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THE CADET



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1854.

No. 12.

The Touching Reproof.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Here, Jane," said a father to his little girl not over eleven years of age, "go over to the shop and buy me a pint of brandy." At the same time he handed her some money.

The little girl took the money and the bottle, and as she did so looked her father in the face, with an earnest, sad expression. But he did not seem to observe it, although he perceived it, and felt it; for he understood its meaning. The little girl lingered, as if reluctant for some reason to go on her errand.

"Did you hear what I said?" the father asked angrily, and with a frowning face, as he observed this.

Jane glided from the room and went over to the shop, hiding as she passed through the street, the bottle under her apron. There she obtained the liquor, and returned with it in a few minutes. As she gave the bottle to her father, she looked at him again, with the same sad earnest look, which he observed. It annoyed and angered him.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way, eh?" he said, in a loud angry tone.

Jane shrunk away, and passed into the next room, where her mother laid sick. She had been sick for some time, and as they were poor, and her husband given to drink, she had sorrow, and privations added to her bodily sufferings. As her little girl came in she went up to her bed side, and bending over it leaned her head upon her hand. She did not make any remark, nor did her mother speak to her, until she observed the tears trickling through her fingers.

"What is the matter, my dear?" she then asked tenderly.

The little girl raised her head, endeavouring to dry up her tears as she did so.

"I feel so bad, mother," she replied.

"And why do you feel bad, my child?"

"Oh, I always feel so bad when father sends me over to the shop for brandy—and I had to go just now. I wanted to ask him to buy you some grapes and oranges with the quarter of a dollar—they would taste so good to you; but he seemed to know what I was going to say, and looked at me so cross that I was afraid to speak. I wish he would not drink any more brandy. It makes him so cross,—and then how many nice things he might buy with the money it takes for brandy?"

When her father came home to dinner, he looked crosser than he did in the morning. He sat down to the table and eat his dinner in moody silence, and then rose to depart, without so much as asking after his sick wife, or going into her chamber. As he moved towards the door, his hat already on his head, Jane went up to him, and looking timidly in his face, said in a hesitating voice—

"Mother wants an orange so bad. Won't you give me some money to buy her one?"

"No, I will not! Your mother had better be thinking about something else than wasting money for oranges!" was the angry reply, as the father passed out, and shut the door hard after him.

Jane stood for a moment, frightened at the angry vehemence of her father, and then burst into tears. She said nothing to her mother of what had passed; but after the agitation of her mind had somewhat subsided, began to cast about in her thoughts for some plan by which she might obtain an orange. At last it occurred to her, that at a shop close by, they bought rags and old iron.

"How much do you give a pound for rags?" she asked in a minute or two after the idea had occurred to her, standing at the counter of the shop.

"Three half-pence a pound," was the reply.

"How much for old iron?"

"A half-penny a pound."

"What's the price of those large oranges?"

"Twopence a-piece."

With this information, Jane hurried back. After she had cleared away the dinner table, she went down into the cellar, and looked up all the bits of iron that she could find. Then she searched the yard, and found some eight or ten old rusty nails, an old bolt, and a broken hinge. These she laid away in a little nook in the cellar. Afterwards she gathered together all the old rags that she could find about the house and in the cellar, and laid them with her old iron. But she saw plainly enough that her iron would not weigh over two pounds, nor her rags over a quarter of a pound. If time would have permitted, she would have gone into the streets to look for old iron, but this she could not do, and disappointed at not being able to get the orange for her mother, she went about her work in the afternoon with sad and desponding thoughts and feelings.

It was summer time, and her father came home from his work before it was dark.

"Go and get me a pint of brandy," he said to Jane, in a tone that sounded harsh and angry to the child, handing her at the time the money. Since the day before, he had taken a pint of brandy, and none but the best would suit him.

She took the money and the bottle and went over to the shop. Wishfully she looked at the tempting oranges in the window, as she gave the money for the liquor, and thought how glad her mother would be to have one.

As she was hurrying back, she saw a thick iron ring lying in the street—she picked up and kept on her way. It felt heavy, and her heart bounded with the

thought that now she could buy the orange for her mother. The piece of old iron was dropped in the yard as she passed through. After her father had taken a dram he sat down to his supper. While he was eating it, Jane went into the cellar, and brought into the yard her little treasure of scrap iron. As she passed backwards and forwards before the door facing which her father sat, he observed her, and he felt a sudden curiosity to know what she was doing. He went softly to the window, and as he did so he saw her gathering the iron, which she placed in a little pile, into her apron. Then she rose up quickly and passed out of the yard gate into the street.

