

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

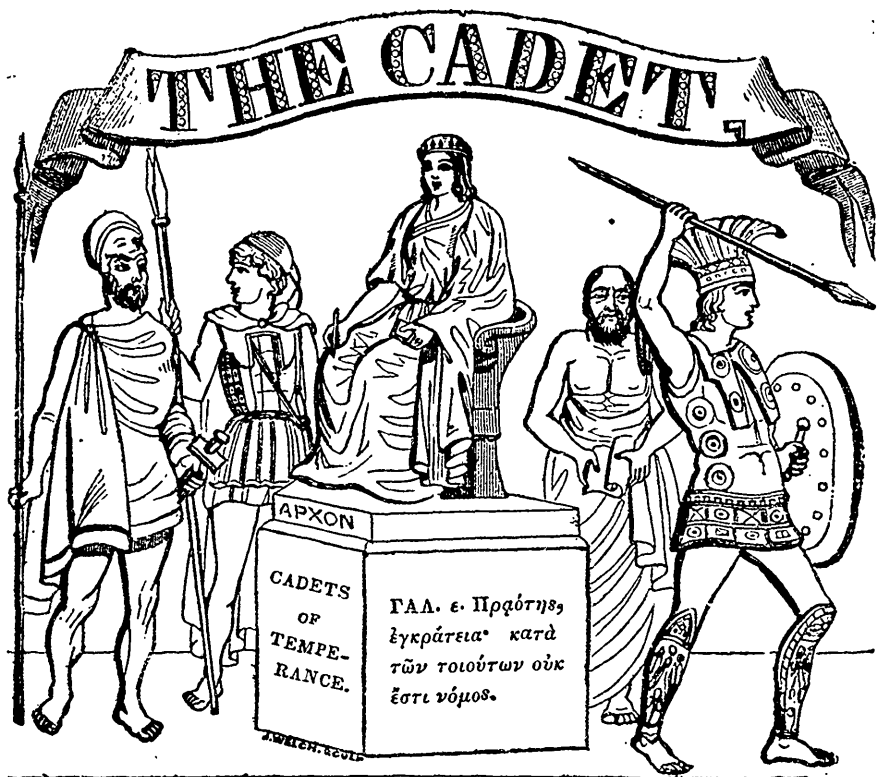
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1852.

No. 6.

The First Prayer.

[FOR THE CADET.

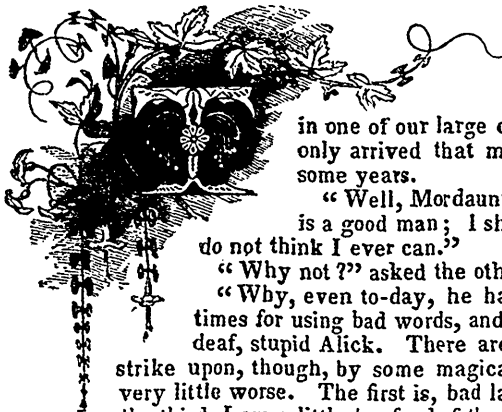
BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

WO youths of nearly the same age were sitting one night in an upper room, in the house of Mr. Foster, a respectable store-keeper, in one of our large cities. One of the young men had only arrived that morning; the other had been there some years.

"Well, Mordaunt," said the new comer, "our master is a good man; I should like to gain his favor; but I do not think I ever can."

"Why not?" asked the other.

"Why, even to-day, he has had to reprove me two or three times for using bad words, and for getting into a passion with old, deaf, stupid Alick. There are three rocks, Charles, that I often strike upon, though, by some magical power, I get the vessel off again, very little worse. The first is, bad language; the second, passion; and the third, I am a little too fond of the glass."



"It is a pity," said Mordaunt sadly, "for one so young to make such a confession; oh! strive to fight and conquer."

"It is no use. I have tried; I have given promises, and broken them again; I have made resolutions, and not fulfilled them."

"Did you ever take the pledge?" said Charles.

"No!"

"What then did you promise?"

"Oh, just to be moderate; to take care not to overstep bounds; and I have tried, really tried, with all these bad habits, and mastered them for a while, and then again they have mastered me."

"It is folly, it is madness, to play thus," cried Charles. "It is sporting on the brink of destruction. Trust me, Mordaunt, moderation will never do for you; a *little* will soon give place to *much*; *seldom* will degenerate into *often*, and in some wild tempest blast your vessel will strike upon that rock, and sink down to the fathomless depths below."

"You take it too seriously," cried Mordaunt; "come, no more now; let us to bed."

Charles was a youth of high religious principles. He knew the heart was deceitful, but while he watched and fought with his faults, he ever sought grace from on high to assist him, and now, before he sought repose, with a fervent, grateful spirit, he bent his knee in prayer. Mordaunt, on the contrary, flung off his clothes, and carelessly threw himself on the bed, with not one word to his Maker of the thankfulness for mercies past, of trust for others yet to come. In the morning, when Charles awoke, he found it was late. Mordaunt was dressed and walking round his new apartment. Hastily springing up, the young man remarked, he wished Mordaunt had called him sooner.

"There is time yet enough for you," was the answer. "What may you want to do so soon; read the Bible and mutter your prayer. I suppose nonsense, Charles; leave these things for old people to do, or those who are sick, and fit for nothing else."

