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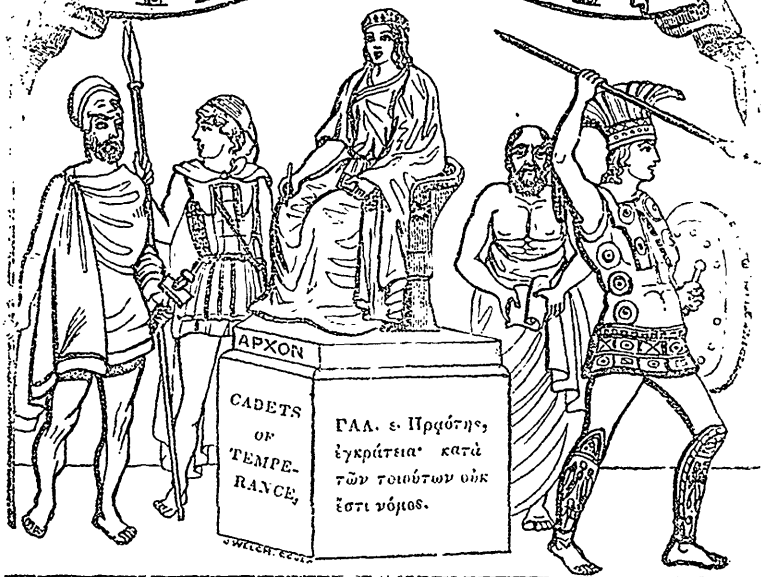
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THE CADET



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1, 1853.

No. 3.

Somebody's Father.

BY MRS. STOWE.

The omnibus was slowly pursuing its way up one of the long hills that lead to the outskirts of Cincinnati, when the attention of its various inmates was directed to a man lying by the road side, with flushed and swollen face and trembling limbs, who vainly strove to raise himself from the earth, muttering broken and incoherent sentences, and ever and anon falling back into the dust which had already plentifully begrimed his face and clothes. Some of the passengers gazed on him with a contemptuous smile of pity, some with an expression of disgust, while a few of a coarser sort on top, burst forth into expressions of vulgar derision.

"Go it, old chap," said one. "Try it again," shouted another, as he made a fruitless attempt to rise. "Falls pretty limber, I guess," said a third.

A little boy about five years old, was stretching his neck to watch the sight, and joined unhesitatingly in the laugh set up on the outside.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said a woman by his side, "don't laugh, Henry; that man is some poor child's father, I suppose."

The boy seemed to feel at once the force of this appeal, for he looked with astonishment into his mother's face, and several of the passengers appeared, by their thoughtful air, to have felt the force of the gentle appeal, and looked more as Christians should look on the fallen creature they were leaving behind.

And there indeed was somebody's father, as the gentle voice had said. Look with us inside of this low and shattered room, and there you see a pale and laded woman sitting up, sick and feeble, by a decaying fire, striving, with trembling hand and failing eye, to finish a piece of sewing; her head is weary and giddy—the room often seems turning round and round with sickening motion, and her hand often stops and trembles as she still urges her needle—her needle slender and feeble as herself, but like herself, the only reliance of those helpless ones around her. On the floor sits the baby, often pulling at her dress and raising his hands in dumb show to make her feel that he is weary of apparent neglect, and wants to find a warmer seat on her lap; while two pale wistful looking children are gazing from the door, as if expecting something, and weary of delay.

"Oh Mary, do take Benny," said the mother, after vainly striving to raise him, "and try to keep him a little longer till I finish this work, and then you can carry it up to Mrs. ——— and get the money for it, and you shall have something good for supper."

"Oh dear! why doesn't father come," says the girl, as she takes her little brother from the floor. "He told us certainly that he would be back in an hour, and bring the medicine for you, and some things for us; and he has not come back yet."

The woman sighs. Long experience has taught her why he does not come; but she only says, "I know he meant to be home before this."

At last the boy steals in silently and pale, and standing behind his mother's chair says, apprehensive, "O, mother, he is coming, but he hasn't got anything for us, I know." The mother had guessed as much before; and the tired and hungry children looked with a discouraged and hopeless air from their mother to each other, as the door is pushed widely open, and the man who lay by the road-side totters in and throws himself into a chair.

No child goes to him. When the unthinking baby puts out its little hands, its sister checks it with a "Hush, Benny, be still." They all know that his father is no father now, and that there is no safety but in keeping out of his way.

And yet that man left his house in the morning with as warm a heart for his children, with as solemn a purpose to withstand temptation, as sincere a desire to provide something for his own as man could have; that man is naturally warm hearted and affectionate, and proud and fond of his equally affectionate wife and children, and only this morning he promised to that sick, heart-broken woman that he would begin a new life. He went out from his home honestly meaning to come back with comforts for his wife and little ones, and to make a cheerful evening fire-side. But in his work-shop, among the companions he daily meets, he has been assailed by temptation too strong for him, he has yielded, and this is the result.

A year or two since, the hand of Christian brotherhood was everywhere stretched forth in our city to stay the failing resolution of such wanderers—to seek out and save those that were ready to perish. How many desolate homes were then made cheerful, how many sorrowful hearts were filled with joy, by those noble efforts. But of late we hear too often that the cause of Temperance, in our city, is going back, that haunts of vice are increasing in number, and throwing, far and wide their temptations, unchecked and unrestrained. Are those who labored so nobly and successfully, in past times, then, weary in well-doing. Has the cause grown old and lost its interest—is it not just as dreadful for a man to lose soul and body now as ever it was—are not the sacred relations of the family the same, and the anguish and despair caused by their utter wreck, as real and true now, as when they were the theme of every tongue?

Let it be hoped that the energies of our community, always forward and efficient in good works in time past, are not dead but only sleeping; and that the same vigorous and benevolent hearts and hands that have wrought so much good among us in former times, will arouse again to new and successful efforts.

TOBACCO.—Are you a professor? Hold on! don't put a foot into that nice church where so many decent people assemble, with that abominable *tud* in your mouth! Throw it out, quick. Wash out your mouth! Don't leave a single crumb, lest you have occasion to *bspatter* either the floor, seats or something else. If you will use the *dirty weed* at home, please do not insult the decency of others, from home.



Strong Drink.