The father went back to his supper, but his appetite was gone. There was that in the act of his child, simple as it was, that moved his feelings in spite of himself. All at once he thought of the orange she had asked for her mother; and he felt a conviction that it was to buy an orange that Jane was now going to sell the iron she had evidently been collecting since dinner time.

"How selfish and wicked I am?" he said to himself almost involuntarily.

In a few minutes Jane returned, and with her hand under her apron, passed through the room where he sat, into her mother's chamber. An impulse, almost irresistible, caused him to follow her in a few moments after.

"It is so grateful!" he heard his wife say as he opened the door.

On entering the chamber, he found her sitting up in bed, eating the orange, while little Jane stood by, looking into her face with an air of subdued yet heartfelt gratification. All this he saw at a glance, yet did not seem to see; for he pretended to be searching for something, which apparently obtained, he left the room and the house, with feelings of acute pain and self-upbraidings.

"Come, let us go and see these cold water men," said a companion whom he met a few steps from his own door, "they are carrying the world before them."

"Very well, come along."

And the two men bent their steps towards the Temperance Hall.

When little Jane's father turned from the door of that place, his name was signed to the pledge, and his heart fixed to abide by it. On his way home he saw some grapes in a window. He bought some of them, and a couple of oranges and lemons. When he came home, he went into his wife's chamber, and opening the paper that contained the first fruits of his sincere repentance, laid them before her, and said with tenderness, while the moisture dimmed his eyes—

"I thought these would taste good to you Mary, and so I bought them."

"Oh, William!" and the poor wife started, and looked up into her husband's face, with an expression of surprise and trembling hope.

"Mary," and he took her hand tenderly, "I have signed the pledge to-night, and I will by God's help keep it until I die!"

The sick wife raised herself up quickly, and bent over towards her husband, eagerly extending her hands. Then, as he drew his arm around her, she let her head fall upon his bosom, and with an emotion of delight, such as had not moved over the surface of her stricken heart for years.

The Happy Time.

There is a happy time, not far away,
When temperance truth shall shine, bright,
Bright as day;

O! then, we'll sweetly sing, make the hills and
valleys ring;
Earth shall her tribute bring, it's not far away.

Bright in our happy land, beams every eye,
Pledged with one heart and hand, love cannot
die;

On, then, to temperance run, be both health
and virtue won,
Bright as the noonday sun shines in the sky.

Come, join the temperance band; come, come
away,

Why will ye doubting stand? why still delay?

O! we shall happy be, when from intemper-
ance free;
Haste! from the danger flee! haste, haste
away.

Pledge to their glorious cause, pledge, pledge
to-day;

Bow no more to fashion's laws, break, break
away,—

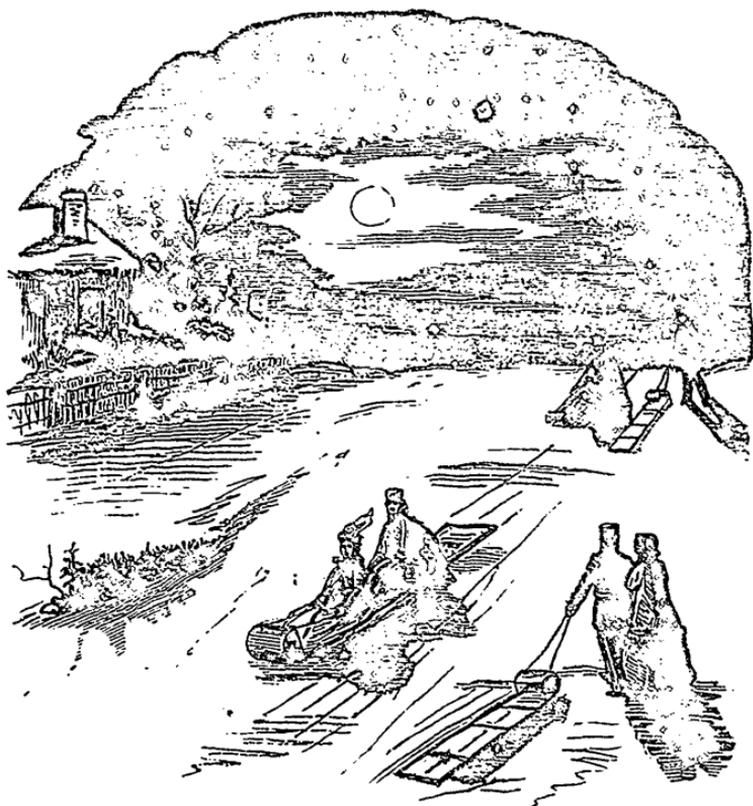
Conquer habit when you can; be an indepen-
dent man;

Sign the good total plan—sign, sign to-day.

