

Ladies' Department.

A MOTHER'S LAST PARTING TO HER BABB

From her mother's bosom warm
Take the child and beat her forth,
Down the valley rolls the storm,
Hurrying from the crowded north
When we made the grave to-day,
Cold and frozen was the ground,
Darker seemed it, that there lay
Snow on all the church yard round

Round her pillow in the night,
On that mother's arms will fold,
Dreaming, as she clasps it tight,
That those arms her baby hold
To sleep that sleep whose dreams
Gives us all we loved once more,
Oh! those morning's waking beams,
Telling us our joys are o'er

—State Register.

SALLY STRICKLAND'S CASE.

SHOWING HOW THE DOCTOR CURED HER OF THE BLUE DEVILS.

Miss Strickland was a maiden lady of five and forty, who had wearied the doctor's patience by her reiterated attempts at dying at most unreasonable hours—at least so far as regarded the comfort of her medical attendants. One cold stormy night the doctor had been called to see Miss Sally, and had succeeded as usual in pacifying her fears, and left her enjoying a sound and refreshing sleep. He had hardly arrived at home, drenched through with the rain which was falling in torrents, and got into a warm and comfortable bed, when he was awakened by a loud rap at the door, and a voice without begging him to get up in a moment, as one of his neighbours was dying and needed his assistance. Half asleep and half awake, he sprang from the bed, and ran to the window to inquire which of his neighbors was in so dangerous a condition. On opening the window he was surprised and chagrined to find that his dying neighbour was Miss Sally Strickland—that after he had left her an hour or two before, she was taken suddenly down again, and had sent a messenger to hasten his return and tell him that if he did not come quick he would not find her alive. The messenger urged him to get ready as soon as possible, and in the mean time he would get his horse and sulky up and have them at the door. The doctor, worn out with the repeated calls, and fatigued with his previous visit, hesitated; but finally decided on going, determined to make an end of the job by either killing or curing.

On arrival he put on a gloomy and ghastly countenance, said but very little and very gloomily, and in all respects appeared more like a stranger from another world than the humorous and agreeable physician. On his entering the room of Sally, she noticed the countenance of the doctor, and discovered that something was preying upon his spirits, as he did not appear with his wonted cheerfulness. She inquired of him the cause of his gloom and depression, and begged him to unbosom his mind fully and freely, as it would probably be the last opportunity he would have.

He told her it would be improper under existing circumstances—that as the time of her dissolution was approaching it might terrify her and hasten her departure. She entreated him to keep nothing from her, though it might relate to herself, for she was desirous of knowing the worst of the case, and was prepared to meet it, be it what it might. He still declined disclosing the cause of his melancholy, and insisted that her remaining strength was insufficient to sustain the shock which it must necessarily produce; and begged her to turn her thoughts to other and more appropriate subjects. Though Sally supposed herself dying, yet she was unwilling to die without having her curiosity gratified, and she therefore the more strongly importuned the doctor to keep her no longer in suspense. After getting her curiosity and imagination on tip toe, he consented. He said when the messenger came last for him he was in a sound sleep, and was dreaming that he was in the land of woe—that Beelzebub was conducting him to the various rooms of the prison of despair, for the purpose of showing him their arrangement—that in passing the door of a room in which some young Satans lodged, he saw them jumping and skipping about apparently in high glee—that Beelzebub noticing it, told them to go to bed and be quiet—that on their not obeying his orders cheerfully and readily, he stamped tremendously on the floor, adding with true satanic emphasis, "Go to bed, I say, and get some sleep, for old Sal Strickland is coming to-morrow, and there will be no sleep here for a fortnight!" Miss Sally sprang for the broom, but the doctor catching up his saddle-bags, made his escape. The cure was effectual.

A pair of Stockings, knitted by the venerable sister of the Poet Burns, have lately arrived in New York, as a contribution to the approaching World's Fair.

A lady who keeps a boarding house in Charleston, S. C., obtained on April 1, in the morning, enough of beautiful white marble, in bits, to fill her sugar bowls. Tea was poured out—every body sweetened his or her cup—there was a general tasting, stirring, and tasting—the sugar would not melt—on a more minute investigation the company found that they were April fools.

BOLD TRICK.—The "swell mob" of London do perpetrate robberies with the most singular ingenuity and address, and appear never to be at fault. A lady alighted at the Bank, ascended the steps and entered the vestibule, and presented a check to the paying teller, received a very large amount of bank notes, which she deposited in her purse and returned to the carriage. Just as she had taken her seat, a gentleman came down the steps of the bank without his hat, wearing spectacles, and a pea behind his ear, said:—"Madam, we have forgotten to take the number of these notes; will you allow me to take them off?" She handed him the notes, and he ascended the steps of the bank and entered the building. The lady having waited some time, finally returned to the bank, and soon ascertained that no person had been authorized to ask for the notes.

Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, i. 6

LITTLE THINGS

A spider is a little thing,
But once a spider saved a king,
The little bees are wiser far
Than buffaloes and lions are,
Little men may do much harm
Little girls may learn to charm
Little boys may shame their sires,
And little sparks become great fires,
A little pen may write a word
By which a nation shall be stirred
A little mouse wisely speaks,
A world of sorrow may prevent
A little counsel, rightly given,
May lift a sinful soul to heaven,
Little losses day by day,
Would waste old Rothschild's wealth
away,
A little needle in the eye
May cause an elephant to die
A little fault, if left to grow,
An emperor may overthrow
A little word, but spoken in jest,
May rob your neighbor of his rest,
A little selfishness and pride
The kindest household may divide
Little vices in tiny times
But herald felonies and crimes,
And little virtues, in the sum,
Great excellencies may become

THE OPINION OF YOUNG TEMPERANCE MEN.

BROTHER DURAND—I have witnessed with disgust the insidious conduct of the Spirit in advocating the cause which he professed to have at heart. But instead of having the cause at heart, as I understand the phrase, he has been ever endeavoring to poison the heart of the cause, i. e. the Temperance cause. Every honest man detests drink; and I think no true Son of Temperance can be unconcerned while the Spirit is advertising liquors, nor look in silence upon the degradation of our great moral enterprise. Many, I know there are, who have looked silently upon this matter, not daring to speak, thinking it did not individually concern them. But, Sir, young though I am, I believe it to concern me. Why? Because it concerns the cause which I have sworn to defend to the best of my abilities. Because it concerns that cause, Religion's right-hand maid, the failure of which might bring impending ruin down upon myself, upon my friends, upon the world. Because it involves the principles of that cause which has raised the quabing drunkard from the gutter, placed him high on the pinnacle of fame, healed heart-broken wives, fed hungry children, and filled empty purses, and is now renovating the world. Wonder not, then, that I should feel interested in the up-building of the cause of Temperance, and please pardon my harshness when I say, that in my opinion no S of T can consistently advertise intoxicating liquors, and I cannot but abhor such an one, who would try to pull down a good cause with his right hand, while, at the same time he was trying to build it up with his left. He is a hypocrite (there are too many like him I fear) in the full meaning of the term, and deserves not the name of S of T; and while I am grieved with such inconsistencies, I am equally grieved that any Division of our Order should attempt to justify such improper conduct. I hope Hamilton will not think my remarks personal by any means.

Yours in L. P. & F.,

J. W. STONE.

Font Hill, C. W., May 23, 1853

GRAND SECTION OF CADETS.

About 40 Delegates attended its session at St. Catharines on the 24th May, among them the Grand Worthy Patron, Dr Vanorman, and Thos. Nixon, Esq. of N-wmarket. The Delegates determined to adopt the new American ritual. The Sections are to receive their passwords from the Grand Council of Cadets of the United States. The Grand Section is to meet again on the 4th Wednesday in August at Toronto, and hereafter it is to meet at a different time from that of the Grand Division of the Sons. The Order of Cadets is in an unsatisfactory state, too little attention being paid to returns, and the Sons do not generally take much interest in the movement. We think it should be encouraged everywhere, but unless boys have elderly and moral patrons to preside and keep order in their section rooms, more harm than good will result from their meetings. If Divisions would take the Sections under their guardianship, and see that good patrons presided over them, all things would proceed with satisfaction and usefulness.

"THAT IS MY HOME."

BY A. G. COMINGS.

Many a farmer manages in such a way that neither his sons nor daughters can take any pleasure in directing the eye of a stranger to the family dwelling, and saying, "That is my home." It is not in the erection of costly and temple-like houses, or ornamenting other buildings with much needless expense, that "home" is made most beautiful. These costly decorations may appear very splendid at first, but they are of that character which loses beauty instead of increasing it. The mind of youth is reaching forward, and is most pleased with that kind of ornament which every day grows more beautiful.

Most men, in building houses, expend much money in making the house showy. One, two, or five hundred dollars spent in this way is a common item in building. But this is all just "paying too much for the whistle." Such beauty only pleases while it is new. The second look at it has no interest. The eye ceases to behold with pleasure whatever, from its fixed character, becomes familiar and established. Simplicity, order, and neatness constitute the sum of beauty, in everything which is of a fixed character.

Let the farmer adopt a different course, and plant around his neat and simple dwelling, one, two, or five hundred dollars worth of trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers, and what a world of beauty and attraction it would present. These are "things of life," and their beauty will be progressive. When the eye of the stranger shall rest upon it he shall exclaim, "how beautiful!" and that lovely daughter whose presence always gives joy and gladness to the home circle will be happy always, when she thinks that "that is my home." And that noble spirited young man who would have left the home-stead years ago but for these attractions, will feel a conscious elevation of character, a growing greatness, inspired by the objects with which he is surrounded. It is certainly true that the character of men is shaded by objects which constantly engage their attention and care.

There is not another class of men in the world to whom is granted such a privilege of uniting beauty with worth, pleasure with interest, as the farmers. And the most attractive beauty, too, is that which will grow more beautiful and more profitable at the same time.

The attractions of home are also full of moral power and social refinement. The eye of love never sparkles with more brilliancy than when it is surrounded by the blindest beauties of natural scenery. Earth affords no happier spot than where the throbbing anxious hopeful spirit of youth is quieted and satisfied.