What is he like?—Sometimes he is white, then he is called Whisky. Sometimes he is brown, then he is called Ale. Sometimes he is almost black, then he is called Porter. Sometimes he is red like blood, then he is called Wine. Some people who are afraid of him in one dress, are quite bold with him in another, which is very foolish, for his disposition is quite the same at all times. Among fashionable people he dresses in a genteel red or purple very often, and writes Wine on his card, but his favourite dress in other circles is a dull water colour, or changing drab. If ever, my young friends, you see one in red, calling himself Negus, or Port, or Sherry; or in drab, calling himself Dublin Stout, or London Porter, or Edinburgh Ale; or in water colour, calling himself Toddy, Punch, Hollands, Double Proof, or any such name, be you sure whatever may be said against it, that you see that deadly villain Strong Drink, and make the best of your way out of his reach.

Where does he stay?—He stays in barrels, and casks, and greybeards, in black bottles, and in white bottles, in decanters, in tumblers, in dram-glasses, in gill-stoups, and in mutchkin measures. He stays a great deal in sideboards and presses, and is sure to be found in the public-house. He takes up his abode with many at New-year times; and if a baby is born, or a marriage takes place in any house near you, ten chances to one but you find him there. As to fairs, and fights, and races, he is never far from them. But if you ask where he likes best to stay, then he likes best to stay *down folks' throats*; though many individuals say that he runs at once to their head.

What does he do?—It would take many sheets of paper and a long time's writing to tell that. He kindles a fire in the

stomach, and drops poison into the veins. He sets the blood a-boiling and the tongue a-stammering. He paints noses red, and dots them with pimples. He makes fair faces coarse, and bright eyes dull and bloodshot. He makes handsome people slouch, and strong people shake. He makes heads ache and whirl, and limbs move zigzag. He 'steals away the brain,' and robs men of their purses. He makes widows and orphans, fills jails and hospitals, thins churches and Sabbath schools. He has sent tens of thousands in banishment to bridewell and the gallows, and sixty thousand every year in Britain he hunts to the grave, and cheats of their souls.

Why is he called Strong?—When two men struggle, and one knocks or throws the other down, that one is the *strongest*. But Strong Drink is *stronger than the strongest man*. He will throw any man down that likes to try him. This is one reason why he is called Strong. Again, *he can destroy the strongest bodily frame*. Some strong people fight with him a good while, but he always beats them at last; and they are often quite useless long before they are dead. But the mind is strong as well as the body, and Strong Drink can overcome the strongest minds. There are some very strong things in the mind—these are called feelings or principles, and are like gates and pillars to it. Now Strong Drink can carry away these gates and pull down these pillars as easily as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, or pulled away the pillars of the house of Dagon. There is LOVE, a very strong thing, but he has often destroyed even that, making the father curse his children, and the husband kill his wife. There is SHAME, but he can take that gate away too, and make men well enough pleased to be like beasts—the wealthy content to

go like beggars—the wellbred to do the meanest things—and those who were once patterns of good conduct to commit abominable crimes. There is *FEAR*, a mighty pillar, but Strong Drink can pull it down, so that neither jails, nor bridewells, nor banishments, nor gibbets shall be any terror; ay, and he has made many who once would have trembled at the thought of death and of judgment, laugh them to scorn, so that they have neither the fear of God nor man before their eyes. It is a dreadful thing, young friends, to want the fear of God. It is like taking the helm from a ship, which, you know, would leave it at the mercy of the waves. Religion, or the fear of God, is the great helm of the mind, but Stroug Drink takes it away, and the soul is shipwrecked.

What, then, children, think you it best to do with this dangerous foe, Strong Drink? Fight with him? No!—he is strong. Trust to him that he will not hurt you? No!—he is deceitful, and will spare nobody. Play with him a *little*—with such a dreadful creature? No, no!—the plan is to avoid him altogether—to keep out of his reach—to keep away from where he is—**TO HAVE NOTHING AT ALL TO DO WITH HIM.**

The Fairest Flower.

Seldom have we read a more delicately conceived allegory than the following, from Dickens' Household Words:—

There was once a mighty queen, in whose garden grew the choicest flowers of every season of the year, the fairest of every clime.—But she loved the roses most of all, and of them she had the greatest variety, from the wild thorn with green, applescented leaves to the most beautiful rose of Provence. They grew up the palace walls, twined around the columns and over the windows, all along the passages and up to the ceiling, in every hall; and the roses mingled together in odor, form, and color.

But care and sorrow dwelt within; the queen lay on a bed of sickness, and the physicians announced that she must die.

'She may yet be saved!' said the wisest among them. 'Bring to her the fairest rose of the world, that one which is the expression of the highest and purest love. Let it come before her eyes ere they close, and she will not die.'

And young and old came from all around, bringing roses—the fairest that bloomed in every garden; but the rose

was not among them. From the bower of love they might bring flowers; but what rose there was the expression of the highest, the purest love?

And the poets sang of the world's fairest rose—each one naming his own; and there went a message far over the land, to every heart that beat in love—a message to every rank and to every age.

'No one has yet named the flower,' said the sage. 'No one has pointed out the place on which it grew up in all its glory. It is not the rose from Romeo and Juliet's tomb, nor from Valborg's grave, though these roses will ever breathe fragrance through legend and song. It is not the rose which bloomed from Winkelried's bloody lances; from the hallowed blood which wells out from the breast of the hero dying for his fatherland: although no death is more sweet, and no rose redder than is the blood which then flows forth.—Nor is it that wonderful flower for whose sake man gives up years and days and long sleepless nights in the solitary closet, ay, sacrifices his fresh life to cultivate the magic rose of science.'

'I know where it blooms,' said a happy mother, who came with her tender infant to the queen's bedside. 'I know where the world's fairest rose is found!—the rose which is the expression of the highest and the purest love. It blooms on the glowing cheeks of my sweet child, when refreshed with sleep, it opens its eyes and laughs towards me in the fulness of its love.'

'Fair is that rose,' said the sage, 'but there is one still more beautiful.'

'Yes, far more beautiful!' said one of the women. 'I have seen it; a purer, holier rose blooms not on earth. But it was pale as the leaves of the tea-rose. On the cheeks of the queen I saw it. She had laid her royal crown aside, and went herself with her sick child, watching with it through the long, sad night. She wept over it, kissed it, and prayed to God for it, as a mother prays in the hour of affliction.'

