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CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, C.W., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1851.

NO. 24.



HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY ARE.

FROM THE POEMS OF LYDIA ANN APPLETON,
Of Whitechurch.

The broad blue arch of Heaven,
With scarce a cloud to mar,
The sun's refulgent flood of light,
How beautiful they are.

The wild bird's morning measure,
Poured on the air afar,
The forest's waving verdure,
How beautiful they are.

The sober hues of autumn
That every wind doth mar,
That tell us plainly all must die,
How beautiful they are.

The page of ancient story
That tells of darksome war,
To eyes that love its mazes,
How beautiful they are.

The eyes of infant loveliness,
Where guilt can claim no scar,
To minds that read their story,
How beautiful they are.

The lines that point to brighter worlds
Where beams the morning star,
To hearts renewed by grace divine,
How beautiful they are.

O may our hearts be tuned indeed
From sinful thoughts afar,
That we with all the good may know
How beautiful they are.

JANET McREA.

AN INDIAN STORY.

We seated ourselves in the shade of a large pine tree, and drank of a spring that gurgled beneath it.—The Indians gave a groan, and turned their faces from the water. They would not drink of the spring nor eat in the shade of the tree, but retired to a ledge of rocks at a short distance. I ventured to approach them

and inquire the cause of their strange conduct. One of the Indians said in a solemn tone, "That place is bad for the red man; the blood of an innocent woman, not of our enemies, rests upon that spot—she was there murdered. The red man's word had been pledged for her safety; but the evil spirit made him forget it. She lies buried there. No one avenged her murder, and the Great Spirit was angry. That water will make us more thirsty, and that shade will scorch us. The stain of blood is on our hands, and we know not how to wipe it out. It still rests upon us, do what we will." I could get no more from them; they were silent even for Indians. It was the death of Miss McRea they alluded to. She was betrothed to a young American, Mr. Jones, who had taken sides with the British, and become a captain in their service. The lovers, however, had managed to keep up a correspondence, and he was informed, after a battle in which he distinguished himself for his bravery, that his innamorata was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy Hill. As it was dangerous for him to go to her, he engaged a party of confidential Indians to take his horse to her residence, and bring her to his tent in safety. He urged her, in his letter, not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection; and the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman. They proceeded on their journey, and stopped under a large pine tree near a spring—the one at which they drank. Here they were met by another party of Indians, also sent by the impatient lover, when a quarrel arose about her, which terminated in her assassination. One of the Indians pulled the poor girl from her horse, and another struck his tomahawk into her forehead—tore off her scalp, and gashed her breast. They then covered her body with leaves, and left her under the huge pine tree. One of the Indians made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another brought him her scalp. He knew the long, brown tresses of Miss McRea, and, in defiance of all danger, flew to the spot to realize the horrid scene. He tore away the thinly spread leaves, and clasped the still bleeding body in his arms, and wrapping it in his cloak, was about bearing it away, when he was prevented by his superior officers, who ordered her to be buried on the spot where she had been immolated. After this event a curse seemed to rest on the red man. In every battle their forces were sadly cut up, the Americans attacking them most furiously whenever they could get an opportunity. The prophets of the Indians had strange auguries: they saw constantly in the clouds, the form of the murdered white woman, invoking the blasts to overwhelm them, and directing all the power and fury of the Americans to exterminate every red man of the forest, who had committed the hateful deed of breaking his faith and staining his tomahawk with the blood of a woman, whose spirit still called for revenge. It was agreed among the Indians in a body to move silently away, and by morning's light not a red man was to be found near the British troops. Captain Jones, too, was no more. In battle he led on his men with that fearfulness and fury that distressed a wild of a man, but his men were tired

of following him to such perilous attacks and began to fly. As he returned to rally them he received a ball in his back. Burning with love, shame, and frenzy, he turned and threw himself on the bayonets of the enemy, and at once closed his agonies and expiated his political offence. He was laid by the side of her he had so ardently loved and lamented.—Events of the Revolution.

A PICTURE.

Strolling through the Shockoe Hill Burying Ground, a few evenings since, says the Richmond Times, we unexpectedly became an eye witness to a scene that even angels might look down upon with an approving eye.—Within the railing of a neatly though plainly enclosed section, near the southern boundary of the burying ground, we discovered three sweet little girls—the eldest had probably seen ten, and the youngest not over six summers. The trio of little innocents had noiselessly gathered around a little green mound which appeared to be the newly made grave of an infant. The elder sister—for sisters we judged them to be—occupied an attitude of deep devotion, kneeling softly and gently by the side of a little green mound, which hid from view the loved form of a little sister or brother, who, "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," had been translated to a happier sphere. On either side, speechless and motionless, stood her little sisters, whose eyes, like her own, were running down with the meltings of their pure and innocent hearts.

Not an audible whisper escaped the lips of the little mourners. The orison of the kneeling child was in secret, but her whole manner bespoke the eloquent nature of the prayer she offered up to the throne of Heaven for the little one. That prayer, we doubt not, has been registered in Heaven, and if, in after life, its author should waver in the path of rectitude, it will plead trumpet-tongued in her behalf. Fearing that our presence might disturb the secret devotions of the sweet little trio, we paused, and quietly took a position which would enable us to watch, unobserved, the action of the devout little mourners. The elder sister held in her right hand a bunch of flowers—the earliest which a genial spring had called forth—consisting of violets and hyacinths. These she would press to her lips, and then scatter them over the grave of the little child. The sun was rapidly descending the western horizon—his last rays were gilding the tops of the obelisks which mark the repose of the opulent or the gifted, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around the holy scene. Softly and reverently the little sister arose from her kneeling posture, and as she arose we caught a glimpse of her sadly sweet face; it was illumined by an angelic radiance, which for a moment induced us to believe her more than mortal. Gently kissing her sisters by the hand, the little trio of innocents softly left the enclosure, the eldest sister closing the gate with a degree of caution which seemed to indicate her great anxiety, not to disturb the slumbers of the little child reposing in the enclosure. After casting one long lingering look at the little green mound, the sisters departed, and with the hurried eager steps of childhood soon reached the street. After they had left we drew near the spot rendered sacred by the outpourings of their pure

hearts. One little mound only broke the even surface of the section—the violets and the hyacinths were there, and we imagined they distilled a more delicious perfume on the "desert air" than the rarest essences cultivated by the horticulturist. No stone told the name, age or sex of the sleeping child, but its resting place has been indelibly stamped on our memory.

SETH HAWKIN'S LARCENY.

There is a tradition in Hantown, and very generally believed to be true, which, though true or false, throws a bit of romance around the plain matter-of-fact business of Seth Hawkins's courtship—a courtship not otherwise remarkable for incidents other than the common sort, viz suspicion of intention, accredited attentions, and happy consummation—"as every body does it."

This little incident, so the talk ran among the neighbors, was a jewel in its way, and shook with laughter the whole community of that quiet town for a long time, from the parson of the parish down to the very toe-mill of the local body politic.

Sunday night was the season which Seth chose on which to do his weekly devours, as Mrs. Horby would say; and his road to neighbor Jones, whose daughter, Sally, was the object of his particular hopes, lay across three long miles of hard territory, stumpy as an old woman's mouth, and as irreclaimable as a prodigal son, gone away for the third time.

One all-sufficiently dark night, unheeding wind and weather, as gallant and spruce a lover as ever straddled a stump, Seth, "in best bib and tucker," and dirkey, and all that, started upon his accustomed weekly pilgrimage to the shrine of Sally Jones—a sweet girl, by the way, as strawberries and cream are sweet.

Seth knew every land-mark, if he could see it, but the night was very dark, and in a little while he became confused in his reckoning, and, taking the light which gleamed from former Jones' cottage in the distance, for a guide, he rushed boldly on, regardless of intermediate difficulties, urging occasionally to right or left as some obstruction rose in his path, until he ran stem on, as a sailor would say, to a huge stump, and rolled inconsistently over the other side.

He gathered himself up as best he could, shook himself to ascertain that no bones were broken, and then restarted on his mission of love, his ardor somewhat damped by feeling the cold night wind playing in fantastic jets around his body, denoting that the concussion had breached his oh-fie-for shame, and that the seven-and-sixpenny cassimeres were no more to be the particular delight of his eyes in contemplation of their artistic excellence.

He knew not the extent of the damage sustained, but soon gaining the house, his first glance was over his person, to ascertain if decency would be violated by any unwonted display; but seeing nothing, and trusting to the voluminous proportions of his coat for concealment, he felt reassured, and took his seat in a proffered chair by the fire.

While conversing with the farmer about the weather, and with the dame upon the matter of cheese, he glanced at Sally, and saw, with painful surprise, that she was looking anxiously and somewhat strangely towards a portion of his dress. She averted her eyes as she caught his glance, but again catching her eye upon him, he was induced to turn his in the same direction, and saw, good heavens! was it his shirt, oozing out of a six-inch aperture in the inside of one of his inexpressibles? He instantly changed position, and from that moment was on needles. Was he making more revelations by the change? He watched the first opportunity to push the garment in a little, could he succeed in hiding it, it would relieve his embarrassment. Again he watched his chance, and again stowed away the linen. It seemed interminable, (like the Doctor's tapeworm,) and the more he worked at it the more there seemed left.

In the meantime his conversation took the hue of his agony, and his answers bore as much relation to the questions asked, as the first line of the Songs of Solomon does to the melancholy burthen of "Old Marm Pettingill."

At last, with one desperate thrust, the whole disappeared, and he cast a triumphant glance towards Sally. One look sufficed to show him that she had comprehended the whole, and with the greatest effort was struggling to prevent a laugh. Meeting his eye she could contain herself no longer, but screaming with accumulated fun, she fled from the room, and poor Seth, unable to endure the last turn of his agony, seized his hat and dashed madly from the house, clearing the stumps like a racer, in the dark, and reaching home he hardly knew how or how.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Jones looked every where for a clean nightgown that she had laid out for service on the back of the chair on which Seth had sat. She was positive she took it out, but where upon earth it was, she couldn't conceive.

"Sally!" cried the old lady, from the door, "have you seen my night-gown?"

"Yes em," echoed her voice, as if in the last stages of suffocation, "yes em, Seth Hawkins wore it home!"

It was unfortunately the case, and poor Seth had stowed it away in the crevice of his pants. It was returned the next day with an apology, and he subsequently married Sally, but many years afterwards, if an article of any description was missing, of apparel or otherwise, the first suggestion was that Seth Hawkins had stowed it away in his trousers.

How the story got about, nobody knew. He never told it, and Sally never told it, nor the farmer, but every body knew it and laughed gloriously at it too.—*Boston Sunday News.*

THE PRESIDENT IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

A most affecting scene was witnessed at the Lunatic Asylum at Utica. On entering the Chapel where some two or three hundred unfortunates were quietly seated, the overseer introduced the President of the United States, when all rose respectfully bowed and resumed their seats. Each member of the party was then introduced by name, when the same ceremony was profoundly repeated. Dr. Marthy, a wise lunatic, then arose and welcomed the President in a strain of graceful and touching eloquence that drew tears to every eye. He is a tall, thin, pale man, with penetrating eyes, a fine voice, and gestures belonging to the polite oratory of "gentlemen of the old school." The President's reply was also very happy and affecting. So orderly and so well behaved a company surely has not greeted him in all his travels. In one of the female wards the whole party was then gradually introduced to an elegantly dressed and most accomplished lady, the daughter of one of the most distinguished lawyers New York has ever produced. She had the right word ready for every one who addressed her and presented the President with a sweet little bouquet of her own arranging, in the most tasteful and graceful manner.—We saw the same "act of presentation" performed a hundred times, but in no instance with such exquisite simplicity and grace, as marked the offering of this accomplished lady. She is about forty years of age; and in mentioning the names of some of the distinguished men she had entertained at her father's house, added,—"but for the last seven years I have been very much out of the world."

There was a young girl in the asylum, who also attracted much attention by her beauty of person and elegance of dress. She did not appear to be over seventeen years of age, and there was not the slightest indication of lunacy or even of "irregularity" about her. She stood in the door of her room which was adorned with flowers, gracefully acknowledging the bows of the visitors, though no one presumed to speak to her. She wore a beautiful wreath of peach and cherry blossoms in her dark hair; the only ornaments appropriate to her rare and touching beauty. Thinking of the "fair Ophelia" and the heart-breaking "Bride of Lammermoor," and all the delicate feminine harp-strings that were ever broken by sorrow or sin, we left the beautiful lunatic, and for hours afterwards every sound seemed a moan, every breeze a sigh, and even the "drops in the morning" which glistened in the flowers, looked more like tears of sadness than gems of joy.

MRS. PARRINGTON ON THE NEW DRESS FOR LADIES.—"A new costume for ladies" said Mrs. Parrington, when a friend spoke to her about the proposed innovation in dress. The sound of "costume" came to her ear indistinctly, and she slightly misapprehended the word—"A new custom for ladies! I should think they had better reform many of their old customs before they try to get new ones. We're none of us better than we ought to be, and—"Costume, ha! ha!" cried her informant, interrupting her. "They are thinking of changing their dress."—"Well, for my part, I don't see what they want to make a public thing of it for, changing the dress used to be a private matter, but folks do so now!" "They are always a changing dresses now, like the caterpillar in the morning that turns into a butterfly at night, or the butterfly at night that turns into a caterpillar in the morning. I don't know which."—"But," again interrupted her informant, "I mean they are going to have a new dress."—"Oh! they are, are they?" replied the old lady, "well I'm sure I'm glad of it, if they can afford it, they can't! But did you hear of the new apparel for women that somebody is talking about?"—"Why, my dear Mrs. P.," said she, smiling, "that is just what I was trying to

get your opinion about."—"Then," returned she, "why did not you say so in the first place! Well, I don't know why a woman can't be virtuous in a short dress as a long one, and it will save some trouble in wet weather to people who have to put their dresses and show their ankles. It may do for young critters, as sportive as lambs in a pasture, but only think how I should look in short coats and trousers, should not I? and old Mrs. Jones, who wears three hundred pounds, would not look well in 'em neither. But I say let 'em do just what they please as long as they don't touch my dress. Like the old way best and that's the long and short of it."

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn—since we think his reputation may be considered as tested—is certainly a character well deserving attention. In many respects he was perhaps the most famous member of the Quaker community,—and that body may well be proud of his virtues and his name. Living in an age when society was cast between a dark fanaticism and a courtly irreligion, Penn presents the example of earnestness without frenzy, and enthusiasm without self-deception. The supposition that he was a mere rationalistic religionist—the *philosophe* of Quaker principle—is belied by his actions and his writings; between his religious ardour and the sanguine dreams of perfectibility in the last century it would not be difficult to draw some analogy. His character furnishes a good study for psychologists. He united in his own person the capacities at once for moral enthusiasm and intellectual speculation, and for affairs, which are rarely found combined in one and the same person. His feelings influenced him more powerfully than his understanding,—as is the case with most men of action; and his character is not strongest on its merely intellectual side. As a moral character in action—a human agency animated by a vivid sense of the supernatural,—it is from this critical point of view that his character should be seized. With much of the sanguine temper of the speculating projector, he had none of the faults of that type; his careless indifference to detail,—its too great confidence that instruments would have the same zeal as their director.—*London Athenaeum.*

Curious Customs of the Japanese.

The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Neylan saw growing a fir, a bamboo and a plum tree in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however, small are adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment. An act of taste? Oh, dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place, make the nossegay talk, and say "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put.

One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nossegay, in a manner suitable in every case. It is in the Japanese "use of globes" to ladies schools. The boys and girls, after reading and writing; which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. The

boys there are given special training in the harakiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honor of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boy's school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in the art of suicide.

Boys practice all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace caused often by the deeds of other men appears inevitable he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connections, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature: dying before shame come to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent.—*Household Words.*

ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON.