Farmers may refuse to gratify their sons and daughters, by attention

to the rural scenery about their dwellings, and see their sons and daughters become anxious for a trade; their daughters determined on "going to the factory" or they may see them wedded to home as an earthly paradise. And taking up this idea of paradise, it is proper to remark that in the scriptural description of Eden's paradise as in every vision of poetic thought, the abode of peace and happiness is in the midst of rural scenery.

It is one of the greatest matters of importance in relation to society, religion, or even patriotism that our young men should be more attached to agriculture and its kindred arts to home and its associations. This will never be brought about by accusing the young men of being reckless and unsteady. The mind of a noble youth is to be captivated not chained.

To look upon a blighted and leafless tree and upon a family where the young men have fled from home to trade or speculate, and the young women to the factory, leaving the matron and wife to die alone produces a singular sensation.

To carry our agricultural matter to the proper and desirable elevation, we must have a deep interest existing in the minds of the intelligent and interpreting sons of farmers.

To have our young men attached to home, their beautiful and lovely sisters must be there and happy in the circumstances that surround them. A home where the girls are not contented has a cold and vacant air, like a bachelor's hotel. And the very tone with which a young woman says "This is my home," describes the scenery without and the spirit within the dwelling.

There is a growing complaint that young people are becoming indifferent to home and parental love. It is of little use to grumble and complain. The remedy is an easy one. Let the young be supplied with well chosen interesting and instructing reading matter every week, and let attention be given to the surrounding scenery, according to the common idea of all ages, and God will bless the bowers and smile on those who dwell happily among them, and age will renew its youthful joys, and the rose and the myrtle will beautify each other, and love and joy and hope shall be there; while birds shall sing in the spring time, a cooling and refreshing shade be found in summer's sultry day, a golden harvest be gathered in autumn and a nappy group and a bountiful board within, and the merry bells without will cheer up the wintry day, and the good old song of "home, sweet home," shall warble with melting melody.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.—The following statement, if true, is highly creditable to the Editor of the Tribune, and should be pondered on deeply in this age of selfishness, by young men. Such acts stand out on the map of human actions as bright islands for thought and observation, and speak volumes for the young of the world.—Ed. Sox.

HORACE GREELY.—Amherst, N. H. is Mr. Greeley's native town. His father was quite poor, and died when Horace was but two or three years of age. Within the past year he has paid a debt which his father contracted, with compound interest. The old gentleman to whom he paid it resides in Amherst. The original debt was less than \$100, and the payment between \$700 and \$800.

SOIREES! SOIREES! SOIREES!—Should be the order of the day. We urged very strongly before the committee on the state of the Order, appointed by the Grand Division, the necessity of encouraging soirees during the present summer. A vast amount of good and very little evil have been done by holding soirees. We approve of them on many grounds: first, because they are promoters of temperance, calling out to listen, farmers, and their wives, sons, and daughters, who upon no other occasions would go out; secondly, because they create a spirit of innocent conviviality and rational amusement among the young and old; thirdly, because they create business habits, a love of public speaking and sound arguments among all; fourthly, because they create a love of music, (bands generally attend), and cleanliness in all. When a soiree is held in a neighborhood the people talk for days before and after about it, and thus a feeling is kept alive for the cause, and strangers to our movements are led to think of what they are doing—to reflect, and often to change for the better. Sons and temperance men, hold soirees then, as often as practicable. The Grand Division at their late session, strongly recommended it!

SONS OF ST THOMAS.—The friends of true temperance in the county town of Elgin may well rejoice on account of the prosperous state of the good cause among them. The three Orders of Sons, Daughters, and Cadets, meet regularly at the Temperance Hall, a commodious edifice, formally and appropriately opened on the 14th of January last, being the second anniversary of the Sons' organization in the place. There are many reformed characters here, who are now as high in standing in the community's estimation, as ever they were, to whom we may point observation and say, "Who has temperance wrought?"—Com.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE NEWS.

The World's Temperance Convention is to be held in New York city on the 6th September next. We regret to see angry allusions, especially in the New York Organ, as to the ladies that appeared in the Convention of the 12th May. We cannot think that the ladies appeared there in further the Woman's Rights doctrine, there is nothing to show that. They came there, in obedience to an unlimited call, as delegates from the Women's New York State Temperance Society. As such they should have been invited to cooperate in furthering the convention, unless it is intended hereafter to exclude women from cooperation in Societies, such as the Daughters of Temperance, in the great Temperance movement. There seems also to be an inkling in this whole affair of SECTARIAN SPIRIT. This will not do. No man or woman must be prevented from uniting in the movement on account of their religious opinions provided they are persons of moral character. The Michigan string comes off on the third Monday of this month it seems. In 1853 licenses have been granted by the Mayor, in defiance of law to salkeepers. The Methodist Conference lately assembled in Boston passed resolutions in favor of the Maine law and also agreed to send delegates to the N. Y. W. J. Temperance Convention. Not Dow lectured at Utica on the 27th May. The N. Y. Organ thinks that SECTARIAN SPIRIT not be allowed when a husband is an inveterate drunkard. We think in such a case it should. It is too bad to keep a woman tied to a man who will not reform after years of trial.