'Holy and wonderful in its power is sorrow's white rose, but still that is not the one.'

'No! the world's fairest rose I saw before the altar of the Lord,' said the pious old bishop. 'I saw it shining as though the face of an angel appeared. The young maidens went up to the Lord's table, to renew their baptismal covenant; and the roses glowed, and the roses paled upon their fresh cheeks. A young girl

stood there; in the fulness of her soul's purity and love she looked up to God. That was the expression of the purest and the highest love!

'Blessed was she,' said the sage; 'but no one has yet named the world's fairest rose.'

'A child came into the room—the queen's little son. Tears stood in his eyes and on his cheeks. He carried a large open book, with velvet binding and large silver clasps.

'Mother!' said the little one. 'O, just listen to what I have read here?'

And the child seated itself by the bed, and read from the Book of Him who gave himself up to death on the cross, that all men might be saved, even generations yet unborn.

There is no greater love than this!

A rosy gleam passed over the queen's cheeks; her eyes became bright and clear: for she saw unfolding itself from the pages of the Book—'World's Fairest Rose.'

'I see it!' said she. 'He will never die who looks upon that Rose, the fairest flower of earth!'

The Freeman's Dream—A Parable.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It seemed to him that it was a fair summer evening, and he was walking calmly up and down his estate, watching the ripening grain and listening to the distant voices of his children, as they played by his door, and the song of his wife as she rocked her babe to rest, and the soul of the man grew soft within him, and he gave God thanks with a full heart.

But now there came towards him in the twilight a poor black man, worn and wasted, his clothes rent and travel soiled, and his step crouching and fearful. He was one that had dwelt in darkness, and as one that had been long dead; and behind him stood, fearfully, a thin and trembling woman, with a wailing babe at her bosom, and a frightened child clinging to her skirts; and the man held out his hand wistfully, and begged for food and shelter, if only for one night, for the pursuer was behind him, and his soul failed him for fear.

The man was not hard, and his heart misgave him when he looked on the failing eye and toil-worn face—when he saw the worn and trembling hands stretched forth; but then he bethought him of human laws, and he feared to befriend him, and he hardened his heart, and set his face

as a flint, and bade him pass on, and trouble him not.

And it was so that after he passed on, he saw that the pursuers came up with him and the man and the woman could not escape, because they were weary and footsore, and there was no more strength in them. And the man heard their screams, and saw them bound and taken by them that would not show mercy.

And after these things, the man dreamed, and it seemed to him that the sky grew dark, and the earth rocked to and fro, and the heavens flashed with strange light, and a distant rush, as of wings, was heard, and suddenly, in mid heavens, appeared the sign of the Son of Man, with his mighty angels. Upward, with countless myriads, dizzied and astounded, he seemed to be borne from the earth: towards the great white throne and Him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away.

Onward a resistless impulse impelled him towards the bar of the mighty Judge, and before him, as if written in fire, rose in a moment all the thoughts and words and deeds of his past life; and as if he had been the only son of earth to be judged, he felt himself standing alone and trembling before that all-searching Presence. Then an awful voice pierced his soul, saying—"Depart from me ye cursed! for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in." And terrified and subdued, the man made answer, "Lord, where?" And immediately rose before him these poor fugitive slaves, whom he had spurned from his door; and the Judge made answer—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me."—And with that, terrified and affrighted, the man awoke.

Of late, there have seemed to be many in this nation, who seem to think that there is no standard of right and wrong higher than an act of Congress, or an interpretation of the United States Constitution. It is humiliating to think that there should be in the Church of Christ men and ministers who should need to be reminded that the laws of their Master are above human laws which come in conflict with them; and that though heaven and earth pass away, His word shall not pass away.

Are not the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, and every form of bleeding, suffering humanity, as much

under the protection of Christ in the person of the black as the white—of the bond as the free? Has he not solemnly told us, and once for all, that every needy human being is His brother, and that neglect of his wants is neglect of Himself?

Shall any doubt if he may help the toil-worn, escaping fugitive, sick in heart, weary in limb, hungry and heart-sore—let him rather ask, shall he dare refuse him help? To him, too, shall come a dread hour, when a lonely fugitive from life's shore, in unknown lands, he must beg for shelter and help? The only Saviour in that hour is Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me!"
—*National Era.*

Be Willing to Work and Toil.

St. Paul was a tent maker. That fact leaves no room for the foolish notion that manual labor is not becoming respectability. We do not altogether like the maxim, "*laborare est orare*," for the idea of worship is so essentially spiritual that we are always afraid of bringing down the mind to satisfy itself with earthly good and secular grandeur. But the youth of Canada ought to know and feel that it is no disgrace to be one of the millions who gain their bread by the sweat of their brow.

It is a grand mistake, says a contemporary, into which many youth fall, that *manual labor is not honorable*. To be a merchant, a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, a military or naval officer, or a ship-master, is, in their esteem, much more honorable than it is to be a mechanic or a farmer. It cannot be denied that all these other occupations require exertion. The doctor is oftentimes quite as weary when his day's work is done, as the farmer and blacksmith can be; but he is not half so sure of a quiet night's sleep as they are, and we all know to what hardships engineers are exposed, as well as persons who follow the seas.

We often see vigorous young men seeking places as clerks in stores. They all hope for (and generally expect) some favorable tide in the affairs of life, which "will lead them on to fortune."

"Other men have accumulated vast sums of money in buying and selling goods, why not I?" is the language they use.

They rarely consider, that but a very small number of those who embark ever complete the voyage. Where one succeeds, ten, fifty, perhaps a hundred, fail.

But an industrious, thrifty farmer seldom fails to secure for himself and family the common comforts of life. The skilful and practical mechanic, too, is generally sure of a remuneration for his labor, and, with common prudence, he can provide a competence for the future. That princely fortunes can be heaped up by handling the plow, the jack-plane, or the sledge, we do not say; nor is it pretended that men are as likely to acquire fame on the farm or at the work-bench as at the bar. But the history of the world will show, that the men who have done most for the welfare of their race, and whose memories are cherished with the most respect, came from the hard-working ranks. Princely fortunes are more easily wasted than won, and while the moderate possessions of the farmer or mechanic supply all the comforts of life, they are attended with few temptations to luxury or extravagance, and still fewer risks from the folly or fraud of others.

