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Weekly



Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—81 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
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No. 6.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

FRANK NETHERTON,

OR

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER V. Continued.

Frank was very happy attending to his studies, until the play-hour arrived; and then, when all the other boys rushed forth with glad shoutings, the old melancholy feeling stole over him again, as he stood forgotten and alone. His new friend Howard was not permitted to leave the school-room: he was often in disgrace. Frederick never thought of him. Frank listened to his merry laughter, and tried not to feel sad.

'Helloa, little one!' exclaimed Philip Doyle, shaking him roughly by the shoulder. 'Are you going to cry again?'

'No,' replied Frank, 'I am not. As to being little, I cannot help that; it is no disgrace. *Magnus Alexander corpore parvus erat*—The great Alexander was in stature small.'

'Do you think that I could not have translated you Latin doggerel for myself, bad as it was pronounced?'

'I do not know.'

'What do you mean by saying that you do not know?'

'I mean what I said,' replied Frank, fearlessly.

'For shame, Doyle!' interrupted Claude Hamilton, stepping between them. 'Surely you would not strike such a child.'

'He is old enough to be impertinent, and had better keep out of my way,' muttered Doyle as he passed on.

'As for you, Alexander the Great,' said

Claude Hamilton, with a smile, 'I would advise you in future not to rouse the slumbering lion, or quote Latin out of school hours.'

'He began,' said Frank.

'Well, never mind. Are you going to play at something? I will introduce you.'

'But I do not know any games,' said Frank, shrinking back. 'I never played before in my life.'

'Why, where in the world have you been brought up?'

'My father was always ill,' pleaded Frank; 'and I never left him until now.'

'Ah, I see; that is what makes look so pale and sickly. But you can learn, cannot you?'

'To be sure I can, if any one will teach and have patience with me.'

'Come along then. But you must not mind being laughed at.'

'I will not if I can help it.'

But Frank could not always help it, although he persevered notwithstanding. When they told him that he held the bat like a girl, he tried again and again until he had succeeded in doing better. In all his little trials, Frederick's laugh seemed the hardest to bear; but Claude Hamilton stood his friend, and he tried not to care for it.

Poor Frank was not strong, and soon grew weary, especially just at first; and used to fling himself down upon the ground with a beating heart and throbbing temples. O! how he wished himself back in his father's quiet study at such times! But he forbore to complain, and few guessed how much he suffered.

He wrote home in a cheerful spirit, merely mentioning that he was learning to play cricket.

His father little dreamed of the fatigue and mortifications which he cheerfully endured. The same unselfish affection marked that father's reply; in which he dwelt largely on the slight improvement visible in his own health, and said nothing of the long hours of weariness and depression in which his little companion was so sadly missed.

CHAPTER VI.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

BEFORE long, Frank had other and harder trials than learning to play cricket—such trials as all must expect to endure, more or less, who would live godly in Christ Jesus. The days of martyrdom are past; but even a schoolboy may bear his faithful and unflinching testimony to his Master's cause, and fearlessly take to himself the sweet consolation of Scripture, 'If ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.'

'Did I not warn you of all this?' said Frederick, upon one occasion, when Frank could not help feeling a little 'troubled' for the moment, but it was only for a moment. 'Did I not tell you how you would be laughed at?'

'Yes, you warned me, and that was all that you did do. You never helped me; but please God, I will help myself.'

'That is right, Netherton,' exclaimed Claude Hamilton, encouragingly. 'Rome was not built in a day. I prophesy that the time will come when no one will venture to laugh at you.'

'Thank you,' said Frank, 'I can bear being laughed at in a good cause.'

'And what is the good cause at present in dispute?'

Frank was silent; but Howard answered for him.

'The boys call him a Methodist, because he reads his Bible every morning and evening, and says long prayers—longer, that is, than any of the rest of us.'

'The latter may easily be, I should imagine. But what harm is there in Netherton's reading his Bible?'

'I do not know; unless it is because none of the other boys do the same.'

'The more is the pity. But you must not be too sure of that, Howard; only they may not read it so openly as your friend.'

