

spring its gentle and short song is very pleasant and even melodious. It can be seen as late as the latter part of October, in our forests, twittering among the brush and in the hedges. There are three birds that we always notice first in our climate; these are the little wren, the hedge-sparrow, and the red breasted blue bird. They all have pleasant notes, delightful to hear in the sunny days of April. There are two species of the wren—one may often be seen about saw-mills or new buildings, making a constant twittering noise. It builds in the holes of the building, and is larger than the brown wren; being of a slate colour, and having no song. This bird builds its nest in holes; whereas the little wren builds in brush and near the ground, in such a way as to make its nest quite undiscoverable. The little wren in the autumn is generally seen in families of half a dozen, the brood of the previous summer, and when surprised in the woods, utters a sharp, quick chirp. It has a small black eye, and is remarkably agile in its motions when looked at.

THE WHIPPOORWILL

Is a bird that every one born in America has been familiar with from infancy. Its strange and shrill cry of "whip-poor-will," "whip-poor-will," whilst sitting upon our garden fences or apple trees, or in some neighbouring wood strikes the glowing minds of youths and pleases the aged. When the sun has sunk in the west and darkness has spread its mantle over the earth in the balmy month of June; when nothing is heard around us but the buzz of the heavy beetle—suddenly the moon rises in pale and gentle majesty like a sea of silver glory over the rich and verdant foliage of the forests. Then as if to welcome her again in the east, the whippoorwill lifts his sonorous voice and makes the evening air re-echo his words. On some distant tree across a neighbouring field his voice is answered not by echo, but by a rival bird "whip-poor-will;" and "whip-poor-will" again floats from the blossoming head of our apple tree. So the concert continues for an hour—the silvery faced moon the while climbing the heavens among the twinkling stars. The farmer's son—the father—the wife and daughters sit by their quiet doors and listen to the chorus. The cricket chirps on the fireless hearth, and the gently moving air is scented with the odour of flowers. At break of day, after a healthful sleep, the farmer boy is awakened by the cheerful cries of "whip-poor-will," "whip-poor-will." He rises for the happy labours of the farm, and "whip-poor-will" dies away amongst the songs of the thrush, the robin, the sparrow and the loud crowing of the barn yard cock. Upon the approach of day this bird retires to the dark and gloomy forest. It shuns

the mid day sun. Upon the approach of a storm when the air is damp and dark, it may be seen high in the air floating in the clouds. Ever and anon it will dart with sudden flight and a loud hoarse cry through the dark clouds. Often have we watched it and listened to its hoarse voice in the air; very different from the moon-lit scene and gentle "whip-poor-will." Toward nightfall again, when the evening is cloudy, or after sunset on a clear day we see it skimming on nimble wing the fields and farm yards in search of flies and insects. At times on a damp dull day, thousands will congregate in one spot in the air and dart and dive in all directions for hours as if in play. Then the sportsman's gun often makes sad havoc. This bird is small in body, long in wing and feeds on insects. It builds its nest on the ground and lays four brownish and whitish eggs. We once surprised one on her nest. The head is something of the shape of a hawk and the bill black and a little hooked, the eye large and black and the feet small. It is evidently intended by nature to see in the dark, and also in the light. It remains in Canada about three months. The colour is a brown with bars of a lighter and darker hue.

THE CANADIAN Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Tuesday, October 28, 1851.

"My son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—*Proverbs, Chap. 23.*

LICENSE LAW.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"For so much gold we license thee,
So say our laws, "a draught to sell.
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
And opens wide the gates of hell;
For 'public good' requires that some
Should live, since many die, by rum."

Ye civil fathers! while the foes
Of this destroyer seize the swords,
And Heaven's own hail is in the blows
They're dealing.—will ye cut the cords
That round the falling fiend they draw—
And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill,
Divorcing him from Heaven's high sway,
And while God says "Thou shalt not kill,"
Say ye for gold, "ye may, ye may?"
Compare the body with the soul!
Compare the bullet with the bowl!

Are ye not fathers? when your sons
Look to you for their daily bread,
Dare ye, in mockery, load with stones,
The table that for them ye spread?
How dare ye hope your sons will live,
If ye, for fish, a serpent give?

O, Holy God! let light divine
Break forth more broadly from above,
Till we conform our laws to thine.
The perfect law of truth and love;
For truth and love alone can save
Thy children from a hopeless grave.

DEMONSTRATIONS AND SOIREES— THEIR GOOD EFFECTS.

Western Canada for the present year has been alive with pleasant parties and social gatherings called soirees by Sons of Temperance. Every village, township, and town, in which a Division of our order is located, has during the year had its social meeting. Our cities have had several of these gatherings within a year. They have been got up and carried through, in nine cases out of ten, successfully by members of our order, aided by the ladies. At these meetings have been gathered together in friendly intercourse and converse, persons of all religious and political opinions, and of all classes and occupations in society. The members of our order have been the active agents in them, and the prominent speakers; and have worn the simple but glorious regalia or badges which distinguish us, as a determined and invincible band of temperance brothers, and brothers in the cause of benevolence, equal rights and the elevation of common humanity. Every village and town of our land, from Bytown to Sandwich, has heard the voice of our music and our bands—has seen our tri-coloured emblems shining in the sun, and our banners floating in the breeze; portraying our objects,—the reformation of man, physically and socially, and the encircling of the family hearth with gladness, joy, peace and sobriety. The book of life in which good men have written their thoughts, actions, and predictions, by the inspiration of God's Spirit, for the guidance of men in all ages, has been opened upon our Division Room desks, during every night of the week, except Sundays, by over 300 divisions; who, without comment, have therefrom read the words of wisdom. Our Division rooms in all quarters of Canada, have been open to all who will pledge themselves to entire sobriety and benevolence. Our opinions and Bye-laws and Constitution, have been sown broad cast over the land, with a general invitation to all to come and examine our doctrines. We have kept nothing secret from nor set down aught in malice against men, but have sought their welfare and the good of society. The mind countenance and voice of women catching and viewing our holy objects and intentions, as if by instinct, have welcomed us everywhere; and have beautified our soirees, —our festive scenes, and our processions. She has seen that we are her friends. Our principles are the glory of her fire side. The watchword of her morning and evening prayers—the things she loves to instil into the minds of her little ones. "Oh Father of Heaven! suffer not "my little lambs to fill a drunkard's grave! Oh "suffer not my daughters to become the wives of