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THE

Weekly Visitor.



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**THE STORY OF
A CITY ARAB.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The promise of such a startling reward caused the boy to open his eyes wider than before, and quickened his steps. That is to say, Lubin advanced three paces from the gooseberry bush, and beckoned me, with a sly look of intelligence, to enter the garden.

'Where be the sixpence?' he said, holding out his hand, when I reached him.

'Here it is,' giving it to him; 'but now, before we go any further, you must tell me a little about Mr. M——. I suppose he is your master?'

'Ees,' said the boy.

'And does he pay you for getting into his garden and eating his gooseberries?' said I.

'I be minding the hogs,' said he, 'I come in to driv'um out o' the glarn.'

'But you didn't drive them out,' said I. 'See they are rooting up the potato rows.'

'Zo they be,' said Lubin, taking up a stick, and making a feeble pretence of driving them away; 'they houl do't. If I driv'um out o' one gup, they come in at t'other.'

'But your master would not be pleased to find you neglecting your work, and eating his gooseberries, I suppose.'

'Aw, but,' said the boy, 'old M——han't got no legs, he han't.' And the boy grinned wider than before.

'No legs?'

'No use in 'um. He be laid up, and can't stir out of his chair—the old man, he can't.'

'Indeed! But then it is still worse in you to be neglecting your duty.'

The boy grunted that he was minding the hogs, but it was no use to try to keep them out of the garden.

'Who keeps house for your master?' I wished to know.

'Polly Randell,' he replied: 'old master be Polly's grand'ther.'

'Then it is Polly Randell I had better ask to see,' I said. 'And now show me the way into the house.'

'Aw, but Polly Randell is at work out at plough,' said he, moving on, and conducting me, by a circuitous route, through the neglected garden to the back part of the rambling old farmhouse. When there, I perceived that there was a shorter cut to the back door from the straw yard, which I had not before observed.

'There's Polly,' said my guide, pointing to a field at some distance, where to my surprise, I saw a female figure holding the stils of a plough and skilfully, as it seemed to my inexperienced judgment, turning up a deep straight furrow, while the horses were led by a boy.

Without waiting to give any further explanation, my guide pushed open the door, and admitted me into a large brick-floored washhouse. The first sight which presented itself there was the carcas of a large and recently killed hog, suspended, slaughter house wise, by its hind legs to a strong hook in the rafters overhead.

'Polly Randell stuck *him*,' said the boy;

'she sticks a hog regular prime, Polly doo's. And she'll cut him up to-night, too,' he added, admiringly.

'Oh, indeed!' said I, in some embarrassment, as I was thus made acquainted with the singular accomplishments of my unknown fair cousin. 'But how am I to get to old Mr. M——? Is there no servant within call?'

The boy made me no answer, but, leading the way through the washhouse, he raised a whoop, which met with a response from a shrill voice from the upper regions.

'Come down, woo' ye, Sal?' he rejoined; 'here be a man in a tail-cwoat wants to see master.' And saying this, Lubin disappeared by the way he came, leaving me to wonder what scene would next open.

I had not long to wait. Perhaps the 'tail-cwoat' had something to do with it; but all events, a minute did not elapse before a dirty, slatternly girl made her appearance, and, after honouring me with a broad, gaping stare, condescendingly expressed her willingness to introduce me to the old farmer. I followed her, therefore, through a long passage, and up a flight of stairs into a good-sized chamber, at one end of which was a bed, and at the other a small fireplace and a large easy chair. 'That's the master,' said my introducer, pointing to a living object in the chair, and vanishing as she spoke. That object was my grandfather.

Greatly altered since I saw him last, brandishing his heavy whip over the shoulders of poor Peggy Magrath! He had been stricken with paralysis: he was shrivelled, deaf, and toothless: baldheaded, too, I afterwards found; but

this was now hidden from me by a red woollen nightcap.

With a weak and piping voice, he demanded who I was, and what I wanted. I replied by placing before him the advertisement which had brought me to S—. He trembled violently; and grasping me by the wrist, held me tight and drew me towards him, nearer and nearer. 'It is Nelly's boy,' he cried, with an exceeding bitter cry; and releasing his hold upon me, he sank back in the chair.

CHAPTER LIII.

I AM ACKNOWLEDGED BY MY GRANDFATHER, AND INTRODUCED TO MY COUSIN.

'Tis only one of his swoonds. He'll be all right by'm by,' said the servant girl, whom I had hastily summoned when my grandfather fell back, apparently insensible.

'Does he often have such attacks as this, then?' I asked, somewhat surprised at the indifference with which the damsel looked upon what seemed to me a serious affair.

'Oh, yes, to be sure: he is sitch a silly old man, you know,' said she, without moving a muscle.