"Nay, Mordaunt, do young men never die as well as old. Have you never seen it? I have. And if we never pray in health, when sharp sickness and bitter pain comes on us, must it not be hard to learn then. Oh, it seems to me, that a man laying down to rest at night, and rising in the morning blessed with health and strength,

loaded with benefits, crowned with mercies, yet never bending the knee in thankfulness for them, must be a Jark sight indeed,—a sight at which few friends would rejoice, and angels of heaven shudder and turn away. But, forgive me, if I have said too much. I did not mean to anger you, Mordaunt."

"You have not," said the young man. "Thank you for the advice you give; it is a chance though that I follow it."

Six months passed on quietly enough, with occasional outbursts on the part of Mordaunt, which his master forgave, after a grave, kind rebuke. But matters at last became more serious; the youth was often led away by the fatal cup; and one night after the store was closed, Charles, with feelings of deep anxiety, saw Mr. Foster lead Mordaunt into a room by himself alone. In about half an hour his step sounded on the stairs, and entering the room, he gave his hand to Charles, saying,

"There, we are brothers now."

"Oh, *I am* glad," cried Charles, "you have taken the pledge."

"I have. Mr. Foster pleaded hard; told how you had petitioned for me; and placed before me the alternative to take the pledge or leave. I chose the former."

Gladly would Charles have made this an opportunity for drawing the youth into the presence of his God, but his efforts were useless.

"I can keep my promise without anything of this kind, you will see," answered Mordaunt.

"Perhaps you may, but the last will be harder;" said his friend, "and I know it."

For a while all went smoothly on, faithfully was the Pledge kept, faithfully was every duty discharged. One morning Mordaunt was sent by his master on business of importance to some miles distance. The hour for his return came and went, but brought him not; the next, and the next were similar. Mr. Foster grew uneasy as night drew on, and dispatched a messenger, but ere his return, a friend came in bearing a letter from Mr. Foster's agent, which had been entrusted to his care by Mordaunt, whom he had met, with a party of gay young men; all were somewhat intoxicated, but he was the worst. This was a great shock to Charles! the image of his friend haunted his slumbers, and he went to his duties the next day with a sad and heavy heart. Late at night a messenger was brought to him, stating that Mordaunt had been thrown from a Car-

riage, and severely injured, his recovery was uncertain, and he begged to see his friend once more. Charles hastened to the place. He was met by the doctor, who told him to keep the young man calm. With hushed step he opened the door; Mordaunt's eye was fixed upon it, and he signed to the attendant to leave the room. A look of joy crossed his features as he feebly took Charles's hand, but it passed away; and clasping his hands wildly together, he cried in a low tone of horror and despair:

"I would not pray in health, I dare not pray in sickness."

"Hush, Mordaunt, do not speak to me; the doctor forbids it; try to be still, and calm."

Charles was alarmed by his friend's manner, but without heeding him, the youth went on:

"I have slighted counsel and affection, broken a solemn Pledge, injured, perhaps destroyed the cords of life. Still—calm, I can never be calm again."

Mordaunt was silent a few moments, and then again cried out:

"Oh my inother! when this tale reaches her; I am lost indeed; oh Charles pray for me; I cannot, dare not pray for myself."

"You may, you must," said Charles, as in compliance with the look of unutterable entreaty, he knelt by the bed; "to despair, is to sin; our Lord sent none away on earth, nor will he, now he is in heaven. He came to call sinners, he came to seek and to save, that which was lost."

"I am lost, I am lost," cried the unhappy youth, "guilty, miserable lost; Oh Lord wilt thou indeed save me?"

Mordaunt paused, and overpowered by the revulsion of feeling, the new thoughts that rushed through his mind, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. But the spirit of supplication was in his heart, the cry for mercy had passed his lips, and Charles bent tenderly over his sorrowing friend, with a heart as full as his own, blessing God for "the first prayer."

Three months have passed; it is night; Charles is in that upper room, thinking of his absent friend. Mordaunt had been taken by his mother to a country home, till health was restored; he had not yet returned. But hark, whose voice is that? To whom is Mr. Foster bidding "Good night," so cordially? The quick well-known step told the truth, and Charles sprang to the opening door, to greet Mor-

daunt. The meeting was a joyful one, for the young men were strongly attached to each other; then questions were eagerly asked, and frankly answered; the erring youth had sought the mercy he had so long abused, and *not* sought in vain; he had cheered the heart of his mother by promising that with God's help he would *strive* to do better; he had re-taken the Pledge that had once been violated, and he had now returned to his master and his friend, with high and holy resolutions, but not this time formed in his own strength. An hour was spent thus, in affectionate and confiding intercourse, then with spirits grateful and subdued, the young men knelt *both of them* together; ardent praise was there, for the blessings past, and fervent prayer, that as their day was, their strength might be; that as temptation met them and trials overshadowed them, the arm of a faithful God might be their stay and their trust.

And it was so.

Example.

(Selected for the Cadet.)



