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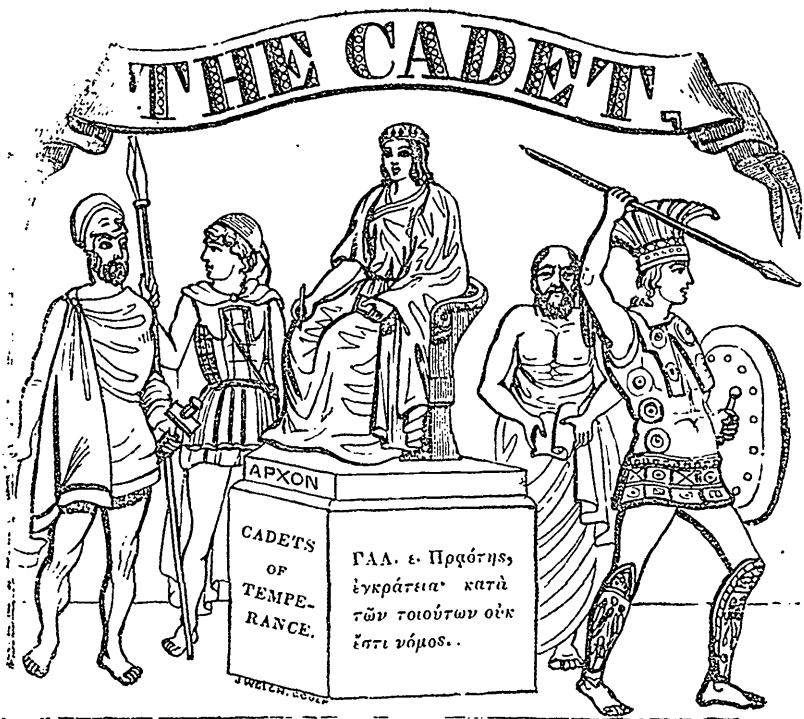
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 1, 1853.

No. 7.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

There was joy in the house. A young immortal had been ushered into being; and the calm and chastened pleasure, mingled with fear, with which a birth is welcomed, shone in the faces of all the inmates. The anxious inquiries of friends created a great excitement through the day; and at night two grateful hearts remembered in their orisons that God had made them the parents of a living child.

There was a little girl, the predecessor of the new comer by four or five summers, who felt richer than Cræsus that she could now number among her possessions a baby brother. She repeated the word to herself—she said it and sung it, and tried to write it on her slate—she spelled it, and dwelt over it, as if never since the world began was there a word so full of pride and happiness. She reviewed her little possessions, and laid aside in her mind what was fit for a little brother. She looked at the tall trees, and thought of the fruit that could no more elude her, since the brother, in her fast anticipations, already a little man, could soon shake down the hitherto inaccessible prize. And as she walked forth, she looked prophetic defiance at the dog which had long been her terror. Her brother would settle the matter for that ill-mannered creature, she was very sure, and teach him that he was not to

growl unrebuked at a little girl who did nothing to disturb him. It was curious, the turn that her day-dreams took; for, while she thought of John as a little man, she did not dream that she could become anything but a little girl.

What a wonder to Jane was the first actual sight of the young imaginary giant that had grown up in her thoughts to man's estate. When she said "He is so small," her mother laughed, not knowing the silently cogitated standard of comparison which Jane had erected in her large heart. "And when will he walk? And when will he talk?" Jane was sadly discomposed at the indefinite answers which implied a great, long while away, before her visions of a brother's usefulness could be realized; and she thought within herself that a *little* brother was no such *great* prize after all! She could not see the use of a *boy* baby. Girls might do, for you could "make believe" that they were living dolls. But a boy—a little boy that could neither throw stones, nor crack a whip, that could not talk or walk, or so much as sit alone! She wondered what anybody could want of such a thing!

However, children's disappointments are soon forgotten, and Jane was quite reconciled to the state of affairs, when she was placed at the cradle-head to drive away the flies, and told that she must be sure and not make a noise. She whispered to her dolly, which she had brought along to see the wonderful sight, that it, too, must be quiet, or the nurse would certainly send it down stairs; and, between the care of her doll and her brother, Jane was soberly elated, and quite built up. And, as days passed she became more and more pleased—but a new surprise now awaited her. She observed that her mother and her father did not share her pleasure. There were long-whispered consultations, which she perceived were not intended for her ear, and, therefore, as a well-disciplined child should do, which she avoided. Still was she very anxious to know why father and mother were so sad, and why the baby was so anxiously watched, and why little things were waved before its eyes, by the mother and the nurse, and why at each trial they still turned sadly away, and shook their heads.

The secret, spared to Jane as long as possible, at last reached her ears. The baby brother was blind!

When Jane heard this, her heart was too full of grief to answer a word. She did not lift up her voice in weeping, but crept silently away to her little chamber, and sat down and shut her eyes, to see how it would seem to be all dark and desolate, while the bright sun was covering the hill sides with shadows, and repeating the trees in the sea of green which stretched away, as far as she could see, beneath her window. And she thought how only that very morning, when she was out alone on the honeysuckle porch, she had watched the humming bees from flower to flower, entangling their busy limbs in the blossoms; and the humming birds poising themselves on their wings while their tiny beaks were buried in the flowers, and not a dewdrop was shaken down. The many, many sights which in her little heart she had hoped would wait for John, or come again when he could be carried out to see, she cared for no more. All the world seemed dark to her now; and when she was frightened, and opened her eyes to look, tears dimmed her sight, and she crept into bed, and buried her head, and sobbed.

One by one she pulled apart and overturned all the castles that her fancy had been building. She destroyed all that her fairy thoughts had constructed, and crept into herself, and doubted if God *was* good, as her mother had told her, or could be; since he had given her a baby brother who could be no happiness and no companion for her—who could enjoy no walks, and take no part in her little pleasures. And so she fell asleep.

And in her sleep one thought was still present. She dreamed that she was blind. The terrible calamity of which she had heard, but never met before, fell upon her, and she thought in her dream the sun shone no more, that the green fields, and the bright light, and the gay colors of the flowers, and the hues of the rainbow, all were dark. She thought that her father and her mother had passed out of her sight forever, and that she could no more recollect how they seemed. She screamed in terror, and she thought an angel hand was laid upon her eyes—and she saw again! "O, touch my brother's eyes, too," she said, "that he may see!"

