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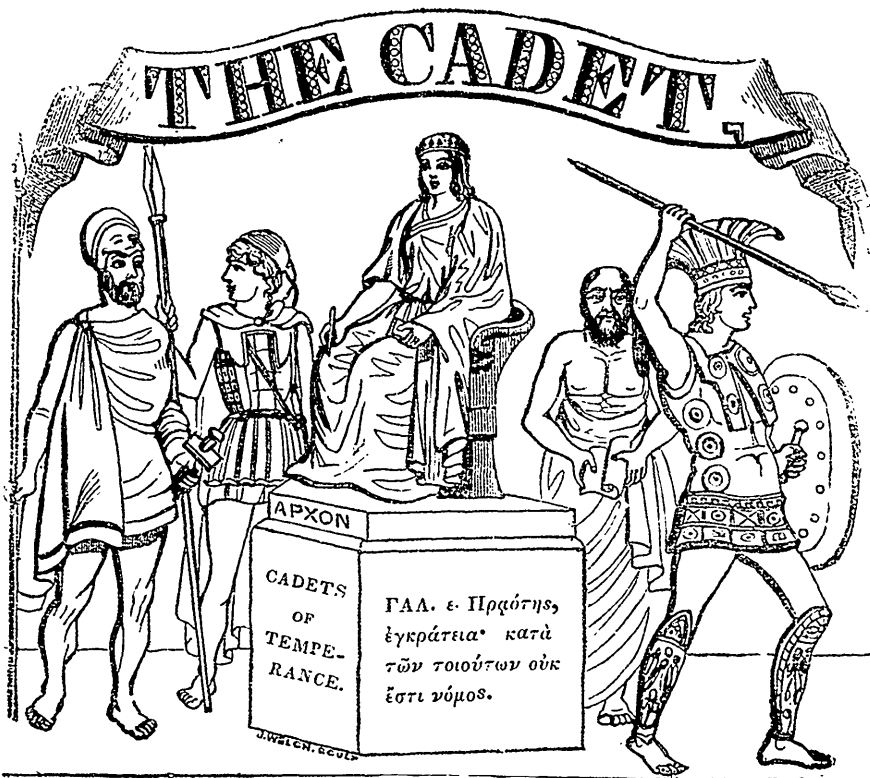
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1852.

No. 9

Why the Father began to Drink,
And why he left off Drinking.

BY MARY IRVING.

PART II.

"Sister," said Rose to Margaret, one day, "please, why won't you buy me that muslin dress for examination?"

"My dear," said Margaret, sadly, "I have no money for new dresses now."

"But why don't pa give you some, like he used to?"

"As he used to, my dear, you should say."

"Yes, what makes pa so cross and curious?" said little Abby, coming up to them. "The other day he made me sit up in his lap, and drink some of that bad medicine he drinks all the time. I didn't

like it a bit. Then, by and by, he pushed me right away, and let me fall on the floor and told me to go along off and let him alone. Margie, what ails pa?"

Margaret had stopped the fine stitching which she had been holding close to her eyes, and had leaned her face on her hand. Rose and Abby were surprised to see tears flowing down her cheeks. They had never seen her cry before, except after mother and little Charley died.—They felt like crying, too, from sympathy: and little Abby threw her arms around her neck, and hugged her with all her little might, to coax her "not to feel so bad."

Margaret very soon wiped her eyes, lifted her head and looked kindly on them.

"I cannot tell you now, dear children," she said, faintly. "Go to school, be good girls, and to-night you shall go with me

to hear a lecture; and perhaps you will find out what is the matter with our poor dear papa!"

Rose and Abby went away wondering, and wondered on until evening. Then, their sister dressed them in their Sunday frocks and bonnets, and took them out with her, to a large Hall, which they found crowded almost to overflowing with people.

A gentleman soon got up, and began talking very earnestly to the people. Rose and Abby listened very eagerly, but could not hear much at first, the people kept laughing so often, and then stamping with their feet; while others, though only a few, tried to hiss. At last, the crowd became more silent; the lecturer began to imitate a poor drunken man, staggering about the stage, talking thick, and stuttering, till he seemed more like a beast than a human being; then suddenly he straightened himself up, and turning his eyes full on his audience, exclaimed.—

"Who, that can be a man, will make himself a brute like *that*! A brute like men who are stumbling about your own city streets, just for the sake of the drink that is deadly fire to the body and to the soul? Don't say to yourselves, 'I don't drink vulgar gin and rum; I have my wine and brandy!' Poison—*soul-poison* is in both! and he who begins with the one, in the parlor, may look well to his steps, lest he end with the other in the gutter!"

Rose and Abby looked timidly around at their sister. Margaret had dropped her thick black veil over her eyes. They thought they felt her trembling, and wondered if she could be crying again, there in meeting, too. But they turned their heads quickly again, for the man had begun to talk to children.

He told them of the good one little child might do—of the good many children *had* done, in coaxing their fathers or brothers to sign the Total Abstinence Pledge. He talked to them of the danger they ran, if they ever formed the habit of tasting the poison, and begged them and warned them never to suffer a drop to pass their lips.

After he had finished, he led a little girl forward on the stage, who was not much larger than Abby. She was a very sweet singer; her voice rang out like a young bird's, as she sang a temperance song. It was the language of a drunkard who is signing the pledge. Every verse ended with these words.

"No—no—no—no!"

"I'll never drink any more!"

When the last verse was finished, she made a pretty courtesy, took her father's hand, and was lifted off the stage. Rose and Abby, who had been holding their breath with delight to hear her, dropped back into their seats, looking very meaningfully at each other.

A number of papers were now passed around, one of which Margaret took, and wrote her name upon it. As she lifted her veil, Rose saw that her cheeks were burning red.

"What is it, Margie?" she whispered. "Won't you write my name?"

"Hush, dear! not now."

"It was the pledge not to drink wine or rum, or anything that has alcohol in it, (except as a medicine) that I signed," said Margaret, as they turned from the crowded side-walk into a more quiet street that led to their home, a few minutes after.

"Oh, sister! why *didn't* you put our names down?"

"It was only for those over twelve years of age; and neither of you is so old."

"But he said little children *ought* to be 'temperance,'" urged Rose. "I don't see why he don't let them write their names too!"

"There will be a children's society, perhaps," said Margaret, as they reached home. She stopped on the steps, and rang the bell.

"Don't say anything to your father about this," she whispered.

