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# The Weekly Visitor.



DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF THE DIFFERENT TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

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For the Weekly Visitor.

## RURAL PLEASURES—A FRAGMENT.

BY M. L. SEATON.

How still the evening of this summer's day,  
 When rural labours hushed, and insects, 'mong the  
 hay,

Chirp their farewell notes to the setting sun,  
 That floods in golden hues the distant horizon.  
 Light, purple clouds, are wafted o'er the sky,  
 And melt in blue of verdurous purity;  
 The swallows, crows, are on their homeward flight,  
 But hoppers, both 'o' the sides of light  
 The ploughboy lingers on his way 't admire,  
 The radiant splendours of that orb of fire;  
 He turns, and rapturously gazes on the scene,  
 And thinks, that ne'er before, he had such glory  
 seen.

Up to his sunburnt brow he raised his hand, and  
 alighed

"Oh! Heavenly Father, Thee I thank," he  
 cried,

"That those who die, and are forgiven,  
 Are taken home to dwell in heaven;  
 To join that bright, celestial band,  
 That Thou has set on Thy right hand,  
 Oh! help me Lord, to sing thy praise,  
 And chant with love my simple lays!"

He stopped, and then with trembling voice began  
 A simple hymn, that somewhat thus ran:

"There is a land where our fathers have gone,  
 A land of spirits bright;  
 Where parents and children all join in the song  
 And praise him day and night,  
 And praise him day and night,  
 With a crown upon their brow,

And angels had chorists bright,  
 Always keep them company now."

His voice is hushed; the sun has sunk to rest;  
 Humbly his head sinks on his beating breast;  
 "Father," he murmurs, as he wends his way,  
 "I thank Thee, Thou hast taught me how to pray."

....A farmer, wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N. B.—Capes, victorias, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

SELECTED.

## THE HEAD-ACHE AND THE HEART-ACHE.

"Don't, dear Jane; don't tempt me; I don't need it; I shall be right again soon; it is nothing but the heat and worry of to-day—a night's sleep will be the best cordial."

"But I am sure it would relieve you directly; I never felt anything do me so much good before as a glass of this ale has; you have been up ever since five this morning, and it is one of your old nervous attacks coming on—I know it is; do have a glass as medicine you know, just to please me."

I was visiting an old school-fellow, who had purchased a snug practice in one of the loveliest villages in the south of England. The day had been sultry; my friend was gone, in obedience to a hasty summons, to visit a sick child, and I had strolled out to enjoy the coolness of the evening. The principal public-house stood at the entrance to the village, and certainly looked inviting. A soft green tuft spread from the door over some acres of land, designated a common, but which, unlike commons generally, was adorned with a number of stately old oak trees. Two of these shaded the front of the "Anchor," and on rustic seats beneath them were seated the speakers in the foregoing conversation. I looked at them; both were young, both good looking, the woman particularly so, with a rather remarkable cast of countenance—it had so much decision and energy in every feature. There was nothing particular in the man; but, turning to look again at her, I saw him

raise the glass to his lips. "Ah!" thought I "conquered, of course; that face is accustomed to victory." At the supper table that evening, I told what I had heard and seen in my ramble. My friend was a staunch advocate of total abstinence, and had often urged me in vain to give up, "for example's sake," the very moderate potations in which I indulged; he now remarked, "She will report that, ten to one. When I think of the misery I so often witness brought on solely by drinking, it astonishes me that women generally do not shudder at the idea of the men connected with them drinking at all; yet the reverse is the case, as in this instance, they are too often the tempters." No more was said on the subject, and in a few days I left for my own home.

Three years rolled away before I again saw the green lanes of Leaside. When his duties permitted, my friend accompanied me in my rambles. One evening we had walked several miles into an adjoining hamlet, when he suddenly said, "If you have no objection, I should like to call on a patient of mine." I assented, and he turned to a row of very small cottages and knocked at one. A faint voice said "Come in," and we entered. A woman, far gone in consumption, sat in an old arm chair, and, resting his head in her lap, was a pretty child about three years old.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad to see you, my little boy has been so poorly these three days," said the invalid.

"Why did you not send to me? Where is your husband; he could have come after his work was done," asked my friend, I saw the woman's lip quiver, and the effort she made to subdue her emotion; but it was in vain, she burst into tears, and shook her head.

"What! has he taken to drink again?"

has he forgotten his promises so soon? inquired the doctor in an indignant tone—'it is too bad.'