She was awake. It was her mother's hand which had roused her from that vision. But O, how she longed that the dream had been true, and that the same angel touch could give light to the darkness of the blind little babe!

Her mother sat down by her bedside, and talked long and sweetly to her. What most consoled her of all that was said, was—that since her brother would never know light, he could never understand darkness, or know of what he was deprived. And she was told that while they lived she must be eyes to her little brother, light to his darkness, and a guide and guard about his steps. And her mother said that though angels would not come and touch his eyes that he might see, yet that they would hover around him and be her companions in leading him, lest at any time he should dash his foot against a stone. And, better than all that, the Saviour of men, who when on earth anointed the eyes and gave sight to the blind in their darkness, would smile upon her labors, while in her feeble way she followed his example, and alleviated the deprivation which Power Almighty alone can heal.

Jane was comforted. The mother, too, was strengthened by her labor of parental love. For so we all find strength, and if we would lighten our own sorrows, we can do it best by solacing another. Kindness is "twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Those who have not known sorrow have yet to learn the highest and most heavenly emotions of which human nature is capable. And when it befalls us young, God's mercy is the greater; for, says the word of Holy Writ, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." Jane was surprised to find herself gazing at the glowing sunset with a calm delight. "He can never see it!" she said—but instantly added, "No matter. I can tell him all about it!" Happy temper of childhood—full of hope and full of expedients!

The blind babe grew, and in due time could stand upon his feet, and learn with his little hands the way to move, and follow with his quick ears the slightest sound. He was a daily wonder to them all—the theme of their thoughts, and the constant care of their hands and their hearts. But Jane was sadly puzzled when she tried to teach the blind child what she saw, and to tell him of the scarlet and gold of the sunsets, and of the green and yellow of the fields. And when he was told that golden was the most beautiful color, he asked to know if golden was like Jane's face, or what it was like—if it was sweet like sugar, or soft like his pillow bed. Was black, hard and bitter? and what color was sharp and stinging? The little teacher labored patiently—but to no purpose. She could not give his mind an impression of things of which his senses, those inlets to the brain, could take no cognizance. It was a sad amusement to the little fellow's parents to hear his hopeless misapprehensions. Do not "e'en angels weep," when men strive to define and describe the spirit world—infinity further removed from our perceptions, than is the natural light from the child born blind! We know that it is the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom to the faithful; and that in the hour of his own will, he will reveal what it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Farther than this we cannot pierce into the unknown realm beyond the grave. What God doeth we know not now, but shall know hereafter. And so Jane's simple and child-like piety taught her to say to her little brother: That though now he could neither see, nor know what sight is, the hour would come when the light of the new heaven and the new earth would shine upon his darkness.

Another child was born. It was a double joy—for it could see. No anxious experiments required to be tried to test its capacities, and the whole house felt that delight which only such as they, having tasted grief, could appreciate. Like the mother of all living, they could say with full and happy hearts, "we have gotten a man from the Lord."

Little John heard with as much pleasure as any, of the new comer—but poor Jane's heart fell for a moment when she thought: "I cannot show the baby to him." But the blind boy was brought to his mother's knee, and his little chubby hands were gently placed on the baby's forehead, and nose, and mouth, and chin. His fingers were just for an instant trusted among the hair, and he was allowed with his arms to measure the length of the little stranger from heel to crown, and who shall say that his interest and delight were not as great as any? And when he felt and counted the ten little toes, and denied that there were so many because one was very small; and when he traced with his thumb the crooked little ears, and tried

his own in comparison, who shall say that that little mind in a blind body had not work enough, notwithstanding?

So passed a few short months—short indeed they seemed, for the little blind boy was still the centre of all thoughts and cares—and, we may add, of all the best pleasures of the household. He was thoughtful and quiet, and an especial delight he took in the knowledge that there was something in the house of which even he could take charge. He could distinguish by the babe's breathing whether it waked or slept—or, if he had doubts, could soon resolve them by an investigation with his fingers. This mode of inquiry almost always resulted one way; for be the touch ever so gentle, neither babe nor man can sleep under a fingering of the eyelids. And when by chance the little sleeper happened to get John's finger in his mouth, the shout of laughter which followed, completed the awakening. John was not useful in keeping the babe asleep—that was certain. Still the last child seemed to the family chiefly born to amuse his brother, and they did not complain very harshly of John's blind but well-meant officiousness. Only Jane would sometimes wish that John could see! Charley looked so prettily.

John fell sick. He was a wonder of patience, that little blind boy; and, though the disease was painful, the remedies nauseous, and the days very long, yet he showed that there are circumstances under which the want of sight may even be a mercy. Day and night were alike to him; at night he did not wish, "would it were morning!" nor in the morning, "would it were even!"

Jane was his constant and assiduous little nurse. It was a post to which she was self-elected, and though she could be entrusted only to console and watch, yet was her presence better for the sufferer than all the strictly-timed prescriptions which older hands dispensed. Many days they waited, wavering between hope and fear; now one preponderating, and now the other. Many said—"It is better the child should die"—but those who say such things know not the clinging ties by which even the suffering child is bound to the parent's heart. The highest act of faith is to say, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD!" Many a martyr has died at the stake who could not witness so good a confession.

Slowly but certainly life ebbed away. With his emaciated hand in his sister's, the child would lie for hours motionless, except when Jane's hand was withdrawn, and then he uneasily turned and groped about for the assurance that he was not alone. A voice seemed scarce to satisfy him; touch was to him his sight, and without it he was uneasy.

One summer afternoon he suddenly withdrew his hand from Jane's. A moment he pressed them upon his eyelids, then clasping them above his head, he cried—"Pa! I see now! Darkness is all gone! Day has come!"

Father and mother hurried to the bedside. Jane ran away, and catching up the babe whom the nurse had awakened, held him over the blind boy's face, that he might realize what had been so long the wish of her heart.

But the light which had broken upon the child was the glory of another world; and before his sister could return to him, the blind boy was told in the arms of Him who saith, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When Jane saw the splendors of the setting sun that day through her tears, she dried them as she thought that he for whom she wept saw the same heaven in "a more excellent glory."—*Gleason's Pictorial.*

Voices of the Past.

BY PERSA S. LEWIS.

Voices of the past,

Whither do ye go—whither go?

Ever floating dreamily,

With a saddened flow.

O, what bring ye from the past?

Dreams that float and fade so fast.

