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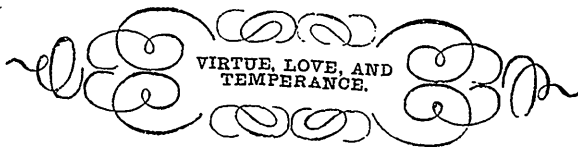
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JUVENILE TEETOTALERS,

OF

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

VOLUME II.—FROM APRIL 1853 TO APRIL 1854.



MONTREAL :

PRINTED AT THE STEAM-PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF JOHN C. BECKET, GREAT ST. JAMES STREET.

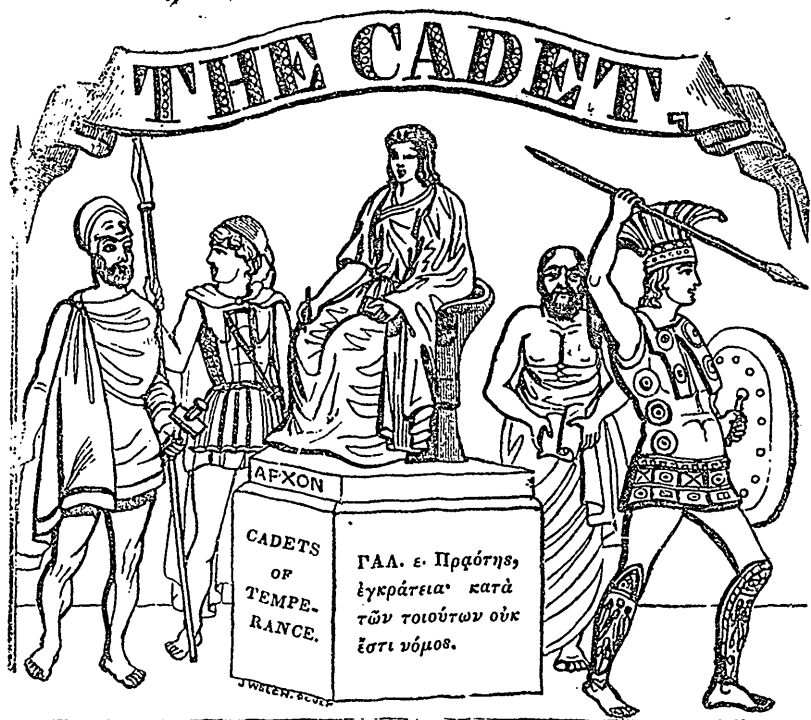
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

“VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE.”

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1853.

No 1.

LITTLE LELIA.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG AND OLD.

Little Lelia!—how like a young angelic apparition—arrayed in beauty, and yet wearing a mysterious but saintly aspect of sorrow—her image rises before us as we write her name. Her figure was exquisitely moulded; her little face—that dear face!—wore a delicate beauty, derived from her mother, but enhanced by a native and indefinable expression of grace and tenderness, while her brow possessed the nobleness of her father’s intellectual head. There are some faces which fascinate us with an almost painful interest—an interest which is never satisfied, but is always, yet in vain, demanding an explanation of their mystical magic; such was little Lelia’s. Early but guiltless sorrows had given a precocious development to her faculties, and still more to her sensibilities; and the soul that looked out from those wondrous features seemed such as might belong to a young angel, who—conscious of innocence, and yet shrouded in darkness—was anxious to learn the reason of its fate, and yet tremblingly afraid that its anxiety might be wrong and fatal. Precocity in childhood is usually repulsive, because it is unnatural, but in little Lelia it was otherwise, as it seemed rather a precocity of virtue than of faculty, with a sufficient prematurity of the latter to sustain the over growth of the former. Sometimes, while gazing on her unperceived, the tears which her history awakened, have been suddenly repressed by an unconquerable feeling of awe, produced by the strange mystery of beauty and character which clothed her. We have felt

fascinated to kiss the angel child, and yet restrained by the consciousness that she was not of our poor race, and was too sacred for our human affections.

We have referred to her parents; they are essential characters in her history. Let us therefore speak more fully of them.

Her father was one of "nature's noblemen;" in person, athletic and dignified, with features expressive of generosity and capacity, and a strongly characterized head. Mackintosh ascribes the power of Bacon's intellect to the peculiar "fusion of reason and imagination" which distinguished him. There may be few minds equal to Bacon's, but there are nobler ones—minds which show the fusion of reason, imagination and sensibility. Such was the early character of this promising man, and such the character inherited by his child. He began his public life in the legal profession, with the best promises; the career of success was daily widening and extending before him, and his friends (numerous and ardent as they always are with such men) were preparing to exalt him to distinguished positions.

He married early, and from *first love*;—a matter much more equivocal, usually, in actual life than in fiction. A mind like his—a heart like his, warm as it was, could not have blundered in so important an affair as the affections, and the sacred and permanent relations which grew out of them, at a later period in life. A beautiful image suddenly dashed across his path. "Accomplishments" (so called) were not lacking to enhance her charms. The more solid and practical qualifications of the sex, those which befit the household rather than the ball-room, were not staple virtues in the community where he then resided, and his course of life, in the academic edifice or the professional office, had not rendered him skilful in judging of them.

Goethe believed that noble minds are beset with the interference of the demons, good and bad—that even their penmanship shows the varying preternatural influence; much more, the great events of life upon which their destinies pivot. The grand soul of this man seemed ever to exemplify the thought, and never more than now when all its superb faculties were dazzled and deluded by the illusion of superficial beauty. The evil demon prevailed. He married, and his life was a failure.

We are attempting no biography, but a series of brief, hastily touched biographic pictures. Let us transport ourselves, then, over about twelve years; and to a new scene. We enter a house abounding with the evidence of former elegance, and even prodigality, but negligence and decay mark everything about it. A noble figure walks the floor—noble still in its manly outlines, though bending under the weight of insupportable sorrow and of a mighty vice; the fine character of the face is blurred and bloated, and branded with the impress of conscious degradation. The strong man armed has been despoiled of his strength and dignity. Desperate words, which belie the whole natural character of the man, are addressed to a figure meretriciously dressed, and reclining with a manifest air of nonchalance in an arm-chair. At a distance, retiring with fear, and yet gazing with a yearning and tearful intensity on the scene, is a beautiful child, eleven years old, and looking as if she were a young cherub which had accidentally and perilously lighted in this home-hell. It is little Lelia. It is a contrast for a painter. The fallen father, walking with tottering steps and clenched hand, utters a fearful imprecation, but as he turns and beholds his child, he hastens towards her, and, bending over her, drops burning tears and a kiss upon her brow. He turns away abruptly, and hurries out of the house. Did he see on her pale and trembling face that mysterious look—the very distillation of human sorrow and angel purity?