Haste then the happy time, not far away,
When temperance truth shall shine, bright,
Bright as day;

Oh! then, we'll sweetly sing, make the hills
and valleys ring;

Earth shall her tribute bring, not far away.



Indian Sleighing and Snow Shoeing.

I know a pretty little song devoted to rich eulogies on the "merry, merry sunshine;" but if I were a Poet—which I am not—I would write an ode to winter, and its "merry, merry moonlight." I know quite well that such a production would be a novelty in poetic literature, and I almost think I see the indignant frown of those sweet singers, who would "lisp in sweet numbers" of the "pensive moon," and tell us of her "pale brow," and "silvery light."

Well, all this may be strictly true, poetically speaking; but, unromantic youth that I am, I like to contemplate the moon's light as a means of enjoying our Lower Canadian winter sports! The moon never makes me sad; on the contrary, I never feel in such good spirits as when a clear frosty night sets in with a round full moon, and the prospect of a snow-shoeing or toboggan party.

There is no season of the year that brings with it so many hearty enjoyments for keen youth as this hoary winter. It isn't fair to talk so lugubriously of its "winding sheet of snow;" call it rather a table-cloth, spread for the feast of sport and healthy exercise. It is truly a season of fun—although the poets again seem to differ from me, when they sing so cheerfully of the "summer of life," and so mournfully of its "wintry aspect." Christmas opens the game, New Year's keeps it up, and the votaries of pleasure in every shape bend their energies to keep it alive as long as possible.

Our Lower Canada winter is regarded by the inhabitants of milder climes as so very Arctic in its character, that no winds blow, but north winds, and that, whenever we incautiously venture out, we get frozen, and entail on our-

selves an infinite amount of friction in order to become thawed again. Perhaps, too, Dr. Smallwood of St. Martin's, will confirm these good people by his meteorological observations, which discovered the thermometer so low as 34° below zero. But I beg to inform all those "whom it may concern," that Montreal February weather is just the thing for bracing the constitution after the fatigues of the past, and preparing and strengthening it for the lassitude of the coming summer. Of course, fully to appreciate the delights of this sort of winter, I presuppose plenty of fire-wood, and something warm in the shape of clothing—a blanket coat and *capuchon* say.

A beautiful writer in the "Maple Leaf" has drawn a gorgeous picture of winter and its enjoyments. One instinctively wishes he had been in the same sleigh on that lovely morning, for few things are more exhilarating than a sleigh drive in the woods, with a large party and plenty of buffalo robes. Country sleighing is so different from prim, stiff city driving.

But I am going to speak of my favorite kind of sleighing—Indian sleighing, which, in the months of January and February, the Montreal youths are so fond of. Just about this time they are wonderfully curious on the score of Almanacs. What do you think they can find there?—Astronomical calculations? Possibly, but I suspect they only want to know when the moon rises, as they are bent upon "sliding," or "snow-shoeing."

To the uninitiated I ought to explain this *toboggan*, or Indian sleigh, and snow shoe. The Toboggan is an old contrivance of the red man's, invented for very useful purposes. It combines lightness with utility, being made of a long thin strip of wood, varying from a foot to two feet in width, sometimes seven or eight feet in length, and turned gracefully at the front. This savage vehicle has been turned by us white fellows to very fashionable purposes. We,

of course, don't require to use it for carrying our marketing, in the shape of a moose, or our travelling equipment, in the shape of a blanket and rifle, as the red man of the forest was obliged to do; but we have taken the liberty to make an innovation in the style of freight, and now load the Toboggan with our own precious selves, and, peradventure, with some other more precious form, too. A very gradual descent is sufficient to give the Toboggan great velocity, so that it requires some dexterity to guide it safely to the bottom of the hill, but practice and a steady hand will do this, and the experienced steersman may be seen lying on his back guiding his Toboggan down the most precipitous spots, with a bold *nonchalance* which defies tumbles, and smiles at *cahots*;—an innocent species of *backsliding*.

Indian sleighing is a favorite amusement of young ladies, too. On a clear moonlight night the numerous hills, in the vicinity of the mountain, echo with their merry laughter, and the tinkle of the Toboggan bell sounds so sweetly in unison, that the scene becomes positively bewitching. I am almost tempted to become poetical on the scene I have just sketched, in my own way, of course; but I prefer to climb McTavish Hill with an Indian sleigh, to mounting even the heights of Parnassus itself.