T last, doubting the stability of any employer, and fearing lest what he owed me might be lost, I took up the whole in the shape of a waggon and a

stock of steelyards; then purchasing a horse, I travelled from place to place to sell them; and in this manner got into a business which I have followed more or less ever since. After acquiring, by economy and diligence, a few hundred dollars, I opened a small store in Mansfield, with the intention of leading a still more settled life; though about that time my mind was strongly exercised with a desire to devote myself to the religious benefit of seamen. My sense of unfitness for so great a work at last prevailed, and I proceeded with my plans of worldly business.

The days of which I write were those on which the bright star of temperance had scarcely shone. Ministers, deacons, Christians, all used the deadly drinks. Was it surprising, therefore, that I, but so short a time ago a rum-loving sailor, fell into the common current and became a rum-seller? No, it was not strange! but

it was strange, a glorious display of restraining grace that prevented me from being drawn into the snare I was thus thoughtlessly spreading for the poor drunkard. But even in those early days of temperance I was not without my trials of mind in respect to the unholy traffic. Once, when at Hartford, making purchases for my store, of which rum formed no inconsiderable portion, I accidentally heard of a lecture on temperance, to be delivered at Dr. Hawe's Church. This was the first discourse on the subject I ever heard. The speaker excited a deep interest in my mind, as he told me of the origin of rum, its primary costliness and rank among medicines, of the growth of distilleries, the consequent decline in price, and the attendant spread of drunkenness. So deadly a plot against the peace of the world, he said, could only have been contrived in hell. This discourse fell like light on some dark opaque; it illuminated my understanding, disturbed by conscience. No sleep visited my eyes that night. Duty said, "Send back your team without rum in the morning." Fear of men, public opinion and interest said, "No, every other store-keeper sells it, and so may you." The latter argument prevailed; conscience was rebuked; the rum went to my store.

Shortly after this struggle, I married a member of the Methodist Church in Hartford. We removed to Somers, Connecticut, where I continued to sell rum, though, as before, with great caution, and with much inward struggling of mind. At last I could hold out no longer, and in spite of the example of ministers (some of whom often drank, though sparingly, at my house), in spite of the sneers of the scornful, and of the fear of loss to my trade, I gave it up. It was for the poor, untaught sailor to set the example of sacrifice to the store-keepers of Somers. Three others imitated me in a short time. Not to me but to the grace of God be the glory of my decision and resolution. I can assure the modern rum-seller, whose lashed and tortured soul still cleaves to the rum-barrel and the toddy-stick for the sake of the profit, that I have ever regarded that act as among the best of my life.—"*A voice from the main deck,*" by Samuel Leech.

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities; it is made up of currents that issue from the remotest past, and flow onwards into the remotest future.

Story of Agnew, the Orphan Outcast.

In one of those noble institutions, sustained by the noble city of Boston, is a little orphan boy named Agnew. Should there be a single child who reads the *Well-Spring* who is not a total abstinence child, will he not immediately become so, when he hears little Agnew's account of himself, which he gave his kind teacher.

"I am not certain where I was born. Perhaps it was in Canada, or it may have been in Vermont. When I was a very little fellow I lived with my grandparents in Canada. After my grandmother died, I went with my grandfather to Vermont to live with my father and mother, of whom I had no recollection. At first they were very kind to me, gave me clothes, and learned me many things; but they sometimes drank whisky, and then they treated me very cruelly. I did not know before what drunkenness was. Grandfather would not drink that bad stuff. It smelled very bad all over the house. After a while my parents sent me every day after whisky. The man who kept it, used to tell me not to come after it again, and once when I would not go, mother tied me down to the bed, and whipped me till I was bruised all over. When she was sober, she put something on me to make me well again. People don't know what they do when they are drunk. When my parents were sober, I had enough to eat, and was treated kindly; but when they had been drinking, they would give me no food, and would whip me for nothing. One cold night, when my mother had taken so much that she could hardly walk, she called me out of bed, to go just as I was, to the spring for some water. When I came back, I could not get into the house. I was shivering with the cold, so I went to the nearest house, which was a mile off. The people there were very kind to me, and when I went home in the morning they gave me some clothes, but mother whipped me, took away my clothes, and made me wear my old ones again. I had a little brother and sister, but they both died, and I expect whisky killed them, for my mother used to give it to them, mixed with sugar.

"After a while I was put out to a place where the people were very kind to me. When I had been there about a year, a letter came which they read to me, saying that my father and mother were both dead, and that my grandfather had gone

back to Canada. The man with whom I lived, did not want me any longer, so he carried me to find my grandfather. After we had looked for him without finding him, he gave me some money, and sent me to Boston. There I did not know any one, or where to go. I went to a large brick house and asked if I might stay all night. They let me stay several days, and then sent me to the persons who brought me here. Before I came here, I had never been to school at all, and did not know my alphabet. Now I go to school every day, have enough of every

thing to make me happy, and am treated well by every one."

Would any of you have been willing to have exchanged conditions with the poor orphan outcast? Had the glorious Maine Law been in force, might not all this misery have been saved? and the lives of those unfortunate beings been prolonged to usefulness and happiness? Who of us will not with all our might advocate the principles of *total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks?*—From the *Well-Spring*.



The Rhinoceros.