Voices of the past,

Sadly do ye come—sadly come;

Bringing dreams too bright to last,

From the Eden home.

O ye bring the wildwood flowers,

And music of life's early hours.

Voices of the past,

Hasten then away—haste away;

For your sad and solemn tones,

Bring tears for each lay.

Hark! they're dying, soft and low,

Voices of long time ago!



Great Destruction Railroad and Drunkard's Transportation Company through a Rocky Country,

*Via Ciderville, Porterville, B-ertown, Wineville, Brandyborough, Rumopolis,
Whiskey City, &c. &c.*

Various efforts, during the year 1852, to induce the Legislature to repeal the Charter of this well-known Company, having signally failed, the Directors have the pleasure of assuring their numerous friends and patrons, that this Road to Ruin is now in a more prosperous condition than ever. Within the last three months it has carried more than three hundred thousand passengers, who have gone all the way "through" from the town of Temperance to the city of Destruction, while the number of "way" passengers who have been accommodated with very convenient "lifts," has been almost incredible. An enormous amount of freight, such as workmen's tools, household furniture, &c., has also gone forward, and from these and other sources of revenue the receipts of the year have been so large, that the Directors have resolved to declare a dividend of at least five hundred per cent.

Meanwhile, immense expenditures have been made in various parts of the road to render it a favorite with the travelling public. Many of the grades have been

altered, and so reduced that only a practical eye can discern the difference between them and a dead level. Much of the track that was worn away has been relaid with Messrs. Satanias & Co.'s patent rail. Convenient Depots have been established at different parts of the route, for the better accommodation of passengers who may be awaiting the arrival of the Trains. The Switches have been particularly guarded, and numerous Turnouts have been made to avoid collision with the Total Abstinence Engine and the Temperance Trains, which have lately occasioned so much uneasiness. In short, we have spared no exertion or expense to make it superior to any other Road to Ruin that has thus far been established.

It further gives us pleasure to say that equal attention has been given to the improvement of the Engines and the Cars. The old and favorite locomotive, Alcohol, has been thoroughly repaired, and in the experienced hands of Mr. Belial (the foreman of Satanias & Co.,) we are satisfied that it will outstrip in speed anything on

the road. To fall in with the spirit of the times, the Whiskey, Rum, and Brandy Cars, for forward passengers, have been greatly enlarged, and the fare reduced to half-price. The new Cider Car that has been put on within a few months has already begun to excite great attention, and, we are happy to say, has been found to run as well on the track as any other. But the Wine Cars, especially, are models of luxurious conveyance, as even ladies and children can travel in them oftentimes without being aware that they are travelling at all. Passengers, however, who prefer the Beer Car, Porter Car, &c., can readily be accommodated, on showing their tickets to Mr. Mix, our polite and gentlemanly Conductor, who has been so long and favorably known as the bar-keeper of "Drinker's Hotel," City of Destruction.

REGULATIONS.

The Down Train will leave Ciderville at 6 a.m.; Porterville, 7 a.m.; Beertown, 8 a.m.; Wineville, 9 a.m.; Brandy-borough, 10 a.m.; Rumopolis, 11 a.m.; Whiskey City, 12 m.

At 1 p.m., this train will intersect at the town of Moderation, the various accommodation trains from Little Drop, Medicineville, Old Pledge, Fashiontown, Customville, &c.; after which the speed of the train will be greatly accelerated, stopping, however, to land passengers at Poorhouseville, Hospital Town, Prisonburgh, and various other places on the road.

ON SUNDAYS—Cars will be in readiness for the accommodation of passengers at the above hours until further notice.

N.B.—All baggage at the risk of the owner, and widows and orphans are particularly requested not to inquire after persons and property at Ruin Depot, as in no case do the Directors hold themselves liable for accident to passengers.

WILLIAM WHOLESALE, *President.*

ROBERT RETAIL, *Vice-President.*

—*Youth's Tem. Adv.*

The Drunkard's Funeral.

JULY 23d, 1853.

It was a recent Sabbath morning that a gentleman drove up to my father's door, and requested him to attend the funeral of a man who had died the day before of that terrible disease which so often carries off the drunkard, and fills the beholder's heart with the deepest sadness. The rain had been falling in torrents during the night,

and the travelling was anything but good. My father, however, consented to go; and, as he offered me a seat in the carriage, I concluded to be present at the funeral of one slain by brandy.

After passing over some five miles of the worst travelling I had ever seen, we reached the house which had been the dwelling of him who had fallen a victim to intemperance. We were soon conducted into the room where sat the bereaved widow and her two small children, the eldest about five years of age. My father attempted to administer consolation to the afflicted, but what could he say? Could he bid her look up to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, as the present abode of her husband? No—God hath said no drunkard shall enter there. The house was soon filled with people—the sermon preached—the last look taken of the poor bloated body, and it was borne to the grave—a human sacrifice offered on the altar of the liquor traffic.

The youthful widow returned to her dwelling, made desolate by the fell destroyer, while tears of sadness and of sorrow fell thick and fast upon the little fatherless children by her side. We entered our carriage and commenced our return, but often would the form of those helpless children and the distressed and afflicted mother seem to rise up before me, until—young as I am, I resolved to attempt to tell the story of their wrongs. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the deceased was naturally an amiable man, a good neighbor, an affectionate husband, and kind father—prudent and industrious. He had accumulated a little property, and, at his death, left about one thousand dollars, which had not fallen into the hands of the rum-sellers. By what is called moderate drinking, he acquired an appetite for strong drink, which he found it difficult to control. Often did he resolve to drink no more intoxicating drinks, and for months would abstain; but as liquor was sold in the neighborhood to all who wished to purchase, he sometimes fell into the snare of the tempter, which often lay in his path. The first glass taken, and he lost all control over his appetite, and all his good resolutions were swept away as with hurricane fury, and, taking his bed, would lay drunk for several days in succession.

Then came sober hours, with tears of penitence, and weeks and months of reform. Again he would be taken in the tempter's snare, and at last fell a victim

to the dreadful traffic in intoxicating drinks. And who was the cause of his death? Was it the rum-seller, or was it our last Legislature, who refused to listen to the prayers of the suffering ones? I envy not the man his feelings who voted against the Memorial, when he reflects that his vote has added in keeping open those fountains of misery, which are promoting the spread of intemperance, causing tears to flow from woman's eyes, and making many a female's existence on earth an awful curse. I am not a "Woman Rights" girl, in the common acceptation of that term, but I think woman and her helpless offspring have a right to ask protection; and hard must be that heart, and unworthy of woman's love, that refuses to give it. So long as the liquor traffic continues, we are not protected. Intemperance will continue to visit the hallowed retirements of domestic life, clothing in deepest mourning its guiltless inmates, bedewing cheeks with tears, which were wont to blush with affection, while it spreads rum over the once holy residence of innocence and love.