Plato erred when he said that beauty always indicates excellence. Often does it, God be thanked, but not always. Characteristic beauty—the subtle enchanting, indescribable beauty which is an effluence of the soul, an efflorescence of the character, and which often co-exists with quite imperfect features—that is the true beauty,—true alike to the highest standard of nature, and true to its own moral indications. O woman! the highest beauty is practicable to thee, whatever distortion, pain, or disease, or sorrow may have given thy features or form—the beauty of a pure soul, the beauty that seraphs see on each other's dazzling brows, and bless with unutterable love.

The delicate physical charm which ensnared this ruined man, was but a physi-

cal accident—mere outline and colour, as on canvas. He found the painted image fit only to be an ornament in his drawing-room.—What a kind of companion this to share the sentiments, the aims, and the successes of a high-minded man, before whose dominant talents no achievement of manly ambition seemed too hard. Disappointment, chagrin, soon superceded the first and foolish passion. But this was not all; the tinselled beauty was not only incapable of sympathy with his higher nature; she was incapable of the commonest household duties, and her extravagant expenditures were ruinous. Mortified at this great mistake of his life, her husband endeavoured to disguise it, he redoubled his exertions to provide for her extravagance, that it might not overwhelm him with visible ruin. He foresaw that poverty, with her incapacity, must be fatal to his family. His exertions, however, could not keep pace with her expenses, though he had sacrificed the higher promotions of his position, that he might confine himself to its merest money making drudgery. During a few years he struggled like a giant, only to postpone what he saw looming up before him—inevitable bankruptcy—bankruptcy, too, which he knew must involve other, and endeared families, with his own. Among these were the fatherless children of his endeared youth, who, proud of his young promise, had aided him through his education and introduced him into public life. This was the bitterest drop in his cup of anguish. He could have perished with his own, if it were even in pauperism—his great soul had been subdued by its long sorrow to that deep and sad submission—but whatever of manly remained within him revolted with agony from the thoughts of the sufferings of the helpless children of his departed friend.

Great natures have usually some great weakness. The father of Lelia could have baffled any trial while hope remained; but ambition feeds on hope, and when despair alone confronts it in the strife, it sinks nerveless. He became despondent; the bottle offered a temporary, though deceitful relief, and the mighty man was wrecked—wrecked in poverty, in morals, and in health. His ruin had become public on the day when the scene we have described occurred in his parlour.

Crushed though he was, he did not fail, at times, to resume his former energy, and to struggle for self recovery. Assist-

ed by suitable sympathy on the part of his wife, the endeavour might have been successful; but failing of this, his heart failed within him, and he sunk at last into apparently irrecoverable intemperance. His home was broken up; his wife, deserting him, found shelter, with her child, in the family of her sister in a neighboring State. He himself, heart-broken, hopeless, self-abandoned, lingered about his old resorts a short time, and then, falling into the current which was bearing south-westward its waifs of good and evil, disappeared.

Three years pass. In front of a log cabin, far remote from the localities already alluded to, sits an emaciated invalid sustained by pillows in an arm-chair. There are still traces of beauty amidst the decay of her features. There is unwonted sadness there also. Solemn thoughts of the future cast back a reflected light upon the past, and frequently that aching brow shows the anguish of a broken and repentant heart. At her knees clings a young form which has clung to her through all her years of suffering.—It is “little Lelia.” That marvellous face looks up with undiminished beauty, tenderness, and sadness upon the dying countenance of her mother, and the sunken eyes of the invalid seem to read at last something of the mystery of its meaning. She talks to her child as one of the riper years, who can comprehend the evil of her lot, and instruct her in the extremity of her last hours—She weeps over the frivolity and heartlessness of her life; bitter words of sympathy for the lost husband and father, accompanied with bitter tears, fall from her, and humble ejaculations for the mercy of that God who is her only remaining refuge.

School Books, &c.

As many may be desirous of knowing what School Books they may profitably use, we beg to say, that R. & A. Miller, of Montreal, have published a complete series of the National School Books; which, we believe, are now ready for delivery. They are got up in a very superior manner—large type and strong binding. Much pains have been taken by the Messrs. Miller to produce a good edition, and they have done so; and we doubt not that thousands of our youthful readers will be glad to study from these books, without straining their eyes and making their heads ache.



The Old Man and the Acorn.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

A foreign beggar sat one bleak day in autumn, beneath the boughs of a venerable oak; he sat upon a rude stone bench, and mused bitterly upon his destitution in regard to friends, home, and the comforts of life. "Who cares for the poor old beggar?" he said. "These people drive me with threats of violence from their doors. If I ask for a morsel of meat, or a crumble of bread, or a night's shelter from the inclemency of the blast, they turn away and mutter of vagrants, work houses, and idle poverty. I am sick of life. Even the wind over head seems to mock my sorrows."

Just at that moment an acorn, which had grown upon the topmost bough of the tree, came rattling down, and hitting the uncovered head of the beggar wounded it until the blood gushed out. The old man arose in wrath.

"Has *everything* conspired to wound and injure me?" he cried. Cannot I sit down peaceably—must I be pelted and tortured by such a paltry thing as *this*? and with his heel he ground the poor acorn into the soft, moist soil, and when it was entirely hidden beneath the surface of the earth, he exulted proudly, as men exult over a fallen or extirpated foe.

"I will teach you," he muttered, as if the acorn had been a sentient thing, "to come rattling down in that style. You will never see daylight again. Your dancing days are over; you are buried, and may lie there and rot for what I care;" and

picking up his tattered hat and knapsack, the angry beggar journeyed on.