'Well, but surely something should be done for him,' said I; for the 'silly old man' gave no sign of returning consciousness, but lay back on his chair, with his clenched hands falling at his sides, and his glazed eyes fixed and staring on vacancy. 'Had you not better send for his granddaughter?' I suggested.

'I should catch it if I did, I reckon,' said she: 'but I'll soon set him up again;' and while I looked on with stupid astonishment, the strong-armed lass lifted the old man bodily on to his chair, roughly pulling him forward with one hand, while with the other she snatched off his red nightcap, and then, stooping over him, she blew with all the force of her lungs into his ear. 'That'll do, I guess, for this time,' said she, stepping back a pace or two, and watching complacently the effects of this strange treatment.

It certainly was effectual, for in less than a minute consciousness returned, ushered in by what might have passed for a deep groan, only it was more like a grunt.

'What ha' you been doing to me?' he piped feebly, and looking threateningly at his rough helper.

'Nawtling,' said she, 'only you've bin poorly agin, and I've bin and brought you to, you silly old man.'

'Oh,' he growled, 'and a nice way of bringing to you've got; but I'll make it all straight with you some of these days. Go along, what d'ye stand staring at! But where's my cap, you witch! you want me to catch my death o' cold, do ye?'

A sharp retort seemed to rise to the girl's lips: but perhaps she remembered the stranger in the 'tail-coat,' and therefore refrained. Silently and contemptuously she picked up the cap, and replaced it on my grandfather's bald head, and then vanished.

This was the first scene I witnessed in my grandfather's house, and I shall pass over very briefly the history of the week that I remained in the neighbourhood.

But first let me explain, that though reduced to a state of pitiable bodily helplessness, it did not appear to me that the mind of my aged relative was radically weakened. Certainly, the sharp and incessant grasping after money, which I suppose had marked him through life as a miser, and the sense of his importance as a rich man, together with his love of arbitrary tyranny, a specimen of which I had witnessed so many years before, and which had been at the foundation of my poor mother's errors and sufferings—these clung to him in his extremity; and it was a daily and hourly source of inexpressible wretchedness to him that, retaining the will, he had lost the power of exercising his propensities; and that, according as he had meted to others, was the same measure meted to him again.

The death of my aunt Martha was the first blow which fell with any weight on the old farmer; for though she had exercised some control over him, she had inherited too much of his own thrifty disposition not to be his faithful slave and coadjutor. The death of his married daughter, which left him childless, did not afflict him so severely, however, as did the after marriage of his son-in-law, Randall, to a second wife. Then, as I was given to understand, his rage rose almost to insanity; and, threatening disinheritance in case of disobedience, he insisted on taking to his home the only child of the former marriage. It was thus that my cousin, who has already been introduced by name as 'Polly Randell,' became the drudge and companion of our grandfather.

She was, as the attorney had told me, a mere girl, but her will was as strong and her temper as determined as the old farmer's; and by the time she became a woman, from being the sport of tyranny, she had learned to tyrannize. Meanwhile, in her way—a way which he highly ap-

proved—she had become so useful that her services could not easily be dispensed with by her grandfather. Alike ignorant of and disdainful of all feminine accomplishments, for which, indeed, there was little requirements in my grandfather's household, she saved him the full wages of a labouring man by her industry in the work of the farm. This was the state of affairs when the old farmer was suddenly stricken with paralysis. From that time he had been compelled to give up much of the management of his business to his masculine granddaughter, and had resigned himself into her hands. Not entirely, however; for, in the solitude of his chamber, thoughts of other days came into his mind. He remembered that he once had another daughter; perhaps he thought with remorse of his harsh rejection of her, and his cruel pertinacity of parental displeasure. At any rate, he remembered that she had been thrust from his door with an infant in her arms; that, a few years afterwards, that infant, grown into a boy, had been commended to his affection and forgiveness by his dying child—but all in vain. He had brooded over all this, till, irritated by neglect and stung with indifference, he had consulted his attorney at Fairtown about seeking for that boy; and the advertisement which drew me to Blankshire was the result of the conference. Having brought my needful explanation to this point, I continue my narrative.

The likeness, fancied or real, which my grandfather had discovered in my countenance to his once favourite daughter, and which produced the temporary emotion I have described, paved the way for his full acknowledgment of my claims to relationship when I placed before him my mother's portrait and the marriage certificate, and gave him some of the earlier recollections of my life.

'It is Nelly's boy,' he repeated; 'and I'll make a man on him, I will. He shall ha' the farm, stocking and all: and the silly old man has got money in the bank, too, Nelly's boy: money, money.' And his eyes twinkled as he spoke of money.

