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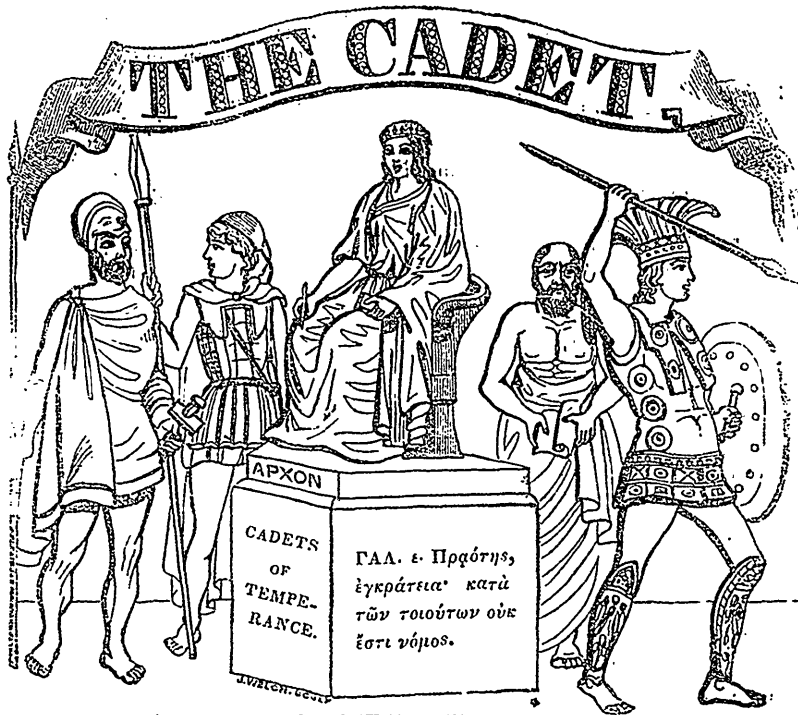
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. N. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1853.

No. 4.

THE HONEST BEGGAR BOY.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, entered the warehouse of a rich merchant, Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked the book-keeper for alms.

"You will get nothing here," grumbled the man, without raising his head from his book: "be off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided towards the door, at the moment that Herr Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked, turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy," was the man's answer; and he scarcely looked up from his work.

In the meanwhile, Herr Richter glanced towards the boy, and remarked that, when close to the door, he picked up something from the ground.

"Ha! my little lad, what is that you picked up?" he cried.

The weeping boy turned, and showed him a needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the answer: "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with this reply, and still more with the boy's innocent, handsome face.

"But are you not ashamed," he said, in a kind though serious tone, "you so young and hearty, to beg? Can you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I do not know how; and I am too little yet to thresh or fell wood. My father died three weeks ago, and my poor mother and little brothers have eaten nothing these two days. Then I ran out in anguish and begged for alms; but, alas! a single peasant only gave me yesterday a piece of bread; since then, I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by trade to contrive tales like this; and this hardens many a heart against the claims of genuine want. But this time the merchant trusted the boy's honest face. He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a piece of money, and said,—

"There is half a dollar: go to the baker's, and with half the money buy bread for yourself, your mother, and your brothers; but bring back the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joyfully away.

"Well," said the surly book-keeper, "he will laugh in his sleeve, and never come back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter. And, as he spoke, he beheld the boy returning, running quickly, with a large loaf of black bread in one hand, and some money in the other.

"There, good sir!" he cried, almost breathless; "there is the rest of the money."

"Then, being very hungry, he begged at once for a knife to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-keeper reached him in silence his pocket-knife.

The lad cut off a slice in great haste, and was about to take a bite of it. But suddenly he bethought himself, laid the bread aside, and folding his hands, rehearsed a silent prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a hearty appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's unaffected piety. He inquired after his family and home, and learned from his simple narrative that his father had lived in a village, about four miles distant from Dantzic, where he owned a small house and farm; but his house had been burnt to the ground, and much sickness in his family had compelled him to sell his farm. He had then hired himself out to a rich neighbor; but before three weeks were at an end, he died, broken down by grief and excessive toil. And now, his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was, with her four children suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck into the high road, and at last, having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and the boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my son?" he began: "have you really a wish to learn?"

"O, yes; I have indeed!" cried the boy: "I have read the Catechism already; and I should know a good deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution. "Well, then," he said, "if you are good, and honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat, and drink, and clothing, and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly, "My mother all the while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as it sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. This man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time, Herr Richter directed his book-keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plans which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city; then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room to educate him for business. Here, as well as there, at the writing-desk as on the school-bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth, it is true, but, by the aid of the noble Richter, and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb in the world except his benefactor. Out of love to him he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence he had gained about a hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax, which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness; and the business prospered so well that, in the third year of his clerkship, Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked in linen goods; and the two combined made him, in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period, Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of the book-keeper, who died about this time; and three years afterwards he was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love or gratitude could suggest, Gottlieb now did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hands of his only daughter, a sweet girl of only two-and-twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships, employed in navigating the Baltic and North seas, and the care of Providence seemed especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner; for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection, until, in her two-and-seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest son of each of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs. But in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, of honest industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."—Psalm xxxvii. 37.—*From the German.*

A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and, at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "you may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

The Broken Parasol.

Caroline was a little German girl, of a giddy and wayward character, but very good-natured. Her mother was often obliged to punish her; and of this punishment she was greatly afraid. She liked very much to go to school; for she had a good school-master, who often talked to her about Jesus. One day he read about the woman of Canaan, and the wonderful manner in which her prayers were answered, and Caroline and her schoolfellows were advised to go to Christ with all their little troubles.

"But do you think, sir, that he will fulfil our desires as readily as he did those of this poor woman?"

