

The Weekly Visitor.



DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF THE DIFFERENT TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

VOL. { PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR, }
 No. { F. N. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—51 YONGE ST., TORONTO. } N. 40.
 BOX 300 R. O. } 11.

15 Cents Per Quarter. **21**

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1864.

17 Two Cents Per Copy

For the Weekly Visitor.

RURAL PLEASURES—A FRAGMENT.

BY M. L. SEATON.

How still the evening of this summer's day,
 When rural labours hushed, and insects, 'mong the
 hay,

Chirp their farewell notes to the setting sun,
 That floods in golden hues the distant horizon.
 Light, purple clouds, are wafted o'er the sky,
 And melt in blue of verdurous purity;
 The swallows, crows, are on their homeward flight,
 But hoppers, both 'o' the sides of light
 The ploughboy lingers on his way 't admire,
 The radiant splendours of that orb of fire;
 He turns, and rapturously gazes on the scene,
 And thinks, that ne'er before, he had such glory
 seen.

Up to his sunburnt brow he raised his hand, and
 alighed

"Oh! Heavenly Father, Thee I thank," he
 cried,

"That those who die, and are forgiven,
 Are taken home to dwell in heaven;
 To join that bright, celestial band,
 That Thou has set on Thy right hand,
 Oh! help me Lord, to sing thy praise,
 And chant with love my simple lays!"

He stopped, and then with trembling voice began
 A simple hymn, that somewhat thus ran:

"There is a land where our fathers have gone,
 A land of spirits bright;
 Where parents and children all join in the song
 And praise him day and night,
 And praise him day and night,
 With a crown upon their brow,

And angels had chorists bright,
 Always keep them company now."

His voice is hushed; the sun has sunk to rest;
 Humbly his head sinks on his beating breast;
 "Father," he murmurs, as he wends his way,
 "I thank Thee, Thou hast taught me how to pray."

....A farmer, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N. B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

SELECTED.

THE HEAD-ACHE AND THE HEART-ACHE.

"Don't, dear Jane; don't tempt me; I don't need it; I shall be right again soon; it is nothing but the heat and worry of to-day—a night's sleep will be the best cordial."

"But I am sure it would relieve you directly; I never felt anything do me so much good before as a glass of this ale has; you have been up ever since five this morning, and it is one of your old nervous attacks coming on—I know it is; do have a glass as medicine you know, just to please me."

I was visiting an old school-fellow, who had purchased a snug practice in one of the loveliest villages in the south of England. The day had been sultry; my friend was gone, in obedience to a hasty summons, to visit a sick child, and I had strolled out to enjoy the coolness of the evening. The principal public-house stood at the entrance to the village, and certainly looked inviting. A soft green tuft spread from the door over some acres of land, designated a common, but which, unlike commons generally, was adorned with a number of stately old oak trees. Two of these shaded the front of the "Anchor," and on rustic seats beneath them were seated the speakers in the foregoing conversation. I looked at them; both were young, both good looking, the woman particularly so, with a rather remarkable cast of countenance—it had so much decision and energy in every feature. There was nothing particular in the man; but, turning to look again at her, I saw him

raise the glass to his lips. "Ah!" thought I "conquered, of course; that face is accustomed to victory." At the supper table that evening, I told what I had heard and seen in my ramble. My friend was a staunch advocate of total abstinence, and had often urged me in vain to give up, "for example's sake," the very moderate potations in which I indulged; he now remarked, "She will report that, ten to one. When I think of the misery I so often witness brought on solely by drinking, it astonishes me that women generally do not shudder at the idea of the men connected with them drinking at all; yet the reverse is the case, as in this instance, they are too often the tempters." No more was said on the subject, and in a few days I left for my own home.

Three years rolled away before I again saw the green lanes of Leaside. When his duties permitted, my friend accompanied me in my rambles. One evening we had walked several miles into an adjoining hamlet, when he suddenly said, "If you have no objection, I should like to call on a patient of mine." I assented, and he turned to a row of very small cottages and knocked at one. A faint voice said "Come in," and we entered. A woman, far gone in consumption, sat in an old arm chair, and, resting his head in her lap, was a pretty child about three years old.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad to see you, my little boy has been so poorly these three days," said the invalid.

"Why did you not send to me? Where is your husband; he could have come after his work was done," asked my friend, I saw the woman's lip quiver, and the effort she made to subdue her emotion; but it was in vain, she burst into tears, and shook her head.

"What! has he taken to drink again?"