'When I was at home,' said Frank, 'I had a little room to myself; but it is not so now. And after all there is nothing to be ashamed of. We need only be ashamed when we do wrong.'

Claude Hamilton colored slightly.

'Shake hands, Netherton,' exclaimed he, 'for I am as bad as you are. I also read my Bible every morning and night; and I hope to do so as long as I live.'

'I am so glad,' said Frank; and the tears came into his eyes. 'I wish you slept in our room.'

'So do I,' answered Hamilton. 'We may be together some day, perhaps.'

'Then you are a Methodist too,' exclaimed Howard.

'Yes as much as Netherton is,' replied Hamilton, looking fearlessly round, 'So laugh away, all of you.' But no one ventured to laugh at Claude Hamilton.

From that time Frank's heart yearned towards him, and he longed to deserve and gain his friendship; although he scarcely dared to hope that one so much his superior would ever regard him as a friend.

Frederick was partly right in warning his cousin against being too intimate with Howard. But Frank could not forget that he had been the first to be kind to him, or be unmindful of his evident affection. He was not a boy whom he could love, or make a friend of, because he did not respect him; but he could not avoid pitying him very much, and was always ready to help him out of his difficulties as far as it lay in his power.

The time came, however, when even Frank was tempted to desert him. Howard had no punishment to bear; no hard lesson to learn. He was not obliged to remain in the school-room alone, when all the rest were enjoying themselves

without; but he was afraid to go among them, for he knew that no one would speak or play with him. To screen himself, he had told tales of one of his school fellows, and the rest had booted him out of their society. Frank alone lingered, and looked back.

'If you show yourself his friend now,' said Frederick, 'everybody will think you just as bad as he is.'

'As for that, I do not much care what everybody thinks, and I do not think myself that I ought to leave him now he is alone and in trouble. He is not my friend, but he was kind to me when no one else was.'

'Let him go,' said Doyle, laying hold of Frederick's arm, and pulling him away. 'You know the old adage—Birds of a feather flock together.'

His mocking laugh rang in Frank's ears as he rejoined Howard.

'How kind of you to stay, Frank! But are you not afraid of being seen with me?'

'I am not afraid of anything.'

'I wish I was not, for then I should not have told as I did about poor Rushton. I suppose they will never forget it.'

'Never is a long time. It was a wrong and cowardly action. You must tell Rushton how sorry you are; and you must never do it again, come what may.'

'Never, never—that is, I hope that I shall not. But I am always doing wrong; and it is of no use trying to do otherwise. And after all there is no one who cares for me. I have no father or mother, no friend in the world.'

'You must not say that,' replied Frank. 'Have you forgotten One who has promised to be the Father of the fatherless—who has said, As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you—who is the Friend of the friendless, the Saviour of sinners, the good Shepherd, seeking after the lost sheep; and, not content bidding them follow him, bearing them in his arms, and upon his bosom?'

'I know very little of these things,' said Howard; 'I wish that I know more.'

'You will not learn by wishing,' replied Frank. 'You must read your Bible, and ask God to help you to understand it. You have a Bible, I suppose?'

'I believe so.'

'You only believe so. O, Howard! But we will look to-night when we go to bed, and if not, I can lend you mine.'

'You are very kind,' said his companion hopelessly. 'And you will be my friend, and help me?'

'Of course I will be your friend; and I will help you willingly, whenever I can be of any assistance, because you were kind to me the first day I came to school.'

'That was a happy day for me,' said Howard. 'I never liked anyone as I do you. But I deserve that you should despise me.'

'I have too many faults of my own to dare to despise anyone,' answered Frank.

'But what do you advise me to do?'

'Go at once to Mr. Campbell. Tell him how sorry you are for what has occurred; and ask him to forgive Rushton, or else permit you to share his punishment. You would not mind a hard lesson, would you?'

'No, it is not that; but I am afraid of speaking to Mr. Campbell.'