"Certainly," said the good old man; "if you pray from your heart, and according to his will, he will hear you, and you will soon see that you have not prayed in vain."

O! how glad was Caroline when she knew she might go to Jesus with all her little troubles! She thought she should not be punished any more; for she would always pray to him to help her when she had mislaid her book, or lost her money, or torn her things.

Now Caroline had a friend who was very fond of her, and made her little presents, which Caroline was proud to show to her schoolfellows; but through her carelessness they were often spoiled. Just about this time she received a very pretty parasol, and she wanted to take it to school to show it to the girls; but her mother thought she had better wait till she was older and more careful. Caroline, however, was so pressing, that her mother allowed her to take a short walk with it, in company with one of her little friends, telling her at the same time that she should punish her if any accident befel it.

Away went Caroline with her friend. At first she was very cautious how she handled it: but soon she became as careless as usual. By the edge of the road was a small snake, and to get out of the way she ran up a bank, and fell down; she did not hurt herself, but the pretty parasol with the ivory handle was broken, to the great terror of the little girl. At first she thought of her poor mother, and then of the punishment she would certainly have; but like a sunbeam the idea came into her mind that God would help her if she prayed very earnestly. The only way in which she expected this help was to have her parasol mended; so Caro-

line said to herself, "I will kneel down in a corner of the garden, and tell God all my trouble."

She prayed from her heart many times, and then went to the spot where she had left the parasol, to see if it was mended; but, ah! there it was, broken as before. She thought she could not have prayed long enough, and so she returned a second and third time; but still the parasol was not mended, and she was obliged, with a sad and heavy heart, to go home.

Once more, however, in a corner of the passage, before she entered the sitting-room, where she could not be seen, she stood still, and said, "O Lord, do help me!" Her mother soon saw, by her swollen eyes and sorrowful countenance, that something was wrong.

"Has anything happened to you?" asked her mother.

"Yes, dear mother," the poor girl replied, "my parasol is broken. O do not punish me very, very much, for I have been praying to God to mend it, as my schoolmaster said; but though he has not mended it yet, I think he will do it by and by."

To the little girl's great surprise, and for the first time in her life on such an occasion, her mother was not at all angry. She said not a word about punishment; but, on the contrary, she took the sobbing child in her arms, kissed her, and gave her her supper.

Now little Caroline saw how simple she was to think that God could only remove her trouble by mending the parasol, and she felt in her heart that the good old man was quite right when he said, that though our Saviour no longer lives amongst us, and speaks to us, yet he never ceases to watch over those who put their trust in his power and grace. If he does not answer our prayers just in the way we wish, he will do it in a much better way. Caroline has now grown up; but from that time she has always prayed to God in her perplexities, and has never been disappointed.—*Youth's Companion*.

Temperance.

BY PELEG PORTER.

Few of the virtues have received the glowing eulogiums that have been accorded to temperance; and yet, decorated in chaste and virtuous imagery, she has comparatively few practical votaries.

All men love to descant on the beauties—the blessedness of temperance, but few ob-

serve the golden means where only that virtue resides. There is an extreme vein in human nature that pushes it beyond ordinary bounds. And it makes little difference which way it goes; the blessed virtue lies on neither side. A person may refrain entirely from a needful aliment, and be nearly equally gratified as when running to wild excess. The mind, then, prides itself on a measure of superfluous virtue that compensates for any uneasiness growing out of physical restraint.

But like the peasant's blind nag, in avoiding the slough on one side the road, he has tumbled down the precipice on the other. This is a universal tendency of human nature. We find it among the rich and the poor; the educated and illiterate varieties in our social position make no perceptible difference in the result. Human nature maintains its identity—appetite is the same appetite, whether clothed in the homespun of the peasant, or attired in the fine linen of the opulent. Johnson, the sage, the scholar, has an appetite every whit as gross and ungovernable as the rude servant boy that goes of his errands.

Letters and study may correct some of the irregularities of the mind, but possess not the might to conquer appetite. That achievement requires weapons of a keener edge. Like the Hydra, it clings to life, and submits only to celestial arms. Lop off the monster's limbs, and they are re-produced; thrust him to the heart and he revives.

Not that we are constituted alike. Some are of an ethereal, gauze-like structure; others gross and earthly. But neither feeds on air. Both are prone to intemperance in their own way and after their own method. The one may possess a finer relish, senses more delicate, and may have more self-government, but he even is not exempt from the frailties of nature. His sins may be less disgusting, and yet not less heinous.

Paul, in discoursing before the Roman Governor, very properly gave a prominence in his discourse to Temperance, since it is the great centre of physical felicity, as righteousness is of spiritual.

Intemperance, in its varied forms, is the bitter root from which spring half the woes of society. Go where you will, in civilized or savage life, and you find a tendency to recede, to the right or left, from the medial and even path of Temperance. Here they run to a wild excess of riot and debauchery; there, the impulses of sinful

nature checked, they blindly rush to the opposite extreme.

And these disorders are infectious, so that in one nation or age, the fashion runs riot; in another, taking a new cue, all men turn monks or stylites. But after all his pains and flagellations, man fails to whip all the animal out of himself. We talk of following nature; but disordered nature has no law to follow. In this state temperance is not natural to man. He may shift from one thing to another, and thus persuade himself that he is temperate. And these tergiversations are often ludicrous in the extreme. He breaks off his drams, and at the same time guzzles at the cider cask, or whiffs the tobacco leaf, and declaims bravely in praise of temperance. Or, discarding all these, he buries himself, soul and body into the luxuries of a richly laden table, or reposes upon a bed of down. He stops not to think that he has simply turned the libidinous and earthly tendencies of his mind into new channels. He has assumed a new garb, but the same rotten heart is concealed under it, and is pouring out its corruptions on the world.

