

friend. I may even say that it had revived. I wanted some one to whom I could confide all the secrets of my past trials, my hopes and my fears, and who would sympathize with and advise me. Who so likely to do this as Fanny Grey? I wished, too, to tell her that I had found the heavenly Friend of whom she had told me, and to make her heart glad with the tidings that I was no longer a rebel against a kind and gracious Father in heaven and a loving Saviour. Yes, I would find out where Fanny was and tell her what great things God had done for me, in putting his grace and fear into my soul.

I have since thought it strange that it did not once enter my thoughts, or my plans to reveal to the police of those days the mysteries of the place which I have called Theives' Castle so far as I knew them. And yet it is not so strange, when it is remembered that in doing so I would have given evidence against my own father; and, that, if he had been brought to justice I should have had to appear against him as his accuser. Besides, what had I to reveal? I had been conveyed to a secret assembly of rogues, and thence conveyed to a yet more secret stronghold. I had there heard and witnessed much which had assured me that it was a den of villany; and, refusing to cast in my lot with those who lived by dishonesty, I had narrowly escaped being murdered, and had more narrowly still escaped from the hands and designs—whatever those designs were—of hardened kidnappers. All this I could have told; but what evidence could I have adduced in proof of my assertions? Where was this secret midnight resort? where the more secret stronghold? I could not tell. Then who could vouch for my respectability and truthfulness? No one besides an old ostler, of no unimpeachable character himself, and a drunken tailor. Added to this, I had had my own experience of police courts, and I did not want any further acquaintance with them. But I have wandered somewhat from my story; let me return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Punch gives some advice to women in looking out for suitable husbands. Among other things he says:—

The man who don't take tea, illtreats the cat, takes snuff, and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you to marry on any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love.—But the

man who when tea is over is discovered to have none, is very sure to make the best husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mother-in-laws. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.



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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 8, 1865.

We observe by the *Oshawa Vindicator* that Mr. Verey with his splendid Zoographicon is to be at Duffin's Creek this week, after which he is coming westward. Should he again visit Toronto we hope he will receive the patronage of the whole community.

The vote on Dunkin's Bill is to be taken in the township of Southwold on the 13th. We hope every friend of temperance will poll his vote on the occasion.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—The following Officers of Nova Britannia Lodge, No. 374, were duly installed on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 2 by M. H. Fieldhouse, P. D., assisted by the Grand Marshal, Bro. Josiah Blount.

Bro. James H. Skinkle.....	W C T
Sister Anna Osterhout.....	W V T
Bro. Robert White.....	W C
" Wm. R. Losie.....	W T
" Josiah Blount.....	W S
" Court L. Losie.....	W T
" George Skinkle.....	W M
Sister S. A. Copperthwait.....	W I G
Bro. John Skinkle.....	W O G
" William Sykes.....	W A S
Sister E. Bailey.....	W R H S

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Coldstream Division, S. of T., having lately made some alterations in their Hall at some considerable expense, have decided to hold a Social Tea Meeting on Friday evening, Nov. 17, for the purpose of increasing their funds. The Rev. Mr. Stevenson has kindly consented to deliver a short but interesting address, after which a Musical Entertainment will take place. Tea will be served from 7.15 to 8.20 p. m. Tickets are placed at the low rate of 25cents each, and may be obtained at this office.

TEMPERANCE.

It must be gratifying to the friends of Temperance to witness the unmistakable evidences of zeal and energy on the part of the members of the British Order of Good Templars, and the increasing interest of the public generally in the cause of Temperance.

During the past few years very little interest has been manifested in the cause. Temperance men (a large proportion of them) appeared to be dead, or at least *idle spectators* of the onward march of intemperance. Many noble champions who, in years that are past and gone—years that will long be remembered by every true Temperance man—fought valiantly in the ranks of the Sons of Temperance and kindred associations, have, of late, laid aside their armour, some thinking that they had done their duty and that the younger members should take their place and fight out the battle; while others have turned their backs to the foe and run like cowards from the field, leaving the Order to take care of itself. This is to be regretted; for the *Sons of Temperance* have done a noble work in this province; and many who have been reclaimed through its instrumentality can bear witness to the fact. We regret that this Order which has done so much to reclaim fallen humanity, and is still calculated to do good, is passing through a trying ordeal. The defeat of Prohibition shattered its ranks, and this coupled with the heartlessness of would-be friends—friends in prosperity, but worse than foes in adversity, who have used the Order as a means of self-aggrandizement—have reduced this once strong and popular Association to a mere skeleton. But we trust the worst is past. The Temperance ball is once more in motion; thanks to the introduction of British