'Nonsense! Think how pleasant it would be if you could carry Rushton his pardon, and ask him to be friends with you. If not you can tell him how sorry you are for what you have done. Rushton is a warm-hearted boy, notwithstanding his provoking ways and speeches.'

'I have a great mind to try,' said Howard.

'Come at once, then, before the rest return.'

Frank went with him, and even knocked at the study door; and when they heard Mr. Campbell's voice bidding them come in, there was nothing left for Howard but to enter.

When Frank returned to the playground, many a mocking voice inquired where his friend Howard was.

'We must take care what we do,' said Doyle, 'or Netherton will be turning tale-bearer next.'

'Not I,' exclaimed Frank, 'if I did for it. But I must say that I do not think it fair the way you all treat Howard. He has done wrong, and he is sorry: what more would you have?'

'Hear him!' exclaimed Doyle, with a laugh.

At that moment Rushton and Howard entered the playground hand in hand, and it soon got whispered about how the latter had gone to Mr. Campbell to beg Rushton off; and even offered to share his punishment. Many of the boys went up and shook hands with him.

'It was well done,' said one. 'I did not think that it had been in him.'

'Little Netherton was right,' observed another. 'Let us say no more about it. He has had his lesson.'

Frederick Mortimer sided, as usual, with the multitude; while his cousin kept apart, for fear that Howard, in his gratitude, should betray him. The sight of his radiant-looking face was happiness enough. As soon as he could he stole away and re-entered the house. Claude Hamilton was leaning against the door, and, as he moved aside to let Frank pass, he said in a low, sweet voice, "Blessed are the PEACEMAKERS."

CHAPTER VII.

A SABBATH DAY AT SCHOOL.

ALTHOUGH Frank, thanks to the pains which his father had taken with him, knew more than most boys of his age, he was totally unaccustomed to the regular mode of instruction to which he was now obliged to submit; and it cost him no little pains to maintain his position in the class in which Mr. Campbell, misled by his ready and correct answers to his questions, had first placed him. His present systematic course of study was neither so easy nor so pleasant as it had been—to listen to the eloquent and instructive conversation of Mr. Netherton, and turn with him to maps, globes, pictures, and books of reference. Frank's memory, though good, sadly wanted method and arrangement.

Mr. Campbell was not long in discovering the error which he had committed. He said little upon the subject, but kindly and patiently assisted Frank to correct it; and the more cheerfully when he saw how willing he was to assist himself, and how hard he worked in order to maintain his present position. Mindful of his aunt's injunctions, Frank took all the exercise he could out of school hours; and his health, so far from suffering from his severe application at other times, seemed to be slightly improved; and he dwelt with pleasure upon the delight which it would give his father to see him so changed. His cousin found him, one day, looking intently at himself in the glass. He wanted to see if there were any traces of color on his pale cheek; but he found none as yet.

It was a rule in Mr. Campbell's house to lay aside all tasks on the Sabbath day, making it, as it ought and was intended to be, a day of rest. Outwardly at least, no books were read but those of a religious tendency; but the absence of Mr. Campbell generally proved a signal for the production of others of a totally different character. What shocked Frank more than anything else was, to observe that many of the boys concealed these stolen volumes within the covers of their Bibles, which they thus appeared to be diligently perusing. Notwithstanding his

horror of such duplicity, the books were a great temptation; and it cost him many a struggle to refuse to read them when they were offered to him.

'If you would only lend it to me to-morrow,' said he, upon one occasion—

'Now or never!' replied Rushton.

'Then it must be never,' said Frank.

'It is such a beautiful story,' observed Howard, 'about two Indian children, who were carried out to sea in a boat in which they were playing, and cast upon a desert island. I am sure that you would like it.'

'I dare say I should,' said Frank, turning resolutely away. But he could not help wondering to himself what the children did on the desert island; and was glad when Mr. Campbell came in, after his usual custom on the Sabbath evening, to read and talk with them. And when he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and spoke kindly to him as he passed, Frank felt pleased that he had done nothing to deceive him; and thought he should have winced at his touch, and shrunk away from his glance, had it been otherwise.