The sin of intemperance is peculiarly dangerous from the enticements to its commission, and from its concomitants. It drags a multitude of others equally hateful in its train. Not only are the kindred ones of the flesh inseparably linked to it, but by blunting the moral sense, darkness and uncertainty are spread over the whole field of moral duty. It stirs the passions, sours the spirit, and turns man into a fiend. Surely, he who has surrendered himself to habits of intemperance, is not far from the mouth of hell, and his only hope lies in stopping both his ears, and fleeing for life. The fatal arrow already pierces his heart, and only an earnest grasp can arrest its course. In his case there is a degree of hope, but it is a forlorn hope,—we ever feel that his feet are fast sliding down into the bottomless pit. The way is steep and slippery, and exceedingly dangerous; but behold! an arm is reached down from Heaven to assist you. Seize on that help and live. It is your best, your last, only hope.—*Herald and Journal*.

A Curious and Beautiful Experiment.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* speaks of a beautiful and curious experiment, through the instrumentality of electricity, which

the editors have seen, of lighting gas with the tip of the finger :

"This experiment may be easily performed, and has been by Mr. James Swain, of this city, repeatedly, in connection with the beltings of the engine and shaftings of the Philadelphia Ledger press room; and it is far more astonishing than the spirit rappings, which are setting so many people crazy. Friction, it is well known, will produce electricity in certain substances, and the friction of a gutta percha or common leather working belt upon the fly-wheel or pulleys of a steam-engine and shafting produces it in considerable quantities. If a person will insulate himself, by standing upon a board fixed upon glass insulators—common porter bottles would answer—and hold an iron bar or a number of iron spikes in his hand, he may, by extending the opposite hand to a gas-burner, light it with the tip of his finger as easily as with a match. He will feel a sensible shock pass through him, a pricking sensation in his finger joints, and see a brilliant spark pass off with a cracking sound to the gas-burner. The electric fluid will pass through several persons joining hands, the same as with an electric battery, and the last may fire a burner. We have heard that the same thing may be done by rubbing the feet rapidly upon green baize, so as to charge the body with electricity, but cannot answer for its practicability. The experiment with the belts we have both seen and performed. Any manufactory in the city where gas is burned may be lighted by the workmen in this manner, and the experiment is worth trying, as a singular and beautiful effect of a principle which man is destined to make yet more subservient to his uses."

Niagara Falls.

BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

Let us stand by Niagara, and while we mark—

"How the giant element,
From rock to rock leaps with delicious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downwards worn and rent,
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent."

to the torrent, we may trace many of the changes produced in our own and past ages by the agency of water, and also many which depend on the alternate rise and fall of continents. The cataract and its channel are a chronometer on whose dial we may read in rude but unerring lan-

guage, the lapse of geologic ages—periods so vast that the mind can hardly grasp them; yet nothing when compared with the eternity which went before, whose monuments are still visibly before us. It is only in astronomy that we find distances of space, which may be compared to the distances of time recorded by geology. The features of the country about the Falls are so well known that we need not describe them minutely. The extensive plateau, in depressions of which the upper great lakes are situated, descends very gradually from Lake Superior to Erie, which is 334 feet above Ontario, and this descent is made in a great part within a single mile at the rapids and falls of Niagara. The plateau itself terminates abruptly at the escarpment 250 feet high, called Queenston heights, and from its base the plain descends imperceptibly 120 feet to Ontario, seven miles distant. The rocks across which the river flows belong to the Silurian system. They are nearly horizontal, having a dip to the south of only 25 feet in a mile. Beginning at Lake Erie, they are named by the New York geologists, Helderberg limestone, Onondago salt group, and Niagara limestone, of which the last is the earliest formed, and oldest. Where it issues from lake Erie, the river is calm and interspersed with beautiful islands, which character it maintains for fifteen miles, with a fall of only as many feet. Then come the rapids with a descent of fifty feet in a mile, after which the torrent plunges abruptly 165 feet into the foaming abyss. The fall is divided into two; the American 600 feet wide, and the Horse-shoe nearly one-third of a mile across, which are separated by an island not much narrower than the last. Seven miles below, the river pursues its impetuous way through a chasm whose walls rise about 300 feet, and which are from 200 to 400 feet apart; it emerges from a ravine at Queenston and quietly loses itself in the waters of Ontario. We shall not attempt to describe the mingled grandeur and beauty of Niagara, nor the emotions to which it gave rise. The only description that we have ever seen which approaches towards satisfying the mind, is Byron's description of the fall at Velino, from which we have already quoted. The geologist, however, has something more to say than the mere traveller; let us hear the past and future history of this mighty cataract. It is perfectly obvious that the falls have not always presented the appearance they now have, nor always oc-

cupied the same position. They are receding southward by destroying the rocks at the rate estimated by Mr. Hall and Sir Charles Lyell, of one foot annually. Father Hennepin, a Jesuit missionary, saw it in 1678, and has given a plate and description of this "vast and prodigious cascade of water." His plate represents Horse-shoe fall as straight, and a third fall obliquely across it, produced by an angle of Table Rock. Kalm, the pupil of Linnæus, saw and described it 72 years afterward, at which time the third fall had disappeared, and the Horse-shoe had assumed much more of its present appearance. And these are all the historical data we have, for fifty years ago the country was still in the possession of the Indians.—In the absence of all other evidence, however, a cursory examination of the ravine cannot fail to convince the observer that the river has been adequate to excavate the seven miles from Queenston to the Falls, if time enough were allowed.

