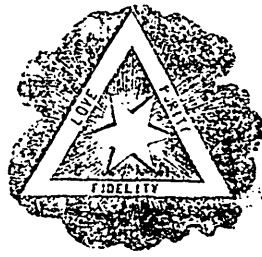


CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



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

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WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love? I asked a maiden,  
Beaming bright in beauty's sky,  
Love she knew, and with it laden,  
Wore the arrows in her eye;  
Blushes soft came o'er her stealing,  
Low her words of music fell:—  
"Love's a strange, delicious feeling,  
What it is—I cannot tell."

What is love? I asked a mother,  
Bending o'er her first born child;  
O! the bliss she could not smother,  
As she looked at me and smiled.  
Something holier than pleasure  
Lit the fire within her eyes,  
God had given her a treasure,  
And she loved the holy prize.

What is love? I asked the glory  
Of my household and my life,  
When in after years the story  
Of my passion won a wife.  
Deep in raiment her glances glowing,  
Bared with love and golden glee,  
While her arms around me throwing  
Kisses sweet she gave to me.

What is love? O, brightest angel!  
Wilt thou not thyself unroll?  
Lo! I feel thy soft evangel  
Stir the waters of my soul:  
Love is joy divinely given  
To the souls of earth again.  
Binding heart to heart and heaven,  
With God's own electric chain.

COW RIDE BACKWARDS.

During the Revolutionary war, when a corps of the American army were encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, an officer who was more of a devotee of Venus than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly, in the cultivation of those kindly feelings which love so cordially aspires. On a discovery of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place his interviews with his dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should force him from a repetition of his amorous visits.

The officer it appears, rode a very small horse of the pony kind which he always left untied, with the bridle reins over his neck, near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over; and the horse always remained until backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position. On a certain very dark night, when the officer had as usual, gone to pay his devotions to the object of his affections, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent away, placed the bridle on the tail, the saddle on the back, and the copper over the horns of a quiet old cow who stood peaceably chewing her cud, near the spot. Immediately thereafter they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed, and were marching into the village.

Our hero on hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he shot out of doors with the velocity of a musket ball, mounted into the saddle, with his back towards the head of the cow, and plunged his sharp spurs into her side, causing her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted off in her best gallop towards the camp. The officer still plying his spurs and with his wine and love on board—finding himself hurried rapidly backwards, maver of all his efforts to advance, and hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured beast, imagined that he was carried off by Magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him was, carried into the very alignment of the camp.

The sentinels, hearing the noise, discharged their pieces and fled; and alarm guns were fired, the drums beat, officers left their quarters, and cried turn out! turn out! with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers started from their sleep as if a ghost had crossed their dream—and the whole body running half naked, formed as quick as possible in gallant dishabille, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes, of the gallant officer, mounted on an old cow, with his face towards her tail. Her tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the gigging of the spurs, and he himself almost deprived of reason, and half petrified with horror. A loud roar of laughter broke from the assembled band, at the rider and his steed—the whole corps gave him three hearty cheers as he bolted into camp. He was carried to his quarters in triumph, there to dream of lover's metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances, and alarm of invasion, and thereby to garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventures of a cow story.—*Litrary Messenger.*

You may get knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

MARTIN LUTHER.

He was a most wonderful man—gifted with a nature so broad and expansive that while it touched the severe, almost the harsh on one side, it mingled with all that was tender and affectionate on the other. Hear, for instance, his remarks after the death of his daughter Madeline. When they placed her on the bier he exclaimed, "My poor, dear, little Madeline, you are at rest now." Then looking long and fixedly at her, he said, "Yes, dear child, thou shalt rise again, shalt shine like a star? yes, like the sun! I am joyful in the spirit, but oh, how sad in the flesh! It is a strange feeling this, to know that she is certainly at rest, that she is happy, and yet to be sad?"

It is recorded that when his little daughter was in the agony of death, Luther threw himself on his knees by his bedside, and weeping bitterly, prayed to God that he would spare her. She breathed her last in his arms. In one of his letters, a short time afterwards, he says, after speaking of the death of Medeline, that he ought to be thankful for her happy deliverance from the many troubles of this world: "Nevertheless, the force of instinct is so great, that I cannot forbear from tears, sighs, and groans, say rather my very heart dies within me. I feel engraven on my inmost soul her features, her words and actions: all that she was to me in life and health, and on her sick bed, my dear, my dutiful child. She was, as you know, so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness."

How beautifully the softness and tenderness of the stern Reformer's character come out in these extracts. And would any one thing be finer than this of woman;—"When Eve was brought before Adam, he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and gave her the most beautiful and glorious of names, called her Eve, that is, mother of all living. He did not call her his wife, but mother, mother of all living. This is woman's glory, and most precious ornament." Or this; "One evening noticing a little bird perched on a tree as if to take up its rest for the night, he said, "This little thing has chosen its shelter, and is going peacefully to sleep: it does not disturb itself with thoughts of where it shall rest to-morrow, but composes itself tranquilly on its little branch, and leaves God to think for it."

Old Parson Pine, of Newburyport, was a very eccentric personage, and seldom did a sabbath pass but what he set the whole congregation into a broad grin by his queer remarks. The boys of that day like those of the present generation, were sometimes a little mischievous, and occasionally when the contribution box passed round, buttons were nearly as plenty as dimes. The good old parson had noticed this and determined to put a stop to it. Accordingly one day he announced that a collection would be taken up for the poor, and said he, "if any man, woman boy or girl finds it necessary to drop a button into the plate let it be one with a good eye, for when the eyes are bent down the button ain't worth a wisp of straw."