They read that evening the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The twenty-eighth verse came to Frank; but he paused, and remained silent.

'Well?' exclaimed Mr. Campbell, inquiringly.

'I was just thinking, sir, how far the eunuch came to worship.'

The boys looked at one another and smiled; but Mr. Campbell answered gravely.

'Yes, Frank, it is worth observing. African Ethiopia lies below Egypt; he must therefore have come some hundreds of miles to worship at the temple.'

'But he had his reward, sir.'

'Yes, my boy. Now let us finish the chapter, and afterwards I will show you a picture which I have of the eunuch's well.'

The chapter was concluded, and the picture produced. It was beautifully finished from a drawing made on the spot, and Frank bent over it in silent admiration.

Claude Hamilton inquired what the old ruins, visible in the vicinity of the well, were supposed to represent.

'They are imagined to be those of some ancient church, or convent, which formerly stood on this spot,' replied Mr. Campbell; 'but nothing certain is known on the subject. I have

heard it maintained that it could not have been here that the eunuch was baptized, because he is represented to have come in a chariot from Jerusalem, whereas this road is not passable for carriages. Chariots of old, however, were very different from our present coaches, the wheels being lower, and much broader and stronger; and the vestiges of an ancient carriage road are yet to be perceived all the way from Jerusalem to Hebron. Still it is very uncertain whether this was the place where the eunuch was baptized. I have several other views taken in the Holy Land, which I will show you at some future opportunity.'

'I suppose it was called the Holy Land because the Holy One lived and walked there,' said Frank, thoughtfully. 'How I should like, when I am old enough, to go to Jerusalem, and tread, as it were, in the footsteps of the Saviour!'

'You may endeavor to do that without going to Jerusalem, or waiting until you are older,' said Mr. Campbell.

'Yes sir, I know,' replied Frank, coloring; 'but I did not exactly mean that.'

'Never mind. It is better to act than to dream. With God's help, you may begin at once practically to follow in the footsteps of the blessed Redeemer when he walked on earth; to take up your cross and learn of him, and be meek and lowly in heart; while it must necessarily be many years, if ever, before you visit the Holy Land. What I say to you I say to all.'

After a pause, Mr. Campbell asked Howard which was the oldest book in the world.

'Homer, sir.'

Mr. Campbell shook his head.

Rushton, in a whisper to his companions, suggested 'Robinson Crusoe.'

'Well, Mortimer, can you tell?'

'The Bible, sir.'

'Right. Herodotus and Thucydides, the oldest profane historians whose writings have reached our times, were contemporary with Ezra and Nehemiah, the last of the historians of the Old Testament. It was nearly six hundred years after Moses before the poems of Homer appeared. The preservation of the Bible is very remarkable. At one time, during the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, not only their temple was burned, but the very ark in which the original copy of the law was kept; and their city laid waste for more than a hundred years. We read, also, that Antiochus Epiphanes, when he took Jerusalem, murdered about 40,000 of

its inhabitants, sold as many more to be slaves, and ordered that whoever was found with the book of the law should be put to death; and every book that could be discovered was burned. Under these circumstances, is it not remarkable that this book of the Jews should have been preserved, and that not a single book of the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, or the Phoenicians, the most flourishing and civilized nations which lived at that time, should have reached us?

'It is indeed remarkable,' said Claude Hamilton.

'God took care of the Bible,' suggested Frank.

'That is the right and only way of accounting for it,' said Mr. Campbell.

'Is it true,' asked Philip Doyle, 'that a Bible in the reign of King James cost seventy pounds?'

'Perfectly true. We are also told by Top-lady, that time was when the word of the Lord was so precious in the land, that a farmer in the reign of Henry VIII. gave a cart-load of hay for one leaf of the epistle of St. James in English.'

'Is it possible?' exclaimed Howard.

'Yes; it appears strange now, when Bibles are so cheap that few, we should think, need be without one in their homes. But it is growing late.'

'Now for black Monday, and hard lessons,' said Howard to Frank, as they went up stairs to bed.