'We will not talk of this now,' I said, 'my cousin, you know——'

'Ah, Polly Randell. She is a good'un, she is. Ha' you seen her, Nelly's boy?'

I was saved the trouble of replying, for during our conversation I heard sounds of voices in conversation below, and of heavy boots in the passage and on the stairs, and at this moment the door opened, and there entered—Polly Randell herself.

Not such as I had pictured her in my mind—coarse and hard-featured, scowling and grim; but a really pleasing young woman, of ordinary height, and the reverse of masculine in her appearance, though the hard and disproportionately large hands she displayed, the heavy nailed boots on her feet, and especially her dark hair, cropped short and combed almost straight over her forehead, certainly detracted from my fair cousin's personal attractions. Of Miss Randell's costume, perhaps the less I say the better, lest I should betray my ignorance. I am afraid, however, that according to the fashions of that day it would have been shockingly out of taste, both as to form and material; but I remember that, whatever might have been deficient, and notwithstanding the strange rough work in which my cousin had just been engaged, her face, hands, and dress were alike faultlessly clean; and this unexpected qualification enlisted my feelings, to a certain extent in her favour.

'So you have been having one of your swoonds again, have you, grandfather?' said the amazon, in a full but far from harsh or unpleasant voice, without honouring me with a glance.

'Ay, ay, the silly old man has been going off again: but no matter, he bea'n't a-going yet in 'arnest, Polly, so you needn't think it,' exclaimed the old farmer, petulantly. 'You needn't be in a hurry, Polly.'

'Who said I was in a hurry?' said my young kinswoman, apparently unmoved: 'I can wait,' she added, laughing—not a disagreeable laugh either, but just such a gentle exercise of the risible muscles as some young ladies who rejoice in a dimpled chin and a fine set of teeth rather cultivate. Now, my cousin had a fine set of teeth, white as the purest ivory, and a very engaging dimple when she smiled: so her quiet laugh was rather agreeable.

'Yes, yes; you must wait, Polly, because you can't help it, you know,' rejoined my grandfather: 'but don't you see there's a gentleman here? Why don't you speak to him?'

'Because you haven't told me his name and his business,' replied the young woman. 'Who is he, and what does he want?' she added, glancing at me, as I thought, rather superciliously. She had heard of me, no doubt, from the slatternly handmaid below; but the 'tail-cwoat,' with the dignity it conferred, was wasted on Miss Randell.

'He's Nelly's boy, your aunt Nelly's boy,' snarled rather than spoke our grandfather.

'Han't I told you he'd be turning up one of these days?'

'Is it true what that silly old man says?' demanded she, turning towards me and looking very earnestly in my face. These were the first words she had spoken, which grated harshly on my ear; but I did not like to hear her call her near relation a silly old man, whatever might have been his just desert of that title. I answered, however, that I certainly was the son of her mother's youngest sister, and I offered my hand in friendly greeting. She did not take it at first, but looked at me still more earnestly, fixing her full grey eyes very firmly on mine, when she had taken account, as it seemed, of every separate feature. At length she put her hand in mine, and grasped it energetically. 'So you are my cousin,' said she; 'and perhaps gran'ther thinks, and you think, I aren't glad to see you here. If you do, you don't know nothing about it. I am glad, and don't mind saying so.'

'Ullo, Polly! what's that you say?' shouted our aged relative, whose infirmity of deafness had probably debarred him the full benefit of my cousin's kind words, but who probably anticipated a very different scene.

'I say,' repeated Polly, in a loud and distinct tone, 'that if this young man is my poor aunt Nelly's son, and my cousin, I am glad to see him. And as you didn't behave like a father to poor aunt Nelly, you ought to make it up to my cousin, you ought.'

'Hold your stupid tongue, Polly Randell,' cried the aged man, in a tone of fierce exasperation. 'If I'd a' got the use of my limbs as I had years ago,' he added, making a vain effort to rise from his chair, and falling back heavily.

'Sit still, do,' said my cousin calmly, as though this kind of aggravating controversy were the ordinary mode of intercourse between them. 'I say, you ought to make it up to my cousin. Yes, I know what your silly head is running on now,' she added, after a pause. 'You've talked of it before now, and I see it in the twinkle of your eye; but it isn't a-going to be, for all that, and so I tell you. Has cousin had anything to eat or drink since he's been here?' she asked abruptly, as though she had said too much, or were desirous of changing the topic.

'No, Polly Randell, no,' said my grandfather; 'we've been so busy a-talking, han't we, Nelly's boy?'

'I thought so,' resumed the young housekeeper 'talking doesn't cost anything, does it grand'ther?'