The acorn, hidden away beneath the surface of the soil, lay buried from sight a little while, but finally the spirit of life slumbering in it began to act, and up came a vigorous young oak, waving its green leaves in the sunshine, and becoming more firmly rooted by every blast that swept over it. The beggar in his wrath had done a good work for the acorn. He had made it answer the very purpose for which it had been designed; he had unconsciously been the agent in planting the young and vigorous oak. And thus it often happens. Men strive to crush their enemies, and fancy they have buried them beneath public odium and scorn; but ten to one, the stroke they design for an afflictive one will be the means of developing some latent virtue, which will make them rise higher than ever. What men term "adverse circumstances," are often the best developers of physical, moral, or intellectual greatness; the poor crushed and down trodden orphan becomes the great statesman; had he been the petted child of fortune, he never would have been heard of out of his native village, and very likely would have died in poverty and obscurity. Truthfully has it been said, "that what we term afflictions may be blessings in disguise."

The Barber's Boy.

At a recent meeting of the Imperial Academy of Medicine, held in Paris, the Secretary pronounced an eulogy on the celebrated surgeon Boyer, who was at the head of the Medical Staff under the first Napoleon. The incidents of his life make a romantic and impressive piece of biography:

"Boyer was the son of a poor tailor, whose wife kept a little shop in the town of Limousin. He began as a barber's boy; came to Paris twice as cattle-driver; remained as assistant in a barber's shop; being in the neighborhood of the Medical Schools and Anatomical Halls, he stole hours to frequent the latter and assist the dissecting students, who laughed at his uncouth appearance, but were struck with his passion for the employment. A liberal observer became his patron; he was soon appointed to instruct and direct the fresh students. His master, the barber, required his aid in the shop only on Sundays and festivals, and allowed him three francs per day, he being the favorite shaver. The first year of his studies he lodg-

ed in a small garret without a chimney, and read in bed in the winter; now and then he warmed his fingers at the fire of a washerwoman next door, whose daughter he finally married out of gratitude for her attendance on him during a long sickness. He became second surgeon in the hospital; at length one of the most illustrious professors of his day; his treatises on surgical diseases are still in the first rank of professional works. Napoleon created him his First Surgeon, and Baron of the Empire, with twenty-five thousand francs dotation. His personal and professional habits and character form an amusing and original picture."

Rudeness and Gentleness.

We extract the following from the Boy's Own Guide: In a certain town are two boys of nearly the same age, each the oldest of a family of children; but as opposite in dispositions as you can easily conceive. Samuel is the tyrant of his family. His little brothers and sisters always run when they see him coming, and hide their playthings as quickly as possible when they hear his noisy and lawless footsteps. If he passes them without pinching their ears, or pulling their hair, or breaking their playthings, they think themselves fortunate. He insists that as he is the oldest, he must be obeyed, and so often obliges them to do little favors for himself which he really has no right to demand. Is it strange that none of the children love him? Edwin on the other hand, is a very different boy. He, too, is the oldest of his brothers and sisters, but he never thought this a reason for making them fear him and wait upon him, like so many slaves. He is always welcomed with delight to their little circle, for he directs and assists them in their sports, and often denies himself the pleasure of playing with his older associates, for their sakes. All their little doubts and disputes are carried to him for settlement, and no one is so ready as he to help them out of a difficulty. Is it strange that they love their older brother, and are proud of him, and always ready to do him a favor when it is in their power?

A Thrilling Incident.

The first settlers in Maine found, besides its red faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger.

The majestic forests that then waved, where now is heard the hum of business and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals.

Often at night was the farmer's family aroused from sleep by the noise without, which told that bruin was storming the sheep-pen or the pig-sty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf—and often on a cold winter evening, did they roll a large log against the door, and with beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the the woods.

The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man, unless driven by severe hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity. The incident which I am about to relate, occurred in the early history of Biddeford.

A man who then lived on the farm now occupied by Mr. H——, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from his house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where the father was at work.—One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, the father left his work sooner than usual, and started for home. Just by the edge of the forest, he saw a curious pile of leaves; without stooping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep! It was but the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, carefully replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the nearest bushes, there to watch the result.

After waiting a short time he heard the wolf's distant howl, followed by another and another, till the whole woods seemed alive with the fearful sounds.

The howls came nearer, and in a few moments a large, gaunt, savage looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly upon the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon as he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowered to the ground and passively awaited his fate, for the rest,

enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him in pieces and devoured him on the spot

When they had finished their comrade they wheeled around, plunged into the forest and dissappeared; within five minutes from their first appearance not a wolf was in sight.—The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy.

The boy, after playing till he was weary had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves until he could bring his comrades to the feast, but himself furnished the repast.

Benjamin, the Temperance Boy.

Benjamin from some cause or other got his foot cut; and if the reader could have but seen him how he resisted the rum-bottle, when his mother brought it to bathe his cut foot, he would say with us that he was a steady teetotaler. "At any rate," said he, "I don't believe in rum, and don't want it on my foot; as he dashed a pail of water on to his cut foot, and then proceeded to wind a linen rag round it," with the help of his little sister Lilly. And the little boy grew eloquent as he defended himself against all the arguments of his mother, and the stern reasonings of his stern and vexed aunt.

"I say, Benny, let me turn a little on to the rag to keep you from getting the cold in it."

"Not a bit, not a bit, mother, thank you," and Ben wound the string round it, and asked little Lilly to tie it.

"Now, Benjamin, what's the use of being so set?" persisted the mother, "you'll take cold in that foot, and have the lock-jaw, or the mortification."

"Never fear, mother," said Ben, "my jaws never did get locked yet; and as for mortification, why the other foot looks most like it. Lilly, just hand me that other pail of water, and I'll try if I can't cure that."

The little girl tugged away at the water pail, but without effect. "I can't lif it, bub," said she, "it so set." They all laughed at Lilly's appropriation of her mother's words; and Ben arose and helped himself to water, and cleansed his other foot. "But I can lif the lumb bottle, Benny," said Lily, taking up the little flask that the mother had left on the floor, in hopes that her son would be persuaded to use it.

"But you needn't lift it, Sis," said Ben, taking it from her hand, and setting it again on the floor, "there, let Nancy sweep it out door."

Ah, boys, think of what you read and take a lesson from Ben, and learn what you can do in the temperance cause. You are all wanted in this cause. You can all do something to promote it. And this story will help to prepare you for your work.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

QUEBEC, 23rd Feb., 1853.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHIER,—I have great pleasure in informing you, that the members of "Concord Section, No. 116, C. of T." held a Soiree on Thursday evening last, in the new Music Hall, St. Louis Street, which was well attended.

