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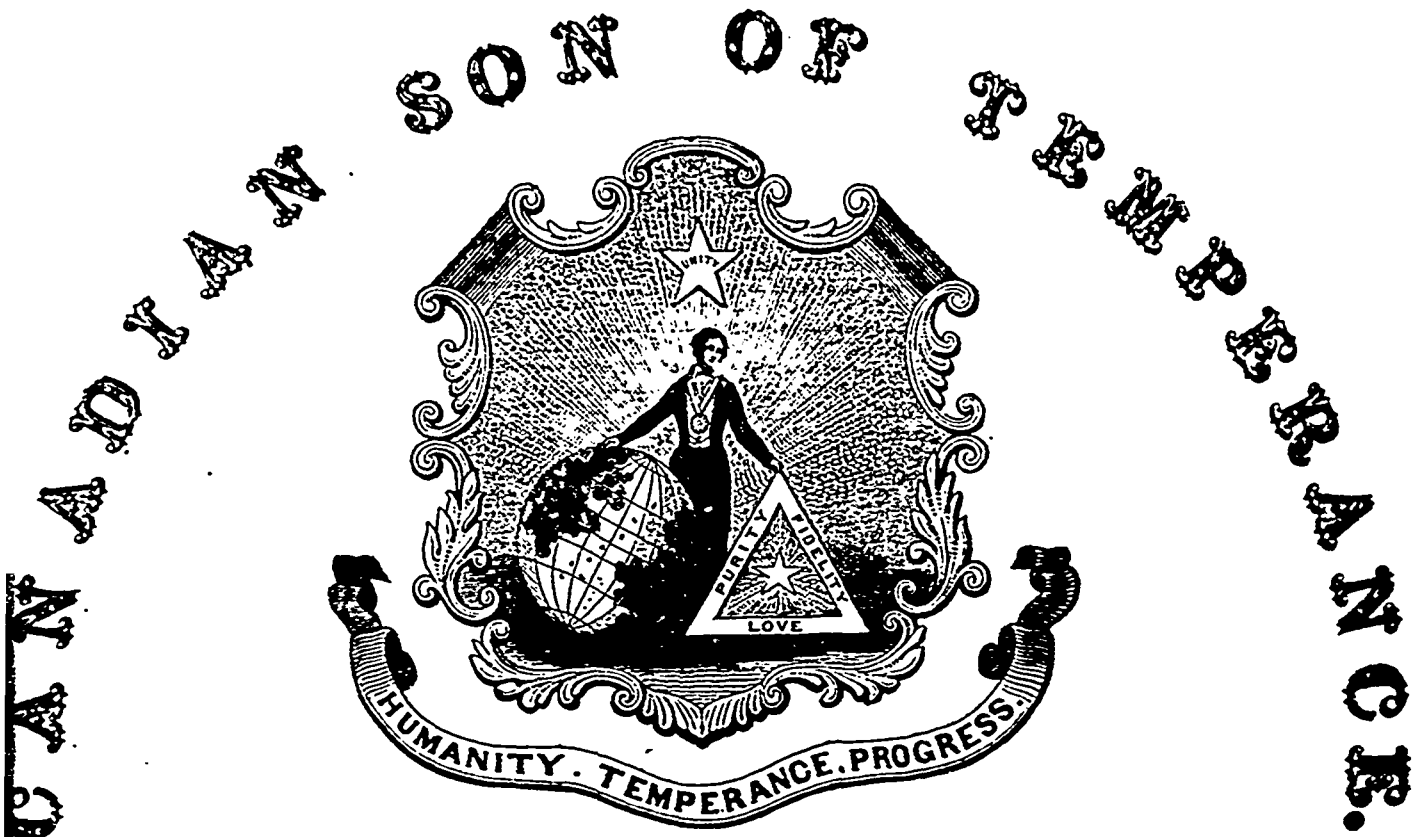
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Where the gentle streamlets flow,
Where the morning dew-drops glow,
Where the zephyrs wing their flight,
In the cool and welcome night,

Whispering through the fragrant grove
To the heart that "God is love:"
Where the light cloud skims the sky,
Worship! "God is passing by!"

Hoary forest, rugged rock,
Roaring torrents, earthquake shock,
And when thunder rends the sky,
Tremble! "God is passing by!"

CHEER UP.

BY MARTIN P. TUTTLE.

Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear,
Providence ever benign: and kind,
Gives with a smile, what you take with a tear;
All will be right,
Look to the light,—
Morning is ever the daughter of night,
All that is black, will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily then cheer thee up!

Many a foe is a friend in disguise,
Many a sorrow, a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious and joys ever new,
Stand in the van!
Surre like a man!
Thus is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God while you do what you can,
Cheerily, cheerily then! cheer thee up!

LIFE IN THE DESERT,

OR HOW A PANTHER FELL IN LOVE WITH A FRENCH SOLDIER.

During the enterprising expedition into Upper Egypt, by General Desaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabins, and was thence carried into the desert, beyond the cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands: and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all slept roundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon regained the liberty of his hand. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates and a little bag of grain, armed with a scimitar, he started off, in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged that already weary horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the mid-st of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on, with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel strength enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart at a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept, without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pulseless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor, for in his weariness he had reposed on the opposite side to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around him filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and dancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire. There was a mild and awful majesty in the universal stillness: God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native provinces, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wild wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance, but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his head.

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by piles of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palm woods furnished him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Napoleon Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against the wild beasts, which would come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortification during the day. Towards evening the mighty tree he was cutting fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

But like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fanned by his exertion and the extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence he heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him, he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze; but, as the moon entered the chinks of the cave, he distinctly saw an enormous animal lying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was, it might be a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile; but

the strong odor that filled the cave, left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening of the grotto, its beams lighted the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! The lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog. Her eyes, which were opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned towards the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head, but he saw there was not room enough for that, the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her, nothing broke the deep silence but the breath of the panther and the beating of his heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimitar, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard rough skin made him relinquish the project. To attempt her destruction, and fail in the attempt, would be instant death. At all events, he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

'She has eaten lately,' said the Frenchman to himself. 'She will not awaken in hunger.'

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was of a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets round her paws—her large muscular tail was beautifully white, terminated by black rings; and the soft smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head stretched on her enormous outstretched paws, from which her long, white smellers spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors, that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe, but alone, and in her power, it was a different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rising with increasing danger, but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead, as he saw the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he awaited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes, stretched out her paws and gasped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard as iron and as rough as a file. She then shook herself, and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten. 'Very well done,' thought the soldier, who felt his gait and courage returning—'she does her toilet handsomely.' He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—'Come let us wish each other good morning,' thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head towards him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty beast moved towards him. With great boldness and presence of mind, he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him, he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, she began to wag her tail, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy, that they resounded through the cave like the rolling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out, but came bounding after him, lifting up her back, and rubbing against him, like an affectionate kitten. She requires a great deal of attention,' said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat, and perceiving that she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her, but the hardness of the bones made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that, to kill her with one blow, he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose, but at that moment she crouched down

at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against the tree, eating some dates, and casting his eye anxiously around the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with nuts and dates, but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible of his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high, and four feet long, without including her tail, which was three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the panther reigned there; but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with this new companion. He laid himself beside her, in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck, and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, rolled her over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it into her throat, but he was still held by the fear that the animal would kill him in her agony. Besides he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert, she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her gracefulness, beauty, and acuity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day, he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with his exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face when he called 'Mignonne.'

When the sun went down, she uttered a deep and melancholy cry.

'She is well educated,' exclaimed the soldier. 'She has learnt to say her evening prayer.'

He rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

'That is right, my pretty bloode,' said he. 'You had better go to sleep first.'

He trusted to his activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the squalor when he hears the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a long sharp cry.

'Of a truth,' said he, 'her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love.' Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of these dangerous traps of loose sand, from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

'My dear Mignonne' exclaimed the soldier caressing her with enthusiasm, 'our friendship is for life or death.'

He retraced his steps. Now that he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke, Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance, crouching in the desert at long, big bounds.

When receiving his caresses, she purred aloud and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her on the neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal. 'Ah, ah, Mignonne! you have been eating some of Magrabin's. Aren't you ashamed? Never mind, there are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to

grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you won't have a love you any more.'

This singular animal was so fond of caresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paw in his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus.

The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy. She became used to all the inspection of the soldier's voice, and understood the expressions of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded, she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail to count the splendid whorls, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon the graceful outlines of her form, and the majestic carriage of her head. She delighted him most when in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility, as she glided along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darning up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully as the Frenchman called 'Mignonne.'

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over our heads. In the desert, anything that has life is very interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes Sultana began to growl. 'She is certainly jealous,' thought the soldier, as he looked at her fierce and glittering eye. They gazed intelligently at each other, and the procoquette leaped as she felt his hand on her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

'The creature must have a soul,' exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animal in one of the menageries at Paris.

'I did not know,' continued the narrator, 'what had done to displease Mignonne so much, or whether the creature was in mere sport, but she turned and snarled her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. I did it without violence, but thinking that she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to avenge my blow; she looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers who discovered my signal, found me some hours after, weeping by the side of her dead body.'

'Ah, well!' said he, after a mournful silence, 'I have been in the wars of Germany, Spain, Prussia, and France, but I never saw anything that produced such sensations as the desert. Oh, how beautiful it was!'

'What feelings did it excite?' asked I.

'Feelings that are not to be spoken,' said the soldier solemnly. 'I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance make me sad. In the desert there is everything as there is nothing.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I cannot tell,' he said impatiently. 'After a panther has added, "God is there without man."

THE MODEL HUSBAND.

The following description of a "Model Husband" appeared in the Boston *Oliver Branch*. It is, says the editor, from the pen of a lady in good position in society, the presumption, heretofore is, "that the model husband is the true style of a husband, and what a good married man should be." "In looking over," he further remarks, "nearly forty years of our married life we find that our good wife has never exacted quite so much of us, but she merely 'waived her rights,' as approved."

"His pocket-book is never empty when his wife calls for money. He sits up in bed at night feeding Thomas Jefferson Smith with a spoon, and dreams of the new shawls she means to buy at Warren's the next day. As one good turn deserves another, he is allowed to hold Tommy again before breakfast, while Mrs. C. curls her hair. He never makes any complaint about the soft molasses-gingerbread that is rubbed into his hair, coat, and vest, during these happy conjugal seasons. He always laces on his wife's boots, lest a exertion should make her too red in the face before going to promenade Washington Street. He never makes a bad objection to her receiving bouquets of the late

level, from captain this or lieutenant that. He don't let his teeth and stride down to the store like a victim, every time his wife presents him with another little mith. He gives the female Smiths French gaiter boots, parasols and silk dresses without stint; and the boys new jackets, pop-guns, velocipedes and crackers, without any questions asked. He never breaks the heels of any of his wife's bullet-doux, or preps over her shoulder when she is answering the same. He never holds the droppings of the umbrella over her new bonnet while his last new hat is innocent of a lam drop. He never complains when he is late at home for dinner, though the little Smiths may have left him nothing but one and crust.

"He never takes the newspaper and reads it, before Mrs. Smith has had a chance to run over the advertisements, deaths, marriages, &c. He always gets into bed at on cold nights, to take off the chill for his wife — he never leaves his trousers, drawers, shoes, &c. on the floor when he goes to bed, for his wife to break her neck over in the dark, if the baby needs some paragon. The children in the next room scream in the night, he don't expect his wife to take an air bath to find out what's the matter. He has been known to wear Mrs. Smith's night-cap in bed, to make the baby think it was its mother.