From the accounts of those who are best acquainted with the rhinoceros, it appears that the animal is tamed only with great difficulty, and never to such an extent that it is always safe to approach him. Sir Everard Home gives the following account of one in a menagerie in London: "He was so savage, that about a month after he came, he endeavored to kill the keeper, and nearly succeeded. He ran at him with the greatest fury; but fortunately, the horn of the animal passed between the keeper's thighs, and threw him on the head of the rhinoceros. The horn struck a wooden partition, into which it was forced to such a depth, that the animal, for a minute, was unable to withdraw it; and during this interval, the man escaped. By discipline, the keeper afterward got the management of him; but frequently, more especially in the middle of the night, fits of phrensy came on, and while these lasted, nothing could control his rage. He ran, with great swiftness, round his den, playing all kinds of antics, making hideous

noises, breaking every thing to pieces, and disturbing the whole neighborhood. While this fit was on, the keeper never dared to come near him."

When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns fixed loosely in his skin, make a clapping noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear or keen scent makes him aware of the vicinity of a hunter, the head is quickly raised and the horns stand stiff, and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros, is often accompanied by a sentinel, to give him warning—a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay—which sits on one of his horns.

The following account of the perils of a party hunting for the rhinoceros is given by Mr. Bruce, a traveller of celebrity: "We were on horseback, at the dawn of

the day, in search of the rhinoceros; and after having searched about an hour in the thickest part of the forest, one of these animals rushed out with great violence, and crossed a plain toward a thicket of canes, at the distance of nearly two miles. But though he ran, or rather trotted with surprising speed, considering his bulk, he was in a short time pierced with thirty or forty javelins. This attack so confounded him, that he left his purpose of going to the thicket, and ran into a deep ravine, without outlet, breaking about a dozen of the javelins as he entered. Here we thought he was caught in a trap—for he had scarcely room to turn—and a servant who had a gun, standing directly over him, fired at his head. The animal fell immediately, to all appearance dead. All those on foot now jumped into the ravine, to cut him up. But they had scarcely begun, when the animal recovered himself so far as to rise upon his knees; and he would undoubtedly have destroyed several of the men, had not one of them, with great presence of mind, cut the sinew of the animal's hind leg. To this precaution they were indebted, under God, for their lives."

The rhinoceros and the elephant have been known to engage in a pitched battle, in which case the former always comes off victor. The combat, however, is a very furious one.

There are two species of the rhinoceros. The double-horned rhinoceros. It is perhaps the largest of land animals, with the exception of the elephant. When pursued, notwithstanding its large, unwieldy body, it can run with astonishing swiftness.

Heart Seeds.

BY KATE CAROL.

Two spirits, a good and an evil, came together, to sow seed in the heart of a little child; and the seed that the good spirit brought was called "TRUTH," and the seed of the evil one "FALSEHOOD."

Many days after, the child went forth to gather flowers and chase butterflies in the fields: It was a summer's morning, and the still dreamy air was full of fragrance, while the summer birds, heaving out their hearts in song, and the sunshine that crowded through the branches, and lay so caressing around the feet of the child, filled his heart brimfull of still sinless happiness, and he walked slowly on until he reached the shadow of a large

peach-tree, that spread out its great arms as if in blessing above him:

Then the good spirit, with its shining, silvery wings, and the evil spirit, with a fearful, malignant expression on its dark countenance, met again under the peach-tree to see if the seed they had sown had taken root in its heart soil, and promised them a harvest.

Now the child had promised his mother he would not touch the peaches that grew upon that tree, for they were not fully ripened;—but oh, how tempting they looked, as the breeze lifted the leaves from their smooth, downy cheeks, softly as the fingers of a mother remove the covering from the face of her sleeping babe; and the branches hung so low that he had only to reach, and the fruit would be within his grasp. And while the child stood there, with an earnest, longing gaze, fixed on the tree, he suddenly descried on the lowest branch a peach larger and riper than all the rest. He saw the rose-colored streaks that lay on the side nearest the sun, and the mellow golden colors, that flushed the almost transparent skin; and the desire for it grew very strong in the heart of the child. "Mamma, will never know it," he murmured very softly, and then he lifted his hand and drew down the branch, and the good angel looked sad, while a smile of demoniac triumph distorted the features of the other; but the small hand that was lifted to pluck the fruit, suddenly paused;—a shadow swept over the clear, open brow, and the child whispered—"it will be a lie, it will be a lie." The next moment the branch swung slowly back to its right position, and a pair of blue eyes, flooded with a new, deep light, looked up, and a childish voice murmured—"beautiful peach, I cannot tell a lie for you."

Then the evil spirit passed away, and the good angel drew near, and saw the blossom of truth shooting up from the seed he had sown, and covering the heart of the child; and that day, there was a new wreath, woven of the flowers of truth, hung upon the life tree that stands by the "living waters" and there it will hang, fair and fadeless, until the angel shall weave it around the spirit brow of the child from whose heart it was gathered; for, though the flowers of Earth may grow dim and perish, get the flowers of Truth shall never decay, and the fingers of ages shall leave no autograph upon

them, for their beauty lasted "forever and for aye."

Animals—their Trades and Callings.

Bees are geometricians—their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice.

So, also, is the ant lion—his funnel shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation as if it had been made by the most skillful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The bird called the nine-killer, is an arithmetician; so also is the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds.