If the present rates were uniform, Lyell estimates it at 35,000 years, a trifling period in the geological chronology. The rate of recession cannot have been uniform, but varied according as one or another rock presented itself at the base of the cataract. At the whirlpool, the falls must have been stationary for several ages. Lyell has also traced the parallel banks, cut through the ancient drift that overlies the district which formerly confined the river. It cannot be doubted, then, that thousands of years ago, the Niagara poured its waters over a height of about 240 feet, not as they would now upon the lovely valley of the Ontario, but into the waters of an ocean whose waves dashed and mingled with the waters of the headlong fall. The work of excavation began, and, as the rocks indicate, the upper layers wore away much faster than those below, so that the cataract divided into two, and afterwards into three, each steadily wearing its way back with unequalled speed, until they met once more at the whirlpool, and thence, with their united force, worked their way to the south, constantly losing in grandeur what they gained in place. They will not halt at their present station, but retreat slowly and surely about two miles further where they will stop for an unknown period, and probably for ever, since at this the hard limestone will form both base and top of the falls, and thus stop the rapid destruction of the rock. Some have thought that they would finally reach Lake Erie, and that then the lake would be complete-

ly drained. Such an event is impossible. At the point already mentioned, the torrent will gradually wear away the surface of the limestone forming a rapid, and henceforth Niagara will be one of the lost wonders of the world. Other changes have befallen this region extending over the continent, and though periods vastly longer than that required for cutting the gorge of the Niagara. From the rock we may gather a history which we may well call ancient. As has been already indicated, the whole continent was once formed beneath the ocean; by secular refrigeration, the plateau of the great lakes was elevated, and then at Niagara, or elsewhere, perhaps, was an outlet to the then northern seas; again it was sunk and its rocks were scoured and polished by ocean currents, and floating icebergs; this was the glacial period; once more the continent rose from the sea, and then, we are sure, that the Niagara began to cut its present channel. Of the length of these periods we know nothing; the rocks only inform us of their order of succession.

The Drunkard's Child.

AIR:—*The Wandering Boy.*

Oh! my clothes are all ragged, and tattered and torn,
I wander about quite unfriendly—forn;
On my shelterless head the bleak winter winds blow,
And my poor naked feet are benumbed in the snow;
No bright blazing fire, with its comforts I see,
Surrounded with faces all shining with glee!—
Ah! no: the cold street now deserted and wild,
Is the only home left for the poor Drunkard's Child.

My mother, she died in the work-house hard by,
And I, her poor orphan, received her last sigh;
For her heart, it was broken with anguish and pain—
And I weep, for I never shall see her again;
My father spent all that he earned, at the inn,
And drink cut him short in the midst of his sin;
His last words were curses—his death-bed was wild—
Oh! Friends of Humanity, pity his child.

I see happy children all smiling and gay,
And I sigh, for I once was as happy as they;
Their light merry laugh falls sad on mine ear—
For, ah! they all shun me when'er I draw near
The smiles leave their faces—they treat me with scorn,
And it makes me regret that I ever was born;
No voice of compassion, so soothing and mild,
Ever cheers the lone heart of the Drunkard's Child.

Oh, still must I wander this wide world alone,
Unfed and unsheltered—disowned and unknown;
'Mong the millions of earth not a friend can I claim
To wipe off my tears and call me my name.
On my cold bed of straw I will lie down and die,
And my prison-freed soul shall ascend up on high;
Where Jesus, with accents of Mercy, so mild,
Shall comfort, for ever, the poor Drunkard's Child.

ROUND.

Blow the trumpet, blow the horn, See the day is coming;
Hark, hark, hark, hark, Hear the bells are ringing;
O'er the fields at break of day.

Rouse the sleep-ers, hail the morn, Hail the glo-ri-ous dawning.
See the hunts - man from his bed is springing.
See him bounding, see him bounding, bounding for a - way.

WHEN V AND I.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

When V and I to - geth-er meet, We make up six in house or street,
Yet I and V may meet once more, And then we two can make but four;
But when that V from I is gone, A - las, poor I can make but one.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, JULY, 1853.

Mapleton; or More Work for the Maine Law.

We bring this book under the notice of our readers with more than ordinary heartiness. We have read it, every word of it, and regretted when "the end" came. Every Son of Temperance—every Cadet—every Daughter—and every body else ought to have "Mapleton," and read it. But, said a thoughtful one, "is it not fictitious?" Yes, just about as much so as Pilgrim's Progress, and quite as much so as Uncle Tom's Cabin. By these an impression is made favorable to religion and liberty—an impression perfectly accordant with Scriptural truth.

For fiction in general we have no great attachment, and deem the time wasted that may be spent in reading it. But to condemn, indiscriminately, all works which have an air of fiction, would be unwise and unjust. We have no hesitation in placing "Mapleton" among the books "that are books," and which, if read and studied, will be attended with good. It is the generous contribution of a rich and affluent mind placed on the altar of reform, and intended to depict the evils of modern legislation in the matter of the liquor traffic, and aid in securing a prohibitory law. The style of our author is easy and pure; and, throughout the book, we are pleased to find a spirit of entire submission to the teachings of the Bible. As to the facts set forth, they are within the bounds of reality; and there have been, and still are, many a Mrs. Douglass, and many a Charles, (her son), struggling and toiling against the horrors of intemperance in others.