"When he carries children up to be christened, he holds them right end up, not to tumble their frocks. — When the minister asks him the name he says 'Lucy, &c.' distinctly, that he need not mistake it for Lucifer. He goes home and trots the child till the sermon is over, while his wife remains in church to receive the congratulation of the parish gossips.

"If Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough, and his wife looks at him with a sweet smile, and offers to help him, (at the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table,) he always replies, 'no thank you, my dear, they don't agree with me.'

"Lastly—he approves of 'Bloomers,' and pantaloons, or he says women will do as they like—he should as soon think of driving the nails into his coffin, as trying to stop them.

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise—
When a glance is backward cast,
On some long remembered spot, that lies
In the silence of the past!
It may be a shrine of our early vows,
On the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us
In the stormy sea of years.

Wide and wild are the waves that part
Ours steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart—
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
O! friends, we are growing old.

Old in the dimness of the dust
Of our daily toil and care—
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our birth-reared memory bears,
Each form may wear, to the passing gaze,
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten the latter days
Which the morning never met.

But the many changes we have seen
In the far and winding way,
The grass in our path that has grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winter sun on our own may spare
The sable of the gold,
But we see their snows upon brighter hair,
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear,
But where are the living fountains whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear!
If we've won the wealth of many a clime,
O! the lore of many a page,
Where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew!
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom is deep and blue,
Our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold,
For it never could give us our youth again—
My friends, we are growing old!

ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

Their superior strength, the skill with which they ward off blows, and even wrench an instrument from the hand of an assailant, and their tenacity of life, render them really a formidable antagonism. We have sometimes been diverted, as well as severely annoyed, by their thievish tricks. In one instance we were followed several days by one of them on our passage up the river, who seemed equally bent on mischief and plunder. The first of our acquaintance with him occurred while encamped at the mouth of a small stream, whose channel we were improving by the removal of large rocks, which obstructed log-driving. Our camp was merely temporary, so that all our goods were exposed. While we were asleep, during the night, he came upon our premises, and selected from the baggage a bundle containing all the winter clothing of one of the men, boots, shaving tools, &c. His curiosity was too great to allow of a far removal of the pack without an examination of its contents, and never did deputy-inspector of customs perform a more thorough search. Duties on the package were inadmissible, the goods were esteemed contraband, and were accordingly confiscated. The wearing apparel was torn into shreds. There was a pair of stout cowhide boots of which he tried the flavor; they were chewed up and spat out. The razor did not escape his inquisitiveness. Whether he attempted to shave we say not, but he tested its palatableness by chewing up the handle. From this position we removed a few miles further up the stream, where we were to construct a dam, the object of which was to flow the lake, to obtain a good head of water for spring driving. This job being somewhat lengthy, we erected a more permanent camp for our convenience. A few evenings after our settlement at this point, while all hands were in the camp, we heard some one moving about on the roof, where a ten gallon keg of molasses was deposited. At first it was supposed to be a trick by some of the crew, but on looking round there was no one missing. Suspecting with more certainty the character of our visitor, we seized a firebrand or two, and sallied forth like a disturbed garrison of ants, when we discovered we were minus a keg of molasses. Following in the direction of the retreating thief, we found the keg but a few rods distant, sitting on one end with the rod torn out. He evidently had intended a feast, but, intimidated by the firebrands and the hallooing, he had retreated precipitately into his native haunts; but only, as it would seem, to plan another theft. About two hours afterwards, when all was still, a noise was again heard in the door-yard, similar to that of a hog rooting among the chips, where the cook had thrown his potato-parings. Peering through the crack of the camp-door, sure enough, there was Bruin again, apparently as much at home as a house-dog. We had a gun, but, improvidently, had left our ammunition at another place of deposit, about a hundred rods distant. Resolved upon chastising him for his insolence in the event of another visit, the lantern was lighted and the ammunition soon brought to the camp. The gun was now charged with powder and two bullets. We waited some time for his return, first removing a strip from the camp-door for a peep-hole. Learning nothing of him, all hands turned in again. About twelve o'clock at night he made us a third visit, in the door-yard, as before, and directly in front of the camp, offering a most inviting shot. Creeping softly to the door, and passing the muzzle of the gun through the prepared aperture, our eye glanced along the barrel, thence to a dark object not thirty feet distant. A gentle but nervous pressure upon the trigger, a flash, a sheet of fire, and the very woods shook with the reverberating report, which sent Bruin upon a plunging gallop. The copious effusion of warm blood which spouted on the chips, was evidence that the laden messenger had faithfully done its duty. A portion of his lights were shot away, and dropped to the ground, which convinced us that he was mortally wounded, and that it would not be possible for him to run far. Seizing as many firebrands as could be procured, with axes,

and the gun reloaded, all hands dashed into the forest after him, half naked, just as they had risen from the bed, leaping, yelling, and swinging their firebrands like so many wild spirits. Guided in the pursuit by the cracking of rotten limbs and the rustling of leaves as he heavily plunged on, we pursued him through a dense swamp. From the increased distinctness with which we heard his step, it was evident we were gaining upon him. Soon we heard his labored breathing. Just before we overtook him he emerged from the swamp, and with much exertion, ascended a slight elevation, covered with a fine growth of canoe birch, where, from exhaustion and loss of blood, he lay down, and suffered us to surround him. The inflammable bark of the birch was instantly ignited all around us, presenting a brilliant and wild illumination, which lent its influence to a most unbounded enthusiasm, while our war dance was performed around the captured and slain marauder. Taken altogether, the scene presented one of the most lively collections of material for the pencil we have ever contemplated. There were uncommon brilliancy, life, and animation in the group. After dispatching, we struck him up, and dressed him on the spot, taking only one quarter of his carcass, with the hide, back to camp. A portion of this was served up next morning for breakfast; but while the sinewy human-like appearance of the fore leg might have whetted the appetite of a cannibal, a contrary influence was exerted on ours.

A BILLION.

Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term. Some write having stated, in an article headed, "What becomes of all the pins?" "that millions of billions of pins must vanish, nobody can tell how or where, in the course of a year." Euclid, a correspondent of the National Intelligencer, shows us the absurdity of the assertion in the following style:—

"I think, sir, the author of that article thought little of what he was saying, when he said that millions of billions must vanish in the course of a year. Many pins, undoubtedly, vanish every year, but any mathematician will demonstrate to us that a single billion has never yet been manufactured. A Billion, according to Noah Webster, is a 'million of millions'—a number so vast, I say, that the human mind has not the capacity to comprehend it. A manufactory making one hundred pins per minute, and kept in constant operation, would only make fifty two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand per annum, and would require near twenty thousand years, at the same rate, without a single moment's cessation, to make that number called a billion."

SUBLIME TRUTH.

Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a groveling, unlettered mind. Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification; while at the same time God is not at all in his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor garden; let him only look at nature with an enlightened mind; a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, can consider them as demonstrations of his power, his wisdom, his goodness and truth—this man is greater as well as happier in his poverty, than the other in his riches—the one is his higher than the beast, the other but little lower than an angel.—*Jones of Nayland.*

EDUCATION CHEAPER THAN CRIME.

The London Athenæum, in an article commending the public school system of the State of New York, after giving a few statistics, derived from the report of the Board of Education, and the number of scholars taught, and the cost of each, remarks:—

"The 207 schools in the New York district, with their 107,363 scholars, involve a year's outlay of \$274,792. The year at school includes a period of 240 days attendance—so that the average expense of a really good system of instruction for each child amounts to \$6.86 a year, or less than three cents—not quite three half pence—a day. It does not seem to us that this outlay is very extravagant, under any point of view. No system of policy that we are acquainted with, is so cheap. If it prevents only a tithe of what would go to the erection of prisons, and the salaries of police magistrates, it a grand bargain for the community to have made.



Ladies' Department.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

O, soul-inspiring Music!
How magic is thy spell!
How like an angel's whisper
The tide of grief to quell:
Full often have I listened,
In sorrow's darkest hour,
To strains of gentle music,
And felt their soothing power.

O, soul-inspiring Music!
Thou wakest, with thy tone,
Sweet memories of childhood,
Whose days, alas! are flown;
Those days of care-less freedom,
When pleasure thrilled my breast,
And when in gleeful music
My thoughts were e'er expressed.

I love thy lightest cadence,
O gentle melody,
And here within my bosom
I'll sweetly treasure thee;
And when the ties that bind me
To earthly scenes are riven,
I hope to join the anthem
Amid the choir of heaven.
[New York Organ.]

MADAME KOSSUTH.

A visitor to Madame Kossuth,—evidently a lady, from her knowledge of dress and the use of the word "love,"—gives in the Hartford Courant a sketch of calling upon the wife of the present hero, from which we copy the following extracts—

Our party, consisting of two ladies and three gentlemen, waited on Madame Kossuth at her rooms in the Irving House, December—th, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. We found her attended by Madame Pulzsky, who acts as her interpreter, she, being herself unable to converse in the English language. As we entered they rose to receive us, and both on our entering and when we took our leave, exchanged kisses with the ladies of our party.

Madame Kossuth is somewhat above the medium height, of rather dark complexion, and appears to be a woman of uncommon intellect. On the present occasion she wore a plain black dress of tulle satin, a muslin under-hankerchief, and a small water-coloured collar. Her hair was done up in a knot behind and dressed with velvet rosettes; upon her hand she wore a plain gold ring.

When I expressed a desire that Hungary would yet be free, and stated that I would willingly fight for her country, she replied "Vive le Succes," and gave me a hearty shake of the hand.

Madame Pulzsky's costume was very similar to Madame Kossuth's. She wore a high neck dress, a small water-coloured collar turned over a larger one of black

lace, hair dressed in the same way. She wore two rings, one plain, and in the other was set a small diamond.

When we remarked that we should love to die for their country, she replied that it was "much better to live for it," and gave us her hand with a smile. Madame Kossuth favoured each of our party with her autograph, when we took our leave, much pleased with our visit.

WHAT ARE THE AMERICAN DAUGHTERS DOING?

We copy the remarks below from the Cayuga Chief, showing that the Daughters of Temperance are exerting their influence in Society in the United States. They are everywhere circulating petitions. We observe, also, that in Nova Scotia they are getting up petitions to the Legislature. Women, in every community, have the power of advancing the Temperance cause quite as much as the men can. They have a constant intercourse with their children, and may thereby cause them either to imbibe a love for, or a hatred to the substance alcohol. They can urge on their husbands, or they can, as is too often the case, we fear, deter them from activity. We know of several instances, in Toronto and elsewhere, of Sons being induced to break their pledges through the introduction of beer and whiskey into the house by the wife. Alas! woman, beautiful as she is, is too often addicted, openly or secretly, to the use of alcohol.

DEAR SISTERS,—We seldom look over the pages of any of our Temperance Journals without noting letters from Sons of Temperance, giving reports of the Institution of New Divisions in various places, and interesting accounts of the progress of old ones. And to be thus enabled to see the rapid march of the good cause is not only gratifying to those connected with their organization, but cheering to all lovers of humanity.

Has it never occurred to you that it would be equally proper for Daughters of Temperance to report progress, through the public prints? If not, allow a Sister, who earnestly desires and labours for the greatest good of our Order, to suggest the propriety of thus communicating; and to recommend that all the Unions now open a sort of conference meeting, through the medium of the Temperance papers.

We have kept ourselves so quiet that our existence is hardly realized. We learn of the Institution of new Unions, from the Semi-annual report of our Grand Unions, save only when some kindly hearted Son of Temperance, incidentally mentions such facts, in his communications. Henceforth, Sisters, let us be our own reporters, and proclaim to the world what we are doing, and hope to do, to hasten the happy day, when drunkenness shall be known only in the records of the past.