There can be no doubt that agricultural employments are the most natural to men, and there is no country on the globe in which the facilities for pursuing these employments are so great as in Canada. It requires but a very small outlay of money to obtain a respectable farm to begin with. A good knowledge of the methods of husbandry can be easily acquired. The implements of labor are as good and as cheap as can be found the world over. The products of the earth are sure of a good market, and one which is easily reached. The title of land is well secured, and large monopolies, such as some of the countries of the Old World are burdened with, can never exist here.

The farmer—that honest, goodly farmer—is one of the most independent men in the wide world. He has the promise of the great Creator that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. He may always plow in hope and reap with joy. To till earth, then, is really an honorable—a noble calling.

But it does not require that a man should be enslaved to the plow, nor that he should make companions of his sheep and oxen. The shrewdest and most intelligent men who sit on our juries and help to make our laws, come from their farms and return to them as soon as their public duties terminate. The good sense, sobriety, content-

ment, industry, and love of order, which characterize our farmer, are (under God) among the most important safeguards of public peace and prosperity.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1853.

Certainty of Success.

There must be no doubt in your minds about the complete success of the temperance reform. In our mind there lingers not the least idea that the enterprise can fail; but we also wish to inspire every heart with a firm persuasion that although there may be reverses and hindrances, yet the battle will be followed with victory most triumphant. We were much gratified some time ago with the strong energetic faith of a contemporary, the *Cayuga Chief*, who answered the question sometimes put, "Do you really think that the temperance reform will ever triumph, and the liquor traffic be done away?" The *Chief* says:—

"WE DO. We never have seen the day or the moment we did not. Our faith is rooted in the very heart's core. In the darkest hour of our reverses, that faith has grown stronger. Years but add strength to the belief. We glory in that faith. It bears us up in the battle and puts a soul in every blow. It lives and throbs within us. It is a beacon light which glows unfalteringly by night and by day. We feel and know that Almighty God is with our armies, and toils with bright hopes against a gigantic power.

We are not mistaken—cannot be. We are as sure of a triumph ultimately, as that God lives. As GOD LIVES. To-day—to-morrow—years—ages hence; no matter; we shall triumph. Would to God that every temperance heart could be made throb with the same sublime faith, and that our action in all the transactions of life will go upon record for or against our integrity. If we did not look for a day of redemption, we never again would rally around the old banner."

The *Chief* then shows from history that every good principle has had its ordeal of conflicts and defeats. "Right and truth may be trodden in the dust, but never die." No, never! and, therefore, however depressed or sneered at, let the reformer work on. Young friends who have just begun a career of self-denial and opposition to the traffic, never be discouraged; perhaps many of you may have some labor to perform when we are dead, but toil on—

"Temperance shall not always reign
There comes a brighter day."

The *Cayuga Chief* very properly observes:

"One has but to look back over the history of the Great Temperance Reformation, to gather brighter hopes and stronger faith. Its very reverses have been but the gatherings of the storm ere a fiercer bursting. Look upon that dark era in our country's history when like an angel of death, intemperance sat undisturbed at its feast of blood in nearly every home—when not a beacon broke in upon the universal gloom. It is but a little while since, and yet what a change? How different the state of public sentiment. Hearts and homes enough have been blessed to reward us for ages of effort. Let every one for one moment reflect upon the blessings which the reform has scattered in its pathway, and he will step more proudly and look upward to God with a brighter faith.

Yes, God is in the work, and the rum traffic will fall. Every augury is against it. Its desperation is but the frenzy of dissolution. The spirit of the age—the voice of long injured humanity, is against it. Domestic and social happiness and peace, virtue and good order, and individual and national prosperity; demand its extinction. Revelation is against it. It must die. Let all feel this, and work accordingly."

Misery! Oh, Misery!!

Who can tell the misery resulting from the use of intoxicating drinks? Not one. Those who know most, know but little contrasted with the awful extent that actually prevails in every land where rum bears sway. Yes, though we may

be ignorant of much, it is not, therefore, proper to withhold what we may know. As a warning, therefore, we state shocking facts, and pray our young friends to beware of rum:—

We happened, says the *New York Express*, to be out at an unusual late hour last night, (it was near one o'clock) and while on our way home, we witnessed the following picture:—In passing one of the most splendid mansions in the upper part of Broadway, our attention was attracted by a singular looking object, which we thought was attempting to effect an entrance into the house. Curiosity led us to draw near, when we beheld a group of three little girls nestled in the corner of the marble doorway. One of them appeared to be about twelve years of age, and the other two, perhaps, had seen five and nine years. The former was seated in the Turkish fashion on the course matting, apparently half asleep, while the heads of the two latter were pillowed on her lap, and both were evidently enjoying a deep dream of peace and comfort. As we remembered the magnificent entertainment in which we had just participated, and thought of the live picture before us, and of the night and the hour, we could hardly believe our senses; and almost fancied we were in a dream. But the sleet that beat over our heads, reminded us that it was real, and that we must make an effort to relieve the vagrant children from their most miserable condition, for they were hungry and almost naked—all of them were bare footed.

After some difficulty we chanced to find a police watchman, when we wakened the children and asked them about their home. It was with reluctance that they told us where their parents resided, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could persuade them to accompany us. We succeeded, however, in taking them home, a filthy room in a comfortless hovel, where we beheld the following picture:—On a bed of straw lay the father of these children, in a state of intoxication, and on the floor, in one corner of the room, was the mother, moaning with pain and bleeding from wounds which had been inflicted by her cruel husband. One of the little girls told us that they had not as much as they wanted to eat for more than ten days—that they had been forced into the streets for the purpose of begging, and that the scene before us was an old story to them.

Our happier readers, it is probable, can scarcely believe that such things actually exist in the Christian city of New York; or believing, can hardly hope to prevent them, but by drying up the sources of such crimes and misery. Rum is at the bottom of all this, and only the expulsion of rum can prevent it.

Girls and Boys.

There is a good deal of truth as well as beauty in the following remarks respecting the difference of the sexes at a given age. We give it, with a word of advice to the boys. If indeed you are liable to be infected with pride, and lose what the *N. Y. Organ* calls docility and tenderness, earlier than girls—then be watchful, and guard against haughtiness and obstinacy. Cultivate a gentle and generous disposition, and read carefully what follows:—

“Little girls are our favorites,” says the *N. Y. Organ*; “boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters’ peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to us so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which wants not only the vocabulary but the very idea of sin. It is true, that—

“Evil into the mind of God or man,
May come and go, so unproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind—”

but, to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their houses within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle

of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who, by a single word, help to shorten this beautiful period."