The Hon. Dr. Rolph took the chair, and addressed the meeting in a very appropriate speech, which appeared in the "Gazette" the other evening. The Hon. Mr. Cameron and Mr. T. White, Jr., P. W.P., also addressed the meeting. The committee of management got up a very interesting dialogue, which was well recited, and I believe has been the means of doing good to several persons who listened to it on that evening.

The splendid Orchestra of the Sons of Temperance discoursed sweet music in their usual first rate style.

I will try and procure a copy of the "Temperance Reformer," which, if inserted in your interesting little paper, might be the means of doing good to more than one.

Enclosed you will find a Programme of the proceedings, which will give you a better idea of our Soiree.

I am yours in V. L. & T.

A CADET.

Speech of the Hon. JOHN ROLPH on taking the Chair at the Soirée of the Cadets of Temperance, on Thursday evening last:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I have nothing to say to those veterans in the cause of Temperance, who have gone through a full probation in the enjoyment of the luxury of good cold water; nor shall I address myself to those who maintain an undue allegiance to the bottle—for all such I shall turn over to the impressive and moving example of the Cadets before me—but I shall address the Cadets themselves; and although I have

not the honor of being one of them, I am admitted this night to be one with them.

We are all, I hope, the friends of Temperance; and I may here as well tell you that I belong to the old school. In the earlier era of our cause, our exertions were directed, as we used to say, against King Alcohol, who exercised a most despotic sway over a multitude of most devoted subjects—I ought to say slaves. The war was one of extermination on both sides; we destroyed his bottles as uncompromisingly as he destroyed his subjects. His tyranny was met by the most determined and radical opposition, by entire abstinence from ardent spirits. I rejoice in the share I took in that contest, and I look back upon the taunts, the sneers and the derision cast upon us in that day with the same pleasure as a soldier feels in showing his wounds or recounting his battles. I can bear testimony to the incalculable amount of good which has been heretofore accomplished, however differently that amount may be estimated by different observers. The contrast is equally striking and gratifying between the state of things before and since the temperance movement. Last year I witnessed your splendid triumphs through those parts of Western Canada which I have visited with so much gratitude and delight, and I feel the compliment which was paid to me through, Norfolk, at Brantford, and at Dundas, by banishing all intoxicating liquors at their public festivities. Nevertheless, festivities they were indeed. Our hearts were abundantly warm, and our enthusiasm abundantly displayed upon good cold water. The dominions of his Alcoholic Majesty, like the dominions of Mahomet, exhibited that spoliation and decay which, though not complete, were so many splendid trophies won by his uncompromising enemies, the friends of Temperance. Since that first movement in the Temperance cause, another step has been taken, a progressive step in the right direction. Having made marked inroads against alcoholic intemperance, new warriors have arisen to engage in a new war against a new tyrant, the Roman Bacchus. In this latter campaign, I have had less share, and although, during the last twenty-three years, I have religiously abstained from the use of ardent spirits, I have not extended the same rule in the same uncompromising degree to the occasional use of wine, though often passing years together without taking wine at all; yet I do most heartily approve of your

rule of entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors of all kinds. You, my young friends are entering upon the world as I am about to leave it. You are entering upon a critical period of human life and a critical and progressive era of the world, and, be assured, entire abstinence is the safest rule for you and for us all, and your example is a worthy and philanthropic contribution to an intemperate world.—There is little danger of your carrying this rule too far. Not one of this assembly ever knew of an individual ruined in his health, his morals, or his fortune, by too much abstemiousness, while the memory is crowded, in a moment's reflection, with the melancholy history of thousands who have been ruined by excess. In endeavouring, therefore, to determine the latitude of our indulgence, it is wisdom to err, as it is improperly called, on the safe side.

The mariner, in steering over a fluctuating sea, takes into account, amidst alternating tempests and calms, those uncertain tides and currents which defy minute calculation, and leave safety only to be found in large and prudent allowances. and in marking out upon our moral chart the course we ought to pursue between the abstemiousness of the temperate and the excess of the torrid zone, we ought to take into account those unhappy bearings of our nature ever urging us to the regions of passion and indulgence. Hence, those who have taken the rule of drinking what they please as their compass to steer by, have found it too often subject to such great and anomalous variations as to threaten them with wreck and destruction. And if, happily, they meet with notes and admonitions upon the chart of the Sons of Temperance to save them from immediate catastrophe, they still find themselves often mortified by aberrations from the course prescribed, till repeated mortifications deaden their sensibility and ripen their moral temperament for unbounded indulgence.

Every man has a choice of two rules—the safe one of total abstinence, the unsafe one of drinking what he pleases: and although, under the latter rule, some men may, with impunity, meet over the bottle; yet, observation upon others, if not in experience in ourselves, must have taught us that our best resolutions may be weakened and vanquished, as one insidious glassful after another beguiles the reason, and steals away the prudence of the drinker.

No man becomes a drunkard all at once. He begins with a little, a little leads to more, more leads to much, to too much. And from the cheerful cup of the jovial table there is no difficult transition to habitual and irretrievable excess. You therefore have adopted the wise rule of abstaining from inebriating liquors altogether.

Let him who thinks it difficult to abstain from a little, reflect how much more difficult it is to abstain from drinking too much when the habit has been once acquired. It is just one of those declivities down which a man easily descends; but which he re-ascends with great, perhaps breathless difficulty. Call to mind the remedies which have been contrived to reclaim the drunkard. He used to mingle in his cup the nauseating drug, a drug so nauseating that it excited a disgust stronger than his predilection for his favorite drink.

But remember how often this proved unavailing. When the counter association had worn away, he returned to his dram, "as the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire."

The remedy was powerful, but the disease was still more so.

Moral remedies also are often unavailing with the habitual drunkard, and yet moral remedies are of all the most legitimate; they are implanted in our nature, we are endowed with them from above. They are agencies which no legislature can give, and which, thank God, no legislature can take away. Even these means are often unsuccessful in a melancholy degree.

You may present to the drunkard the denunciations of Scripture, the ruin of health, the destruction of morals and the beggary of fortunes. You may bring under his very eye the rags, the filth, and the ignorance of his neglected children, and the sorrows of the afflicted mother, unless she has been unhappily drawn within the same vortex. You may point him to his hearth, where the embers of domestic pleasure have ceased to glow. You may point him to the gloom of his family circle, lately lighted up with social joys; you may bring to bear upon him the almost overpowering importunities of friends, and the imploring urgency of the Christian minister, all feelingly alive to the wreck of his family, and his own fast approaching eternal destiny.