The Daughters in Rochester have for the last six weeks been practising on the plan, suggested by the Deer River Sisters. A copy of which plan has been sent to most of the Unions.

On the afternoon of our regular meetings, we transact our business as speedily as possible, and then open our doors to the public, get up resolutions and addresses ourselves, and invite temperance men and women to meet with us, and discuss how woman may most effectually serve the good cause. On the 2nd inst., Mrs. L. N. Fowler of New York, gave us a lecture. Our hall was crowded—mostly with women. The strength of Mrs. Fowler's arguments, together with her beauty of style and address produced a deep impression on the audience. Mrs. F. is a Professor of the Eclectic Medical College, now holding its Sessions in this city. We have held several public meetings in the evening. Celebrated our fourth Anniversary on the 18th Nov. Philip S. White of

Philadelphia, was our speaker. We had a good representation from the different Temperance Orders. Mr. White spoke again on the evenings of the 19th and 21st; yet again, to crown the whole, on Sunday the 23d. His lectures on the evenings preceding, had roused up the almost dormant temperance spirit, and Sunday night, that spacious Corinthian Hall, which seats 1400, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Mr. W. had attended one of our fashionable Churches in the morning, and listened to a sermon on surfeiting and drunkenness; pronounced by Mr. W. to be "The most damnable, drunkard making sermon he ever listened to." This aroused his mighty soul, and such an outpouring of eloquence is seldom witnessed. Mr. W. outdid, even himself. In fact, his presence among us has caused a thorough Temperance revival, which must continue to spread, until the abominable liquor traffic shall be entirely suppressed.

Sisters: Our efforts should now be directed against fashionable sippings—the root of the evil. The wretched drunkard and his worse than orphan children, whom we have heretofore been laboring to rescue, and elevate, are but the RIPPED FRUIT of the gigantic tree of Intemperance. And while we have been gathering them from the dark cellars and filthy gutters, new shoots have been putting forth, which are seen bending to earth with their numberless buds, blossoms, and ere long another harvest is ripe, and calls for our labors. And so long as we leave the root unmolested, to spread wider and deeper, shall we find no respite from the work of securing the fallen. And how can we sap the root of this mighty tree? In no other way so speedily and so surely as by the adoption of a law in our own Empire State, similar to the "Maine Liquor Law." Let us to work! Circulate the Petitions for the suppression of the traffic. Send up to our Legislature the names of thousands and thousands of mothers, and daughters, and wives, and sisters, thus crying, all as one, down with the traffic.

The Grand Union has not yet issued its call to hold its Quarterly Session at Albany, on the fourth Tuesday in January, but will soon do so. Let every Union in the State, send one or more delegates to attend that Session of the Grand Union, and they, together with the Sons of Temperance, and other Temperance men and women, be at the Capitol to witness the presentation and reception of the Petitions.

Will not such a vast assemblage of Temperance men and women influence that honorable body to act in accordance with right, and speedily grant the prayer of their Petitioners? Let us have hope. Rochester, Dec. 1851. S. B. A.

HOME SHOULD BE MADE PLEASANT.

Parents, if you would preserve your children from the snares of the world, and keep them unspotted by vice, make home a pleasant place. Greet them with smiles and kindly words. Be gentle in your admonitions, and let no useless reproaches or fretfulness on your part drive them from you. Sisters, if you would hold the hearts of your brothers, and exert a good influence over them, treat them affectionately, and let those graces which become you, so well be manifested in the society of your gentlemen acquaintances, be shown in like manner in the treatment of your brothers. And ye brothers, be kind to your sisters, for "not many may know the depth of true sisterly love." In after years, when a sister's society may no longer be yours, the memory of her affection will be a sweet solace. Parents and children, members of one family, make your home a pleasant one "be kind to each other," for

"It is not much the world can give, with all its subtle art. And gold and gems are not the things to satisfy the heart:—

But oh! if those who cluster round the altar and the hearth, Have gentle words and loving smiles, how beautiful is earth."

☞ A new division is talked of at the Don Bridge, East end of this city.

THE HEART A BELL.

Your heart is beating day by day ;
If it could speak, what would it say ?
The hours of night its pulses tell,
Have you, my child, considered well,
What means this little restless heart—
'Tis at doth so well perform its part ?
It is a little bell, whose tone
Is heard by you, and God alone ;
At your soul's door it hangs, and there
His spirit stays with loving care,
And rings the bell and deigns to wait
To see if closed remains the gate.
He rings and waits. " Oh, then begin
At once your prayer, " Lord enter in !"
So when its time on earth is past,
Your heart will beat no more at last ;
And when its latest pulse is o'er,
' I will go and knock at Heaven's door ;
And stand without and patient wait,
To see if Christ will open the gate,
And say—" Here endless joys begin—
Here faithful servant, enter in !"
I was on earth th' cherished guest,
And now in Heaven I give thee rest ;
Receive at length thy due reward—
Enjoy the blessings of thy Lord !"

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

Though a man of very strict principle, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Doctor Byron, he had a vast fund of humor, an ever-ready wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The Doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market-man. " No, sir, my father," was the prompt answer. The Doctor said, " Bring me some squashes," and passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change ; the Doctor told him he was welcome to it ; but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such strange manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the child attentively ; he was evidently poor, his jacket was pieced and patched with every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very nicely endured the scrutiny of the Doctor, while holding him at arm's length, and examining his face. At length he said,

" You seem a nice little boy ; won't you come and live with me and be a doctor ?"

" Yes, sir," said the child.

" Spoken like a man," said the Doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs, waiting to see the Doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else. " Send him up," was the answer ; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes, but no squash himself, as we shall see ; he was dressed in a new, though coarse, suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up and a little bundle, tied in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the Doctor, saying,

" I have come, sir."

" Come for what, my child ?"

" To live with you, and be a doctor," said the child, with the utmost naivete.

The first impulse of the Doctor was to laugh immoderately ; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he vowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At that time he felt he needed no addition to his family.

" Did your father consent to your coming, he asked.

" Yes, sir."

" What did he say ?"

" I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor ; and he said, you was a very good man, I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

" And your mother, what did she say ?"

" She said, Doctor Byron would do just what he said

he would, and God had provided for me." And said he, " I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, " and here is another in the bundle," undoing the kerchief, " and displaying 'em, with two little shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the Doctor were awakened to see the fearless, the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long ; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes, abandoned to Providence ; and, above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that that divine Saviour had said, " Blessed be little children," and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, " Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children."

" To be sure we do," said the wondering wife ; and what then ?

" And the Saviour said, Whosoever, receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me ;" take this child in His name, and take care of him ; and from that hour this good couple received him to their hearts and homes. It did not occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child ; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age—a protector of their daughters, and more than son to themselves ; all this was then revealed ; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care ; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.—*Family Circle.*

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Penn. Correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*, May 2d, relates the following occurrence:—

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment, while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walked the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent—" You see me driven to despair," said the father " my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said:

" I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys ; who ever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to fifty francs—how much does your rent amount to ?"

" Forty francs," answered the father.

" Well," said the other, " put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back." " No, never !" exclaimed the astonished listener, " my children should starve a dozen times before I should do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm led him to the city and to the mayor's office. Every body was surprised to see a little man like the father being able to conquer such a strong young fellow ; but the proof was before them ; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story.

The mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he offered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful.

☞ In New York State, all sections of the temperance party are alive and moving ahead. The good Samaritans co-operate with the Eods.

THE WONDERFUL SIXPENCE.

On a lovely morning in the month of May, as I was travelling in the neighbourhood of a small town in the neighbourhood of Salop, I was overtaken by a young man of rather grave countenance, and probably about twenty-five years of age. Happening to be both travelling the same way, we soon fell into conversation about the state of trade, money matters, and other subjects.—After we had conversed together a short time on these, he broke out with the following words:—

Well, sir, I will relate to you an anecdote of a boy who was well known to my father, to show you what can be done with but a very small sum of money. The parents of this boy were so poor, that they could not afford to take more than two scanty meals each day. The father, in fact, was not able to earn a livelihood for his family, in consequence of a paralytic stroke, with which he was attacked when the subject of this story was not more than nine years old, so that what little they had to depend upon came wholly from the parish.

When the boy was about eleven years of age, a neighbouring farmer one day employed him to assist in driving a few pigs to market, for which he gave him sixpence. The boy, on receiving this, was so overjoyed that he did not, at first, know what to do with it ; but, after considering a short time on the subject, he at last resolved to give it to his parents. When he got home, however, they refused it, saying that, as he had done the work, he had the greatest right to the money.

A few days after this, while he was in company with some other boys about his own age, one of them happened to commence talking about rabbits, and told his companions what he had gained by them in the course of the last year. This account produced such an effect on the mind of James Hall, (for that was the boy's name), that he resolved to try what he could gain in the same way. So with his sixpence he purchased two young rabbits, a male and a female, which when he had kept them a few months, produced four more. Two of these he sold, when they were one month old, for three-pence each ; so by this time, he had his sixpence again, and four rabbits besides.

Next year, the produce of his four rabbits brought him 15s., with which he purchased a few potatoes, and rented a small piece of land to plant them in. When he had raised his potatoes, he found that he had fifteen bushels, three of which he kept to plant the following year, and the other twelve he sold at the rate of 2s. 6d. per bushel, which with 10s. saved by his rabbits, came to £2.

The following year he went to service, and gave the rabbits to his parents. He however, rented a large piece of land for raising potatoes, this piece yielded him sixty bushels, which he sold, at 3s. per bushel, and having saved 10s. out of his wages, he had, therefore, £9 10s. in his possession. The death of his father, whose funeral expenses cost him £3 10s., reduced his money to £6.

In the following year he rented half an acre of land for potatoes, which cost him £3 4s.; this piece yielded him fifty bushels, which he disposed of at 3s. per bushel. The amount, added to £4 16s. which he had in hand, and £1 saved out of his wages, came to £30 4s.

The next year he lent out £20 at interest, at the rate of 5 per cent, with the rest he rented two acres of land, which yielded 312 bushels. The produce he sold at 2s. 6d. per bushel, which, added to the other £20 and its interest, and £1 10s. laid up out of his wages, came to £61 10s.

Next year he lent out £40 at the same interest as before ; with the remainder he rented two acres of land, which produced 320 bushels of potatoes. These he sold at 3s. per bushel, which added to £50 and its interest, and £2 laid up out of his wages, came to £102 10s. But having to pay a man £1 10s. for raising his potatoes, his money was reduced to £101.

About this time he left service, married, and hired a small farm, and by constant perseverance, and making a right use of his property, he soon became the most opulent farmer in the neighbourhood, and died worth more than £50,000.—[*Manchester Spectator.*]

PRINCE ALBERT SECTION.

Thomas Richmond, W. A. ; J. Watson, V. A. ; James Peacock, Secretary ; P. Phail, Worthy Patron.—Meets on Wednesday, at Toronto Division room.—75 members.



The Literary Gem.

SONG TO THE PAST.

O, why does the heart love to ponder and dwell
On scenes to which long we have bidden farewell,
O, why is the helm of memory shed,
So fondly, so sadly on things that have fled.

O, why do we linger on joys that are gone,
When the light of young love round our spirits was
thrown,
Since the eyes we adored, and the lips that we prest
Are faded and closed, in the grave, are at rest.

How oft' when we shrink from the world's chilly blast,
Will our hearts in their sorrow look back to the past,
And there 'mid the scenes and the friends we held dear
We forget for a while all our sadness and care.