I interrupted an angry retort by protesting that I had not needed any refreshment, that I had dined before leaving Fairtown, and that the object of my visit was accomplished by the interview I had with my grandfather. But my cousin interposed. If 'grand'ther' was stingy, it was no reason she should be; and besides, she wanted to talk some, as well as the old man; weren't we cousins? If I had had my dinner, she hadn't had hers, only an 'elevenner,' for she was but just come in from plough.

'What ha' you got for dinner, Polly?' demanded the helpless old man, with some appearance of interest.

'I reckon it doesn't matter to you, grand'ther,' said she: 'you've had yours.'

'Yes, it does,' he answered sharply; 'you be eating me out of house and home, you be, among you. Come now,' he added beseechingly, 'what h' you got for dinner?'

'Chitterlings, if you must know, you silly old man,' said my cousin, laughing the same laugh as before. 'Can you eat chitterlings, cousin?'

The mysterious word—mysterious to me; for at that time I did not know what CHITTERLINGS meant—the mysterious word seemed to open a new interest to our grandfather; for before I could acknowledge my ignorance, he had beckoned my cousin to his chair, and was asking her, in a loud whisper, 'How much did he weigh, Polly? how much did he weigh?'

The answer, whatever it might be, did not satisfy the inquirer: "Be ye sure, Polly? I reckon there's a stun' or two more than that." Assured of correctness in this particular, a question arose as to what portions of the slain animal were to be sold for ready money, and at how much a "stun"—one predominant idea in my grandfather's mind appearing to be that every mortal being around him, his granddaughter included, was combining to rob him of his property, and that eventually, after having been eaten out of house and home, he should die in the parish pcorhouse, and this, after boasting to me of his farm, his stock, his crops, and of his money in the bank—his money, money!

Occupied with these doleful forebodings, my grandfather—after finding that I intended returning to Fairtown that evening, and making me promise to see him again next day, when he should have something to say to me—permitted me to leave the room with my cousin; and shortly afterwards, having effected a narrow escape from the chitterlings, I retraced my

steps to "mine inn" at Fairtown, thinking how little my poor rich grandfather was to be envied, and repeating to myself the lines:—

"Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade.
But unextinguished avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Publisher earnestly requests an immediate settlement by all those subscribers who are owing up to the end of Volume IX, be the amount large or small. We also desire all who receive this paper to remit at once to Box. 500



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3. '66.

BRITISH TEMPLARS

Will please take notice that the Grand Worthy Secretary, Jas. Robertson, Esq., having removed to Newmarket, all communications in future are to be addressed to that Post Office instead of Toronto as heretofore.

BOWMANVILLE DIVISION S. OF T. DEMONSTRATION.

This gathering, on New Years day, kept up its old character of drawing the largest numbers of any Soiree in the County. Some seven hundred sat down to an excellent tea, which was served up by the lady members of the Division, and at the public meeting the gallery, pews, aisles, and doors were crowded to overflowing. The addresses delivered by the Revd. Messrs. Waters, Pirritte, and Natrass, were able and instructive, and the audience departed with a stronger determination to work heartily and zealously in the Temperance movement. Of the singing of the choir, lead by Mr. Windatt, little need be said. Year after year, the people have listened to their melodies with increasing pleasure, until they are considered the institution of the soiree. Mr. Larke, of the Oshawa *Vindicator*, occupied the chair on this occasion.

YORK UNION L. O. GOOD TEMPLARS.

ALBUM PRESENTATION.

Friday evening last was the occasion of a very pleasing ceremony which with the various incidents in connection therewith will be long remembered by the inhabitants of the 4th concession line, York Township, and neighbourhood. It was the presentation of an Album to Miss Lucinda Magee, who had proved herself the successful candidate in obtaining the largest number of persons to avail themselves of the above lodge of Good Templars. A large number of members, together with some visitors from Toronto, were present to witness the proceedings. After a few interesting speeches had been delivered, the business of the evening was commenced by Mr. Bartle H. Bull, presenting a very handsome Album to the successful candidate, Miss Lucinda Magee, with the accompanying address, to which a very pleasing and suitable reply was given by the lady recipient:

York Union Lodge Good Templars,
December 29, 1866.

To Miss Lucinda Magee.

Dear Sister,—It is with feelings of unfeigned pleasure that we meet you here

this evening. It has always afforded us delight to witness the interest you have manifested in the welfare and prosperity of our beloved Order. With many difficulties to contend with, we feel that we can bear testimony to the fact that you have ever creditably sustained yourself, and have been the means of inducing a larger number to enrol themselves in our lodge than any other member. In view of this fact we, the brothers of the York Union Loyal Order of Good Templars, have much pleasure in presenting to you this Album as a slight token of our esteem and of our appreciation of your labours in this cause. We trust you will hereby feel encouraged to continue diligently to labour in this noble work, and ever exhibit a zealous desire for the promotion of temperance.