'Oh, doctor, be merciful; it is all my fault,' murmured the poor woman between her sobs. My friend looked astonished. 'Your fault, Mrs. Lucas; how so? I should have pointed to you as a model wife; surely weakness, and your love, makes you accuse yourself unjustly.'

'No, sir; no, I wish it were so. I should not then have this heavy weight on my heart, but it is too true. When we were married,' she continued, 'my husband had been an abstainer for two years. I never thought about the subject till I knew him, and then I gave it up to please him, for I had good health, and drank so little habitually, that it was no sacrifice; but after I was married, sometimes I felt languid and weary, and then I would have my old remedy, a glass of ale. But I was not satisfied with this; I wanted him to try it, for he was not very strong, and used all my power to get him to take a little. Oh, if I had but known how it would end! I never succeeded till we came to Leeds; but when we came to see about our house, we stayed all night at the "Anchor," and I persuaded him to drink some ale.'

At once, the scene beneath the old oak, three years before, flashed back on my remembrance, and I asked if she was the woman, and that the time.....

'Yes, sir; my poor husband would not say "No" any longer, and afterwards he could not say "No" when fellow-workmen pressed him to take a glass. Oh, doctor, you know how comfortable we were when my boy was born, we wanted nothing; now but for the charity of our neighbours, we should starve.'

I tried to soothe her, and lead the poor creature's thoughts to Him who heals the broken heart, but her tears only flowed fresh.

'Yes, sir; I know it will soon be over with me, and I trust in Jesus' plying mercy; but, oh, my child, my child, who will teach him to pray when I am gone; who will warn him against that which has ruined his father, and laid his mother in the grave! We were at a loss for comfort; the case seemed hopeless. At length she checked her tears, and said, 'Doctor, my husband will listen to you; will you talk to him once more?'

My friend promised to do so; and, as she said her husband stayed at home on Sunday evenings, he agreed to call, as if by accident, on the following Sabbath....

At the time appointed, I again accompanied my friend. The intervening days had been close, and I was startled at the change in the invalid. She was lying on a rude couch formed of old chairs; and

seated on a stool near the widow, was the slouching figure of a man. He started on our entrance, and would have left the room, but my friend stopped him. 'Don't run away, Mr. Lucas, I want to know how the little boy is. Oh! I see you are all right, my little man; how are you, Mrs. Lucas?'

'I shall soon be well, sir; my time is drawing to a close very fast,' replied the woman, fixing her large imploring eyes on the doctor's face.

'Doctor,' interrupted the man, almost fiercely, 'I wish you would cure Jane of talking such nonsense. She has a bad cough, and this close weather makes her weak, so she keeps talking of dying; she will be well enough when the weather gets clearer—won't she?'

'No, Mr. Lucas, she will never get well; a few days, perhaps a few hours, and your child will only have you to depend on; I have told you so before.' 'Doctor, you must save her; I mean to reform, and I can't live without her,' hoarsely murmured the man. 'Tell me, you will save her, and I will never touch drink again; I won't indeed. I know, I have promised before, but I'm in earnest now.'

'No skill in the world can save your wife, my poor friend; but for the sake of your boy, let me implore you to touch it no more. I do not say it is the sole cause of her illness, but it has greatly hastened her death.'

'Oh! Charles, my dear husband,' whispered the woman, 'I persuaded you to drink; I did you a great wrong; I am going fast; iniquity listen to my dying prayer; give up the drink altogether, never taste it again, and then we may soon meet again; but, oh! my husband, no drunkard can enter Heaven, and I cannot, oh! I cannot say good-bye for ever.' Heavy tears rolled down her sunken cheeks as she continued—'Forgive me, dearest; I have caused all our misery—you would have kept the pledge but for me. Oh! let me hear you say you will give it up. I cannot die without the hope of seeing you again. You will give it up for the sake of our boy. Say that you will; and when I am gone, go back to Leeds; the kind doctor will help you.'

The man had sunk into a seat near his wife, and was sobbing like a child. Taking her thin hand in both his own, 'Forgive you,' he said, 'I have nothing to forgive. You have been a good wife to me; you did not know what a weak wretch I was; but, God, helping me, I will never taste drink again. Oh! Jane, my wife, my dear wife, must we part so soon!'

With a few words of pity and encouragement, my friend rose to depart, promising to call again in a few days. We went

but the door was fastened and the curtain drawn before the window; and a neighbour informed us Mrs. Lucas died in her husband's arms the day before.