The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians.

The nautilus is a navigator—he raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical evolutions.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams.

The marmot is a civil engineer—he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The East India ants are horticulturists—they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

Wasps are paper manufacturers.

Caterpillars are silk-spinners.

The bird ploceus textor is a weaver—he weaves a web to make his nest.

The primia is a tailor—he sews the leaves together to make his nest.

The squirrel is a ferryman—with a chip or a piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters.

The black bear and heron are fishermen.

The ants have regular day laborers.

The monkey is a rope-dancer.

The associations of beavers present us with a model of republicanism.

The bees live under a monarchy.

The Indian antelopes furnish an example of a patriarchal government.

Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders.

Wild horses are said to elect their leaders.

Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

Gleanings in Useful Knowledge.

GLASS.

Glass is chiefly made of sand and soda; and soda is made of the ashes which remain of burnt sea-weed. But, in the finer sort of glass, flint beaten into powder is used instead of sand. These substances are first put into large earthen pots. The pots are then placed in a furnace, where they are left for many hours. When the fire is raised to a great heat, the soda and sand are melted, and flow almost like pure water. In this united and melted state they become glass. At first the glass is quite soft, but it gets hard as it cools.

The furnace is a round building, with several doors or openings. If one of our young readers were to stand before one of these furnaces, he would be obliged to hold a piece of colored glass before his eyes to prevent being hurt by the great light and heat.

A man who works at the furnace is called a glass-blower. He uses a long, hollow rod, one end of which he dips into melted glass, and a portion of it adheres or sticks to it. He then quickly places the rod in a mold or frame, and blows through the hollow part, which causes the glass to spread out to the shape of the mold. Another workman now takes up the glass and finishes the shape; so that, in about a minute, a bottle, a phial, or a jug is made, and nearly fit for use.

The glass used for making common windows to houses is blown after the same manner as bottles, and is called *crown* glass. The blower forms on the end of the rod a large ball of the melted substance, which he whirls round and round; this action causes it to spread out flat. In the middle of this glass a round knob is seen where the end of the rod was placed, which part is mostly used for the windows of stables and outhouses. Another kind is called *plate* glass, which is very clear, beautiful and costly. This is made by rolling the melted mass on large iron plates.

Glass is said to have been discovered by a very simple incident. A merchant ship laden with alkali, a substance of the same properties as burnt sea-weed, was driven on shore on the coast of Palestine. As the sailors could not find stones on which to rest their cooking vessels, they used pieces of their cargo instead. The fire soon melted a part of the alkali, which ran down and mixed with the sand on the seashore. The sailors were pleased with the substance that was thus formed, and in the

course of time the discovery was turned to good account, and thus many useful articles were made.

It is supposed that glass was first used to make beads and other ornaments. Egyptian mummies, or bodies preserved in folds of cloth, which have been buried three thousand years, are found with a kind of glass beads around them. As ages passed, the art was extended to making drinking cups. It is said that these were so much valued, that a Roman emperor gave for two drinking glasses, each having two handles, a sum equal to \$250,000 of our money. It is not known when glass was first used for windows. The weight of the glass now made in one year in England is upwards of sixty millions of pounds.

When the sailors on the coast of Palestine first saw the coarse mass of melted sand and alkali, how little did they think of the use that would be made of such substance in after ages! From it has been obtained a body which can alike admit the light of the sun, and keep out the violence of the wind; which furnishes us with numerous articles of domestic use; which enables us to gaze on the stars in the sky, or survey the hundreds of living creatures that float in a drop of water; and which makes the aged and the weak sing for joy, as they look through their glass spectacles at the word of God, without the aid of which they could no more read it for themselves.

Let us all then be thankful to God for the discovery of glass, which has added so much to our convenience, our knowledge, and our enjoyment.

The value set upon a member of society, should be not according to the fineness or intensity of his feelings, the acuteness of his sensibility, or to his readiness to weep for, or deplore the misery he may meet with in the world; but in proportion to the sacrifices which he is ready to make, and to the knowledge and talents which he is able and willing to contribute towards removing this misery.

EFFECTS OF KNOWLEDGE.—The more widely knowledge is spread, the more will they be prized whose happy lot it is to extend its bounds by discovering new truths, to multiply its uses by inventing new modes of applying it in practice. Real knowledge never promoted either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration. Whoso dreads these, let him tremble; for he may be well assured that their day is at length come, and must put to sudden flight the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution which haunted the long night now gone down the sky.

Poetry.

The Boat of Life.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let 's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail, but buoyant boat,
With skies now rude, and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But time plies swift his plying oar,
And on we speed—away, away!

Should chilling winds and rains come on,
We 'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower,
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And, smiling, wait a summer hour;
And if that summer hour should shine,
We 'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy while 't is mine and thine,
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all,
To sink into the void below.
Nor e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And, calmly, in each other's arms
Together linked, go down the steep!

Household Treasures.

(Selected for the Cadet from the Family Economist.)

Household treasures! household treasures!
Are they jewels rich and rare?
Or gems of rarest workmanship?
Or gold and silver ware?
Ask the mother as she gazes
On her little ones at play?
Household treasures! household treasures!
Happy children—ye are they!