Like the Toboggan, the Snow-shoe is also a savage, but very ingenious and necessary invention. Without the Snow-shoe, the Indian would be obliged to stay at home in winter, and either hibernate, like his neighbours the bears, or starve. As either alternative is rather uncomfortable, and as some five or six feet deep is not an easy thing to step through, Kata Hoxsta has provided himself with a pair of shoes that enable him to walk on the top of the snow. As a very short promenade in deep snow would suffice to extract any amount of strength, even from an Indian's nerves, and, as "necessity is the mother of invention," the

child of the forest has succeeded in patenting an article which shall prevent the pedestrian from sinking in the treacherous snow. This invention consists of a frame, a little in the shape of a boy's kite; the frame is covered with strong deer's sinews, beautifully woven together in a varied net work. The front part of the foot only, is strapped down, and the shoe is so balanced that, in taking a step, the front part of it is lifted from the snow, while the back drags along it.

The ladies of Lower Canada are excellent snow-shoers. On a fine night, after a good fall of snow, various merry parties sally forth for a walk, and, I venture to say, enjoy themselves infinitely more, than if the scene were transferred to a sultry evening in July or August. For my part I would greatly prefer to join this merry party out in the clear frosty night, *sans ceremoni*, than to be heated in a crowded ball room, although roasted in ever so polite and fashionable a manner. There are neither head-aches nor "to-morrow mornings" incurred by the snow-shoeing party, and I can assure you that each and every one of them will rise next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, invigorated and strengthened.

If our youth would only "slide," and snow-shoe oftener, and dissipate less, there would be a great falling off in the sales of Plantagenet and Soda Water.

There has been a fine fall of snow to-day, which, I hope, has added a foot or two to the three feet already covering the hills. The moon is now in all her lunatic splendor,—I never felt happier in my life, and I bid you good bye, as I am just starting for a slide.

A. T. C.

Montreal, 14th February, 1854.

The Murderer.

In the year 1848, a respectable looking mechanic was induced to attend Rotherham Fair. He there met with some relatives and friends, and foolishly accompanied them to the public-house, just to have

"a friendly glass." The *one* glass soon led to a second, and the second to a third. He continued with them drinking and smoking until night, and when he rose to return home, he was much excited with the liquor which he had drank.

He had to walk a few miles to his home, and on the road he behaved like a mad man. Oh, how the drink had changed his appearance since the morning! On passing a lonely part of the road, he met a young woman, knocked her down to the ground, and pressing his knee upon her breast, took out his large Sheffield knife, and cut the poor creature's throat from ear to ear. In a moment she lay a lifeless corpse, and the footpath was covered with her blood.

The maniac (for such, strong drink had made him for the time) was quickly secured by the officers of justice, and lodged in prison to await his trial before the judge. In a few days he became collected and perfectly sensible.

I saw him prior to the assizes, and shall probably never forget some of our conversation.

"How ever could you do such a sad thing as to take away the poor woman's life?"

"I cannot tell, Sir. I have a perfect remembrance of being in the public-house, but from that time to my coming to my senses in the lock-up, I have no knowledge of what I did or of where I was."

"How long had you been a hard drinker?"

"I was not a drunkard, sir, I took *very little liquor indeed* in a general way, and therefore what I took at the fair had such sad effect upon me."

"Ah, my friend, what sorrow you would have avoided had you been an *abstainer* from all intoxicating drinks. I am thankful to say that I have never tasted them for many years past, and I recommend every one to adopt my example."

Bursting into a flood of tears, and pressing his hand to his head, he was unable to give utterance to his feelings: but his expressive features seemed to say, "O! that my parents, or my Sunday school teachers, had given me this advice when I was a child—It is now too late."

I left the prison with a firm resolve that amongst other good advice to my class at the Sunday school, I would not fail to urge upon them the adoption of the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1854.

Our Delay in Publication.

It was not easy to determine whether the *Cadet* should be published another year or discontinued. On seeing the malignant attack which is made in the *Life Boat* by somebody on our publisher, most people would have resolved to persevere with the *Cadet*, but he has magnanimously resolved to give way, and then an opportunity will be afforded to ascertain how far treachery and hypocrisy can impose on a credulous public. The *Life Boat* is discontinued by Mr. Campbell, and professedly goes into other hands. Caution is necessary, however, in dealing with slippery people, and, therefore, we cannot inspire any confidence into the minds of our young friends, as to the future of the *Life Boat*.

The End of the Volume.

With this number closes the second volume of the *Cadet*. In reviewing these two volumes we rejoice that we have been able to give so large an amount of interesting and profitable matter to our young friends for so trifling a sum of money; nor are we disposed to complain that the enterprise has been sustained only to a comparatively limited extent. Our list has been a highly respectable and creditable one, and if we had resolved to continue the *Cadet*, we have reason to know that there would have been no diminution in our paying list of subscribers; but after mature deliberation it has been determined to discontinue the *Cadet* for the present.