The first recorded ancestors of George Washington, the Commander-in-Chief and first President of the United States, was, says an English writer, John Washington of Whitfield, or Whitefield, Lancashire, who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century, and had two sons—John, who inherited the patrimonial lands at Whitefield, and Robert, who settled at Wharton, in the same county, and married three wives, by the first of whom he was father of John Washington, Esq., of Wharton, who (marrying Margaret, sister of Sir Thomas Kitson, alderman of London,) left a successor, Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Grey's Inn, Mayor of Northampton in 1532 and 1545, to whom Henry VIII granted the manor of Sulgrave, parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrew, near that town. Dying in 1581, he left two sons Robert and Lawrence—the latter was knighted, and left a son. Lawrence, whose only daughter and heiress married Robert Shirley, Earl of Ferras. Robert, the eldest son of Lawrence, the grantee of Sulgrave, had a large family; the eldest son, Lawrence, left four sons, Sir William of Pockington, who married Anne, half sister of Sir George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he had two sons, Henry and George. Henry was probably that Sir Henry Washington renowned for the resolute and spirited manner in which he defended the city of Worcester for Charles I, against the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax, in 1646. The other three sons of the last named Lawrence were John, of South Cave, Yorkshire, who emigrated to America about 1647; Richard and Lawrence who accompanied their brother John to the United States, where they purchased lands in Virginia, and became successful planters. John had two sons, Lawrence and John; the elder (Lawrence) had two sons, John and Augustine; and this Augustine had two sons (Lawrence and Augustine) by his first wife, and four by his second wife—George (the patriot and president) Samuel, John, Augustine, and Charles. The President bore the arms of the Washingtons of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire.

LOVERS.—Some one says — "If our sex were wiser a lover should have a certificate from the last woman he served," which reminds us of a remark made to us by a very singular as well as a shrewd woman not long ago. "If," said she, "you happen to be in the company of a woman, and speak in praise of a man who has formerly been attentive to her, but the change of fancy, satiety, a quarrel, or what not has dropped from the position of lover to that of a mere acquaintance she immediately fancies he has left her service for yours, and ten to one, although she

never cared a fig for him before, but she conceives the most violent desire to reclaim him, and falls into a complete hatred of you, as if you had treacherously stolen him away from her.—Now," she continued, "on the contrary, when such a thing happens to me, I congratulate myself that he has found out why I didn't suit him, before he suited me too well, and no sooner see him at the feet of another than I feel like telling her all the good I know of him, and find myself hoping that he will love her twenty times as well in reality as I fancied he did me." But apropos to the remark at the first of this—why is it that the last thing a woman ever thinks of inquiring about a man is, how he behaved in "his last place?" Even if she knows by all the evidence of eyes and ears that he has had a grand passion for her most particular friend, and has all of a sudden, fallen into as grand an indifference, the minute he falls at her feet she has such a tender fear of injuring the unfortunate fellow's sensibilities, that she never dreams of asking him whether he has not been acting just a little like a rascal. On the contrary, she immediately takes him into her service, permits him to put on her livery, and ten to one, in less than a month makes a knowing traitor the repository of her most private thoughts, and reposes the most unlimited amount of confidence in one that has forfeited all claim to any thing of the sort, by unworthily betraying that of another. Nay, in a majority of instances, the recreant recommends himself to the second by speaking in the most contemptuous manner of the first—and that, perhaps, not a month after she has seen him all ardent and devotion to the very one he undervalues.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

'Twas morning—o'er a vale of flowers
Arose the sun, its golden beam
Kindling with light the fairy bowers,
That made the beautiful landscape seem
As if the Saviour's beaming smile
Were resting on the spot the while.

A silvery stream the lovely vale
Fill'd with its music soft and low,
While moved with a bark that swelling sail
Most gently to the water's flow,
And calmly on its course did glide,
Sweet zephyrs whispering by its side.

Within a rosy infant played,
On whose bright face dwelt smiles so fair,
It seemed as golden sunbeams strayed
From heaven, their home, to linger there.
But played the baby not alone,
An angel's wings were round it thrown!

Time passed—still on the slight bark flies,
A graceful youth now marks its tide:
Some ripples on the stream arise:
Yet hovers near the angel guide,
And points the way with eager eyes
To towers that beam in far-off skies.

Noon comes, but oh! a bearing cloud
The smiling sky at length creates—
It bursts—now roars the tempest loud,
The lightning brightly glimmers past,
And on the storm-tost vessel stands
A weary man with outstretched hands.

In vain to steer his bark he tries:
A long and dreary rock-bound coast
Is all that meets his anxious eyes—
And but to strike this he were lost.
At length he prays—the dark clouds fly:
Again his angel hovers nigh.

'Tis evening, and the setting sun
Is sending down its parting beam:
Its kindling course is nearly done,
And, in the calmly flowing stream,
Descend its bright rays one by one,
An aged man now fills the bark,
Who scarce his onward course can mark.

His angel points with out-stretched hand,
Where seraph music gushing seems,
Such as oft played, an angel band,
In dreams—his happy childhood's dreams;
Gained is the port, hushed human strife—
That port is Heaven—the voyage Life.

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in Society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old, depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

SELF-JUDGMENT.—As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts and actions, and as a very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and search into his own disposition of mind which I am here mention:—First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others. Secondly, whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side. Thirdly, whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

WAYS TO HAPPINESS.—There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and which may happen to be the easier.

THE VANITY OF PRIDE.—If there be anything which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbors on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

HAPPINESS consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. They may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy! A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE EFFECTS OF WORLDLY SUCCESS.—We almost always find that a long course of success gives a sort of confidence very different from that which arises in a reliance on accurate and extensive views and prudent calculations. Many a man sets out in life with a daring and powerful genius, which, trusting implicitly to the precautions which it has previously taken, and the resources which it feels within itself for the future, grapples with enterprise and risks consequences, and succeeds in efforts that would daunt the timid, and be lost by the slow and calculating; but, after a long course of success, the basis of confidence becomes changed to the same man. He trusts to his fortune, not to his genius; grows rash instead of bold; and falls by events for which he is neither prepared nor adequate.—*G. P. R. James.*

OUTWARD APPEARANCES.—As the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellencies that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments, when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life

He who depends on another, dines ill and sups worse.



Agricultural.

COTTON GROWN IN OHIO.

We learn from the Cincinnati Commercial that cotton of a fine quality has been grown in the garden of Major J. M. Brown of that city. Says the Commercial:

The balls were small, in comparison to the cotton we have seen on the Red River and the Mississippi, but the texture is the finest we ever saw in any country. We are of opinion that this country could produce cotton of a most peculiar kind, which could be worked into fabrics equaling the finest imported; indeed, we think this climate eminently calculated to produce such a kind of cotton as to almost rival silk! It is useless to say that the small and delicate balls raised here can be as easily picked as those large ones on the Mississippi and Red Rivers, but they actually give more cotton, according to size, as one acquainted with cotton growing regions can see at a glance. We believe that an acre of ground in this country could be tilled and planted with cotton that would come up to two-thirds the worth of an acre so used in Mississippi. We learn that Mr. Thomas James, formerly of Mississippi, a cotton raiser, had the management of this miniature cotton crop, and is impressed with the success to such a degree that he will advise its repetition next year on a more extended scale.

BURNING OUT STUMPS.

Where there are but few stumps in a field, the stump machine cannot always be used advantageously, and the expense of applying it, would exceed the advantages. I have found that large stumps, which it is not practicable to remove by ordinary means, may very easily be got rid of by the following simple process:

After a period of dry weather, when the exposed portions of the stump are dry and tindery, cover it with a quantity of dry combustible matter, such as shavings, small sticks of wood, rubbish of any kind, and sprinkle over and through the mass, a few pounds of rosin, or a bucketful of tar. Over this, place a close and compact laying of turf, grass side in, in the same manner as the covering is applied to a coal pit, and ignite the wood through an opening at the base—a hole being left at the top to produce the requisite draught till the fire is fairly kindled. Manage just as you would were you burning a coal-kiln, and let the burning continue till the stump and its roots are completely consumed. The ashes will make a good top dressing for the adjacent soil, and the obstacle be removed effectually, and at a small cost. An hour's labour will do it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SCALDING HOGS.

I saw an article some time since, in the *Agriculturist*, on scalding hogs, and I thought I would send you a description of my mode of proceeding in such work.

I have a scalding, or large wooden tub, with a boiler in it, by which we heat the water by building a fire within the boiler, which saves the trouble of bailing off the water after the tub is filled, and a much more convenient way it is.

I will give you a description of it as well as I

can. It is five feet three inches long, two feet wide at the top, and twenty inches to the boiler from the top of the tub, the boiler being a long cylinder of copper or sheet iron eleven inches in diameter, reaching from the outside of one end of the tub to nearly the inside of the other end, where it has a shoulder; and the rest is the size of a common stove pipe, reaching through the end of the tub, to put a pipe on for the draft and smoke to pass through. The larger end should be even with the outside of the tub, and have a door with a fire hole in it, attached to the tub. Some are made wider at the top than at the bottom. Mine is so, being only sixteen inches at the bottom, and sixteen inches to the bilge, being the same width at the top of the tub. It should have a rack, or something like a ladder, over the boiler to keep the hog from laying upon it and should have a wooden roller put inside the tub at the end where the boiler door is level with the top of the tub, to assist in getting out the hog, and have another ladder with rollers, to pull the hogs on, with a couple of hooks on one end to hold it to the tub.

The wood used for fuel need not be more than two feet long. It can be heated in an hour or two, if the pipe draws well. A tub of this size will scald a hog that will weigh 700 pounds. It should have a lid to it, to make the water heat quick. Mine is made of cedar plank two inches thick, with two planks on each side, and three iron hoops, one on each end, to go all the way round the tub, and one in the middle to lap over the top of each plank.—*Rural New Yorker.*

HOW TO SAVE POULTRY MANURE.

Having learned the value of poultry manure, we suppose now, our readers would like to know what is the best method to save it.

First, build you a poultry-house, if it be no more than a rough scaffolding of poles or slabs, laid upon crotches, forming a double pitch roof, with end boards in winter, to keep out the wind and driving storms. Under this, place parallel roosts; the manure during the night, then, will all drop down in a narrow row beneath. Here place light loam about a foot deep, rather wider and longer than the roosts, and give it a sprinkling of plaster of Paris an inch thick. When this is covered an inch deep with manure, give it a layer of loam four inches deep, and another sprinkling of an inch of plaster, and so continue. In the spring, mix all well together, keep it free from the rain, and use it at the rate of one pint to a hill of corn, or in a corresponding quantity for cucumbers, squashes, pumpkins, melons, peas, onions, strawberries, or any other fruit, vegetable, or grain, requiring rich warm manures, and, our word for it, you will have a large crop of a superior quality. Thus you will become one out of the many who is desirous to benefit himself, and assist in saving more than a million of dollars annually to the country.—*Am. Ag.*

TASTE OF TURNIPS IN BUTTER.

About six or seven years ago, I saw it stated in a provincial newspaper, that to feed cows with turnips immediately after being milked, and on no account to give them any a short time before milking prevented the milk or butter from tasting of turnips. The method I pursue is this: immediately after being milked in the morning, they get as many turnips as they can eat. During the day they are fed on hay, and immediately after milking at night, they get the same quantity of turnips.—The milk and butter are very much admired by all who take them, both for color a flavor, and I have often been called upon to give a statement of our feeding by visitors. I have several times given the cows turnips a short time before being milked, just to prove the thing. On

such occasions the milk and butter tasted strongly of turnips.—*Gardeners Chronicle.*

YOUNG STOCK.—These should be provided with a tight shed, have a yard for exercise, and be so fed as to keep them continually growing. They should in addition to hay or fodder, receive a feed of grain daily. Oats is the best for such purpose. They should be salted twice a week; it would probably be better to give them a mixture of equal parts of ashes, lime, and salt.—*American Farmer.*

DURABILITY of timber depends more on the treatment after cut, than the time of cutting. The amount of sap in a tree is about the same at all times. But a large log, in hot weather, with the bark on, having no chance to dry, soon decays; but if immediately sawed into boards, they dry in a few days, and become hard and durable.

SAVE all the bones, and having mashed them, place them in a tub, and pour over them a quantity of sulphuric acid. They will be dissolved, and may then be applied as manure to your turnip and other crops. Not a bone should be thrown away.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

MR. McCORMICK'S REAPER.—Mr. McCormick, the inventor, is reported to have contracted in England for the manufacture of five hundred machines, to be in readiness before next harvest, at which time he intends visiting England to dispose of them. He has also a very extensive establishment engaged in manufacturing them in Chicago, Ill. During the fall of 1850, he manufactured one thousand six hundred, principally for the Western trade.

AGRICULTURAL DIGGING MACHINE.—A recent invention of this description is that of Mr. George Thompson (not the George Thompson,) which was patented a year since. Mr. Thompson's machine, as described and claimed in his specification, consists of a rectangular frame mounted on wheels and supported by two cranked axles, on which are fixed spades or cutters, which are so guided in their movements that the upper part of the stock is curvilinear. The cranks of the axles are at right angles to each other, and the spades on that axle in the rear of the machine act on the earth which was left undug by those on the front one. There are also receivers for the earth thrown up by the spade, which take a position to catch the earth as the spades are about to retire, and turn over and discharge it when the spades commence their downward movement. This machine may be set in motion by steam power, either stationary or attached to it. In some cases a row of coulters is attached to the front of the machine to act on the earth before the spades come into operation.

BUTTER.—Complaints have been received from England that the butter from Canada is too much salted.—This is a great fault, and if not avoided, will bring Canada butter into bad repute in the English market. There seems to be but very little attention paid to this matter by butter makers, for most of the fresh butter brought into our market is so salt that it is necessary to work it through water, before it is fit for the table.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE.—A letter writer for the Republic says:—"A trip of six hundred and fifty miles, from the northern to the southern extremity of France, justifies me in the expression of my opinion that God's sun does not shed its rays on so fair a land, or one so thoroughly cultivated. The whole country is literally a garden. Every square foot, from the mountain top to the lowest ravine, is made to produce something, if it be susceptible of it. Their mode of planting or sowing their crops, whether on plain or hill-side, produces the finest effect on the appearance of the landscape; the space allotted for each crop is laid out in squares or parallelograms with mathematical precision, and, whether large or small, the best garden could not be divided with greater accuracy. As there are no fences or hedges, and as the different crops are in different stages of maturity, you can imagine the variety of hues that meet the eye, and the magnificence of the panorama that stretches out in every direction as far as the vision can penetrate. I am sorry to add in this connection, that seven-eighths of the agricultural labor is performed by females, while two or three thousand stalwart men in uniform are idling away their time in the barracks of the cities and villages. In the absence of fences, cattle secured by ropes are driven about their pasturage by females; and sheep are confined within the required limits by boys, assisted by a shepherd's dog. Speaking of cattle, reminds me that, notwithstanding fresh pork is abundant enough in market, both in England and France, I have not seen a live porker in either country.—*Am. Paper.*

Youths Department.

MY MOTHER'S SILVERY HAIRS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

I gaze upon the silvery hairs
That o'er my mother's temples stray,
And think how dark must be the cares
Which scattered their untimely gray,
My childish waywardness, perchance,
Has often pained her weary head,
Has dimm'd the ardor of her glance,
And o'er her face a shadow spread.

Was it her labor to restrain
The approach of every want by day?
Long vigils by my couch of pain,
Till the last star had sunk away?
O! was it tender love for me,
A constant and unwearied care,
That traced those lines of silver ray
Through the rich mass of jolly hair?

O Thou who gav'st the tender friend,
Teach me with kindness to repay
That love which makes our spirit's friend
The care that shaped my youthful way!
Teach me with love as true, sincere,
To sooth her swift declining years,
And next to thy great name revere
My mother's sacred silvery hairs!

HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS LISTEN!

"Ma—come, you have promised to give Sallie and me the History of Alcohol, which you say has done so much mischief in the world, by clothing children in rags, and leaving them orphans upon the cold charities of an unkind world."

