

Union, D. of T. ; Mr. P. Bowden, of Jonadab Division, and Mr. Francis Wayland Campbell, P. W. A. of the Section. Besides the addresses, the choir sang some excellent pieces ; Mr. W. G. Slack, of Howard Division, volunteered some two or three songs, and the Cadets gave some recitations. The whole was wound up with some games, into which the company entered with great spirit. The addresses, singing, and recitations were so well interspersed, that during the whole evening the interest of the meeting was admirably kept up until the close. We are glad that Royal Mount Section was so successful in this its first soiree, and we wish them equal success in all their undertakings.

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POINTE A CAVAGNOL.—We had the pleasure of attending a very pleasant soiree, at Pointe a Cavagnol, on Friday, March 10. The chair was ably filled by Mr. DeLesderniers, president of the temperance society, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Kellogg and R. Kneeshaw, (of Lachute). The attendance was good, and everything passed off in a harmonious and happy manner. Next day a juvenile soiree was held, which was equally pleasant and well attended. The principal speaker was a lady, who seems to have a great influence over the children, and if they are guided by her instruction, the rum-sellers in this locality will have but a poor prospect for support in their trade by the rising generation. The ladies generally are up and doing here, and we wish them much success in their noble undertaking. The hall in which these soirees were held was most beautifully decorated with evergreens and banners, and reflected much credit on the young ladies who devoted their

attention to this part of the arrangements. Both parties were got up under the auspices of Samaritan Division, Sons of Temperance.

LINES TO NEAL DOW.

BY G. W. BUNGAY.

I've seen the traces of a spider's course
 Upon thy star-paved path of deathless fame.
 Why did the crawling insect climb so high,
 And leave his little dusty web below ?
 Is there a scarcity of flies in Maine ?
 Did thy new broom sweep from our Eastern wall
 The game on which bloodsuckers grew so fat ?
 Is it in vain they spin their silken nets ?
 Brave men, heed not the little poisonous thing ;
 He has been starved into transparency,
 And his thin skin betrays a lack of heart.
 He thinks the venom in his shrivelled veins
 Is the most pure and patriotic blood :
 The thread which like Arachnte he uncoils
 From his black breast, will be a rope around
 His neck, on which he'll swing before the world.
 Thy holy laws are stereotyped to deeds !
 Thy honored name is now our nation's pride !
 Upon our cottage walls thy portrait shines !
 We call our children by thy magic name !
 Our poets laud thee in immortal verse !
 While marble breathes and canvass speaks
 thy praise,
 Thy mounments in Maine, are empty jails !
 Thy laurels, laws observed and unrepealed,
 Thy medals, grateful hearts of men redeemed,
 Thy friends, the noblest of the human race,
 While Legislatures stop to learn thy laws,
 And nations shout thy name across the deep,
 And thy firm foot is on the reptile's head,
 Heed not the struggling serpent's dying hiss,
 Strike for the glory of our broad free land,
 Toil for the honor of our Heaven-born cause,
 Speak for the welfare of a listening world,
 Pray for the speedy triumph of the Law !

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 WHY are most pieces of villany
 like a candle ? Because they come
 to light.