Most of our readers will be asking whether we have any substitute to offer. We have, and we beg the attention of our young friends to the Prospectus of the

Canada Temperance Advocate accompanying this issue. If you will read carefully this important document, you will be satisfied that for all Temperance purposes you will do much better to procure the *Advocate* than to take any other paper in Canada. In future, the *Advocate* in addition to all its usual attractions, will always reserve "a page for the young folks at home," containing facts and tales especially interesting to Cadets and Daughters. Some of you already take the *Advocate*, or your parents do, but many of you do not, and we are of opinion that you will be glad to aid us in extending the circulation of the good old friend of all, the *Advocate*. For that paper we want *Ten Thousand Subscribers*. With the help of our juvenile friends we can get them. We are rapidly approaching that number, and when that point is gained we shall be prepared to promise additional advantages to all our friends, young and old.

N. B.—As some have already remitted for the third volume of the *Cadet*, they will be pleased to give further orders as to the appropriation of their money.

How to be Useful.

There are many ways in which the young may be useful to one another. Even though they may not dwell in the same house or in the same locality. By correspondence you may give information and encouragement, and awaken an interest in the progressive movements of the day. If you belong to a Section of Cadets, tell your young friends at a distance how you are getting along, or what you propose doing for the advancement of the temperance cause. Take an example:—A young friend at a distance writes to his young friend in Montreal. From the letter we are permitted to make an extract, as follows:—

"In my last I promised to tell you how our Section of Cadets is getting along.

We are pretty strong in numbers, and still stronger in determination to put down intemperance in this place. We do as much towards it, as either the Sons or Daughters of Temperance.

Every evening we meet, there are some pieces spoken, some on Temperance, some on Tobacco, and other subjects; and when we get through all our business, with the exception of the closing part, we let in any person, whether they are Sons or Daughters. Then, when we are through, some of them present say a few words to encourage us, so that we generally have a large attendance.

We number about 36 members.

H. B. P."

List of the officers of the Aylmer Ottawa Section of Cadets of Temperance for the present term:—

John O'Han, W.A.; John Symmes, V.A.; James Allen, S.; Arthur Parker, A.S.; Alex. Wright, T.; Henry Symmes, A.T.; Edmund Symmes, G.; Jas. Allen, U.; Alfred Wright, W.; Wm. Thompson, J.W.; Asa Parker, D. G.W.P. & W.P.; Wm. Allen, W.A.; Hugh Renen, W.Ass.; John Gordon, C.

This Section is still prospering under the parental care of the Worthy Patron. The Cadets of this Section are improving their natural talents in a variety of ways. Some compose addresses and speak; others get up debates after the business of the Section is over, and I assure you Sir they are not without interest. The meetings are well attended by the Daughters of Temperance. They deservedly merit thanks of the Section, but the Sons do not attend.

Notes to Correspondents.

"Spiritual Railway," respectfully declined.

Several answers to Puzzles have been received. Those which were right have been used, as the writers will perceive.

Additional Enigmas need not be sent, as there is no room for them in the *Advocate*.

Alpha will perceive that we shall discontinue the *Cadet*, at least until we get Ten Thousand Subscribers for the *Advocate*; then we shall again think about that or something else.

"Betsy."—We knew you would be sorry; but after you have read the *Advocate* for a month, you will change your mind.

Beginning and Ending;

OR THE HISTORY OF THOUSANDS.

I have heard my dear mother-say, that when I was a little baby, she thought me her *finest* child. I was the pet of the family—I was caressed and pampered by my fond, but too indulgent parents. Before I could well walk, I was treated with the "sweet" from the bottom of my father's glass. When I was a little older, I was found of sitting on his knee, and he would frequently give me a little of the liquor from his glass, in a spoon. My dear mother would gently chide him with "Don't, John, it will do him harm." To this he would smilingly reply, "This little sup won't hurt him—bless him!" When I became a school-boy, I was at times unwell, and my affectionate mother would pour for me a glass of wine from the decanter. At first I did not like it, but as I was told that it would make me "strong," I got to like it. When I left school and home, to go out as an apprentice, my pious mother wept over me, and amongst other good advice, urged me "never to go to the public house, or theatre." For a long time I could not be prevailed upon to act contrary to her wishes, but, alas! the love for liquors had been implanted within me! Some of my shopmates at length overcame my scruples, and I crossed the fatal threshold. I reasoned thus, "My parents taught me that these drinks were good—I cannot get them here except at the public house—surely it cannot be wrong then to go and purchase them." From the public house to the theatre was an early passage. Step by step I fell. Little did my fond mother think, when she rocked me in my little cot, that her child would find a home in a prison cell. Little did my indulgent father dream, when he placed the first drop of sweetened poison to my childish lips, that he was sowing the seeds of my ruin! My days are now nearly ended—my wicked career is nearly closed—I have grown up to manhood—but by a course of intemperance, have added sin to sin. Hope for the future I have not—I shall soon die—A POOR DRUNKARD.