"Yes, ma," said little Sallie, who was not yet quite five years old, and whose curiosity had been greatly excited, by repeated stories told her of the sad effects of alcohol, not only upon grown men and women, but also upon little girls and boys, who have followed their bad example, and as she ran up to her mother with the exclamation upon her sweet little cherub lips, her eyes beamed with an expression of beauty, that significantly betrayed not only her interest, but the intelligence with which she ever sought all opportunities of improvement. As she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and imprinted a kiss, she again exclaimed "Yes, dear ma, tell us all about that enemy of good men. And because it was the bad instrument in the hands of the Wicked One, that caused Mr. Jones to murder his daughter Rosa. Oh, ma was'n't that awful and sad? When he was sober he was so kind and good, and I know he loved Rosa, for he used to call her his little darling and his pet, and when he would come home he would take her in his arms and kiss her just as you do me and sister Mary. But liquor made him mad—and so it would you too ma, wouldn't it?—and then he killed her, poor little Rosa. Oh ma if he had never touched a drop, Rosa would still be living, and perhaps here to day to hear you tell about Alcohol. So now, ma, please begin."

"Well," said Mrs. Addison, "as you are now anxious to learn something about its history, after knowing a good deal about its evil effects upon some of your little friends and acquaintances, I'll begin by first saying:—It was in Arabia where alcohol was first discovered some 950 years ago, by the son of a strange woman, Hagar as the Bible represents her, and which farther says, that his hand was against every one, and all the world were against him.

You may imagine a picture, on either side is represented as growing in beautiful luxuriance the banana tree, while in the centre flows a stream of pure water and in the distance is a temple raised to a heathen god. How quiet and beautiful it looks. Nothing you see but what administers to man's happiness and enjoyment. Yes, there is beautifully blended, and spontaneously offered, Nature's best gifts; God the giver of every good and perfect gift, presents and tenders to man that

which would have been healthful to his body and invigorating and improving to his mind. There stand the bread fruit trees, at their base flows the sparkling water; but the son of the strange woman Hagar converted their healthful fruit into a deadly poison which is used as a substitute for water. Ladies used it as a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have some straw to get sober on.

In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in life, was among the Hungarians in 1581. In 1581, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain and sold it as a medicine in bottle, under the name of the water of life. Until the sixteenth century it was only kept by apothecaries as a medicine. During the reign of Henry VII., brandy was made known in Ireland, and soon its alarming effects induced the Government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture.

About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness and made men fearless on the battle field. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific—Such is the brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol in society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, poverty and murder of thousands.

Now, my dears, I have given you the history of alcohol, and I hope you will never use a drop of that beverage which as you know may destroy both soul and body.—Union A. K.

The Trusting Heart of Childhood.—The peaceful character of the World's Fair is finely illustrated by the following anecdote:—At the grand opening of the crystal palace, while thousands awaited the arrival of the Queen, a little boy five or six years old got away from his mother, ran into the midst of the central crowd of dignitaries and diplomats, walked up the steps of the platform on which was the chair of state turned around and stood looking about happy and delighted, and then went back again to the cover of the wing from which he had escaped. It showed a sense of perfect security—a feeling in the boy that there was nothing to frighten him there. He probably could not have done or felt as he did in any assembly of thirty thousand people that ever met before.

Ill will never speaks well, nor doth well.

TO POETS.—The last number of Frazer's Magazine has the following excellent advice to young poets—or, rather, to the would-be poets, that so pester newspaper editors and the world:

"Oh! sit still, and don't break the blessed silence by such noises as that. Sit still, and read your Homer, and your Shakspeare, and your Dante, and your Milton, and your Goeth, and learn to be modest, and to get some definite and truthful meaning for your own words before you utter them. Stop writing, the whole clan of you, for Heaven's sake, and do something—walk a hospital, teach in a ragged school, drive a locomotive, handle a felling-axe; or if you can do nothing else, just jump over the nearest bridge, and see how you feel after it—do anything, in fact, that will bring you face to face with one fact, with one simple, universal word, or thought, or feeling of human nature—the one, be sure, which are just the deepest, and most awful, and most poetic, because they are common to you and to every coal-heaver. But turn art no more into Pharisaism—crow no more; and with such crows, too!—as if a bantam hen on a rainy afternoon—because you, the supposed poet, are not as other men are."

A PERSON with his clothes torn never wants a companion in rags.

THE BLIND BOY.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloomed—the air was mild,
The little birds purred forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on,
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
A tree concealed me from their view,
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say do I see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers you say are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty buds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And can feel the leaf's green shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given!
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—
But why ask me a thing so odd?
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "O, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where, Mary says, I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too,
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child
And opened first his eyes in heaven!

THE RIGHT STUFF.

On Tuesday Inst, a hardy tough looking Yankee boy came into the city with a quantity of berries for sale, and while one of our merchants was paying him for a few quarts of berries, he learned from him several interesting facts in history, which we think worthy of being recorded to the honor of the boy's perseverance, and for the encouragement of others, both men and boys, in the battle of life. The boy is now only a little over 12 years of age. His father died when he was young, leaving a poor widow with three children, this boy and two little girls. When the boy was less than ten years of age, he conceived the idea, a true American idea, and which we wish every American fully entertained, and appreciated, of owning a piece of land, and he set himself about a calculation how he could manage to pay for it. Having satisfied himself of the result, he found a piece of land which would suit him, about three miles from the city, and his application

was received, and he entered upon the land and set himself to work to pay for it. During the berry season he and his sister picked berries and brought them in and sold them, paying over little sums, as he could part with them, towards the land. This season he has sold forty collars worth of berries, and on Tuesday he owed but nineteen dollars for his land. His mother in the meantime married, but her husband is in feeble health and unable to do much in support of the family, and the little fellow, aided by loving and industrious sisters, has struggled manfully for a place to live in, or a spot he may call his own, and will doubtless by and by make that spot beautiful in its luxuriance and hallowed in its influences.

This little fellow is not only an heroic worker, but an efficient teacher by example. How many men with greater strength and greater ability to accumulate, have lived through the three past years without accomplishing as much as this boy. How many young men waste time in useless indulgences and extravagances enough in three years to pay for a lot of land for a homestead in which they could plant trees and flowers, and make attractive with its varied beauty, and on which, after a few years of prudent saving, they could erect a neat dwelling for a home? We like the teachings of this boy's example, and if there is one thought of worldly wisdom above others which we would plant in the mind of every American it is this—secure the title in a piece of land and make it a home and make that home beautiful and attractive in all its externals, and in its internals make it as near as possible a representative of heaven.—*Bangor Whiz.*



The Literary Gem.

PART FOURTH—LINES ON A KISS.

On and onward still, like ceaseless clouds before the wind
On and onward still, as after him who first has sinned,
Swift and swifter yet, fierce conscience hurls her good-
ing dread.

Lone and restless now, the spirit thence untiring fled,
Loft afar the mist dim fanning from the shrouded trees,
Like the blithesome look emerges slowly from disease
Unperceived, or night unconscious fades before the day
Or our dreams in sleep are lost and listless glide away,
Left the coast and us it faded in a threaded line,
Dashed her rapid course across the deeply mirrored brine,
Till the land again arose all dimly to the view,
Like o'er sun and fields the vapor rises from the dew
Hurled behind the shore once more the country scanned
again.

Swift and trackless as disease along the nerves shoots
pain,
On still on she swept o'er earth like wave succeeds to
wave.

Still unchanging as mankind tend downwards, to the
grave,
Till o'er Palestine she stayed her course, the land of
doom.

Nature there has filled the breeze with rich perfume,
Carpeted the land with beauties—on her valleys broad
Has she poured the bowl of luxury—the eye of God
Plenteously there sends down the sun-shine from on high,
Rivers mirror back the deep blue ether of her sky,
God there made the land a paradise, a fruitful plain,
Left he man its lord, who made its name a blot, a stain,
Shame may blush to hear, a tide of blood where hungry
strife.

Lawless with the bible since has trafficked death for life,
Here she stayed her flight, on Olives mount there lay
below.

Fair Jerusalem whose marble domes like hills of snow,
Reared aloft their heads, contrasting with the pure blue
sky.

While the setting sun with purple hue or sickly dye,
On the leaf now glanced or made the marble still more
pale.

Reddened now the sky or trembled in the yellow vale,
Cheered the heart of man or cherished into restless life,
Passion fierce and foul in Jewish breast with envy rife,
Here it left all bright all glowing warinth, but in the
shade.

There it left its shadow drear and by its brightness made,
Still more drear or here it warmed the flower with a smile,
There it nursed the weed with thorns and burrs all rank
and vile.

Here is calmed the mind with joy, with hope, with truth,
with peace.

On the features played, from care it gave a kind release
There it bred the mind with fell revenge insatiate,
Or consumed the hypocrite with ever gnawing hate.

The eye o'er a her curtain o'er the fair eastern land,
And the dry shrank from earth's horror was at hand.

And as shame veiled her face, to stars gleamed in the sky
While Emanuel wept as his followers sigh,

Slept now in their sadness, for a heaviness drear
On earth closed like the lids on the eyes of the dead,

And wickedness shrouded like a film the black earth
Like a skum the dead lake with its green fetid garth,

And God gave his sanction and said too it is well,
And sin in the mind crept as a devil from hell.

Now Jesus was there and his disciples did sleep,
For their hearts were so heavy, that no watch could they
keep.

Then he said to them watch ye in prayer while I go,
And sorrow did follow, like a torrent of woe.

And the smile of his God then his spirit forsook,
Lake water in desert leaves thirsty the brook.

And his figure was bent by the weight of his care,
And his feelings were wrung by the fall of despair;

But his sorrow he bore, till on his friend he did think,
That he should deny, then almost did he shrink

In the depth of compassion his soul loving yearned,
But he found them asleep when again he returned,

And he said to them sleep for my hour is at hand,
And while he was speaking came near a great band.

Of priests and of soldiers, and one came with the rest,
With a lie on his lip, though he friendship professed.

Then Judas his master betrayed as he kissed,
And the serpent looked on and with gladness there hissed,

While the earth shuddered, heaven was darkened within,
And he laughed and he leered at the triumph of sin.

And he jostled and writhed at the pleasure it gave,
And returned to his roof, midst the bones in the grave.

But Judas retreated, his countenance fell,
Like the frown of a cloud on a sunshiny dell.

His peace too had left him for ever and ever,
And a blackness clung to him no shrinking could sever,

A tremor came o'er him that shattered his reason,
Like a cold winter blast on our summer season.

For his conscience was struck with the deed he had done,
Like the hoar frost is struck in the glance of the sun.

When he saw his Lord's brow with that fell agony,
Droop o'er his heaved breast like a mound o'er the sea;

As Jesus said: "with a kiss betrayest thou me,"
It sank deep in his heart like a stone in the sea,

And his face was as ash as colour of lead;
His reply like a sound in the throat of the dead,

And the kiss that he gave to Emanuel, was not
As a kiss, but on the face of heaven a blot;

Did he think to rob Christ of his friends in his gloom,
Nay he hailed gladly death, they embraced in the tomb,

And although the world shrank at his torture and pain,
Yet it smiled as he rose triumphant again.

Hamilton, Dec., 1851. S. PARK.

ANIMAL LIFE.

In some experiments by Dr. Edwards on Frogs, it was found "that inclosed in plaster so as to *exclude the air*, they lived *six weeks*. They have also been kept for *three years* inclosed in plaster, but in a cellar at a low temperature."

The fact that animal life will remain in operation for hundreds of years in a state of stupor or sleep is fully proved by well authenticated facts. The powers of animate and inanimate life are capable of enduring for almost any period. The most remarkable instance of the former that we read of was that of a frog found last year in a quarry of stone in Scotland, we think sixty feet below the surface of the soil. It was encased in the solid rock, and must have grown there in the course of time, from an egg of the animal deposited there when the water covered the land and when the materials covering it were soft.

The frog on being touched jumped, and on examination was found to have no eyes, and a thick film or skin covered the places where the eyes would be. In conformation it was like a common frog, and had the powers of action, feeling, and animal consciousness. The time during which this animal so existed, and the time when it as an egg or poliwog was so deposited are mere matters of conjecture; yet we are safe in saying that thousands of years must have elapsed since the last was the case. Now this creature would probably have lived there yet thousands of years longer. The frog in a natural state lives but a few years. In a state of suspended life it may exist for a hundred thousand years. How is life sustained in this state? No air could apparently get to this frog in his rocky tomb. He must have lived on the substance of the rock in which he was encased. Is there substance of nourishment in rock? Yes there is nourishment in everything under certain circumstances. The coldest regions of the North, the mountains' everlasting snows are at times red with life or plants growing on the snow resembling by their infinite number blood, and yet in existence. The rocks afford nourishment to plants. Plants float without root and grow in the water. Plants and even animals grow and breed in the clouds and upper air. True they are microscopic but such is the case. Many animals in northern latitudes during the winter, as all know, remain in sleep, and some that only in the summer can live in the air, sleep under the water for half the year in profound silence and stupor. It is possible that if undisturbed these animals would sleep for hundreds of years. Warm weather, the heat of the sun brings them again to activity. Thus the swallow has been found in winter lying in muddy marshes in clusters in a state of stupor. They have also been found in this position in winter, in sand banks. The frog tribes and toads sink to the bottom of the mud in marshes, and lie there until April, and lie as if in death, to emerge again full of life in May. The snake tribes creep into caves—under rocks, logs, and into deep holes and lie in clusters without food for six months of the year. In this state they are often dug up and warmed into life. They might so exist for hundreds of years. The bear—the racoon and ground hog, and many other Canadian animals sleep in hollow trees and holes of the forest during the winter. Some time since we saw a strange account of a Swedish philosopher who could put into a state of torpor a young lady by a certain temperament in the air, and other process, in which state she would remain for months without food wholly unconscious. We will insert the account in a future number. Animal life may be suspended thus for indefinite periods. It may be that the bowels of the earth contain seeds of plants and eggs of animals, and perhaps animals in a state of stupor where they have laid for thousands of years and will continue to be for thousands more.

☞ The larvæ of the "great moth" increases their weight one hundred and forty times in an hour, and when full grown are 72,000 times heavier than when first hatched.

Life animate and inanimate is not only capable of remaining without any apparent food or nourishment for thousands of years but it is full of other inexplicable wonders. It is said that

animals live in the blood and we enshle them with every breath of air. Thousands sport on every green leaf unseen; and there are millions of creatures unseen by any human or known animal eye, to one seen by them. Nature seems as infinite in the minimum as in the maximum. One of the strangest things in nature, is the fact that the sap of trees rises without any known or imaginable power to the tops of trees in the spring, and falls again in the fall. We hear it said that the power is in the earth, but such is not the case—for the butterfly or the caterpillar—the grub or the fly, that has no connection with the earth as a body or part thereof, shed its coat, fall into sleep, and their juices remain stagnant until spring causes the blood again to flow. The birds of the air smell the approach of winter and rise to the skies and sail on quick wings to the South, until a something again in the spring impels them to the North.

A grain of millet found in the hand of an Egyptian mummy four thousand years old, grew lately in the United States, as did also a flower bulb of equal age. Had ten thousand years have fled the millet and flower bulb would have grown equally well. There is a sympathy in everything in nature, the one with the other; the air with the animal and vegetable kingdom, and the elements with one another. And there is a hand that worketh unseen. When nothing appears yet there is something. The glory of the unseen is infinitely more glorious than the seen. As strange as is life, animate and inanimate, yet more strange is thought, the action of the brain in sleep. Somnambulism, and what some call clairvoyance, or the supposed capability of the flight of the soul from the body and its immediate return.

Thought, in the twinkling of an eye, will wander from earth to the remotest star. Thought in speed as far exceeds the forked lightning as does the lightning the pace of the sloth. We believe there is a universe of mind as infinite as that of matter in variety—and the crown and glory of all is a fountain of moral and infinite love whose centre is the *Ancient of Days*.

For the Son.

ON TOBACCO, No. 11.

In the first part of this article it was asserted, that the use of tobacco was injurious to the human system, and if persisted in to excess, it would derange the harmony of its several parts, if not eventually destroy the entire connexion between them.

But says one, in reply to this, "how can that be possible, when I take it as a medicine—as something to recruit and invigorate my impaired constitution? When my Physician ordered it as an antidote for some disease with which I am afflicted?" Very well, we say, has the proposed remedy proved an effectual cure? If so, why continue to use the medicine after you have been healed? Or, if after having given it a sufficient trial, you find that instead of eradicating one evil it is implanting ten, why not much more quickly abandon it? Friend, how canst thou work thy way out of this dilemma? Like Alcohol it may effect a partial and temporary good, but it more frequently entails on its patients great and per-

petual evils. Implacable indeed must that disease be, which requires so harsh a remedy; and painfully burdensome must be its pains, if more frequent and acute than those which the cure would impose!

