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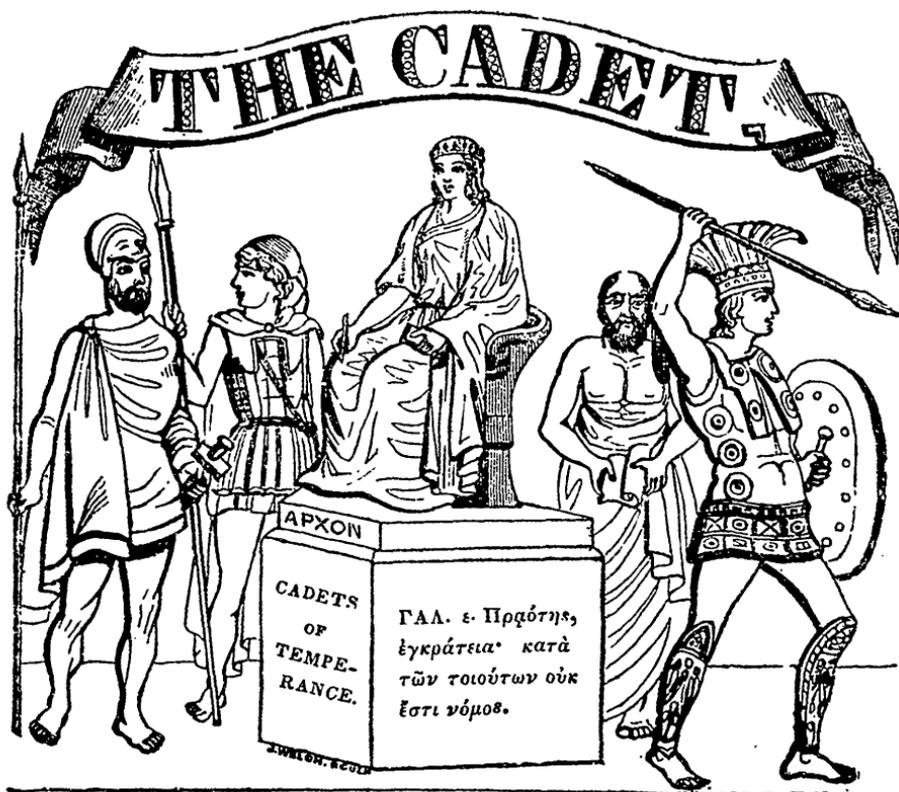
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotals of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1852.

No. 7

The Snow Drop; or, the Quarrelsome Snow-Flakes.

A DREAM.

"The first pale blossom of the unripened year,
As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower:
Its name, its hue, the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins."

One cold day in January, a young child lay softly sleeping upon cushions of the eider-down. So purely white was the coverlid beneath which it reposed, and so blooming was the little one's cheek as it rested upon the pillow, that it looked like a last lingering bud of the China-rose, newly dropt upon a snow-wreath.

On the bosom of the sleeping child, and grasped by its fat little hand, lay a snow-drop, freshly gathered. The breath of the child moved the blossom; and the

beating of its young heart raised the leaflets, as the ripple of a brook might stir the water-lily on its surface.

As it lay thus—like a flower with a bud in its bosom—the child had a dream. It dreamed that the Genius of the Flowers, of whom it had heard its nurse relate strange tales, came and whispered softly in its ear, in tones sweeter than any music the child had ever heard.

"Fair sleeper!" murmured the Flower-Genius, "I will love thee for the sake of the love thou bearest to the first-born of my children—the snowdrop,—so tenderly folded to thy bosom."

The child moved in its sleep, and the Genius spoke still lower.

"Listen!" she cried, "and I will breathe into thine ear the early history of that flower."

"One cheerless wintry day, there was a great fall of snow. It came down in large flakes, just like the downy feathers that you have seen on the swan's breast.

"Well, some of these Snow-flakes fell upon a rose-bush, one upon another; for they were sadly jostled for want of room, they fell in such crowds. Tumbling thus altogether, they clung to the rose-branch for support, till a solitary gleam of sunshine fell upon them. The sun melted them a little, but not much: just enough, not to make them lose their hold and fall, but to make them roll all in one, till they looked like a soft, round, white ball, as they were.

"Now, the Snow-flakes, when they found they could not get away from each other, began to grumble, and to fancy themselves very unhappy, because each could not fly away and amuse himself all alone *by himself*.

"This was very selfish, and very unbrotherly, was it not? So, at least, thought the Frost, and so did the North-wind, and so did the East-wind; which three were always very cordial with each other, and generally—in January, at least—wandered about in each other's company. So these three, the Frost, the North-wind, and the East-wind, laid their heads together, how they should teach the unfriendly Snow-flakes to agree to be happy together, since it was their doom all to be rolled into one.

"They waited very patiently for the sun to shine out once more. When at last it did shine out, it quite melted the quarrelsome Snow-flakes, till they became clear water, and dispersed about in drops, some in one place and some in another.—When the sun became hotter still, he drew them up into the rain-clouds. There the Frost found them, and making them once more into Snow-flakes, he gave them into the keeping of his two friends, North-wind and East-wind.

"And now it was *their* turn to deal with them. So they set to work to blow the Snow-flakes in all directions; till, wearied and worn out by being puffed abroad by the strong winds, unsupported by each other, they each implored to be allowed to rest with their brother-flakes—they did not care where! Then the East-wind, (who heard them) ceased blowing; and the North-wind took them in his arms, and laid them under the shelter of the very same rose-bush where they might all at one time have lived so happily together,

if they had not been discontented and quarrelled among themselves.

"Just under the spot there was a little bulb in the ground. As the North-wind left the Snow-flakes, they began to melt again. They then sank easily into the earth; and the little bulb, being thirsty, drank them up, and they became part of herself. So they grew as she grew, and became part of the lovely and delicate flower, which is known to this day by the name of 'Snowdrop.'

"If you look well at this flower, you will see that it is composed of several petals, or flower-leaves, joined together:—these were the flakes of snow. The reason why it droops its head is this:—When first it peeped out of the earth, and saw just above it the very same rose-tree which had witnessed the quarrels of the Snow-flakes before they became a flower, the petals all, with one consent, hung down their heads in shame, to think that they, now so happily united in love and good feeling with each other, should have ever disagreed."