On returning to my own home, I requested to be told if the man kept his resolution, and, about twelve months after, my friend wrote that the man, Lucas, was just gone with his child, back to his native place to die. A weak constitution had been impaired by drinking, and grief for his wife did the rest. He sunk rapidly, but kept his promise; and the clergyman who had often visited him, spoke hopefully of his prospects beyond the grave.

I never forgot that dying bed, and never drank afterwards; but at all times and seasons in my pulpit ministrations, at the tables of the affluent, and in my cottage visitations, I have urged on all, especially women, the necessity and duty of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate—and my efforts and prayers have been blessed.

On women especially, I say, have I urged this duty; for no influence is so potent as theirs, and none have a more tender and vital interest in the matter. None is woman's distinctive sphere—the arena of her duties, the chosen scene and element of her earthly bliss. Drink is the deadliest of all desolators of home, proving the bane of its happiness, the blight of its affections, the drain of its resource, the deceiver of its virtues, the arch-spoiler and poisoner of all its interests. Whoever would be an enemy of home, and of all that is tenderly, affectionately, and confidingly domestic, let him frequent the public-house, and drink himself drunken. Whoever is a friend of home, and of all that is homely, let him totally, heartily, and persistently abstain from all that intoxicates; for the cup of the drunkard is a 'cup of devils,' in which is 'the poison of asps,' the 'bitterness of death.'

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QUEEN STREET WEST,  
TORONTO.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For *The Weekly Visitor*.

## LIBERTY!

Magic word! for which nations fight and bleed,  
Touch-stone of convulsions—harbinger of the  
freed;

For which men leave their homes, their fortunes  
and their all,  
Their life's blood to offer and race to disenthral.

'Neath burdening chains a slave hath cried,  
"Apply thy stripes to my bruised side,  
I'll suffer thy wrath and content I'll be,  
But give! Oh, give me! sweet Liberty!"

What our fathers' prospective vision beheld,  
Our age has brought forth to the joy of the world;  
Soon may all nations and people be free,  
And bear the bright standard of true Liberty.

While ages roll down Time's weary way,  
And nations learn to own the Saviour's way,  
Their anthems to the heavens still shall be  
"All honour to the age that gave us Liberty!"

MARCO.

## Reflections and Researches.

## NUMBER I.

For *The Weekly Visitor*.JERUSALEM AND BABYLON;  
THEIR ASPECT AND CAPTURE.

How magnificent and at the same time  
how formidable was Jerusalem in her most  
prosperous and complete state!

Situated upon the summit of three hills  
the elevations added greatly to her charms.  
Upon the least elevated of these were  
clusters of neat, comfortable houses, team-  
ing with inhabitants—the lower class of  
citizens—those who found happiness in  
poverty. Upon Mount Zion were more  
noble edifices. There was the beautiful  
citadel with its proud dome, its massive  
pillars, its beautiful porches, and its mag-  
nificent pinnacles. There, also, was the  
royal palace with its long terraces, its  
lofty porticoes, its sparkling fountains, and  
its gilded furnishings—all befitting that  
richest of all monarchs, the wisest of all  
men. There, also, were the mansions of  
the upper class of citizens, each approach-  
ing, as near as funds allow, to the royal  
palace in costliness and beauty. But upon  
turning to Mount Moriah, the most  
honored of the three, admiration is turned  
to amazement; for upon its summit  
towering far into the horizon—its golden  
walls, its costly columns of brass and gold,  
and its glittering spires—all shining from  
the fulgences of the noon-day sun, and  
gleaming a reflection of the glory and  
splendor of that monarch of the day—  
stands the most majestic, magnificent, and  
stupendous of all structures—the Temple  
of the Most High, showing forth in its  
dazzling brightness, the glory, the majesty,

and the goodness of Him who dwelt therein  
The poet has given it justice thus—

"It stands before us

A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles:  
The very sea, as if he worshipped there,  
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,  
And down the long and branching porticoes,  
On every flowery sculptured capital,  
Ghitters the homage of his parting beams."

Situated as it was upon three hills, at the  
foot of whose steep descent ran deep val-  
leys which precluded possibility of attack  
on all except the north side; and encircled  
round about by a triple wall, thick, mas-  
sive, and high, which, in its turn, was  
fortified by numerous strong towers,—  
well could the besieger, as he gazed on the  
natural and artificial strength, and bold-  
ness, magnificence, and beauty, exclaim:  
"How boldly doth it front us—how majestically,  
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side  
is hung with marble fabrics like o'er line,  
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer  
To the blue heavens. There bright and  
sumptuous palace,  
With cool and verdant gardens, interspersed  
These towers of war that frown in many strength;  
While ever all hangs the rich and purple ore,  
As conscious of its being her last farewell  
Of light and glory to this faded city."