For the Sake of the Young.

Assuredly benefit would accrue to all classes, if not all persons, if the liquor traffic were abolished; but the youth, especially those just emerging from boyhood to manhood, would be saved from those fearful temptations which present themselves in almost every street of Montreal, and other cities and towns of our country.— Even boys are known to be addicted to tipping and drunkenness; and they will most likely become drunken men, unless disease, brought on by dissipation, prematurely lodges them in the grave. The *Albany Washingtonian*, and *Rehabite* says:—

"We see that seven boys of 14 years old and under, having been plied with liquor at a grog shop in New York, went into the street, fought among themselves, raised a muss, and were taken into custody by the police. In giving the facts the writer adds, 'Something certainly should be done to prevent rum-sellers from vending their poison to the young.' If the city or any other public authorities, authorize pitfalls to be opened in the streets, 'for the actual accommodation of travellers,' it must be expected that the heedless and unwary, whether young or old, will frequently fall into them. We do not see any better way to prevent these calamities, than to prohibit the opening of these horrible pitfalls on any pretext whatever. Above all, we would not authorize these traps to be set, although those who should have the privilege even had an endorsement of good moral character. And as to selling poison to boys, we suppose that that which will poison boys will poison men, and we cannot see the propriety of selling to either."

Neither do we see the propriety of selling to either; but perhaps many of the old learned to drink when they were young, and therefore, for the sake of the young, let the traffic be abolished. So then, dear young readers of the *Cadet*, we want you, for your own sakes, to aid us and others in the attainment of the Maine Law.

Punctuality.

The necessity and advantage of punctuality must be apparent to all who think about it. The Duke of Wellington was proverbial on all occasions for strict attention to his engagements. What he did himself in this respect, be practically enforced on others. The following anecdote may be read with profit:—

The *New Quarterly Review* states that he was asked to two dinner parties on the same day, and at the same hour, and he accepted both invitations. How was the man who never broke an engagement to get over this difficulty? To him it was very easy. As the clock struck eight, he was at the door of one of his hosts, walked up into the drawing room, and as he expected, found not a soul. It was one of those late houses where guests are asked for eight, and dinner is served about nine. The Duke immediately walked off, and kept his other engagement, fulfilling two dinner appointments and giving a good lesson of punctuality into the bargain.

The Early Dead.

ALBANY REHABITE.

They go, a young, a beautiful band,
To their peaceful home in the spirit land;
They go from care and sorrow free,
To find a blessed Eternity.

They go in beauty's fading form,
From Winter's cold and cheerless storm,—
Like sunlight at the close of day,
They sink to rest and fade away.

They go from friends and parents dear,
No more their hearts and homes to cheer;
As frail Autumnal leaves decay,
They sink to rest and fade away.

They go unscathed by time and years,
From this vain world with all its tears—
Ere sorrow sheds its darkening ray,
They sink to rest and fade away.

They go, when future hopes are bright,
That fill the heart with fond delight,—
Like sunlight on the glittering spray,
They sink to rest and fade away.

They go and peaceful be their sleep,
Nor wake on earth to sigh and weep;
But waking find eternal bliss,
In fairer, better climes than this.

L. S. D.

Florence, March 24th, 1853.



The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT THE PLANT LIVES UPON.

Before I go on with my story of the growth of the new plant, which we seen first wrapped up in the seed, and next bursting out of it, and rooting itself in the earth, I must speak about the food of plants; for if you know what that is, you will much more easily understand what else I have to say; so attend whilst I tell you *what the plant lives upon.*

But how shall we find this out? You would all say that you are sure water is one thing, *because* plants wither and die when no rain has fallen for a long time, if they are not watered, or if the ground is not, as it is in some places, always wet. And you would suppose that they need other things; but you do not know how to find out what else they want. You have noticed one thing, however, and that the most important of all; and as I wish you to learn to see and to think about what I am trying to teach you, for yourselves, I am glad that you have done so. Now let

me show you how to find out all the different kinds of food they need.

Do you think that if you could know what a plant was *made up of*, you could tell what it has lived upon? For it must have got all that makes its root and stem, leaves and flowers, and fruit from its food, whatever that may be. That, surely, is the way: but how can we tell what the plant, and all its various parts, are made up of? That, too, I will tell you; but I do not desire you to try this for yourselves yet, because you could not do it safely, nor could you learn anything from it. When you are older, and can understand what *chemistry* teaches (and it will tell you all about this), then you may try, and may get to know very much more than I can show you now.

Suppose a plant just taken up, or a part of one, just plucked (and it would not signify whether it were part of the herb, or of a tree), were thrown upon the fire—it would not burn immediately, it would have to *dry* first. Then one thing which helps to make up a plant is *water*, as you have found out in another way. When all the water had

flown off in the form of steam, and the plant was dry, it would catch fire; and after the flames had died out, the embers would be red-hot for a time; and then you would see bright sparks wandering about the ashes, as if they had lost their way, and at last they, too, would go out. Beside water, you see, there are in plants some things that will burn; and after they are burnt up, there are the *ashes*, which are earthly in look, and will not fly off like steam, nor yet burn, but only become red-hot in the fire. So, then, plants live upon these three kinds of things; and now we must see what they are, and where the plant finds them;—how it gets them, and what use it makes of them, I must speak of another time.

The greatest part of most plants is water; the proportion, of course, is not the same in all; for in some kinds of water-plants, if you could squeeze them, so that all the water would run out, you would find only one tenth of their whole substance left behind, nine-tenths in water. It is very much less in those which, like shrubs and trees, have woody stems and branches. But when you have heard how much water plants will drink up in a day, or any other space of time, you will see how important a part of their food, as well as of animals' food, and of our own it is.

They find it in the earth, into which, as you know, the rain sinks, and which, in such places as low valleys, is always wet, whether rain falls or not. They must get some from the air as well; for those which grow in sandy deserts, where there is never any rain, are usually very juicy, and they can get no moisture from the parched ground;—in South America, and other hot countries, are some kinds called "*air-plants*," which live upon what their leaves can get from the air alone; and I dare say you have all seen how fresh and healthy plants which were drooping may be made to look, by wetting their leaves only. Those which grow under water, and fasten themselves up-

on rocks and stones, must feed in this way.

