

you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation—through fear you may not withstand it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out of it. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old."

Pity the Drunkard's Child.

(For the Life Boat.)

Fair Nature daily dock'd with smiles,
And bursting forth in beauty's bloom,
Betimes my breaking heart beguiles
From sorrow's sad and sombre gloom.
For when I view the leafy grove,
Or azure clouds, like mountains piled,
My heavy heart, entranced with love,
Forgets I am—the drunkard's child!

And when I hear the wild bird sing
His simple song of praise to Him,
Who gilt with gold his glittering wing,
My eye with tears of joy grows dim:
But when that eye roams o'er the spot
Where lambskins sport their antics wild,
My aching brow burns with the thought—
None loves to play with the drunkard's child!

But, ah! when nature's simple scenes
I leave, to seek the scenes where man—
His pride, his grandeur—all convenes
To prop himself in virtue's van:
My lonely heart grows sick with pain,
To see him view, as thing defiled,
Or something cumb'ring earth in vain—
The hapless drunkard's weary child!

All this is grief—but yet a woe,
Which writhes more wildly round my soul,
Is mine, and only mine, to know,
Or those made like me—by the bowl:
'Tis when I hear a father's prayer,
Poured forth in accents fond and mild,
On rosy boy with flaxen hair—
Ah, then it is the drunkard's child!

Drinks deepest of that bitter draught,
Corrupted law has for him brewed,
And which, alas! too oft is quaff'd
In sorrow, lonely and unviewed
By any, save that One, whose eye
Ne'er by appearance is beguil'd,
And who in pity doth descry—
The hapless drunkard's heart-broke child.

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

Juvenile Shopkeeper.

I went one day into a wax-candler's shop, on the invitation of a mannikin of seven years old. With us, at such an age, children are helpless, timid, childish, and child-like; in Russia, they are adroit, cunning, and too clever by half. Dressed in his little blue caftan (or loose robe) of precisely the same cut as that worn by men, the infant merchant entreated me to enter his shop, bowing in the same obsequious fashion as his elders; and when I told him that I was not going to buy, but only wanted to look at his wares, he answered as complaisantly as his papa could have done, "Pray oblige me by looking at whatever you please." He showed me all his stock, opened every press with a dexterous willingness, which I could not but admire; knew, not only the price of every sort of candle, but the whole capital invested in the stock, the yearly returns, the wholesale price, the profit at so much per cent.; in a word, he had, in every respect, the demeanor of an experienced trader.—*Kohl's Russia.*

GRAND SECTION, CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—All letters relating to this body should be addressed to "Mr. Thomas Nixon, Grand Secretary C. of T., Newmarket, C. W." Parties wishing to communicate with the Grand Worthy Patron, can do so by directing their letters to "Mr. Robert Wilson, G. W. P., C. of T., London, C. W."

Answers to Enigmas in last number:—

Enigma composed of 22 letters.—1st, Fall; 2nd, Sand; 3rd, Pipe; 4th, Apple; 5th, Ease; 6th, Maine; 7th, Cap. My whole, Francis Wayland Campbell.

Enigma composed of 18 letters.—1st, Thames; 2nd, Rainbow; 3rd, Boston; 4th, Arab; 5th, Rome; 6th, Montreal; 7th, Ottawa; 8th, Toronto. My whole, William Smith O'Brien.

JOHN BENNETT.
Roxborough, September 10, 1852.