The Mayor of Bradford's Advice to Young Men.

I have now to request the youths before me to give me their special attention for a few moments, whilst I give them a slight sketch of the early period of my own life. I received my education in the city of York, at one of the best boarding-schools there at that time, where I remained upwards of seven years. On leaving school, I was placed in a wholesale house of business, in the city of London. After being there a few months, the principals of the house, being friends of my father, considered it advisable that I should be placed in a retail shop for the period of two years, where I might learn the more minute details and rudiments of business. I was, in consequence, transferred to a retail shop in a market town in the county of Essex. In this my new situation, it devolved upon me, as the junior apprentice, to open the shop, take down the shutters, sweep the shop-floor, make the shop-fire, dust the counters and shelves, clean the shop-windows, clean and trim the oil lamps in the shop, clean my own shoes, &c.; all this I accomplished every morning before breakfast. During the day, I had to carry out parcels, some as heavy as I could lift; and, in truth, to discharge all the duties which devolve upon juniors. An invaluable

able discipline it is for lads intended for business. Yet, I must confess, that the duties that I have enumerated, and others, did wound my pride not a little for the first few days, having previously been trained up with and accustomed to every comfort, and not anticipating that I should have to do, at any period of life, what then appeared to me such menial duties. But having been previously assured by valued friends, that my then position would materially tend to my future advantage, I determined at once to overcome every feeling of pride, and resolved, in reference to the duties referred to, that I would perform them, and all others, in such a manner as to secure the uniform approval of my master. I did so, and I now experience a becoming gratification in making this avowal to you. No, my friends, I need not fear to avow to you and to the world, the process by which I attained my present position. I repeat it, I experience a becoming gratification, that it results from a sound commercial training in the period of youth, and my own unswerving, persevering efforts in manhood, the blessing of God accompanying those efforts. After being in the shop in which I was placed about three months, I had become so valuable to my master behind the counter, in attending to customers, that he engaged another apprentice, and I was promoted; and at the expiration of two years, I returned to the house in London, to which I have referred.

Pride, self-conceit, and sloth are the bane of many youths of the present day; and I fear the mistaken fondness of well-intentioned, but silly mothers, is the too frequent cause.

My experience convinces me that true wisdom dictates, that all lads should be taught to bear the yoke in their youth. I can attest to all before me, that I regard it as fraught with the greatest blessings to me, not only that I was placed behind the counter for two years, but especially that I had to discharge the duties to which I have referred during the first three months. I have constantly referred to that period of my life with inexpressible satisfaction, feeling convinced that it was then that I acquired that becoming self-knowledge, and those habits of business, to which I ascribe all my after-success in business and the position I now occupy, not only as an English merchant, but as mayor of this important borough. I adopted as a rule in early life, that I would master and over-

come all difficulties in the acquirement of business-knowledge in all its departments, that everything I had to do should be done in as perfect and in as complete a manner as possible, and that no man should excel me—to this I have adhered through life, and I am willing still to be a learner.

Lame and Lazy—A Fable.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch.

Lame called on Charity and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What! asked a cracker and received a loaf. I will ask for a loaf, and I shall expect a loaf of bread; or, if I ask for a biscuit, she will give a batch of bread."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread. "Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you to be a loafer. You are of that class and character who ask and receive not; you ask amiss."

Lazy who always found fault, not fortune, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceedingly great and precious promise, "Ask and ye shall receive."

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which represented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope and Charity. Charity appeared larger and fairer than her sisters.

He noticed her right hand held a pot of honey which fed a bee, disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

Lazy turned to go. "Stop," said Charity, "instead of 'coin,' I will give you 'council.' Do not go and live on your poor mother, for I will send you to a rich Ant."

"Rich ant!?" echoed Lazy, "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs, 6th chapter and 6th verse."

MORAL.

Instead of waiting and wishing a rich Uncle to die, go and see how a rich Ant lives.—*Christian Secretary.*

Weaving.

Weaving is of great antiquity, even in this country, as a manufactory of woollen cloths was established by the Romans at Winchester, soon after their invasion of Britain. About six centuries later, we find a curious allusion to the process of weaving, as practised by a Bishop, who, in a treatise on "Female Purity," illustrates its beauty, and shows how necessary it is for other virtues to accompany chastity. "It is not," says the worthy ecclesiastic, "a web of one uniform color and texture, without any variety of figures that pleaseth the eye and appeareth beautiful; but one that is woven by shuttles, filled with threads of purple and many other colors, flying from side to side, and forming a variety of figures and images in different compartments." Now this paragraph very accurately describes some of the most beautiful processes of figure weaving. About the close of the eleventh century, the arts connected with the manufacture of cloth had made a considerable degree of improvement, and the weavers in all the large towns were formed into guilds or corporations. The arts of spinning and weaving silk in a complete form were first brought over from France in the middle of the fifteenth century, and a company of females were established in London, called "silk women," who exclusively managed the business. But the great improvement in this branch of manufactures may be traced to the religious persecutions in France in 1686, when more than fifty thousand workmen, of various descriptions, took refuge in this country. In the latter part of the last century the invaluable invention of Sir Richard Arkwright introduced the very extensive manufacture of cotton, and added a lucrative and elegant branch of traffic to the commerce of Britain. The light and fanciful department of the cotton manufacture has become in some measure the staple manufacture of Scotland, whilst the more substantial and durable cotton fabrics have given to England a manufacture inferior in importance and extent only to the woollen trade.—*Selected.*

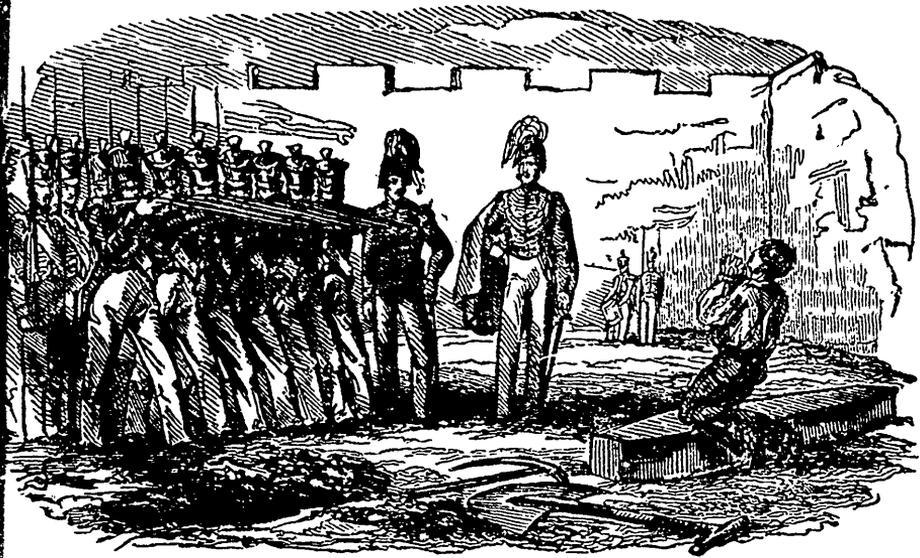
A Word to Apprentices.

Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days; the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which

he is to reap in after years. If he spare no labor in its proper culture he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest: but if in the culture of the mental soil he follow the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them he will find the seeding time past, and his ground bringing forth only weeds and briars. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application, and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all visions of future prospect and success. The apprentice is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and you will not fail, when your time shall come to take an active part in life, to be of use, not only in your own particular business, but to society.

Swearing Nobly Reproved.

Prince Henry, the son of James I., had a particular aversion to the vice of swearing and profanation of the name of God. When at play, he was never heard to swear: and on being asked why he did not do so at play as well as others, he answered that he "knew no game worthy of an oath." The same answer he is said to have given at a hunting-match. The stag, almost quite spent, crossed the road where a butcher was passing with his dog. The stag was instantly killed by the dog, at which the huntsmen were greatly offended, and endeavored to irritate the prince against the butcher; but his highness answered coolly, "True, the butcher's dog has killed the stag, and how could the butcher help?" They replied, that "if his father had been so served, he would have sworn so as no man could have endured." "Away!" said the prince; "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath."



Cast thy Bread upon the Waters.

When I was in the West Indies, writes a missionary, I heard of a poor soldier who had been condemned to die, and I wished to see him in his cell. On applying to the gaoler, he allowed me to do so, on condition that I should be enclosed in the dungeon during the intervals of meals, for some hours. That, in a West India dungeon, was not a very agreeable thing. However, as I had a sincere desire to talk with this man, I submitted to the condition, and was shut up with him. I began to inquire about the state of his mind, and, to my astonishment, he went on to detail, in a most interesting manner, how he had found his way to the Redeemer. Knowing that no pious person had visited him, I wished to be informed how he had obtained his light; when he gave me the following narrative:—

“Oh, sir,” he said, “I was a scholar in a Sunday school at Nottingham. I was a very bad boy, and was expelled from the school twice, in consequence of my conduct. I cherished evil principles in my heart, because I was an exceedingly dissipated young man. In a fit of intoxication, I enlisted as a soldier, and, in a few days, left my native land. Soon afterwards, I was sent out to this country; and I fear my conduct has broken the heart of my widowed mother. After I had been in this country some time, I did not like the army, and deserted. I was apprehended and flogged. I deserted again. I was betrayed by a companion, apprehended, and am now sentenced to die. When I came to this loathsome place, I was as dark and as ignorant of God as it was possible for any sinner to be. I meditated vengeance against the person who had informed on me and against my judges; and I thought that I would be amply revenged, if I could but escape from my place of imprisonment; but when left alone to my own reflections, I thought of the Sunday school at Nottingham, and, all at once, the instructions which I received there flashed upon my mind. I wept—I prayed—my heart was broken—and I found my way to that Saviour who had so often been named in the school to which I refer; and, blessed be God,” said he, “he has manifested his love to my heart, and saved me from the fear of death.”

The time came when he was led forth to be shot. When we arrived at the place of execution, his conversation, and the whole of his proceedings, told the tranquillity of his mind. He knelt upon his coffin—prayed for himself, for his regiment, for his mother, if still alive—and expressed himself in terms of confidence and hope. The commanding officer appeared deeply affected, and evidently felt much reluctance in performing his painful duty. At length, however, in a tremulous voice, he said, “Make ready! present! fire!” and,

in a moment, that interesting soldier lay a bleeding and lifeless corpse.

Now here was bread found after many days. That Sunday School teacher at Nottingham had no idea that he had done any good to this young man; when he left the school, he had no hope concerning him; and yet the seed, which had been scattered in Nottingham, produced glorious fruit in a West India dungeon. The conversion of a child seems to be but a little matter in the estimation of this world; yet he who succeeds in converting a child, performs a greater work than he who saves a city from the plague, and a country from an invading foe. Yes, he gives a moral impulse to society, which may be felt, in a few years, at the very antipodes, and, at last, appear in ten thousand happy spirits before the throne of God.

The Atlantic.

The deluge forms a principal feature in the earliest history of every nation. The traditions connected with it in the ancient mythologies, however decorated by the imaginations of the Greek, or confused by the mysticism of the Indian, have probably a stronger foundation in truth than it has been customary to suppose. The descendants of Noah were the population of the world; and it is impossible to conceive that the events of the antediluvian ages, in which human life was protracted to such extraordinary lengths, apparently for the purpose of their record, were wholly unknown to the descendants of the great patriarch. The succinctness of the Mosaic history is accounted for on the principle that its direct purpose was to establish the fact of creation by the God of Israel, and to give the history of the promises to Adam and also to Abraham.

The location of a vast island, or rather continent, in the space which now forms the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, is the subject of several ancient traditions, and is interwoven with many more. In them all the reference is to a country immediately bordering on the west of Africa, and therefore affording no ground for the theory that America was the Atlantis. Atlas, from whom the submerged continent evidently derives its name, was also described as king of Mauritania. He was a Titan, with thousands of flocks, pastured in fields of unfailling fertility, and with gardens of univalled beauty, filled with the most ex-

quisite fruits, and those fruits guarded by an enormous dragon; the whole probably founded on the history of Paradise, the Forbidden Tree, and the Serpent. The fate of the Titan is equally removed from the common order of things. He was warned of his destiny by Themis (Divine Justice,) and changed into a mountain.