When the hopes of the bosom lie wither'd and dead
And a calm, not of peace, o'er the heart pulse is shed,
How oft will the soul catch a ray thro' the gloom,
From the loves of its youth—the remembrance of home.

Oh! the heart must be cold, and its life pulse be chill
If the voice of the past can awaken no thrill,
If the raptures, the hopes, and the longings that gush'd
O'er the soul be all mute, and their memories hush'd.

On the field of the fight dyed, with slaughter and gore
When the rage and the phrenzy of battle are o'er,
To the iron-soul'd hero of boyhood then speak
And the tear drop of feeling will steal o'er his cheek.

And when on the ocean the dark tempest raves
And the bark of the seaman is dash'd on the waves
Tho' he deigns not to shrink to the tempest's wild sweep
Yet speak of his childhood, and then will he weep.

Fond hopes of our youth tho' your rapture is o'er
Tho' the loves of our boyhood delight us no more
Yet your memories do gladden the soul as they fleet—
E'en to weep o'er the dreams of our childhood is sweet!

O memory! fond spirit of joys that are fled
Sweet angel of light from the land of the dead,
How I love the communion which thou canst impart
For it speaks of the past to my desolate heart.

SYLVICOLA.

Innisfil, January, 1852.

THE BOY'S DREAM.

Once a child sat, on a summer's evening, under a
shady tree, he fell asleep, and he dreamed that three
bright and beautiful angels stood over him. And while
he wondered at the sight, one of them spoke to another
and said:

"I have brought this garment of pure white, and this
white lily that will never fade, to bestow upon him that
is spotless and good." And the boy saw that on the
angel's forehead was written its name. It was "Inno-
cence." Then the other angel spoke in reply: Look in
this glass which I hold in my hand, and you will see the
picture of this sleeping child's life to-day. See how he
has been disobedient and thoughtless and passionate;
and has forgotten God and his prayers. I too would
have given him this basket of precious jewels, but I can-
not bestow them on such a one." Then the boy read
the name in her forehead. It was "Memory." Then
spoke the third angel: "I too would have given him
this golden crown if he had been true and good." And
her name the child read—it was "Hope." Then the
sleeper trembled, when he remembered how he had
spent a wicked and thoughtless day. And the angels
bent their bright eyes upon him, and Hope said, "We
will meet here in a year from this night." Then they
suddenly vanished, and the sleeping boy awoke.

Very sadly he thought of his dream. But he resolv-
ed to live from that day a better life. And every night
he went and sat on the same green bank, and called up

all he had done during the day, and repented when he
had done wrong. Winter came, and he could no long-
er go to the shady bank. But as soon as the ground
was bare, and the violet blossomed, he would go again
at the evening and sit under the tree. And so the year
came round, and he again fell asleep there on a summer's
night. And in his dream the three angels came again
and smiled on him.

"Now," said Memory, "I can give him the box of
jewels—the precious gems of virtue, and the recollection
of good deeds, of kind and pure words and happy
thoughts, better than all the wealth in the world."—
"And I," said Innocence, "will give him the lily that
never fades—the spirit of gladness, and the white robe of
purity, such as the angels wear." "And I," said
Hope, "have brought for him now the golden crown."

Then the sleeping child thought he beheld himself
lying there, with a golden crown on his head and the
lily in his hand, and he was clad in the white robe of
Innocence, and the jewels of Memory, and in the sky
above him he heard the sound of music; and looking up,
he saw many bright ones with harps in their hands.
The stars rose in the sky, and the moon shed its light
on the child's face, and he slept on. And they found
him in the morning, a sweet smile on his lips as though
he were in a pleasant dream. But his eyes never open-
ed on this world again. His spirit was not there. That
had gone up with the angels.

THE SABBATH BELL.

Sitting at my window, now
Comes th' music stealing soft,
As above yon hillock's brow,
Float the sabbath-chimes aloft.
Often, in my younger years,
When the evening shadows fell,
How I lingered long, to hear
Holy voice of sabbath bell.

I have stood in sorrow there
By that grave to me so dear,—
Where no passing eye could stare
And no passing foot was near.
While upon the gale would rise,
Sweeping gently down the dell,
Music springing to the skies
From the evening Sabbath Bell.

Strange it is, that Music's voice
Speaking on the Sabbath eve,
Will the sinking soul rejoice,
And the laden heart relieve.
Oh, an influence by that tone,
More than mortal tongue can tell,
Is upon the spirit thrown
By the voice of Sabbath Bell.

On our bosom's lonely strand,
When life's billows cease to play,
And, unto the Spirit-Land,
Voices call our heart's away!
And the parting Spirit's smile
Is the truest, purest knell.—
Who will say that ear the while,
Hears no angel Sabbath Bell

A FACT WORTH NOTING.

Many years ago, when Louisville was a pretty village,
consisting of a few houses and two stores, it was a great
resort for gamblers and persons of dissipated habits.
At this period a Col. C., a very wealthy but very wicked
man, carried on an extensive mercantile business. On a certain occasion he sent a confidential clerk to the
East to lay in a supply of goods, furnishing him with the
requisite amount. An unexpected fall in prices, left the
clerk \$300 in hand after all his purchases were made.
He did not wish to take it back with him, and was
somewhat at a loss to know in what to invest it. He
was a religious young man, and it occurred to him that
Bibles were more wanted than anything else in Louis-
ville, and he finally resolved to invest it in Bibles, and
accordingly sent home three hundred dollars worth.
Col. C. thought the transaction rather unpromising, as
it was an article never called for at his store. Cards he
could sell in abundance, but not Bibles. At length,
after sleeping, an idea struck him. Gamblers would
have cards at any price, and at any terms. Accord-
ingly he made his arrangements, he put up a Bible to every

pack of cards, \$150 for the former and 50 cents for the
latter, telling each applicant that he could get no cards
without a Bible. In due time the Bibles were all dis-
posed of, but, as the gamblers wanted only the cards,
they usually presented the Bible to the first boy or girl
they met with in the street. In this way hundreds of
Bibles were distributed in Louisville, and many houses
were supplied with the word of God, that never con-
tained one before.

This is the first and only instance, perhaps, in which
gamblers were made the instruments of circulating the
Bible. Great good, we are informed, resulted from the
singular proceeding. Louisville is greatly changed
since that, not only in size and wealth, but in moral and
religious character.—*Christian Times.*

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought us to all mankind
Old Adam called her wo-man;
But when she woo'd with love so kind
He then pronounced it woo-man,
But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims,
That people call them whim-men.

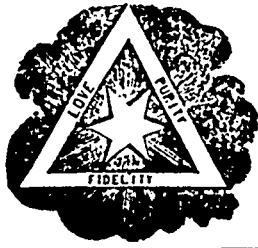
A TEA DRINKER.

Hazlitt, the celebrated writer and critic, usually rose
at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever
before twelve; and, if he had no work in hand, he would
sit over his breakfast (of excessively strong black tea
and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the after-
noon, silent, motionless and self-absorbed, like a Turk
over his opium pouch; for tea served him in this capaci-
ty. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and, at the
same time, the only luxury; the delicate state of his di-
gestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented
liquors or touching any food but beef, mutton, poultry or
game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touch-
ed any but black tea, and was very particular about the
quality of that, always using the most expensive that
could be got; and he used when living alone, to consume
nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if
you happened to come in for the first brewage of it,
it was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like
it. He always made it for himself, half filling the tea-
pot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then
almost immediately pouring it out, using with it a great
quantity of sugar and cream. To judge of its occasion-
al effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity
Hazlitt drank of this tea produced ultimately a most in-
jurious effect upon him, and, in all probability, hastened
his death, which took place from disease of the digestive
organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even
to a degree of fascination; and not feeling any subse-
quent reaction from it, he persevered in its use to the
very last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar
to that which terminated his life.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

LORD CHATHAM—Lord Chatham's lowest whisper
was distinctly heard. "His middle tones were sweet,
rich, and beautifully varied," says a writer, describing
the orator; "when he raised his voice to the highest
pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume
of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he
wished to cheer or animate—and then he had spirit-
stirring notes which were perfectly irresistible. The
terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the
house sank before him, still he was dignified, and
wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attenuated with
this important effect, that it possessed every one with a
conviction that there was something in him finer than
his words: that the man was greater, infinitely greater
than the orator.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT—On a sailor's grave-yard, in
Brooklyn navy-yard, are the following words to be seen:
—"Nobly he did his duty below, and now he has gone
aloft."

Some years ago a swarm of locusts was three
days and nights passing over the city of Smyrna. It
was nine hundred feet deep, forty miles wide, and fifty
miles long. At the least calculation the number of the
swarm must have exceeded one hundred and seventy-
million of millions. If gathered in a heap, its mass
would have been a thousand times larger than the large-
est pyramid, or it would have encircled the earth with
belt one mile wide.



The Canadian Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Wednesday, January 11, 1852.

*Son, look not thou upon the wine when it is red,
it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth
aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and
biteth like an adder.*—Proverbs, Chap 23.

SOME LOVE TO DRINK.

Some love to drink from the goblet's brink,
The red and the rosy wine;
Give me the rill from nature's still,
Its sparkling cup be mine;
Streams that flow from the mountain's brow,
The spring in the vale below,
The crystal lake our thirst we'll slake,
As cheerly on we go.

Some rock's rude side, where the streamlets glide
Down to the flow'ry dell—
The marble fount in the princely court,
And the simple cottage well;
The charms divine, which no sparkling wine
Can boast, for they cause no wo;
They give us health, they give us wealth,
As cheerly on we go.

□ BROTHERS ATTEND. □

Why have, during the past summer and fall, ex-
cused themselves from attendance at divisions, on
the pretext of alleged business. This excuse in many
instances was well founded perhaps at the time; but
it is winter and if ever Sons have spare time to
attend division rooms it is now. Have the members
of divisions generally attended their divisions of late?
I know not how it is in the country, but in the
city there is reason to complain on this head. We
as a Son may reasonably say that he is not oblig-
ated to attend every meeting, but what can dozens of
Sons say who absent themselves for weeks and
months? Is there any part of their duty that points
out to them? Is their honor as men concerned in it,
or they given any pledge in the matter? Neglect
of duty, contagious and failure to do one's duty is infec-
tious. How soon men faint in a good cause! Do
Sons faint so soon in the ways of folly and evil?—
Attendance at divisions is necessary to infuse a
feeling in all and keep up an enthusiasm in a
good cause. Why do we unite with divisions and
upon ourselves with our hearts and lips vows
solemnly, which are made but to be broken? The
more we see of the working of our Order, the more
we are convinced of its wisdom, beauty, and utility
in.

A CALL. □

Let then every division in Canada make at once a
call through its R. S. and W. P., on all its members
and in full force and devise some plan to carry
it out with energy. Let every division get
together and discuss the questions which should be carried

on with coolness and a desire to improve and not to
annoy or create ill feelings. Discussions should
never assume an angry tone or be carried on in any
other way than a brotherly one.

The world is before us and we expect our princi-
ples to prevail only by zeal, union, and action. Su-
ppineness and neglect ought not to be the motto of
any Son.

To the Editor of the Son.

THE BROUGHAM BALL!—RISING STAR MEETING!!—CADETS USE OF TOBACCO —&c., &c.