Children's Prattle.

A lady one day observed her little boy of some six summers, who was playing in the garden, showing signs of anger: she said nothing, but he soon came in, and approaching her, said:

“Ma, do the phrenologists say we have a swearing bump in our heads?”

His mother told him she did not know of any; when the little fellow remarked that his head felt very queer, and he came near swearing; and he added:

“Grand-pa has got a great lump on his head, and he swears awfully sometimes!”

A little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in “clustering curls” down on her neck. One hot summer day, she went up stairs, and cut all the curls off.—Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed with surprise:

“Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?”

To which she responded that “she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Mary did!”

“What do you learn at school?” said I to my little boy, four years of age.

“Reading and spelling, papa, if you please.”

“And what do the other boys learn?”

“O! arithmetic, and geography, and *Velocipede*.”

“What! *velocipede*?”

“Yes, papa; but not about wooden horses, but about other things.”

Now what do you suppose he meant? — *Philosophy!*

“Papa,” said the same little urchin to me, when he was but three years old, and had just begun to catch the phrases of other children—it was the pensive hour of twilight, and drawing near his bed-time—“Papa, will you make a prayer for me, before I go to bed?”

“Yes my darling if you wish it; but why not let your mamma say your prayers for you, as she does on other nights?”

“O, papa, I don’t want you to say those prayers: ‘Our Father,’ ‘Now I lay me’; but pray yourself: *make* a prayer to God for me!”

So I put up, with all my heart, a serious petition to his *Heavenly Father* for my little son. *

He listened attentively, and as it seemed, most seriously; but just as I concluded, he exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with mirth:

“Good, papa! good! Now pray again—pray again! *Go it!*”

We remember an anecdote of one of the sweetest and most simple hearted of all our little friends. Sitting on a footstool at her mother’s side, she had been recounting

her list of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins, and the like.

“Now,” said she, “I have got all the relations but one: I should like a *foot mother*. I haven’t got any, have I mother?”

It was the sad fate of this sweet child in after years, to perish in that compound of calamity and infatuation which the law decides to be no crime—the burning of the *Henry Clay*. She passed from among us, radiant in youth and goodness, leaving four children, one an infant, to prove the tender mercies of those that may come after.

Some years ago, when the present Clerk of the House at Washington was domiciled in the Quaker City, his young son, a lad of some six years, happened to be at his father’s office one morning, when the “hatless prophet,” George Mundy, made his appearance, and getting into conversation with the child, the latter asked him in the course of their chat:

“Why don’t you wear a hat, Mr Mundy?”

“O!” answered the prophet, “because there is no use in it; God’s creatures are not so furnished; sheep and other animals, don’t wear hats.”

Quick as lightning came the child’s philosophic and clinching response;

“*Are you a sheep, Mr. Mundy?*”

A little girl of three and a half years, not long since, in the middle of a moon-lit night, awoke her mother, who was sleeping with her look upon the floor, saying, at the same time, in the sweetest voice imaginable:

“See there, ma, the moon is smiling on the carpet!”

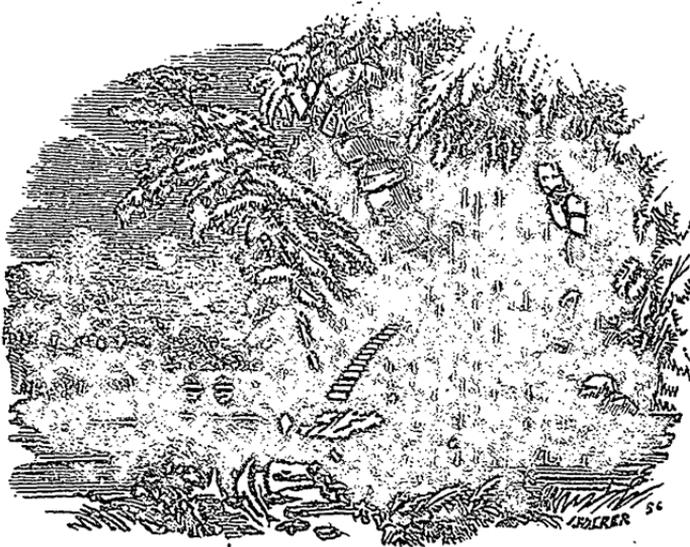
“Some of Alexander Smith’s moons are not prettier or pleasanter.”