The Atlantides, a people who survived in his African kingdom, held that all the gods (the antediluvians) had their birth in their country. The seven daughters of Atlas, Atlantides, married gods and heroes, and their descendants built cities and founded kingdoms. Atlas was also the first who taught the knowledge of the stars to mankind, and he thus carried the heavens on his shoulders. Finally his daughters were transformed into islands on the borders of Africa, the Cape de Verdes, or the Canaries. They had among their dominions the Elysian Fields. Our authorities are Strabo, Pliny, and the Timæus of Plato.

Among those imaginations there is probably, a considerable ground of truth. It is certain that the greater part of the present habitable world was once the bed of an ocean. That at the period of the deluge the ocean changed its bed, and that consequently the antediluvian world is now, for the greater part, under the waters, is almost the only secure fact of geology.

Cotopaxi.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of the volcanoes of the Andes which at recent periods have undergone eruptions. It lies near the equator, and yet, its summits are covered with perpetual snows.

Cotopaxi is 18,876 feet in height,—that is, about three miles and a half perpendicular, above the level of the sea. Were Mount Vesuvius placed on the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, this mountain would exceed it in height, 2,622 feet!

The following description should not fail to produce in our minds a solemn awe of God, who shows his power and majesty in the irruptions of volcanic mountains.

In 1733, the flames of Cotopaxi rose 3,000 feet, or upwards of half a mile, above the mouth of the crater! In 1744, the roarings of this volcano were heard at the distance of 600 miles, nearly the extent of Great Britain. On the 4th of April, 1768, the quantity of ashes ejected at the mouth of Cotopaxi was so great, that thick darkness covered the sky till three in the afternoon. The explosion which took

place in 1803 was preceded by the sudden melting of the snow that covered the mountain. It is singular, that for twenty years before, no smoke or vapour appeared to issue from the crater. But in a single night, the subterraneous fires became so active, that at sun-rise, the external walls of the cone, heated to a very considerable temperature, appeared naked, and of the dark color which is peculiar to vitrified scoriæ. Humboldt observes, "At the Port of Guayaquil, fifty two leagues distant, in a straight line from the crater, we heard, day and night, the noise of this volcano, like continued discharges from a battery; and we distinguished these tremendous sounds even on the Pacific Ocean."

"The Lord proclaims his power abroad,
Over the ocean and the land,
His voice divides the watery cloud,
E'en mountains blaze at his command."

Drunkards for the Maine Law.

A gentleman writing from Springfield, Mass., says: It was my privilege to-day to accompany a lady, an almoner of the charity of the Ladies' Guardian Society of this place, to the house of a drunkard. And such a house! Shivering, shoeless children—a disconsolate, but still struggling wife—a cold and cheerless room, with scanty and broken furniture, and in short such a place and such tenements as too many of us have seen scores of times.

As the lady presented the gifts of the Society to the wife, the drunkard, now sober, turned to me, and with evident emotion said:

"Sir, this is most humiliating to me.—With God's help, it shall never occur again. I have been ill and could not provide for my family, and what is more, by my own act, have unfitted myself to be what a husband and father should be, and made beggars of those I love. At my business I have earned one hundred and forty dollars a month, and might have a comfortable home, but for my love of rum. I cannot resist the temptation to drink when the liquor is before me. Last week," continued he, "I signed the petition for the Maine Law, and God grant we may get it. It is my only hope."

Said he, "Twelve out of sixteen of my companions, who are called incorrigible drunkards, had, to my knowledge, signed the petition the Friday before it went to Boston, and I do not know but that they all signed it."

Poetry.

The Song of the Trout.

Down in the deep,
Dark holes, I keep,
And there, in the noontide, I float and sleep;
By the hemlock log,
And the springing bog,
And the arching alders, I lie incog.

The angler's fly
Comes dancing by,
But never a moment cheats my eye;
For the hermit trout
Is not such a lout,
As to be by a wading boy pulled out.

King of the brook,
No fisher's hook
Fills me with dread of the sweaty cook;
But here I lie,
And laugh as they try;
Shall I bite their bait? No, no—not I.

But when the streams,
With moonlight beams,
Sparkle, and silver and starlight gleams,
Then, then look out
For the Hermit trout;
For he springs, and dimes the shallows about,
While the tired angler lazily dreams.

"The Sea is His."

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Thine the great Ocean, fathomless and wide,
Through whose far depths uncounted myriads
glide;
Thine its tumultuous heave, its placid rest.
And Thine the sleepers in its cold, dark breast.

Sublime, resistless in its ebb and flow,
Blushing beneath the morning's fervid glow,
Blue as the softest skies that span its bed,
Is the faint type of Thee around us spread.

Its glory Thine in cloudless noontide hours,
When drested billows scatter golden showers;
And Thine, through all the holy, solemn night,
Its wondrous beauty 'neath the moon's pale
light.

Thine are the winds that wrathfully arise,
In dreadful conflict mingling sea and skies;
And Thine the lulling of the blast, whose
breath
Bore to the vainly brave the chill of death.

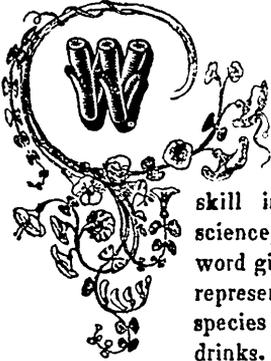
Its solemn anthems have no theme but Thee,
Lord of the stars and earth and rolling sea!
And in the wildest storm that o'er it plays
The voice alone it hears—Thy arm obeys.
—Boston, Mass.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, OCT. 1, 1852.

Gin vs. Genius.



Use the word genius here in reference to the possession of superior abilities or unusual skill in any art or science, and we use the word gin as the general representative of every species of intoxicating drinks. Our youthful

readers do not need to be informed that gin has often made sad work with genius, and that when they have come into real and persevering conflict, genius has had to yield to gin, and die at last under its fatal grasp. Many narratives of painful interest have appeared at different times, showing how the man of genius has succumbed to the tyranny of rum. The last we have seen is respecting one Roger Payne, a bookbinder of great skill, who lived in the British metropolis somewhere about the end of the last century. He was, as the *Leisure Hour* says of such as he, "a sort of human paradox"—a drunken workman, who, possessing unrivalled skill in his craft, can command employment at almost any price, and who torments his employers, while he debases himself, by refusing to labour till urged by the pressure of want, or goaded to the task by the pangs of an insatiable thirst for intoxicating liquors. It is very deplorable to see a person of this class, possessing superior skill in ornamental and delicate workmanship, and yet the victim of bad habits.