In the early part of last week, while passing
through the Township of Whitby, I was startled by
the positive assurance of a friend, that on the eve-
ning of New Year's day the Brougham Division
would consummate the dedication of its newly erect-
ed Hall, by the orgies of the dance; as when the
"pipe and wine" were in their feasts. In vain did I
assert that the Division named understood the re-
quirements of our Order too well to be guilty of such
folly. The assurance was only the more positive,
that the whole affair would end in a regular ball.—
"Silenced, but not convinced," I preached home on
Saturday night. On reading my letters, I found one
from the Rising Star Division, requesting assistance
at a public meeting on the evening of Dec. 30th.—
The next I opened was a letter from the R. S. of
Brougham Division, inviting me to their meeting on
the evening of Jan. 1st. This being my first invita-
tion to a ball, I resolved on its acceptance. I also
resolved to attend the Rising Star meeting on my
way to Brougham. I found the "Rising Star" shi-
ning from a very favorable altitude, and possessing
good prospects of climbing even to the zenith! The
upward struggle of this Division, entitles it to high
consideration. In the public meeting, Cadet Fletcher,
W. A., delivered an admirable oration, in which his
zeal against the hateful weed, took effect upon the
chairman for the evening, Br. Lever, who arose and
declared before all, that much as he loved the object
of his young brother's assault, he was prepared to
renounce it on that evening, if his so doing would
induce any individual to become a *Son of Temperance*.
In response, a young man lifted his hand, with an
expression of countenance which clearly attested his
wish to do good. Upon which the chairman dashed
to the floor, so as to call forth a loud burst of ap-
plause: *the disgusting emblem of his long cherished
love for the food of the loathsome tobacco worm.*—
Throughout, the interest of this meeting was well
sustained.

Leaving the "Rising Star," and passing on
through Markham into Pickering, I was again told of
the Brougham Ball. Indeed, I now found the peo-
ple on the west of Brougham, as well informed res-
pecting the ball, as those I had conversed with on
the east of the village during the previous week, and
as confident that the ball would certainly take place,
accompanied with lamentations for the downfall of
the Division, and of the whole Order, by thus driv-
ing from its connexion every discreet religionist.—
In defiance of my own convictions respecting the
wisdom and integrity of the Division, the question
arose, again and again, is it possible that I have

been insulted with an invitation to a ball? Can it
be that the Brougham Division is so mad—so infat-
uated, as thus wantonly and wrecklessly to bring a
reproach upon our honored cause? I searched
Brougham:—I asked the "Sons" themselves; when
Lo! not one of them had heard of the Brougham
ball! The evening came. The new Division
Room, capacious and well illuminated was close-
ly crowded in every part; and after the reading
of the Scriptures and prayer, the edifice was, in duo
form, dedicated to *Love, Purity, and Fidelity*. The
speedy erection and completion of this structure is
the wonder and admiration of the surrounding popu-
lation; especially when informed that it is clear of
debt, excepting the small sum of £37 10s. Long may
the building stand, a proud monument in proof of the
zeal and energy of the Brougham "Sons."

The only foundation of the "Ball" rumor that I
could trace, is found in the fact, that one of the
building committee alone, was responsible for the
building and its use, prior to the surrender of the
keys to the Division, while holding the keys, had al-
lowed a company of young people to dance in the
room, which so aroused the indignation of the
"Sons" in the village, that in a few minutes more
than twenty assembled, determined to eject the com-
pany by force, if necessary. Upon being required to
leave, however, they at once vacated the room.

I certainly found the Brougham Sons as resolute
in sustaining the action of the Grand Division against
balls being held in the name of the "Sons" and
against their being connected in any way with the
Order, as the warmest opponents of every such
ruthless prostitution of our cause could desire. Even
the member of the committee who prompted the
company to enter the room, saw his error as soon as
it was committed, and like a true Son of Temper-
ance was not ashamed to confess it. That he is ar-
dently attached to our cause, I have had ample op-
portunity of knowing; and, as all this noise and talk,
which requires to be thus openly met, that it spread
no further, grew out of that, which doubtless appear-
ed to him an act of kindness in allowing a company
the use of an unfinished room. The fact should teach
us all, that our Order has attained a position in which
every thing connected in the slightest degree with
our character as an organization, is watched and
scanned with an eagle eye; and that it becomes
every Son who would honor the lofty cause he has
espoused, to abstain, even "*from the appearance of
evil,*" to the utmost of his ability.

ROBERT DICK.

Toronto, Jan. 3, 1852.

CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE IN TORONTO.

Intimation being made to us, a short time since, of
the existence of a temperance society in the Catholic
community of this City, which caused us to make
enquiry, and found that such was the case, of which
we made mention in our last issue, but having more
extensive information from one of the members
of that association, whose description is so full of
interest to all good members of society; we are
satisfied the following account as given to us will be
read with much satisfaction:

"In the month of May, 1847, the Catholics of this
City organized themselves and formed a temperance

society, of which their clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Kirwin, was the President, and steady and untiring advocate, under whose patronage the society received its first impetus of stern hostility to the wiles and labyrinths of the most insidious foe that ever cursed humanity. The members increased rapidly under the watchful vigilance of the good Rev. Mr. Kirwin, during his residence in Toronto, but that gentleman being ordered by the administrator of the Catholic affairs of the Diocese to proceed to London, C. W., and there to resume his labors, the temperance cause received a temporary check by this removal of their worthy President.

However, Providence soon came to the rescue of a willing people who know the way, and only want a steady hand at the helm to steer the ship through shoals and rocks.

This community is now blessed in the appointment of the Right Rev. Bishop, Dr. Charbonnell, who lately brought out from Ireland a few clergymen, one of whom, the Rev. Mr. FitzHenry, has taken charge, under the direction of the Bishop, of the noble cause of the temperance movement, which now has the bulk and strength of the Catholic community, closely and firmly attached; so much so, that the next public demonstration which will be made by that body, (of which there are indications,) will point to the remaining members of that community the happiness of all being of one mind, in all things that give glory to God and happiness to mankind. The society now number over 2,000. We say, God speed the good and noble enterprise.—[Cont.]

ACT OF INCORPORATION OF DIVISIONS

Several brothers have written to us asking the mode and expense of becoming incorporated. The clause of the Act referring to it reads thus:—

V. "And be it enacted, That each Subordinate Division which may be desirous of becoming incorporated shall and may, by a vote of two thirds of its members present at any regular meeting) of the intention to propose which vote two weeks' notice at least, shall be given in regular meeting of such Subordinate Division by some member thereof, in writing) decide to become so incorporated; and that upon a copy of the vote of such decision, specifying the name, number and place of location of such Division, and the names of not less than ten of the members of such Subordinate Divisions, under the seal of the said Subordinate Division and its Recording Scribe and Presiding Officer, together with a certificate of the Grand Division under its corporate seal and the signature of its Presiding Officer and Scribe, that such Subordinate Division is in full standing in the Order—being filed in the office of the Register of the County in which such Division is situated—the members of such Subordinate Division, whose names may be included in such vote as aforesaid, and their associates, and successors, members of such Subordinate Division, shall be and become from the time of filing such certificate as aforesaid with such Register, a body politic and corporate as aforesaid, by the style or name, number and place of location of such Subordinate Division."

The Recording Scribe on the passage by the division of the first vote for incorporation, transmits the proceedings in duplicate, signed by himself and the W. P., to the G. Scribe at Hamilton, paying postage, who retains one set, and transmits the other with a certificate from the Grand Division of the good standing of the Subordinate division in the Order. These papers are then filed with the Register of the county, in which the division holds its meetings.—The Register charges, nothing for filing, and the only expense to which the division is put, is simply postage, to the extent 1s. 2d. It seems that the Grand Scribe, requires copies of the proceedings, to be transmitted to his office in duplicate; one set of which, he keeps and files, and one he sends back with his certificate to the division.

The first step, is to give two weeks' notice of inten-

tion to become incorporated in writing, which notice, is entered on the books to remain two weeks.

The second step, is at the expiration of two weeks, to move a resolution in pursuance of the notice to become incorporated. There must be, when this is done, at least, ten members present in favor of it, and two thirds of all present must vote in favor of it.

This resolution must be recorded, and the names of the ten persons voting in favor thereof, also inserted. Then the R. S. makes out in duplicate the two forms with the form called the final decision, rehearsing in short, all the proceedings with the names of the ten or more voting in favour of the final motion. All of these matters should be signed by the R. S. and W. P., and recorded at length on the books and filed in the Register office. Properly speaking, all the Grand Division has to do with the proceedings, is to transmit its certificate of good standing on receipt of the resolution of the division, determining to become incorporated.

REV. R. DICK'S LETTER ON BALLS.

We direct attention to the letter in this number from our worthy brother Dick, who is known to be one of the best friends of the order in this country. The letter relates to the holding of Balls by divisions and in division rooms. During the past year we had occasion to allude to two things in connection with the movements of Sons. One was the necessity there is on the one hand of keeping out of divisions all religious and political discussions, and sectarianism, or any motion or matter that tends to introduce them. We found afterwards that the best friends of our order, agreed with the remarks made in this paper.

Another thing was the great caution that should be used by the Sons in divisions and in their movements as bodies, not to offend the private feelings of brethren. We remarked on the one hand that we had amongst us, many who believed there is no essential evil in dancing for social amusement, and on the other, that there are more who think it is an evil custom. To prevent strife, on this head, an abstinence from the custom in all meetings of divisions and Sons, as such, was advised. The Grand division, also, advised the same last year. At the same time, we said, and still say that a Son of temperance, as such out of his division, and in social parties, among others, not meeting as Sons in a body, may indulge in the amusement of dancing without infringing any rule of our order. The order was based upon a wider foundation than a mean and beggarly sectarianism, which would, establish a censorship, over every man's private judgment, in religious and social conduct. The moment we narrow ourselves to that limit, we are not a world spread order, but one of isolation. We were established to promote temperance and humanity, not religious creeds. The rule laid down by the Grand division goes no farther than we have mentioned. No good Son will willingly in a division or out of it injure wantonly the feelings of a brother.

HOLIDAY DRINKING IN TORONTO.

This season of the year necessarily begets in people a proneness to drinking. Many a moderate drinker in such a time, steps beyond moderation, and we fear a few of our own order, may have broken their pledge. If so, they had better think better of the matter, and deeply deplore such a step. We know of no individual case of the kind in sons, and merely write in an admonitory way. But it has been our misfortune, too see too many cases of the kind, among persons not sons. How lamentable it is to see men, otherwise, well behaved, acting in such a disgraceful way. On New Years eve, we met a tradesman miserably besotted, wending his way home. At 3 o'clock in the morning of New Years day, we were obliged to get up and tell our servant boy to take a miserable laboring man into the street from our yard, where he was acting like a fool, dis-

turbing the neighbors and the house. This creature, probably, lost his reason and his strength on this night, the proceeds of hard labor. The streets exhibited many instances of this kind. Toronto in this respect, may not be worse than other places. This is the way that foolish men who it hard to pay weekly dues ruin themselves. After a week we see persons carried to the grave and it is easy to divine the cause of their death. A father goes there a drunkard. His son six months after follows him to the same place. The husband dies, and a year after, the wife goes the same way. It is time for the community to awake to the danger of INTemperance!!!