But how few habitual drunkards have we known reclaimed by thus viewing the tragedy of their own creation. Have we not found them grow more desperate as their case grew more hopeless, and rather

than indulge in painful reflections, do they not rush to drown them in the intemperate cup of forgetfulness. You have therefore chosen the wise rule of total abstinence. Hence it becomes all the more desirable to recommend entire abstinence, because comparatively few of those who are allured into excess are reclaimed from it. It is much easier to persuade a man not to commence the use of intoxicating liquors, than it is to persuade him to leave them off, when the use of them has become habitual. It is assuredly more meritorious to divert a man from the road to intemperance, than to await the necessity of converting him to sobriety; to prevent an evil is both easier and wiser than to hazard the correction of it. In pestilential seasons, persons often carry about them some drug, supposed to be corrective of the epidemic poison, justly deeming it better to avert infection, than to hazard recovery from it. And the rule of entire abstinence becomes therefore the more imperative, from the consideration that drunkenness is an almost incurable malady; and that of those who become affected, few ever recover. You have therefore chosen the wisest rule of total abstinence.

Adhere then, my young friends, to this rule. When you are at my table, your rule of entire abstinence will ever meet with my most respectful approbation. And when I am at your table, the absence of the bottle will fill me with greater cheerfulness and pleasure than could be afforded by the choicest viands from Europe or from any part of the world.

The Minister and his Man.

'Sam,' said a late minister of Drumblade one day to his man of all work, 'you must bottle that cask of whisky this forenoon; but as the vapour from the whisky may be injurious, take a glass before you begin, to prevent intoxication.' Now, Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits than when bottling whisky, and having received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily. Some hours after, the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around. 'O, Sam,' said the minister, 'you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequence—rise, Sam, and take a glass yet, it may restore you.' Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the minister's hand, and having emptied it, said, 'O sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've taen, but I am nae better.'

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, APRIL 1, 1853.

The Cadet—First Number—Second Volume.

A WORD WITH OUR FRIENDS.

In the effort to give at a cheap rate a Juvenile Monthly Magazine, for the young people of British North America, we are anxious to obtain your co-operation. A periodical such as this, offered at so low a rate can only be made to pay its way by a large circulation. We are gratified with the success of the past volume but are persuaded that a little exertion will more than double our list for this second volume. The Cadet is specially designed for the young, and we intend henceforth that nothing shall appear in its pages that may not safely be entrusted to them, and profitably read by them.

It appears from the U. C. School Report, that there are upwards of one hundred and seventy thousand Pupils of all ages on the School Rolls. Including Lower Canada therefore, there cannot be less than 200,000 children in Canada alone, capable of being benefitted by the Cadet. Allowing for a number of children in one family, and that each family might take the Cadet, we ought to have a monthly issue of 20,000 copies. There are probably not less than 4000 Canadian schools in which the English language is taught. How easy it would be to get five subscribers from each school. Who will undertake this work? We ask all our young friends who have taken the Cadet to continue their subscriptions, and remember that there are several of your acquaintances who do not take it. Ask and urge these to join you. We ask all parents to encourage their children, and promote their improvement by placing this magazine in their hands. We ask teachers of Day and Sabbath Schools to aid this enterprise by commending the Cadet to their pupils.

As an inducement to exertions, we offer one copy of the *Canada Temperance Advocate* for one year gratis, to any person who will send us fifteen or more subscribers to the Cadet, at the rate of one shilling each, cash in advance to accompany the order. We offer one copy of *The Cadet* gratis to any person who procures ten subscribers, and remits ten shillings with the list of names.

When parcels of the *Cadet* come to one address, the postage is charged by weight, and comes to about three pence a year. If any friend canvassing for subscribers would take the trouble to collect the postage and pay it to the postmaster, it would be a great convenience, and we dare say most postmasters would be willing so to collect the postage in advance. In many instances it would be still better for the *Cadet* to be sent to the address of a person who would take charge of it, and distribute it. Then like ourselves these friends will enjoy the consciousness of aiming to do good without the prospect of secular profit.

We start on the journey of another year with ample provisions for the whole period. We have gone to considerable expense in procuring the choicest literature for the young that can be had on both sides of the Atlantic. When we look at the heap of good things before us, we regret that we shall be able only to give a small part of it to our readers. The selections however will be of the best, and in our editorial paragraphs we shall keep the reader informed of things new and true; and we trust by vigour and freshness to make our monthly worthy the patronage we solicit.

If the readers of the *Cadet* wish to know more about Temperance than they find in this monthly, let them order "The Canada Temperance Advocate." That Senior Monthly Magazine without flash or ostentation, or mere outside show, continues to disseminate sound, useful, and entertaining knowledge appropriate to its sphere, and adapted to secure the elevation and prosperity of the whole population.

Our Mission to the Young.

Entering anew on the important duty of conducting a periodical for the young, we desire to state once more the feelings and motives which prompt us in the undertaking. We write for parents as well as children—for adults as well as youth, and therefore employ the style of lan-

guage adapted to both, and desire to be on good terms with both. But our mission is to the young, and in this a responsibility is incurred. It is desirable to leave a permanent impression for good on the youthful mind—to write and print not what we would hereafter wish to blot, but what we should be willing to look at in old age. We desire that the impression made should lead to virtuous deeds, and heroic acts of self-denial; these also leaving their mark upon society, and by their exemplary boldness and moral beauty benefiting succeeding generations to the end of time. Our cause is based upon the eternal principles of right and truth. The Temperance Reformation is entitled to take its place in the foremost rank of beneficent associations. The time has gone by when any person wishing to be thought reasonable, dare hazard the insinuation, that our work is "well-enough for the vulgar." Men of the clearest intellect, occupying the highest stations in the noblest professions are warmly engaged in it. The philosopher and statesman,—the divine and the lawyer,—the medical practitioner and cultivated man of letters,—the high and the highest, have enlisted their energies and combined their exertions to rid the country of its greatest curse, and provocative of ruin. Our subject needs no apology. While it has ceased to be a novelty, it has become invested with profound solemnity, as now seen interwoven with every interest of society. The Temperance Reformation cannot fail. Christian power and influence called into being this child of Providence, now grown to manly proportions. Christianity cannot be a failure. The emanations from that pure source of truth may be modified, changed, matured. They may partake of the infirmities of human minds, and be soiled by the touch of human hands; but the truth that is in them shall live for ever, and gather around it beauty and strength, and become as expansive and productive as the tree, the leaves of whose branches are for the healing of the nations.