There is something fearful foreshadowed in the author's description of a certain night in the early part of the plot:—

"Thick mists hung over the face of the world. The stars shone feebly from the ethereal expanse. Night had gathered all its forces, to resist the onset of coming day. The distant wolves, prowling over nature's untrimmed and boundless domain, where their reign had never been disputed, kept up an incessant howling to make night hideous. The bat was on the wing, and the owl, from his tree-top, gave forth his ominous note. The genius of rapine and murder, ensconced in foul exhalations, awaited its victims: The dense darkness of approaching dawn had brought upon animated nature a deeper sleep, and a profounder insensibility to danger. Charles felt the spell, and lay in the lap of unconsciousness. The infant had ceased its moans, and forgotten its sorrows. The household was all quiet, except the wary publican and his hapless victims, to whom he was dealing out 'liquid fire and distilled damnation.' The ladies, too, still kept vigil, awaiting they knew not what. They could not sleep while the dearest objects of their affection were thus in the hand of the destroyer."

And to the above may be properly added the sketch of the next rising day:—

"Morning, — rosy-fingered, celestial, beautiful, true to its promise of relief for the woes of the night,—came at length, to greet the expectant emigrants, and to invite them from their human den, into the balmy air and sweet light of a new day, to bask in the fragrance and loveliness of nature's fresh and expansive luxuriance. The robin and blue-bird were carolling from their pendant bough, and myriads of dew-drops added lustre and brilliancy to the enchanting scene. The repose without was as profound as if no tempest had raged within, and the dawn appeared not in the habiliments of sorrow for the events of the night, but in all the brilliancy of her jewelled and variegated robes."

We could not make any sufficient extract in our limited space, whereby a

proper idea would be given of the excellence of this contribution to a good cause.

You that can, go, or send to Dawson's, 2 Place D'Armes, and buy the book. Two editions have already been sold in the United States, and we hope the temperance community will call for one whole edition in Canada. Cadets, you will be delighted to follow Charles Douglass in his career, and thence learn what integrity can accomplish.

Love of Life and Good Days.

St. Peter says "He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they may speak no guile." On the duties recommended we are not going to write, but on the love and preservation of life. All our readers desire life and "good days"—days of peace, happiness, and prosperity. They may have them by attending to the laws laid down by the Creator. Many persons are unavoidably the subjects of affliction and suffering, but as a general rule—"The diligent hand maketh rich." "Good days" follow, good works or these constitute the days good.

Cadets and Daughters of Temperance know well that the rules they have adopted are good, and lead to good; but life itself is a good, only as the end of our being is answered, by serving God and loving our neighbour. Nevertheless, there is in us all an instinctive love of life. It has been well remarked by a British contemporary some time ago, that "Notwithstanding the troubles of this world, most men desire to live as long as possible in it. Suitable care can do much to accomplish this. Early rising; many hours every day in the open air; rooms well ventilated by day and by night; plain and nutritious food; a moderate share of exercise, both of mind and body; a diligent and upright attention to business, but without anxiety; a cheerful temper; a calm resignation to the will

of the Supreme Being; and a constant endeavour to do good to our fellow men; will have a wonderful influence in preserving health and prolonging life. Nothing happens to men by chance; but all the good that can be acquired is attached to a wise regulation of their conduct. These are thus connected in Scripture, 'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' In like manner the apostle Peter declares, 'He that would love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.—Let him eschew evil and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it.' How it happens that health and length of life depend so much upon the proper regulation of our conduct, may be understood from the following explanation:—"Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but may be husbanded. With this stock he may live fast or slow, may live extensively or intensely—may draw his little amount over a large space,—or narrow it into a contracted one—but when this stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, drinks pure water, avoids all inflammatory diseases, exercises sufficiently, but not too laboriously, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds no exciting material, pursues no debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious and protracted study, preserves an easy mind, and thus husbands his quantum of vitality, will live considerably longer than he otherwise would do, because he lives intensely who beverages himself on liquors and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory diseases or causes that produce them, labors beyond his strength, invites exciting passions, lives on stimulating and highly seasoned food, is always debilitated by his pleasures, and must exhaust that vitality which keeps him alive."

One of the ablest philosophers of the United States, Professor Silliman, has also shewn how closely long life is connected with living according to the laws of our nature. In a lecture delivered by him at Washington, he says, 'If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, quiet nerves, and long life, and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance

lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

Albert and Conrad.

We met with a little sketch some time ago, illustrating the folly of selfishness and self-will. We thought at the time that it might be useful to our young readers, for it not only shows the evil of self-will, but the benefit of bodily exercise, and useful employment. Young reader, if you have been thinking that there is a good deal of pleasure in having your own way, just read this, which might be described as no fiction:—

"There is no joy in life, but in doing just what one pleases," said Conrad. "I don't think so," was the wise answer of his friend Albert. "We shall see," said Conrad. "Now, here is a bitter cold morning; so, as I do not like to be cold, I shall not stir out of the house, but have a fine roaring fire all day, and some clever, witty book to amuse me." Saying this, Conrad slipped on a loose, but warm dressing-gown, poked up the fire, and hung his hat and stick upon the peg behind him. "No cold walking in the mire, no plague of dressing for me! Here I am snug, and sure of being well and free from aches and ailments." Albert laughed to see him so selfish and so foolish, and left him. Young Albert was active, and willing to serve and oblige; so, when he left his churlish friend, he walked to see his sick uncle, and to carry him some game he had killed very early in the morning. His uncle was much cheered by this visit and his chat; and whilst he was with him, he wrote some letters, and did many other little things for his uncle.—They dined upon the game, and his uncle said the pheasant Albert brought was the first meat he had tasted for a long time. After dinner, Albert, leaving his uncle better for his visit, went to his father's farm to give some orders, and took home

good accounts of all that was going on there. He then went into his own chamber, and had two hours of close reading of a book his father wished him to study.—By this time tea was ready; and his mother and the little ones were always glad when Albert joined the tea-table, he was so merry, and so handy, and so funny.—When tea was over, he took a lesson upon the flute, and, with the help of his master, they had some good music. At nine at night, Albert jumped up and said, "I will just run down the street and peep at my happy friend Conrad." When he reached the room his door was locked; so he peeped in at the key-hole, and there he saw the happy Conrad in a fit of rage and shame. His book had been dashed on the floor, and there it lay; a cup and a bottle of physic stood on the table near him, and he was holding his head, as if it ached very much. The servant said Conrad had been cold all day for want of exercise, and he had been sick for want of air. "Poor fellow!" cried Albert. "So much for the joys of the selfish and the idle."