'I have often thought,' replied Frank, 'how nice it would be to have no Monday morning. But we must wait till we get to heaven for that.'

'How do you know that you will ever get to heaven, little one?' asked one of the boys jestingly.

'How do I know? O Herbert! do you not believe in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? But you only say this to tease me.'

'You are a strange little fellow, Netherton,' exclaimed Herbert, touched by the earnestness with which he had spoken. 'Good-night.'

'Good-night,' replied Frank. His little heart was full. 'How do I know?' thought he, as he knelt down beside the bed, forgetting that he was not alone. 'Dear Lord Jesus! because I believe and trust in thee. O, how sweet it is to believe and trust!'

To BE CONTINUED.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

- Rev. Jno. McLean, London Chief
- Bro. P. W. Day, Collinsbay Councillor
- Sister M. A. Heather, Peterboro Vice
- J. W. Ferguson, Hamilton Secretary
- R. Morrill, London Treasurer
- J. McNeil, Guelph Marshal
- Sister Rutlan, Collinsbay Dep. Marshal
- Sister Perry, Napanee Inner Guard
- Bro. Tuttle, Iroquois Outer Guard

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- R. P., McGillivray--Received for Vols. 10, 11, 12, and 13.
- J. E. W., South Durham, C. E.--Received for Vols. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Sent No. 3.



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7, '66.

The second of a series of Weekly Public Temperance Meetings, under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation Society, will be held in their Hall, Temperance Street, on Friday evening, February 9, 1866. Rev. Jno. Potts and other gentlemen will deliver addresses. An efficient choir will be in attendance. Chair taken at 7.30 p. m.

PUBLIC MEETING CHESTER TEMPLE I. O. G. T.

This Temple had a very successful Temperance meeting on Wednesday last in their Hall, which was well filled by an orderly and attentive audience. Brother W. Hamilton was called to the Chair, and the meeting having been duly opened by singing and prayer, he addressed the audience at considerable length, and was followed by J. Nasmith, E. M. Morphy,

and Bro. M. Nasmith, who severally endeavoured to make the blessings of Temperance appreciated and the evils of intemperance shunned by their hearers. Singing and recitation gave a life and interest to this meeting, at the close of which twenty-three came forward and signed the pledge. The revival in Leslieville and Chester will, we trust, extend to the City, and we believe there are very hopeful indications that such will be the case.

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, B. O. G. T.

The following is a list of the Officers of the above Lodge for the present term:—

- Chief..... Bro. H. Roberts.
- Vice..... Sist. E. J. Williams.
- Sec'y Bro. J. Bastedo.
- Finan..... " J. Holman.
- Trea Sist. L. Williams.
- Chap..... Bro. J. Brown.
- Marshal..... Bro. J. J. Williams.
- Inner Guard..... Sist. S. A. Brown.
- Outer " Bro. C. Perry.
- R. H. S. .. Sist. E. Courtenay.
- J. H. S. " F. Leech.
- Asst. Sec'y " C. A. Leech.
- Dep. Mar. " H. Dyson.
- Past Chief..... Bro. F. Leech.

This Lodge meets regularly every Friday evening in the Coldstream Hall, Brock Street. Bro. J. J. Williams is Provincial Deputy.

CONCERT.

The Concert of Chester Temple to defray expenses of fitting up the new Hall, took place last evening and was most successful. Particulars next week.

TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

Last Friday evening the Temperance Hall was pretty well filled on the occasion of the first of a series of public meetings under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation Society. Henry Lloyd, Esq., occupied the Chair. The meeting was opened by prayer by Mr. P. Stewart. An excellent choir under the direction of Miss Wallis performed several pieces of music during the evening. Rev. Hoyes Lloyd, Rev. D. Pomeroy, Messrs. Morphy,

Finch, and others, delivered instructive addresses: at the close of which twenty-four signed the pledge of total abstinence.

CRUSADE LODGE B.O.G.T.