That our youthful readers may be able more fully to perceive the enormity of sacrificing genius "upon the beastly altar of Belial," we shall copy from the *Leisure*

Hour some further particulars respecting Roger Payne, the bookbinder:—

Sixty years ago the peripatetic observer of life in London streets might have come upon Roger Payne, on some sunshiny day, rearing his grizzled locks and unshaven chin up to the level of the pavement, from the cellar in which he wrought in Saint Martin's lane. Roger had been reared in poverty, and surrounded by examples of intemperance from early life. He had been apprenticed when a boy to a bookbinder, and followed that business, when he followed any, all his life long. But Providence had endowed him with extraordinary talents; he possessed a pure taste, a rare faculty of invention, and unrivalled ingenuity; and he soon made the discovery that it was in his power to stand alone in his profession, and to control the market by the superiority of his performances. Without money, but strong in the consciousness of his peculiar talent, he withdrew from the workshop and from all intimacy with the comrades of the craft, and established himself in a cellar. Here he wrought in secret, never on any pretence allowing either friend or stranger to witness his operations, or even to get a sight of the implements he used. In order that no one should even guess at the means by which he produced results altogether new in the art which he pursued, he contrived and manufactured his own tools; and he astonished the booksealing world, and rapidly raised a reputation for himself, by the truly marvellous productions of his inexplicable skill. The prices paid to Roger for binding even a single volume were such as had never been dreamed of before, and have hardly been equalled since.—There is a copy of "Æschylus," bound by him, in the library of Earl Spencer, for binding which the old earl paid him fifteen guineas. He grew so proud of his popularity that he would rarely work for a bookseller, and never for one, who, being also a bookbinder, sought a profit by employing him. He might now have risen to independence had he exercised but a grain of prudence and average industry; but, with his reputation, his laziness and drunkenness increased, and that to such a pitch, that at length it became a sheer impossibility to induce him to work while he had a single penny remaining in his pocket. If he bound a volume for ten pounds, a very common price with him, he would first purchase the materials for completing another, and then sally forth to drink up the

balance; and vain were any attempts to wile him back to his employment until he had relieved himself of the last shilling.

One consequence of such a mode of doing business was, that this unfortunate man hardly left a tithe of the work behind him, which he would have done had he labored on soberly in providing a competence for his old age. The books which he bound were mostly scarce and valuable works, and they are to be found, not many of them in public libraries or in the collections of the bibliophile, but in the cabinets of the titled and the wealthy, where they are garnered as rarities and curiosities.— They are remarkable for their chaste and elegant style of adornment, and for such substantial workmanship as seems to bid defiance to time.

A worse consequence of his ill-habits to poor Roger himself was, that he lived a life of self-entailed degradation and wretchedness, and died miserably poor.— He could earn, with his nondescript tools in his dingy cellar, ten guineas in a few days; but in twenty years of his besotted career he could not lay by as many shillings to purchase a coffin for his haggard remains. With the means of accumulating wealth at his command, he died a pauper; and with talents which, had they been properly cultivated, would have elevated him to the respect of his fellow-men, he died ignorant of all that it most concerns man to know. He lies in an eleemosynary grave, being charitably buried at the expense of a bookseller of the same name, but who was no relation, for whom he had occasionally wrought. His history is but a type of that of hundreds, nay thousands, of others; almost every working man in London could point to a similar case as coming within his own personal knowledge. Few are they, indeed, who, like the celebrated bookbinder of the last century, achieve a wide reputation, and leave a name in the records of biography; but the number is lamentably great of those who, like him, make their great talents the ministers of their sensual pleasures, and convert the gifts of God, conferred upon them for the advantage of their fellows, to their own destruction.

In reference to such characters as poor Roger Payne, there is one remark which it is incumbent upon us to make, and that is, that the estimate which, under some circumstances, such characters are wont to form of their own conduct, and in which the world is too ready to afford them coun-

tenance, is radically and altogether false and wrong. If the drunken genius has no wife or family dependent upon him, he will boast of his right to do what he will with his own, and, alleging that he hurts nobody but himself, will disclaim and resent the interference of another. "Poor fellow," says the world, "he hurts nobody but himself; we have no right to intermeddle." This is the very cant of the pit. The companions of such a man have really and truly no right to cease from intermeddling, in any and every practicable way, to prevent the consummation of a ruin so deplorable as the final and everlasting wreck of a man's life on the rocks of drunkenness. And let no clever drunkard lay the flattering unction to his soul, that he hurts nobody but himself; for he teaches—he cannot avoid it—by example, and his example, is the very worst, without, perhaps, a single exception, that a man can hold out for the imitation of his erring brother.

We shall only add in conclusion that in our opinion the great safeguard against the bad habits which ruined Payne and Burns, Hartley Coleridge and E. A. Poe, and many others, is in early life to form good habits. Example ruined most of these men of genius. They were not taught in early life to curb appetite, but were allowed and even tempted to indulge it. Perhaps among you, Cadets, there are those who possess genius. You have renounced gin—keep your pledge; you may live to be healthy, happy and honorable, and by your good example and purity of demeanour, leave the world better than you found it, and better for your having been in it.

A word Concerning "The Cadet."

Many of our friends, both old and young, are anxious to know whether our juvenile magazine is prospering, and whether this effort for the good of our young people is appreciated. We are glad to have it in our power to say that the circulation of the *Cadet* has already become larger than we anticipated within the first six months of its existence. We do not intend to make any great puffing about it,

but we think that two thousand subscribers is pretty good to start with, and that the people of Canada know where to send for the "cheapest and best" is proved by the fact, that, orders still keep coming. We shall not throw out any "false lights" about doubling our size, and increasing our margin. It is plainly seen that we can give better reading at a lower price than any other publisher has yet ventured to attempt. For the support we have received we are thankful, and we are satisfied that a little more effort throughout the country would place the *Cadet* in every family, where it would be doing good, and costing only a trifle.

(To the Editor of the *Cadet*.)

LYN, Sept. 25, 1852.

Sir,—Allow us a small space in your valuable *Cadet*, which is doing so much good in our part of the country, for the following addresses, by members of New Erie Section, No. 13, Cadets of Temperance, of this place, and oblige,

Yours, in V. L. and T.,

WM. THOMPSON,
W. P.