To Correspondents and Agents.

Cecilia is received, and her manuscript will be examined in due time.

J. J. E. L., Stratford, has our warmest thanks for his exertions for the *Advocate* and *Cadet*—and that little friend of his, Master A. S. Smider, whom he calls "my bud." Long may he live "a little smart, intelligent, active little fellow." Well just so, we think of him, for he has got the greater part of 20 subscribers for the *Cadet*. Boys and girls—go and do likewise.

To more than one correspondent we say, do not write business and articles for insertion on the same piece of paper. Don't mix up notices of Temperance Meetings with names of subscribers and money matters. Our financial and editorial business must be kept distinct. To the business part sign your name, to the literary part do the same; if you do not wish the name published, then affix the name you wish to assume. It will save us a good deal of time and trouble if correspondents will attend to this.

Inquirer. We have on hand a few of the first numbers of the current volume, and you can send the list without delay.

H. Pilson, Bytown, answers the puzzle in our March No. He says the woman's age was 15; the man's 45.

The puzzle about the Cistern has appeared elsewhere, and might not be considered sufficiently important to be published again.

The *National Magazine* for July is already on our table, sent by E. Pickup, Agent for Canada. Its contents are exceedingly valuable, and we wish all our young friends could have an opportunity of reading its many good articles. Parents, order the *National* for your families; you will never regret doing so.

Correspondence.

Triumphs of Temperance.

The Manningville Hope Division of the Sons of Temperance, was organized on the 16th February, 1853. Our prospects in many points were discouraging. Alcohol occupied the throne in this community, and those who were not his immediate subjects, were either his allies or silenced under his influence. His officers and agents appointed by government, were stationed at every corner, and many an unwary youth enticed into his apartments. Abused partners—neglected children—empty purses, and presumptuous wickedness might be witnessed every day. Such was the state of things when our Order set themselves in array against this Evil Monarch. Our Institution had not been in existence but a few weeks, when King Alcohol was dethroned, and turned out into the streets. He soon hid his ugly face and stinking breath under the earth, we trust never to see a resurrection day. His agents, alarmed and agitated, sought a shelter under the fostering wing of our Order. After taking a hearty draught from the crystal fount, and receiving a few faithful admonitions from our W.P., they came to their right mind, and are men. Our numbers have increased, until we are a powerful body in the community; and we are

resolved never to lay down the weapons of our warfare, until the last remnant of our enemy is completely destroyed.

Why could not every community enjoy the advantages of a similar institution? Were this the case, we should not have professed ministers of Christ using the brandy bottle; and we should soon see the Maine Liquor Law triumphant throughout Canada.

H. LANCASHIRE.

Elginville Section, No. 175, C. of T.

From the Worthy Patron of the above Section, we have received the following statement:—

The Section in this place is in a fine prospering condition; it was instituted in February, and now numbers about thirty members. It is under the direction of Elginville Division, S. of T., which is the best Division in the County, and numbers about one hundred and twenty members, chiefly of the yeomen of the County; many of them are men of age, whose heads have grown grey in our cause. But their zeal has not declined with their physical powers, and they are still looked up to as patterns for temperance and sobriety, by our neighbouring Divisions. Some of them have been subscribers to your excellent journal, *The Canada Temperance Advocate*, for many years, and they now say that they would miss any company sooner than they would the presence of that journal.

They are very anxious to rear up the rising generation in the paths of Temperance, and therefore, they take much interest in our new Section, and are determined not to let it run down through their neglect.

Most of us like your little journal, *The Cadet*, very much; we are certain it will assist in instilling right principles into the minds of its juvenile readers; I have no doubt but that I will be able to get a much larger number of subscribers as soon as the Cadets get acquainted with the work. I would like a few more specimen numbers, if you have them to spare.

Hoping you "God speed" in your noble and philanthropic enterprise,

I remain, &c. &c.,

THOMAS W. CASEY,

Worthy Patron.



A Drunkard's Family.

How grateful ought those children to be who have pious and godly parents, who take care not only to see them well fed, well clothed, and well housed, but also to lead them up to sober, industrious, and godly habits. Yet many children of such parents neglect the instructions which they receive, and choose their own foolish and sinful ways before the paths in which their parents wish them to walk. We may justly fear that such children will see cause to repent of their choice when it is too late. But how sad is the lot of those children whose parents are neither godly nor sober, but drunken and profane! See these two poor children in the picture. It is a cold winter day. The trees, instead of being adorned with rustling leaves, are laden with pure snow, and you see the little footsteps of the children in the snow upon the ground. But how are the children prepared to meet the cold blast and the nipping frost? They are barefooted, you see, or nearly so. Their clothes are thin and ragged, and they have had no warm porridge or tea to make up for the want of warm clothes. But cold, and shivering, and hungry, they are setting out to ask for charity, to beg a morsel of bread. If you go and ask them why they are out begging on such a cold day, they will tell you perhaps that their father and mother are dead, or are ill, and that they have no fire or food at home to make them comfortable, and therefore they are obliged to go abroad and ask for charity. Perhaps their story is true, but it is just as likely to be false; and if you visit the lodgings where they say, you will likely find that the true cause of the beggary of these children is, that their parents are drunkards, and whatever the children can obtain by begging, the parents turn into drink. Yes, and if they

do not bring home enough, their parents will beat them most cruelly. They are often to be seen out at near midnight, asking halfpennies from gentlemen, and afraid to go home lest they should be beat, because they have not enough. It is seldom that the father works. When he does work, he spends his wages at the public-house, instead of bringing them home to buy food and clothes for his family, and to pay for schooling to his children. Or perhaps the father is not so bad; it is the mother. She has pawned all the furniture and decent clothes of her husband and the children, as well as her own, in order to get drink. The wise man says that a good mother 'is not afraid of the snow for her household'; but a mother who drinks does not care for their comfort,—she is 'without natural affection.' Though the father of the family could not make very big wages, yet if the parents were sober, and if the mother were thrifty and frugal, all might be happy. The children would never want their dinner, and they would be sent to school, and would always be kept clean and tidy; for though they could not always be getting new clothes, yet would