AUGUSTA.

—*Spirit of the Age.*

The Haunted Road—A Ghost Story.

When there is a predisposition to believe a marvel, as in the weak and credulous and wonder-loving mind, it is astonishing how easily a simple natural event may be invested with a marvellous and supernatural appearance. A short time ago, as I was returning late in the evening from a lonely house at which I had been paying a visit, having occasion to pass along a road overhung with dark thick trees on each side, I discerned, as I approached the avenue, an ancient dame, clad in one of those picturesque scarlet cloaks which are now so seldom seen, lingering or watching with uncertain steps by the road-side. As soon as she perceived me, she advanced, and in respectful but earnest tones begged that I would slacken my pace a little, in order that she might walk with me through the gloomy avenue. On interrogating her, she informed me that a "spirit" was said to haunt that road by night, and that, though it had seldom been seen, it was accustomed to make its presence known by the rattling of a chain. Joe Hobson, the farrier's boy, had once caught a glimpse of it, dressed in white, with long horns

upon its head, passing nimbly through the thick trees on both sides, without being impeded, it would seem, either by the solid trunks or by the thick underwood and twining brambles. She dared not go alone, she told me; indeed, none but a parson could be considered safe from the intrusions of the chained but still nimble ghost; but, if I would allow her to accompany me, she would walk as fast as her limbs could carry her, I might be sure.

As we went along, I tried to reason with her, and to show her the absurdity of her fears, but evidently with little effect; for she declared with singular perversity that if she were told enough to disbelieve, she would expect the ghost to show itself immediately, to punish her incredulity. As we advanced, the grove became narrower and darker, and the old woman grasped me more tightly by the arm; when, strange to say, the rattling of a chain, at a short distance from me, distinctly reached my ears. My companion heard it also.

"There it is!" said she, "I hear it now! O! let us go back; come, come!"

"Nonsense," I replied, leading her on; 'tis nothing to be afraid of."

"It's the ———, you know what," she cried, not daring to utter the name of the thing she dreaded. "Don't leave me; O! do come back."

With some difficulty, I persuaded her to remain standing on a spot where the moonlight penetrated through the trees, while I advanced in pursuit of the invisible ghost. A few steps brought me near to a dark object, which moved as I approached, dragging a chain along the ground close to my feet; and soon I was able to arrest the "spirit," and to lead it in the shape of a donkey which had slipped its tether, to the trembling old woman.

Having thus allayed her fears, I asked her as we proceeded on our journey and emerged upon the high road, how she could suppose that spirits would walk about in chains through the dark woods—what object they could have in such midnight rambles.

She answered, with a groan: "No good, you may be sure."

"Did you ever hear of their doing harm to any one?"

"Yes," she replied; "Jemmy Brown was frightened almost out of his wits by the ghost in this avenue."

"By the ghost, or by the donkey? In my opinion Jemmy Brown had only him-

self to thank for the fright he got ; if he had had more wits to lose, there would have been less ghost to rob him of them. But seriously, it is not only very foolish but very wicked to entertain and to propagate such fears. Setting aside the absurdity of supposing that spirits would show themselves here and there, and rattle chains or rustle about in shrouds for no possible object, it shows a great want of faith in the protecting care of God, to be afraid where no fear is, and to imagine dangers where none exist. You would have had a far more pleasant walk this evening, if your mind had been occupied with the evidences and tokens of God's goodness which surround us every where and always. There are indeed dangers by night as well as by day ; but if you look habitually to him for protection, you will soon learn to trust in his providence, and to banish all vain, unworthy fears from your mind."

"You speak truly, sir," said the old woman, "but I can't help feeling as I do. I hear so many stories that I don't know what to think about them ; and even if I could be persuaded that there is no truth in them, yet they come back to me when I chance to be alone in the dark, and frighten me in spite of myself."

"This is the fault of education," said I. "Habit is second nature ; but you must reason against it, and try to overcome it. As you have suffered so much inconvenience and alarm from the false and foolish stories of others, be sure you never spread abroad such tales yourself ; take care that any children you may have to do with are never entertained with marvellous narratives to make their hearts throb and their blood run cold. Children have a natural craving for such food. Whatever stimulates the curiosity and excites the mind they will eagerly receive, and the mischief that is done in a few idle moments may not be remedied in after years. Let your neighbors know that you have at last both seen and handled the ghost of South-wood avenue ; and tell them that all other hobgoblins, if pursued and examined, would doubtless prove as innocent and natural as poor Jenny, the brickmaker's donkey."

The love of the wonderful prevails so generally over the love of truth, that I was not surprized to hear afterwards that many of the neighbors to whom the old woman told her story believed the former part of it, namely, that she had heard the rattling of a chain and seen a dark object cross her path ; but they scorned to accept the

result of our examination of the ghost : so that with many our adventure was regarded as confirming the existence of the "spirit" that had so long rattled its chains by night under the dark shade of the trees. — *Leisure Hour.*

Mouths.

(From the Child's Paper.)

It is curious to see how many different kinds of mouths there are, each adapted to a different kind of food, the different ways of taking the food, and the different places where the food is found.

The human mouth has a good set of tools for biting and chewing, with the hands to wait upon it, to prepare and bring it food. The rough tongue, the broad cutting teeth of the horse, with his long neck, fit him for browsing in the pastures, and gathering up his food from the earth. The mouth of a chicken is a pair of nippers, long, sharp and bony, to pick up the corn and little seeds.

The woodpecker's mouth has not only to find the food, but it has to work pretty hard for it. It feeds upon the worms and insects which live in the hollows of old trees, and they have to be taken out some way or other. For this purpose it has a long, sharp, hard bill like a mallet, and with this it chisels and taps and taps, and was probably very busy getting its dinner, when the poet went out in the woods and heard him, and wrote the song,

"The woodpecker taps the hollow beach-tree," which has made the woodpecker a famous little bird ever since. He keeps on working until a hole is deep enough to reach the poor worm, when he darts out his tongue and seizes it. This tongue is made on purpose, for it is long, sometimes darted out two or three inches beyond the bill, and at the end it is sharp and long, and set with little teeth like a saw, only running backwards like the barb of a fish-hook. There is now no escape for the worm ; it is hooked and drawn into the woodpecker's mouth, and made a meal of.