WORTHY ARCHON AND BROTHERS,—As we are bound together in the ties of Virtue, Love and Temperance, I consider it the duty of every virtuous brother to rise up in love to each other, and say what he can in the cause of Temperance. In the first place, let us consider the cause in which we are engaged. This grand and glorious cause, I believe, was instituted for the purpose of educating the young and rising generation in the cause of temperance, and giving them a strict idea of its principles, and to set before us the evil effects which intoxicating drinks have brought upon our country. We love our country, we love our noble institutions, and why not try to do something for our country's good, and press forward in one noble band of young soldiers, and never dishon-

our glorious union jack,—our country's flag,—but fight manfully against our foes, King Alcohol and Tobacco. Brothers, we shall have many trials and difficulties to overcome, but let us fear them not; be brave, be true, fearing only to do evil.—Let us remember that we have many opponents to contend with.

But perhaps the most important objection raised by our opponents is, that if the principles of christianity universally prevailed, their influence would be sufficient for all the objects necessary to be gained, and therefore such an institution as this order exists without any good reason.

If the principles of christianity universally prevailed, there would not be 500,000 drunkards in this christian land; there would not be to-day 50,000 rum-sellers in our country, to entice into their charnel-houses, and slay in the sun-light of heaven, the victims of their power. And all temperance organizations, as they now exist, would be unnecessary. So of other moral movements; for if the principles of christianity universally prevailed, all wars would be at an end, no appeal to the sword would be made, and all other mere moral institutions, domestic and foreign, might be at once dispensed with, as unnecessary and uncalled for. In fine, if the principles of christianity universally prevailed, all vice and crime and wretchedness would be at an end, and man, retrieved from sin and its curse, would be living around the noon-tide blaze of millennial glory.

But these principles do not prevail. We are compelled to take the world as it is, and not as it should, or as we should have it. Hence the necessity of multiplying our glorious order, in spite of all objections they may bring before us.

But as our christian friends may often appear to be laboring against us, without much effect, perhaps we might afford them some assistance by suggesting a course which, if followed, would very soon counterbalance all our action, and disband our organization; it is this,—let all christians

and all christian churches, of every name and denomination, all moral and benevolent individuals, go to work, and meet each other in the spirit of friendship, virtue, love, purity, truth, charity, fidelity, and christian confidence—give the right hand of cordial and earnest fellowship to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and when you give your hand, my christian brother, carry your heart in it. If you learn that the sick are among you, go visit them, and if you find them in want relieve them; and you who possess your thousands pay them 5s. to 15s. per week; it will do you no harm; remember the widow and the fatherless, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world. Visit the dying, bury the dead, relieve those mourning friends in that dying hour of burden and anxiety.

These it would seem as Christian duties, all of which they have the means and ability to perform, to the full extent; and if the Church refuse to do this work, she should not complain if the order of the Cadets, the Sons and Daughters of Temperance do it for her. Let the course we have suggested be pursued, and we will most cheerfully consent to return all our Charters to the G. Section, and throw up the organization at once, until this course is pursued. We shall insist that the order of the Cadets of Temperance is a most valuable institution, and the most powerful to the prosperity of the temperance cause, than has ever before existed. Brothers, the labors of us all are needed, none are to be discarded; and the friends of our cause expect that every Cadet of Temperance especially, will do his duty. Our enemies are vigilant and powerful, and would rejoice at our overthrow; but they are disappointed, and already they are compelled to admit that—

Another hand is reared to stand,
Among the brave array,
Before whose might, tho' hard the fight,
Intemperance dies away.

Our glorious joy 's to rescue boys
From sorrow, vice, and shame,
Still gathers in, until at length,
It will the world proclaim.

W. R. GODKIN, A. S.

Worthy Archon, and Brothers of Lyn and vicinity,—I deem it my duty, as well as a privilege, to say a few words in favor of the glorious cause in which we are so zealously engaged. Our organization has for its object one of the most exalted purposes that can engage the attention of the truly benevolent and philanthropic; and judging from our past success, and future prospect, we rejoice in believing that a few more years of persevering exertion—a few more efforts well-directed—a few more plans judiciously executed, will rid our beloved land of the fearful and despotic reign of King Alcohol. We look forward with pleasure to the day when those who are now bound in the chains of King Alcohol, looking to the bright example set before them by the Cadets of Temperance, will at once burst their fetters, and join our ranks. We watch with intense anxiety the success of the temperance cause; it involves our dearest interests; it solicits our liveliest sympathies; and we would cheerfully yield our ready support and co-operation to every measure that will hasten the long wished for consummation—when the powerful antagonist shall fall a victim to our influence—when the detested tyrant shall be dethroned, and the mild reign of peace, joy, happiness, and prosperity, everywhere prevail. When I look back at the first commencement of this glorious cause, I am astonished to see what has been accomplished in so short a time, contending as they have had to contend with ignorant violent prejudice, an opposition founded on mistaken views, and yet we have gone on and prospered—and now we stand before the world—and now we go forth conquering, and to conquer, until all that can be gathered

shall be encircled in these our three cardinal principles, Virtue, Love and Temperance, and be free from the power and the snares of King Alcohol. Then angels approve of our order, and rejoice at our conquest; and while we all join in one harmonious concert, ascribing to those principles, Victory! Victory!! Victory!!!—Our motto has ever been onward, and shall remain so until King Alcohol and all his hosts are banished from our happy land. We no longer look at the dark side of the picture, for it is evidently plain to be seen that the temperance cause is doing good in the country. The temperance tree is spreading its branches over our happy land, and nations are becoming healed by virtue of its leaves. It is admitted that all men are brethren;—then why should so great an evil as intemperance be allowed to reign among us. Intemperance, avoid it, as you would warpestilence and famine—hate it with a perfect hatred—abhor it with an absolute abhorrence. Intemperance furrows the forehead with primitive wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its life, it takes the soul from its delightful path, it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. Come not under its accursed dominion, pass it by as you would pass a leper, or one smitten by the plague, touch it not, touch not of its fruit, for it shall turn to bitterness and ashes on your lips. Friendly, I say to each and to all of you, to abstain entirely from all that can intoxicate.

MOSES LANG, Sec.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We owe our Subscribers an apology for our late appearance this month,—we will take care that it will not occur again.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

If a sufficient number of lists of officers elected for the Quarter, ending Sept. 30, be sent us in good time, the Quarterly Supplement will appear with next number.