We cannot converse with scarcely an individual, addicted to the "use of the weed," who will not admit that he would be better without it. Even the most inveterate chewer, smoker, or snuffer, instead of advising you to adopt the practice will caution you against it; and who will not fail to deprecate, in terms of the most bitter regret that epoch in his life, when he became habituated to either of these most pernicious customs. What can be more humiliating, and at the same time hopelessly debasing, than the nature and extent of that habit which such confessions from time to time unfold! Here we find persons acknowledging their error—regretting the injuries they are inflicting upon themselves and yet, by their conduct, seeming utterly destitute of the power to reform. Here we witness Reason descending from her throne, to perform a degrading and obsequious pilgrimage to passions' temple! We see the moral faculties—those God-like principles of our nature—made subservient to the mere animal sentiments, and all their vitality and nourishment consumed by a perverted alimentiveness. Can persons living in such a condition lay full claims to temperance? Can any one be said to live "soberly and righteously" who is revelling in excess, and continually violating the constitutional laws of nature? These questions should be impartially investigated by all enquirers after truth.

"Ah!" but says one "this is all very well for those who use it to great excess, yet it does not reach me, or others who use it in like moderation. If others are such debasing slaves of tobacco it is no reason why we should leave it off who are not." We answer, that, to look at the question in the most charitable light, you are at least indulging in an idle habit, and creating a worse than needless expense. The time and money expended so foolishly and extravagantly if devoted to some useful pursuit and expended in some charitable manner, would in the aggregate accomplish amazing results. Suppose for instance that a person smokes only three times a day, and that he spends five minutes each time; then this amounts to one quarter of an hour each day: that is 91½ hours in a year—in 40 years this amounts to 3650 hours; making 30½ 1-6 days of 12 hours each—nearly a whole year! So this individual—this *very moderate* smoker in living 40 years has spent ONE of them in smoking! Then look at the expense. Why Canada with only one million and a half of inhabitants expends about three millions of dollars annually in this narcotic! *which is more than one million above the entire sum expended by the Province for all the purposes of Education!*

Then say no longer that your moderate indulgence is harmless when it causes mankind to be so prodigal of their time and money as this very limited calculation shews them to be. If you have the power to partake moderately you also have the power to abstain entirely; and you are therefore less excusable than those pitiable victims, whose chains are riveted. Nor is the useless expense and waste of time, however important in themselves, the only motives that we

would urge upon the calm consideration of the moderate consumer to abandon his tobacco; but the evil influence which his example has upon those by whom he is surrounded is, we think, more incalculably important than either.

CONSTANTIA.

To be continued in a future Number.

TIME ADIEU ADIEU.

Go thou fleeting thing, and be no more,
Go to that bourne whence none return;
We soon will seek that distant shore,
The secrets of the dead to learn.

Ah! many have gone before us there,
And rest upon that shore so fair,
That valley dark is lit beyond,
Oh there we'll see life's friends once fond.

Their voices come o'er the distant gloom,
Like music o'er the midnight air,
There is a land where spirits bloom,
The dear the loved of earth are there.

Hark! seraphic music sounds afar,
And glorious light is dimly seen,
Across death's valley it seems a star,
A few short years will move the screen.

Time adieu, adieu departing year,
Bear on thy wings all sorrow, grief;
We'll drop for thee a friendly tear,
We bless thy reign, although 'twas brief.

Old time, old friends, affections dear,
Shall never be by us forgot,
And tho' thou art a passing year,
We cast with thee, old friend, our lot.

Grey grow this head and dim this eye,
And tottering be the step of age,
But friendship's warmth shall never die,
We'll write thee on affection's page.

C. M. D.

FAREWELL TO THE YEAR 1851.

Time fleeth and no man can stay it. Another year has drawn to a close with all its good and evil, with its chequered mass of events, bearing to the lake of Oblivion the joys—the sorrows—the tears and oppressions of another cycle of time. Well would it be for all if they could turn their thoughts inwards, and receive an answer from the inmost heart, "You have striven to do your duty well." Be that as it may, let it be the part and resolve of all to examine their hearts with a view to thankfulness to, and forgiveness from their Maker; and a determination to be wiser, and more active in the cause of Religion, humanity and temperance in 1852. A few years ago and all of us were prattling babies upon the knees of those who sleep beneath the clay. We bloom like the forests of Spring, and now stand, some of us, on the summit hill of life, looking both ways; towards our infancy one way, and towards the grave on the other. Some of us have our faces turned down the hill of time, and we are hurrying down its steep to the quiet graves of our forefathers to sleep with them. Such are life and time. Time is emblematic of death. Blessed is he who can say within his soul, "My end and hopes are not centered in the grave," but "I yearn for the company of the bright and

happy spirits of another state of existence, where glorious realms are lightened by the immediate countenance of God, and the presence of the *Ancient of Days*; who lighteth and warmeth the conscience of every man."

We cannot close these few remarks without thanking our many patrons for the manner in which they have during the past year patronized this paper. We tender our thanks to members of the Order generally, who, although generally strangers, have not hesitated to trust us. We can safely appeal to all and ask them have they in any way been deceived by the paper we sent them? Every heart we trust will respond in the negative. Our aim has been to give our friends an acceptable paper; one entertaining to themselves and their families. To suit the farmer, the mechanic and the literary man, more particularly our brother Sons of Temperance, has been our constant effort. Again are we about to launch our bark upon the waters of public favor, and we say trust us and you shall not be deceived.

THE CANADIAN Son of Temperance.

Toronto, Saturday, December 27, 1851.

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

OUR NEW VOLUME

It is our intention to issue the numbers of the New Volume every 10 days, thus making 36 numbers in a year, and in a style superior to the present volume, and upon better paper. We have not determined upon the exact plan of the paper as yet, but it will be a cheaper paper than that of this year, and will be in form for binding. It is our determination that no paper in Canada, or the United States shall be better conducted or cheaper than our forthcoming one. We may safely say that no periodical ever published in Canada, of the kind we publish, was offered for a less sum, considering the great amount of original selected literary and temperance matter.

There will be departments in our forthcoming volume devoted to the Sons, Daughters, and Cadets.

The terms of the New Volume will be for Single Copies 5s. invariably in advance.

Payments made at any time within January or February will be considered in advance; but if delayed longer 6s. 3d. will be, in all cases, charged to pay expense of agency.

5 Copies sent to one address for \$4½ in advance.

10 Copies to one address for \$8 in advance.

20 Copies to one address \$16 in advance.

SECTIONS OF CADETS, OR UNIONS OF DAUGHTERS.

5 Copies for \$4 } addressed to one person
10 Copies for \$7½ } invariably in advance.

All Postage must be paid, and letters addressed to CHARLES DURAND, Editor of the *Son of Temperance*, Toronto.

For the Son of Temperance OUR TRIANGLED BANNER.

BY THE FORE-^T BARD.

Our triangled banner floats proudly above
Its motto Fidelity, Purity, Love,
(A glorious compari!) how lovely it waves,
And thousands now hail it, but hail not as slaves:
The foe-man is daunted our victory's sure,
And Alcohol's throne 's no longer secure;
Tho' ages a despot he reigned o'er the land,
Morality's onset he could not withstand.

Love's clarion sounded a temperance call.
The tyrant was palsied and soon he will fall;
See Hope, Love, and Kindness appear in the field,
They've arm'd for the struggle to die 'ere they yield;
They come breathing freedom to each in their breath
To break the vile chain of destruction and death;
Wherever they come pale misery doth flee,
And heaven re-echoes the song of the free.

The ranks of the monster no longer they crowd,
To whom, in their blindness, as seals they have bowed,

No longer they serve him, the demon of lust;
And his banner deserted now droops in the dust.
Bright angels approving register their choice,
And Temperance welcomed them with her sweet voice;
No more shall the wretch go lamenting by day,
That fortune the wine-cup had squandered away.

No more the lone wife shall sit weeping at night,
Or mourn the deep curse on her hymenal night,
No more noble man shall his reason pollute,
Nor th' image of Jove be debased to the brute:
Oh no they have heard fair Morality's sound,
And they rally our Triangled Banner around.
Then hail ye the Sons who were foremost in fight,
Who have vanquished the demon and broken his might.

Not as mortals they struggled, brave champions of youth—

Oh noble! how noble the name they have bought,
Beloved by the thousands their conduct nas taught;
E'en nations unborn shall a pure blessing breath,
And tho' they may fade from Mortality's clime,
The deed shall exist all undying as time.

And the crown that they tore from the demon's vile head,
Gem'd with curses and tears from the ruined and dead,

In bosoms unborn yet a proud thought shall touse,
Of the trophies they tore from King Alcohol's brows;

Then come in ye few who are wandering yet
With Sons let your names in our Charters be set,
We have rich ones and noble and poor ones a few,
The many are ours but there's room yet for you *

Then come will ye come ere the slumber of death
Shall rob you of will of hope and of breath.
Oh come taste of joy in de lauchery's room,
And let our fair flag throw its shade o'er your tomb,
The death couch you'll find then with Piety near,
Religion attendant forbidding a fear;
Like an ambrosial draught it will banish each sigh,
In the shade of our triangled Banner to die.

Dec. 7th, 1851.

WORTHY PATRIARCHS.

We feel it a duty to say a few words to these officers, not as knowing of any particular deficiency, but simply to urge more zeal and action in the discharge of official duties generally. The welfare of every division for the time depends on this officer, and if he be remiss, ignorant of his duty, or the Bye-laws and Constitution, every thing will go wrong. An associate may assist some but cannot discharge the duties of the W. P. as he should. The W. P. should feel it his duty to visit, once a month at least, every member of his division, and converse in a kind way him, especially those of whom he has any doubt as to steadfastness of principle. This in very large cities and very divisions like those of Ontario, Hamilton, Cobourg, London, or St. Catharines, which amount respectively to over 300, but in smaller divisions it could be easily done. Many a brother by a little timely advice of this kind might be saved when wavering. As the head of a division the W. P. should feel a pride in this small trouble. It is not only an official duty to preserve his division pure, but it is his duty as a moral man and a Christian. To him is intrusted the careful exposition of the Bye-laws and Constitution, and these has to hand to his successor as pure as when received; and to him are no less entrusted the character, order, purity and faithfulness of the division and its individual members. One way of fulfilling his duties is to know who the members are, and by a friendly intercourse, impartiality and promptness of decision and a thorough knowledge of the Bye-laws and Constitution should be always followed and acquired. No one should undertake this office without a determination to see to these things. Next after the W. P. the R. S. is the most important office. He should be punctual in notifying all committees and in keeping the minutes as well as in arranging business. An important duty vested in the W. P. is to appoint good committees to commence the quarter with, and to carry out resolutions and investigations. When all fulfil their duties our order is a beautiful and beneficial one.

CHURCHVILLE CADETS. ↵

MR. EDITOR,—In looking over your last number of the *Son* I see there is nothing said about our flourishing little Section of Cadets, and I see that none of the Sons of Temperance have said any thing about the splendid banner that was presented to us on Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th, by the ladies of Churchville. It was presented by Miss Snare of this place, with a suitable address by the same lady, but I am not prepared to give you the particulars of it, for in so doing I would expose my name to the public, which I do not wish to do at present. The address was answered by Br. Burns, and a good answer it was. After this the Rev. Br. Gowan gave us an excellent speech, and then the Rev. Mr. Morrison gave us a lecture, when the meeting closed. The presentation of the banner was after this fashion:—

The Past Worthy Archon brought in the banner and took his seat on the left hand side of the ladies. Then the Worthy Patron sung a temperance "lee" after which the P. W. A. present-

ed the banner to Miss Snure and she read the address to the Cadets, and presented the banner to the Worthy Archon who received it expressing his thanks and showed it to the audience. The Worthy Patron read an answer, after which the audience were dismissed highly satisfied with all that was done.

I remain yours in L. P. and F.

A CADET.

Churchville, Nov. 9, 1851.

The above has been in our hands about ten days. The Section of Cadets in this village is, though small, a very flourishing one, and well managed.

Let every section in Canada strive to improve itself in knowledge, order, good behaviour, and Temperance principles. Cadets in section rooms should observe order, listen to wisdom, and respect the Worthy Patrons, showing to all the world that Cadets of Temperance not only are truly temperance boys but that they are lovers of decency, quietness, and piety; avoiding the use of profane and indecent language and every thing that would cast reproach on their beautiful institution. We invite remarks from all Sections in Canada and accounts of their progress which we will gladly publish.—[EDITOR SON.

A GREAT MASS MEETING OF AMERICAN TEMPERANCE MEN

Is to take place on the 28th January next. The object is to effect the legislative action of New York State in the temperance cause, and if possible to enact the Maine law. With this view petitions from Sons of Temperance, Temperance men, Rechabites, Daughters and Cadets will be sent into Albany when the legislature takes action on the matter. A grand movement is making to concentrate all the forces on one point legislative action. The two Grand Divisions of New York State, as will be seen by the letter below, copied from the "Utica Teetotaller," are acting in unison in the matter. The winter movements in Canada should consist in meetings and the diffusion of knowledge on temperance subjects, so as to prepare the public for some good future law. No better means can be adopted than by taking some good temperance paper and by lectures and addresses in divisions and out of them. During the passing winter we will give the fullest and freshest American and English temperance news. We strongly recommend action in every division by circulating petitions. We have published the Maine Law in full and can supply a few copies of it in our paper. If desired we would cause a few thousand copies to be struck off at a cheap rate as an extra.

THE ALBANY MEETING.

Everything so far indicates that the meeting in Albany on Wednesday, the 28th of January next is to be a Monster Meeting! Our intelligence from the western and northern parts of the State, and our knowledge of the state of feeling in Central New York, the responses of different temperance orders and organizations, as well as the indications of a general rally of the Sons of

Eastern New York, together with the temperance masses in that section of the State,—all confirm us in the impression. The letter below, from that stirring temperance man, Dr. St. John, the G. W. P., of the G. D. of Eastern N. Y. is in the right spirit, and may be regarded as an index to the feeling now generally pervading our brothers of Eastern New York:—

BALLSTON SPA., Dec. 4th 1851.

W. Bailey, G. S., W. N. Y.:—*Worthy Brother*.—Your kind favour of yesterday is received, although I have not received the Journal of the A. T. U. for the month, and my suggestion in that paper of a temperance gathering in Albany was made before I was aware of a similar intention of the Western G. D. For myself I entirely concur with you for an adjourned session of the Eastern D. G., that the temperance organizations of every name, may consult together in one formidable array, and appear before our representatives in legislative session, in one mighty irresistible phalanx. I shall immediately communicate with G. S. Edgerley on the subject. Farther than this I believe that our noble order of the whole State, meeting for one grand object will have the effect of healing forever what little may be left unsettled in our late unhappy differences. You perceive dear Br. that I am for union of effort, but shall have to counsel with others of our G. D. in the matter, and will do this very soon.

I am, dear sir, fraternally yours,

E. ST. JOHN, G. W. P.

REMARKS ON THE MAINE LAW AND NEW YORK TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

We extract from the last "Utica Teetotaller" the following remarks on the Maine Law. This law is in temperance legislation what total abstinence was in the original temperance agitation. It is the only cure. So long as we have taverns so long will we have drunkards. The time must come in Canada when the dealing in liquors as a beverage must be interdicted by law.

"The 4th Reason sets forth another truth that the Law of Maine meets the approbation of thousands of the wise and good as opening a new era to the peace and thrift of human society.

Her own citizens are exultant at it, and say there is no prospect of repeal. Men of high standing, who distrusted its wisdom and expediency now give it their adhesion. Hard drinkers and drunkards have expressed satisfaction at the thought that they may now die sober men; and even venders irritated for the moment at a loss, are expressing great satisfaction at a change in their business which leaves them no longer cursed but blessings to the community. In other States the law has been contemplated with great admiration.

To sustain this proposition the proceedings of the National Temperance Convention at Saratoga and of State Conventions, and the opinions of eminent men are quoted as proof.

