

was piercing cold. I reached my doorstep, and placed my hand upon the latch—then it first occurred to me that I had wholly forgotten my promise. I had sent home no fire! I entered the apartment. A light was still burning. The hearth was cold. My wife sat, rocking her sick child, in the cradle. She turned her eyes upon mine. The tears were streaming down her shivering cheeks.

"Wife," said I, "for Heaven's sake, when will you leave off crying?"

"Dear husband," said she, "when you leave off drinking."

"God help me," I exclaimed, as I put my arm around her neck, for the appeal was irresistible—"God help me, and I will never touch another drop."

By God's help I never have, to the present hour; and, from the date of that resolution, the days of our uninterrupted happiness began."—*Boston Traveller.*

Poetry.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

I love the banging hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crushing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
And the fan's continuous boom,—
The clipping of the tailors' shears,
The driving of the awl,—
The sounds of busy labor,
I love, I love them all!

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout
As he spurs his stock along,
The bustle of the market-man
As he hies from the town,
The halloo from the tree top
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers
As they clean the ripened grain,
And the huskers' joke and mirth and glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the dairyman,
The shepherd's gentle call,—
These sounds of active industry,
I love, I love them all!

For they tell my longing spirit
Of the earnestness of life;
How much of all its happiness
Comes out of toil and strife;
Not that toil and strife that tainteth
And murmureth all the way,—
Not that toil and strife that groaneth
Beneath the tyrant's sway;
But the toil and strife that springeth
From a free and willing heart,
A strife which ever bringeth
To the striver all his part.

O, there is good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor in the daytime,
And a sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure
Even to the toiling hours,
For duty cheers the spirit
As the dew revives the flowers.

O, say not that Jehovah
Bade us labor as a doom!
No, it is his richest mercy,
And will scatter half life's gloom!
Then let us still be doing,
Whate'er we find to do,
With an earnest, willing spirit,
And a strong hand and true.

Correspondence.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

MR. EDITOR,—

We hear very little of the doings of this interesting Order. We trust it is not declining in the Province. Believing it to be for the prosperity of any Order, and of the cause in general, to be kept before the public, I solicit a small portion of your space for the benefit of the Cadets. I wish the public to know that the Order is not *dead*, though *silent* in this part.

The Elihu Burrit Section, located in New Glasgow, which had been inoperative for some time, was resuscitated in October last and is now in excellent working order. It now numbers upwards of fifty members, and its weekly meetings are well attended.

On Monday evening, the 23rd inst., the Section held a public meeting in the Temperance Hall, principally for the purpose of raising funds to enlarge their Flute Band. The Hall was crowded to excess, and many could not obtain admittance. Tickets were sold at a low price, by which the sum of £6 3s. was realized.

The following constituted the entertainment of the occasion:—

1. Singing their Opening Ode.
2. An Address by the W. Patron, Mr Duncan McLean.
3. Dialogue (by four boys) Enterprising Cadets.
4. Music by their Flute Band.
5. An Address by Mr R. McGregor, S. of T.
6. Dialogue (by seven boys) The Masked Man.
7. Music by Band.
8. Dialogue (by five boys) Old Cronies.
9. Music.
10. Dialogue (by five boys) The Bottle.
11. Music.
12. Address by Mr D. McDonald, Temperance Watchman.
13. Dialogue (by twelve boys) Pat Sweeney, or a peep at the working of the Maine Law.
14. Music.
15. Dialogue—The Moderate Drinker.

At the close the Rev G. Walker offered a few very appropriate remarks, consisting of warning, admonition, counsel and encouragement. After which the closing Ode was sung and the Apostolic Benediction pronounced, and the audience separated.

Of the many meetings held this was the meeting of the season.

Considering the shortness of the time since the Section was re-organized and the disadvantages under which it has laboured, the *Dialogists* and also the *Flute Band* acquitted themselves very creditably, and to the satisfaction of the audience.

This is an Order which, above all others, is entitled to the patronage and prayers of every christian and every friend of humanity.

The power of habit and the advantages of correct moral training in youth are universally admitted. In boyhood the mind is pliable and susceptible of being directed into the path of virtue or of vice. It is of the utmost importance that the young should be trained in those habits and principles which they ought to practice when they come to be men. And it is much easier to prevent the acquirement of evil habits than to remove them when acquired.

If we encourage and train our youth in the principle of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, from the habit of profane swearing and the use of tobacco, there will be less probability of their becoming addicted to these vicious and pernicious customs (which disgrace humanity) in after life.

The pledge of the Cadets I consider the most important now in use. It is comprehended in the motto on the banner of Elihu Burrit Section, "No drinking! no profane swearing!! no tobacco!!! Would that all temperance organizations would adopt the same principles and scrupulously adhere to them.—The habit of tobacco-using, though not to be compared to dram-drinking in its horrid effects, is nearer "universal dominion," and is admitted by all to be an unnecessary evil. Why should men pander to an acquired and vitiated appetite? So universal has the custom become that, "like the Egyptian plague of frogs, it is everywhere and in everything." It is common from the Indian wigwam to the elegant mansion—from the low *drinkery* to the Church of God. No place is too low nor too vile in which to indulge in its use; and even the sanctity of the pulpit and the solemnity of religious worship will not debar the "snuff horn" from its precincts.

Would that men in "high places" of influence would consider their ways and the effect of their example.

How can the *tobacco consumer* say to the *rum consumer*, "brother let me pull out the mote out of thine eye," while there is a beam in his own eye? Let him just cast his *quid* from his mouth, his pipe or cigar from his teeth, and his snuff box from his pocket, before he can consistently say to his brother "cease from your cups."

I ask, is not the habit of tobacco-using