Household treasures! household treasures!
Are they on the painted walls,
Where o'er the highest works of art
The mellow twilight falls?
Ask the widow as she gazes
On the forms she views once more,
Are they pictures, household treasures?
'T is of those we loved of yore.

Household treasures! household treasures!
How they cling around my heart,
With many a sad! in soothing strain
That never can depart!
The dear old clock—the harp unstrung—
But most, the vacant chair!
Household treasures! household treasures!
Of our love ye claim a share!

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, SEPT. 1, 1852.

Boys and Girls in other Lands.

WE presume it will be very gratifying to the young people of Canada, to know, that in distant countries the friends of Temperance are heartily engaged in training the boys and girls for happiness and usefulness, and, in order to the attainment of these desirable ends, are organizing various associations on the total abstinence principle, designed to include the youth of both sexes. We do not hear of the formation of Sections of Cadets, but, as the Sons of Temperance have got a footing in Great Britain, we suppose, that very soon, the Cadets will unfurl their banner, and invite their youthful companions to array themselves under its enchanting folds. In the principal cities and towns of Scotland, thousands of boys and girls are instructed in the benefits of abstinence; and in England, also, Bands of Hope have been formed, for the good of the young. "Bands of Hope!" What a delightful name!! Yes, there is hope of the deliverance of our world from the curse of intemperance, if all the young people are thoroughly initiated in the practice of virtue—the *virtue* of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. Hope! yes, our hope is in the young; do not disappoint our hope, but keep firmly the pledge of your Order.

Early in the present year, there was a great meeting held in Exeter Hall. It was the annual demonstration of the Juvenile Abstainers of the British metropolis.

It is almost impossible, that in Canada we should ever see so large a company of children together, in one place, but, in London, where there are as many, or more inhabitants than in all United Canada, it is

not surprising that there should be such troops of boys and girls. It must have been a very encouraging sight to the elder persons, many of whom, then present, had been for many years engaged in the Temperance cause. J. S. Buckingham, Esq., was there. He is President of the London Temperance League, and took the chair on this very interesting occasion. The children sang the piece entitled "Joyful Day." The music was published about two years ago, in the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, and we have often heard it sung by juvenile choirs in Canada. There was another very pleasing feature of the meeting, to which we desire to call the attention of our own juvenile readers. We suppose it is well known that our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria, has a son, who, at his baptism, was called "Albert Edward." He was born on the 9th day of November, 1841, so that he will soon be 11 years of age. He was called "Albert" after his father, "Prince Albert," and "Edward" after his grandfather, the Duke of Kent. He is heir apparent to the throne of the British Empire, and may become the King of Great Britain and Ireland. In consequence of his distinguished position as "Prince of Wales," it was thought advisable that an address should be presented to him, from the youthful Teetotalers of London. It is very likely that the address was written by Mr. Buckingham, who is a very able writer on most subjects relating to the social improvement of the people. It was signed by him, "in behalf of four thousand five hundred children and young persons, total abstainers from intoxicating drinks."

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

S. T.—We receive four different *Life Boats* and cannot tell to which you refer.

P. R.—Meadow's French and English Dictionary will be of service to you. The abbreviated Grammar, with which that work com-

mences, is a very excellent summary of principle.

"Sexters."—Your remarks are appropriate to the case you mention, but the publication of them might be offensive.

"A Teacher" is recommended to read a valuable book, entitled "The School and the School Master." The "Journal of Education," Edited by Dr. Rye, is also a proper source of information on the topics mentioned.

"A Daughter of England" will not be thought 'troublesome' if she asks many more questions. It affords us pleasure to answer enquiries, as far as we are able. The chief political articles of Blackwood are written by Alison, the popular Historian of Europe. The Editor may be addressed 37, Paternoster Row, London, which is also the publishing office of W. Blackwood & Sons. They are publishers of several works, but do not inform the public who holds the office of editor to their Magazine.

"Pax."—We suppose the publication to which you refer, is "Pitmarsh's Kicklebury's on the Rhine," second edition, with Essay on "Thunder and Small Beer."

"Amiens," is mistaken in his conjecture.

FINGAL, 20th July, 1852.

Dear Sir,—Allow me, through the medium of your widely-circulated, and welcome visitor, the *Cadet*, to give a brief sketch of Fingal Section, No. 154, Cadets of Temperance. About six or eight months ago, some kind friends applied for a Charter, but, owing to some mismanagement, the Charter was not obtained until about the first of this month, when we procured the necessary books and Charter, and, on the 8th day of July, 1852, in the evening, we organized this Section, consisting of 29 members, which bids fair to take a proud and lofty stand in the affairs of this rising Province.

A word for the Sons. We are still making advances toward the stronghold of the enemy, and we do feel a strong confidence that the Sons of Canada will keep on the advance, until Old King Alcohol, and all his adherents are put to flight, and known only in the history of the past.