DOCTORS AND THEIR SPECIFICS

Every week or so we hear of some Son who got into difficulty by listening to the pernicious advice of medical men advising the use of rum, brandy, wine, or beer. Few are aware of the unnecessary evil done by doctors in recommending the use of alcohol to their patients in some cases. Within a few months two instances have come under our observation. A person who was a Son to a doctor to get a bottle of medicine made up for his wife. The doctor said it must have wine in it. To this the Son demurred, and the doctor would not prescribe in any other way. It was necessary to preserve the medicine pure. Can you make less at a time says the Son? To use it in any shape I dislike. Finally the man of medicine yielded, and the medicine was used without alcohol. Another instance of nearly a similar nature we have some knowledge of. Hundreds of instances occur weekly in Canada in which the use of alcohol is recommended by medical men in a thoughtless way as a medicine, inducing perhaps love for the poison never before had. Dozens of instances of a breach of the pledge have occurred. Sons who fancied that they could not do without liquor, beer, &c., and finally they have gone a step further, and have become drunkards. Two lamentable instances, yes, three are known in Sons, with all of which we are personally acquainted. In all these cases, the doctors, if they would have altered their mode of prescribing the altered medicine would have done just as well. We caution Sons against the use of wine, or cider, as a medicine. The most eminent medical men in the United States and England certified that there is no nourishment in alcohol. It is all a fancy. It is all an excuse. An excuse that leads to the grave begets the excuse, and doctors who recommend it do so either without thought or in a reckless manner. It is better that a man should live on cold water than by the use of alcohol to go to the grave. Alcohol, to the healthy man is of no use, and to the sickly one, it is merely a poison, which for a time elates, but leaves, like a stone, a sting behind. Beware, friends, how you are advised. Men who use the poison care not how they advise you. We have been advised by a medical man in our family on two occasions during the past year as medicines, and have on both occasions got along without it quite as well as with it, and our example had an effect even on those advised.

NORVAL MEETING IN ESQUIMAUX

On the 9th, Br. McNab and other friends attended a large meeting of the friends in this place. We trust that the division here, that has some excellent friends in it, will soon take a fresh start.

Don Mills Division.—We are happy to announce that this Division is fast increasing. It now numbers 38 members.

A new order, called the Temperance Society, has been formed in Philadelphia.

In all parts of Canada Soirees are being

TEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.

are indebted to our attentive Liverpool correspondent, John A. Bennett, for the following items of intelligence:—

COBDEN ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—The annual tea party of the Bury Youth's Temperance Society was held, Nov. 26, at Manchester, England. Messrs. Thornton and Howarth, and many other persons attended. During the evening a letter from Mr. Cobden, M. P., was read, from which we extract the following:—

"I will, however, take this opportunity of expressing my warmest sympathy for the cause you are advocating. The great evil of the day is intemperance. If young men can emancipate themselves from that they will have guaranteed for the next generation a sober nation, but an educated and prosperous one for the sure and certain way of keeping the population in ignorance and poverty, is to educate amongst them habits of drunkenness. There is a greater delusion in the world, than to suppose the use of alcoholic beverages, in even the most moderate quantities, is of service to those who have to perform their labor. I have generally found, as a rule, from the experience of men, that they who do the most, are the least of anything stronger than water. And I fully have I observed, that if any man has attracted the notice of the world, while engaged in some great calling for almost superhuman powers of mind and body, he has generally been found, on inquiry, to be a practical illustration of the advantage of temperance. I know not whether you are aware that the philosophers may claim the illustrious Kossuth as one of their number. When seated beside him at the Winterbanquet, and observing that he abstained from wine, I was led to make inquiry, and found that he was a teetotaler, and he told me that at some of the arduous periods of his agitated life, when harassed and exhausted by incessant toil and anxiety, he had many times passed whole days without tasting anything stronger than water. If this fact be not already known, it ought to be held in honor and credit of teetotalism, to be made

GRAND DIVISION OF ENGLAND.—At the second annual session of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance in England, held at Br. John Montgomery's Temperance Hotel, 39, Brownlow Hill, Liverpool, there were present representatives from 36 subordinate Divisions. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: G. W. Thomas Jones, 7 Bedford Street, Liverpool; A. James Vickers, 33 Watson Street, Manchester; T. Robert Harvey, Liverpool; G. Cond. John Dale, Manchester; G. Chap. William Dunn, Liverpool; G. Sent. William Pell, Manchester; P. G. Thomas Simpson, Liverpool.

On Monday evening, Nov. 19, the Roebuck Sons of Temperance Hotel, No. 4, Liver Street, near the Exchange, Liverpool, was opened as a temperance hall with great eclat, the place having been formerly used as the Roebuck Vaults, a house of dissipation for the sons of low characters. This event was signalled by a grand tea party and public demonstration. Upwards of 150 Sons and Daughters of Temperance, and friends, partook of the cup which cheers but does not intoxicate. On the cloth being removed, Thomas G. W. P., was called to the chair, and opened the occasion by an appropriate address, commending the host and hostess on the happy change made in their establishment. Eloquent speeches were also made by Messrs. Munday, Rev. Thomas H. Hugh Anderson, Chas. Watson, and John A. T. Feko, by Mrs. Simpson, queen of the Liverpool Sons. It was a pleasant feast of reason. We trust temperance friends from this country, visiting Liverpool, will remember the Roebuck Hotel, and its proprietor, Geo. Murray.

GRAND FUNERAL.—On Sunday, Nov. 30, the funeral of John Brunt, of Neptune Division No. 33, Liverpool place in that city, attended by about 400 of the officers and members of the various Divisions, in the procession being led by P. W. P. Capt. W. P. Grand Marshal. Many thousands of people witnessed the solemn spectacle in deep silence. The body had been burned into eternity by the hand of a brother, without a moment's warning. The ceremony, performed by W. Dunn, Grand Chaplain of England, made a solemn impression.

COBDEN A TEETOTALIST?—According to a letter

in another column, from Mr. Cobden, of the British Parliament, Kossuth has a high regard for the virtues of cold water, and abstains from all stimulants. He has sense enough to know that intoxicating drinks are unfavorable to intense thinking and working.—[New York Organ.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE. □

□ O envy, thou green-eyed monster, product of hell! □

It becomes our most unpleasant duty to allude to a malicious and unprovoked attack, from a source to us most unexpected. Up to the 8th January, we had seen and heard nothing of the *Advocate*. We thought it strange. An old friend happened to meet us, and inquired if we had seen the *Advocate*. We said no. He then told us that it contained a most violent attack on us, in its first January number. We borrowed a paper from its agent, and read therein two whole columns, filled with the vilest slander, against not only this paper, but the private character of its conductor. Up to this date, no exchange has been sent us. For eight days this messenger of envy and malice had been circulating its vile poison among the friends of temperance in Canada, without our knowledge; and the charitable conductor, although making an attack wholly unprovoked and unexpected, had not the fairness to let us see it. We could scarcely credit it until we saw it; for in all our remarks in the extra alluded to, and in our writings of the past year, we had made no unfriendly allusion to the *Advocate*. No expression in our extra had the smallest reference to it, secretly or openly. The allusion we made to our paper being the first carried on successfully in Canada West was not aimed at it, nor had we the *Advocate* in view at the time, because we have always considered Montreal in Lower Canada. An organ of the Sons was for a time, in 1850, carried on by a worthy brother at Belleville, but failed within the year, for want of support, and because it was got up on too small a plan. In our judgment, therefore, it was safe for us to say that this paper was the first that ever existed for one year in Canada West, as an organ of the Sons. Moreover, the *Canada Temperance Advocate* never was considered, an organ of, and never exhibited a disposition to favor the principles of the Sons. It was commenced at the instance of the old Temperance Society, and claims to be their peculiar organ, although it does at times allow the Sons to play second fiddle in its columns. We emphatically state, that our paper is an organ of the Orders of the Sons, Daughters, and Cadets in Canada West. Now the *Advocate* writes in a dictatorial, uncharitable and vindictive spirit. It exhibits a wicked and meddling spirit, indirectly urging the enmity of other papers against ours. It must take care that it is not served as *man and wife* serves the intruder who attempts to interfere in their domestic quarrels. If any hostility exists between this paper and others in Upper Canada, it is to be presumed that they are quite able to take their part, without the impertinent meddling of an envious Montreal Editor.

During the past year, whenever we have spoken of the *Advocate*, it has been in the way of friendship which was sincerely felt, until an impertinent allusion, made by that Journal, as to an Editorial dis-

pute between us and the *Prototype*, and an allusion, as to our remarks on Dissenting Ministers, were made by it, both of which we passed over. We had thought the paper a friend, but we were mistaken, and now see that a flood of *perit up bile*, begot of envy and uncharitable editorial meanness, was waiting to be let loose, at the commencement of the year 1852, upon our head. We are wholly unconscionable of having wronged the *Advocate* in any respect, in word or deed; yet this Editor, calling himself a Son of Temperance, and well acquainted with the Order, without the shadow of proof, and maliciously, asperses the reputation, and injures the property and feelings of a stranger, a brother in the Order, who has been in the Order without any reproach in Western Canada for near two years. Does he know that he has violated his duty as a Son; and more, that he has violated his duty as a neighbour and a Christian? This Editor, on the threshold of 1852, when charity and brotherly love should have been in his heart (and we thought it was), and when he should have gone hand in hand with the friends of Temperance, in advancing the cause, gets up, unprovoked, a wanton and useless quarrel with us; imagining that we had injured him!! How? When and where did we do it? Echo answers, Where? He has, within six months past, strongly recommended this paper to public favor. A change has come over the spirit of his dreams. Has our paper, within that time, grown less fervent in the cause? Our friends think not. A change has come over him, at the eve of the new year. He has turned critic; censor; an eye-dropper; an instigator of quarrels; and a meddler in other men's affairs.

[Want of space obliges us to defer the continuation till our next issue.

□ **FIRST WARD MEETING.**—COLDSTREAM DIVISION.—On the 9th of January, we attended the first Ward meeting to be held in Toronto this winter.—Temperance men are aware that it is intended to hold a series of Ward meetings to advance the cause and spread information. There were about one hundred persons present—some ladies and many children. The Coldstream division turned out in regalia, and there were three members from the Ontario division there including the editor of this paper. The Coldstream Section turned out in full force.—We regretted to see so few members there from other divisions. Still there was a very pleasant meeting and it will do good. Br. Webster made a very good speech for half an hour, and the editor of this paper addressed the meeting for near one hour. There were many persons present who were not Sons. Let this be but the beginning of a good work. Two persons immediately after agreed to join the division.

TORONTO SECTION OF CADETS. □

The officers of this Section, chosen Jan. 1st, are, Br. A. M. Peel, of the Ontario division, W. Patron; S. Dodson, W. Archon; J. Jones, Vice Archon; D. Rowell, Secretary.

There are 80 members in the Section, and it meets every Wednesday night at the Ontario Division Room. The letter sent us by a Cadet of this Section will appear in our next number. Remember this Section holds a *soiree* on Friday next.

For the Son.

THE NEW BORN THOUGHTS.

Toronto, Nov. 16th, 1851.

Mr. Editor,—
But yester'een, I sat myself to thinkin'
Upon that aw'ful subjec'—whiskey drinkin'
And in my head I gat an inklin'
To become a Son,
When at my ear, click, click, gaes jinklin'
The gude wife's tongue.
First as a' ye'll ken, I just hae had a spree
Wi' Rover Rab an' twa or three
Who had but the noy, came o'er tra' Christendie,—
A' canty clever chieils;
An' as for sapping o' the barle, bree,
Ye wad think them verra die'ls.
Gude men quo' she, I think ye'r spree last night,
Has put ye free ye'r work, clean outright,
An' ye'r lookin' sic a sorra plight,
Ye'r een ay gangs blinkin';—
An' ye'r head this twa-months, nae been right,
A' from Brandy drinkin'.

Ye'r claes were ance sae braw an' fine,
Ye look't like aye just in his prime,—
But since ye took to drinkin' wine,
Ye'r like to some daft souter,
Who lived, an' drank, an' slept wi' swine,
And rolled him i' the gutter.