The next Sabbath was a beautiful day of summer. Rose and Abby went to their Sabbath-school class, and to church, and then sat down at home to read their library books. They could not read much, however, there was such a noise in the room at one side—their father's parlor. They had seen five or six men go in there, and had seen the maid bring up a great many bottles from the cellar. They sat talking sadly with each other, or looking out of the window for Margaret, who was away, having gone to a Bible class.

"Oh, what wicked men, to laugh so on Sunday!" exclaimed little Abby.

"Hush: be still, Abby; pa is calling us!"

Mr. L— had rung his bell violently three times, with no success, as the girl who had waited on the band, thinking they would want no more wine for a while, had stolen a Bottle herself, and sneaked off with it under her shawl, to

share it with a married sister, who lived in a neighboring street.

Mr. L—— impatiently called his children. They came timidly into the room, where the rude, tipsy companions of their father were rioting and swearing. Some were tipped back in their chairs, with their feet higher than their heads; others were tossing their arms about, laughing shrilly, making most foolish speeches, or using great, swelling oaths; some were drinking the last dregs of the empty bottles that strewed the table. One, a young man, lay hiccupping and stuttering, on a lounge, evidently too far gone to sit up. Their father did not look so drunk as the rest; but his face was red and angry, and his breath was fiery with the fumes of spirit, as he told them to go down into a certain cellar—giving them the key—and bring each as many bottles as she could carry.

“Ca-can’t you br-bring *four* bottles apiece?” he called after them.

“Yes, pa,” Rose answered, faintly.

As they went down stairs, through the wide hall, Abby whispered to her sister—

“Oh, Rose! I am afraid he’ll make me drink some more of that poison stuff! Oh dear!”

“He can’t make *me*!” Rose said, very firmly. “Don’t you know what the little girl there sung?”

And both, who were accustomed to singing songs together, joined in the chorus, as they went slowly from step to step—

“No—no—no—no!”

I’ll never drink any more!”

The echoes rang through the hall, starting the house cat, who lay napping on the rug before the door. They did more; they reached the ears of the father, in the midst of his revelling companions; and they startled *him*, as nothing had startled him since Charley’s death!

How! Was he fallen so low as to be reproved, taught, by his very children—his own despised, neglected little girls? He leaned his head on his hands, and tried to clear it from the mist of drunkenness. He seemed to hear his wife’s tone in that clear sound of singing. It was as though the sky had opened above him, and Charley and Charley’s mother, two angels all in white, had looked down on him, and bidden him “*never drink any more!*”

“*I never will!*” he solemnly exclaimed within his heart, at that moment. He started up; but, recollecting himself, he sat down, just as his pale, sad, sorrowful-

looking little girls came back with their arms full of the bottles he had demanded. He could not look in their faces, nor speak to them, but motioned to them to go out.

He then uncorked the bottles, and passed them to his guests, excusing himself from taking any more. He did not touch another drop.

That night he did not sleep an hour. Early the next morning he went out, found and signed the pledge of *Total Abstinence* from “all that can intoxicate!”

Margaret was looking sad, when he came again to his home. Poor girl, she saw nothing but ruin before her father and his whole family. He sat down by her side, and spoke to her more affectionately than he had done for months.

“Margaret, my daughter,” he said, in a trembling voice, “I have made a promise, which, by God’s help, I will keep till my dying day.”

She looked up, bewildered—afraid to believe what she most wished on earth.

“I have *signed the pledge!*” he said, looking firmly in her face.

“Oh, father!” she began, lifted her hands, clasped them together; and turning instantly away, she began to cry aloud, like a little child.

Rose and Abby came running in, with their school bonnets on their heads, ready to go out. They did not know what to make of their quiet, sober sister’s unaccountable behavior.

They had not much time for wondering; for their father, with a look of love in his face that had never fallen on them before, caught them both in his arms, and drawing them to his heart, exclaimed—

“My children! my angels! you have saved your father!”

And, bending his head over them, the strong man wept as a babe.

“Oh, God forgive me!” he exclaimed, at last, brokenly. “*I have enough to live for!*”

That pledge was kept—that family is happy!

Are you a Brother.

The three little Mays were made very happy one day by a letter which their father received, saying that a friend of his was coming to see them, accompanied by his son. “A brother!” said Jessie, the eldest of the three; “he shall be our brother while he stays, we always wanted a brother so,” and she looked much pleased. “Will he *really* be?” asked Mary, the

second little girl. "He will be like a brother," answered Jessie; "and won't it be nice to have even such a brother?" His name was Lewis; the little girls were glad they knew his name, and they kept saying it over, so as to "get it by heart."

Lewis and his father came at the time they were expected, but it was quite the children's bedtime: so they could only be introduced to Lewis, and saw that he had black hair, and was beautiful looking," and they all *knew* they should like him. After breakfast the next morning, the first thing to be done was to show Lewis the baby-house. So little Sarah led the way, and Mary took him by the hand, and Jessie followed on, feeling very happy. These little girls had no brother. Jessie, especially, thought she would give all the world for one—a brother to go with her and help to take care of the younger ones—for her sisters were always put under *her* care, when they went out together; and sometimes Jessie felt a great responsibility about them. "Oh," she often thought now, "if we only had a brother to take care of them, and me too."

As soon as they reached the chamber where the baby-houses were, Lewis spied a little dog, and he ran and grasped it, crying out, "Oh, may n't I have this? Give me this." "You may have it in your hand, Lewis," said Mary, "but not to keep; for my cousin Jenny gave it to me to remember her by, and now she's dead." "Dogs to remember girls by!" cried Lewis; "why, it's sugar, and sugar dogs are made to eat up." "Please—" began Sarah, looking a little frightened; but before she had time to say more, Lewis bit off the dog's head, and sat munching it in his mouth. The sisters stared at Lewis, but they neither stirred nor spoke, only a tear came into Sarah's eyes, which she tried to wipe away with her little fat fingers. Presently she stole out of the room, and was soon sobbing in her mother's lap. This was but the beginning of sorrows. The poor children found themselves almost at the mercy of a self-willed, selfish boy, and Jessie had her hands full to stand between him and her little sisters, whom he took delight in teasing.

Towards the afternoon, after Lewis had lost his own, Jessie's, and Mary's balls, he wanted Bell Emory's, a little girl who came to visit them. "Please don't," said Jessie, "because you may lose it, and we can't make it up to her." "But I want it, and I will have it," said Lewis rough-

ly. "It is a law here for each of us to give up sometimes," said Jessie, "now, won't you take your turn, and give up, Lewis?" Give up! I never give up to girls; I will have the ball; rushing angrily towards Jessie, who held the ball in her hand. Jessie never flinched. "Lewis, are you a brother?" she asked, looking the rude, selfish boy calmly and steadily in the face—"Are you a brother, Lewis?" Lewis knew enough to feel the reproof. He looked much ashamed of his conduct; and whether it had any abiding good effect I cannot tell, but he behaved better in Jessie's presence while he stayed.