At the close of a lecture the other evening, as the lecturer was treading his way out of church, he received the following very flattering compliment from his own youngster, a hopeful, “four year old:”

“Say pa, wasn’t that a first-rate lecture?”

Your “little folks” amuse us much.—They raise smart “wee things” in our own Forest City. The Caravan was coming through our streets last summer, while a little boy of four years, with his mother, stood upon the sidewalk looking at the show, and the little fellow looked up in his mother’s face and said:

“O, mother! mother! *the elephant has got boots on!*”—*Knickerböcker*.



The Dropping Well.

Spring-water, even that which is the most transparent, generally contains certain mineral substances, gathered from the soil through which the water flows. The substances are often so completely dissolved as to leave the water clear and sparkling, while they add to its wholesome qualities, and also render it agreeable to the taste.

It is owing to these mineral substances that many springs have the property of petrifying objects,—that is, covering them entirely with a stony crust, which makes them appear as if changed into stone. Such springs are seen in several parts of our own country; but far more strikingly in foreign lands, in the neighborhood of volcanos. The Dropping Well at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, is one of our most noted petrifying springs. It rises at the foot of a limestone rock on the south-west bank of the river Nidd, opposite to the ruins of Knaresborough Castle. After running about twenty yards towards the river, it spreads itself over the top of a cliff, from whence it trickles down in a number of places, dropping very fast, and making a tinkling sound in its fall. The spring is supposed to send forth twenty gallons of water every minute, and while in rapid motion, the fine particles in which its abounds are carried forward, or very slightly deposited; but as it approaches the cliff, or rocky elevation above named, it meets with a gentle ascent, becomes languid in its pace and then deposits abundantly on grass, twigs, stones, &c., a petrifying substance which renders them exceedingly beautiful. The cliff is about thirty feet high, forty-five feet long, and from thirty to forty broad, having started from the main bank, upwards of a century ago, leaving a chasm of two or three yards wide. The water is carried over this chasm by an aqueduct; but there is sufficient waste to form beautiful petrifications in the hollow. Small branches of trees, roots of grass and other objects, are incrustated with spar, and, together with pillars of the same substance, like stalactites, fringing the banks, form an interesting sight. The top of the cliff is covered with plants, flowers, and shrubs, such as ash, elder, ivy, geranium, wood-anemone, lady's mantle, cowslips, wild angelica, meadow-sweet, &c. Pieces of moss, birds'

nests, containing eggs, and a variety of other objects, are exhibited to visitors, as proofs of the petrifying qualities of the water. The weight of the water is twenty-four grains in a pint heavier than that of common water. The top of the cliff projects considerably beyond the bottom, and the water is thus thrown to some distance from the side of the cliff, which is of a concave form.

The Little Shoe.

BY MARY NEAL.

I found it here—a worn-out shoe,
All mildewed with time, and wet with dew.
'Tis a little thing; ye would pass it by
With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
Yet it stirs in my spirit a hidden well,
And in eloquent tones of the past doth tell.

It tells of the little fairy child
That bound my heart with a magic wild,
Of bright blue eyes and golden hair,
That ever shed joy and sunlight there—
Of a prattling voice, so sweet and clear,
And the tiny feet that were ever near.

It tells of hopes that with her had birth.
Deep buried now in the silent earth;
Of a heart that had met an answering tone,
That again is left alone—alone!
Of days of watching and anxious prayer—
Of a night of sorrow and dark despair.

It tells of a form that is cold and still—
Of a little mound upon yonder hill,
That is dearer far to a mother's heart
Than the classic "statutes of Grecian art."
Ah! strangers may pass with a careless air,
Nor dream of the hopes that are buried there.

O ye, who have never o'er loved ones wept—
Whose brightest hopes have never been swept
Like the pure white cloud from the summer
sky—

Like the wreath of mist from the mountain
high—

Like the rainbow, beaming a moment here,
Then melting away to its native sphere;

Like rose-leaves, loosed by the zephyr's sigh—
Like that zephyr wafting its perfume by—
Like the wave that kisses some graceful spot,
Then passes away, yet is ne'er forgot;
If like these your life-hopes have never fled,
Ye can not know of the tears I shed.

Ye can not know what a little thing
From Memory's silent fount can bring
The voice and form that were once so dear.
Yet there are hearts, were they only here,
That could feel with me, when all wet with
dew,

I found it this morning—this little shoe.
—*Louisville Journal.*

The Days we went to Sign the Pledge

In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago,
The speakers on the platform
Were seated in a row;
And drunkards told their horrid tales,
Of wretchedness and woe;
In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago.