All this is very curious ; yet very different is the butterfly's mouth, for the butterfly eats honey, and the flowers sometimes stow their honey down in little cells, quite out of the way. But the butterflies have an instrument to work with ; their tongue is hollow inside like a tube,

made of a great many little rings, moved by little muscles. When it is not in use, it is coiled up, so as not to be in the way; but when it is wanted, it is unrolled and darted down into the bottom of a flower, and the honey is sucked up through it, very much as boys sometimes suck cider through a straw.

As you study the mouths of other insects and other birds and other animals, and the finny tribes, you will find this wonderful adaptation of the mouth to obtaining the proper food. These different mouths could not have "happened so;" they could not have *made themselves*; could they? Does any body seriously suppose they could have come by chance? The study of mouths brings out a degree of skill and contrivance which could belong only to a great, intelligent, contriving mind, and it forms a deeply interesting chapter in the great book of God.

THE CADET.

"Virtu., Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1853.

World's Temperance Convention.

You have heard or read of the Grand Temperance Meeting, or series of meetings, held in New York in the beginning of September. You will find a full account in the *Temperance Advocate* of September 15th. There was one great assembly of which we desire to say something in the *Cadet*. It was large meeting of little folks,—a mass gathering of the children of the city of New York and its vicinity. They met in Metropolitan Hall, which, we suppose, will hold three or four thousand grown up people, and therefore, you may guess how many boys and girls might get into the same space. This great Hall was filled with children and their teachers, and some parents, with as many visitors as could find room to look in. We stood upon the platform, and gazed with delight on this most interesting assembly. There was a band of music and a leader of singing. Several times all the boys and girls stood up and sang

as they were directed, having printed slips containing the music and the words. Addresses were delivered by competent speakers. The children were much gratified, and to our mind it was one of the grandest and most effective displays of the whole Convention. You have heard speakers dwell on the great importance of rightly training the young; to our mind, one of the most necessary lessons to give to youth is that which relates to temperance, or the due regulation of the bodily appetites. As to the beverage use of intoxicating drinks, temperance means total abstinence. Here then, in Metropolitan Hall, are gathered thousands of children, all of whom are taught to abstain. If they shall all keep their pledge, and avoid liquor as a deadly poison, how useful they will become in future days. Some in early life may die, but many will doubtless live, and help to spread the great idea, that the traffic in liquor ought not to be permitted longer to damage the Commonwealth; but that it ought to be prohibited by law. Boys and girls of Canada, we want you to join the cold water army. Our country is cursed by the traffic. Cadets, gird on your armour and go forth in grand array, to do battle for the King of kings.

Warning to Youth.

One of the most afflicting incidents of modern civilization occurred a few weeks ago in Pennsylvania. A young man named Reese Evans, suffered the extreme penalty of the law, having been proved guilty of the murder of Louis Reese. The murderer was only a little past eighteen when he committed the deed, for the purpose of plunder. But the question arises how could a youth attain to so desperate a degree of wickedness? From his own disclosures, it seems that he began his career of crime in very early life, and did not suddenly spring forth an accomplished criminal. But you ask again,

had he nobody to care for him, or teach him his duty to God and man? That is an important question, and its answer reveals another of the many horrors of the liquor traffic, a traffic most foul and unnatural when seen in its results all over the world. The story of Reese Evans is easily told, but painful in the telling. His father was a drunkard when he was a child; he forsook his family, and his mother became insane. He was partially cared for by strangers from the age of seven to that of eleven. After that he wandered about having no home or steady employment. He early commenced a system of thieving, to meet his necessities, and proceeded from step to step, until he reached the climax of wickedness in cold blooded murder, and ended his short but sinful career upon the gallows. We consider this a warning to youth, but it furnishes also a terrible warning to intemperate and negligent parents, as well as to idle, dissolute and reckless young men. It has been well said on this subject, that small beginnings in crime may soon reach a fearful magnitude. The boy who steals a pen-knife may die by the halter before he is twenty. This brief narrative may be taken also as showing the folly and iniquity of the liquor traffic. It was this bad business which made the father a drunkard, and the mother insane. Through its original agency young Evans was brought to the gallows. Many may have come there who were not first driven out of the ways of virtue by drink; but in these latter days the majority of murders and maimings are the effects of the traffic in strong drink. Young friends, agitate for the prohibition of the traffic, and use every proper means to promote total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

Grand Section, &c.

DEAR SIR AND BRO:—As any information relative to the Cadets of Temperance, will, I

am persuaded, be acceptable to your readers. I embrace the opportunity which a few leisure moments present to me, for the purpose of giving you some idea of their prosperity.

At a meeting of the Grand Section held at St. Catherine's, during the month of May last, a Committee was appointed to revise the Constitution of Grand and Subordinate Sections, and report at the next session, which was held at Toronto on the fourth Wednesday in August last.

I am pleased to be able to inform you, that the Committee met at the city of Hamilton, previous to the meeting of the G. S. in August, and made such alterations as they deemed necessary, most of which were adopted by the Grand Section.

At the Session held at St. Catherine's it was resolved that the Grand Section of this Province should place itself under the care of the National Council of the Cadets, and five brethren were appointed to represent the G. S. in said Council, at its next session, which will be held at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. on the 27th proximo.

A new ritual was also adopted at the last session, which may be had at the office of the Grand Secretary, at Newmarket, C. W., by forwarding 5s. 7½d.

A motion was adopted as follows:—"That this Grand Section recommend Subordinate Sections to circulate petitions for a Prohibitory Liquor Law, and obtain as many signatures as possible, and also to act in unison with the Prohibitory Liquor Law League and other kindred organizations."

I hope our young friends will exert themselves to carry out the above admirable suggestions of the Grand Section.

In many parts of the Province I find that this juvenile order is prospering, particularly in those localities in which the Sons of Temperance are flourishing; but wherever the S. of T. are recreant to the principles which they have espoused,—wherever they are careless in their attendance at the Division Room, the Cadets suffer, as the latter can only flourish under the fostering care of the Sons.