What a question Jessie's was! "Are you a brother?" the boy who reads this story. Remember that a selfish, tyrannical, overbearing spirit is not the spirit of brotherly love. "Are you a brother?" do you cherish a brother's tender care, a brother's protecting hand and watchful eye over the sisters whom God has given you? "Are you a brother?" and will you never abuse the confidence and ruin the happiness of one who should be treated as a sister? "Are you a brother?" remember a brother's duty and a brother's responsibility, and never abuse a brother's love.—*Child's Paper.*

EFFECTS OF NO TOBACCO.

Deacon Ebenezer Rice of Rowe, aged 71 years, mowed on the 22d day of August last, (it being his seventy first birthday,) two acres of stout grass, beginning one hour after sunrise and finishing before 12 o'clock. The Deacon about one year ago left off entirely the use of tobacco, having been a most inveterate smoker for forty years. He says he has paid out nearly three hundred dollars for tobacco.— Since quitting the pipe he has greatly improved in health and bodily and mental vigor. He weighs over twenty pounds more than he did one year ago, and says he feels twenty years younger than 70.— These are interesting facts and speak volumes against the use of tobacco.

We regret that we cannot always think. The brain is not to be developed at the expense of other regions. The inability to think is a silent admonition to go and attend to the body. The complete man will be him of whom it is said:—"That he possesses all of spirit, beauty, strength, that we see at present divided among many men."



Lestædius and the Laplanders.

Scarcely half a century ago the Laplanders were pagans; they are now protestants. This fact affords a strong testimony in favor of Missionary enterprise, against which neither the burning plains of Africa, nor the frozen regions of the north, have presented obstacles too great for true christianity to overcome.

The missionary was obliged in his labors among these people as Lestædius did, to wander from hut to hut, from man to man, to deliver the glad tidings of the gospel. His privations, hardships, and zeal may be estimated from the details of the scene of his labors we are about to give. Whilst among some of the people he had to overcome a deeply rooted paganism, others had to be weaned from a degraded form of christian worship—that of the Greek church, the national religion of Russia, to which two-thirds of Lapland belong. The climate of these inland parts of Lapland is one of extremes. The winter is long and severely cold, the summer short and intensely hot, lasting only about sixty-six days, during which no change is experienced either in light or temperature during the whole twenty-four hours, for there is no night, the sun never absenting himself. But the long winter presents a dreary reverse. The cold is so excessive that mercury, and even brandy, frequently freeze in the open air, and the whole face of nature is buried beneath sheets of ice or snow of great depth. During the winter the sun continues for

seven weeks below the horizon, and in the day time only partial twilight prevails.

To these phenomena the characteristics of the people may be traced. During the short period that nature smiles on them, there is not a more active race on the face of the globe;—in winter it would be difficult to find their parallel for indolence. Shut up in tents, rudely constructed in the icy but sheltered clefts of hills, they engage in little other employment than eating, drinking, and sleeping; the rein-deer, herds of which constitute their chief property, give them little care save to preserve them from straying. Their habitations are formed of six branches of wood rising in the form of a cone, and not meeting at the top, to leave a hole for the escape of smoke. These poles are covered with a thick coarse cloth; a flap of which left loose between two of them, constitutes the door. The floor strewn with rein-deer skins, which serve the triple purpose of carpet, chairs, and beds. The early missionaries found the people involved in a universal idolatry, in which every object in nature was changed into a god; yet, despite the progress of truth, which was rapid in the minds of this misguided nation, much still remains to be done among them. Our engraving presents the best means to be employed for accomplishing the “much more,” which the religious state of the Laplanders requires. We there see the missionaries bringing the gospel to their very doors, rousing them

from their lethargy and mental indolence to a knowledge of divine truth, and shedding the blessings of civilization and religion over their homes, forcing it, by constant visitation, and untiring exhortation, into their hearts.

Autumn Leaves.

"Oh, how splendidly that tree looks," said little Fanny the other day, as she looked from her window. "It is so red and bright;—and look, Aunty, there is one yellow as gold, next to the green one. Are they not very beautiful? What makes them so?"

"It is produced by the *frost*, my dear," I replied, "which has come before the leaves are dead, and changes them thus into this variety of colors. In many countries the trees do not assume these gorgeous colors in the Autumn, because the frost does not come until the leaves are dead. In England the beautiful colors of our forest leaves in the Fall, are a great curiosity, and are so much admired that ladies often send to their friends, in this country, to procure them. I recollect seeing a description of the dress of some great lady, at a ball one evening, and it said, her hair was dressed with a wreath of the *natural Autumn leaves of the American forest*, of the most brilliant colors."

"Why, it must have looked very strangely, I should think," said Fanny. "I should think she would have preferred gold or precious stones."

"She preferred them," I replied, "because they were the most rare ornament she could procure, and they were greatly admired. I was once among the Catskill Mountains in the Autumn, and I can never forget their gorgeous appearance. They are thickly wooded to their very summit; and they exhibited for two or three weeks, every variety of rich shade and color that one can imagine, commencing with light shades and each day deepening until the cold destroyed the vitality of the leaves, and they became brown and died."

"Oh, how beautiful the Autumn is," said Fanny.

"Yes, my dear, every season is beautiful and good; and from each we can derive lessons of wisdom. Were the earth suddenly to be deprived of the Summer's heat, without the gradation of Autumn, all plants would perish, and disease and death would be the result. Observe the wisdom and love of our Creator towards us, in thus adapting every thing for our good. And

that we may not mourn too much for the departing loveliness of Summer, he has clothed the Autumn with such beauty, that we admire and enjoy its parting splendor. Thus like a tender parent, he provides for the pleasure of his creatures, as well as for their support."

Little reader, when you gaze upon the glories of Autumn, adore your beneficent Creator. When you gaze upon the dying flower, and the withered leaf, remember how short your own life is; that the Bible says, "we all do fade as a leaf;" and strive to lay up, by faith and love, and deeds of mercy, *unfading* treasures in that land where all glory and beauty are immortal.—*Well Spring*.

The Young Tobacco Chewer.

Captain Marryatt, in one of his sea stories, called Peter Simple, tells a capital anecdote, about a boy who was just learning to chew tobacco.