The thought of long past hapless years
Were present to our mind;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor happiness,
We any where could find;—
When, lo! the Temperance star appeared,
With glory on its brow,
In the days we went to sign the pledge,
A long time ago.

And now we love the social cheer,
Of the bright winter's eve;
We have no cause for sigh or tear;
We have no cause to grieve.
Our wives are clad, our children fed,
We boast where'er we go;
'Twas all because we signed the pledge,
A long time ago.

And Britain long shall bless the time
When our great cause arose,
To crown her with its glorious light,
And crush her daring foes;
And may God bless the Temperance cause
Wherever it shall go;
And keep us to the pledge we signed,
A long time ago.

Each Mother's Love the Best.

[A friend has put into our hands the following lines from an unknown source. Their intrinsic beauty and merit will commend them to all readers, while the simplicity of the subject and the style will make them specially pleasing to our youthful readers. The moral is told in every stanza.]—
Lutheran Observer (Baltimore.)

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother-sheep say:—
'In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lammie with his nimble feet,

With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white;
O, he is my darling, my heart's delight,
The robin, he

That sings on the tree,
Deerly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my one little lambkin more.'
So the mother sheep, and the little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old grey cat, and her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft. Said she:
'My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things there can be in the
world.'

The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens from morn to night;
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three, for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove.
So the kittens lie under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
And she clucked, and she scratched, and she
bristled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, 'The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine;
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars, if
you please,
But you never wil find ten such chickens as
these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her
lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I
am;
For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with
these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down
on their knees.
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings.'
So the hen said,
And the chickens sped,
As fast as they could to their warm feather
bed;
And there let them lie, on their feather so
warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

Answer to First Enigma in our last.

Let X—the distance travelled the first day
on his journey out; thus:

- X—1, 2nd day's journey.
X—2, 3rd day's journey.
X—3, 4th " "
X—4, the distance travelled the first day of
his journey home.
X—5, 2nd day's journey home.
X—6, 3rd " " "
X—7, 4th " " "
X—8, 5th " " "

Hence X (X—1,) (X—2,) X—3,) (X—4,) (X—5,) (X—6,) (X—7,) (X—8,) collect.

- 4 X—6, 5 X—30, transpose.
4 X—5 X, 30—6, or changing the signs.
4 X—5 X, 30—6, " "

X, 24, distance travelled the first
day. Hence the sum of the journeys of the
four successive days, minus one mile each day
—90 miles distance from Montreal. J. G.

Answer to Scriptural Enigma in Feb-
ruary number of the *Cadet*.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

F. B. S.

[FOR THE CADET.

I am composed of 7 words, and 30 letters.

My 19, 23, 15, 8, 11, is the name of a city re-
paired by king Jotham.

" 17, 21, 29, 30, 21, 18, was a Jewish pro-
phet.

" 21, 2, 21, 26, 27, 3, 25, 27, 26, was a king
of 120 provinces.

" 23, 28, 17, 24, 12 11, was a city built by
Jeroboam.

" 21, 20, 19, 26, was a herdman of Tekoa.

" 4, 21, 29, 13, 25, the Israelites were in want
of at Raphidim.

" 7, 5, 26, 2, was the father of one of the
kings of Israel.

" 1, 21, 6, 2, 20, 19, 17, 5, 1, 16, was one of
David's mighty men

" 10, 28, 26, 1, 27, 26, was a governor of Ju-
dea.

" 25, 15, 19, 9, 16, 26, is an island where
Paul stopped on his journey to Jerusa-
lem.

" 14, 30, 21, 11, 28, is a great fish.

" 18, 21, 15, 27, 20, is a book in the Old Tes-
tament.

" 26, 5, 20, 19, 22, was one of Christ's dis-
ciples.

" 1, 21, 9, 20, 19, 25, was a city built by
Solomon.

" 23, 19, 29, 26, were made by Hiram for
king Solomon.

" 12, 29, 30, 21, 18, was one of the wise men
of Israel.

My whole is a wise saying of Solomon.

A. T. D.

Montreal, Jan. 16. 1854.

The answer will be given in the next num-
ber of the *Advocate*.

FLATTERY.—Flattery, to be successful,
must be always indirect, unless when you
are dealing with a fool. Flattery, *prima
facie*, is an offence to the understanding,
which persons of any delicacy always re-
sent. It assumes that the shallowness of
your mind is quite as great as the depth of
your vanity, and proposes to deal with you
as Narcissus dealt with himself. In such
cases, while the dish is grateful, one
curses the awkward waiter who serves it
up.