The first laborers in this field of toil are passing away. Other men have entered into their labors. An army of young men is rising up. It is of essential importance that they should all be imbrued with the true principles of temperance, or in other words, according to our creed, that they should abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and by all suitable means discountenance

their use throughout the community. No considerate person can contemplate the future of our country's history, without including in his thoughts the youth of the present. On them much depends as to the character and development of a nation's greatness. They need to be educated—they need to educate themselves. They are the hope of our land, and may fulfil their destiny by adopting as their rule of life the reasonable precepts of divine revelation. Apart from the primary authority, and supreme claims of religion upon the heart and affections of the young, there is no separate moral question, or moral topic, that possesses stronger claims on the careful attention of the young, than the present aspect of the Temperance Reformation. It is not a speculation.—It is not an experiment, but a great and astonishing fact. Its central idea is total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as beverages. In various forms, through separate and different organizations it has unfolded itself, and ought not now to be considered a stranger in any of our families. Let all our young men and young women discountenance the use of strong drink, and abstain therefrom, and a victory is gained, more glorious and permanent in its results, than any which yet has been inscribed on the page of history.

Cadets take courage—your friends, not of the Cadets, be abstainers—Daughters of Temperance, persevere. Our mission is to aid you, to stimulate you to exertion. We design to give you in these pages a literature both healthy and recreative. We discard the silly, trifling, childish things which often appear in papers for the young. If we seek occasionally to amuse, we shall not forget that the intellect and heart must be improved; and that if God spare your lives, you are to be useful men and women—not playthings and laughing-stocks.

Notice to Correspondents,

Various Communications, Puzzles, Enigmas, &c., must stand over till our next number.

LATENESS OF THE CADET.—We are sorry that we have again to apologise to our readers for the lateness of the Cadet for the present month. We think we may promise that the same need for a similar apology will not occur again, and hope we may be excused for this time.



Scripture Illustration.

"Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over."—Psalm xxiii. 5.

In the East the people frequently anoint their visitors with some very fragrant perfume, and give them a cup or a glass of some choice wine, which they are careful to fill till it runs over. The first was designed to show their love and respect; the latter to imply that while they remained there, they should have an abundance of every thing.

Mr. Griffin, in his memoirs of Captain James Wilson, gives the following statement in the captain's own words:

"I once had this ceremony performed on myself in the house of a great and rich Indian, in the presence of a large company. The gentleman of the house poured upon my hands and arms a delightful odoriferous perfume, put a golden cup into my hands, and poured wine into it till it ran over; assuring me at the same time, that it was a great pleasure to him to receive me, and that I should find a rich supply in his house."

To something of this kind the psalmist probably alludes in this passage. It is thus beautifully versified by the Rev. George Musgrave, A.M. B.N.C., Oxon:

Thou in the presence of an envious foe,
My banquet spreading, pouring on my brow,
Anointing oil—and lo, my flowing cup
In copious stream, thy bounty's gift declares,

Thus, even thus, thro' all my days of life,
I feel Thee ever near; thy mercy's grace,
The blessings of thy love my course attend,
Oh where but in thy temple, in what home,
For evermore, shall David fix his rest,
Save in the dwelling of his Lord and God!

BOYS.

Boys,—when they *are* boys—are queer enough. How many ridiculous notions they have, and what singular desires, which in after life change and shape themselves into characteristics! Who remembers when he would have sold his birthright for a rocking horse, and his new suit of clothes for a monkey? Who forgets the sweet-faced girl, older than himself, against whose golden hair he leaned and wept his griefs away? Who recollects when the thought of being a circus rider appeared greater than to be president; and how jealously he watched the little fellows that wore splangled jackets and turned somersets, and prayed to become like them? If memory preserve not these caprices, or something similar, the boy is lost in the man. Happy visions, they come but once and go quickly, leaving us ever to sigh for a return of what can never be again.

The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT MAKES THE SEED SPROUT.

INSIDE the seed there is, as you have seen, a "little plant," with the "food" it will want, before it can nourish itself by its own root and leaves. It is not the *miniature* of the full-grown plant; nor has it all its parts wrapped up, ready to be unfolded, when it grows. It is quite different from what the full-grown plant will be; the "seed-leaves" are not of the same shape as those which come afterwards. The bud between them, however closely you may look at it, shows you nothing at all of the stem, and leaves, and flowers, which grow out of it, and there is only a *place* where a root might be. The young caterpillar is not more different from the butterfly than the "little plant" in the seed is from the perfect one.

If you were to see several different kinds of "seed-plants" together, you could scarcely tell one kind from another. And if some of them were cut open, and put under a microscope, which would make them look so much larger, as to show you the exceedingly small cells, of which they are made up (like the inside of a bull-rush), you would wonder, indeed, how they should become different plants when fully grown, and not be all alike. The real difference is in the *life* that is in them, —and *that* is the work of God in each seed; and it is shown as plainly there, if we will but see it, as it was when Jesus, by the same almighty power, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, and the dead to live again. For God's works are all miracles when we rightly regard them.

But what is it that wakes up this sleeping life, and makes the "little plant" *sprout*, and using up the stores of "foed" provided for it, begin to grow into a *real* plant, with perfect parts, according to its kind? What causes this? This is what I shall tell you about now; and, as it is a very curious tale, I hope you will *try* to un-

derstand it; and I will make it as simple as I can, for I wish you to know what God does in the History of a Plant, from the beginning to the end.

I shall speak only of the "sprouting" of the seed in this chapter, and you must remember this, because there are other causes than those I shall mention here, which have to do with the place and the manner of the life and growth of the plant. These are the four things upon which the sprouting of the seed depends—air, moisture, heat, and light. There must be a certain quantity, or a particular kind, of each, or the "seed-plant" cannot begin to grow.