On Tuesday evening, Feb'y 6, this Lodge held an open meeting, at which the following Officers were publicly installed for the present term:

- Chief Bro. M. Lennon.
- Vice Sist. M. J. Wright.
- Sec'y Bro. J. Yorston.
- Treas. Sist. E. Morrison.
- Finan. Bro. P. H. Stewart.
- Chap. Bro. P. Stewart.
- Marshal Bro. Andrew Cook.
- Inner Guard Sist. J. Sinclair.
- Outer " Bro. J. Sinclair.
- R. H. S. " J. Cook.
- L. H. S. Sist. A. L. Fell.
- Asst. Sec'y Bro. Geo. Brent.
- Dep. Mar. Sist. S. E. Stewart.
- Past Chuf. Bro. Wm. Riches.

After which several short addresses were delivered and songs given by the members and friends. This Lodge meets every Tuesday evening in the Missionary Church.

P. STEWART, P. D.

For the Weekly Visitor.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

In passing along one of our principal streets the other day, my eye was arrested by a very clean looking grocery store situated at the corner of a cross street. I passed it, thinking at the time what I wanted that the folks inside might have, and made up my mind to get something on my way back. I made good my intentions, and stepping in found a respectable woman sitting at the back of the counter. I asked for a trifle, and looked round to see if there was any appearance of liquor for sale. "You don't sell any liquor here?" I said. "No! and never will!" she answered, and added—"I will never help to poison an immortal soul!" I was struck with this noble reply of the woman, and thought if I was in the neighbourhood that would be the store I would deal at. And oh! how much better it would be for our City if all our corner stores were

occupied by people whose resolve was like that woman?—"I will never help to poison an immortal soul." May God hasten the time!

Toronto, Feb'y 3, 1866

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

For The Weekly Visitor.

"IN THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME," &c.

While this Hymn was being sung at the Sabbath afternoon Prayer Meeting, thoughts occurred to the writer which he thinks may also impress others with the necessity of working on, and ever on. We all hope to inherit the Christian's Home; and as some while working at their daily employment, feel called upon also to give time to the Temperance work, knowing that they have a work to do for the saving of the bodies and souls of their fellow-men, yet grow weary and rest from their labour, forgetting that earth is not their rest, that "Home" in Heaven is for them who are faithful to the end. Now in the Temperance work we meet with much to discourage; yet looking more closely, and from a working Christian's stand-point, much there is to cheer. Many, very many souls have been and still may be saved, if Teetotalers and Christians will only do their duty, and while labouring to save the bodies let it be but the means to an end. Let Christians use their voices in the Temple, Division, or Lodge room, not to dictate, but to win: kindly point out to their Brothers and Sisters the necessity of not only elevating themselves socially and morally, but that the true standard rests in the Christian religion, namely, to work for the glory of God, to live not for ourselves, or to be thought well of by our brethren; but zealously to prosecute our work, having for our pattern our Saviour, who, when on earth, continually went about doing good. If it be a self-denial to work in the Lodge room, exercise it—seek kindly and affectionately to make the Brethren aim higher, and do your part. Many lose

their influence with fault finding, without showing a better way. Let it not be so, Christian brethren; bear and forbear, and in the end you will get your reward Toronto, Febr., 1866.

AN APPEAL TO THE TEMPERATE DRINKER.

You use that, without the use of which nearly all the business of this world was conducted, till within less than three hundred years, and which of course is not needful.

You use that, which was not generally used by the people of this country for more than a hundred years after the country was settled, and which, by thousands in all kinds of lawful business is not used now. Once they used it, and thought it needful; but they found themselves mistaken, and that they are better without it.

You use that, which is a real and destructive poison,—a poison which, by men in health cannot be taken without deranging healthy action, and inducing more or less disease both of mind and body.

You use that which tends to form an unnatural and dangerous appetite, which tends continually to increase, and which thus exposes all who form it to come to a premature grave.

You use that which causes a great portion of all the pauperism in our land, and thus brings an enormous tax on the whole community. Is this fair? Is it just? Is it not inflicting great evils on society?

You use that which excites to a great portion of all the crimes committed, and which is thus shown to be in its effects hostile to the government of God, and to the civil and religious interests of men.