I was amused the last morning watch I kept. We were stowing away the hammocks in the quarter deck nettings, when one of the boys came with a hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there, my good lad, a gum boil? Your cheek is much swollen."

"No, sir," replied the boy, "there is nothing at all the matter."

"O, there must be; perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco leaf.

"I see, I see," said the lieutenant, "your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board, but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armorer up here with the tongs."

When the armorer made his appearance the boy was compelled to open his mouth, while the tobacco was extracted with the rough instrument.

Disobedience.

A WARNING TO BOYS.

During the last winter, while the snow was on the ground, in one of our large western cities, a widow sent her son with a two dollar bill to purchase groceries; he left home, and on his way met a compan-

ion who said, "Come along, John, let's have some fun at snow bailing." John replied, "I have to take home the groceries to my mother." Oh, never mind that, leave your basket at the store, we'll get them when we come back." John yielded. They both went, and after a while went into a coffee-house. They drank and became intoxicated. Staid long after dark. Then left: the house where they had been drinking was broken open. These two young men were caught. John lay that night in the watch-house. Next morning he wondered where he was and how he came there. After his examination, was sent to prison; there he lay in a felon's dungeon twelve long weeks. His poor heart broken mother traversing the city from one end to the other on his behalf. Oh! the bitter tears this poor woman shed! known only to God and herself. John's trial came—he was found guilty and sentenced to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary. This youth had received good instruction, and had been at a Sunday school for many years. He told the writer of this, while in prison, "If any one had told me two years ago that I should come to this I wou'd not have believed him!" Let boys ever remember to honor their mother and their father. *Drink and bad company*, said John, have been my ruin. On! beware of the beginnings of sin!

The River Nile--A Bad Boy--Clara.

Bruce, the traveller, once sailed up the river Nile, which is a great river, and every year overflows its banks for miles around. He traced it away up to its source among the Ethiopian mountains, and then he found it a little rill trickling down from among the rocks, which a child could draw up or turn into any channel that might please him. Such was the origin of the stream that swept and overflowed the whole country. And such are the habits that form our characters—little rills away back in our childhood, which we can easily manage and turn, but which channel their bed deeper and broader, so that in our manhood all the world cannot turn them out of their course. Our characters are little else than these habits, and our characters are *formed* according as these habits are cherished. Good habits of thinking, feeling and action, prepare us for heaven; bad habits for the opposite state; for habits are our "second nature."

The word itself by derivation means "held"—that is, fixed in a certain way of life, which we cannot get away from, without breaking strong bonds that hold us in it.

I shall relate two facts—one of which will illustrate the awful consequences of a habit of profanity—the other the blessed consequences of a habit of devotion.

You may have noticed that bad boys, who are in the habit of profane swearing, will use the most awful words without knowing what they say. At first their consciences will trouble them—but afterwards they would swear without thinking about it, because it had become *natural*. I went once to see a boy who was dying. Already the chill shadows had fallen upon him, and he could not see nor hear anything that was going on around him. But he kept talking, not knowing what he said, and his tongue was gliding rapidly into his former habits of speech. *He died cursing and swearing*. He woke up, I suppose, in the spiritual world, while the awful name of God was tossed profanely from his tongue.

Again, I knew a young woman of beautiful life and character. I did not see her die, but her friends told me it was a holy scene. While the shadows were descending and closing around her, she sang with unflinching voice that hymn of Watts which commences with the lines—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign."

Then she reached forth her hands as if embracing some one, and said "Clara!" the name of a deceased sister, and then sank into the arms of death as an infant goes to sleep. She had formed a habit of devotion, and so she sang her sweet song at the gates of Paradise which opened to let her in!—*Church Register*.

MAINE LAW FOR THE INDIANS.

The editor of the San Francisco Pacific, Rev. Mr. Douglas, who has been on a tour among the miners and Indians, says:

"Rum is a great *devilizer*. It is a devil to all men, but upon the poor *savage*, with nothing to restrain his appetite and passions, its effects are speedy and most terrible. Under the influence which his Christian brother has brought to bear upon him, he will soon melt away and his race become extinct. How cruel is avarice! It has no compassion—not one feeling of commiseration for human suffering. It

stops at no law, human or divine. To get gold it will trade in tears, groans and blood. It is doing it every day in this State. Every day it is coining into gold the heart's blood of some new victim. Talk about a man under the sway of this passion—talk about a genuine liquor-seller's being brought by moral suasion—being induced for dear humanity's sake to give up his traffic! Go and talk to the North-west wind, and beseech it not to blow! Go to the granite rock, and try to melt it into tears! No; nothing short of the Maine Law will save the Indian race, or myriads of our own race in California, from destruction. Make liquor a contraband article, and the traffic in it a penitentiary offence, and it will soon disappear from the State, and drunkenness shall cease to be known."

Poetry.

The Little Boy that Died.

I am all alone in my chamber now;
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear,
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of gladness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all:
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall:
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played,
I shall miss him more by the fire-side,
When the flowers have all decayed,
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride:
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died,

I shall see his little sister again,
With her playmates about the door:
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before:
And if, in the group, I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be,
The little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house.
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall rove on banks of the river of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide:
And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be—
The little boy that died.

ODE.

*Dedicated to the Gatherers at Van Wagner's
Big Tent, New York City.*

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

TRIUMPHANT powers of Song, awake!
A noble theme demands a lay;
An influence doth the Nation shake,
And we its praises shout to-day.
A thousand happy homes shall hear,
Ten thousand hearts the joy prolong;
The eye of sadness dries its tear,
And sorrow bursteth into song.

All hail the power that comes to speak
Sweet comfort to degraded men;
Relumine Beauty's pallid cheek,
And light the star of Hope again!
That breaks the chains of lust and shame,
And lifts the veil of sin and gloom;
Points to an honored life and name,
And kindles joy beyond the tomb.

Cheer for the fallen! Brother, stand!
'The day of Hope hath dawned for thee!
We gladly take thy chainless hand,
And bid thee muster with the free.
And cheer for her who sorrowed long
O'er hopes her youthful fancy knew;
A happier life reclaims her song,
And sparkles with its'early dew.

Still brighter blaze the glorious star,
That lights the ransomed and the free!
And onward roll the Temperance car
From victory to victory!
In the deep strength of love move on,
With manful heart and willing hand;
Till the full triumph shall be won,
And its loud pean fill the land

A health to all who love the rille—
The pure, cold beverage of the free!
That leap adown the craggy hills,
With sheen and song to meet the sea.
Bright be the lip that joys to quaff
The cup of Heaven's own offering!
His path to age with blessings laugh!
A health to all that love the spring!