Scattered Seed.

“Tell me something about seeds, papa,” said a bright little girl to her father; “I want to know how they are scattered all over the world, for I know that trees and flowers grow up where nobody could have planted the seeds.”

“O, yes, my child, God in his goodness has covered the earth with vegetation, and has made the seed to be scattered by many singular contrivances. Some seeds have elastic pods, which, when they burst, throw their contents a considerable distance. Certain kinds of seeds have something like wings, and are thus taken by the wind and carried to distant places. The thistle and dandelion have such seed. And yet others are provided with prickly coatings that take hold on animals passing by, and are thus conveyed to other places. “Tall oaks from little acorns grow”—the acorns are carried off in the fall of the year by the squirrels who want to keep them for their dinners till the snow comes. But the acorns are not all devoured. Here and there, one drops where it takes root, and at length it becomes

“The oak—the brave old oak—
“With his fifty arms so strong”

Sometimes, seeds are borne along by rivers and streams, and sometimes the winds, or the birds of the air, carry them afar off to the distant islands of the sea.”

“Why, papa, I never thought there were so many ways to scatter seed: it is wonderful, is it not?”

“True, my daughter, but not more so than the means God employs to scatter the seed of divine truth. Sometimes the torn leaf of a Bible is accidentally put in with some part of a ship’s cargo, and is thus carried to a distant land, where it is read by some one to whom it becomes the means of salvation. I have been told of religious tracts that were used in packing boxes of merchandise, and sent in every direction, thus scattering far and wide the seeds of truth. A Sabbath school book is sent to the distant West, and in some log cabin, in the solitude of the prairie it becomes the seed in the heart which springs up to eternal life. You may contribute to send the Bible to the heathen, or libraries to the destitute; or you may bring a scholar to the Sabbath school, who will himself go and preach Christ “to them that are afar off.” This is one lesson we may learn from the scattered seed. S.



The Domestic Hen.

Buffon states that he once saw a hen hawk alight near a farm house, when a young cock, of less than a year old, instantly darted at him, and threw him on his back. In this situation, the hawk defended himself with his talons and his bill, frightening the hens and turkeys, which screamed at the top of their voice. After the hawk had recovered himself a little, he rose, and was preparing to make off with himself; but the cock rushed upon him a second time, overturned him, and held him down so long that he was caught.

One of the most barbarous sports of modern times, is that of cock-fighting. I am sorry to say that it is practiced now, to some extent, in civilized communities. Large bets are made upon two rival cocks. Artificial spurs, made of some kind of metal, are placed upon the legs of the cocks to enable them to fight more savagely. Sometimes one of the cocks falls down dead while fighting, and cases sometimes occur in which they both die in actual combat. Such sports must have a bad influence on those who witness them, and especially on those who take a more active part in them. I should think it would almost turn people into a race of tigers, after a while. I sincerely hope that none of my readers will ever have any thing to do with cock-fighting.

A hen, who had reared three broods of ducks in three successive years, became

so much accustomed to seeing them run to the water and swim, that she ceased to be alarmed about their safety, and no longer tried to prevent them from enjoying themselves in this manner. She was even in the habit of flying to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and of quietly watching her brood as they swam around it. The fourth year she hatched her own eggs; and, finding that her chickens did not take to the water, as the ducks had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with a great deal of earnestness. This hen must have had a good memory, don't you think so, young friend?

How to Prosper in Business.

In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment; persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice."

"He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes."

Attend to your business, and never trust it to another. "A pot that belongs to many is ill stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid."

"Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry." "Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners ensure success.

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance.

"He who waits for dead men's shoes may have to go for a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

Above all things, never despair. "God is where He was." "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Follow implicitly these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from accumulating.

The Wild Deer.

Did you ever see this beautiful animal, my child? When I was a boy in Ohio, I used often to find wild deer in my father's pasture with the oxen and horses, sometimes seeing twenty or thirty together. They were not afraid of a horse, and when riding I would bend forward upon the horse's neck so as not to be seen, and sometimes ride close up to them, with their lofty, branching horns, their long, slim ears, and their keen black eye always on the lookout for an enemy. When alarmed, they raise their heads and run with surprising swiftness, leaping high fences at a single bound without touching, as easy as you jump the rope.

The Indians used to live on their delicate meat, or venison, which you may have had on your father's table; and of their skins, which they knew how to tan or dress, they made moccasins, as we do gloves and other articles of apparel.

The Bible speaks of the hart, and the hind or roe, or the male and female deer. "As the hart panteth for the water-brooks, so panteth my soul for thee, O God." "Swift as the roes on the mountains." "Deliver thyself as a roe from the hunter." The poet Cowper describes himself as

wounded by sin, and his finding mercy in Christ, in the following beautiful lines:

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow, deep
[infixed,
My panting side was charged; when I with-
[drew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade
[me live.

—From *The Child's Paper*.

[For the Cadet.]

FANCY AND REALITY.

Whenever grief our cup hath fill'd,
O! there's that in the sparkling bowl,
The soul that's lone, the heart that's chill'd,
Can warm that heart, and cheer that soul.

The soul is cheer'd, the heart is warm'd,
And both are for a season charm'd—
The heart soon feels a deadlier chill,
The soul becomes more lonely still.

When we the wine-cup pass,
The ills of life—how few they seem!
O! when we drain the social glass,
Life is itself a pleasant dream.
God in his Holy Word hath said—
"Trust not the wine-cup, when 'tis red"—
It to the ills of life gives force,
And will to sorrow add remorse.

Wine owns the best and sweetest flow'r's,
And to us freely gives them up—
O! we enjoy life's golden hours,
When passing round the foaming cup.
But soon, ah! soon, those flow'r's given,
That lure the trusting soul from Heav'n,
Will fade away, and droop, and die,
And nought remain but agony.

With wine, how we can highly cope
'Gainst every adverse circumstance!
O! fresh and bright is every hope,
For wine its value doth enhance.
Though every hope is fresh and bright,
The time hath come to bid "Good Night!"—
No drunkard views the Heav'nly coast—
Through love of wine his soul is *lost!*

T. DOB.

Montreal, September, 1852.

Puzzles for Pastime.