While thus so strong and so powerful, and  
while still so beautiful and bright, her fate  
was predicted thus: "Therefore, thus  
saith the Lord of Hosts, Because ye have  
not heard my words behold I will send  
and take all the families of the north,  
saith the Lord, and Nebuchadnezzar, the  
King of Babylon, my servant, and will  
bring them against the land, and against  
the inhabitants thereof, and against all  
those nations round about, and will utterly  
destroy them, and make them an astonish-  
ment and an hissing and perpetual desola-  
tion. Moreover, I will take from them  
the voice of mirth, and the voice of glad-  
ness, and the voice of the bridegroom, and  
the sound of mill-stones, and the light of  
the candle; and this whole land shall be a  
desolation and an astonishment; and those  
nations shall serve the King of Babylon  
seventy years." This was declared unto  
them when still powerful, and while they  
were still continuing their sins, and at the  
same time was the destruction of the op-  
pressor, Babylon, predicted. The prophecy  
quoted was fulfilled. The palaces were  
plundered, the temple spoiled, and all but  
a few of the poorest inhabitants carried  
off to Babylon.

While in bondage how often would they  
lament their inattention to the words of  
the prophet—their non-compliance with  
the commandments of the Lord as sent  
through his servants the prophets. How  
oft would they revert to days still further  
gone, and reflect upon the words of other  
servants of God who had spoken to them-  
selves and to their fathers foretelling their  
fate. And then how cheerfully would

the thought come—that a day of deliver-  
ance was appointed, and that the Babylo-  
nian dynasty would be hurled into  
oblivion. That these things would come  
to pass they were all perfectly sure.  
Since the fulfilment of their part of the  
prophecies they had firm faith in the rest.  
But only those endowed with faith, such  
as is inspired by God, could now believe  
the city of the Chaldeans in any danger  
of being taken, for at that time it was the  
largest and the strongest, as well as the  
most magnificent city known. Babylon  
was fifty miles around the walls, which  
were seventy-five feet thick, and a hundred  
feet high, with one hundred brazen gates.  
It could well boast of impregnability. If  
ever faith was misplaced in walls built by  
hands it was by these Babylonians. For  
within this enclosure there could be no  
famine felt—the ground encircled by this  
massive wall being not all covered with  
buildings there was abundance of space  
left for cultivation, enough, indeed, to  
supply the inhabitants with food. Nor  
could there ever be scarcity of water, for  
the ever flowing, the mighty Euphrates,  
incessantly poured its waters through the  
centre of the city. In the city were  
numerous magnificent palaces (some for  
the king, and others for his nobles), those  
superb edifices rising story above story  
toward the blue sky—with their flat roofs  
covered with verdure, where plants,  
shrubs, and trees in luxuriance grew, the  
ever-famous, world-renowned hanging  
gardens,—with their bold balconies, their  
open porches, their spacious courts, and  
large apartments, adorned, enriched, and  
embellished by the magnificence, the  
wealth, and the treasure of many neigh-  
boring nations once mighty but now  
humbled to the dust. Rows and streets  
of these vast and elegant structures, vieing  
with each other in size, in architecture,  
beauty, and in costliness, are to be found  
in various parts of the city; while in  
others are seen multitudes of buildings of  
humbler sort.

While the city was in the fullness of its  
glory, while the citizens were still puffed  
up with pride, while they thought them-  
selves potent to grapple with any other  
nation, while conquests were being made,  
and booty continually came streaming in,  
while the haughty masters looked down  
in disdain at their Hebrew slaves, then  
was the message of their fate sent, then  
did the oppressed speak out the oppres-  
sor's doom. The promise of their deliver-  
ance, at a certain future time, now im-  
plicitly believed in, was the captive's only  
consolation, and while thinking of that, all  
the various descriptions of the desolation,  
and other denunciations of Babylon, by  
various prophets, would come forcibly in:

the mind, and would be as vehemently recited to the oppressor. Thus was the warning given to the Babylonians.

But how is it received? The proud master looks upon these as but idle tales. He treats them with scorn and contempt, as being worthy of neither attention nor consideration. So do they not harken unto the voice of the Lord, and, therefore, they continue in their transgressions. They had firm faith in their walls, and none in the prophecy.

