

mains of a human foot-print to calculate the time that has elapsed between the time it was there compressed and our day. Nothing can be shown in geology or history to prove that man has been on the earth over 6,000 years. Certainly no monuments of men existing are older than that period. The ruins of Egypt and India, the oldest settled countries on earth cannot be said to be older. If this really be a human foot-print, it must have been there for thousands of years prior to the supposed time of the creation of man. The stone was taken out of a quarry, and within the stone, on its solid face, was seen a *human foot-print*. Most passing strange and wonderful if true!! This rock was in its solid bed when Noah came from the ark. When Cæsar landed before the days of Christ, on Britain's shores, the quarry from which this stone was taken was as old as the towering Alps or Mount Ararat. Then what must have been the state of the land when all the rock was soft? Mau, if this be true, was then of the same form as now; just as beautiful and developed a being. This would strike a deep blow at the development theory. All we can do is to wonder and ponder on such signs of antiquity.

#### GREAT AND ENTHUSIASTIC DINNER GIVEN TO THE REV. L. KRIBBS.

##### For the Son.

DEAR SIR:—The dinner to the Rev. L. Kribbs came off yesterday, according to notice, and we were somewhat disappointed in not being favored with your company. The day being propitiously fine, the attendance far exceeded our expectations. You may judge of the number that dined by the fact that twelve turkeys and the whole of an ox fit for roasting disappeared and other things in proportion. After dinner, a balloon prepared by Mr. John Dodgson, teacher No. 200 free school, ascended magnificently a dizzy altitude, and waving our colors through the "mellow air" for 8 miles before she descended.

The company then assembled in the chapel. Br. Lawrie, of Bradford, being called to the chair, and the Rev. J. Roaf, of Toronto, to officiate as Chaplain. The introductory by the chairman certainly did him much honor as a philanthropist and a "Son." He then introduced to the meeting Master Bently, a Cadet of Temperance, who pronounced a humorous piece on the use of Tobacco—with applause. So you can see that those who are soon to succeed in the great Temperance movement are already taking the start.

The "Crystal Fount" now poured forth a stream as chaste and pure as its source. The accomplished D. G. P. S. lady of Wm. Mitchell, Esq., M. P. P., stepped forward, and read in a clear and thrilling manner the following address:

TO THE REV. L. KRIBBS, D.G.W.P.:—We, the P. S. and members of Crystal Fount Union, D. of Temperance, No. 21, beg most respectfully to tender to you, Sir, this expression of our esteem, and of the value which we attach to your enduring and assiduous efforts, through good report and though evil report to advance the philanthropic and truly noble objects of our institution which you and ourselves have so much at heart. We assure you, Sir, that we have not been unobservant or indifferent spectators of your persevering zeal in our cause, and we sincerely believe, that under the wise direction of the Most High, much of enduring good has attended your administration.

tion. Whilst, therefore, we deplore the necessity which induces your removal to a more remote field of labor, we feel ourselves consoled by the reflection that that removal, however productive of regret to us, may enable you, on the environs of your new abiding place, still farther to disseminate and propagate those great principles of Moral Reform which it is our high and glorious privilege, humbly but sincerely to advocate and sustain. Wishing you and your family the full enjoyment of health in your new location, and of every happiness suitable to our transitory state of terrestrial existence, we have the honor in behalf of our Union to subscribe ourselves

Your sincere friends and well wishers,  
HARRIET HUBBARD, P. S.,  
SARAH CHURCHILL, R. S.,  
NANCY WILSON, S. A.,  
ELLEN MICHELL, P. P. S.

The Rev. Gentleman arose to reply, but this emotion almost suppressed his utterance. He attempted to make a few half subdued remarks, but finding that every heart was beating in unison with his own, he sat down amid a scene more easily imagined than described.

The Chairman then introduced Master James Messmore, another Cadet of Temperance, who pronounced an oration contrasting Temperance and Intemperance in a manner that would have done honor to an orator of maturer years.

The Rev. J. Roaf, of Toronto, was then introduced.

As the venerable "Father" in temperance slowly arose, the audience in breathless silence read in his expressive countenance the deep emotions of his heart—his moistened eye beaming a thrill of exquisite sensation as it expressed in Divine tenderness a condolence for the loss of our much esteemed fellow citizen, then sparkling with delight as the more propitious feelings of the occasion preponderated, and in this soul-stirring language of nature, declaring that the spirit of the day shadowed forth the brightness of the future and ultimately would render our little village almost a terrestrial elysium—at length the mellow cadence of his mellifluous voice broke the "magic spell," and as the speaker proceeded and warmed in his subject, he became peculiarly felicitous, weaving around the most pathetic tenderness of sentiment the enrapturing charms of beauty. At the close the applause was a perfect response of the ecstatic feelings of the audience.