Next to water in quantity, there is found in plants what the chemists call *carbon*; and I will tell you a little about this wonderful stuff. It forms the greatest part of wood, coal, and jet, of coke and charcoal, of soot and blacklead, of asphaltum (which they use in making pavements), of amber (which you have seen made into necklaces and other ornament-), and of sugar! And all by itself, without anything else mixed with it, it is—what do you suppose?—*the diamond!* The famous "*Koh-i-noor*" is only a piece of pure *carbon!* It is charcoal, however, that you find it in plants; and it is one of the kinds of things which burn when a plant is thrown into the fire; it also forms the black part of the ashes which are left.

Where does the plant find this? When I told you what made the seed begin to grow, I said that the air we breathe is a mixture of three different kinds of *gas*, and of one of which there is a very small quantity in proportion to the others—that though to "breathe it unmixed would kill us, it is the most nourishing food to growing plants." This deadly kind of air, or gas, is a mixture of the "*life-supporting*" gas and of *carbon*, and it has about twice as much of the former as of *carbon* in it! I cannot stop to speak of this strange fact; but I told you that the commonest works of God were "*miracles*," and so they are. Now, it is from the air that plants get most of this kind of food which is so needful for them; some of it, but not very much, they find in the water which is in the ground. And in no other way can they get it. Sir Humphrey Davy set a plant in finely-powdered charcoal and water, but he might as well have planted it in a powdered glass—it could not "*live upon*" *carbon* in that shape.

You will not be surprised to hear that the "*life-supporting*" gas and that other which will burn, help in the making up of a plant. It is these which send out such bright flames when wood or any vegetable substance

is put on the fire. These they can get from water, for, as you remember it contains both those gases. The other gas, which is found in the air we breathe, and which, if breathed, alone, would kill us, is used by plants also; but I shall have to say more about these gases afterwards, when I show you how the plant *feeds* upon these things.

You have now heard about two or the three kinds of things of which plants are made up; and I have yet to tell you what the *ashes* are, and where they are found. You will not suppose that the ashes of all plants contain the same matters; and you must know that those of the same kind of plant, if grown in different places are found to contain different substances, or different quantities of the same stuff.

Those most commonly found in the ashes of plants are lime and soda; and besides these there are flint, magnesia, potash, sulphur, phosphorus, and in a few instances, iron and copper!

Flint is most common in plants resembling grass, in canes, and in those called horse-tails. There is so much in wheat-straw, that, as I have seen when a wheat stack was burned near where I lived, under the light ashes which the wind could blow away, the straw had been turned out by the heat into a coarse sort of glass. One kind of horse-tail is used for polishing wood and metal. Canes struck together in the dark send out sparks; and in the hollow stem of the Bamboo there are found, at the joints, lumps of a kind of flint. I dare say you have felt how prickly the blue-flowered borage and the buglos are—their bristles are made of flint. I cannot tell you why it is not found in all plants alike. That is one of the things which need to be studied more closely; for nobody knows how it happens, that a wheat-plant, a plant of the horse-tail, and some other kinds,—a pea, for instance,—may grow side by side and flint will be found only in the wheat and the

horse-tail, and not in the pea and the others.

All the things of this kind the plant finds in the earth; and it takes them up *in the water* which it drinks by its roots. For all these things, and many others, will so mix with gases, that they can afterwards be mixed with water, and in that way become part of the substance of a plant. Rain-water usually has some of that deadly kind of gas made from carbon in it; and then it will dissolve lime. And flint, hard as it seems, is found naturally dissolved in some warm springs, such as the Geysers, or boiling-springs of Iceland. Do you know that *rust*, which you see upon iron which has been wetted, is only a mixture of particles of iron with the "life-supporting" gas of the air, or of water? And you can mix rust in water, though if you were to powder iron ever so finely, you could not make it mix.

I dare say you have heard that farmers change the crops which they grow in their fields; not always planting the same crop in the same piece, but putting in turnips one year, barley another, clover a third year, and the next wheat, and so on; and you know they take a great deal of trouble in *manuring* the land. The reason for these customs is, that the manures will give back to the soil the lime and flint, soda, potash, &c., which any one crop may have taken from it, and that whilst they are doing so, another crop, which does not need exactly the same kind of food as the last, can be growing, and so the land need neither be idle, nor yet so completely robbed of all that could feed a plant as to be unable to grow anything.

And these are the things that the plant lives upon. An animal could not live upon such things—some of them would kill it; and though it needs others, it must have them so mixed that only a chemist could tell that they were there at all. This will give us a hint of the *great use of plants*; we shall see it more clearly when we have gone further into this history. Beautiful

some of them are; some furnish us with good and useful things; but there is one great work which they all do, whether useful in other respects or not—whether beautiful in scent and appearance or not—they provide food for every kind of animal, from the lowest of those little creatures which we cannot see without a microscope, to man himself. This is their task; and I do not think it is possible for any one to know this, and to see how they are always at work upon it, without being sure that it was God who gave them that work to do, and who keeps them in that way labouring for the good of others of the creatures which his hands also made.

(From the *Ulica Teetotaler*.)

“UNCLE TOM.”

BY JOHN WESLEY WHITFIELD.

You have gone where the lash and chain,
Uncle Tom,
Cannot torture or tease any more;
You shall ne'er wear a fetter again, Uncle
Tom,
All your sorrows and trials are o'er.
There's a crown on your head, and a palm in
your hand,
And the throne of the martyr is won,
For 'mid sinners you dar'd for your Maker to
stand,
And you triumphed in death through His
Son.

You have gone where the heart cannot ache,
Uncle Tom,
Where the tear cannot steal from the eye;
Where the surges of sin never break, Uncle
Tom,
On that shore where they never more die;
But the songs of Thanksgiving are swelling
for aye,
And the groan and the sigh cannot come;
Far there parents from children are ne'er torn
away,
But each heart is forever at home!

You have gone where the oath is not heard,
Uncle Tom,
Nor the threats of the cruel and vile;
Where there's nothing but love in each word,
Uncle Tom,
And each face is embalmed with a smile.
Where the good and the great, and the noble
life found,
From the North, from the East, and the
West—
From the bright, sunny South—from the
wide world around,
And are gathered in regions of rest.