—N. Y. Tribune.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, DEC. 1, 1852.

Christmas Day.

Before our next issue the season of the year will have come when it is customary to celebrate the most glorious event that our young friends can contemplate, the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. The name of the day is derived from *Christi Missi*, or the mass of Christ; and is by its designation of Roman original. The strict observance of the day was enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church about the year 500, and when the English Church was reformed, the celebration of the day was continued, without, however, requiring the continuance of certain practices, considered objectionable and superstitious. The feast of Christmas used to be attended with many excesses altogether opposed to the spirit of the Gospel. The Anglo Saxons had a custom of ornamenting churches and houses, with sprigs of evergreen plants, particularly the mistletoe, which is even yet held in veneration by many people. It has been supposed that when Alfred expelled the Danes, the churches which they had polluted, being then recovered, required purification. Green boughs were considered emblems of consecration and purity, and therefore, they were stuck in conspicuous places. It was supposed also that these evergreen branches symbolized the everlasting nature and never-fading virtues of the Christian Religion. Generally speaking, even in England, these practices are not continued. The same may be said of other and more foolish customs which prevailed. Christmas season used to be attended with much licentiousness and intemperance. Inconsistent as it may appear, it was really so, that the rich and poor each in their own way, made pro-

vision for the flesh, and largely prepared for gluttony and drunkenness. The Temperance Reformation has done much to check these pernicious customs, and the progress of enlightenment and thought has shown the monstrous inconsistency of celebrating the Saviour's birth, by midnight orgies, and tripping the "light fantastic toe." Whatever may be said on either side about keeping the day, and it is known that Protestants differ on this question, most certainly all candid, serious persons, will agree that the birth of Christ should be celebrated with humility and Christian cheerfulness. The verbal symbols of the Cadets suggest appropriate thoughts even for Christmas,—"Virtue, Love, and Temperance." True virtue abstains from evil deeds, and delights in doing and receiving good. Love to God and man is at once the foundation and guide of virtue, while Temperance, as Burton says, "*is a bridle of gold* ; he who uses it rightly, is more like a God than a man." Gentle reader, the Editor wishes you a joyful Christmas, may you be spared to see that day, and many such, and through a long life exemplify the benefits of Virtue, Love, and Temperance.

Five Good Things.

Perhaps most of the readers of the *Cadet* have heard of "Old Humphrey," and it is very likely that a good many of you have read a part of the many useful things he has written. He has for many years past contributed to the amusement and improvement of the young; the Religious Tract Society of England having published his writings for general circulation. If you have not read them, be sure, the first opportunity, to get of them what you can, and read them carefully—they will do you good.

We have now before us one of Old Humphrey's books. It is called "*Lessons worth Learning*," and contains sixteen separate lessons written in a very pleasing and instructive style. There is one, en-

titled "Five good things," and the reading of it has suggested an excellent train of thought for this article. The five good things mentioned by good old Humphrey are,—a good constitution—a good understanding—a good name—a good conscience—and a good hope. On all these subjects our author writes in a very pleasing manner. The topics are very intimately connected with the purpose of this publication, and even the youngest of our readers can at once perceive in how many ways Total Abstinence may be conducive to the attainment of more than "five good things." Our intention, in this article, is to show, by several examples not altogether fictitious, how intemperance destroys the good things, of which mention has been made, and therefrom deduce reasons why our young temperance friends should keep their pledge.

A *good constitution* will be ruined by intemperance. Health is an inestimable blessing, and you can never be too thankful for a good constitution. A youth, whom we shall call Alonzo, was a hearty, laughing boy. His cheeks were red and solid, his eye bright and piercing. He had a famous appetite, and his digestion quite enviable. When yet quite a lad, he tasted cider, and pronounced it good. He liked it, but it produced an appetite for stronger drink. There was no temperance society in his day, and older people thought it right to drink, and called Alonzo brave. But the youth often had a head-ache, and was sometimes sick at the stomach, but he did not guess the cause, and kept drinking cider and other stuff. He grew up toward manhood, but was often sickly. At last, a violent fever seized him, and he was prostrated. He recovered, but he had lost his good constitution, and dragged along for some years, all the while drinking more or less of liquor, and then died. Nobody said anything about his habits, but we know he lost his constitution, and shortened his days by drink.

A *good understanding* will be impaired by intemperance. The mind, with all its noble powers, is the gift of God. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding," and surely what God gives ought to be preserved. Harry Hardy was a thoughtful and intelligent boy. He was very fond of history and biography, and read a good deal in books of science. His father had hopes of Harry, that he would become a great man; but that father, with foolish fondness, gave Harry too much of his own will. He did not need restrain him from bad company, and while the father was cherishing anticipations of greatness, the son had contracted the bad habit of drinking and gaming. Harry did not altogether neglect his studies, but he became less thoughtful, and seemed less capable of persevering application. His love of drink increased, and his love of learning decreased, and at last he became the companion of the besotted and idle. The last we saw of him, he was attending the stable of a tavern, and seemed to care for nothing but the means of self-gratification. He lost his good understanding, and delighted in folly and worldly vanity.

A *good name* will be destroyed by intemperance. Nothing can be truer, and the examples are innumerable. John Wilson was, in his youth, comely and prudent. His character for honesty was unimpeachable. He could be trusted with untold gold. He obtained a situation in a bank, and was considered a pattern of order and punctuality. Strange that such an one should be led into temptation, but so it was. His very virtues drew toward him, some whose habits were different from his own. They were hypocritical, and poor John Wilson was not aware of the danger to which he was exposed. He had no guile, and suspected not his tempters. He was led into a snare, went to a few parties of pleasure, and learned to sip the deceptive glass of wine. He had read, "Wine

is a mocker," but he had not sufficiently considered its import. He, for once, sat late in company, and, though at his post when banking hour came, he was dreamy and gloomy. He could not count over a package of bills with his usual rapidity and correctness. He was watched and suspected. His good name was soiled. Had he made a stand against temptation just then, he might have been saved—but he did not. John Wilson fell lower and lower, and soon he was dismissed from his place. His employers could not say he had a good name, and he was long out of employment. He at last got a situation in a mercantile establishment, but was unfaithful to his employers. For embezzlement he was tried at the assizes, and sent to prison for seven years. Alas! how unsuspectingly a good name may be lost. Avoid bad company, and touch not the glass of wine.

Of a good conscience, and a good hope, we have not space to say anything in the present number of our paper. You can reflect on them, however, until you find out what the Editor has got to say.