But the day of deliverance of the Jews came to be nigh at hand. For about that strong city, that seemingly impregnable bulwark, which had more the aspect of a work of nature than of being the result of human labor—about that vast and stupendous pile of edifices which was now in the height of its glory, in the plenitude of its power, which now bid defiance alike to destruction and decay—there began to collect legions of hostile soldiers, whose aim it was to humble the mighty monarch and kill or enslave the citizens.

Who can describe the anxiety and patience exercised by these captive Jews, who now knew that the hour of freedom was almost come—that the destruction of that vast city was about to be accomplished? Who can describe the intense interest felt by these unfortunates as they saw the Persian camps fluttering in the breeze—saw the detachments of soldiers marching on duty, and looked upon them as the means of their deliverance.

But on the other hand, see the disdainful curl of the royal lip as he looks down from his beautiful and pleasant garden upon the hostile hosts. Mirk well the buoyant steps, the gay laughter, and the hopeful eyes of the free and self-secure citizens. No fears of their walls being broken or sealed, or of their gates being opened for the admission of the malignant enemy, haunt them even in their placid sleep. No dreams of invasion, of plunder, or of slaughter disturb their rest. Not within such walls they feel as secure as in infancy upon the maternal bosom.

It is now their time of feasting. Belshazzar, the king, has prepared a magnificent banquet, and a thousand of his lord are invited to partake of the choicest delicacies of the city, and the finest productions of his wine vaults. All was gaiety and noise. The sober, philosophical conversation gradually gave way to the boisterous merriment, and vehemently expressed nonsense, which is always the result of indulging in the spirit. They all became warm and noisy. Their extensible natures were arrested and showed forth more wit than sense—more nonsense than philosophy. While the king thus triumphed amid the pomp and splendor of

his luxurious court—while thus inflamed by wine—he ordered to be brought before him the vessels of the Temple of Jerusalem which his father, Nebuchadnezzar, had taken. He was obeyed; and the vessels consecrated to the service of the one true God by his servants the Levites were now desecrated by being used in praising the gods of wood and stone, and silver and gold, by the unclean, the ungodly hands of the revellers of the Babylonian Court.

The same hour came forth the fingers of a hand which wrote upon the wall of the banquet room an inscription which baffles the wisdom of the Chaldean magicians. What a change is now wrought upon the scene. The whole assembly terrified and horror-stricken stop their carousals, and in perfect bewilderment gaze at the mysterious writing. The king's cheek is blanched with fear, and he trembled with horror at the supernatural manifestation. Soon after one of the Hebrew captives is brought, who tells the king of his folly, of his misdeeds, and foretells him of his fate, and that of the nation. This being a time of eating and much drinking the citizens were all affected with a disease of drowsiness and stupor, which caused affairs to be neglected. The soldiers forsook their duties, and the watchmen slept. The want of water on this particular night was unnoticed, and when in the drowsy state, which accompanied much drinking, they were surprised by the malicious enemy, who completed their doom as prophesied by their slaves, and by the Prophet Daniel, the interpreter of the mysterious inscription.

That night was Belshazzar, King of the Chaldeans, slain. What a terrible state was this to be called to appear at the bar of God. After a drunken carousal, after defiling and desecrating the vessels of God's holy temple he is carried off to give an account of his deeds. His comrades were, many of them, similarly summoned in a similar state of mind and body. Surely we should take warning by this to be always ready.

But what was the prime cause of the capture of the city? Was it the breach of God's law, the contempt for his power? Was it for want of respect to the Almighty and for his vessels that the city was captured? Or was it merely on account of the drowsiness of the watchmen, and the drunkenness of the citizens? Or on account of the negligence of the city officers?

One thing is certain, that had all been perfectly sober the city could not have been taken in the manner it was done; and another is, that the city was destined to be taken at that time, and that either natural or supernatural means employed, and the Lord in this instance used wine

drinking as an instrument for the accomplishment of his purpose, and caused it to curse the Babylonian nation, as it has many nations since.

Cyrus, King of the Medes, turned the course of the Euphrates, and entered the city through the water-gates.

The causes of the fall of the city then were:—

1. The cunning and military tact of Cyrus.
2. The drunkenness and consequent carelessness of the citizens and city officers.
3. The sins of the inhabitants, and the arrival of the appointed time for the delivery of the Israelites from bondage, and the destruction of the city as foretold by the prophets of the Lord, whose word is for ever sure.

## CLASSIC STORIES.

NUMBER XII.

For the Weekly Visitor.