BARTLE H. BULL, Secy.

The remainder of the evening was very pleasantly occupied in the delivery of speeches, recitations, and the rendering of some choice pieces of music by the ladies, who seemed to excel on this occasion.

Before the meeting terminated the friends and supporters of the other candidate for the honors of the evening, Miss Bridgeland, who, although not successful in obtaining the largest number of names, nevertheless worked with great spirit, presented that lady with a very elegant *souvenir*, which, although unexpected, was very gracefully received.

COUNTY LODGE OF YORK, B. O. G. T.

Chief, Bro. J. J. Williams, P.G.W.T
Lecturer, . . . Bro. F. Leech
Counsellor, . . . Sister Williams.
Chaplain, . . . Sister C. A. Leech, P.G.W.V.
Vice, Sister K. Poole.
Secretary, . . . Bro. W. Millichamp, P.G.W.L.
Treasurer, . . . Sister E. Morrison.
Financier, . . . Sister Gibbons.
Recorder, . . . Bro. D. Stewart.
Marshal, Bro. W. A. Poole.
Dep. Marshal, . Sister F. Leech.
Inner Guard, . Sister S. E. Stewart.
Outer Guard, . Bro. W. Harwood.
Past Chief, . . . Bro. P. H. Stewart, S.G.W.M.

Flower Basket.

LOOKING UP.

When, in the instruction and admonition of others, we have faithfully done our duty, we shall be willing, if we are in a right state of heart, to leave the event, with entire calmness of mind, in the hands of God. We know not what shall profit, whether this or that; but we may be assured, to say the least, that God will do his part, as well as we have done ours, although perhaps in a different way from what we expected. "I have observed," says Bunyan, "that a word cast in by-the-by, hath done more execution in a sermon than all that was spoken besides. Sometimes, also, when I have thought I did no good, then did I the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch them, I have fished for nothing."

AS GOD WILLS.

While we admit the duty of ever bearing the cross, we are to remember that we must bear it just where God in his providential dealings sees fit to impose it upon us, without assuming the responsibility of either seeking or shunning it. We shall find that God has placed it in the whole course of our life, and at precisely the right place; and all he requires of us is to bear it with a faithful heart when we meet it.

GOD'S ORDER.

It is very desirable that we should always keep ourselves in the order of God's providence; in other words, that we should receive things as they come, and do things as they are presented to us, in the spirit of Christian acquiescence and faithfulness; for that is the only way in which we can truly recognise God as at the helm of affairs, or realize our own nothingness. Let us never forget that God is competent to the direction of his own movements, and that whatever we may think of our own capabilities, he has other agencies in other situations. And what he requires of us, is to be and do just as he would have us, in his own providential time, in his own manner, and in his own place.

THE POWER OF HOLINESS.

If, as the wise men of the world assure us, "knowledge is power," the Christian can assert with greater truth that holiness is power. But holiness wins its victories, not by the accessory

aids of cunning devices and of artificial eloquence, but by its own intrinsic excellence. It is gentle in its language, and mild in its gestulation; but the energy of the great God is heard with transcendent efficacy in its still small voice.

SPEAKING UNADVISEDLY.

Let the time of temptation be the time of silence. Words react upon feelings; and if Satan, in the time of our trials, can induce us to utter a hasty or unadvised word, he will add, by so doing, to the power of his previous assaults, and increase the probability of his getting the victory.

EARTHLY LOVES.

It is as necessary, in the progress and support of a holy life, to regulate our friendships and our love (we mean here our love of creatures), as it is to regulate our displeasure and anger. We may as really love too much and sin, as we may be displeased too much and sin. The holy mind may be said, with a degree of propriety, to stand in a state of indifference, relatively to itself. That is to say, it seeks nothing, desires nothing, loves nothing, is averse from nothing, and is angry with nothing, except in God's time and way, *In God and for God.*

EARLIER AND LATER EXPERIENCE.

In the early periods of our religious experience, we are chiefly interested in what Christ was by situation,—his birth in the manger, the incidents of his childhood, his temptations and labours, his betrayal and his crucifixion. At a later period, we are interested, in a still higher degree, in what Christ was and is by character,—his purity, his condescension, his forbearance, his readiness to do and suffer his father's will, his love. Christ outward is precious, and always will be precious, historically; "*the star of memory.*" Christ inward, who can never die, and who reproduces himself in the hearts of his followers, is still more precious by present realization, *the star, the sun of the affections.*—*Professor Upham.*

DEATH AS A DEMOCRAT.