SIR,—Should you not have too many enigmas on hand, by inserting the following, you will greatly oblige—

No. 1.—I am composed of 9 letters.

My 6, 7, 5, 5, 9, is the pride of England—good

My 9, 8, 4, 5, you'll see, is a river understood.

My 8, 3, 5, is really rage.

My 1, 2, is surprise.

My 2, 9, 9, 5, a name of poetess so wise.

My 4, 8, 2, 3, what good people must detest.

My 5, 2, 3, is sure no more than than part of the frame at best.

My 1, 5, 2, 3, is four-fifths where the seat of all care's found;

It is the chord where love, too, strikes, and seldom leaves it sound.

My 1, 2, 3, 5, I ween, a beast oft chased by man.

My whole's a kind of bufoon, sure; the name of him pray scan.

No. 2.

My 1, 2, 3, doctors recommend.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, has put many to an end.

My 1, 3, 2, exists in every tree.

My 7, 3, 1, 2, would give pain to you or me.

My 5, 3, 2, is of little value.

My 4, 6, 7, often makes us rue.

My 7, 3, 1, is time past.

Through my 3, 1, 2, a queen breathed her last.

My 2, 3, 4, is when equality is made.

My 4, 3, 1, 2, used in many a trad.

My whole is seven letters, and gives A Bird, which on the farmer thrives.

O. K.

SIR,—I herewith send you an enigma in verse, which I hope your readers will be able to answer in next number:—

No. 3.

They regret my departure whenever I leave,
Yet they send me away, tho' it cause them to grieve;

And joyful are all who my visit receive.

Altho' some would lay on me the violent hand,
Yet a certain respect from the world I command,

As I traverse the ocean and travel the land.

I'm often beheld in the business man's store,
And I'm sometimes heard knocking at poverty's door,

To give food to the needy, and clothes to the poor.

I've in me that which is akin unto love,
For it ruleth the court and the camp and the grove,

And the world here below—but not Heaven above.

ODET.

SIR—If you please, insert the following enigma in your October number:—

No. 4.

The noblest object in the works of art;
The brightest scene which nature can impart.
The well-known signal in the time of peace;
The point essential in the tenant's lease.

The ploughman's comfort while he holds the plough;

The soldier's duty and the lover's vow.

The prize which merit never yet has won;

The planet seen between the earth and sun.

The miser's idol and the badge of Jews;

The wife's ambition and the parson's quest.

Now, if your noble spirit can divine

A corresponding word to every line,—

By all these letters clearly will be shown

An ancient city of no small renown.

GEORGIUS.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

No 1.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
THE FEAR OF THE

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
LORD IS A FOUNTAIN

28 29 30 31 32 33.

OF LIFE.

No. 2.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
MY LITTLE CHIL-

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26
DREN LOVE ONE AN O-

27 28 29 30

THE R-

No. 3.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13
VIRTUE, LOVE, AND

14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23.

TEMPERANCE.

No. 4.—T O B A C C O.

The answers sent by Sarah T. Anderson, London; T—e D—o, Montreal; and G. W. Verral, Chatham, as they will see from the above, are correct.

Things to Think About.

T I M E .

Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb ;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the
brim. *Byron.*

On our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. *Shakspeare.*

The tide of human time,
Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know ;
And darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears. *Scott.*

The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubble ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lashed from the foam of ages. *Byron.*

O, time is sweet when roses meet,
With Spring's sweet breath around them.
C. Swain.

Remember how short is the time
Allotted to man upon earth :
How quickly he passes his prime—
But a span to the grave from his birth.
Dr. Ruffles.

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand
And with his arm outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. *Shakspeare.*

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as youth counts the shining links,
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Moore.

Not a moment flies
But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
And mows its thousands, with their joys and
cares. *H. K. White.*

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord ;
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Scott.

All things are best fulfilled in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth has
aid. *Milton.*

Time unhallowed, unimproved
Presents a fearful void.—*Bp. Middleton.*

The Spaniards have a proverb that " Drink-
ing water neither makes a man sick, nor in
debt, nor his wife a widow."

The parent who gives his children habits of
truth, industry, and frugality, provides for them
better than by giving them a fortune.—*Paley.*

Things to Smile At.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A publican's wife in
Suffolk, whilst at church, fell asleep, and let
fall her bag in which she carried a bunch of
keys. Aroused by the noise, she jumped up,
and exclaimed : " Cuss it, Sal ! there's another
jug broke."

Ned Bantline says that the women ought to
make a pledge not to kiss a man that uses
tobacco, and it would soon break up the prac-
tice ; and a friend of ours says they ought also
to pledge themselves to kiss every man that
don't use it ; and we go for that, too.

" Now put that right back where you took
it from!" as the girl said when her lover
snatched a kiss.

PREMATURE PITY.—A man being commise-
rated with, on account of his wife running
away, he said, " Don't pity me till she comes
back again."

WARM MILK.—" What makes the milk so
warm ?" said a cook to the girl who brought
the canful to the door the other morning.
" Please, mum, the pump handle broke, and
missus took the water from the biler."

THE EGOTISTICAL " I ."—The pronoun " I "
is thus defined by the *Family Herald* :—
" The ringleader of i-mpudence, the heart of
pr-i-de, coubly conspicuous in m-i-sch-i-ef,
shunned by the good and noble, and left to an
end of ennu-i."

An Irishman was indicted at the assizes, at
Tralee, for felony. His innocence was pro-
ved, but, notwithstanding that, the jury found
him guilty. The judge was shocked, and said
—" Gentlemen, the prisoner's innocence was
clearly proved." " Yes," said the foreman,
" he is innocent of the crime now charged
against him, but he stole my grey mare last
Christmas."

RURIC WIT.—As two would be wits were
pushing along in their gig to Brighton, on the
first of April, they overtook a clodpate tramp-
ing along. To " fool" him, one of them
shouted out—" John, John, do you see that
swarm of bees by you there ?" " Noa, I
don't, but I zee a couple o' confounded great
drones, though !" was the reply.

The brain of a hasty man (says an Ameri-
can paper) is like a sooty chimney ; it is con-
tinually in danger of taking fire from the flame
beneath. The brain of a well-ordered and quiet
citizen is like a chimney newly swept : the
sparks of passion pass through it, and escape
without danger into the cooler regions of
thought and reflection.

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