### MEMORY.

Man, view him as we will, is fearfully and wonderfully made. The organization of his body, and the constitution of his mind, equally strike us with wonder and amazement. A perfect adaptation to the particular and peculiar end, characterises each power and every faculty. They have their spheres in which to work, and their work to do in those spheres, and that done they lay aside the laboring oar and rest. All being in a healthy state, each doth not encroach upon the other. The bent of the understanding admits a certain kind of light, that light wakes up the desire, and that desire determines the will, and the will, like the rudder of the great ship, directs the course of action to be pursued. Thus man is a microcosm—a world in himself. Shakespeare, in "Julius Cæsar," speaking of the war man has with his conscience e'er he masters it, that he may calmly do an evil deed, brings out this idea beautifully:

"The gods and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection."

Old George Herbert seems to have had the same idea when he penned the lines:

"Man is a shop of rules, a well-tuned jack,  
Whose every parcel underwrites a law."

Indeed the notion did not originate

with them, but with the old philosophers who preceded them centuries before. In this paper we desire to speak on a most important and influential member of this kingdom—namely—memory. It is Lord Treasurer. It is that faculty of the soul by which ideas having been grasped by the mind are retained. We say “grasped,” or laid hold of by the mind, because if it does not thus actively seize them they pass through it as water through a sieve, or leaky vessel. Memory is the power of retention. It has been differently designated by various writers. Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, calls it “*Thesaurus omnium rerum*”—the treasury of all things. No doubt Locke found in those words something ready for his use, for he terms it “The store-house of our ideas.” Gassendi has likened it to a piece of paper or cloth laid up in folds, each fold enrolling a picture. Plato and Aristotle speak of it as a tablet, on which characters are written or impressed. From these the poets seem to have derived their notions. Wordsworth speaks of “Memory’s pencil.” And Shakspeare, in *Hamlet* (Act I., Scene V.), thus sings:

“Yea, from the table of my memory  
I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all figures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain.”

These are all mere figures acknowledging the fact that the mind can retain impressions made on it and received by it. It is by the exercise of this faculty that we are at length able to reason, judge, and increase in knowledge. Often do we hear people complain of having bad memories, short memories, treacherous memories, and so forth, and all the while they never trust to their memories. Sir William Hamilton, one of the greatest metaphysicians of the age, maintains that “all the cogitations we possess, or ever have possessed, still remain to us—the whole complement of our knowledge still lies in our memory,” and remarks further, “that new acquisitions being daily made, the old, unless frequently

renewed, are driven farther back and become fainter.”

Our judgments arise out of a comparison of ideas. But if there be no ideas in the mind, there can be no comparison of any that may be presented to it, and therefore no judgment derived therefrom. This is one great loss the forgetful ever suffer. They are wholly unable to judge. They are obliged to guess, or jump at a conclusion, whether right or wrong they have no means of knowing. Memory having this bearing over our judgment thereby affects our usefulness. Man’s usefulness depends not so much often times upon his activity as upon the correctness of his judgment. What is the basis of sayings of the seven sages of Greece? Nothing but good sound judgment, and that too flowing from a comparison of ideas lying in their memories. Memory has a wonderful bearing on our happiness. It is a great source of joy or sorrow, comfort or distress. It supplies the faculty of conscience with matter, on which it stamps its disapprobation or approval. On this account Dr. Brown in his lectures on the philosophy of the Human Mind, calls conscience our moral memory. To the old man it is either his guardian-angel, cheering his heart and lighting up the way to the tomb, or it is his attendant demon, tormenting him with dread forebodings of coming woe. It shall be a sharp sword in the hand of God’s retributive justice.

Memory must be strengthened; just in the same way as all the other faculties, by exercise. That is in trusting it with matter for after use. Call up and revive that which you already possess; “take stock” frequently lest your memory become a room for the storage of useless lumber, instead of a well kept storehouse of valuable articles.

We call a good memory, one that has its trust ever ready for use; a bad memory, one that has been receiving load on load of goods and has them all in heaps—irregular and unmanageable. Every day helps to fill up the treasure-house for weal or woe, for wisdom or

wickedness, for sunny memories or cloudy recollections. A happy old age is dependant on a well-spent youth—and a happy immortality on a well-spent life—time being but the youth years of eternity.

## The Weekly Visitor.

IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,  
AT  
81 YONGE STREET.

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Advertisements must be sent in by Wednesday evening, to

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81 YONGE STREET.

## The Weekly Visitor.

TORONTO THURSDAY, MAR. 10, 1864.

The Religious Temperance Meeting on Sabbath afternoons in the Temperance street Hall, continues to increase in interest. The public are cordially invited to attend, and all interested in the promotion of Temperance and Religion are invited to be present and address the meeting. The chair is taken at 4 o’clock.