Sir, can we not, *shall we not* have a law, similar to the Maine Liquor Law, in Canada? The Sons say yes! the Daughters say yes! the Cadets say yes! and who else?—why, the poor reeling, staggering drunkard says yes! Oh that it was out of my reach! Oh that the temptation was removed out of the way, then we would be free indeed. May petition after petition pour into our Legislature, now in Session, until they will be glad to give us a Maine law to get rid of us, is the earnest prayer of your humble servant,

J. EDWARD WILSON.

RICHMOND HILL, July 31st, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I herewith send you the names of the Officers installed in the Richmond Hill Section, No. 75, Cadets of Temperance, for the present Quarter:—John Marsh, W. A.; George Watson, V. A.; Robert Warren, S.; William Burkett, A. S.; Robert Hall, T.; William Pollock, A. T.; William Baker, G.; G. Hewison, U.; Michael Collins, W.; T. Myers, J. W.

The Officers of the Rising Star Section, No. 142, located in Markham, 4th Concession, are as follows:—Wesley Womb, W. A.; Joseph Hall, V. A.; Jonathan Lacy, S.; John McKenzie, A. S.; J. Trudgeon, T.; Martin Stoutenboroug, A. T.; Nelson Reynolds, G.; Robert Hall, U.; William Atkinson, W.; Elisha Hilts, J. W.; H. Lever, C.; George Nichols, W. P. This Section has suffered during the last two quarters, through the carelessness of the former W. P., but is now in a thriving condition.

Buttonville Section, No. 176, located at Buttonville, is in a prosperous condition, under the care of N. Shepard, W. P., Officers as follows:—William Fierheller, W. A.; James Wilmott, V. A.; Jonathan Slater, S.; Jacob White, A. S.; E. Morrison, G.; A. Dunn, U.; Wm. Hunter, T.; John Fierheller, A. T.; Moses White, W.; Thomas Maglodary, J. W. Night of meeting—Friday. Richmond Hill Sec-

tion meets—Tuesdays. Rising Star meets on Wednesdays. P. O., address Richmond Hill.

I think, dear brother, a word in your Editorial, upon the duty of Sons, in meeting with the Cadets, would be of great service, as, I believe they do not attend with them as much as they should. I find, too, great care is needed in the appointing of a suitable person as W. P. over the Cadets, and here, the advice and encouragement of the Sons are much needed.

We are quite pleased with the *Cadet*, and believe it is worthy of support, but the lads can do but little, unless their parents encourage them in the good work.

I am, dear Sir,

In V., L., and T.,

Yours, &c.,

EDMUND DYER, D. G. W. P.

AYLMER, 28th July, 1852.

Dear Sir and Brother,—At the request of our W. P., I send you the date of our organization, and some other general information, that, if you think proper, our Section may find a place in your useful periodical, dedicated to our Order.

The Aylmer Ottawa Section, No. 126, Cadets of Temperance, was organized 10th December, 1851, with 13 Charter members. We now number 45, and are gradually increasing; and, as yet, there has been no charge for any misconduct against any one of our Section.

The Officers for the present Quarter are—Asa Parker, W. P.; Irvin Allan, W. A.; Thomas Roberts, V. A.; James Young, S.; William Stubbs, A. S.; John Symmes, T.; Samuel Allan, A. T.; Alex. Might, G.; William Thompson, U.; James Chamberlin, W.; John Symmes, J. W.; John Sopley, C.

Yours in V., L., and T.,

P. A. LUCAS, A. P.

Dear Children :

An old toper in Boston, offered to bet that he could tell each of several kinds of liquors presented to him, blindfolded. The bet was accepted, and the toper suffered his eyes to be bandaged, so that it was impossible for him to see. A glass of brandy was offered him, and immediately upon tasting it he pronounced correctly it was brandy; he was tried with whisky, gin and other drinks, and he was equally successful in deciding each kind; at length a glass of pure water was presented; he tasted it, paused, tasted again, hesitated, again tasted, considered, and shook his head doubtfully; he was puzzled; "Gentlemen," said he, "I give it up, take the wager, I am not used to that sort of liquor!"

Poor fellow! he had so spoiled his nerves of taste as to render them almost useless.

Some little boys think it is manly to do this, either by drinking or smoking or chewing. Little Sam Sillypate was one of that kind; his father drank liquor, and smoked a pipe, and chewed a large quantity of tobacco, and he thought if he would do so, he would be as much of a man as his father. Now, this was very foolish, as manhood does not consist in doing wrong of any kind, but in nobly resisting evil, and subduing the appetites and passions. If little Sillypate had combatted his desire to become a man before his time, and conquered his foolish pride, he would have been more like a man than his enslaved father. But he must needs begin to imitate his father, so he filled the old black pipe with tobacco, and began to smoke; at first he felt his consequence increase very much, as the smoke ascended in curling wreaths above his head; but the smoke disappeared, and so did his vanity; he soon became so sick and giddy, that he could not stand, he staggered, and fell upon the sofa, and his mother, coming in and finding him so sick, was frightened, and mixed a great dose of salts and made him drink it. The little dunce bitterly repented his folly, but he was not cured, for he believed that chewing tobacco would not make him sick, as smoking it had. So after he had got over the first spell, he stole some of his father's tobacco, and put it in his mouth. It did not taste good; on the contrary, it was very bitter and hot, and made the water run from his mouth in a stream. The foolish little fellow could not help making wry faces, but he bore it like a martyr. He made a bold effort to spit out the dirty juice in a yellow stream, but he

had turned his head the wrong way, and the wind drove it all back into his face and eyes. Oh! how his eyes did smart. Why did his eyes smart? The acrid poison had touched the mucous membrane, and its delicate net-work of nerves; and if he had been wise, he would have thrown it away. But soon a drop of the juice got into his throat, and it seemed as though it would strangle him to death; but already had the poison reached the brain, his head began to swim, his limbs trembled, a weakness seized him, and conscious of his condition, he hastened to hide himself from his mother, for he remembered the dose of salts. When he recovered, he was wiser; he had never been so sick before, and he resolved to let tobacco alone for ever after.

