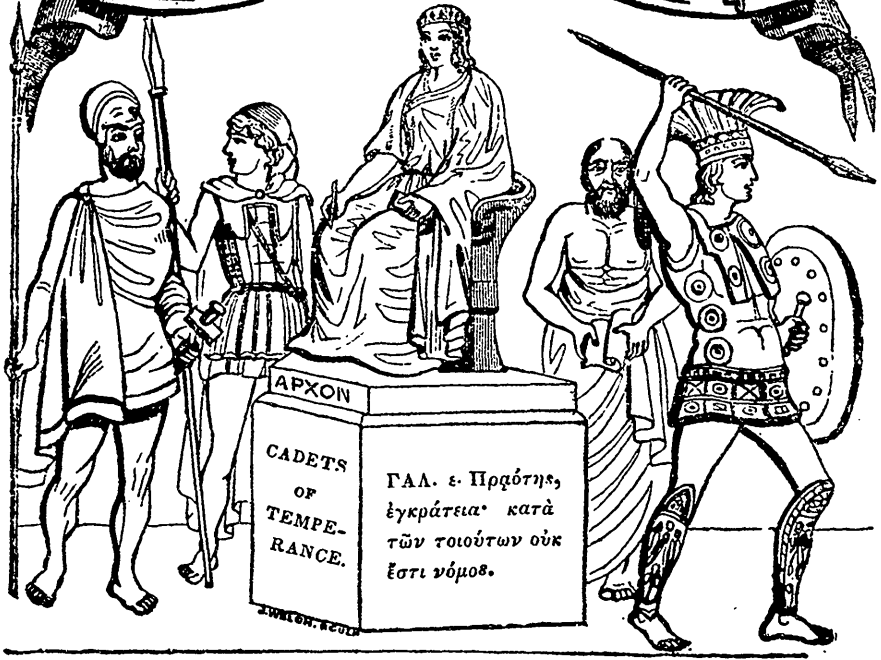


# THE CADET



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### The Snow Drop; or, the Quarrelsome Snow-Flakes.

A DREAM.

"The first pale blossom of the unripened year, As Flora's breath, by some transforming power, Had changed an icicle into a flower: Its name, its hue, the scentless plant retains, And winter lingers in its icy veins."

One cold day in January, a young child lay softly sleeping upon cushions of the eider-down. So purely white was the coverlid beneath which it reposed, and so blooming was the little one's cheek as it rested upon the pillow, that it looked like a last lingering bud of the China-rose, newly dropt upon a snow-wreath.

On the bosom of the sleeping child, and grasped by its fat little hand, lay a snow-drop, freshly gathered. The breath of the child moved the blossom; and the

beating of its young heart raised the leaflets, as the ripple of a brook might stir the water-lily on its surface.

As it lay thus—like a flower with a bud in its bosom—the child had a dream. It dreamed that the Genius of the Flowers, of whom it had heard its nurse relate strange tales, came and whispered softly in its ear, in tones sweeter than any music the child had ever heard.

"Fair sleeper!" murmured the Flower-Genius, "I will love thee for the sake of the love thou bearest to the first-born of my children—the snowdrop,—so tenderly folded to thy bosom."

The child moved in its sleep, and the Genius spoke still lower.

"Listen!" she cried, "and I will breathe into thine ear the early history of that flower."