And a' yer friends, ye ance had plenty,
Are now grown few an' scanty,
An' meat an' claes are now no canty,
(Our hairs aye look ginn;
The market basket's aye now empty,
Syn' ye took to Rum.

Once weel stored and pleisid was our hame,
Our freens to see us aften came,
But now, let's said to our shame,
Were none at a',
Zen me—I have not got aye,
Syn' ye took the fa'.

Belimes, I think yer sune beside yer sel,
Ye ramp, an' boot, an' bow, an' yell,
Like aye Demon out o' hell—
An' make me feel quite mad,
And just the pain, plain truth to tell—
Ye act like aye that's mad.

Hold, hold, gude wife gin ye'll gie o'er
And on this subject say no more
I'll throw the jug out o' the door—
There, ye hear it clinkin'
For baith my head and heart's right sore
Wi' naught but whiskey drinkin'.

My senses now, are brighten up,
Na' mair I'll turn to the tipin' cup,
Nor gae na' mair to the whiskey shug,
An' soon I'll be hale,
O' liquor I'll ne'er drink another drop;
But be content wi' Adam's ale.

Now, that I hae turned my back to the half moon,
And a' other taverns i' the town,
I'll meet wi' those i' the Division Room
Who look fair and frisky, O
An' help to sing, that gude auld tune
Farewell to whisky, O.
Yours,
ALEXANDER JACQUES.

A Temperance State Convention on a grand scale, is to meet on the 21st January, in Augusta, Maine. A great Temperance Bazaar in honor of American Temperance Reform is to be held in New York City in Tripler Hall, in a few days. Tickets \$3 each. It is said tickets sell well.
Br. P. S. White is to visit South Carolina to lecture during this month.
Father Mathew had arrived safely in Ireland and speaks feelingly in favor of America.

For the Son of Temperance.

LOYALTY AND INTOXICATION!

A great deal is said, in these days of electioneering, about LOYAL SUBJECTS, &c. For my part, I cannot see much loyalty in men giving to, and men partaking of the intoxicating Draught, to vote for candidates for Parliament. It was suggested, by some, when Father Mathew began the Temperance Reformation in Ireland, that he did it to make the Romanists sober men, because, when they had drunk whiskey, &c. as they were much accustomed to do; he could place no confidence in them to stand a conflict, and by getting them to abstain from intoxication, he could place more confidence in them as loyal subjects.

I have, for many years, watched the conduct of men in office, and seen, when they have taken the intoxicating draught, they have not been able to perform their duty rightly.—So much for the Loyalty of drink.

When we have, Councillors and Tavern Inspectors, that can take the intoxicating glass—taverns increase, and drunkenness prevails. I can speak from experience. I was accustomed to partake of the intoxicating draught, myself, for many years. By so doing, business was neglected, things went astray, family confusion, neighbours offended, law of the land broken; God's holy laws violated!—So much for the Loyalty of drinking.

Intoxicating drinks, are of that nature, that they disturb the brain, unshrink the mind, and bring down many noble minded men, lower than the brute creation. Talk to them the next day, after a carouse, about their doings, and they know nothing about it, and are ashamed to hear of their proceedings. Then, I say, that no man acts like a *loyal subject*, that uses intoxicating liquors as a beverage—be he a Tavern Inspector, Councillor, Parliamentarian or, whatever else; because, a man in office, requires all the mental powers which God hath given him; but if he takes little or much of the intoxicating drinks, he loses control over his mental faculties. Great men, talk about their loyalty to their country and Queen, let them partake of the stimulating draught, and what are they fit for? Let us search the records of Scripture, and then we will see how many great and good men have fallen, including the prophet, the prophet, and the king.

Let us hear, what King Solomon said about it, "It is not good for Kings to drink wine, nor for Princes strong drink, lest they drink and forget the law."

If, we would be thought good subjects to our Queen, and good fathers, let us resolve that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage; nor traffic in them; nor provide them as an article of entertainment; nor for persons in our employment, and strive in all suitable ways, to discourage their use throughout the community.

JOHN ANDREW.

Springfield, December 25, 1851.

COBOURGH DIVISION.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—

The Division held a Service here on Monday evening the 29th ultimo, which passed off admirably, about 250 were present. The Rev. W. Ormiston of Newcastle District, made a lively and impressive speech, he was followed by the Rev. Messrs. Sanderson, McEneaney and Smith. All present seemed to enjoy themselves in the most hearty manner, and did ample justice to the edibles, prepared by Brother Pratt.

The Division, here, although not numbering so many, as it did some time ago, is in a most healthy condition, and exerting a marked influence in the community.

I am, sir, yours,

A. SON.

January 6, 1852.

To the Editor of the Son.

BURFORD SONS. ☐

DEAR SIR,—

I herewith send you a list of subscribers to valuable paper, which is, the mere to be valuable account of its being the organ or mouth piece order, containing all the essential features connected with the working of every subordinate Division, Canada. Through its columns, we expect to find of the progress of every part of the work, having such a work before us, containing the science and practical working of some two or hundred divisions. Who dare predict our doom, Not even the most sceptical, dare venture an opinion, doubting the firmness of the foundation which we stand. Every step we take, and movement we make, (constitutionally,) gives aid and stability to our institution.

Our Division has adopted an admirable plan, to secure harmonious and energetic working of machinery, which is, promoting their officers wards.

Yours, in the bonds of the Order,
L. D. MARK, O.

Claimant Division, No. 185, S. of T.

To the Editor of the Son.

WESTON DIVISION. ☐

Weston Division Sons of Temperance, is rapidly advancing in the great work of reformation, only, by augmenting its numbers, but the best effects produced on society generally.

We no longer, see men going boldly to the gallows on the Sabbath day; where, although, common law, reason, and common decency, they become intoxicated, while killing their idle but they frequently termed them. Now being reared by shame from such places, either they make home happy, while perusing their Bible; or interesting Temperance anecdote, or are in to attend places of Divine worship; either of which would now prove as unpleasant to abandon, was disagreeable to commence. Others, are beginning to look on us, with envious admiration, and think, that to be a Son of Temperance, is degrading after all, as they were formerly in to believe; but, on the contrary, begin to order Temperance men, as the least shrewd, as well as, the most honorable members of society.

Many who leave our Division, scatter their order different parts of the country, where disseminate the great principles of P. F. I. organizing new divisions, or strengthening already begun.

A. SON, at Weston.

The New Moon Division was attended by us of 200 farmers and their families on the 30th and 26 persons signed the pledge there. Well.

There is a bar room in California 150 feet in which forty bar keepers attend to sell liquor. They do things upon a large scale there. Large and virtue small.

A Calabar Mahr's Riot has occurred in Calabar in which four of the rioters were wounded. Rioters were chiefly Germans, and were not tolerated.

A lodge of Female Odd Fellows, called "Daughters of Rebecca," has been regularly organized at Fort St. Indiana, by Grand Representative Colfax, of Brazil. The new degree is said to be "a beautiful choice production."

Dr. The Canadian prisoners, arrested for in Pennsylvania, committed, as it is said, in the hands from the United States authorities, are glad to say, acquitted and discharged. The States should not encourage the enforcement unjust a law as the kidnapping of human creatures.



Agriculture.

A SONG.

The Farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away.
A little girl, with fine blue eyes,
Grandfather's knee was catching flies.
The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place.
A tear rolled down from his half-shut eyes,
"I wish," said the child, how it makes you cry—
The horse dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the shade after noon did steal,
And the busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning her spinning wheel;
The old brass clock on the mantle-tree,
Ticked along to almost three.
The Farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
He moistened brow and the cheek so fair
Of his grandchild sweet was pressed;
And bent down on her soft hair by—
Deep were they both on that summer day.

PLANTS FORCED TO BLOOM IN A FEW MINUTES.

[*Brussels Herald*] says:—Abbe Moigno gives the following account of an experiment, which would have been somewhat incredible, had not the signature of a scientific writer been a sufficient guarantee of veracity:—
Being arrived at the Boulevard Montmartre, No. 1, I taken out seats under a tent, we found ourselves well supplied with plants, which had been recently dug in the earth, their drooping foliage indicating they had as yet scarcely taken root. The programme announced that M. Hebert would cause each of the plants to bloom in less than fifteen minutes, and that who honored him with their presence should not depart without each receiving a small bouquet of flowers blossomed before their eyes.

The plants intended for the experiment were gill-chrysantheums, Indian pinks, dahlias, haurus-tine, a rose-tree, a heliotrope, geraniums, and hyacinths. By means of our glass we closely scrutinized the plants in its own, they had numerous fully developed buds, which would not have expanded in less than a week or a fortnight under a fine sky. They had absolutely no leaves, the buds were closed, scarcely indicating at all the color of which they were perfectly enclosed in the calyx.
M. Hebert announced the entrance of M. Hebert's assistants, who immediately commenced their work. They passed on the roots of a dahlia and a geranium, which were placed in the ground, a certain quantity of a reddish liquid, and covered them with an inverted glass, temperature in the morning moderate, and the glass was filled with vapors produced by the action of the external air. The operations, being their hands to the glass, appeared to think the heat might be too great; they opened a small hole near the top, and followed with anxiety the progress of the plants; our attention was greatly attracted, we watched with eagerness the geraniums and dahlias, and before the expiration of ten minutes each had flowered. M. Hebert then raised the glass from each of the plants several flowers

and brought them to us; the petals of the dahlias were beautifully shaded, and the gill-flowers diffused a most delightful odor. The success was complete.

The gardeners then approached the form which we occupied and recommenced upon similar plants their operations, which we could now watch still more narrowly. We saw distinctly the buds swell, the leaves of the calyx separate, the petals unfold, the corolla expand, and the stalks which bore the flowers lengthen several centimetres and raise themselves above the foliage; the glass was taken off, and the two plants, which only a few minutes before were green, now appeared in full bloom. The experiment, which was tried for the first time upon one of our most beautiful shrubs, the haurus-tine, was equally prompt and successful.

M. Hebert had suspended in the air, from columns, 3 large pots containing a rose-tree, an Indian pink, and a heliotrope; he surrounded with two semicircles of wood the lower part of each of the pots, poured on the roots of the plants his magic liquid, and placed the glasses on the surface of the semicircles. Every eye was fixed; each spectator gazed upon a bud and watched with intense interest its development; after a short time the bud had become a flower, the Indian pink grew thicker, the rose-bush bore ten or twelve flowers, and the heliotrope raised its fragrant bunches of blossom.

Nothing now remained for M. Hebert to make bloom but two large geraniums, this operation, on account of the buds being more advanced, was effected in less than five minutes. The distribution then took place, and each of the ladies received a bouquet of flowers. M. Hebert had fulfilled all the promises set forth in his most extraordinary programmes.

WEATHER WISDOM.

The following are a few of the "old saws" relating to the weather, which abound in Great Britain, viz:—

- "A rainbow in the morning,
Gives the shepherd warning.
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."
- "Evening red, and next morning gray,
Are certain signs of a beautiful day."
- "When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Sure the air is always damp."
- "If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He'll certainly rise with a watery head."
- "When you see geese and flying,
Be ye sure the air is drying."
- "When black swallows cross your path,
Black clouds march overhead."
- "When the peacock looks back,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls."
- "If the moon shows like a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field."
- "When rooks fly sporting high in the air,
It shows that windy storms are near."

PRESERVATION OF ROOTS.