There no monster shall sell you for gold,
Uncle Tom,
For no lovers of gold gather there;
They go down where they never grow cold,
Uncle Tom,
To the caverns of shamo and despair.
But the good and the great, be they fettered
or free,
Of a sable dark skin or a fair,
If they battle for truth, nor to sin bow the
knee.
In the joy of the angels shall share.

Your soul would not yield to the wrong,
Uncle Tom,
Nor your hand lift the torturing lash;
Nor be stern to the weak for the strong, Uncle
Tom,
Though the eyes of a tyrant might flash.
But you pray'd for the wretch, that with cold
cruel heart,
Could inflict deeper torture than death;
And you urged him to pause, and from error
depart,
And forgave with your last dying breath.

Once again doth sweet Eva rejoice, Uncle
Tom,
And a smile illumines her face,
And she listens entranced to your voice,
Uncle Tom,
As you sing of God's wonderful grace.
Now you dwell where the wounds of your
spirit are dressed,
And where Gilead's balm can be found;
And your spirit reposes on Jesus' breast,
While the seraphs are singing around.
Williamstown, 1853.

Lucy's Arithmetic,

AND WHAT IT HAD TO DO WITH THE
MAINE LAW.

BY KATHRENE.

“Where is your Arithmetic, Lucy?”
said the teacher of a school in a pleasant
village in Connecticut to one of the best
scholars in her arithmetic class—a class
by the way, of which she thought she
might justly be proud.

“I did not bring it this morning,” said
Lucy, with downcast eyes, and a flushed
face.

“You had better go home now, and get
it,” said the teacher.

Lucy seemed greatly embarrassed and
dressed by this direction. Her teacher
perceived it, and though she did not under-
stand how it came to pass that Lucy's
arithmetic was absent from school that
morning, yet, having great confidence in
her favorite pupil, she immediately
added—

"You need not go, if you do not wish to; you can use Mary Gibson's, this morning."

But Lucy made little use of Mary Gibson's arithmetic or of any other school-book that morning. Her thoughts were far away from common fractions, or from square and cube roots. Her mind was employed in solving other problems of a very different nature. She was not among the light-hearted group who gathered during recess to let off in shouts of merriment, the exuberance of animal spirits which, in the school-room, had been restrained by needful discipline.

There was one among the merry group who missed her, and that one was her friend Mary Gibson. As soon as Mary found that Lucy was not there she left her gay companions to seek for her. She found her in a retired spot, to which she had resorted to escape observation, weeping bitterly.

"Lucy, what is the matter? Do tell me what is the matter?" said Mary.

Lucy, though she drew her arms round her friend's neck, did not reply, but continued weeping.

"Do tell me what makes you cry so!" said Mary. "Come cheer up. The bell will ring soon, and I have come to tell you what I wish you would do in recess this afternoon."

"I shall not be at school this afternoon, Mary," said Lucy, in tones so sad that they quite drove from Mary's face the smile which was playing there, in the hope of calling an answering smile to the sorrowful face of her friend.

"You shan't? why not, Lucy?"

"Because our teacher will ask me why I do not bring my arithmetic, and I cannot tell her."

"But why do you not bring it?" asked Mary in a timid whisper; for she felt from Lucy's manner, that the question was a delicate one for even her to ask, and she possessed a large share of that refinement of feeling which shrinks from saying any thing to wound the heart of a friend.

"Dear Mary, I can hardly bring my mind to tell even you, and if I can't tell you how can I tell my teacher. I can't come to school this afternoon, Mary, I can't," said Lucy, bursting into tears afresh.

"Tell me why you cannot, Lucy dear. It will do you good to tell some one, and I am your dear friend, you know. Can't you bring your book this afternoon?"

"No, Mary."

"Why not? Now don't cry so, but tell me why not?"

"Father has taken it from me, and sold it."

"Sold it! for what!" exclaimed Mary, but her question was answered only by a fresh burst of tears. In the first moment of surprise, the tones of Mary's voice had expressed more of astonishment than sympathy—and the wounded heart was quick to perceive it.

How susceptible is the heart of childhood and early youth? How sad to see it in the spring time of life, weighed down with grief which seems more befitting to be borne by the heart which has been disciplined by a long experience of life's joys and sorrows. Can those be guiltless, who for a consideration in dollars and cents will dash the cup of joy from the glad lips of childhood, and instead thereof bid them drink to the dregs the bitter cup of sorrow.

Mary instinctively perceived her mistake, and in tones of deep sympathy she entreated Lucy to tell her all.

Lucy made several attempts, but each time the words she would have spoken seemed to choke her utterance, at length she sobbed out—

"He sold it for rum, Mary?"

Mary now understood it all. She felt that it was but small consolation which she could offer. Months before she had rejoiced with Lucy in her father's return to sobriety and temperance. But now, alas, the hopes so fondly cherished were all blighted and withered. The gleam of sun shine which for a few short weeks had gladdened the hearthstone of Lucy's home had gone out again in darkness, and for Lucy there remained only to make out as she could, the fearful estimate of all the disgrace, suffering, and misery which must fall to her portion as a drunkard's daughter.

The school bell rang.

"Oh! Mary!" said Lucy, "what shall I do? My eyes must be red, very red with weeping. Are they red?"

Mary looked sorrowfully up into the face of her friend, and she could not deny that her eyes were indeed very red.

"I can't go in, Mary. The girls will want to know what is the matter; and the teacher, too, will ask me, and I cannot go in. Let me go home, and tell the teacher I am sick. It will not be a falsehood, dear Mary, for I am sure I do feel sick."

Poor Lucy! What sickness is like heart sickness? It has carried many a victim to the grave. Lucy was just the one to

be carried there by it. A heart more delicate and refined in all its feelings and emotions, never beat in the bosom of the most cherished idol of a happy home. How could such an one breast the storm which howls around a drunkard's habitation?

When Mary returned at noon to her own happy home, her face wore an expression of such unwonted sadness, that her affectionate and watchful mother at once perceived it and exclaimed—

“Why, Mary, what is the matter?”

Mary at once confided to her mother all that had taken place.

“I do feel so sorry for Lucy,” said Mary. “There is not a more amiable girl, or a better scholar in school. I thought her father had reformed. Lucy never talked with me about her father's habits. She seemed to shrink from making it a matter of conversation even with me, her most intimate friend. But when her father signed the pledge, her heart was so full of joy, that she could not but tell me of it, and how happy they all were at home, that I might rejoice with her. I did not know that her father had broken the pledge—did you, mother?”