WE have a few bound numbers of Volume I. still on hand, and those parties wishing to secure one will please apply immediately. Price, Twenty-five cents.

G. H. PEARCE, Esq.

We are pleased to learn that this brother has been very successful in his lectures; at one of them in Scarborough the minister of the Church of England, the ex-Warden of the county, the school teacher, and eight other leading persons gave in their names as candidates for membership to Scarborough Star Temple, 10 G T. This must be gratifying to the lecturer, and we trust will be the means of stirring up our temperance friends to avail themselves of Bro. Pearce’s services. He lectures at Eglinton on Thursday and

Jalington on Friday, and on Friday week goes north to fulfill appointments.

BEAVER TEMPLE, I. O. G. T.

The following are the officers elect: W C T, Bro. P. Martin; W V T, Sister A. Walker; W S, Bro. Wm. Sturrock; W T, Sister S. Millar; W M, Bro. P. Jessamine; W F S, Bro. T. Campton; W I G, Bro. McQueen; W O G, Bro. Jos. Walker; W C, Bro. W. J. Richardson; W D M, Sister McGann; F W C T, Bro. James Cox. This temple meets every Tuesday evening, in the Brock Street Temperance Hall. Number of Charter Members 18.

We learn that a petition against the passage of Mr. Dunkin's Bill is in circulation in this city. We hope none of our friends will countenance it.

We hope our friends in Yorkville will remember Mr. Hewson, next door to the Post Office, when they want anything in the News, Book, or Stationery line.

The Ontario Division Sons of Temperance held their usual quarterly tea party last Monday evening. There was a large number present, who thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

OBSERVE! NO GOING UP STAIRS!

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Observe! No going up Stairs.

....A pioneer, in New Hampshire, having been sentenced to the State prison, recently, it being the fourth time within the last twenty years, very coolly commenced singing "Home, sweet home."

### Never Despair.

O, never despair, tho' dark seems the hour,  
When the cares of life press thee hard—  
Tho' adversity's quiver upon thee doth  
shower

Its arrows of pain; tho' pale sorrow doth  
cover

Its grief stricken face to retard  
The joy that would rise, in despite of the  
power

Of despair's gloomy glance, yet hope's  
own sweet flower

Its fragrance to thee will award.

O, never despair—'tis the coward that  
shrinks

From the glance of poverty's frown—  
Tho' the joys of the world may have  
broken the links—

Tho' thy heart, in its loneliness, frequently  
sinks,

And the glad star of hope hath gone down,  
A bright spirit dwells on adversity's  
brinks,

And the sweet dew of health—he smiles  
as he drinks—

The gloom of thy soul for to drown.

O, never despair while the sun's cheering  
ray

Shines forth from the blue of the sky—  
There's a voice in the zephyrs, as softly  
they play—

In wild streams that rush to the ocean  
away—

That bids thee thy fate to defy,  
There's a voice in all nature that softly  
does say

Be steadfast in honor and truth, and you  
may

In God's holy wisdom rely.

....The door between us and heaven  
cannot be opened if that between us  
and our fellow men is shut.

....On the frozen river, opposite St.  
Louis, during the "cold spell" a bar-  
keeper built a fire in his tent, and set  
before it on a three-legged stool, warm-  
ing his limbs. The fire, after a while,  
teared a hole in the ice and the man  
dropped out of sight—not since heard  
of!

.....A young lady, in a class studying  
physiology, made answer to a question  
put, that in six years a human body  
became entirely changed, so that not a  
particle which was in it at the com-  
mencement of the period would remain  
at the close of it. "Then Miss L.,"  
said the young tutor, "in six years you  
will cease to be Miss L.?" "Why,  
yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very  
modestly looking at the floor.

....Thurlow Weed thinks that the  
war will have cost, at its termination,  
at least four thousand millions of dol-  
lars, and that three-fourths of this  
amount will remain as a national debt.

....A young man advertises in a  
New-Jersey paper for a situation as  
son-in-law in a respectable family.  
Would have no objection, he said, to  
go a short distance into the country.

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Friends and the Public for the very liberal pa-  
tronage bestowed upon him since his commencement  
in business, begs to inform them that he can pro-  
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cannot fail to give satisfaction if used according to  
the directions, which are enclosed in each package.  
They are prepared with the utmost care, and may  
be relied on. Read the following

CERTIFICATE:

Toronto, January, 1864.

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and have great pleasure in certifying it to be one  
of the best remedies in use, and well worth the con-  
fidence of all who need a Worm Remedy.