Death is in reality the only democrat upon earth who is no respecter of persons. You cannot buy him for gold, nor bribe him by office. He enters the palace and hovel with the same imperial dignity. The maiden with the raven

tresses, and the old man with silvered hair, he greets with equal benignity. The vigorous and the strong, the sickly and the emaciated, receive equal favors. Your consumptive and weak-lunged patient, as well as your giant with the power of Jupiter and the voice of thunder, received equal treatment. The poor and poverty-stricken, rich and affluent, he treats alike. Poets, statesmen, warriors, kings, tyrants, beggars are all alike to Death. Like the sun that lights up the heavens, this pale ghost of the grave showers his gifts upon the rich and poor, the famous and the obscure, with equal courtesy. The humblest peasant girl, is to him as noble a victim as the most beautiful queen. He calls for sacrifices within the sacred sanctuaries of the church, and with equal exposure knocks at the door of the brothel. Color and creed, race and religion are alike to him. Death knows no selfishness. What a grand subject would the Democracy of Death make for an eloquent divine. One cannot write on such a theme. The words, phrases, sentences, and thoughts should come gushing from the soul, warm with vigorous life—come like the lightning's flash, and the roar of thunder be in harmony with a text so sublime.

SELECTIONS FROM BROOKS.

It is a sad thing when Christians borrow spectacles to behold their weak brethren's weakness, and refuse looking-glasses wherein they may seek their weak brethren's grace.

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver: nor he that loveth abundance with increase" (Eccles. v. 10). A man may as soon fill a chest with grace, or a vessel with wealth. If Alexander conquer one world, he will fish for another to conquer.

Sin's murdering morsels will deceive those who devour them. Many eat *that* on earth which they digest in hell.

What madness and folly is it, that the favorites of heaven should envy the men of the world, who at best do but feed upon the scraps that come from God's table! Temporals are the bones; spirituals are the marrow. Is it below a man to envy the dogs because of the bones? And is it not much more below a Christian to envy others for temporals, when himself enjoys spirituals!

Faith is the champion of grace, and love the nurse; but humility is the beauty of grace. *Be*

loved with humility. The Greek word imports that humility is the ribbon or string that ties together all those precious pearls, the rest of the graces. If this strong break, they are all scattered.

—o—
A TEST.

Where God loves, he affords love tokens, and such are only his soul-enriching graces. If our heart moves towards God, certainly his goeth out toward us. The shadow on the dial moves according to the sun in the heavens.

—o—
"LEST ANY MAN SHOULD BOAST."

Our very graces should humble us as well as our sins—as the latter, because they are ours, so the former, because they are none of ours. Believer! didst thou ever write one letter without God's guiding thy hand! Didst thou ever shed one penitential tear till God smote thy rock, and melted thy heart?

—o—
"KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD."

Grace in itself considered, as a creature, will totally fail. Our permanency is not in respect of the thing, but of God; not from our being holy, but from our being kept holy. All the power of hell shall never prevail against the God of heaven.

—o—
THE TWO EXTREMES.

Let us neither be secure nor discouraged. Not *secure*—we live in the midst of enemies; we cannot trust God too much, nor our hearts too little; we can neither stand nor rise alone, all that we can do is to fall. Not *discouraged*—thy many robbers show thou hast something worth the taking from thee; in opposing thee, thine enemies speak thee none of them; nay, they engage Jesus Christ to oppose *them*, who will lose none of His, to pity *thee*, who will not suffer thee to be tempted above thy power. Let the world fall, yet a Christian falls not, so long as Christ stands.

—o—
"LOVEST THOU ME?"

He that loves God most, will lay out most for God. More than once we read in Scripture of the "labour of love." Love resteth in its labour, and then resteth most when it laboureth most. Nothing labours more, or thinks its labours less.

—o—
"POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH."

There's nothing more covetous or prodigal

than grace. A saint ever loves to be receiving from God, and imparting to others. "From Jerusalem round about to Illyricum," Paul preached the gospel. What an encouragement it is to young beginners in grace to see that they who once were as poor, and had as little to begin with as themselves, have attained to such a plentiful spiritual estate.—*Jenkyne*. (1652.)

—o—
THE WANT OF THE MINISTRY.