I therefore respectfully desire to direct the attention of the Sons of Temperance to this organization of Juveniles, one calculated to exert a powerful, moral influence on the future

generation of our country ; unless you as Sons direct more attention to the Cadets, they must be disbanded as, from the present constitution of the Cadets of Temperance, they depend on the Sons of Temperance to help them forward in the glorious work in which they are engaged.

A few words to the Cadets. Your conduct, my young brothers, is watched by those who may be regarded as the enemies of our order, as well as by those who are its friends ; both parties have, however, different views in looking closely after your conduct. The former party seek your downfall, would like to drive you from the noble principles which you have espoused, and which you have pledged yourselves to sustain ;—while the latter wish you to take that position in society to which all respectably conducted lads are entitled. Be, therefore, ever watchful of your conduct, let no persuasions ever cause you to forget your solemn pledge ; remember that smoking a pipe, giving vent to an oath, or drinking grog, never made, and never will make a man. Keep yourselves free from the contamination of the world, take the Bible as your guide, let the principles therein contained be yours, and you will then become men in the highest and most noble sense.

Yours, In Virtue, Love & Truth,

A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Grand Section Cadets of Temperance.

The next meeting of the G. S. will be held at the City of Kingston, on Tuesday, the 25th October next, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

THOMAS NIXON,

Grand Secretary.

Sept. 20, 1853.

[FOR THE CADET.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 17, 15, 3, 12, 3, a *city* of Asia Minor.

My 12, 8, 3, 13, 24, a *lake* in Ireland.

My 15, 11, 12, 15, 8, 2, a *town* in Scotland.

My 12, 17, 12, 4, 9, a *city* in France.

My 1, 23, 5, 17, 15, 15, 3, a *river* in Africa.

My 9, 2, 19, 11, another *river* in Africa.

My 21, 4, 24, 3, 15, a celebrated *lake* in Africa.

My 14, 23, 17, 3, 4, a *Scripture name*.

My 13, 19, 15, 2, 9, a talented American *lady*

My 23, 20, 17, 12, 23, 8, 3, a *watering-place*

in South Wales.

My 26, 18, 14, 10, a *river* in North America.

My 23, 3, 12, 17, a *city* in Arabia.

My 15, 17, 14, 9, a very pretty *flower*.

My 21, 9, 16, one of the *fathers* of Church music of the 16th century.

My 9, 2, 20, a rare *flower*.

My whole is an instructive sentence for married people.

MENTOR.

Montreal, Sept. 17, 1853.

Answers to Problem and Enigma.

The following are answers to the Problem and Enigma published in the *Cadet* :—

Concerning the Cistern the answer is 1 9-61 hours.

The following is the answer to the Enigma :
"Canadian Prohibitory Liquor Law."

We have received no answer to Brother Dyer's Problem. Will he be good enough to furnish the answer again?

The Acquirement of Habits.

Early youth is the proper season for the commencement of habits for life, in order to make them irradicable. The seeker after happiness or misery, is the more certain to attain his object, the earlier he commences the acquisition of those habits which lead to the goal of his aspiration, whether that be happiness or misery. It is not too early for a boy who intends to be a confirmed blackguard and pest to society, to commence at twelve years old. Let him then spurn the counsel of those who love him, and take the opposite course to that which they advise, in all cases. He should stay away from school in the week time, and from church and Sabbath-school on Sunday. He should run in the streets himself, and decoy as many others from school as he can. He should procure a pistol and shoot his neighbors' cats and dogs with it ; carry a pack of cards, coax other boys to leave school and their business to hide away and gamble with him for pennies, penknives, or whatever disposable articles they may have. He should take care to acquire the flippant use of profane language, which will be all the more in character if seasoned with obscene expressions. He should take care to answer insolently when his parents reprove him for any kind of wickedness or mischief, and embrace all occasions to cultivate a morose, churlish, and quarrelsome disposition. He should never fail to be the originator of any piece of mischief that is to be done in the neighborhood, if possible ; and if any one should happen to

get ahead of him, he should certainly be the first to second the motion. Breaking windows of empty houses; breaking down and marring shade and fruit trees; drawing obscene pictures and writing blackguard words on board fences and buildings; throwing fire crackers under horses feet to make them throw their riders; quarreling and fighting in the streets; prowling about late at night; slipping into stores and robbing money drawers; smearing the fronts of dwellings with ink or tar; and lying on all occasions when accused of any of these things; all these are highly appropriate in the formation of the character of one who hopes to become a tenant of a penitentiary, or a victim of a halter.

It is highly necessary for a young candidate for these distinctions, to acquire all the ornamental habits as he progresses in the substantial ones. At ten years old such candidate should rarely be without a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and should learn to squirt out the mixture of juice and saliva in some peculiarly graceful manner. A strong cigar to smoke in the faces of ladies and gentlemen who are out promenading, is a matter of urgent necessity; and a few weeks practice, and a few turns of sickness at the stomach, will enable the young candidate to smoke and chew with perfect impunity.

Strong beer is probably the most appropriate beverage for a youngster to begin with, in acquiring that most important accomplishment of a human brute: to wit, that of a staggering, wallowing drunkard. After practising with strong beer, cigars and tobacco for a while, the candidate may venture on whisky; but he should take care to become frequently tipsy with the beer before commencing with the more potent beverages. There are always plenty of low grogeries, especially here in Buffalo, where boys of any age may obtain beer or whisky to practice with, if they have pennies; for such is the conscience of a keeper of any one of these little hells, that the destruction of a neighbor's child is no consideration compared with the pennies that the beer and whisky bring in. Such opportunities for commencing the practice which is to acquire the habit, will never be wanting as long as we have not something in the nature of the Maine law; and we shall never have that as long as we elect legislators who are blessed with the accomplishment of which we are now teaching the rudiments. It may be supposed that the boy

who commences at ten or twelve, will be a tolerable proficient in all the accomplishments of vulgarity, blackguardism and baseness, by the time he is fifteen or sixteen, and be ready for the more daring atrocities by the time he reaches the estate of physical manhood. Then we behold him arraigned at the bar of criminal jurisprudence for house-breaking, for pocket-picking, for highway robbery, for passing counterfeit money, for forgery, some one or all of which he must have recourse to, because he did not learn any business in his youth whereby to obtain the means of living. He did not learn to wield any kind of industrial instrument. He cannot think of submitting to the degradation of toil, after learning so many accomplishments in the way of villainy. He goes to state prison for a term of two, three or five years, and comes out an older, more hardened, and more fully accomplished depredator, and will rarely stop short of the gallows.