Signed,

James Watson, Merchant, Weston.  
John Clewes, Yorkville.  
Thomas Wilson, Louisa St., Toronto.  
Wm. Cochran, Centre St., do  
Wm. Taylor, Queen St., do  
Mrs. R. Porter, Queen St., do  
Michael Parlor, Queen St., do  
George Bell, Queen St., do

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NEIL C. LOVE, R. J. ROSE, and HOWARTH,  
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For the Weekly Visitor.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

BY P. O'CONNOR.

Sent by his Maker, man comes here;  
Present of germs of thought how dear!  
Requires, if culture's polish glow,  
I a youth, of toil he must bestow  
Not of only hours but years, that spring  
Give hopes of future harvestings.

Still onward on his journey goes,  
Until the man the youth outgrows;  
More mental food he still requires;  
Marked out 's the course which he aspires;  
E'en right or wrong, just as he's sown,  
Runs he, when into manhood grown.

And now the years begin to tell  
Upon his frame—how ill, or well,  
Time was improved. If ill, life's cares  
Unfortunately reap but tares;  
Much good, if well—such autumns fill  
No man's declining days with ill.

Weighted down with three score years and ten—  
If in the time allotted men,  
No hope hath he within his breast,  
That he'll be numbered with the blest,  
E'en he should seek, while 'tis "to-day,"  
Redemption ere he pass away.

Toronto, March 9, 1864.

A Heart to be Let.

To be let, at a very desirable rate,  
A snug little house in a healthy estate:  
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is  
Chance.

Affection the rent—to be paid in advance,  
The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone.  
So the fixtures are not of much value:  
but soon

'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself,  
if a wife

Take a lease for the term of her natural  
life

The ladies, dear ladies, pray do not  
forget,

An excellent Bachelor's heart to be let.

The tenant will have a few taxa to pay,  
Love, honour, and (heaviest item) obey.

As for the good will, the subscriber's  
inclined

To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange,  
He'd be highly delighted to take in  
exchange,

Provided true title by prudence be shown,  
Any heart unencumbered, and free as his  
own

So Ladies, dear Ladies, pray do not  
forget,

An Excellent Bachelor's heart to be let.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestion to young men:—

"Dear gentlemen, between the ages of 18 and 45, listen to a few gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, *Go away at a reasonable hour.* Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess, or other games, to lead variety, but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl—i. e., a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl, who well knowing the feelings of her father and mother on the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of the chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—*that of coming down and inviting the gentlemen to breakfast.* And we girls understand it, all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostics of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will stay longer than he ought to. Now young gentlemen friends, I'll tell what we will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware! monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs,—"Isn't it time to close up!" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder and it is to be hoped a wiser man. Do not get angry; but the next time you come be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours," but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak; and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove, out-

wardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake don't—throw down your paper with a "jabaw!" but remember the safe side of ten!"

HOW TO GET UP HIGHER.—There are some who do not exert the powers they suppose they possess, because they do not occupy a position adapted to call forth those powers. They stand idle, because, they say no man has hired them. When asked if there is nothing for them to do, they reply, in effect, nothing worthy of their power. Those who thus wait for stations worthy of their supposed powers may spend a life in idleness. The true man does vigorously whatever his hand findeth to do. He is never out of employment. No one ever need be out of employment. There is always work to be done. Some may complain that all avenues to employment are closed to them. They are not closed to those who have a mind to work. A merchant in this city had made what was then regarded as a handsome fortune. In consequence of losses occasioned by the war of 1812, he failed. He surrendered all his property to his creditors. He was not out of employment a week. He took the first thing that offered. Though he had been the head of a large jobbing establishment, he took a clerkship in a comparatively small one. He attended to the duties of his clerkship as faithfully as he had attended to the duties of the firm of which he was the leading partner. Of course it was not many years before he was among the merchant princes of the city. Let no young man wait in idleness for a situation worthy of his power. Let him do with his might whatsoever his hand findeth to do. The way to get a better place is to perform in a first-rate manner the duties of your present one. The way to prepare for greater usefulness is to make yourself as useful as possible in your present calling.

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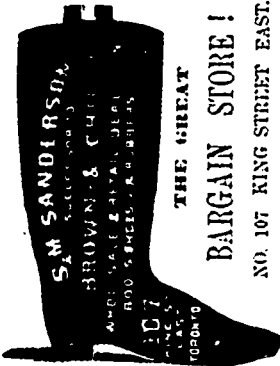
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