You use that the sale and use of which, if continued, will form intemperate appetites, which will be gratified, and thus will perpetuate intemperance and all its abominations to the end of the world.

You use that which makes wives widows, and children orphans, which leads husbands to murder their wives, and wives their husbands; parents their children, and children their parents; and which prepares multitudes for misery here and hereafter.

You use that which increases the amount and severity of sickness; which in many cases destroys reason; which causes a great portion of all the sudden deaths, and brings down multitudes who were never intoxicated, and never

condemned to suffer the penalty of the civil law, to an untimely grave.

Hence, as a patriot and a friend of man, I ask you to drop this pernicious habit, and sign this pledge.

The temperance people of Cincinnati have opened a coffee-room for working men, where at all hours of the day and till late at night, hot coffee and crackers, or a plate of hot soup, may be had for the small sum of five cents. Connected with it are the leading newspapers and periodicals of this country and Great Britain; and this is free to all. This is the most practical temperance measure yet adopted.

THE WATCHMAN'S SONG.

[The watchmen in Germany amuse themselves during the night by singing their national songs, as well as others, of a more devotional character; of the latter the following is a specimen, taken from a very interesting work, the "Autumn on the Rhine." When the verses are good, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and pleasing.]

"HARK! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the belfry bell!
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below, from God in heaven.
Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through his eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles, of holy mind,
'Taught the Gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Twelve resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
One has peal'd on the belfry bell!
One God alone, one Lord, indeed,
Who bears us forth in our hour of need.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Two resounds on the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free;—
Neighbour choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Three now tolls on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Four are the strokes on the belfry bell!
Four gospels pure to men proclaim
Eternal life in the Saviour's name.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Five now rings on the belfry bell!
Five barley loaves, when Jesus will'd
Five thousand fed—twelve baskets filled.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Six now tolls from the belfry bell!
Six are the days to labour given,
In six days God created heaven.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Seven resounds from the belfry bell!
The seventh day is the sacred rest—
The Lord's own day, the Sabbath blest.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Eight are the strokes of the belfry bell!
And eight were the souls that the ark did save
Above the flood's o'erwhelming wave.
Human watch, &c.

"Hark! ye neighbours, and hear me tell,
Nine has pealed on the belfry bell!
The ninth sad hour saw Jesus die;
The rocks, the graves, the dead reply.
Human watch from harm can't ward us—
God will watch and God will guard us;
He, through His eternal might,
Give us all a blessed night."

Mr. Spurgeon having had sent to him some tracts purporting to be written by himself, which predict the end of the world as likely to come next year, the rev. gentleman at a meeting held in his chapel last week thus energetically repudiates the authorship attributed to him:—"You shall hear of me in bedlam when you ever hear such rubbish as that from me. The Lord may come in 1866, and I shall be glad to see Him; but I do not believe He will, and the reason I do not believe he will is, because all these two-penny half-penny false prophets say he will. If they said that He would not come, I should begin to think He would; but in as much as they

are all crying out as one man that he will come in 1866 or 1867, I am inclined to think He will not arrive at any such time. It seems to me that there are a great many prophecies which must be fulfilled before the coming of Christ, which will not be fulfilled within the next twelve months, and I prefer to stand in the position of a man who knows neither the day nor the hour in which the Son of man cometh—look always for His appearing, but never interfere with those dates and figures which seem to me to be only proper amusement for young ladies who have nothing else to do, and who take to that instead of reading novels, and for certain divines who have exhausted their stock of knowledge about sound doctrine and therefore try to gain a little ephemeral popularity by shuffling texts of Scripture as the Norwood gipsies shuffled cards in the days gone by."

It was stated at the Temperance Convention at Saratoga, that the names of thirteen hundred rich men's daughters in New York, are on the list of applicants for admission to the Asylum for inebriates at Birmingham, in that State.

STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS.

