

[ORIGINAL.]
A DREAM—T O M—

BY SYLVICOLA.

I thought I saw thee dearest,
A stranger's new made bride!
Even as thou now appearest,
Clasp'd to thy William's side.

Yet I thought thine eye was shining,
With a sadder lustre then;
And thy cheek too seem'd declining,
To bloom not here again.

And when I gaz'd upon thee,
The young, the fair, the fond;
I felt that he who won thee,
Did not possess thy heart.

For lonely thou wert weeping,
And thy tears were shed for me;
And my heart in sorrows keeping,
Was throbbing too for thee.

With a bridal robe they deck'd thee,
With a wreath they bound thy brow;
And alas! methought they wreck'd thee,
By that unaction'd vow.

Sadly I thought we parted,
With all our dreaming o'er;
We sever'd broken-hearted,
To meet on earth no more.

O how I bless'd the morning,
Which told me 'twas a dream,
That I was but returning,
To find thee still the same.

JENNIFER, C. S.

THE BLESSING OF BOOKS.

Books are our household gods; and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods in all the mythologies that are ever beautiful and unchangeable for they betray no man and love their lovers. I confess myself an idolater to this literary religion, and am grateful for the blessed ministry of books. It is a kind of heathenism that needs no missionary funds, no Bible even, to abolish it; for the Bible itself caps the peak of this new Olympus, and crowns it with sublimity and glory. Amongst the many things we ought to be thankful for, as the result of modern discoveries, surely this of printed books is the highest of all; and I for one, am so sensible of its merits that I never think of the name of Gutenberg without feelings of veneration and homage. I no longer wonder, with this and other instances before me, why, in the old days of reverence and worship, the saints and benefactors of mankind were exalted into a kind of demi-gods, and had worship rendered to their tombs and memories; for this is the most natural, as well as the most touching, of all human generosities, and springs from the profoundest depths of man's nature. Who does not love John Gutenberg—the man that with his leaden types has made the invisible thoughts and imaginations of the soul visible and readable to all, and secured for the worthy a double immortality? The birth of this person was an era in the world's history second to none save that of the advent of Christ. The dawn of printing was the outburst of a new revelation, which, in its ultimate unfoldings and consequences, are alike inconceivable and immeasurable. I sometimes amuse myself by comparing the condition of the people before the time of Gutenberg, with their present condition, that I, may fix the idea of the value and blessedness of books more vividly in my mind. It is an occupation not without profit, and makes me grateful and contented with my lot. In these reading days one can scarcely conceive how our good forefathers managed to kill their superfluous time, or how, at least, they could be satisfied to kill it as they did. A life without books, when we have said all we can about the honour and nobility of labour, would be something like heaven without

God; scarcely to be endured by an immortal nature. And yet this was the condition of things before Gutenberg made his far sounding metallic tongues which reach through all the ages that have since passed away, and make us glad with their eloquence.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance
OBSERVATIONS ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.BY D. CLINDINNING (LATE DECEASED), OF TORONTO
DIVISION.

No. V.

Wine cheers the heart and imparts a happy tone to the feelings; but it is precisely these pleasant qualities which render its use so pernicious. Its effects are so attractive that a desire is awakened for a repetition of the enjoyment. The exhilarating juice of the grape continually and urgently invites to partake of its treacherous joys. Unless the most jealous vigilance be exercised, the indulgence is repeated at intervals which insensibly lessen in duration. He who drinks two glasses a day of the vines sparkling product, will soon have to combat an appetite thirsting for double that quantity. The practice entwines its silken cords so gently around the destined victim, that he long continues unconscious of the net-work in which he is enclosed. It is not until he has been guilty of some outrageous impropriety, when he endeavors to discard the enchanted cup which has robbed him of his senses, that he finds he is strongly pinioned, and is no longer the master of his own actions. Multitudes are every day thus unsuspectingly moving onward to their doom. Spirituous liquor establishes its dominion over man by such imperceptible advances, that it lulls the mind to sleep until it obtains triumphant possession of the citadel. No resistance is offered, until the struggle has to be maintained at every disadvantage. Those who follow the practice of moderate drinking think themselves free, while they may be forging link after link of a chain of galling bondage. But the individual who is governed by the principle of Total Abstinence has a sense of security, an elevated consciousness of freedom, to which others are strangers. He can awaken in the morning without giving a conclusive start at the remembrance of the previous night's amusement. He is encased in a coat of mail of a nobler texture, than the famed chain armour of Milan, whose obstinate links refused to yield to the thrusts of any ordinary weapon. The moderate drinkers annually contribute from their ranks immense reinforcements to the wretched hosts of the excessively intemperate. Intoxicating liquor leads its votaries along the borders of a crumbling precipice, from the disastrous brink of which some are hourly falling into the chasm below. They saunter onward with a careless and gay confidence anxious to extract pleasure from each passing moment, until the unfaithful soil yields beneath their feet.

