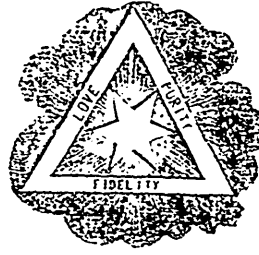


CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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(For the Canadian Son of Temperance.)

WOMAN.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Oh where is the pen will lay carelessly mute
When woman's the object that calls for its praise.
She's the spring of our joys, the pride of our nature,
Belov'd of the muse and the theme of his lays.

Then now let me picture the noble, the virtuous,
The high soul'd, the tender, the piously good,
None else have a right to the title of woman—
None—none that voluptuous grandeur have woo'd.

Her bosom's a haven which man is at rest in—
The balm of his sorrows, the chief of his joys:
Tis she that inspires his soul to ambition,
And she that refines every heart she enjoys.

Oh, where is the casket or where is the jewel
So rich as the smile in which virtue is dress'd:
No gem is so costly no ruby so precious
As that which fair woman enshrines in her breast.

Tis she that can calm all the soul's tribulation,
Tis she that our nature's thoughts will refine,
Tis she that will lead to religion—to heaven—
She leads us from earth unto things all divine.

How sweet on her lip is the smile of affliction—
How dear from her tongue come the words of applause:
They act like to magic for man becomes captive,
And love binds the chain she insidiously draws.

In woman we see all the pride of the nation,
The skill of the graces combined with the muse,—
And man will acknowledge her queen of creation,
Whose province to him is pure joy to diffuse.

How blest is his fortune who gains her affection,
And boasts of the smile of pure love that she gives:
His cheek fears no blush while his lips shall confess 'us
For woman, dear woman, alone that he lives.

Bradford, July 16th, 1851.

force of the ball is completely broken by the elasticity of the india rubber, and it falls on the ground at the feet of the person against whom it is sent.

THE WICKEDNESS OF ENVY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Son of Temperance.

BROOKLIN July 24, 1851.

MR. EDITOR.

If you think the following worthy of a place in your periodical, please insert it.

Of all the malignant passions that exist in the heart of man, envy is perhaps the most pernicious in its effects. It is not generally directed against those who are greatly superior or inferior to ourselves; for the former are beyond its reach; and if subjects of praise, the man of envy to preserve the appearance of honesty and candor, will unite in the general gust of praise, very willing that they should enjoy their own pleasure without being molested. The latter being beneath his notice, and possessing nothing to excite a spirit of jealousy, are passed over with silent contempt. But envy fastens upon those that are on a level with itself, of the same occupation, rivals in office, employment, wealth or learning, station or talents. Here it spends its fury. Singling out the rival object, the eye of envy is fixed upon him as the object of the strongest hatred. We see this malignant passion exemplified in the case of King Saul, towards David his rival for the throne. The deadly weapon was thrown by the hand which was nerved by the bitter feeling of envy. Haman could not rest while Mordecai, the object of his hatred, sat at the gate. It is insatiable as the grave; never content until it has witnessed the degradation of others. Who can stand before it? Like a bird of prey, it conceals itself in the dark, assumes the garb of friendship, and wears the mild countenance of good will that it may strike a deeper wound with its poisonous sting. At other times it takes a bolder stand, puts on the haughty air of authority, comes vested with the credentials of a superior, and commands under the awful sanctions of justice, for the purpose of plunging you deeper and deeper into disgrace. It elevates you high that your fall may be more fatal; while it flatters only to satisfy itself in exposing your weakness. Truly of all enemies envy is most to be dreaded. If you have an open enemy to contend with, you can guard against him, but when he conceals himself in the cloak of friendship he is then prepared to take a surer aim and to strike a more deadly blow. It is said by King Solomon who was the wisest of men that "a sound heart is the life of the flesh, but envy is the rottenness of the bones." How destructive the effects not only upon those persons who are chosen for its victims, but also upon the person himself who has been so unfortunate as to fall under its influence. It turns

the sweetest enjoyments of life into the bitterest dregs which eventually destroy all human happiness. While it looks with discontent upon the objects of its hatred, it recoils upon the heart which has become its seat, and insensibly saps the springs of life. In its progress, it devours like the vulture peace, contentment, love and all social affections, and introduces in their place variance, hatred, discontent and all the restlessness of a self-tortured mind. Thus it settles down in murmuring stupidity, after having drawn all within its own circle, finding fault with every body and not satisfied with itself; but tired of life like Saul the King of Israel, it becomes its own destroyer. Thus it is with this foe of God and man. But is there no remedy for this great evil? Is there nothing that will remove this malady? Truly there is a hope in the case. But what is the remedy and where is it to be found? It is love and proceeds from the fountain of all good; that is from God. Let this love fill the heart, which is productive of love to all men, and pride and jealousy which are the parents of envy will be destroyed. This spreads contentment throughout the soul, which is congenial to the happiness of all, and qualifies us to rejoice in the prosperity of others as well as in our own.

J. M. S., BROOKLIN.

AN EAVESDROPPER IN A "TIGHT PLACE."—Dick Corneracker was a restless, mischievous boy, whose prying curiosity led him into a hundred scrapes every year; but the hardest one of all was that in which his ears were nearly scraped off his head in the following manner:—

Dick had a sister who had a beau, and Dick was very anxious to pry into the mysteries of "courting." So one evening, after the twilight had faded away from the landscape, and the best parlor was illuminated faintly—for lovers in anticipation of the chapel scene, prefer a dim religious light for their tete a tetes—as one of the family were absent, Master Dick resolved to execute a plan which he had conceived several days previously, and make himself master of the *modus operandi* the preliminaries to marriage.

In the parlor there happened to be an earthen funnel; placed there to admit the passage of a stove pipe from below, which was connected with a dumb stove in the chamber above. It being summer, the stoves were removed, and our young hero found that he could introduce his head through and hear the conversation between the loving couple. He listened accordingly, very attentively, for some minutes, unobserved by the occupants of the parlor, who were too much attracted by each other, to observe the inverted face above them.

At length Dick becoming tired of his constrained position, and of the conversation, which latter he avers to this day, was extremely "sickish," attempted to withdraw his head from the trap, into which he had thrust it.

To his dismay, however, he found himself fastened

A BREAKFAST PLATE FOR SOLDIERS.—In Paris a new kind of cuirass for the use of the army is shortly to be tried, this cuirass is vulcanized india rubber, about half an inch thick. This thickness it is stated is more than sufficient to resist the action of a ball projected from any kind of fire arms. All the experiments tried have proved entirely successful. The