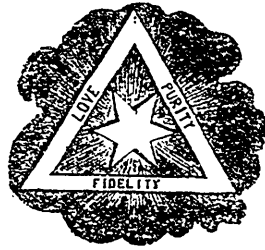


CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE
 AND LITERARY GEM.



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

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Poetry.

THE BETTER LAND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I hear thee speak of the better land :
 Thou call'st its children a happy band :
 Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds on their starry wings
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away in some region old
 Where the river wanders o'er sands of gold?
 Where the burning rays of the ruby mine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand;
 Is it there, dear mother, that better land?"
 —"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep tones of joy.
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
 Sorrow and death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child!"

THERE is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden, or at least soften every reflecting observer.—Coleridge.

ELLA LEE.

A SONG OF THE SOUTHERN LAND.

We know not who is the author of the following lines but they are, in our estimation, exquisitely beautiful. Ed.

Lay her where the wood-bine clingeth
 To the dark Magnolia tree;
 Where the breeze low music bringeth
 From the bosom of the sea;
 With a sorrowful devotion,
 Lay her where sweet violets be—
 Where the leaves keep gentle motion
 To the breathing of the sea.
 There, there lay her,
 There, there leave her,
 Our young Ella,
 Our lost Ella,
 Ella Lee!

Ever blooming as the summer,
 Ever humming like the bee,
 We believed her some bright comer
 From the land where souls are free.
 Oh, she was so sweet and holy,
 Mortal ne'er could lovelier be;
 And she left us bright and slowly
 As the sunset leaves the sea!
 Yes we've lost her,
 Ever lost her,
 Our sweet Ella,
 Our fair Ella,
 Our young Ella,
 Ella Lee!

Lay her where the long grass sweepeth
 On the bark of many a tree—
 Where the lonely willow weepeth
 Like a mourner by the sea.
 She was lovely she was gentle,
 As all gifted spirits be;
 Folded in a linen mantle,
 Slumbering near the sighing sea!
 We have left her,
 Sadly left her,
 Our fair Ella,
 Our young Ella,
 Our lost Ella,
 Ella Lee!

JENNY LIND AND THE BLIND BOY.

So many of the pleasing little incidents recorded in connection with this benevolent lady have been contradicted, that it is not easy to select those that are authentic. The following, however, possesses an abundance of poetry and is worthy of being reiterated:—

"A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the Northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed so great anxiety to hear Jeany Lind sing, that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.— On arriving here he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild and sweet flute tones, listened for some time with surprise, and as the sounds died away, he said to himself, "Well, that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of the "Last Rose of Summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last note ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, said, "What do you want, sir?"

"I am blind," said the boy, "and was drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are."

"I am a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind as a flutist."

"You are," exclaimed the lad. "Oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind sing, because the price of tickets is so high that I am too poor to buy one. Can't you take me to hear her, sir?" he continued with great feeling: "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I never shall be happy till I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly he took the blind boy that night and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny Lind sang, "Home sweet Home," he melted into tears.— On retiring, she was attracted by the boy's sobbing, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor lad left the generous songstress, one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.—N. O. Picayune.

JENNY LIND'S WEALTH.—A correspondent of the Rome Journal has written a short article which is going the rounds of the papers, stating that Jenny Lind's wealth amounts to \$1,000,000. Now we have