There be those who fancy, that the chief deficiency of the modern ministry is of an intellectual sort; that if only the memory were more richly stored, and the logical faculty more thoroughly disciplined, and the art of rhetoric more fully mastered, the cause of Christianity would receive a new impulse. The highest end would be gained, whence the world would be moved. But I have no sympathy with such views. God forbid that I should disparage learning—the more of it the better; and in this respect, I am confident, the ministry of the present day will bear comparison with any that has preceded it. The chief want of our clerical order—and I mean no aspersion when I say it—is not *love* of any sort, but *love*. The love that prostrates itself, first of all, with streaming tears of gratefulness, at the foot of the cross, and then looks with unutterable yearnings upon the souls for whom Christ died; the love that measures not carefully its sacrifices, but delights to multiply them; that, in its deep devotion, forgets the thorns in its pillow, the burdens it has to bear, the roughness of its pathway. O, it is more *heart* we need in the pulpit, rather than more of the head. A greater boon to the church, with the work she has to do, were one Peter the Hermit, with only the fanaticism omitted, than a thousand Erasmuses. Our greatest peril is dead orthodoxy, perfunctory service, a ministry merely professional, or cold, sluggish and timid. Having reached the point of respectability and acquisition, it is the loving life behind the sermon, it is the tears that bedew it, it is the heart that flames out in every sentence, however simple and unadorned, that moves more than all else, even the callous and skeptical.

—o—
Christ often takes the crown off his own head, and puts it upon the head of faith; witness such passages as these, which are frequent in Scripture: "Thy faith hath saved thee" (Luke vii. 50). "Thy faith hath made thee whole" (Matt. ix. 21). And no wonder that Christ crowns faith, for of all graces, faith takes the crown

off a man's own head and puts it upon the head of Christ.—*Brooks*.

—o—
Ah, believer, it is only heaven that is above all winds, storms, and tempests; God did not cast man out of paradise that he might be able to find himself another paradise in this world. The world and you must part, or Christ and you will never meet. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—*Brooks*.

—o—
A PREACHER'S RULES.

It appears from Dr. Leischild's own account of his labours, in the recently published biography, that he regarded the delivery and the preparations of his discourses as being of almost equal importance. In the following quaint "precept for remembrance" he expresses the manner in which, in his own opinion, his sermons should be preached:

"Begin low,
Proceed slow,
Take fire,
Rise higher;
Be self-possessed
When most impressed."

—o—
Katherine Bretterge once, after a great conflict with Satan, said, "Reason not with me, I am but a weak woman; if thou hast anything to say, say it to my Christ, he is my advocate, my strength, and my Redeemer, and he shall plead for me."—*Brooks*.

—o—
It was a sweet saying of one, "O Lord, I have come to thee; but by thee I will never go from thee without thee."—*Brooks*.

—o—
"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises" (2 Pet. i. 4). The promises are a precious book; every leaf drops myrrh and mercy. They are golden vessels laden with the choicest jewels that heaven can afford or the soul desire. *There is nothing you can truly call a mercy, but you will find it in the promises.*

—o—
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FALLING LEAVES.

In a green and quiet churchyard
Leaves of autumn strow the ground;
Falling fast on tomb of marble,
Lying thick on grassy mound.

When the light breeze in the tree-top
Softly kissed the dying leaf,
Down it fluttered, near a mourner
Bent with age and bowed with grief.

By his side a little grandchild
Held his hand in gentle grasp,
Silently she marked his sorrow—
Closer pressed her loving clasp.

Thick and fast as leaves of autumn
Floating down upon his woe,
Fell his tears in quick succession
On the nameless grave below.

Where in deep and solemn slumber
Lay his fond and faithful wife,
Who had walked from youth beside him
To the winter of his life.

Leaving him so sad and lonely,
He forgot she sang above
'Mid the shining ones in glory,
Radiant with the light of Love!

He forgot her bliss unbounded,
Till his grandchild softly said,
'What was that the preacher told us
All about the blessed dead ?

'Don't you recollect him saying
They were safe from sin and woe;
Clothed with everlasting beauty,
That the ransomed only know ?

'Do not sorrow any longer
For the dear one gone to rest!
While you weep she may be smiling
On her Saviour's sheltering breast!

So she cheered the aged mourner
Till his tears no longer fell;
For his thoughts had soared to heaven—
Home of her he loved so well.

'Child!' he said, 'thy words of comfort
Calmed and soothed my troubled soul,
Till the song of Heaven reached me,
And its hallelujahs' roll.

'Till I seemed to see my Mary,
With her eye no longer dim,
Robed in loveliness eternal,
Singing 'mid the seraphim.

'Soon I'll follow her to glory
For my days are few and brief,
Oh! how truly say the Scriptures,
All must fade as does the leaf!'

'And I leave thee here behind me
To the tempest and the strife;
To the changes and the chances
Of this short and wintry life.

Wouldst thou have no tempest harm thee?
Make the loving Lord thy choice,
Follow Him in early childhood
Like a lamb that knows his voice.

'So a beam of heaven's glory
Ever on thy path shall shine,
So a blessed voice shall cheer thee
With its whisper—'Thou art mine!'

'Till the day appointed bring thee—
As life's seasons o'er thee roll—
Death's white winter to thy forehead,
Eternal summer to thy soul!'