Notices to Correspondents.

Davy Diddle is informed that we do know another young gentleman of his name. He thinks you are of the same family, but could not tell at the time we talked with him, whether you were descended from a great soldier or a great sailor, N^o Importe.

We have reason to be proud of the many encomiums we receive. Our friends might flatter, but our enemies would surely speak only truth, when praising this periodical. The *Montreal Life Boat* says, "The *Cadet* is a cheap and interesting little magazine, well deserving the support of the young teetotalers of Canada." So say we of the *Life Boat*.

X. L. You may be sure of our anxiety

to gratify your wishes. Be careful to avoid all resentment, and keep your mind free from annoyance.

The *Wreckman* has our thanks for his good opinion, but when he states that another juvenile is "much larger," he is mistaken. The *Cadet* generally contains more reading matter than the *Life Boat*, never less.

(To the Editor of the *Cadet*.)

Sir,—Allow me to say a few words in your little magazine about juvenile teetotal societies. I shall try and not occupy much of your space, but what I want to say in as few words as possible.

Sir, is it not a pity that there are so few juvenile societies in Montreal. Ought not every Temperance society have a juvenile one attached to it. Montreal can afford very well to support three or four juvenile societies, and I believe she has got only one, that is the *Cadets*. I think that if the temperance societies of Montreal, would organise juvenile societies, and rear up the young generation zealous teetotalers, we would have less cause to petition Government for a Maine Law, or any other prohibitory measure; and who can be better temperance men than those who are reared up teetotalers: and sir, we must remember that "the child's the father of the man," and if we neglect them when they are young, what must we expect of them when they grow old.

I am very glad to see by the *Cadet*, that your subscription list is about two thousand; the *Life Boat* has only got one thousand; and the *Toronto Cadet* speaks of giving in, I see nothing strange in your having double that of these two papers, because your paper has more, and better readable matter, and is so very cheap that every *Cadet*, and every family in Canada can afford to have one, and I hope that by the time the first volume of the *Cadet*

shall be furnished that you will have three times as many Subscribers as you have now.

Yours &c.,
R. DANIEL.

Montreal, Nov. 13th 1852.

NEWBURGH, November 15th, 1852.—Dear Sir,—We here send you a list of the Officers of Newburgh Section, No. 151, Cadets of Temperance, commencing October, as follows, viz. :—

Wm. V. P. Detlor, W.P.
Edmd. Hooper, W.A.
Thos. Shorts, V.A.
Francis Armstrong, Sec.
Wesley Caniff, A.S.
James Holmes, T.
Robt. Aylsworth, A.T.
Marshall Howell, G.
Henry Spencer, U.
N. Caton, W.
R. Holmes, J.W.

Yours in Virtue, Love and Temperance,
EDMD. HOOPER, W.A.
FRANCIS S. ARMSTRONG, S.

The Rainbow.

The shower was over. Towards the east a great dark cloud spread itself, and in the west the setting sun shone through the parting clouds upon the refreshed earth. The children again ran down into the garden, from which the rain had driven them. O how beautiful and glorious it was! The leaves trembled and glistened as if pleased at their appearance, and the flowers raised their little caps and perfumed the air. Every blossom had a bright little drop in its cup, and one knew not whether it was a rain-drop or a tear of joy. And the grass glittered, and the trees and bushes sparkled as the sun shone upon them as if they were hung with diadems, pearls, and glittering ornaments. The beetle, bee, and butterfly, which had concealed themselves under the leaves, or in the flowers, crept forth again, looked around to see whether the storm was over, and

then flew away humming and singing, while the gnats danced in the sunshine. It was beautiful! The children rejoiced aloud and ran through the garden out into the field. Suddenly they stood still and wondered at all the pomp and glory which they saw. A large rainbow was spread far, far over the heavens, and shone in the most brilliant colours, violet, blue, green, gold, and red, and looked like a great door hung and lighted with many-coloured lamps. Mutely the children gazed a long time at the glorious spectacle, and observed not that they were wet with the still gently falling rain. But at length one bright boy broke the silence.

‘Who made that beautiful bow?’ asked little Karl of the somewhat older Henry.

‘Full of mystery the boy answered:—That I well know! The old Liese told me. Our Father in heaven made the beautiful bow, and it is a bridge upon which the angels from heaven descend to earth, to good pious children, and play with them. It is indeed true, for old Liese never tells lies.’

‘And have the angels played with you?’ again inquired Karl.

‘Ah! no,’ answered Henry, sorrowfully, ‘I have never been always good!’

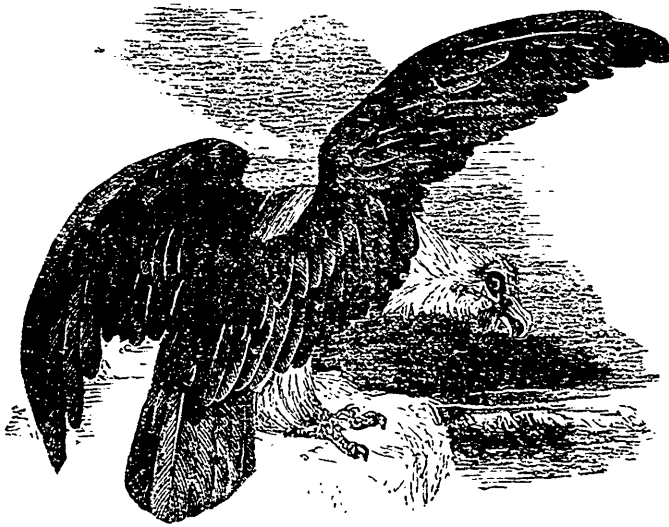
When it was night, and the little Karl lay in his bed, he could not sleep, for he thought continually of the coloured bridge and the angels, and wished that they might come and play with him. And when he closed his eyes he saw the shining bridge with its beautiful colours, but the angels he could not see, although he looked around for them. After a while sleep came over him, and with it a dream. The bridge appeared fashioned as he had seen it in the afternoon, and dear little angels, with golden wings, descended, and flew up and down upon it. They came to him and kissed him, brought beautiful flowers, and sang beautiful songs, and played with him. Then his little heart beat quicker, and the colour of his cheeks deepened with

inward joy. When his mother arose in the morning, she stepped to the bedside of her darling, and looked upon the dear child, that smiled in its sleep, with holy, motherly love, and pressed a gentle kiss upon his red lips—The boy opened his bright eyes, beaming with joy, looked upon the mother and clasped his little arms about her neck.