Many persons disregard the danger of indulging in the limited use of intoxicating beverages, from a mistaken reliance on the strength of their judgment or the stability of their temperament. They disdain to avail themselves of precautions which they think are merely suitable for weaker minds. The annals of intemperance do not justify their confidence. The greatest intellects and the most inexcitable of temper have fallen a prey to this insatiable appetite. While some constitutions are more exposed than others, no peculiarity of disposition affords an unfailing protection. There are drunkards of all the distinctive shades of temperament, of every scale of intellectual capacity. The phlegmatic and the sanguine, the bilious and the nervous with all their different combinations, are represented in ample numbers. Men of genius and men of imbecility are found among the slaves of intemperate habits. There are toppers whose blood kindles into liquid fire under the influence of intoxicating fluids, and who become frantic with excitement; but there are also souch toppers who

quietly quaff their potations until they are reduced to a state of insensibility. There are toppers who rapidly squander their money with ridiculous prodigality; but there are also toppers who grow more penurious and cunning with each successive libation. There are toppers who preserve a considerable portion of their senses when intoxicated; but there are also toppers who easily become stimulated to the condition of raving maniacs. There is the phlegmatic toper, who sips his grog with comparative equanimity; and the nervous toper, whose fevered brain burns with a temporary madness. The mental and physical organization of those who become drunkards are as various as their complexion, as diversified as their stature. The facts stand forward with gloomy prominence, that the use of alcohol is a practice fraught with dangerous consequences to men of every caste of mind and every mould of constitution. The man who places implicit dependance on his firmness of character in resisting the insinuating invitations of spirituous liquor, except to a definite line, goes into battle with a very pervious shield. The moderate drinker fosters an appetite that will eventually fiercely contend with his reason for the mastery in governing his conduct. That appetite frequently grows to such fearful supremacy, that it hurls aside the human mind with the same irresistible force that the hurricane tosses the billows of the ocean, or as flakes of snow are driven before the wintry blast. An antagonistic power is nurtured into existence, which makes a mere plaything of the judgment. Those who would decline a struggle which is certain to be more or less painful, and the issue of which is doubtful, should adopt the judicious policy of Total Abstinence.

It is a common mistake, in speaking of the desolation produced by intemperance, to use extreme cases only for illustration. The attention is directed to instances where the vice has reduced humanity to the lowest scale of debasement. The unhappy victim is generally pictured with dirty and rent garments, an unshaven face, and a bruis'd hat deficient of a crown. But intemperance produces evils other than those which affront the eye of the community. Its injurious results embrace every degree from the minute to the gigantic. A very slight neglect of business by the merchant, in consequence of a propensity for the convivial cup, often causes deranged finances and perhaps bankruptcy. Thousands of young men irrevocably damage their interests by what are considered trifling irregularities. To achieve success in this life, it is necessary to be watchful and ready to avail ourselves of every favorable opportunity which may be presented. We must observe the flow of that tide which Shakespeare describes as giving every person one chance to be borne on to fortune. The boat must be prepared to be launched upon the prosperous wave, or the receding water will leave it permanently embedded on the shore. He whose mind is entranced by fleeting pleasures or the joys of occasional tipping, will doubtless be unable to seize the important moment when the tide of fortune rushes past his door. The decisive juncture either passes unnoticed, or finds him unprepared to embark upon the golden sea. It is by the constant cultivation of small opportunities, that the leading one is discovered and made available. But intoxicating liquor is altogether opposed to the vigorous exercise of this vigilant spirit. The amusement of the present hour is the highest aim of its practical advocates. They commence by making it subservient to their leisure recreations; they become enamoured of its enlivening effects, and soon regard it as the chief source of their enjoyment. It is not thus, however, that success is reached in any avocation. There must be singleness of purpose, and activity of thought as well as industry of action, in order to win a prize in the conflict of business. How can this be attained by an individual, if his whole mind is diverted by the evanescent pleasures of stimulative beverages? Fondness for the excitements of inebriation greatly varies in different persons; but it may be assumed as an incontrovertible position, that the injury inflicted will be