The Sixth and last reason is a plea for the constitutionality of the law of Maine, which is very well, but we do not think that point entitled to a very grave consideration. The fifth reason as to the manner best adapted to bring to a successful issue the temperance cause we shall urge on our readers to a renewed consecration of their energies to the campaign now before us.

The statistics of drunkenness, of pauperism, crime, family and social misery, waste of property, health, life and soul, the fruit of the traffic in intoxicating drinks, though most alarming and distressing, have been presented to you to your very loathing; and you have stopped your ears and hardened your hearts until there is a remedy. Well, fellow citizens, HERE IS A REMEDY, such as the world never saw before. So it has proved in Maine. Receive and apply it; and so it will prove in the State of New York.

Adopt the Maine law and the greater part of your 25,000 miserable drunkards are at once reformed men.

Adopt the Maine law; and the vast band of young men, moderate indulgers and hard drinkers, now between the outer and inner circle of the horrid whirlpool, are arrested and saved.

Adopt the Maine law; and those dark and frightful scenes of obscenity, profanity, riot, contention and murder, now witnessed, even in licensed dens throughout the State will be known no more.

Adopt the Maine law; and half of your pauper establishments will be to be let; your Jails and Penitentiaries will be almost tenantless; your Insane Asylums will be without half their occupants, and full three-fourths of all your taxes, now paid by the sweat of your brow, will be remitted to you and your children.

Adopt the Maine law; and your noble seamen will enter your ports safely and go unscathed by the land sharks who now lurk in their dens to strip them of their all:—your Sabbaths delivered from their most awful desecration, will become quiet and blessed; your railroads and steamboats will be cursed with no run-casualties and more than half your desolating fires will be known no more.

Adopt the Maine law; and twenty millions of dollars, now worse than wasted in your State, drawn out, year by year, from the pockets of your citizens by those who cry "By this craft we have our wealth, Great is Diana," but who give nothing of value in return, may now be expended upon your farms, your dwellings, in the improvement of your towns, and cities, on the education of your children, and the temples of your God; and your State before another generation shall occupy your places will be surpassed by none other on the globe as a blessed abode for man. Will you not look at things and say "It shall be so."

All Legislation hitherto adopted for the protection of the people from the evils of intemperance, has been false in principle and utterly insufficient for its great object.—*New York State Temperance Address.*

NELSON CUMMINSVILLE DIVISION
Numbers about 50 members, but it is a division of zeal, harmony, and intelligence.

To the Editor of the Son of Temperance.

SIR AND BROTHER:—

As you are receiving communications from all parts of the Province, and hearing of the great success which is every where attending our heaven born cause, I have no doubt but you will be glad to hear from this part of the work. We have a very good temperance society in the village, numbering about 140 members; but I am sorry to say that the officers who were appointed for the current year, have been rather inactive in the great and good cause; in fact, Sir, such was their zeal in the beginning of the year when they were appointed, that they were afraid the society would become defunct; and what was the reason, think you, Mr. Editor, because we had formed a division of the sons, thinking we would neglect the old society. Have the sons done so?

To the praise of the division it is just the reverse. Once a month they have appeared at the regular public meeting, in the beautiful but simple badge of our order, the red the white the blue indicative of our leading principles Love, Purity and Fidelity; love for our brethren in sickness and health, purity of intentions and fidelity to our solemn obligations. And we have not only attended as a division, but also as speakers for the occasion, and in this line of business we are blest with a host of worthies, in order to keep the Ark of Total Abstinence moving forward. In this work there should be no rest, no relaxation, until the demon of intemperance shall be banished from our midst and driven back to its native hell.

In the village we have one tavern, or as the London sailor would call it the Toper's Theological College, where they are trained up in those paths that lead down to the chambers of death, to see those cursed C— dealing out death and destruction to their neighbors, and their wives and children asking for bread. They cannot plead at this late period of the day, I was not aware that I was doing wrong—that I was subjecting myself to the application of that word, "cursed is he that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips, and make him drunken also." There is also one store that sells the accursed poison to his grog drinking customers who will deal out gallon after gallon of the inebriating liquid fire, to persons of every age, and sex, regardless altogether of its evil tendency upon community, when almost every day shows to them the brutalizing effects of the thing they sell to their fellow creatures around them; speak to them on the subject their reply is if I do not sell others will; am I my brothers keeper? I do not force them to buy it neither do I care, so long, as I can make money, by it.

Our division on the whole is doing very well, peace and harmony exists amongst us. Of late the brethren have not attended very regular, but this is very easily accounted for, members living at a distance of three or four miles and working hard all day it is too much to expect them to walk that far once every week. They will attend better during the winter, we have adopted a plan of late which I think will be productive of much good, and that is for one of the brethren to deliver an address after the business of the division is gone through with. Our T. Bro. Galloway delivered a very neat, pretty address at the opening, and the second on the nature of Alcohol on the system by Bro. Dr. Flock which was a very good one. This is as it should be for training, and improving, the mind; besides a screen to shield ourselves from the blighting curse of intemperance.

We have adopted that resolution passed lately by the Bytown division that members coming from other divisions having withdrawal cards shall be received into ours in the same standing as they were in their own. Provided that they bring a note with them, that any of our members joining them by card will be received, in the same way. We were glad sir, when we saw that announced, in your valuable Gem, because we have looked upon it as a great piece of injustice, to think of a member belonging to the order for years, and then to remove away and go to other parts, to not be received without paying five shillings entrance fee; but that is not all, he cannot be entitled to benefits in case of sickness, or otherwise, for six months. It is true that the revised rules of G. D. say that subordinates, can allow benefits, within the regular time if they think proper.

I am happy to be able to inform you that our Temperance Hall is in course of erection, and expect to have it dedicated soon. You will remember, no doubt that the source which we held last summer, was for that object, when we expected

without fail the presence of our respected friend the Rev. R. Dick, for which we were very much disappointed, because we were very much attached to that Bro. on account of the manner in which he displayed his talents the night that he organized our division. Such was the force of his argument that we received twelve names after public meeting to sign the charter. It is a great loss, that such a man has been driven from the field. But then we were disappointed, by our highly popular editor whom we would be glad to see on that or any other occasion. We have expected a visit from you, Bro., for some time I am sure that if you were present, you would be very much pleased with the appearance, of the sons; on that beautiful day. All nature seemed to smile, on the efforts put forth for the suppression of intemperance. There was a beautiful bible presented to us by Miss Wilson and Miss Newton in behalf of the ladies of Cumminsville but the greatest praise is due to the first named lady for the pains which she took in collecting and purchasing it, and also the beautiful address; which was read by her Brother Mr. Andrew Wilson.

Your Gem is a welcome visitor amongst us and should be in the hands of every true Son of Temperance, we wish a wide spread circulation for it during 1852, and I have no doubt that our division will help to swell the number.

Yours in L. P. F.
A SON.

Cumminsville, Nov. 1851.

BURFORD—EVILS CONNECTED WITH THE ORDER OF THE S. OF T.

MR. EDITOR,—I have watched with a jealous eye the proceedings of the different subordinate Divisions in the surrounding country; and in my perambulations I have tried to learn the reasons why one Division has succeeded in maintaining its character and dignity—while another, composed of the same material, and at the commencement was equally prosperous and healthy, has soon lost its charms and dwindled down to a mere formal gathering of a few of its most zealous members—and my conviction is that the main cause in nine cases out of ten, is the promotion of men without influence or ability to fill the highest and most responsible offices in the gift of the Division.

Their motive in so doing, is of the most praiseworthy character; but the object for which they aim, is not obtained. There is in almost every Division men who, for years, have been slaves to the pernicious and soul-destroying influence of alcoholic drinks, and who perhaps possess a peculiar kind of talent which, under other circumstances might be properly applied in erecting and supporting moral and religious institutions, which would be subservient in ameliorating the condition of their fellow-men, and prove an honor to themselves, but who, under the circumstances in which they have lived, having associated for years with the vicious and polluted, looking upon themselves as the outcasts of society (which their own confession but too plainly proves) they are not prepared successfully to assume the management of so important an association as the order of the Sons of Temperance.

Far be it from me, Mr. Editor, to breathe a syllable which might offend or injure one of these valuable brethren (for they are the pride of our institution); but, in our zeal to benefit them, let us not endanger the successful working of that glorious institution which has wrought such wonders in rescuing thousands from a drunkard's grave, and restored to hundreds of families the husband and father (who to them was inevitably lost), clothed and in their right mind.

We want for our leading men those from among us who are known to possess unyielding temperance principles, and whose standing in society is a sufficient guarantee for the respectability of the order to which they belong, and whose judgment will dictate to them the most proper course to pursue in disposing of the variety of business brought before them, with justice and despatch, for one of the greatest evils attending the routine of business is the unnecessary dissensions arising out of matters of no moment, which tend to prolong meetings to an unwarrantable length, and often result in unpleasant feelings arising out of subjects which should have been disposed of in a summary manner.

Fraternally yours,

L. P. MARKS.

Burford, 16th Dec., 1851.

PRINCE ALBERT DIVISION.

CHARLES DURAND, Esq.

Sir and Brother,—As the present year is drawing to a close, I, as a Son of Temperance and a member of Prince Albert Division, feel it my duty to offer a few remarks in behalf of our Division, and also of your paper.

In looking over your paper for the past year, I have noticed some beautiful letters, addresses, &c., relative to the Temperance cause, and particularly to our order, I say it is pleasing to me, and it should be to every true Son of Temperance, to see and hear our glorious order progressing and increasing so fast as it is. I was much pleased, in looking over the last extra, to see in print that your paper for the last six months has been read by twenty thousand persons, which proves that our order is a good one, and, were it not so, it would not be countenanced by such large numbers of persons. Mr. Editor, the inquirer may ask the question, Are all those persons Sons of Temperance? I will answer, No; but, at the same time, those that take your paper, that are not Sons, are favourable to them and the order, and thus we are all pushing on the same wheel—I mean the wheel of Temperance. Now, Sir, I think that your paper ought to be encouraged by every Son of Temperance throughout the land, and the best way they can do it is by taking it. The reason why I speak of this is, because there are a great many Sons who are a little delinquent in the matter. If our Sons—I mean those who do not take your valuable paper—would examine a number or two, I think they would be satisfied that it is a good one. Mr. Editor, for my part I have taken it for the present year, and I consider that I have received a great amount of information and instruction, and mean to continue taking it for the next year, and encourage it by all means within my power.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I wish to offer something in behalf of our Division. We were organized, November 5th, 1849, by the Rev. R. Dick, D.G.W.P. There were very few persons present, in consequence of so short notice; but we got fourteen persons to subscribe their names to our Division. I am happy to inform you, that we now number upwards of eighty in number; this shows a good increase. Our Division meets on Saturday. Its presiding officer is Br. Joseph B. Moore; we have a good section of Cadets in this place, prospering well; but I am sorry to say there is no *Union of Daughters* here as yet. I hope it will not be so long, for it seems to me that there is something lacking when there is no *Union of Daughters*. Wherever there are Sons and Cadets, I believe the three should be working together, pushing the one and same wheel together; and, in doing so, we shall accomplish our design—I mean the reformation of mankind.

I will not trouble you with any more remarks, but will offer a few words in verse for the Sons, Cadets, and Daughters:

☞ COME ONE, COME ALL! ☞

Come from the heat, come from the cold—
Young men, come, and come the old;
Bring your wives, in all their charms,
Bring the babe, that's held in arms;
Bring your sisters, bring your brothers,
Bring your fathers and your mothers;
Bring your daughters in their beauty,
Bring the son you've reared to duty;
Bring your friends, and all your neighbours,
Bring the workman from his labour;
Bring the stranger from the street,
Bring the very next you meet.

Yours, in L. P. & F.

JOHN NORT, R. S.

Prince Albert Division, No. 34,
Dec. 14, 1851.

☞ It is pleasing to have testimonials of this kind from intelligent Sons. We have many such from all parts of Canada. This Division is one of the most flourishing in our county, numbering over eighty, and constantly improving. It has within it magistrates, merchant, and farmers, and a majority of the respectable people of this village. There is also a large section of Cadets here. Go on, brothers, in the good cause.

DEBATES IN DIVISIONS.

CUMMINSVILLE, Dec. 9th, 1851.

DEAR SIR AND BR.—We have adopted the plan of our members delivering addresses in their Division Room upon any subject that tends to our edification; and we find it beneficial, and would recommend it, as it raises the interests of our meetings and causes a better attendance. In perusing your excellent paper, we find that you are kind and liberal enough to give publication to any thing that will advance the interests of the Sons of Temperance. I therefore respectfully request you to give insertion to an address delivered by Brother Dr. C. W. Flock in the Cumminsville Division Room, on the 6th November last, and you will much oblige the brethren of said Division; and believe me,

Yours fraternally,

ROBERT MATHEWS, R. S.

T. C. Durand, Esq.
Toronto.

TEMPERANCE MEETING—BR. DICK'S ADVICE.

The letter below was handed to us too late for our last publication, but its suggestions are important, and we recommend divisions to follow this advice everywhere. Divisions and brothers must depend upon themselves. Get up debates and discussions on temperance, and be active in the cause.

PUBLIC TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

NOW IS THE TIME.

To the Editor of Son of Temperance.

MR. EDITOR.—Having during the summer and fall, been compelled to decline many invitations, soliciting public lectures, I have latterly, when unable to accept, fallen upon the expedient of endeavouring to induce the members of divisions to convene public meetings announcing that they themselves would be speech makers. In accordance with which, it affords me pleasure to announce that HORNBY DIVISION will hold a public meeting, on the Monday evening preceding Christmas Day, in the chapel at Hornby. The speakers for the occasion to be six brothers of the Hornby division. I have also to announce that SMITHFIELD DIVISION, will hold a similar meeting, to be addressed in like manner by six members of the Smithfield Division, on the Thursday evening preceding Christmas Day. Let every division in Can-

ada, hold monthly meetings during the winter, on this principle, and the spring will find the "Sons" at least FORTY THOUSAND.

Yours fraternally,
ROBERT DICK.

Toronto Dec. 8, 1851.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS

Since our last issue a few temperance gatherings have taken place. A soiree of a very pleasant and enthusiastic description was held last Tuesday at Cooksville by the Rechabites at which about 500 of the most respectable farmers and mechanics of Cooksville attended. The good Brethren of this tent always get up their soirees with great expense and good taste. Bros. Alcorn, Gregory, and some other speakers addressed the audience and the fine Cooksville Band were there. The evening passed off to the gratification of all. We were invited but could not attend as we had to go to Oshawa.

☞ At Thornhill on the 18th a meeting of the division took place, when about 100 friends assembled to think and speak of Temperance matters. The spirited little division here attended in full force and was addressed by Bros. Gregory and Dr. Russel, Ross and others. The division and friends are aware that we were kindly invited but we could not attend being absent from the city on business. We believe some little difficulty existing in the division has been amicably arranged. Thornhill division has within it all the elements of future prosperity and we hope to see its immediate increase.

☞ At Niagara, the Cadets had a soiree on the 12th December when a large number attended, the room was beautifully ornamented, the vivands good, and the singing of the choir very well conducted. The Rev. Mr. Mowatt and several other ministers addressed the audience and great enthusiasm prevailed. This fine division is animated by the right spirit. The daughters cadets and sons all work together here in one spirit. We know of no division in Canada equal to the Niagara division in zeal and it now numbers about 200 sons.

☞ It seems that in the fracas that occurred in Maine with the Captain of a Vessel about liquor no lives were lost.

☞ Weston on New Years day ☞ A grand fashionable concert is to take place at Weston of vocal and instrumental music. The Weston Brass band will be in attendance and tea will be served at 4 o'clock p. m., tickets 1s 3d each. It will no doubt be a grand affair.

NORTHERN BROTHERS—A GOOD LETTER, READ IT. ☞

For the Son of Temperance.

INNISFILL, Dec. 5th, 1851.