‘There, I have thee at length, thou

lovely angel! and now thou shalt always remain with me, and I will be ever good and pious, so that thou shalt not fly from me again!’

So spake the child, half-dreaming, and immediately closed his soft eyes again. And two holy tears of joy shone in the eyes of the happy mother as she raised them to heaven in grateful prayer.—*From the German.*



THE EAGLE.

The black eagle is found in all climates, hot as well as cold, and usually inhabits the steepest rocks. It is about two feet ten inches in length, and the general color of its plumage is black. The head and upper parts of the neck, however, are mixed with yellow, while the lower part of the tail is white, with blackish spots. The bird is so powerful as to be able to kill a dog that is much larger than itself. The Abbé Spalanzani, having forced a dog into one of the apartments where he kept an eagle, the bird immediately ruffled the feathers on his head and neck, cast a dreadful look at its victim, and taking a short flight, immediately alighted on his back. It held the neck of the animal firmly with one foot, by which he was prevented from turning his head to bite, and with the other grasped one of his flanks, at the same time driving its talons into the dog's body. In this attitude the bird continued, until its victim expired, with fruit-

less cries and efforts. The beak, which up to this time had been unemployed, was now used for making a small hole in the skin. This was gradually enlarged; and from this the bird began to tear away and devour the flesh, and went on till it was satisfied. So much for the story. We cannot help thinking, by the way, that the abbé, who witnessed this feat, might have satisfied his curiosity in a manner rather more humane. The poor brutes have to suffer a great deal for the cause of science. No doubt they would be happier, if such a thing as science was unknown.

A man in Connecticut shot an eagle of the largest kind. The bird fell to the ground, and, being only wounded, the man carried him home alive. He took good care of him, and he soon got well. He became quite attached to the family in which he was adopted; and though he was permitted to have his liberty, and flew away to a considerable distance from

the house, he always came back again. It was his custom to take his station in the door-yard in front of the house, and, if any well-dressed person came through the yard to the house, the eagle would sit still, and make no objections; but if a ragged person came into the door-yard, he would fly at him, seizing his clothes with one claw, and holding on to the grass with the other. In this way, he would make him a prisoner. The owner of the house was often called upon to release people who had been captured by this eagle. It is a curious fact, that the bird never attacked people, however ragged they might be, if they approached the house by the back door. It was only when they attempted to enter through the front door that he assailed them. He had some other curious habits, as, for instance, instead of going out every day in order to get his breakfast, dinner, and supper, his custom was, about once a week, to make a hearty meal, which lasted him six or seven days. His common food was the king bird. He would sometimes catch ten of these birds, in the course of a few hours. The eagle must have been very dexterous to have done it, by the way, for the king bird is surprisingly quick in his motions, and does not make any thing of the task of catching bees by wholesale, as they are going into their hive. I watched one last summer for half an hour, as he was making his breakfast at the expense of the bees belonging to the friend at whose house I was visiting; and it amused me not a little, although I could not help pitying the poor bees, to see the dexterity with which he made prisoners of the little fellows.—*Woodworth's Stories about Birds.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A drunkard who had run through his property, returned home one night to his unfortunate home. He entered his empty hall, anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language was inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victim of his appetite, his lovely wife and charming child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word, he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The sorrowing mother said to the little angel by her side, 'Come, my child, it is time to go to bed;' and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suf-

fering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child, but four years of age, said to her mother, 'dear ma, may I offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, yes, my sweet pet. pray.' And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed: 'O God! spare, oh spare my papa!' That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard—it was heard on earth. The responsive 'Amen,' burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: 'My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge.'

THE BEE.—That within so small a body should be contained apparatus for converting the 'virtuous sweets' which it collects into one kind of nourishment for itself, another for the common brood, a third for the royal glue for its carpentry, wax for its cells, poison for its enemies, honey for its master, with a proboscis almost as long as the body itself, microscopic in its several parts, telescopic in its mode of action, with a sting so infinitely sharp that, were it magnified by the same glass which makes a needle's point seem a quarter of an inch, it would yet itself be invisible, and this, too, a hollow tube—that all these varied operations and contrivances should be inclosed within half an inch of length, and two grains of matter, while in the same 'small room' the large heart of at least thirty distinct insects is contained—is surely enough to crush all thoughts of atheism and materialism.—*Quarterly Review.*

BE PUNCTUAL.—The listless, irregular, unpunctual man, though often good natured, and pleasing, and kind, and inoffensive, is, nevertheless the mere plaything of society, a mere means of amusement, often wanted, but little valued; he is generally left behind in the race of human life, daily laboring under disadvantages which result from his habits, and the rest of mankind, if they do not condemn or despise him, yet make him the object of their wayward pity.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

Puzzles for Pastime.

No. 1.

- My 16, 32, 5, 13, 24, we could not very well do without.
- My 14, 25, 17, 27, is eatable.
- My 4, 25, 29, 30, 3, 7, is a kind of drink.
- My 20, 9, 28, 10, 31, is one of the United States.
- My 18, 21, 22, 19, 32, 5, 12, 28, 9, is a rich country, owned by Great Britain.
- My 4, 5, 32, 15, should be taken.
- My 6, 17, 10, is a river in Europe.
- My 2, 5, 20, 28, 12, 8, 25, 24, is a township in the district of New Castle, C.W.
- My 6, 13, 23, 26, 17, 10, is a township in the district of St. Francis.
- My 16, 5, 12, 1, 13, 4, is a sea in Europe.
- My whole is a piece of friendly advice.

L. G.

Barnston, Nov. 16, 1852.

No. 2.

SIR,—The answer to M. N. V.'s epigram, (No. 1) is "The Cadet," which, he says, "has been found extremely useful to the Canadian public." I am rather inclined to disagree with your correspondent there, as it has not had time to do so. The answer to the following, however, will show how it can be "extremely useful":—

I am composed of 14 letters.

- My 1, 7, 11, 8, 4, 10, is a useful animal.
- My 11, 6, 3, is a venomous serpent.
- My 8, 11, 12, 14, is found on steeples.
- My 10, 4, 11, 3, 7, 5, is one who cuts corn.
- My 8, 7, 14, 10, is a nautical phrase.
- My 3, 11, 2, 12, 9, is the name of a great atheist.
- My 1, 14, 11, 5, is a savage animal.
- My 12, 11, 8, 4, is part of a church.
- My 5, 11, 8, 14, is what madmen do.
- My 1, 14, 4, 10, is an article allowed by the "moderation" pledge.
- My 3, 11, 3, 4, 5, is what we could scarcely do without.
- My 1, 5, 11, 8, 14, is what we should always be in the Temperance battle.
- My 8, 11, 12, is where we should ever be in the Temperance battle.
- My 10, 7, 11, 5, is where we should never be in the Temperance battle.
- My 8, 11, 13, 11, 12, 13, 2, is an empty space.

