

# The Saturday Evening Visitor ;

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE WAYSIDE,

AN ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE HALIFAX TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, BY W. M. BROEN.

When hoary winter has passed away, and the vernal Sun with daily increasing strength, disrobes the Earth of its mantle of white; then the ice-bound rivulet and the rolling river, once more set free, and rejoicing in their liberty, bear a host of willing tributaries onward to the mighty main. The genial rains are poured plentifully into the bosoms of the fields, and the husbandman prepares the loosened soil, and scatters his seed; in due time the tender blade appears, in profusion rewarding his toil and sustaining his hope. All nature teems with budding beauty, and like a bounding infant, delights in its new and happy existence: rock, hill and dale seem vying with each other for pre-eminence in loveliness. Trees and shrubs appear in robes of leaf and blossom, of varied shades and infinite diversity of form and hue, and the Wayside sward in its new attire of emerald brightness, is courting the attention of the traveller. The undulating and sometimes shady banks on either hand, are generally covered with flowers, nature's voluntary bestowments, of every size and colour, and sweetly intermingled; delightful in odour and lovely to view, they captivate the eye and elevate the soul.

Here the sweet fern and the thistle appear most romantic, and are striving to excel each other in stature; and here the Mayflower, with others of modest and delicate beauty, is contending with its more lofty and showy rivals for the warm attentions of the youthful Sun; while the ivy green entwined amid the clustering leaves, seems the necessary adornment to the faultless combination. The mossy mossbank charms with its deep and varying greenness; while above, the spreading Beech tree lends a pleasing shade at the noonday, and bending to the breeze, bears it upward gentle and joyously. Here the feathered songsters tell the tale of "their true love," and in courtship to their mates "pour forth their little souls"—and the wayside here resounds with melody.

Rolling from the rock, the cool and grateful rill invites the passer by, and rushes to his lip with foaming ecstasy. Cattle, with sheep, and beautiful lambs, in the very spring of their pride of their tottering prettiness" are regaling on the banks of the spontaneous and luxuriant herbage.

All these, and many more, are the delights of the lonely wayside in the spring time, while the populous parts display their peculiar features; warming the heart to social life and the pleasures of domestic life, and melting it with sympathy for the unfortunate. The flower garden, well tended, in front of the whitewashed cottage, shows the skill and industry of the occupants; and a throng of lovely children rushing forth, are as happy as the lambs with whom they gambol on the wayside. Delighted, they meet their father returning to his home, all clamorous to relate some

tale of wondrous moment to the little circle, now retiring to their dwelling; where pleasant looks and words of love tell of joy deep seated and the heart sincere. At the gate beyond, with his grandson by the hand, stands the father of the village. Revered by his friends, beloved by his offspring, in possession of all the needful comforts of earth, and enjoying places of trust and confidence; his delight is to comfort the mourners, and like his Heavenly Father, he deeth good even to the evil and the unthankful—

"Thus on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While resignation gently slopes the way;  
And all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His Heav'n commences ere the world be past."

Here stands the house of Prayer and the School house, and there is the burial ground, where rest the ashes of some, who, unknown to fame, "fought the good fight" and finished their course with joy. Near at hand is the licensed grog house of this peaceful neighbourhood, and many a heart-broken mother as she passes, sorrows more at the recollection of the moral degradation and awful death of her once loved ones than for her own bereavement. The Demon Intemperance extends his sway to the distant village and the solitary hamlet, sorrow and poverty follow his steps; the widow pines in solitude and destitution; her children are gone from her side and scattered abroad in a cold and heartless world, and the husband of her youth is among the many victims in the churchyard.

The wayside is the grand observatory of life. From the cradle to the grave, in every possible variety of circumstances, the sons and daughters of the human family, intent on their pleasures, their profits, or their charities, with every shade of motive, in every fashion of habilitment, and countless peculiarities of form and feature, are all moving to and fro in the great highways, in the pursuit of some real or fancied good, which excites their avarice or provokes desire. These waysides, in Town, are crowded with buildings of various descriptions, all exercising by the aid of their proprietors or occupants a power for good or ill, and proving a real benefit or injury to all who frequent them.

There with a goodly array of bottles is the Drug shop, where potent pill and powder may be had for a few pence, that may set pain and infirmity at defiance, and keep the King of Terrors at a respectful distance. The advertizing professors delight in cases of difficulty, they solemnly affirm that their pills were never known to want success; and notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Near him is the Tailor, who with shears and pad can make up a shoulder, and delights in the charitable work of restoring the human form to its pristine beauty and symmetry. There is the politician who lives for the public good, and enjoys but little peace or comfort himself; vainly hoping, with the decayed materials of un sanctified humanity, to erect a structure perfect in its proportions and enduring as the heavens. The Theatre,