It is not absolutely necessary to commence so young, in order to run the race of infamy to the goal. Very many commence at the age of eighteen or twenty, and become as adepts in villiany as those who commence earlier. It depends upon the time when rum and rowdyism take the helm of their destiny. Some are under restraints in boyhood, but not such wholesome restraints as are necessary to inculcate good principles and guard the mind against the allurements of vice. There is one advantage, however, in commencing in boyhood, which is very important—the physical constitution, in that case, will not acquire a toughness sufficient to resist the effects of powerful vices, and early death prevents infamy from being coupled with the hoary head of age.

Unfortunately, we have filled up our space, and have presented but one side of the picture. But those who will take the trouble to reverse all the points on this dark side which we have imperfectly sketched, will not require us to paint the opposite. At each of the points, let the mind picture the opposite of what it finds there, and trace it to the consequence. He will then have the bright side of the picture drawn in his own mind, by placing contraries in juxta-position. The course pursued by the character which we have presented, leads unerringly and inevitably to infamy, misery, and death the most horrible. The opposite furnishes an actual feast of joy to the soul.—*Buffalo Republic.*

Endurance of Pain.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

A very remarkable difference exists between persons as to their capability of bearing pain; generally those of high sensitiveness and intellectuality, whose nerves, in common parlance, are finely strung, evince the greatest susceptibility. To them a scratch or trifling wound, which others would scarcely feel, is really a cause of acute pain. The late Sir Robert Peel presented this condition in a marked degree; a slight bite from a monkey at the Zoological Gardens, sometime before his death, caused him to faint; and, after the sad accident which took him from among us, it was found impossible to make a full and satisfactory examination of the seat of injury, from the exquisite torment which the slightest movement or handling of the parts occasioned. Some serious injury had been inflicted near the collar-bone; and a forcible contrast to the illustrious statesman is presented by General Sir John Moore, who, on the field of Corunna, received his mortal wound in the same situation. The following is the account given by Sir William Napier:—

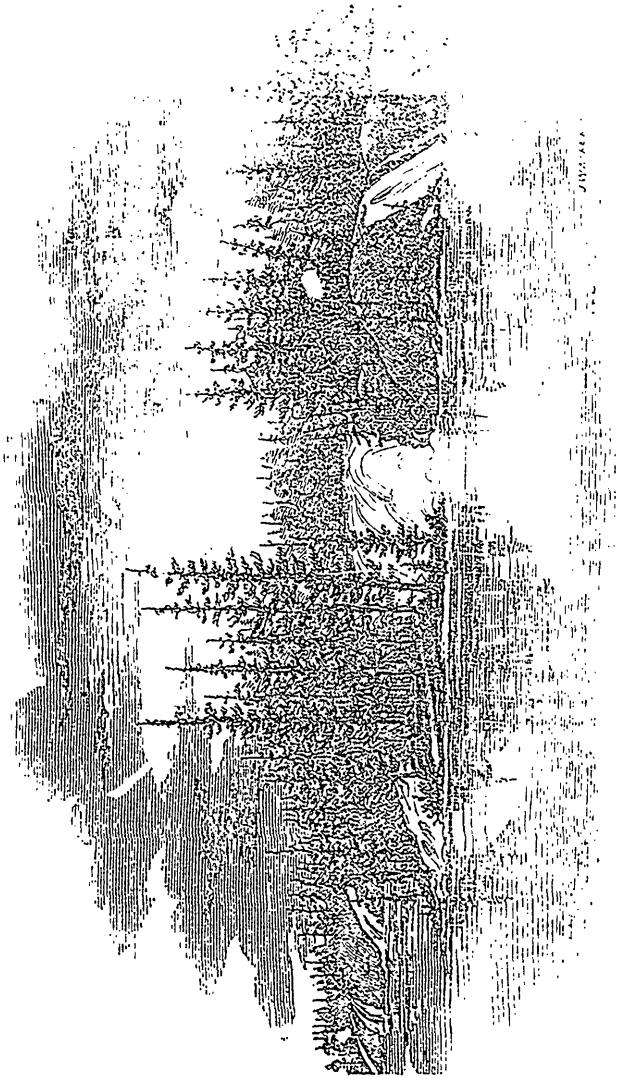
“Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence, but he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments engaged in his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of the hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, (the present Lord Hardinge,) a staff officer, who happened to be near, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, ‘It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me;’ and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight.”

From the spot where he fell the general was carried to the town by a party of sol-

diers; his blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great, yet such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those around him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery; hearing this, he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, “No, I feel that to be impossible.”

Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. . . . His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength failed fast, and life was extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, he exclaimed, “I hope the people of England will be satisfied—I hope my country will do me justice!” And so he died.

It is to be hoped that intense mental pre-occupation somewhat blunted the sufferings of the general, but a strong high courage prevented any unseemly complaint. We ourselves have seen many instances in an operating theatre—a far severer test of true courage than the excitement of battle—where mutilations the most severe have been borne with unflinching courage; more frequently by women than by men. Perhaps the coolest exhibition of fortitude under such a trial was exhibited by a tailor, who effectually cleared his profession of the standing reproach, showing nine times the pluck of ordinary men. This man’s right leg was removed below the knee, long before chloroform was known; on being placed on the table, he quietly folded his arms, and surveyed the preliminary proceedings with the coolness of a disinterested spectator. He closed his eyes during the operation, but his face remained unchanged, and he apologized for starting when a nerve was snipped. When all was over he rose, quietly thanked the operator, bowed to the spectators, and was carried out of the theatre. We grieve to say the poor fellow died, to the regret of every one who witnessed his heroic courage.—*Bentley’s Miscellany*.



RAPIDES DES CHATS.

Rapides des Chats.

