

tant myself with being a *pledged teetotaler*, I have sworn eternal hostility to the Demon Intemperance, and I think, with father's assistance, who is a thorough going teetotaler, and Son of Temperance into the bargain, I shall be able to send you a short article for the *Cadet* once in a while. The village in which we live has lately become incorporated; I scarcely know what that means, but I believe we have five counsellors for the village now, and five more for the township. Our township counsellors are what they call 'Maine Law' men, and they have fixed it so that there are to be no grog taverns in the township. I am glad of this, and I almost wish father would move out of the village into the township, for the 'Maine Law' men were beaten in the village, and men who are distillers and spirit merchants succeeded, by what our temperance lecturers call *their money influence*,—perhaps you will know what it means,—I am only a little boy, and do not yet know the meaning of all these things. Well, they succeeded by 'money influence' in getting themselves and their friends elected counsellors, and they have passed a some kind of a law, which, father says, will curse this village with five grog taverns. Now this is too bad, for we have, besides these, six merchants who sell whisky, and other such murderous stuff by the quart. O, how I wish I was a member of parliament, would't I cut them short by passing the 'Maine Law' at once. But do you think, Mr. Editor, seriously, that they will pass such a law at all for Canada? Could't you tell all the little boys in the province—for I should think they all take the *Cadet*—to get up a petition of their own; let every boy under fourteen years of age sign it, and then elect a dozen of themselves, and one aged person to go with them, to carry it to Quebec, and take it right into the House, and lay it on the table, and make a speech over it. I think I could almost get up a speech for the occasion, but I am no spokesman, and I should want some one else to deliver it. Of course there would be some expense incurred, but you know, Mr. Editor, that all great enterprises are attended with expense, and I should think any boy could get a penny from his parents to put into a fund for defraying the expense. Depend upon it we would say something to our Legislators, as I believe you call them. At all events they would see that the traffic was *doomed*, and that though they may cling to it till death, their successors mean to deal with it after a different manner. Only just think of it, Mr. Editor, I know some boys and girls whose mother gets drunk—had you ever a mother?—and she calls them all sorts of bad names, and they are glad to run anywhere to get out of the way; besides they learn to call bad names too. What a thing it must be to have a mother, to be afraid of her, yes, and ashamed of her. And it is all because liquor is sold in the place. She is a nice woman and

a good mother when she cannot get whisky. You don't know, sir, how *indignant* I feel about it. That is a hard word, but you will perhaps understand it; papa put it in; I could not think of one to express my feelings, and had to leave a blank. Now don't neglect the above suggestion, for though it comes from a little boy, yet papa approves of it, and I think you will too.

If you think good you may present the following Rebus, to your young readers, it is not original, but perhaps it is better on that account:—

'I ride with the king when he's taking the air,
With the clown too, you oft may me see;
If a letter you take from my name, I declare
What each fair one would willingly be.'

Yours most respectfully,

C.

Incorporated Village, }
March 5th, 1853. }

Spring.

Spring is coming, flinging first a sun-beam and then a snow-wreath. Season of newness, vigor and hope! how many thousands have sung of thee. And the theme is not worn, nor will be while the human heart loves beauty. The story of Spring will never grow tame, so long as between the death of the flowers and their resurrection, meek-eyed babes are laid to sleep in snow-covered grave-yards. So long as the bride, the wife, the mother, the silver-headed old man, are laid upon a couch on which Spring will weave many a wildwood garland.

Spring has come. The river with its mossy fringe wears the blue livery of the season. The larch is just budding; large, moist and waxen, the pink clusters exude a pleasant gum. That path from the door shows the pebbly face, and in sheltered nook, where solitude has nursed them, hid little tufts of soft green grass. The water trickles pleasantly from the smoking roofs, and glad voices are heard, and warm sun-gushes enter through open doors and windows. How deliciously mellow the azure of the sky! How clear and white the tiny clouds that float by like bubbles, their edges golden by the sun.

Spring has come to gladden the hearts of the lowly. Sitting by the poor house corner, yon old man can enjoy the scents of field and meadow, can watch the kine with their brown noses trailing the ground, and see the thin vapors curl up from the dew distilling hills, with as happy a heart as the poet who sings "they all belong to me."

Every day the sky will gather blueness, and the fields a brighter emerald. From little crevices, invisible to-day, blooms,