DEAR SIR AND BR.—Our order is progressing—is exercising a good, though not a commanding influence; and the great drawback to our much greater increase, is the apathy of the public—this apathy may be partly accounted for from different causes; and one great cause, in my judgment, is found in the unfaithfulness of brethren. In weak Divisions and thinly-settled neighbourhoods, the defection of one member by violating his pledge or by resignation, is severely felt, not only by the Division, but is a serious obstacle in the way of others uniting with us. If free agency and moral responsibility are truths, and not lies, such men have much to answer for—so assuredly a fearful responsibility is incurred by those who, either by precept or example, obstruct the progress and hinder the usefulness of any association (no matter by what name called) of a moral and philanthropic character. Better, far better that such men never united, than, having united, to turn again to the weak and beggarly elements of their former life. The Order of the Sons suffers tenfold more from such, than from an open and professed enemy. I am led to speak thus strongly, because I feel deeply. I wish to cultivate feelings of charity

and good will towards all men; but, for the conduct of such men, I have no measure of sympathy—no other sentiment than that of unmitigated disgust. I have sympathy for the poor victim of a perverted appetite, when he is led astray. I think even the act of such a man violating his pledge, is far less atrocious and vastly less hurtful to a weak cause, in a hostile country, than the deliberate withdrawal of a man without temptation and without any sufficient reason for his conduct.

There is another class of men who, while professing friends and fellow-workers, are particularly exerting an influence antagonistic to the interests of the order: I refer to our teetotal friends, who refuse to unite with us. Where a cause is weak, and has much opposition to contend with, the do-nothing policy of these pretended friends is mischievous, if not positively pernicious. "He that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad," is as much a truth in reference to the cause of Temperance as the cause of Christianity, and is as applicable to the man who stands neutral and allows a good cause to sink, when his active support might materially contribute to its strength and its efficiency as to the man who is our open and professed enemy. There is yet another class who, from pretended scruples of conscience about the honour of religion, oppose us with the energy and the spirit of the Geths. Were such men only a little more zealous for religious truth and the interests of humanity, they would be found with and not against us. Scruples, indeed! why, Sir, what would Christianity itself be worth were drunkards capable of receiving it? Reason and intelligence would spurn it as a worthless, drivelling thing, without a single alarm upon our attention; and yet those very forward friends of truth oppose our (order)—because we are attempting to make men fit for the reception and appreciation of the things of God. Away with such mawkish philanthropy! The truth of God, the interests of humanity, and the age in which we live, request that we should be ready to every good work; and, judging of the tree by its fruits, our (order) is good; its fruits glorious; and the consciences of those who atempt to deny it, give them the lie. The true solution to the objections of such parties, is found in their love for the dram, and for "the wine when it is red, and giveth us colour in the cup." They, as well as we, are satisfied that he who would exercise his influence wisely and well, should be a friend of virtue and of social progress, should become a Son of Temperance.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours in L. P. & F.,

D. D. HAY.

We purpose (D. V.) holding a Demonstration and receiving a Bible from the Ladies of this vicinity on New-Year's Day. If you can possibly come, we should be glad to see you up to assist us on that occasion. The distance is considerable, but the roads are good, and we should feel greatly encouraged by your presence. [We regret to say we cannot.—Ed. Son.]

Yours, &c.,

D. D. H.

CHARLOTTEVILLE DIVISION.

VICTORIA, Norfolk, Dec. 9, 1850.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—I am much pleased with your journal. It is such as was needed, and is in my humble opinion worthy the patronage of every lover of the temperance cause. I am happy to learn from the last number that this patronage it is likely to receive. Indeed, since I got the first number of the Gem, I know more about the patriotic cause which it so ably advocates, than I ever did before. I shall be happy to do all in my power towards its more extensive circulation in this locality.

Our division is called the Charlottesvill Division, No. 178. W.P., Edgar Ward; R.S., Jeremiah Finch, meets every Monday evening. Notwithstanding the expulsion of a few and the defection of three or four who do not seem to have joined from a pure love of the cause, we are still onward. We number 80, among whom are many who are determined through evil report and good report to hold no parley with the monster intemperance. We have a section of Cadets numbering about 25, the grm, I hope of a more extensive organization. We have likewise taken steps

to become incorporated so that if we happen to become possessed of any property it cannot be otherwise appropriated than towards the redemption of the poor inebriate from the degrading bondage of the tyrant alcohol.

It is cheering to observe the peaceful and rapid progress of the temperance movement, yet much, very much remains to be done, but with the blessing of God on the efforts of those engaged in this great reformation, we need not fear, we shall in the end be victorious, and the next generation will perhaps know no thing of alcohol but from its blood-dyed history.

Hoping you may pardon this trespass on your time and patience, I desire to remain affectionately yours,

In the bonds of L. P. F.

WM. ROCHE.

FOR THE SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Winter has come, the flakes of snow
Lie deep upon the ground;
And fallen leaves that once were green,
Are scattered all around.

Fit emblems these, of withered joys
And hopes that once were green,
And hearts that sad and broken now,
Happier hours have seen.

And homes that scarce a year gone by,
Were full of life and mirth,
Are sad, for some familiar face
Is absent from their hearth.

Oh think of these ye happy ones,
And comfort those that sigh,
For if you dry a tear you'll win,
A joy gold cannot buy.

AMELIA.

Gananoque, Dec., 1851.

CLOSE OF VOLUME ONE AND THE YEAR 1851.

TO OUR PATRONS.—With this number, 24, closes our present volume. All who have received the first number of this paper will please take notice that their year is expired. Persons who commenced later will receive 24 numbers to complete their volume. Many of our subscribers commenced at No. 6; some at No. 10, and others at No. 12. All will please observe that it requires 24 numbers of the first volume to make a year. Subscribers are always considered yearly subscribers unless a special agreement has been made with us to the contrary, or with some of our authorized agents, and although they stop the paper at the end of six months we must hold them accountable for a year's subscription. Another thing we will allude to is this, that no subscriber should stop his paper until he has paid up his subscription. In several of our past numbers we have mentioned that our terms were 5s. per annum in advance, or 6s. 3d. not so paid. In all cases where we have to visit subscribers to collect, or send a special agent, we must charge 6s. 3d.; but if subscribers will immediately remit to us by post, or pay our local agent at once, 5s. only will be asked of country subscribers. \$2 enclosed to us pays for 1851, and also for 1852.

Agents, subscribers, and friends in divisions would confer a favor by sending us as soon as possible any new names of subscribers or old ones renewed. We will issue the first num-

ber of our new volume either on the 3d or 5th of January 1852. A copy of the first number of the new volume will be sent to all old subscribers, who have not positively refused to again subscribe, and if not wanted it must be immediately returned on examination, or they will be considered as renewing their subscription. We respectfully ask a general continuance of patronage from all, feeling satisfied that no pains have been spared on the part of the conductor of this paper, to give public satisfaction to the Order in Canada. Sons of Temperance every where will recollect that this paper was the first ever carried on successfully in Canada West, and that we have manfully battled for their principles. This paper has not been one devoted to the interest of any other body, but has openly and perseveringly hoisted and kept aloft the flag of our own Order. All will see that it is so published as to be kept and fill 2 or 3 sides of it with advertisements we could of course make more by the plan, but our friends would be deprived of much reading matter and of all means to bind it in a form for keeping.

ELECTIONS IN CANADA.

The elections have all terminated and have resulted in the return of about 55 Reformers to 25 Conservatives many of whom are really men who will not oppose any reform unless it be the Clergy Reserves. It is highly gratifying to think too that no public disturbances has taken place in any one instance. Political strife in Canada in future will be carried on with a more national spirit.

TAVERN INSPECTORS.

We call the attention of all Sons of Temperance to the coming city elections, when it will be necessary to elect Tavern Inspectors for this city for 1852. This is an important matter, and requires the earnest attention of all temperance men.

The following persons are nominated as candidates for inspectors as we understand for the different wards:—

St. David's Ward,	Jacob Latham.
St. James.	John Wightman.
St. Patrick.	John Gibson.
St. George.	Mr. Petch.
St. Lawrence.	A. B. Townsend.
St. Andrew.	Joseph Tolfree.

Let every man favourable to a decrease of our numerous taverns, support these men.

WESTON, 13th December, 1851.

Dear Sir and Br.

I have the promise of several new subscribers for the Gem whose subscriptions I shall shortly be able to transmit. The popularity of the paper is rapidly gaining ground, not only among the Sons and Temperance men generally but its perusal is courted by many who have hitherto held all such publications in utter contempt. I shall insert a short piece in my letter showing our standing which if you think worth notice you will please have inserted in the Gem at the earliest convenience.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours in L. P. & F.

A SON.

The letter of our correspondent will appear in our next number.—(Ed. Son.)

The advertisements that usually appear in this paper are left out of this number to make room for the index; but they will appear in our first January number. The making up of the index has also delayed the paper two days.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS—UNION.

We learn from the Montreal *Temperance Advocate* that the Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, and members of the old Temperance Societies, of late Midland District, have organized themselves into a sort of temperance alliance, or joint organization, to carry out temperance principles. This plan, if it can be thoroughly carried out, is a good one, and will prove highly beneficial in the end to the cause in that vicinity. Temperance men should feel a pride in all places to unite upon some plan to carry out their ultimate object, a change of public opinion. For a year past, we have felt convinced, that the old Temperance Society have been too inactive and stood aloof from the work, leaving the field too much to their younger and more energetic brethren, the Sons.

As a Son, we believe our Order better adapted to effect a temperance reform than the old temperance organization; but we know there are hundreds who think honestly that the old movement is as good as ours. Let us all enjoy our opinions, but do not let it prevent our acting upon one general plan. In the American States, all orders of temperance men are acting together.

The Cadets of Guelph, we hear, held a Soiree on the 23d inst.; and the Daughters of Temperance of the Elora and Guelph Unions patronized them.

The Brooklin and Oshawa Unions of Daughters, we are informed, are about getting a petition in circulation for the purpose of praying our Legislature to put down the license laws.

RECEIPTS NO. 24.

Cornwall Division, R. S., \$2; Weston D. Mc. \$3½; S. Hamilton \$1 balance; Geo. S., Stewarttown \$2;—Brooklyn, F. B. B., enclosing \$2, \$1 for new volume and \$1 for advertisement; J. R., Innisfil, \$1; Bowmanville, from Wm. C., \$3. We acknowledged in No. 18 the receipt of the \$4 from Bro. Rowland; see that number. We would thank this brother to open a list for our new volume in the division. Daniel T., Smithfield division, \$1½. Letter from R. McK., Dundas, enclosing \$1; Br. Evans, Port Credit, \$2 for self for this year and the year ending 1852; K., Dundas, \$1.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Letter from Constantia cannot all appear until new volume—it is too long—will appear in 1st and 2nd No of new volume. The communication signed Holidays we cannot find room to insert as it is too long. We think it is well written and will insert it shortened in January if the writer chooses. Letter from E. J., Guelph, is duly received. We thank the brother and feel obliged if he would send the names early in January. We will send him a dozen extra copies. Poetry by Emma will appear in our first January number.—Letter from K., Dundas, Cayuga Letter, Peterboro Letter, Letter from a Cadet, Toronto Division, Letter about Temperance Athenaeum; Letter from Port Credit will duly appear in course.

MARRIED.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Daniel S. Starr, at the house of the bride's father at Pickering, Mr. E. B. Butler, merchant of Mount Vernon, Vaughan, C. W., formerly of County of Wexford, Ireland to Miss Nancy McDonald, Pickering, Canada West.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER ONE.

A Hymn of life, Poetry, The Human Soul, 1
 Armenian Burial Grounds, Touching incident, A second marriage, Ruling passion strong in death, A singular circumstance, Cruel Boys, 2nd page
 Best Rooms Ho.seback riding in Madeira, The witchcraft of woman, Time is money, The old turnpike, Poetry, Quizzing, Value of vanity, Cæsar Ducor-net, the Painter, 3
 John Cassell, National music, The cricket on the Hearth, poetry, The sagacity of the Squirrel, The Sable, The influence of Cleanliness, How coal was made, Important discovery in making glass, 4
 Queenston Suspension Bridge, Pocket telegraph, The northern lights, An irreverent sparrow, A beautiful flower, The cow tree, A natural fountain, A new light, The railways of the world, 5
 The huskers, poetry, A gigantic hog, to fatten fowls, Agriculture an art, 6
 Dressing cattle, Good properties of milk, Hatching Machine, Gigantic trees, Swapping horses, Fried Potatoes, 7
 Editor's opening address to the Public, 8
 The prospects of our Order, The village of Bolton, 9
 Tent of Rechabites Cooksville, The Bible not against Temperance, Rechabites in the days of Jehoiakim, King of Judea, 10
 Biography of Father Mathew, Tree of Dissipation, Temperance in Illinois, Toronto Moral and Intellectual Association, 11
 Domestic Happiness, 12
 Cape of Good Hope, Discoveries in Southern Africa, 13
 The Bible, Shingling a house, Gaudalope mine, Politeness, Individual enterprise, Summary of News-Statistics of the Divisions Sons of Temperance in the County of York 14

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWO.

The wayside well, poetry, A wonderful man, Ebenezer Elliot, 17
 Strange incidents attending a death, Our fashionable girls, Hints to young ladies, who will make a good wife, Longfellow 18
 Little children love one another, poetry, the book of light, A child's dream of a star, The newspaper dog, 19.
 Tale of a water dog, the growth of America, Maxims to guide a young Men, Wet and Dry, The Indians and the steamboat, A snake story, Indian and Yankee, Scene in a Dentist's office, 20
 A horrible adventure, Moral influence of Sabies, Early Rising, Benefits of Affliction, Splendid Aurora Borealis, Phenomenon attendant on immersing the Ears in Molten Metal, Singing mice, 21
 I'm of the hand that till the Land, poetry, How to make horses sure-footed, 22
 Planting Roses, Beet Root Sugar, Gooseberry, Caterpillars, Sensible horses, 22
 Curious, Fruit raising in New Jersey, How Ruminants chew their cud, Analysis of the apple, Recovering dried grass, 23
 Large yield of wheat, Retaliation, Fortune telling, How't make a fortune, Industry, Tomato Ketchup, 23
 Cadets their utility and rules, A retrospect of the Comings of the Sons, 24
 Thornhill Soiree, Newmarket, Whitby village, 25
 Churchville Soiree, The Brampton meeting, Holland Landing, 25

Oakville soiree, Streetsville meeting, opening of a Temperance Inn there, Lloydtown soiree, Bolton village soiree, 25
 Central York division soiree, Yorkville meetings, Soiree at Weston, 26
 A spurious Grand division of Sons, Dr. Workman's Lecture, Jesse Ketchum Esq., 26
 New division in the County of York, Brother Robert Dick, Contemplated soirees, 27
 Toronto Division Sons of Temperance, Markham tavern regulations, Remarks, The widowed inebriate, Poetry, 27
 The Watchman, Religious discussions in divisions, Lecture on temperance, 28
 Cure for drunkenness in Sweden, Pleasure of Literature, A beautiful winter scene, 29
 Paraphrase, poetry, by James Spencer Lidstone, Esq., 29
 Notice to the members of co-operating divisions, Bro. J. M. Ross's letter, Milton Soiree, Summary of News, agents, Errors in our last number, Temperance in County of York, 30

CONTENTS OF NUMBER THREE.

The Enquiry, poetry, An incident in the life of Dr. Chalmers, 33
 The Fatherless, poetry, Egyptian Magicians, Panther Shot, 34
 American Lynx, Truly great, Franklin's kite, Kisses, Derivation of the name of Canada, 35
 Not married yet, poetry, Course of Commerce, Noble Sentiment, 35
 The Falls of Niagara, Poetry on Niagara, Falling of the Horse-shoe rock, Perilous Rescue, 36
 Lines on the White winged Griffin, Rochester knockings, 37
 Lake of Alligators in Scinde, Scenery on Lake Superior, Temper, 38
 Energy, Effects of Habit on the Infant mind, The Affections, General Bem, 38
 Agricultural Hymn, Potatoes, Starch from the horse chestnut, How to distinguished Mushrooms from Poisonous Fungi, 39
 Embellishment of Rochester, Rye in a wild state, Make your own candles, Passion flower, Important to Tanners of leather, Sorrows tree, 39
 Sons of Temperance, poetry, Use of liquor by the working classes in England and America, 41
 Toronto Division, Mimico division, Toronto Section of Cadets Prospects a head, 41
 Our contemporary the Watchman, Lambton Soiree, Soiree in Dundas 41
 The Bible teaches total abstinence, Sons of Temperance, Dedication of the Temperance hall 42
 Bro. J. M. Ross's letter, Incorporation of the Sons of Temperance, 42
 Circular, Legislature of New York, Temperance, Delirium Tremens, 43
 Musical Soiree of Ontario division, Reading of Essays by Cadets, 44
 Newly invented steam engines, Electro Biology, Old-fashioned women in the world, 45
 Michigan and Indiana Railroads, English hare, Summary of News, 45
 Our agents, Statistics of the divisions Sons of Temperance in the County of York.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER FOUR.