- My 3, 14, 11, 5, is a sweet fruit.
- My 2, 9, 11, 5, is a portion of time.
- My 14, 11, 5, and 7, 2, 9, are two useful parts of the body.
- My 3, 5, 11, 12, 13, 4, is what horses do.
- My 1, 11, 2, is a tree.
- My 3, 14, 5, 8, 4, 10, 6, 9, is what we should never be.
- My 12, 11, 8, 2, is a fleet of ships.
- My 1, 9, 11, 12, is a kind of pulse.
- My 5, 11, 8, 14, 12, is a large black bird.
- My 3, 5, 11, 2, 14, 10, is a devotion.
- My 1, 14, 10, 5, 2, is a small fruit.
- My 9, 5, 10, is what we are very apt to do.
- My 3, 7, 12, is a very useful article.
- My 1, 9, 4, is an animal we should imitate.
- My 13, 11, 3, is a covering for the head.
- My 10, 4, 8, 9, 5, 4, is to venerate.
- My 3, 7, 11, is a kind of pulse.
- My 1, 11, 5, 10, 7, 12, means unfruitful.
- My 3, 10, 14, 2, is spoil.
- My 5, 11, 13, 7, is a running match.
- My 2, 11, 5, 2, is spun wool.
- My 1, 11, 10, is always found in grog-shops.
- My 8, 4, 12, 14, 9, 5, is their mahogany.
- My 12, 11, 3, 9, is the joint of the neck.
- My 1, 7, 2, is a Turkish Governor.
- My 13, 11, 12, 4, is a light walking-stick.
- My 3, 11, 8, 14, is to floor with stones.
- My 5, 11, 13, 2, is the character ascribed to old liquor.
- My 12, 4, 10, 8, 14, is an organ of sensation.
- My 8, 14, 10, 6, 9, is found in every chapter in the Bible.
- My 5, 11, 2, is a beam of light.
- My 3, 9, 14, 5, is a nobleman.
- My 3, 2, 7, is an article we often eat.
- My 6, 4, 10, 7, 12, 14, is calm.
- My 6, 9, 11, is a wide expanse of water.

GEO.

No. 3.

To a lady's name,
Add a Roman gown,
And you have a place
Now of great renown.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

No. 1.—"THE CADET."

No. 2.—"ALEXANDER."

The answer sent to enigma No. 2 by M. M., Pointe-à-Cavagnol; M. A. Moulnette, and J. G., Montreal, is correct, as they will perceive from the above.

Things to Think about.

The education of a man of open mind is never ended.

Everywhere we have need of all reverence, obedience, and thoughtfulness.

There is no simple interest in knowledge. Whatever funds you have in that bank go on increasing by interest upon interest—till the bank fails.

Great men, like great rivers, are ever bringing down deposits and soil for after harvests. Genius provides the deposit: talent ploughs and manures it.

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless care; many without labour would live by their own wits only but they break for want of stock.

Each faculty of the mind that remains unexercised is an eye that requires couching, having the power to see, were the pellicle that obscures the sight removed.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

IDEALISM.—Might not idealism be compared to a glorious star on the rational horizon, hidden from those who mingle with the crowds of cities, but shining with a clear and beautiful light to the scholar who seeks the mountain solitudes?

FACT.—Facts are pitiful, unless permeated, vitalised, and united by the universal; and the yearning after the universal is vapoury, of little use, and of little real beauty, unless realised in the details of actual, daily, human matter of fact.

MAN'S ABILITIES.—No man knows what he can do till he is fully resolved to do whatever he can. When men have thought themselves obligated to set about any business in good earnest, they have done that which their indolence made them suppose impossible.

NATURE.—A beautiful nature is like a pure diamond: the more it is broken the greater the number of angles of reflection it displays; but there is a species of mental vision so defective that it can only perceive the work of destruction not the manifold beauty thereby unfolded to view.

Great men would do well to come down occasionally from their heights, and have intercourse with their fellow-sojourners. We reverence Jove when he speaks to us from Olympus' heights; but we love Apollo when he visits us in the valley, and calls to mind his sayings long after he has left us.

Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, as well as with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked but it hath in it some lines of truth, nor is there any poison so deadly but it serveth some wholesome use.

Things to Smile at.

If you want an affectionate, loving wife, choose a thin raw-boned gal. You'll be nearer the heart.

Why is a melancholy young lady the pleasantest of companions? Because she is always a musing.

Why is a man without legs like an even bargain? Because there is nothing to boot.

What dress would a lady procure, in order to keep the rest of her wardrobe clean? A Lauress (lawdress.)

What was the first thing Adam set in the garden of Eden? His foot.

Why is a tear shed in secret like a vessel of war? Because it is a private-tear.

Why is the letter K like meal? Because you cannot make cake without it.

When is a lady's neck not a lady's neck? When it is a little bear.

What word in the English language contains seven different meanings—is spelled six different ways, and has but one sound? Hue, hew, ewe, yew, you, and Hugh.

An American paper describes a fence made of such crooked rails that every time a pig crawled through, it can go out on the same side.

Money begins to get easy, says Dobbs; it has been so easy with me that for the last three months it has not troubled me.

WHAT IS LOVE?—A late writer, without the fear of truth or the fair sex before his eyes, calls it nothing more than "an insane desire to pay a young woman's board." So!

An article in a southern paper announcing a person's decease, says—"His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns, attended by his friends."

Carpenters for the most speak *planely*—but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are bores, and oftentimes annoy each other with their "old saws."

One of our compositors, who is of a delicate constitution, and about to emigrate to Sydney, consoles himself with the idea that night-work there will have very little effect on his health, as night at the antipodes is contemporaneous with day here.

A wag purchased a very fine horse. Returning from a ride a few days afterwards, he said he had discovered a quality in his animal which added five pounds to his value—"He shied at a constable!"

A SEARCHING OPERATION.—"Billy, my dear, where have you been at this time of the night, to get your shirt turned wrong side afore? "Been, mother?—been to an auction, where a man lost his pocket-book; and they shut the doors, and searched us all from head to foot; that's how I got my shirt turned; glad to clear out anyhow—staid two hours, and they hadn't half stript when I left 'em."