Rev. E. P. Thwing recently delivered an eloquent temperance address in Quincy, in the course of which he used the following thrilling illustration. Said he: "It is sometimes said, 'Rum never hurts those who let it alone.' Go stand to-night beneath this wandering moon, on the south-westerly slopes of Mount Auburn, and you will see a little new-made grave. Over it bend the branches of a walnut tree, through which the struggling moonbeams reveal the resting place of our latest born and earliest taken. It is sweet with flowers and tears, and consecrated by prayer and psalm. Autumnal showers have steeped the sod, yet by the cuttings of the spade, the stranger sees it is the grave of a child.

"When I go to this little grave I cannot help feeling a new consecration to this noble reform. Do you ask why? Startle not when I speak out my heart: *Rum helped dig my boy's grave!* Indirectly, perhaps, but really. Yes! intoxicating drink stole away the senses of one who was left in charge of those two little brothers, while their parents were absent, at the death-bed of a mother!

"Deserting her charge, she wandered about, incoherently talking of unfulfilled duties, and left them without food or drink, companionship or care. Half-starved and chilled, the little con-

valescent soon relapsed, and passed away ere he would 'climb up some other way.' It would long to the safer custody of Christ above.

I have no curses to pour on any human being, rather than go into the ark of safety. ing, however deeply he may have sinned, but on that traffic which can not only stultify man but and of being swept into the gulf of despair, in besot woman, which puts property in peril, and instead of being saved by the provision of infinite renders life insecure, upon that I heap my hot- test hate! By all the lore I bore to that child, by all I hear to oth is just as precious, by all that is high and holy, I row against this trade eternal war."—*Boston Nation*.

NOAH'S CARPENTERS.

Two persons were leaving the city of New- ton, and passing along the water side to a beau- tiful valley, where one was resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevo- lence, in the blessings of which the people at Newton and the students of the neighbouring college shared. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, an im- penitent lad, Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian labourers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness as they crowded the depositories of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning after a night's repose. Hitherto not a word had been addressed to the obliging youth about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint but fitting manner was chosen. "Henry," asked the elder of the two, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?" "Noah's car- penters," exclaimed Henry, "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been ship carpenters at work to have construct- ed such a vessel. What became of them, think you, when all the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by so queer a question?" "Never mind, just now. Please answer the in- quiry. And you may also tell me what you would have done in that dreadful hour when the storm came on, and all but the family of the preacher were ready to be engulfed in those black waters."

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half trifling, half thoughtful manner, "perhaps I should have got on the rudder."

"That is human nature exactly, Henry. It

would 'climb up some other way.' It would get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sight- edness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself' by hanging on at the haz- ard of being swept into the gulf of despair, in- stead of being saved by the provision of infinite generosity given me your aid, day by day, in building an ark in Newton, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruits of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

This conversation never passed from the memory of the youth. It led to serious reflec- tion, and ultimately to the ark for safety. With a career of wide-spread public usefulness before him, he never forgot "Noah's Carpenters."

THE THREE WISHES.

The eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury. In an eastern country the story-teller who invented such a just termination of his narrative would, most likely, have experienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such treasonable ideas. Herr Sim- rock, however, says it is a German tale; but it may have had its origin in the East for all that. Nothing is more difficult indeed than to trace a popular tale to its source; Cinderella, for ex- ample, belongs to nearly all nations; even among the Chinese, a people so different to all European nations, there is a popular story which reads almost exactly like it. Here is the tale of the Three Wishes.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The ser- vants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was

to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approach- ing doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favour which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his gaolers—"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die: go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter and a priest to marry us." The first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore com- plied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco, in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so, still an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it, and the treasures of gold and silver were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his pris- ner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be grant- ed at once, and you may be hung out of my hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have but one more favour to request of your majesty, which when you have granted, I shall die con- tent. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very well," replied the emperor, "your de-

mand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I see!" cried the chamberlain, "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. But the butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:—

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty, "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than this. But if he is not hung he is married. Justice has been done."

The following error in punctuation is a good illustration of the use of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given:—"Woman—without her, man is a brute." The reporter had it printed: "Woman—without her man, is a brute."

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