'Their mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gar auld claes look amais at weel's the new.'

What we wish all, both men and children, to know, then, is this, that it is whisky that makes so many children beggars, and that much of the money given by kind persons to poor children, as well as what the parents get from the parish, goes into the drawer of the spirit-dealer. And here is what we want boys and girls to do. If your parents are drunkards, try and get them to the teetotal meeting with you, and to join with you; or if you cannot manage this, get one of the gentlemen from the meeting to go and see them, and perhaps he will manage to get them to join.

If your parents just drink a little, ask them if it is true what teetotalers say, that a great many who become drunkards when they are big, learn their first lesson from their father and mother just taking and giving them a little now and then. But if your parents are staunch teetotalers, then thank God for it, and resolve to be like them in this respect, and to do all that you can to put a stop to the foul intemperance that you see around you.

Fathers, brothers, sisters, come—
Help to banish from your home,
And from earth, the deadliest foe
That assails our peace below.

The Grog-Seller's Dream.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

The grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head and higher;
Watching the smoke as he curled it out
That in spiral columns fled about,
Velling his face with its fleecy flood,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled;
While a doleful scent and a dismal gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

To their drunken slumbers one by one,
Foolish and fuddled his friends had gone
To wake in the morn to the drunkard's name,
With a bloodshot eye and a whirling brain;
Drowsily rang the watchman's cry,
"Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky."
Yet the host sat watchful still, and shook
His head and winked with a knowing look.

And he winked again with a knowing look
As from his cigar the ashes shook;
He! he! the hunkers are in my net,
I have them safe and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown, what a jolly dog is he!
He swells the way I like to see;
Let him go on at this same rate,
And his farm is mine as true as fate.

Ho! ho! said he, with a chuckling tone,
I know the way the thing is done;
Twice five are ten, and another V,
Two-ones, two twos and a ragged three,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob;
He! he! it is rather a good night's job;
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them—the cash is mine.

I have a mortgage now on Tompkin's lot,
What a fool he was for becoming a sot;
But 'tis lucky for me, for in a month or so,
I shall foreclose, and the scamp must go.
Zounds! won't his wife have a taking on,
When she hears that her house and lot are
gone?

How she will blubber, and sob and sigh,
But business is business, and what care I?

And Gilson has murdered his child, they say,
He was drunk as a fool but yesterday;
And I gave him a hint, and went to fill
His jug, but the brute would have his will!
And the folks blame me, oh bless their gizzards,
If I didn't sell he would go to Izzard's;
I have a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where cash may be made.

If men get drunk to go home to turn
Their wives out of doors, 'tis their own concern;

But I hate to have women come to me
With their toodle dum and their toodle dee,
With their swoollen eyes and haggard looks,
And speeches learned from temperance books;
With their pale, lean children, the whimpering
tools,
Why can't they go to the public schools?

Let the huzzies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs;
I will never turn a fellow away,
Who is willing to buy, and able to pay;
For business is business, he! he! he! ho!
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling
glee;
Many a lark I have caught in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet.

He, he, he! 'twas an echoed sound,
Amazed, the grog-seller looked around;
This side and that, through the smoke peered
he,
But nought save the chairs could the grog-
seller see.

He, he, ho ho! with a guttural note
It seemed to come from an iron throat,
And his knees they shook while his hair 'gan
to rise,
And he opened his mouth and strained his
eyes;

And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form, with an aspect grim!
From his grizzly head, through his snaky hair
Sprouted of hard, rough horns a pair;
And redly his shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous smoke did his small eyes
glow;
And his lips curled with a sinister smile
And smoke belched forth from his mouth the
while.

In his hand he bore (if a hand it was
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's
claws.)

A three tined fork, and its prongs so dull,
Through the sockets were thrust a grinning
skull.

Like a sceptre he waved it to and fro,
As he softly chuckled he he, ho ho,
And all the while were his eyes that burned
Like sulphurous smoke on the grog-seller
turned.

And how did he feel beneath that look?
How his jaw fell down and he shivered and shook.

And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As if an ague fit had hold of him!
And his eyes to the monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood;
And the fiend laughed out ho ho, ho he,
And whisked his tail in his quiet glide.

"Why, what do you fear, my friend," he said,
And nodded his horns of his grizzly head;
"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well.
In a very warm country that men call hell
I hold my court, and am glad to say
I've not a more faithful servant in pay
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil,
Mayhap you don't know me; I'm called the devil."

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan,
Up started instantly that horror-struck man;
And he turned up the white of his goggle-eyes
With a look of half terror and half surprise;
And his tongue was loosed, but his words
were few,

"The devil you don't!"—"yes, faith I do,"
Interrupted old Nick, "and here's the proof,
Just twig my tail, my hands and my hoof."

