame for our Charter. To the Cadets for their very kind invitations, and the warm reception shown to us when visiting their rooms. To all friendly to the cause we tender our sincere wishes.

REBECCA MAXWELL,
Pre. Sister.

Music hath Charms.

Perhaps some of our readers are cultivating a taste for the science of music, and wish to attain a creditable proficiency therein. If so, we recommend them to send to B. Dawson, Bookseller, Montreal, and order "The Musical World and New York Musical Times." It is published weekly, at \$3 a-year—sixteen pages large quarto. In addition to the music, there are many pages of first-rate reading matter, chiefly musical, and altogether in harmony with the title. Dyer & Willis, Publishers, 257, Broadway, New York.

Notices to Correspondents.

B. C. The Book you refer to was republished in New York, and can be had at Dawson's

Epsilon. Of course we think your opinion best. If your young friend chooses to give half a dollar for a similar article let him do so.

Liberty. We wish all the boys and girls of Canada to read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They cannot be too deeply impressed respecting the horrors of the slave system.

Enquirer. The New York Crystal Palace will be opened, we understand, in the month of May next.

W. E. S. The National Magazine, published by Carlton & Philips, New York, we have no hesitation in recommending as a sound, sensible, Christian family Magazine. You can order it of E. Pickup, Montreal.

A Mother's Love.

The strength of maternal affection has seldom been more strikingly illustrated than in the following incident:—

A writer in *The Springfield Republican*, from the Worcester Insane Retreat, says:—
There is a small pond in the garden. Just opposite the pond, I saw a woman, humbly dressed, looking in the water.

'That poor woman,' said the Doctor, 'has been here for several years. She assists in the kitchen, and is perfectly harmless, although incurable. She is the wife of an industrious man, living in an adjoining town. They had a family of three boys, two of which died suddenly, of the scarlet fever. Within a week of their burial, the mother proceeded to a pond near by for some water. As she was dipping her pail, she saw something just beneath the surface which attracted her attention, and taking a wooden rake, she pulled it to the bank, it proved to be the body of her remaining child. A walnut-shell, with a piece of paper stuck in the centre, was floating upon the water, which, no doubt, sailing from the reach of the child, caused him to stretch for it, lose his balance, and be drowned. Before sunset she was mad—raving mad—and was brought here. It is her daily custom to watch that water for a few moments, just at the hour she discovered the body of her child, and then to return quietly to her work. But if she was not allowed to do so, which, by way of experiment, has been tried, violent fits and convulsions would follow.'

'You say she is incurable,' said I.

'Quite so, we think. Under superintendence' continued the doctor, 'she is quiet and useful here; but without it she would be even dangerous.'

While he was speaking, the mother, whose bereavement of her children had driven her mad forever, turned upon her heel, and with her face turned to the earth, walked slowly toward the house. As she approached, the doctor called to her, and dropping a low courtesy, she stood looking at us.

I have seen faces whose melancholy expressions might chill the blood like the keen east wind, and the power of sympathising with them be very limited. But, of all that I have seen, not any have approached the one I now looked upon, in utter absence of all life's sunshine. Pale, ashy pale were her features; her lips were hueless, and her eyes sunken; her lower jaw dropped almost upon her breast, and looked like grief personified.

'Poor creature,' exclaimed the doctor, 'what wretchedness of mind is there depicted!'

'I never saw it equalled,' said I.

'No wonder,' replied he. 'For five years a smile has not played upon her features, and in my opinion, never will.'

Dear reader, if you are young and