

And showed a screen within. The angel led  
The thirsting pilgrim, and they saw where throngs  
Quaffed liquid fire in secret caves distilled.  
Large rough hewn niches in the ancient rock  
Made grotesque seats. Base art lent all her skill  
To decorate the vault, where reveling groups  
Sung strains of horrid thought, and coarse, wild mirth,  
Debased the soul. Who loved the Satyr's shades  
And at his glittering board staked heart and life,  
And staked his wealth, his honor, and his hope,  
And staked his life immortal, surely lost!  
The Satyr ever won. Then leading back  
To the dark corners of his hellish den,  
The chain bound fool, he hurled him headlong down  
Cavernous night, where lurid fires woke up  
Blaspheming pains and woe, and from whose gloom  
Blest hope soared weeping to her azure skies.  
The pilgrim wept. His eye turned back to day.  
His Guardian led him safe through snares that trapped  
Unweary feet. He trusting spoke, and said,  
"I faint!" The angel touched a pure white rock  
The wayside near, and liquid crystal leaped  
Into his radiant cup. Ambrosial fare  
Gave him new strength, and girding for the toil,  
He sought his friend well loved. He was last seen  
On a green slope aside. They looked and saw  
Where he had rested, but the treacherous sands  
Had borne him to the gulf. The sides were steep;  
He sought, and cried, and prayed, and stretched his hands,  
And made resolves and weak attempts to gain  
The upward path. But at his foot his Will  
Lay prostrate. All her power was gone. He begged  
New strength. The large tears told his woe. One cry  
And all was over.

With an aching heart  
The pilgrim cried, "O ye who sport with Death!  
"Come on with me! Behold those sun-tipped heights,  
"Where Pleasure and Repose divinely meet?"  
The angel pointed and as ever said,  
"Let us press onward, there is rest beyond!"

The pilgrim, of course, escapes this danger. He next meets the  
vast crowd of gold seekers, the reckless devotees of wealth, and,  
passing these unscathed, reaches the cloudless plain of Wisdom.  
But far in the distance, the shining Mont Blanc of Religion beck-  
oned him on, and that, too, and immortality therewith, he nobly  
achieves, under the guidance and assistance of the Guardian  
Angel; and with this the Poem closes:

Onward and upward with an ardor strong,  
The pilgrim moved. Sweet light illumed his form,  
And fire Promethean fell from Heaven's pure fount  
Upon his heart. For him all Science trimmed  
Her glorious lamp, and Wisdom's golden fruits  
On jeweled tables, at the crystal spring  
Whence knowledge flowed, were served by spirits pure,  
Who filled their dazzling cups at Virtue's fount.  
Love, is baptismal fire, filled all his soul  
With holy zeal. His toil was ceaseless praise.  
His hymns were gracious deeds. His humble prayer  
A sigh and tear for wanderers from the way;  
He grew more radiant as he neared the peak.  
Who trod his earnest steps, his altar saw,  
And there, too, paid their homage, high and pure.  
They saw him mount, and prayed for equal strength.  
They saw his path, and prayed that they might walk  
All day therein, and made sublimest vows  
To Duty, to their fellows, and to God.  
The summit reached, the pilgrim stopped to look  
Upon the way. A hymn divine woke up  
Surpassing strains. As though from other spheres  
A rapturous melody around him flowed,  
And by a name the angel now declared  
Forever his—a name unknown on Earth—  
He called him. With seraphic voice he spoke—  
"Thou hast all Wisdom sought, and treasures sought,  
And Understanding. Thou hast for Meekness prayed,  
And Purity, and thou hast for light relied  
On Him when Wisdom, Light, and Purity spring!

Thou hast for Understanding prayed and toiled,  
That in thy duty thou might'st faithful be,  
And constant to thy trust. Lo! God hath heard—  
Thy prayers are answered! Thou hast faithful been!  
Let us press onward—there is rest beyond."  
And soaring upward, with sustaining hand  
He bore the pilgrim, who outwalked the stars,  
And glory found in Heaven's sublime repose.

### Liquor Trade in Canada.

Among the varied correspondence for which the *N. Y. Tribune* is famed, we find a letter dated St. John's, C.E. The writer says:—"The progress of the temperance enterprise has not been so rapid in this region as in many portions of Canada West; still there are thousands upon thousands staunch friends of the cause all over Canada East. And even here in St. John's there are some warm advocates of the total abstinence principle, but their number is small I fear when compared with those who drink and sell. There are quite too many square bits of boards nailed to the stores and houses upon which are painted 'Licensed to sell Spirituous Liquors.' These signs are very numerous all over the country and in the cities, and consequently drinking has become a terrible habit with these people, and is hard to be got rid of when so many temptations surround them. This habit hangs like a millstone about their necks and produces untold miseries among these hardy farmers. While many husbands are spending their days in drinking places, their wives and daughters are hard at work in the field. I saw in one bar-room here more than a score of farmers drinking and jabbering in French at mid-day when the sun shone brightly and their grass needed cutting; but what does a man care about haying when his skin is full of liquor and his brain on fire? I know a widow not a thousand miles from St. John's whose son recently died with *delirium tremens*, and yet she continues to deal out the liquid poison to many others who will probably die the same awful death! What argument can convince her?" What argument, indeed, but that of law? And yet does it not seem strange that a mother and a widow should require the argument of compulsion to prevent her from engaging in a business which destroys her own son and ruins her neighbors. "Can a woman forget" her duty and stifle her compassion? "Yea, she may." But, if so, the rigors of a penal law are not to be withheld. The widow and the fatherless are God's peculiar care; but, oh! how sad to see them both in Satan's hands, who, by the sordid love of gain, binds them to the Juggernaut of intemperance and crime. This liquor trade in Canada must cease.

### Newfoundland Sons of Temperance.

We are glad to perceive a good degree of activity among the temperance friends of the Sea-girt Isle. The *Courier* of St. John's gives an interesting report of a festival held by the Sons, on the 7th of July. We were particularly gratified with the way in which the *Courier* noticed the affair, when announcing the advertisement for the days, proceedings. In our own city papers, when a pic-nic or excursion is coming off on temperance principles, we are