Mr. Estlin:—After one has been to the pains and expense of raising a crop of roots, it is proper that he should take measures for its preservation. This, however, is sometimes neglected by some, who consequently suffer great loss, often amounting to one-half of their crop, when a very little reflection, and care, would have enabled them to preserve the whole perfectly sound and good till spring. When closely packed in bins, in a cellar where the temperature is occasionally high, an imperfect fermentation is induced which ultimately results in the deterioration or ruin of the mass, unless the fermentation be immediately arrested in its progress by free ventilation, or the more tedious process of spreading the roots over the cellar floor. I have known many farmers experience serious loss from this source. When there is any danger from fermentation—which there always is, and must be, when the weather at harvest time is hot, and the cellar close, it is a good plan to construct a range of temporary bins around the sides of the cellar, to the floor above. The proper width for these temporary bins, is four feet, the fronts of the bins facing the open area of the cellar, should be made of split work, and as open as the size of

the roots will admit. This will obviate in a great measure at least, the possibility of any injury from fermentation, by admitting the free ingress of pure air which will circulate through, and effectually protect the whole mass. The confined air in large piles of roots, and its rapid putrefaction, are the principal causes of the decay so frequently complained of in ruta bagas, carrots, and roots. Beets are as liable to injury in this way, as the ruta baga. My practice is, never to harvest my crops, till the weather has become quite cold, and to place them at once in the bin—the bottom of which, like the front, is formed by open flooring, and elevated some six or eight inches above the bottom of the floor. The air circulates under and through the mass, and no injurious or unpleasant miasma is engendered, even though the mass remain till spring, if ventilation is properly observed, and the windows kept open.—*German Town Tel.*

SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES.

Very few gardeners would be guilty of so foolish a thing as to waste barn yard manure. But they are almost all guilty of a what is less excusable. We mean the waste of the dead leaves that fall at this season of the year from trees and shrubs of all kinds. If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of these fallen leaves, which contain not only the vegetable matter, but earthy salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next season's growth, and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very tree or plant from which they fell, nay, more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way by the decomposition of these very falling leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally be lost altogether.

A wise horticulturist will diligently collect, from week to week, the leaves that fall under each tree, and dig them under the soil above the roots where they will decay and enrich the soil, provide in the cheapest manner possible the food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at the roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season. In the same manner the leaves that fall from young trees should be carefully saved and dug in beneath the surface of the soil. A single year's experience of its good results will confirm our readers in this practice.

CHANGEABLE ROSE.

Hold a red rose over the flame of a sulphur match, and whatever spot of it the flame touch will become pale or white, so that out of a red rose you can form a white one. I have heard of young ladies keeping flowers in this way from summer to the season of winter plenty with success. Towards the close of the season they picked a number of the finest roses, taking care that they were quite dry; then they held them over the flames of sulphur until the color faded completely away; the flowers were then washed at the end stems, and shut up in air-tight boxes. When the Christmas and New-Year festivities began, the roses were taken from their retirement, dipped in water, and carried into the ball-rooms presiding in the hair or on the bosoms of their fair owners.

Another way of making "Chameleon Flowers" is by the use of the spirit-lamp. Sprinkle the wick of the lamp with a little salt. Place a few scarlet flowers beside it and they will appear yellow. Purple flowers will appear blue.

A lighted match will change the color of almost any flower except yellow ones, and flowers put into a basin of common sea water will also change—making a white flower, for instance, a beautiful green.

Tea has also a singular effect in changing colors. Thus, if tears are dropped on a piece of paper stained with violet the paper will be changed into a green color.

Perhaps you never knew before that there is such magic in your breath as the following experiment will show—Fill a tumbler with hot water, then, while you sit it round with a piece of glass, breath into it frequently. The liquid, at first transparent, will gradually become perfectly white; and if you leave it for a short time, on again examining it, you will find chalk deposited at the bottom of the tumbler.

UNITED STATES NEWS.

The all-engrossing topic in the United States, just now, is Kossuth. His past and future fortunes are in every one's mouth. The Press of New York City and the Bar have given him public banquets.—Great and thrilling orations have been made by him in behalf of Hungary. The position he takes in regard to non-intervention on the part of Russia is perfectly just and should be upheld by all free nations. The greatest blot on the reputation of France and England was the omission on their part to protect and enforce the protest against the tyrant Nicholas sending an army to assist a foreign power against Hungary. If Hungary was capable of enforcing her national rights against Austria, Russia should have kept her arms within her borders. From what we have heard and read of the speeches of Kossuth, he seems to us to be a man of a noble and enlightened mind, far in advance of the Europeans generally excepting Great Britain and France. He is treated so far in the United States with an enthusiastic reception. We cannot but conclude these few remarks than by inserting the following piece of poetry. He is now in Washington, where he has been received by the Senate and President with marked attention. It is gratifying to the friends of humanity to see all this.

WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.

With welcomes we greet thee, Hungarian hero
To the land of the west—in the home of the free—
A captive no more in the fangs of a Nero—
Oh, noble Kossuth a warm welcome to thee.
Our true hearts about thee, like a rampart, we fling
Our tears, for thy sorrows, we mingle with thine—
Our affection for thee as endear'd shall cling
As thine, patriot chief, round liberty's shrine.

Columbia now greets thee! On her bosom repose
"Till thy country shall call thee more on thy name.
Then, swift to her summons, rush again on her foe—
The Cossack drive back to his deserts in shame!
For lovers of freedom yet ready they shall gather
From the land of the Gaul, Pole, German and Hun—
And wreathe thy word—like a torse—
To crush every foe of their now exiled son!

From the Rhine to the Danube—from sea into sea—
Thy spirit still breathes on the hearts of the brave—
Hearts throbbing for freedom—ever yearning for thee
To lead them, in triumph, over tyranny's grave!
Welcome, thrice welcome, thou noble Hungarian,
To the beautiful West—the home of the free—
Safe from the grasp of the Northern Barbarian,
Brave Magyar, Kossuth, a hearty welcome to thee.

AGENTS AND FRIENDS' NOTICE.

Any person or division obtaining five new subscribers to this paper and remitting the money with their names, shall receive a sixth copy free.—All the names must be given as well as the name of the person sending. To accommodate many friends we have issued a considerably larger number of numbers one and two, than we needed for subscribers. We ask the friends of the orders of the Sons, Daughters, and Cadets of Temperance, of which we claim to be an organ, to exert themselves during January for this paper, in all their respective localities. There are enemies to this paper of a peculiar kind; such as pretend to be friends of the temperance cause, and yet will not work with us. They are scattered in many parts of Canada, and are as much opposed to the divisions of Sons as to us, although they will not openly avow it. These Pharisees in temperance who are afraid of a stir, and whose souls are wound up in a net, will oppose any paper or body of men that have energy.

ITEMS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—A mass temperance meeting is to be held in Boston on the 21st inst., in the Tremont Temple. A procession will then be formed and the friends of temperance will in an immense body go to the State House, where the Legislature is assembled, and present a mighty roll of petitions from all parts of the State, praying for the enactment of the Maine law. This State and its clergy generally seem alive in the agitation of this cause.

In Maine, the law is working well—seizures being made in all parts of the State. A second row occurred there lately in affecting a seizure. The celebrated Neal Dow says that the friends of the law are everywhere increasing.

Continued from Vol. 1, No. 24.

LETTER ON TOBACCO.

Whether the doctrine be universally admitted or not, it is nevertheless orthodox, that every individual possesses an influence, greater or smaller, as the case may be,—and that he will be responsible for the proper or improper exercise of that influence.—If by his good conduct and practices through life he has, like a faithful beacon, directed many a benighted mariner on life's uncertain ocean to the haven of safety and happiness, how much more enviable will his lot be in the end, than if by his pernicious and irregular habits and course of life he had, like false beacons, caused thousands to be shipwrecked on the shoals and quicksands, with which he was so constantly surrounded.

Now, we would ask all smokers, chewers, and snuffers, whether they are true or false bracons? whether their most moderate indulgence has a tendency to circumscribe or extend the boundaries of of these extensive evils? Truth responds, that were it not for the respectable and religious portion of community—aye, and even the expounders of religion, who not only countenance, but even indigne in the abominable practices, the evils would be held in sacred abhorrence, and would soon die through mere contempt. But now the boy smokes because it is manly! The bar-room leafer puffs the cigar because the Broadway dandy does the same. The clerk of the shop, or counting-house, must have his China, or wooden pipe, of cumbersome dimensions, because the Princely German, and "upper ten" draw forth their noxious fumes from the costly Meerschaum;—and all from old to young—from leafer to dandy, feel no remorse of conscience, but on the contrary a sort of religious sanction, by having their fathers, their religious friends, and above all, their devoted pastors—all members of the same smoking fraternity.

Will such religion reach the standard of St. Paul—"it is neither good to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby my brother stumbleth or is offended or made weak." Here the Apostle says plainly and emphatically, that we are not to do any thing that might lead our fellow creatures astray;—or that might directly or remotely injure them in any interest whatever. Again, Timothy is commanded—"In all things to show himself a pattern of good works. Would St. Paul have thought that Timothy was setting a "Pattern of good works in all things," if he had indulged in the habits we have been discussing? It seems passing strange that so many can call their consciences in this matter when all these circumstances stare them in the face.—When they are accused by physicians that it is deleterious to the system—when they know that an appetite perverted and excited by so unnatural a stimulant as tobacco will shortly demand a stronger excitement in alcohol, among the former evils with those of drunkenness, spreading woe and desolation

in their train. Small, then, must be the value to say nothing of the religion of that period would not forego so small an indulgence to such overwhelming evils. Who would not have an appetite that was likely to famish the world?

Fraternally yours,
CONSTANTINE

Yonge st., Dec. 10, 1860.

ATTENTION! YOUNG MEN!—The young men of the State of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection, and the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting are as follows:

That we will receive the attentions of no young gentleman, who has not learned some trade or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood, for it is apprehended that after the bird is caged it is starved in the cage.

That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are assured that his wife will come to want and his children go begging.

That we will marry no young man who is a drunkard, for we have seen the iron of his neighborhood paper, for we have seen the strong evidence of his want of intelligence, and we will prove too stingy to provide for his family, and we will encourage institutions of learning in his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity.

GRAND DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE, EASTERN NEW YORK.

Office of the committee on the state of New York,
200 Broadway, corner Reade Street,
New York, Nov. 21, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER HOOVER:—At the annual session of the Grand Division a resolution was adopted authorizing the employment of a Special Agent within this jurisdiction, visit and inspect the weak Divisions and organize new ones.

I am happy to say, for the information of our readers generally, and especially of our friends within our own limits, that this Committee, upon the matter was referred, have since made arrangements with the Rev. E. J. Hoover, who has agreed to accept such appointment upon its duties in the second week of December.

Of Brother Crane's talents and peculiar qualifications for this office it is unnecessary to speak—well known these are highly appreciated, and will be so by all on a further acquaintance.

The Committee would bespeak for the most cordial reception, and to facilitate the duties of the Divisions and friends of our Order, intimate their wishes to this office as early as possible.

On behalf of the Committee,
JAMES MACDONALD

QUEBEC SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The first of a series of public Temperance meetings was held last evening in Russell's Hall, under the auspices of the "Gong of the Sons of Temperance." We take pleasure in stating that this first or experimental meeting was successful; and that the division will meet the series monthly during the winter: the arrangements can be completed, to be held on the 15th inst. The hall and gallery were well filled with a highly respectable audience; and the proceedings, in every respect, as much tend to the success of the temperance cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages. The program was varied by the performers of a choir raised for the occasion, under the direction of the presiding officer of the division, Coie, Jr.; and the addresses were received with an enthusiasm which will ever result from a just sentiment in the advocacy of a good cause.