Young Messmore again made his appearance amid as much enthusiastic cheering as if he had been the favorite of a London stage. He acted that master-piece of burlesque, "The Devil and the Rumseller." The young aspirant did it more than justice, throwing around it a charm peculiarly his own. The prolonged applause of the gentlemen, and the characteristic plaudits of the ladies, made it appear as if his Satanic Majesty had really been there in propria persona, and that they were rejoicing at his departure.

It seemed providential that this young Brilliant should make his appearance when so distinguished portion of Science, as the Rev. J. Roaf, was to witness the opening germs of his youthful mind.

The circumstances reminded me of the celebrated letter of King Philip to Aristotle—"I thank the gods not so much for making me a father, as for giving me a son at an age when he can have Aristotle for his instructor."

The Chairman now passed in review the subject of the interesting occasion, paying a most flattering compliment to the Daughters of Temperance. He remarked "That it was the first time he had ever had the pleasure of viewing the

living features of the angelic Cold Water Army, and that their new regalia costume added a thousand charms to nature's loveliness."

After the benediction, the company assembled in the street and witnessed the ascent of a "Fire Balloon." She arose to an altitude apparently much greater than the one in the afternoon, and scattering her brilliant scintillations through the surrounding darkness, presented in the distance a most magnificent appearance.

On this memorable day what a tribute of respect to a life devoted to the amelioration of the condition of our fellow beings. Yes, around the venerated brow of our Philanthropic Guest was entwined a wreath far more precious and incomparably more honorable than the most gorgeous jeweled diadem in the power of Royalty to bestow.

May it continue to bloom with immortal freshness after its warm hearted recipient has gone to a better and a brighter state of existence.

The question now is, "Who is to assume the laureateship of the poetry of life, here now?"

The former co-labourer in the moral vineyard of our guest has not been forgotten—the gifted and devoted Rev. Thomas Davidson—and more especially as he has been touched with the magic wand of the order, and embellished with that significant "collar" to which he so humorously alluded in a most eloquent speech last year, at our Demonstration. We most sincerely wish that he would return and assist us in carrying the war into the enemy's camp. We have already "Piled Ossa upon Pelion," and all we want now is a daring and able leader, and we will scale the walls and annihilate the gods of Drunkenness and misery.

Allow me to add, in conclusion, that our little village is rising rapidly into importance as a country residence. In point of good roads, picturesque scenery, salubrity of climate, and inexhaustible fertility of soil, this region will compare with any in Canada or elsewhere; and "last, though not least," we have a choice School Library being purchased, and a Free School, with a teacher at once a scholar and a gentleman.

Yours, &c.,

SON OF 47.

C. Durand, Esq., Toronto.

P. S.—We have a Union of Daughters here, numbering 17 members. They have adopted "Viri-placa" as the name of the Union. This word signifies "To preside over the peace of families." It is no stranger than true, that some fastidious scruple has been raised to its "heathen origin." Permit me to make a quotation from Scripture, "All virtues were made deities among the Romans. The temples of Virtue and Honour were built in such a manner, that, to see the temple of Honour, it was necessary to pass through that of Virtue. Prudence was known by her rule; and her painting, to a globe at her feet. Temperance had a bridle, Justice held an equal balance; Fortitude leaned against her sword—Honesty was clad in a transparent vest; Modesty appeared veiled—Clemency wore an olive branch—and Donation threw incense upon an altar. Tranquillity was seen to lean on a column—Health was known by her serpent—Liberty by her cap—and Gaiety by her myrtle." Would any person, making any pretensions to civilization, object to any of the Virtues because "The Parent of Arts and Civilization" had deified them? Please give us your opinion whether "The peace of families," or one word signifying the same, would be inappropriate.

The writer of the above beautiful letter whom we know to be a good Son and a finished scholar, has asked our opinion of the propriety of a name given to a Union of Daughters. We can see no impropriety in the above name. We should despise nothing that is noble or virtuous, although it may be of heathen origin. We all sprang from one family and the Saxon race are but the children of those who once worshipped idols.

[EDITOR SON.