A particular kind and quantity of *air* is the first thing wanted. Perhaps you did not know there were different kinds of air; but you have seen the gas-lamps lighted in the evening, and have noticed the bright flames which sometimes burst out from the side of a piece of coal between the bars of the fire-grate, and have heard them called "gas." *Gas* which is burned in the lamps, and which makes the flames in the grate, is a kind of air. The air we breathe, and which is so clear and beautiful, is a mixture of three different kinds of airs or gases. One kind we may call "life supporting gas," for if we cannot get that, we die. The flame of a candle or lamp, or of the fire, would go out if there were none of this gas to support it. Neither of the other kinds of gas, mixed in the air we breathe, can support life: but here is a wonder—if they were not mixed with the other, as they are, *it* would not *long* support our lives. And this will shew you why. If a lighted candle were put into a place where only the "life-supporting gas" was, and no other mixed with it, the flame would immediately grow long and broad, and brilliant sparks would shoot out on every side, *and in a very short time the whole would be quite burnt out!*

There is but a very small quantity of one of the other kinds of gas in the

air we breathe; and though to breathe that unmixed would kill us, it is the most nourishing food to growing plants. I shall soon speak of this again, and of the other kind on which they feed too, I shall have to tell you afterwards. It is the "life-supporting gas" that the seed wants at first, and if it cannot have it, it will not sprout. You know that gardeners tell you not to bury the seeds you plant in your

garden too deeply; for, if you do, they will not "come up;" and to see that the mould over them is *light*, because if it is so close that the air cannot get to them, you might as well not have planted them at all—they will not grow. And when a hole or ditch is dug, and the earth thrown out of it left long enough, plants will often spring on it, of a different kind from those usually growing round; the seeds



of which had been so covered up, that none of the air they needed to set them growing, could reach them. Seeds will grow without being put *into* the ground at all, if they have the other things necessary for their sprouting.

The second of those things is *moisture*. How much plants depend upon this, you do not need to be told; it is as much wanted for the awakening of the life of the seed. I remember that one spring, when no rain fell for nearly two months, the barley-corns lay between the hard, dry clods in the fields, for six weeks and more, just as if they had been on the granary-floor all the time. Different kinds of seeds require different quantities of moisture; those of the plants which grow in the deserts of Africa need little indeed; and those of our common field-plants would be drowned by the quantity the seeds of water-plants require.

Did you ever hear that *water* is a mixture of two kinds of *air*? One of them is the "life-supporting" kind; the other is *a kind that will burn!* This will hint to you some more of the wonders of the works of God; but I must not stay to tell you about them

now, as I have others to relate. When the seed is planted, it soaks up the moisture near it, like a sponge; but it is not because it is thirsty. You have not forgotten that, beside the "little plant," there is a store of provision for it, in the seed. The water is needed, first of all, to enable the "seed-plant" to get at its "food;" it unlocks the larder for it! nay, more, it prepares the food for it; and so *is housekeeper, cook, and nurse, all at once!* The "life-supporting gas" in the water, also, helps to make the seed sprout, just as that in the air we breathe does; and you shall hear about that very soon.

Heat is the third necessary for the seed's beginning to grow. Neither air nor moisture can cause it to sprout, without more or less warmth. But very different quantities are required by different kinds, some being frozen, and some burnt up, and therefore unable to grow, where others find enough, or not more than enough heat. But when I speak to you about the countries in which the various classes and kinds of plants are found, I shall mention this; and then you will see how beautifully each has its place,

appointed it; and you will learn why hothouses and conservatories are used, in this country, for some plants.

The last thing wanted for the sprouting of the seed is *light*; and a particular kind, as well as a certain quantity, is necessary. What I mean by a "particular kind" of light, I will try to explain. You all have seen the rainbow; the beautiful arch which appears opposite to the sun, when he shines whilst it is raining. There are seven colours in it,—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. You have seen the same colours, too, on the wall, or the floor, when the sun has shone through a piece of glass, cut like those hung on a chandelier. The bright, white sunshine, is made up of light of those seven colours; and we know this, because, if we take as much of each of those colours, as there is of it in proportion to the others in the rainbow, and mix them altogether, we have *white*!

But this is not all. You will think this chapter is full of marvels; and so it is! Beside the light which is of these seven different colours, there are, in the sunlight, other kinds, which have not any colour, and so cannot be seen, nor help us to see anything; except in the *sun pictures* which they *actually make*! Perhaps you have seen some of these pictures,—likenesses, landscapes, copies of painted pictures, and others,—which the sunlight has drawn. Those kinds of light, and the light of a blue colour, help very much in the sprouting of the seed: I cannot make you understand *how*; but this will show you that it is so. It has been noticed that these kinds of light are most plentiful in spring, and next that, in autumn; and it is in spring, that most seed begins to grow, and almost all the rest in autumn. But the light must not fall directly upon the seed, or it will scarcely sprout at all.

And I will tell you how these four,—air, moisture, warmth, and light, wake up the little "seed-plant" into life. Warmth and moisture begin the

work, soaking the seed, and swelling up both the plant and its food, till its coverings break, and the air can get to them. There is in the "food" of the plant much that is useful only for keeping both in and the plant itself safely; as soon as the air and the water reach it, it draws the "life-supporting gas" from both, which mixes it, and forms another kind of gas, the same that I told you was the chief food of young plants, and it sends this out; in fact, the seed, or the "seed-plant," *breathes* just as we do. If sunlight shines brightly upon the seed, it cannot breathe easily; but those kinds I spoke of can reach it, through the mould or dead leaves lying over it; and they help it to breathe. And in this way it begins to grow; for the water can now turn the "food" into *sugar*, and make it fit for its nursing, which send out a root and a little bud, and before long it has fixed itself in the ground, and is able to take care of itself.—*Teachers Offering.*

Print Shops.

THERE are few objects in London which possess more general attraction than print-shops; there the most costly engravings on the most interesting subjects, are usually to be seen. Some of these shops wear such an air of respectability, and exhibit so much taste, that they form an attractive and not altogether unprofitable source of interest and amusement. There the artist may be seen critically examining every subject, gazing with admiration on the well-executed, and censuring, with scarcely less gratification, the faulty productions before him.

There the author may be desried, his ardent eye lighted up with enthusiasm, roaming and revelling amid the profusion of pictures which the performances before him have created in his mind.

There the aged admirer of the arts, carefully wiping his spectacles, and putting them almost on the tip of his nose, peers from pane to pane, at the proof impressions which allure his attention.

