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THE MEMORIES OF OUR HOMES.

Dandelions! who does not love them? Their bright golden heads peeping lovingly forth from the first spring grass. There is no change in them. They come like old friends, greeting you each year with the same cordial welcome that met your childish heart, and your love strengthens with age. They are links which bind you to the sunny past. You remember tearfully the time when you sat by the side of the brooklet which winds by the old home, with an apron full of the "golden heads," launching them one after another into the gentle tide. You grow better for these old memories, and repeat again Lowell's beautiful lines—"To the Dandelions:"

"Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with hairless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccanniers, o'erjoy'd that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match for wealth—"You art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summit blooms may be.

"Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prize
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she waters now,
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

"Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-couras'd bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm investment,
In the white lily's breezy tint,
Has conquered Sybilla than I, when first
From the dark green the yellow circles burst.

"Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze.
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue,
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb loth move.

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are lined with thee
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song.
Who, from the dark old tree
Ere he the door, sang clearly all day long
And I, secure in childish pety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing,
With news from heaven, which he did bring,
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When in the flowers and I were happy peers.

THE QUAKER AND HIS APPRENTICE, OR, THE BEAUTY OF DOING GOOD TO THOSE WHO DISPITEFULLY USE YOU.

It is now twenty years since we hung up on a peg in the old *New Hampshire Statesman* office, at Concord, N.H., a little brown jacket and blue cap, and commenced "learning the trades." We remember that cap and jacket well. It was the best cap we had then ever owned, and we remember that its visor had a green lining, which we fancied might be a great benefit to the eye—and we remember how our mother cut up for every

day appeared for her boy to have home and care upon his seven years' apprenticeship. We were a little fellow then, you are not very large now—we were so short then that we had to cradle the laughter of the big boys at our necessity of mounting a chair to get up to our work. But we have not set down to write about that cap or jacket, or the experience of those seven years, or to tell of the score of young men we met in the Printing Office—all now scattered—the major part have already passed to that home whence no traveler returns. Peace to their ashes. But we want to tell of a couple of men in those days living in Concord, engaged in the book-binding business. Charles H. was a man in middle life, a Quaker, and generally a very sensible and very clever man. But he was a man of intense and a certain hot temper. When excited, he wagged a very long tongue—and sometimes dealt in blows. His best friends were not uncontently the subjects of a violent abuse. Oliver L. S. was the other book-binder. He was a young quiet man of few words, but of attentive and industrious habits. For several years he had been an apprentice to the irascible Quaker—frequently subjected to his unreasonable rage, with scarcely a pretext for a cause and at last driven from his shop, his master emphasizing his imprecations by the flourishes of an iron press-bar.

Some sixteen or seventeen years since the Quaker moved west. A few years later, the other binder removed to the city of Portland, where he has since been extensively and successfully engaged in book and newspaper publishing.

Day before yesterday we were in Portland, and in the counting-room of his newspaper establishment met with our old acquaintance again. The conversation of course turned upon the olden times and the gentleman gave me a bit of the history of his old master since his leaving Concord. He first pitched his tent at Utica, N. Y. where in a trade he fell into the hands of a rascal and lost all his little property. With his interesting family, he pushed farther west. But misfortune kept him company and he was reduced to extreme want. Nine years ago his old apprentice, at Portland, heard rumour of his circumstances and that in his extremity he had been obliged to sell the shoes from his feet to purchase bread for his children. At once like a man with a heart beneath his jacket, he forgot all about their parting, and sent his old master one hundred and fifty dollars. It was the act of a Christian (alas that our world witnesses so few of the kind,) and it was done in time and saved the man and his family. With an hundred dollars of money, the man made a purchase of a tract of rich prairie twenty-five miles from Chicago. His family went with him upon the land. Not a board could then be obtained nearer than Chicago—and they had not the means of buying, were to be ever so plenty. Their house consisted of a cooking stove sheltered by three boards. But they had their hearts set upon their hearts—and boundless crops followed to the country—and in a few years the \$150, with many blessings, found its way back to Portland.

Last year the Portland man was traveling in the west, and among others, within an hundred and fifty miles of the same place, he met the same

man, who, in the first of the process, had been a great success, but had not succeeded in his present position. He was now a poor man, and was now a poor man, and was now a poor man.

REMARKABLE PREDICTION.

For a prediction that comes true, many look for, of which we never hear. Many a fine mother predicts a professorship or a bishopric for a favorite son, who nevertheless fails through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that, some predictions have to be made, at various times, been uttered, which have become true, and yet nothing more has been attributed to them.

Syllabus of Caesar, when he pardoned the traitor, said—"You are the traitor—I consent—but know that this young man, whose life you so eagerly plead for, will prove the dreadful enemy to the party which you and I have defended. There is a Caesar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in conversation, that his fellow students regarded him as a very mediocre person, and jokingly called him *the dumb ox of Sicily*. He must, Albert not knowing himself what to think took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on several very profound questions; to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity that Albert turned towards the youths who surrounded his chair, and said—"You call brother Thomas a *dumb ox*, but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Erasmus wrote a composition at twenty years old, which was read by a learned friend of Hegesius; and he was so struck by its merit that he called the youth to him, and said, scanning it in his eye—"My happy boy, with one day be a great man." Erasmus, who was proud of him, when only ten years old, that he would one day be great by reason of his own merit, and his virtue. He had not the prospect of a great career, but he was not a fool, and he was not a fool, and he was not a fool.

Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury early predicted the future greatness of the Duke of Monmouth. Pointing to the boy one day he said to those about him—"That youth will one day be the ornament of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son had an early presentiment of his future greatness. He used to say, that if he could but once set foot at court, he would soon introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, the possessor of an humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say, that "but for this there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At eighteen, Gough, afterwards Cardinal de Retz, composed certain remonstrances of early studies, on reading which, Richelieu exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow."

Marshal Turenne, in his early youth, people to early foretold the distinction in arms to which he would rise. But, doubtless, there are few youths

who, in their early writings, are followed by a great poet, or a great orator, or a great statesman. He who is followed by a great poet, or a great orator, or a great statesman, is a great poet, or a great orator, or a great statesman.

Robert, when a youth, was presented to a nobleman, who, in the first of the process, had been a great success, but had not succeeded in his present position. He was now a poor man, and was now a poor man, and was now a poor man.

On the other hand, Louis XIV one day observed Richelieu and the Duc de Crequi. "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy; and they told me that after having lived a long time, I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my day. Is there the least likelihood of that?" And so saying, he burst into laughing. But this did not nevertheless, hinder him from marrying Madame de Maintenon, when she was fifty years old? So that both the predictions of the mason and of the Italian conjuror came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning, the father being very much irritated by the insolence of his republicans, and talking him to the collar, in a rough language—"We shall see, you will some day be the standard-bearer of France." Father said, Voltaire, who was a great man, and was a great man, and was a great man.

Sterne has told an anecdote of what happened to him once at Halifax. The schoolmaster had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy mounting the steps, almost before the job was completed, dashed with a brush on the ceiling the words in capital letters, "Lamb, Sterne," but he would not have the name effaced, seeing that Sterne was a boy of genius, and certain to make a reputation in the world. Let us conclude by adopting the thought of Goethe—"Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which he within us—the precursors of those things which we are capable of performing."

That which would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us, and in the future, we prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development, a portion of our nature is sure to

be followed by a great poet, or a great orator, or a great statesman. He who is followed by a great poet, or a great orator, or a great statesman, is a great poet, or a great orator, or a great statesman.