"Having come from a warmer country below,
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,
And the night being somewhat chill, I should think

You might ask an old covey to take a drink!
Now let it be warm, the clear pure stuff,
Sweetened with brimstone—a quart is enough;
Stir up the mess in an iron cup,
And heat by the fire till it bubbles up."

As the devil bade so grog-seller did
Filling a flagon with gin to the lid;
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his chest he bore.
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh;
But few and faint were the smiles, I ween,
That on the grog-seller's face were seen.

For a mortal fear was on him then,
And he deemed the ways of living men
He would tread no more—that his hour had come,

And his master, too, to call him home.
His thoughts went back to the darkened past,
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast;
And gliding before him pale and dim,
Were jibbering fiends and spectres grim.

"Ho, ho!" said Nick, "'tis a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who's been for years in your employ;
Running about like an errand boy;
But we'll not fall out, for I plainly see
You're rather afraid—'tis strange, of me,

Do you think I have come for you? never fear,
You can't be spared for a long time here."

"There are hearts to break and souls to win,
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin;
There are homes to be rendered desolate,
There is trusting love to be turned to hate;
There are hundreds whom murder must crimson red,
There are hopes to be crushed, there is blight to be spread
Over the young, the pure and fair,
Till their lives are crushed with the fiend despair."

This is the work you have done so well,
Cursing the earth and peopling hell;
Quenching the light of the inner shrine
Of the human soul till you make it mine;
Want and sorrow, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee,
Around the spirits you have marked for me."

Oh selling of grog is a good device,
To make a hell a Paradise;
Wherever may roll the gory flood,
'Tis swollen with tears and stained with blood;

And the voice that was heard before in prayer:
With its muttered curses stirs the air;
While the hand that shieldeth the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill.

"Hold on your course, you are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God your cup;
And the fiends exult in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human woe.
Long will it be, if I have my way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day,
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival in mischief the devil himself."

No more said the fiend, for clear and high
Rung out on the air the watchman's cry;
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream
The grog-seller woke, it was all a dream.
His grizzly guest with his horns had flown,
The lamp was out and the fire had gone;
And sad and silent his bed he sought,
And long on the wonderful vision thought!

Hints to Little Folks.

When your parents tell you to do anything, do not whimper, and say you "don't want to," or "you will in a minute," but do it immediately and cheerfully; for when your dear parents are laid in the grave, the recollection of your disobedience will reproach you.

When your parents dress you nicely on Sabbath and bid you go to Sabbath School,

do not run away and play, for one day a mother's voice will chide you from the cold gloom of the tomb!

Don't fret and murmur when you are sent to school, but look around you at the many little boys and girls who are forced to beg, or work for their living, and believe that you possess peculiar advantages, and that they must be improved.

When your parents reprove you, do not reply with impudence or in anger, but know that it is for your good, and that some day the gentle hand that now seeks to guide your little steps aright, will be stiff 'neath the valley's sod.

If you are told to keep out of the street or to relinquish the company of an associate, do not think it hard, but believe that you possess no more stability than thousands who have been led away, and that in an evil hour you may forsake the path of rectitude, and be hurled away in the stream of destruction.

Avoid bad Habits.—Do not think it manly to drink, smoke or chew,—that is a mistaken idea; they only indicate bad family government, or a fckle, unstable disposition. All the crimes and vices which degrade society, may be safely attributed to the above habits.

Be kind to one another.—There is nothing that reproaches one so bitterly, as an unkind word spoken in a moment of passion. When your little sister lies cold in death, the little causes of displeasure which you have given her, will cluster around your heart and wring many a bitter tear. In your journey through life, there will be nothing so grateful to your thoughts, as the pleasing conviction of your obedience to your parents while they lived. Oh! obey them then, little friends, while they are yet with you; think that you can never do enough for them. We have been an orphan for nearly twelve years, and we have often thought that if our parents could once more be restored to us, they would never again be pained with our little faults. Oh, trifle not with a mother's heart; there is a stream of affection within a mother's breast, that however ill you may use her, however often you may cause her bitter tears to flow, will ever continue to nourish and protect the wayward fancy, and recal every wish to step aside from a mother's influence.

We have two little friends, named Willie and James respectively, who have a little fault that we wish to mention, in hope that they, as others, may profit by it

—When their mother tells James to do any thing, he invariably inquires, "Why can't Willie do it?" and *vice versa*. This is wrong. Each should endeavor to do the most to please their mother, and not wait for each other.—*Cincinnati Garland.*

(From the Temperance Battery.)

On seeing a Glass of Liquor offered to a Child.

Oh, murderer! spare your tender child,
And offer not the poisonous bowl;
Look, look, upon his infant brow—
Think of his deathless soul!

Art thou a father? Surely not,
Or thou couldst never smile,
To see him take the tempting glass,
And madly quaff the while.

Oh! spare him for his parents' sake—
Perchance an only idol boy;
Perhaps a widowed mother's hope—
Would you *her* hope destroy?

Rouse! fathers, mothers, of our land!
Come forth and lend your aid,
If you have hearts of flesh to feel—
Your sons may be betrayed.

Look on that youthful form and face!
Have you a child beloved?
An *only son*, your bosom's pride—
Can you remain unmoved?

Oh! better far to follow him
To the cold, silent grave;
And o'er his tender, lovely form,
See the dark willows wave—

Than thus to know his youthful feet
Have learned the way to hell;
To see him shameless take the cup,
And drain it but too well.

March 9, 1853.

VIOLA.

Answer to the Puzzle in our May Number.

1	Great-grand mother	1
3	Grand mothers, one of whom was also great-grand mother	2
5	Mothers, three of whom were also grand-mothers	2
8	Children, four of whom were also mothers	4
5	Grand-children, all of whom were also children	0
3	Great-grand children, all of whom were also children	0
		—
	Leaving	9