There the merchant, and the City banker, and the stock-broker gaze without stopping, thus contriving to snatch the pleasure of seeing what is to be seen, without losing a moment, or interfering with their

more important money-getting speculations.

And there the timid fair steals a passing glance, as she wends her way to the repositories of silks and satins, muffs and tip-pets, caps and bonnets.

Besides these, there are less respectable print-shops, whose attractions are often of an objectionable kind. Around these, the curious, the idle, the thoughtless, and the vicious are too frequently assembled; but let us pass them by, for their influence is evil. We cannot gaze upon them without self-reproach, nor reflect upon them without pain and dissatisfaction.

Sometimes it occurs that an engraving furnishes as useful a lesson of instruction as a book, and illustrates it in a more concise and striking manner. One instance of this shall be given.

Some time ago, there was exhibited in London, and probably elsewhere, a series, of six French lithographic prints, holding up as it were, a narrative to the passer-by, wherein he might read the evil consequences of gaming. But we will describe the series more particularly:—

The first print represents a fine young man leaning over his partner, an elegant female, who is looking with maternal solicitude on a sleeping infant, lying in its little crib. While the child is wrapped in peaceful repose, the fond parents regard it as an inestimable treasure. Underneath is the expression, "Mon amie! ne le reveit-ilous pass?"—My friend, or my love, let us not awaken him.

Pleasing picture! what is the delight afforded by the greenest leaf, the freshest floweret, or the ripest fruit, when compared with the thrilling emotions of love and joy that fills a parent's heart, when gazing on the lovely features of a sleeping child, and that child a son or daughter?

In the second print, the same young man is seen seated at a gaming table, where evidently he has lost something considerable. A well-dressed sharper, with a smile of satisfaction, is placing the amount he has won in his pocket-book, while the young man leaning across the table, with the cards in his hand, exclaims, with evident loss of temper, and strong desire to get back his lost property, "Je tiens, toujours, quitte ou double"—I always play for double or quit. His anxious partner, elegantly dressed, has left the ladies with whom she had been sitting, to remonstrate on his playing so high.

Putting her hand gently on his shoulder, she whispers, "Mon ami! tu joues trop gros jeu"—My friend, or my love, you play for too much.

The disappointment and anger of the young man, the anxiety of his partner, and the self-complacency of the successful sharper, are all naturally expressed. This scene, however, is but the beginning of evils. The sin of gaming is a headlong sin: for a season its victims may manifest some degree of caution, but winning and losing at last produce the same recklessness.

In the third scene, the young man is supposed to be ruined. He is dressed in a loose coat, and has evidently, not only played high, but drunk deep also. This is told too plainly by the colour in his cheeks, and the broken decanters on the floor; passion, fury, and despair, are expressed in his face. With one hand, in a fit of desperation, he seizes a sharper by the throat, while with the other he grasps an uplifted chair, which is about to descend on the head of a second villain. "Vous m'avez volé!" he exclaims, "Vous êtes d'infames gueux!"—You have robbed me, you are infamous beggars.

In the fourth scene, the young man, though handsomely dressed and surrounded with elegance, is evidently in a state bordering on distraction; he is communicating, in a few words, to his wife the dreadful intelligence that he is reduced to beggary. She, full of solicitude, is holding one of his hands, while with the other he furiously grasps the hair of his head, averting his eyes, and exclaiming, "Nous sommes ruinés! J'ai tout perdu!"—We are ruined! I have lost every thing!

Few persons can gaze on this scene without entering, at once, into the horrible distress of the guilty being who has, by his passion for gaming, plunged himself and his family in irretrievable ruin.

A sad change in the circumstances of the miserable young gamster has taken place in the fifth scene, for there he is seated in a wretched garret, surrounded with that poverty and misery which seldom fail to attend on gaming, as a shadow attends to a substance. He is leaning with his elbows on a common looking table; his face buried in his hands, as though he had abandoned himself to the deepest despair; the mother of his little ones sits beside him, and with hopeless despondency

offers their last morsel of bread to a shoeless and stockingless boy, and a little girl whose playthings lie neglected on the floor. "Tenez, c'est tout!" she says—Take hold of it, it is all! The misery of the group would awaken no feeling but that of strong compassion in the breast of the spectator, if he could forget the madness and folly which occasioned it.

The sixth scene is fearfully arresting. The miserable victim of gaming in his wretched abode of destitution, endures his agony till he hears the feet of the officer of arrest on the stairs, and then terminates his miserable existence by discharging a bullet through his head.

His body is extended on the floor, the head fearfully disfigured. One leg still remains resting on a chair, and a pistol is seen on the ground. His alarmed children, scarcely comprehending the extent of their calamity, gaze with apprehension on the lifeless body of their father, while their mother, clasping her hands in all the energy and hopelessness of grief, horror, and despair, exclaims, "Edouard! qu'as tu fait?"—Edward, what hast thou done?

Such is the lesson, replete with fearful admonition, which this series of prints presents to the reflective looker-on; a lesson, which the young and the old, the poor and the rich, may dwell upon with advantage. There may be comparatively few gamblers who go to the dreadful extent of self-destruction, but short of that, how much of guilt may be indulged in! how much of wretchedness endured! The desire to add unduly to what we possess, the lust of coveting what belongs to another, is strengthened alike by success and disappointment. How much "better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith!" He that hasteth to be rich has an evil life, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him. The desperate gambler stakes his earthly comforts on the throw of a dice, on the turn to a card. But we may ask, who is the gambler? Be not content to look on the fearful scene, described in the last print, and to reply, "There he lies extended on the ground." Think, whether, in like principle, though not in like degree, you are not a gambler? The tossing up a coin for a half-penny, is gaming as well as throwing the dice for a sovereign. The staking a sixpence at the commonest game of cards is gaming, as well as risking a thousands pounds at rouge et noir. He who begins with risking little, may end with risking much; the penny smoothes the way for the

pound. Watch, then, over your heart, as a vigilant sentinel, and let no enemy steal upon your unawares. Let the lust of coveting what belongs to another be looked upon as sin, and the door of a gaming-house be regarded as the gate of destruction. The love of gaming glides serpent-like into the breast, and stings the heart unexpectedly. Late hours agreeable company, the intoxicating glass, and the ungodly desire to gain another's wealth, have led thousands to the gulf of despair, and too many have plunged headlong therein.

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