For the Weekly Visitor.

PRINCE ED. ISLAND BRITISH TEM-
PLARS.

MR. EDITOR.—Presuming that your numerous readers would be pleased to hear the success of the British Order of Good Templars in Prince Ed. Island, I now proceed to give a true, though imperfect detail of our proceedings. When the Order first made its appearance, under the auspices of our late and esteemed Bro. N. C. Gowan, a great many connected themselves therewith, and appeared to be very zealous in the cause, but time which tests every man has proven that self-interest was the most endearing motto with some. But, I feel proud to be able to tell you that these were only "few and far between;" and at present they either feel ashamed of their proceedings or console themselves by imagining that as the agitation is over their actions will be forgotten. Liberty Lodge, in Charlottetown the main-stay of the anti-supremists as far as can be learned, is defunct,—the members having disagreed among themselves, causing the most of them to withdraw. Imagine the consequence. The same has been the case with almost all the other Lodges that acted disloyal. Prince William, another anti-supreme Lodge, decided by a large majority in favor of the so called Brother J. B. Cooper. The loyal brothers and

sisters then with truth and justice on their side determined never to abide by these illegal and extremely unconstitutional proceedings, and consequently withdrew and formed a Lodge by themselves, under the authority and jurisdiction of the Supreme and Provincial Lodges (the others choosing to be governed by their Brother Cooper and his so called statements of facts?) and are now doing well. The opposing party have ceased to work. This of itself shows that truth is mighty and in the end will prevail, notwithstanding the many enemies who may labour to retard its progress; and that success attend the labour of those who uphold it. The British Templars of P. E. Island have reason ever to be grateful to our Most Worthy Brothers Tanton, Ryan and Strong, for their zeal and indefatigable exertions, has rendered us successful. When Mr. Cooper was sending his effusions afloat through the island, there was nothing to prevent our being carried away by the tide of misrepresentation, had not these noble champions of temperance stepped forward and explained matters in their true light.

To show you how presumptuous and tyrannical these gentlemen acted. I will relate one of the many instances that I have been an observer of. Brother Daniel Gordon, Provincial Deputy of Triumph Lodge No. 33, forwarded to Mr. J. B. Cooper, the sum of one dollar for a commission to act in the said office, to which he was nominated by the Lodge. Mr. Cooper on his own responsibilities, erased the names of the Supreme Chief and Secretary, and some other sentences from the commission; (all which bore my allegiance to the Supreme Lodge) rendering it null and void, and sent it to the Brother, with only the names of the Provincial Chief and Secretary. This dollar Brother Cooper secured for himself with all the funds of the Grand Lodge. Surely these grievances loudly called for redress and rectification. No institution could prosper and such men hanging on to it. But the confusion is expunged from the system and we now enjoy good health, so much so that the Grand Secretary cannot attend to the numerous calls on him, for rituals, constitutions, forms of application, &c., for new Lodges. The Lodges already organized increase both numerically and financially.

Few days ago, brothers and sisters were amazed on reading in the "Weekly Bulletin" that J. B. Cooper, Provincial Secretary pro tem., has been over Canada and New Brunswick, and was able to lay before the Order such statements of facts as would not fail to bring conviction to the mind of every one that the affair

was only a contrived one. We waited until we would hear the statements of facts, but have not heard them. The only information that he gave his colleagues was that "there were no British Good Templars in Canada West." It is to be greatly regretted that any man should travel for such a long distance for the purpose of correcting his misunderstanding, and come back again with only his misunderstanding enlarged. I believe the power that appointed him Provincial Secretary pro tem, was the same that gave him the never-failing information received in Canada.

I merely lay this information before your readers to show what the anti-Supremists are composed of. Such has been their actions since first the question was agitated, and I trust that as an Order having the good of our race at heart, we will beware of such men. Nothing grieves me more than to hear of brothers violating the trust reposed in them. When men should be exerting their influence to bring matters to a true light, that they should be labouring to bring discord, dissatisfaction, and eviltending agitation among the members of an Order, that they themselves are connected with. And as we have laboured and gained the victory, others should labour also, and they may be sure that victory will be the reward. Trusting that all British Templars will be true and faithful, not slothful, but persevering,

I remain yours in the work of F. H. & C,
D. M.

Prince Edward Island, Dec. 5, 1865.

The Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting is held from 3 to 4 o'clock, in the Temperance Street Hall. Please attend.

BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

CITY OF TORONTO.

The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.
J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The Queen City Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings at 8 p. m. in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.
W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The Jess Kethum Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7.30 p.m. in the Coldstream Hall, Brock Street.
J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The Crusade Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m.
P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.

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