The old arm chair, poetry, John James Audubon, 49
 A good idea, Little husbands and big wives, Combat with a tiger, Keep your temper, 50

Another learned blacksmith anecdote of Richard III, Man's longevity, Measure for Measure, be abstemious, Tobacco hound, T1 for tat, 51
 Prison Statistics, Married without knowing it, How to be loved, 51
 The Press, A maxim, presence of children, A lesson, A good wife, Recipe for making Buckwheat cakes, poetry, 52
 Two crops at once, A chapter about the India Rubber tree, 52
 The views of the Press, 53
 The English and Canadian Robin, Spring Birds, American Wolf, 54
 City of Hamilton, A relic, 55
 "One glass more," poetry, The secrets of our order 56
 Newspaper controversy Mr. Gough, Father Mathew and Father Chiniquy, Mimico Soiree, 57
 Intemperance suppressions Acts, Hamilton 58
 Letter by E. R. Owen, Bradiard letter by W. Druery, J. W. Ross's letter, Ontario division, Port Credit division Central division, 59
 Incorporation of our Order, Port Credit soiree, Editor's table, 59
 Attempt to coerce the license inspectors in Toronto Extracts from Brother Rowland address, 60
 Mrs Naylor's address, Reply by Mr. Vert, 61
 Fred. Douglass, Post office, Foreign News, Important postal arrangement, 62

CONTENTS OF NUMBER FIVE.

Elijah's interview, poetry, Death of Duroc, 65
 Character of Burns, Washing day, poetry, Memoir of Audubon, 66
 Printer's song, Mary's bower, poetry, Choosing a wife, A pleasant parlor inmate, 69
 Luderous, Wife of many husbands, Bitter melon, Modern degeneracy, 68
 Gardening Spring operations, 69
 Garden peas, Golden sward wheat, Interesting physiological fact, Agriculture in Switzerland, Growing Flax in England, Remedy for the gripes in horses, Pigs affected by cold, 70
 Ancient Farming, Mixing charcoal dust with fresh urine, Ploughing in Egypt, Frogs in stones, Descent in a diving bell, 70
 Strength of varnished clay pipes, Heating by steam, Great clock in Stratsburg, 71
 Labor to make a watch, Newly invented bullet, Views of the Canadian Press, continued, Domestic Duties, 71
 Child of the country, poetry, Columbus, 72
 America, Lines on Columbus, poetry, New Wingless bird, Town of Dundas, 73
 Bald Eagle of Canada, Useful and Beautiful, A quaint sermon, Discovery of a Beautiful cave, As it should be, 74
 "Why should I refrain from wine," Health of Sons of Temperance, Suppression of intemperance Act, Bro. Dick, 75
 Temperance Horses, Legislation on poison, 76
 Temperance cause in Lincoln, John E. Gough, Cost of Intemperance, Town of Niagara, Queenston monument division, &c., &c., 77
 Port Robinson division, Jenny Lind division Grantham division, 79
 To all Interested, Report, 78
 New Brunswick Grand Division Address, 79.
 Miss Shaver's Address at the Mimico Soiree.—Bro. John Ward's Reply.—Sons of Temperance in England, 80.

Order of the Sons of Temperance in Liverpool.—The Loss of the Sparta Division—Burlford—Letter by L. D. Marks—Letter by Justina—Cadets in the North—Mr. Gough's Movements and Labours—Mechanics' Institute Soiree—Bowmanville Soiree, 81.
Brampton Division—Dunnville Division—Wellington Square Soiree, Sons of Temperance Celebration—Tavern License—Editor's Table—Progress of our Order in the U. State—Summary of News, 82.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER SIX.

The Better Land, Poetry, "Ella Lee," 85.
Jenny Lind and the Blind Boy—Jenny Lind's wealth—Edmund Burke—Death of John S. Skinner, Esq.; and Death of the Hon. Isaac Hill.—My old Brown Coat and Me, poetry.—Macaulay, One of the Husbands, 86.
Girls, Cheering news from Bowmanville, the Sons in Streetsville, The farmer, Poetry, Horticultural Miscellanies, The Victoria Regia, Early crop of grapes, Old Forest trees, Large Orchards, 87
Stir the Soil, Hard to suit all, Deep soil and deep roots, Crocus, Pruning, Cress, Luck with trees, Farmer's creed, Shantung cabbage, Plant whole potatoes, How to grow melons, Strong men True charity, Discovery of an enormous mass of copper, Lights and shadows, 88
Geology, Toronto Mechanics' Institute, Mental culture, 89
Daughters of Temperance, Opposition to total abstinence, Remark on the suppression Act of 1851, 90
A proverb explained, 91
The wife's appeal, Poetry, A lecture on Gambling, 92
Our Eastern tour, to the eastern Divisions of the County of York, Division courts, A visit to some of the Divisions north of Toronto in Whitechurch King and Vaughan, Division Courts, 93
Villages of Kilmurgh, Pine Grove and Weston, Sharon soiree, Miss Lamias, Bro. Leggo and Miss Jane Leggo, Number of Divisions, Editor's Table, 94
National Jubilee, Voices from the North, A temperance hymn, Central Division Soiree, 95
The Sons and Items on Temperance 96
Correspondence of Sons, Summary, 96

CONTENTS OF NUMBER SEVEN.

Our own Broad Lake, Poetry, The Fatal Joke, 101
Family Financiering, The Future wives of England, 102
Physiological fact, The city of Venice, The Tomato, 102
Cure for Cancer, Cultivation of the Cranberry, Beat this who can—acknowledging the corn, Strange Freak of Nature, 103
To keep Eggs, Oswego Starch Factory, Temperance, Unkind Words, Poetry, Buffalo Sons, 103
Lines to a Bird, Poetry, The Owl and Lovers, Poetry, Things in Nature, 105
Come sign the Vow, Poetry, A little advice to the Sons attendance at divisions, Soiree of Toronto Section of Cadets, Hamilton demonstration 105
The use of Beer in England, Brewers and Victuallers manufacture of Whisky in Canada in 1850, Fifth National Jubilee, 107
Temperance demonstration of all Nations Legislation on the License Laws 107
Halifax Letter, A good Idea, Sons of Temperance, 108
Grand Division, More Recruits wanted, Great National Jubilee, Cadets of Temperance, St. Catherines, Letter of J. G. Currie, 109
Cold Stream division, Wellington Square Soiree, 109
Cheering news, Cheap Health and Wealth and a good standing in Society, Perambulating Liquor Casks Poetry, 110
The Bringham Demonstration and remarks on divisions in Markham and Reech, White blossomed wild Plum tree, 111
Temperance news, Richmond Hill Soiree, Statistics of this division, Central division and Cumminsville Soiree 111
No. of Divisions, King Cadets, Bro. McMillan's letter, Editor's Table, Lady Franklin's Expedition, Excursion, 112
Very good advice, The Judges on Temperance, 112
Death of Br. F. Watt, Brampton and Chinguacousy, 112
Summary of news, England, 113

CONTENTS OF NUMBER EIGHT.

Flowers, Poetry, The Rescued Criminal, 117
Marriage ceremony, Poetry, A melting story, Widow Jones' Cow, The Devil and the priest, 118
Early to bed and early to rise, Poetry, A Mother's solicitude, Unkindness, 119
The new Costume for Ladies; The Alpine Horn; Control of the Temper, Reflection; Agricultural Song; Fruit in Niagara County. A Prolific Sow; Something very Strange, 119.
Poultry, Tamed Butter, Saiting Horses, Implements, Good Advice, The Music of the Morn, poetry, Birds of Canada, The Solitude of the Forest, and of Nature, 120.
The Structure of the Heart; The Drunkard's Child, poetry; Cadets of Hamilton; Friendship; Lecture, 121.
A School for Young Men; The End of a Young Collegian, 122.
Effects of Temperance; The Revenue; Temperance Hotel; Temperance Watchmen in Maine; "The Britannia," &c., poetry; Lines written for "The Son," 123.
Great National Jubilee, 123.
A Visit to Lincoln and Welland, Niagara town, with a description of the Division in Lincoln and Welland, 124.
St. Catherines Soiree; our Order in Iowa; An Act; St. Johns, New Brunswick; Sharon Soiree, 125.
Richmond Hill Soiree; Address of Daughters in Canada, at Brockville; Pennsylvania; Special Notice; Bytown Division, 126.
The meeting of the Grand Division; Ladies' Soiree; Division Courts; our Parliament; Poor Houses, 127.
Pension System; the Sons' Pledge; a short Address; Unions of Daughters; Sitting of the Grand Division; Hamilton Demonstration; Fifth National Jubilee, 128.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER NINE.

A Lyric for the Times, poetry; Woman and her Advisers; A Ghost outwined, 133.
The way she fixed him; Extravagant Churches; Churches in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Distance across the Ocean; The Working man in England, How to be Economical; Hayes and his Bull, Scientific, A Quaker Wedding, 135.
The old Oak Tree, poetry, Shoemakers, straighten yourselves; The New York Sun; Joseph Denham, or Prayer, 136.
Dorking Fowls, Birds' Eggs, Plank-roads, curious, 137.
The Sun-shower, poetry; Prairies of the West, 137.
Original Poetry—The Rumseller's Lament, 138.
An Ode to the Sons; Great National Jubilee; Grand Division of Canada, Soirees, Banner Presentations to the Cadets, 140.
Startling facts, Consumption of Tobacco in England, 141.
Tobacco a poison A defect in the Order, Massachusetts New License Law, 141
The Order of the Sons A voice from Old England, An interesting letter, 142
Brother Latham's Address, 143
Union of Daughters, Wm. M. Murrell's Letter, Niagara Soiree, Voices from the East, 145
Sons of Temperance in Newfoundland, Whitechurch Division Soiree, 146
A Letter from Newmarket, Temperance festival in Berlin, Thorold Temperance festival, Temperance Tea party, 147
Watertown Soiree, New Temperance Law in Upper Canada, London anniversary, News, 149
Gleaning thoughts, Bradford Temperance Hall, 148
Canton Division, Whitby Reporter, Huron Division, Ontario Division, Gananoque Division, Melancholy Death, Editor's Table, 148

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TEN.

The three Callers, Poetry, Hunting Elephants in Ceylon, 153
"Wife, dress her let her go." Poetry, Changing the Envelopes, Expenditure on Books and Periodicals, 154
The sounds of Industry, Poetry, Frogs and Burs, The Fortune of Washington, A perilous position, Joseph Denham on Prayer, 155
To labor is to pray, Poetry, Cure for jaunders in horses, Grinding pumpkins, Charcoal, Simple cure for Croup, 156

The Jamberry, Remedy for Burns, Beat this who can, On the produce of Bees, The Farmer, The Cypress Tree of Palestine, 157
Maple Sugar, Fowls, Liquid Manure, Noiseless wheels, The use of candle snuffs, Razor strop paste, 157
Cadets of Toronto, Newmarket Cadets, Miss Pearson's address, the Reply, 158
What is noble, Poetry, Phenomenon of Lake Rising, The Press of Canada, British North America, Woman 160
Dash the Wine cup away, Advance and a cup of hot Twankay, Poetry, The late Jubilee, The County Council, 161
A tour to Oxford and Middlesex, More new divisions, The Glanford division, Progress of the Order in the County of York, 162
Dancing by Sons National division, Important suggestion, Smithfield Soiree, 163
Progress of the cause in the United States, Items of News, Cadets at the jubilee, The Cataract Division of Minnesota, 164
The most Worthy Patriarch's report, 164
Strange death of Mrs. Hulbert, Mr. Alcorn in Ireland, 165.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER ELEVEN.

Annabel Lee, Poetry, Inhumanity rebuked, Eschew listlessness, the Sevens of Human Life, 169.
A song for the times, The wife's commandments, Law respecting newspapers, Bloomer dress, Instinct of animals, various instances named, 170.
Cadets of Niagara, 171.
Song of the soil, Potatoe rot, Butter, Moths, Parks for the people, Guinea hen, Monster ox, Century plants, Washing trees, Hints to farmers, 172.
Cure for foot-ail in sheep, To keep birds from picking fruit, Large cargoon fruit, A curious fact, 172.
Let there be light, Poetry, Instinct, Progress of the human mind, Curious story, 173.
The refuge from the storm, Poetry, Churchville division, Town of London and its vicinity, Ancaster division, Brantford, 174.
Burford division and village, Woodstock, Beechville, Ingersol, 174.
Town of London, divisions in the vicinity of London, Sons of Temperance gatherings, Return of Mr. S. T. Alcorn, Berwick soiree, Huron Sons, Goderich, 175.
Union of daughters, Streetsville, its divisions and manufactures, 176.
Soirees at Guelph, Temperance lectures, Beamsville, Uxbridge, Innisfil, Alasky and Hornby divisions, 176.
Letter from Peterboro', our cause in Bytown, Brooklin soiree, Heroism of Capt. Parker, Rev. S. Kribbs, Resolves of Stouffville division, 177.
Amendments in constitution of sons, Orange Processions, 178.
Bradford demonstration, Letter about liquor statistics, 179.
News, Railroad through Arabia, Communications, 179.
Summary of news, Unions of daughters, Bloomerism, Poetry, Women and newspapers, death of Mrs. Flay, 180.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWELVE.

Our girls, Poetry, Remarkable dream, A dying wife to her husband, 185.
An answer to Song for the Times, Bloomerism, in Niagara, Pantaloon vs. Petticoats, Bloomer Costume, Siamese twins outdone, Jenny Lind, 186.
Sabbath at all times, 186.
Foot race, A Narrow escape, The Horse that saw the elephant, 187.
The art of flying, An eloquent negro, A word for ladies, Burning of witches, Death of R. L. Shield, 187.
Song for thinkers, the old man and the goat, 188.
Depth of the ocean, Back again, A tortoise tamed traveller, Extraordinary case, Swallow and dog, 188.
Happy farmer, Poetry, Weather signs from plants, Rapid harvesting, Blue rose, An orchard of older times, Turnip fly, Hints on Pasture, 189.
Herosene gas, Grey cranes, Number of sheep in the United States, Parsonage, Italian ryegrass, Preserving hams, 189.
"Returned and unreturning," Poetry, Caterpillar, 190.
Singular preservation of life, Microscopic view of an oyster shell, Lines for the Son of Temperance, Crime and its cause in Toronto, 191.

structure. New divisions in Toronto, Yorkville division, Norfolk soiree, Hamilton cadets, 192.
 Copy of petition on tavern licenses, Miss Jerome's letter, Sharon reply, Sharon letter, 193.
 Wainville correspondence, Notes, 194.
 Voice from Churchville, A visit to Trafalgar and Esquesing, 195.
 Wainville soiree, Read and Ponder, Richmond Hill letter, English news, Shoeknife, 196.
 Address to the ladies of Smithfield, Waterdown division, Temperance houses, A question, visit to Haldimand, 197.
 Word to all, Caledonia soiree, Temperance items, Communications, Parliamentary news, Foreign and domestic, 198.
 Prince Albert section, Daughters of Temperance, 199.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Andelions, Poetry, Remarkable dream, 205.
 Angular adventure, Jerusalem, Palestine and Syria, 206.
 spoils a man to marry him, Poetry, Wife's nightcap
 A sharp-set night Inspector, Joseph Denham on prayer, 207.
 Release of Kossuth, 208.
 A great invention, to toast bread, to boil potatoes, A green rose, Preserves, Peaches, Repairs, An old house, Butter, 209.
 Potatoe rot, Indian bread, Flour, Gooseberries, A recipe, Wheat crop, 209.
 The still small voice, Poetry, Bat species, What are dreams, 210.
 An address to the "Son," Devil shod, Bird song, 211.
 Industry, 211.
 Dundas cadets, Rallying song, Use of rum by sons in Cookery, 212.
 London Prototype, Springfield soiree, 213.
 Points of difficulty in the Order, Progress of Daughters, 214.
 What are the use of Daughters? Free schools of London, Whitechurch address reply, Editor's table, 215.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER FOURTEEN.