The *Rapides des Chats* are situated at the Eastern extremity of a magnificent lake, of the same name, which is in fact an extension of the river Ottawa. The shores of the lake Des Chats are woody and generally flat to the northward, with a pebbly or rocky beach; to the southward they are higher, sometimes attaining an elevation of 80 or 100 feet. In extreme length it is fifteen miles, and in mean breadth about one; but its northern shore is deeply indented by several sweeping bays, by which extensive points are formed, sometimes contracting the lake to a width of scarcely a mile, while in others it is three. The surface of the waters is prettily studded with occasional islands, richly wooded, and so situated as to diversify most agreeably the natural beauties of the soft, sweet scenery of the lake. The calms of the Ottawa are peculiarly glassy and beautiful, and its waters are much esteemed for their softness. Between Government Island and the north shore dash, in swift and violent eddies, the *Rapides des Chats*. These rapids are three miles long, and pass amidst a labyrinth of varied islands, until the waters are suddenly precipitated over the falls of the Chats, which are from sixteen to twenty feet in height. There are fifteen or sixteen falls on a curved line across the river, regularly divided by woody islands, over one of which is effected a portage, in passing from the top to the bottom of the falls.—*Selected.*

Lavater—Bad Temper.

Lavater, the famous physiognomist, though an enthusiast, was a kind man, and his wife one of the most amiable of women. One day, his servant asked him, after dinner, if he should sweep his room. Being in rather an irritable mood, he assented pettishly, telling her not to touch his books or papers. When the servant had been gone some time, he said to his wife:

“I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs.”

In a few moments his wife, with the best intention, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. Lavater met his wife at the bottom of the stairs, on her return, and exclaimed, as though secretly vexed about something:

“Is not my room swept yet?”

Without waiting an instant, he ran up stairs; and as he entered the room the girl overturned an ink-stand, which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified. Lavater called out hastily:

“What a stupid beast you are! Have I not positively told you to be careful?”

What followed we will let Lavater tell himself:—

“My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table lamenting and moaning as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blotting-paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away. My wife approached me with timid gentleness. ‘My dear husband,’ said she. I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She embraced me. I wanted to get out of the way. Her face rested for a few moments on my cheek. At last, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, ‘You will hurt your health my dear.’ I now began to be ashamed. I was silent; and at last began to weep. ‘What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of that sinful passion.’ My wife replied, ‘Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger.’ I knelt down beside her, and thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife.”

Hygienics of Temperance.

Under this head Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, communicates some valuable statistical information to *The Boston Medical Journal*. Taking the position that nothing tends more to *preserve or disturb* the harmony of man’s body than *water and alcohol*, Dr. C. remarks:

“The writer is one of three physicians, who located in Natchez thirty years ago. The new comers found only *one* practitioner in the city belonging to the same temperance school with themselves. The country and villages within fifteen miles around afforded only *three* more. All the rest believed in the hygienic virtues of al-

coholic drinks, and taught that doctrine by precept and example. Besides the practicing physicians, there were ten others in the city and adjacent country who had retired from the profession. They were all temperate. Thus, including the new comers the total number of temperance physicians, in and near Natchez, thirty years ago, consisted of seventeen. Of these, five have died: Dr. Henry Tooley, aged about 75 years; Dr. Andrew M'Creary, aged 70; Dr. J. Kerr, 60; Dr. Wm. Dunbar, 60; Dr. James A. McPheeters, 49. In 1823, the average ages of the seventeen was about 34 years. According to the Carlisle tables of mortality, and those of the Equitable Insurance Company of London, seven instead of five would have been the ratio of mortality, in England. Those at present living are Drs. D. Lattimore, W. Wren, Stephen Duncan, James Metcalf, W. N. Mercer, G. W. Grant, J. Sanderson, Benjamin F. Young, T. G. Elliott, ——— Phoenix, Professor A. P. Merrill, and the writer.

"On the other hand, every physician of Natchez and its vicinity thirty years ago, whether practicing or retired, who was in the habit of *tippling*, as the practice of drinking alcoholic beverages is called, has long since been numbered with the dead! Only two of them, who were comparatively temperate, lived to be gray. Their average term of life did not exceed 35 years, and the average term of life of those who were in the habit of taking alcoholic drinks frequently between meals and in an empty stomach, did not reach thirty years. In less than ten years after they commenced practice the most of them died, and the whole of them had subsequently fallen, leaving not one behind in the city, country, or village, within twenty miles around.

"To fill the places of those who died or retired from the profession, sixty-two medical men settled in Natchez and its vicinity between the years 1824 and 1835, embracing a period of ten years; not counting those of 1823 already mentioned. Of the sixty-two new comers, thirty-seven were temperate, and twenty-five used alcoholic beverages between meals, though not often to the extent of producing intoxication. Of the thirty-seven who trusted to the hygienic virtues of nature's beverage—plain-unadulterated water—nine have died, and twenty-eight are living. Of the twenty, five who trusted to the supposed hygienic virtues of ardent spirits, are all dead ex-

cept three! and they have removed to distant parts of the country. Peace be to their ashes! Though mostly noble fellows misled by the deceitful syren, singing the praises of alcoholic drinks, to live too fast, and to be cut off in the outset of useful manhood, it is to be hoped they have not lived in vain; as by their sacrifice science had gained additional and important proof of the fallacy of the theory, which attributes health preserving properties, in a Southern Climate to alcoholic beverages in any shape or form."

Dr. Cartwright publishes data to prove that temperance is not only hygienic, but auriferous:

"If the property of all the temperate doctors of Natchez and its vicinity, dead and living, included those who have moved away, and including those who have retired from the profession, embracing these of 1823, and all who came in up to 1835, (fifty-four in number), were equally divided, each would have upwards of \$100,000 for his share. They all began life poor, with nothing but their profession for a livelihood."—*Water Cure Journal*.

When is the Time to Sign!

I ask thee, blooming sportive boy,
 "Say—will you come and sign?
 Health beams within that glistening eye,
 Now is the golden time."
 But "No," he cried, and shook his head,
 "Now is the time for play;
 I cannot, will not, yet," he said,
 And bounded on his way.

I asked him when a Youth, but then
 He stopped me with alarm—
 "Nay, leave the pledge for grave old men
 A drop can do no harm;
 Youth is the time for mirth and joy,
 I'll live thus while I can;
 Your sober scheme perchance I'll try,
 When I am quite a man."

I asked a man of middle age—
 How gleamed his fiery eye!
 Such frightful signs his frame betrayed,
 They gave a full reply:
 For many years had firmly fixed
 The tyrant's iron chain,
 His ill for drink he'd madly risked:
 To ask him now was vain.

I questioned next an aged man—
 A miserable form:
 His course of life had nearly run,
 Each short-lived pleasure gone.
 "Man!" he cried in accents wild,
 With anguish on his brow;
 "Would I had signed it when a child—
 I cannot do it now!"