“Yes, my dear, I have heard so.”

“Lucy has not said a word to me about it, though I have thought, for some time past, that she often looked sad. How sorry I am for her. How came her father to drink again?”

“I have understood that he went into a store where they sell liquor, and the temptation was too strong for him to resist. He called for a glass—and since then has been as bad or worse than ever.”

“But is it not strange that he could not resist the temptation?”

“It will seem strange, unless we take into the account the strength of the appetite, or the desire for intoxicating drinks, when the appetite has once been formed. You know how strong is your desire for anything of which you are very fond, when you see it placed temptingly before you; and how hard it is to deny yourself, and let it alone. But this gives you but a very faint idea of the strength of the drunkard's appetite, and how hard it is to resist its demands in the hour of temptation.”

“Do you not suppose that Lucy's father really wished to stop drinking, and become a temperate man?”

“I have no doubt of it. But such was the strength of his appetite he had formed,

that when the temptation was placed in his way, it overcame all his resolutions.”

“Do you suppose he would have broken his pledge, if he had not gone where they sold rum?”

“I do not think he would.”

“Why then did he not keep away from the sight of it?”

“That is not so easy a matter, my dear, in a place where it is so plenty.”

“How I wish there were no places where he could find it, and then how happy Lucy and her mother would be.”

“If they lived in Maine, or in some of the other States, this would be the case.”

“I wish then they did live in Maine; I should be very sorry to part with Lucy, but I really wish they could go there, if her father could there be a sober and temperate man.”

“But think, my dear, how many fathers in this State cause their families far greater suffering than does Lucy's father. Some of them will even take the bread from their children's mouths, and care not if they starve, if the craving appetite, of which they are the victims, can only be indulged. We could not, if we would, remove all those families to Maine. Would it not effect the same on a better purpose to bring the Maine Law here; or, in other words, to make such a law in this State?”

“How I wish they would, mother. If I were a man, I know I would vote for it.”

“If you cannot vote for it, my dear, perhaps you can do something to promote the cause. You can, at least, feel an interest in it, and manifest this interest on all proper occasions.”

“I will, mother—I will try to persuade as many as I can to vote for the Maine Law. Uncle James will always do what I ask him, and I will ask him to vote for a Maine Law here. If they could only have seen dear Lucy this morning I am sure their hearts would have been touched. Do you not think Lucy's father would be glad of such a law?—then he would have no temptation to drink.”

“I think he would. Many poor intemperate men are in favor of such a law. They know that it will remove out of their path temptations which they feel they have not strength to resist.”

An old Temperance Speech.

Some people are so ignorant as to suppose that such a thing as temperance and temperate men were not known prior

to about thirty or forty years ago. I am acquainted with one or two men, styled "ministers of the gospel," who quote scripture, and double and twist it all out of shape, to prove it to be right and religious to drink intoxicating liquors! God have mercy on such ungodly "ministers!"

I give below a temperance speech that was delivered by a young man, before a king, about 520 years before Christ, which was about 2373 years ago.

After Darius had been made king of Persia, he made a feast. After the feast had ended and the king had laid himself down to sleep, the three young men who had charge of his person agreed that each one should write a wise saying and place it under the king's head, and when he should awake and read the sayings, the author of the one approved by the king as being the best, should sit next the king and be called his cousin. When the king had read the sayings, he sent for their authors to come forward and establish their respective positions. For a full account of the matter, see 1st Esdras iii. of the Apocrypha. The position and speech of the first were as follows:

"Wine is the strongest." And he said thus: "O ye men, how exceedingly strong is wine! *It causeth all men to err that drink it.* It maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one—of the bondman and of the freeman—of the poor man and of the rich. It turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor death; and it maketh every heart rich; so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents; and when they are in their cups they forget their love, both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords. But when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done. O ye men, is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do this?" And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

It will be observed that this young man took high ground. He says "*it causeth all men to err that drink it.*" If so, whoever pleads for the privilege to drink it at all, pleads for an opportunity to "err."—*Class-Mate.*

[FOR THE "CADET."]

Temperance.

Fill your glasses, sons and brothers,
From the sparkling fountain clear;

Here's a health in pure cold water,
Not in cider, wine or beer.
Henceforth *Temperance* be our motto,
'Temperance in all we do.

Drinking is a horrid practice,
Let us banish that the first;
Down with whiskey, rum and brandy,
Sweet cold water quenches thirst.
What's the use of walking chimneys?
Banish pipes, tobacco, snuff;
No more smoking, snuffing, chewing,
Exit execrable stuff.

Let us have no more contention,
Banish envy, discord, strife;
Veto swearing, lying, cheating,
Try to lead a Christian life.
Love, forgive our erring brothers,
Let not trifles cool our love;
If we dwell not here in friendship,
Shall we meet in heaven above?

Then let *Temperance* be our motto,
Temperance in all we do;
Let's abandon all bad habits,
To our sacred motto true.
Here's to health, and peace, and plenty,
Give the kindly feelings birth;
End to sickness, discord, hatred,
Let us make a heaven of earth.
LaColle, 1852, E. W.

Drink Water Only.

Drink water only! When the race,
With eager numbers fills the place,
The flags in streams excitant fly,
There comes a steed with crystal eye.
Like waves that gleam in forest pool,—
And every nerve is fed as cool,
Till jockeys mount and crowds retire,
And then they strain and blaze with fire.

Drink water only! When the shade
With day mature is softer made,
And kisses breathed upon the breeze
By bird notes answered in the trees—
Oh! softer, richer far they pour
Then twitter'd all the morn before,—
Yet none for wine hath ever sung,
But water thrills them, old and young.

Drink water only! Were it rum,
Earth for mortals were not home,
For mothers, with a fondness known
To their calm, sober thought alone,
To children, stooping at the spring,
For childhood's eye and heart the thing;—
But desert all, by legions cramm'd,
The den of devils and the damm'd.

Drink water only! and the will
To praise the Giver rises still:
He from the rock's young cavern leads
The sparkling crystal of the meads,
He at the river's shallow shore
The herd supplies that drank before,
He from his well divine will give
The water of which souls shall live.