Woman, Poetry, An eavesdropper, Wickedness of envy, 221.
 Dogdays, Swordfish, Latimer, Novelty in animal life, A wolf, Remarkable adventure, Lord Brougham, Irish census, 222.
 The world harvest, Poetry, the Brockville show, Wheat, Orchards, Trees, Fruit, Mulching, Model farm, 223.
 The star of Temperance, Poetry, Dundas cadets, Hamilton cadets, 224.
 Progress, Poetry, Strange ancient remains of animals, Galvanism, Press of Canada, 225.
 Natural history, 226.
 Spirituous liquors vs. water, Poetry, Expense of Sons discussed, Scottish news, Cause in the United States, Fingal, Middlesex, 227.
 Temperance and voters, Mrs. Bloomer, Markham soiree, Demonstration in England, Temperance in India and Australia, 228.
 Scarborough division, Harvest home division, Branswick hill division, Glanford soiree, Paris soiree, Galt division, 228.
 An act of incorporation, 229.
 The Prototype again, Population of Canada, Communications, Foreign news, 230.
 News, Communications, Ladies' address at Glanford, Brighton Soas, Death of P. Perry, Esq., 231.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER FIFTEEN.

What is love? Poetry, Cow ride backwards, Martin Luther, Parson Pine, 237.
 Bloomer costume, Canine Instinct, Shepherd's dog, A combat, Diamond cut diamond, 238.
 Typographical errors, Singular coincidence, Eagle, Judge Story, Steam engines, Sonata, Happy farmer, Poetry, Cattle, 239.
 Manure, Killa, Parsnips, Beans, New machine, Ditching machine, Wheat, The student's dream, poetry, Immortality, 240.
 Extent of the universe, 241.
 Address of the ladies of Markham to the cadets, Reply, Paris soiree, Temperance song, 242.
 Alcohol, Medical men, Toronto, Norfolk, 243.
 Rising star division, Population of the grave, 245.

Far west divisions, Bowmanville division, Caledonia ladies, Address, Reply, Freeman, Talbot, 246.
 Darham county, Chippewa letter, Mr. Murrell's letter, 247.
 Bowmanville correspondence, 248.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER SIXTEEN.

Original Poetry, Tale of Jealousy, 253.
 Natural history, Rum houses, History of alcohol, 254.
 French bear hunting, Singular attachment, 255.
 The sower to his seed, poetry, Wheat in Saratoga Co., Farmers Barometer, Wisconsin, Agricultural items, Come this way father, Interesting incident, 255.
 Give your child a newspaper, Maxims to guide young men, 256.
 Dr. Johnson's advice, Falling leaf by C. M. D., changes of the season, Wild turkey of Canada, Red Bird, Value of lands in Toronto in 1805, 257.
 Woman's tears, poetry, On which side do you stand, Rev. L. Krebbs, 258.
 The wine of Eden, poetry, "Selfishness against Temperance, 259.
 The example of eminent men, Toronto license system, 259.
 A word for the ladies, Journey to Cobourg, Streetsville, convention, Meeting of the Grand Division, and number of divisions, Eric and Don Mills soirees, 260.
 Brockville temperance, Cadets of Toronto Georgetown soiree, Montreal cadets, Mr. Miller of Guelph, Habit of reading, Sons retreat, poetry, Chicago sons, 261.
 Brother McIntosh letter, Temperance Hotel in Toronto, Eastern friends, Owen Sound, Accident in Pelham, Foreign and domestic news, Boston celebration, 262.
 Brockville Fair, Voice of the Reclaimed, Mechanic's Institute, 263.
 Rochester Fair, Central division soiree, List of divisions, 263.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

Original Poetry; Biblical Antiquities; a Practical joke, 269.
 A picture, Dancing, the Whale, Matrimony, 270.
 General Jackson, Love, Rather Comical, A Group; They Sleep Apart, poetry; Jefferson's Home and Grave, 271.
 The Concealed Dagger, Suttceism, Sagacity, Teetotalism, Liquor Drinking in England, Temperance in India, Rub or Rust, poetry; A Riddle—How to admire, 272.
 Home and Woman, How to treat a Wife, Education, Extraordinary Piano Forte Player; Reaping Machine, Cabbage, Wheat, 273.
 Charm for a horse, Husk beds, Poisonous bites, Regret Poetry, Fruit Trees, Flowers; Poetry, Lines on a Kiss, Theory of Nature, 274.
 Chapter on the Times, Albany Railroad Celebration, Stouffville dinner, 275.
 Orange Societies, What is our Order like? Poetry, Intemperance, 276.
 A letter of the G. S. of Cadets, Father Mathew, Lower Canada Sons, The Scriptures against Intemperance, Postage of Sons, The Backwoods, 277.
 Meatord leuer, Drayton letter, The Wine Cup, poetry, 278.
 A letter from Thornhill, Temperance in Scotland, Mr. Gough, Items of News, Caledon divisions, Lower Canada Sons, 279.
 Toronto Temperance Hotel, Miss Leggo's letter, Daughters of Temperance, 279.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

The night wind, Poetry, Praise among the married, 285.
 Sailor's temperance meeting, Saratoga convention, Singular circumstance, Traffic abandoned in Augusta, Mirth its use, Items of news, 286.
 Drinking toasts, 286.
 Seed time and harvest poetry, Bread-making, Apple custard, Surgery, Tuscan straw-braiders, Fattening pork on oatmeal, 287.
 Feeding Cows, Metal coffins, 287.
 Be kind, poetry, Grammar in rhyme, the Quaker, A mother's influence, Cadets, Woman's smile, Poetry, Footmarks of the ocean, 288.
 The wren a bird, Whippoorwill, 289.

The license law, poetry, Soirees and demonstrations, 290.
 Ministers and temperance, Editor's table, 291.
 Rising star social dinner, Georgetown, Esqueing addresses, Middleport division, Glanford, Brother Fergusson's letter, 292-3.
 Norwichville Festival, Springfield letter, Bro. Andrews, Bro. Luffs, letters from Smithfield, Burial of a son, 294.
 Bowmanville letter, Meeting of Grand division, Temperance items, 295.
 Lines on the Northern railroad, Remarks on matters in divisions, Western divisions, A question of order, letters, 296.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER NINETEEN.

There was a Smile, poetry; Western Antiquities, Mounds in Ohio, 301.
 Madame Lorenzo, Monkeys and Major Rogers, Book trade in U. S., Visit of Indians to the Exhibition, Discovery of the Acts of the Apostles, 302.
 Religious population in Canada, Temperance in India, 303.
 A female printer, An Epitaph, The fireside hint, poetry; What can I do! poetry; Boys look here, Scraps for the Curious, Returned Crows, Persons engaged in Different occupations Vanity, Bloomerism in Glasgow, A Bickering Couple, Niagara eclipsed, Fattening Cattle, Flax, 304.
 Submarine Telegraph, Threshing Machines in Australia, Me at Kettle, Indians, A great Calf, Wood durability of, Bands, 305.
 A Night Scene, poetry; Remains of a Mastodon; "Brighter hours will dawn," poetry, 306.
 Lines on a Kiss, Theory of Nature, 307.
 Come away, poetry; respectable Tippling, Look around, 308.
 Niagara circular, Meeting at Davis's Corners, 309.
 Victoria Sons, Gainsboro division Grand division, Daughters in U. S., Br. Murrell, Law and Intoxicator, Stouffville dinner to Rev. Mr. Kribbs, 310.
 Rising Star Division, Filius—a letter from Vienna, Stephen Randall, poetry; Temperance news, Orangeville Soiree, Caledon Sons, Temperance news, 311.
 Library of Sons, Niagara Resolutions, News, 312.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWENTY.

Old Music, poetry; Men and Women, Ignorance in England, 317.
 The Old Man and the Princess, Immensity of Space Song on Steam, Kossuth, The Dutchman's dog An Alligator combat, 318.
 A Sketch, Loss of a Whale Ship, Heroism, 319.
 Lines to the Farmers of Canada, poetry; Vitality of Seed, Swimming Machine, Early Rising Machine, Worth Knowing, Fine Cambric, 320.
 A Singing Mouse, Apple Contest, Industrial Exhibition, Hydrophobia, Peaches, How to take ink of Linen, Pear Tree, a curiosity, Small thing poetry; Little things, poetry; Richmond H. Cadets, Little girls, Horn houses, 321.
 A night scene, poetry, Curious relic, A discovery, 3 Account of dinner to the Rev. Mr. Krebbs, Temperance poetry on Rain, 323.
 Deal kindly with a brother, Leave him not, poet Visit to the divisions of Dumfries, Galt, &c., Bar soiree, Nelson soiree and address, 324-5
 Cadets, suicides by intemperance, Temperance A enaem, 327.
 Items of news, 328.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER 21.

Passing away, poetry, Irish Baronet's Story, 333.
 Laugh, lady laugh, poetry, Connecticut pedlar, law question, Golden apple of Herod, Burning dow, A wedding ring, Physiological facts 334.
 The Happy Farmer, poetry, German Agricolt Wheat, Burning water, Dislocation of the Blasting rock, 335.
 Great corn, Old homestead, poetry, File your pay Decidedly cool, 336.
 Acrostic, Death of the young, poetry, Niagara F 337.
 Woman, A graphic sketch, Earth's rotation, new t ry, 338.

Lines on a kiss, poetry, Dash it down, poetry, A cup of pure water, poetry, Sparkling and bright, poetry, 339.

Notice of meetings, License system, Maine Liquor law, 340.

J. B. Gough, Newcastle division, Scarborough division, 342.

Temperance in England, France, Scotland, Bermuda, and Australia, Don mills Soiree, address and reply, Maine Law, 343.

Letters, Doings of Grand Divisions, Toronto and Hamilton Daughters, 344.

Items of news, Cadets of Lower Canada, St. Catherine Union, 345.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWENTY TWO.

Lines by a wife, Love divine, poetry, Actresses, You can take my hat 349

Singular if true, Dr. Noit, Mazzini, Forlands Welcome to Kessuth, Last words of distinguished men 350

Death of Montgomery, Pompeii, Jenny Lind, Deaf, dumb, and blind, man, The early dead, Insanity in California, Railways in New York, Toronto Mechanics' Institute, Summer Boat, 351

The Illinois farmer, The merry traveller, poetry, Items, Extraordinary hunt, Toads are poisonous, New use of powder, Canada's capacity, Burglars alarm, Draining by Machinery, Genius wonders of, 352

Combustion The frog poetry Wiles blast against tobacco, Kissing no robbery, The vanity of the world, Lesson for scolding wife's, A Father and his child, Not lost labor, 353

Material for thought Hasty words, The gentlewoman, 354

Home of childhood poetry, Erie Steamer, Lines on the Erie, Real court sy, The Dead, 351

Strange discovery, Strange visitor, A combat, Fox's Revenge, Wild Indians Boston city affairs, Daughters in New York, Grand Division doings, Maine Law, Sons, Important resolution, 355

Be days of drinking wine forgot, poetry, Our new volume, Ontario soiree and division, Remarks on the Toronto divisions, 356

City ward meetings, Deputies, Timely hints, Bowmanville letter, Letter on Tobacco, 357

Durham village, Yonge street meeting Daughters, 358

Elections, Buffalo taverns Disturbances in America, Items of news Provincial, 359

Massachusetts, 359

New Division, Good resolve, Sons of Temperance, 360

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWENTY THREE.

The family meeting poetry, Don't waste your time, 365

The first of the ghosts, Col. Crocket, Shaving in a brokers office, 366

What about those onions, Kossuth, 367

Pumpkin pies, poetry, Gold from an Onion patch, Weights and measures, Turnips, Rats, Vinegar, Japanese Gardens, China, A magnetic piano, Items of news, 368

Positive and comparative, poetry, 369

A Father's advice to his Son, Poetry of a little girl, Last late news, 369

Happy Christmas poetry, Christmas, The Mulmer beauty, poetry, Design in Creation 370

The Ximayans or Aztec children, 371

Tusk of a Mastadon, the Changes, poetry, Woman's persuasion, poetry, Our New Volume, Petitions, 372

The Order in Canada, Weekly Dues, Maine Law, Ontario, Washington City, Temperance Athenaeum, 373

Holland Landing letter, There is a good time coming, poetry, 374

Tea meetings, Canadian family journal, Notice, United States, Montreal daughters, Galt Temperance meeting, Anti-Tetotalism, Maine Law, 375

New Ritual, Editors table, Letter from Geo. Graham, News, Communicatives, Scarborough Meeting, Items of News, Poetry, Temperance news, Temperance Meetings, 377

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

How Beautiful they are, Poetry, Janet McItea, A Picture, 381

Seth Hawkins's, Larceny—President in a Lunatic Asylum, William Penn, Curious Customs of Japanese, 382

Ancestors of Washington, Lovers, Voyage of Life, Female Purity, 383

Agriculture—Cotton grown in Ohio, Burning old Stumps, Scalding hogs, Poultry manure, Turnips in Butter, Agriculture in France, 384

My mother's silvery hairs, History of alcohol, To Poets, Blind Boy, Right stuff, 385

Lines on a kiss, Animal Life, 386

On Tobacco, Time, Adieu Adieu, Farewell to 1851, 387

The Triangled Banner, Worthy Patriarchs, Churchville Cadets, 388

Mass-Meeting, Maine Liquor Law, Cummingsville Division, 389

Evils connected with the Order, Prince Albert Division, 390

Debates in Divisions, Temperance Meeting, Temperance movements, Northern Brethren, Charlotteville Division, 391

Lines to the Son, Close of Vol. I. and the year 1851, Elections in Canada, Tavern Inspectors, Weston Letter, Temperance Items—Union, 392

Index, 393, 394, 395, 396.

ROSCOE CONKLING DEAD.

The Ex-Senator Passes Away Early This Morning.
New York, April 18, 2.05 a.m.—Senator Conkling died at 1.60 this morning.

Mr. Conkling belonged to a talented family. He was the son of Alfred Conkling, an eminent lawyer and member of Congress, and was born October 30, 1829. After receiving an academic education he studied law in his father's office, then entered the office of Francis Kernan, afterwards his colleague in Congress, and in 1850 was elected district attorney for Oneida County. In the spring of 1858 he was elected Mayor of Utica, and the next November was elected to Congress. Re-elected in 1860, he was defeated in 1862 by his late law colleague, Francis Kernan. In 1864 he was again elected to Congress, and his first great speech was in favor of the fourteenth amendment. In 1867 he was elected United States senator and was re-elected in 1873 and 1879. In 1878 he received ninety-three votes for the Republican nomination for President at Cincinnati. In 1880 he supported General Grant for a third term. After the election of Garfield he disagreed with the Administration, and on May 16, 1881, resigned his seat in the Senate; his colleague, Thomas C. Platt, following his example. Since that time he has devoted himself to the practice of law, in which he amassed a considerable fortune.

On March 12 Mr. Conkling lost his way in Union Square during the great blizzard, and wandered around in the snow for over twenty minutes before gaining knowledge of his whereabouts. He finally reached the Hoffman House in an almost exhausted condition. Although he apparently recovered the following day the cold he had contracted grew worse until on Friday, March 30, Dr. Agnew was summoned and pronounced him suffering from an abscess of the ear. The ailment increased until morning, developed, but no fears were entertained of his recovery until within the past week when alarming symptoms set in, which developed rapidly, and for the past few days the patient has been alternating between a state of delirium and semi-consciousness.

*I remember when a boy, my step-father
R. Stephenson was in grocery and
fruit business in Charlotte St
Albica N.Y. about the year 1856,
having a lawsuit, and Roscoe
Conkling was his solicitor in the
case. I remember well what
a fine looking man he was, tall
to a large forehead, and
etc.*

*Thos. Batten
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