Perhaps some of my little friends will wonder why some very sensible grown folks use tobacco and rum. Well, it is not surprising that they do so wonder; but the reason is, that after using these things a little while, they lose their first bad taste, and the nerves becoming benumbed, cease to feel their effects; an artificial taste is thus formed, and the person becomes its slave. But why not break off? Ah! that is not so easy; the brain has felt the shock, the brain is the seat of mind, and that is injured; the will loses its power, the man becomes irresolute, and cannot do what he knows is right and proper for his own good.

It is much easier never to begin, than to break off after you have begun—*R. I. Temperance Advocate.*

ENEMIES.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them, and do your duty, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded with enemies, used to remark:—“They are sparks which, if you do not blow, will go out of themselves.” Let this be your feeling while endeavouring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be but a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

Literary Attractions of the Bible.

The following extract, on the literary attractions of the Bible, is from an eloquent tract by the Rev. James Hamilton, Minister of a Scotch church in London, which was sent by Mr. Lawrence, our Minister in England for reprint and circulation in the United States. The tract has been published by the American Tract Society in New York.

“But in giving the Bible, its divine Author had regard to the mind of man. He knew that man has more curiosity than piety, more taste than sanctity; and that more persons are anxious to hear some new, or read some beautiful thing, than to read or hear about God and the great salvation. He knew that few could ever ask, What must I do to be saved? till they come in contact with the Bible itself; and therefore he made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one,—not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvellous incident and engaging history,—with sunny pictures from old world scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the patriarchal times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images,—a book of heavenly doctrine, but withal of early adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, infinite wisdom gave not a dictionary or a grammar, but a Bible, a book which, in trying to catch the heart of man, should captivate his taste; and which in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, and fine tracery on the scabbard. The shekels are of the purest ore; but even the scrip which contains them is of texture more curious than the artists of the earth could fashion it. The apples are of gold; but even the basket is silver.”—*Selected.*

SOMETHING SOFT.—A Staffordshire farmer went along with his son to a tea party. A young female happened to be there, with whom the father wished his son to become acquainted. He told him to go and speak to her. “What shall I say to her, father?” asked his son. “Why, say soft things to her, Johnny.” Johnny, with great simplicity, looked the lady in the face, and said—“Mashed turnips, Miss.”



Effects of Drunkenness.

In this picture is represented a most distressing scene. An intemperate mother, living in Johnston, R. I., left her two little girls alone while she went to get her bottle filled with rum. While playing near the hearth, the clothes of the youngest took fire, and, not knowing what to do, she, with her sister, ran out into the street. She was seen by a neighbor, who ran with a bucket of water, and extinguished the flames. But it was too late. She was so badly burned that she lived but a few hours.

Oh! 'twas an awful sight,
To see that wretched girl,
As round her brow, o'er her tresses light,
The scorching flames did curl.

And dreadful on the ear
Rung her cry of agony,
And her sister's shriek of more than fear,
As the fire stream'd red on high.

Their mother lov'd the cup,
And alone had left them there;
She saw not the deadly fire stream up,
And heard not the shriek of despair.

An Incident.

A few days since while at Washington, a brother who had been raised from the degradation of the gutter to respectability in society, whose family once experienced all the misery of a drunkard's home, related to us the simple story of his reformation, which will be found in the following words:

While in a state of sobriety he went to

the shop of a barber in order to get shaved, his beard having grown excessively long and dirty while spreeing. After being properly shaved he went home and put on some clean clothes. He then took up a paper and was engaged in reading, when his little daughter, a child of about five or six years, while gazing on the clean shaven face of her father, said to her mother, "Mother, don't papa look pretty when he don't drink?" and then turning to her father said, "Papa, you won't drink any more, will you?" The appeal was not made in vain—it fixed the heart of the father. His resolution was taken. He then and there solemnly pledged himself to his wife, his child and his God, that he would thenceforth and for ever abstain from the intoxicating bowl.

Years have rolled their annual rounds since that pledge was given, and the father has religiously kept his promise.—That now happy family is gliding along with the rapidity of time toward the ocean of eternity; soon they will pass through the gloomy portals of the tomb, and enter the paradise of their God, where happiness for ever dwells.

And now, dear reader, if it should be your lot to share the joys of heaven, and you behold, while gazing over millions of the redeemed of earth, a little troop around the throne of God, you will see in the crown of one a brighter gem than all the others, and should you ask the reason why this is, the answer will be borne back to your listening ears—"In yonder world that child was made the instrument in the hands of God, in saving a father from a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's hell."

'Let Me Alone.'—Mark i, 31.

"Let me alone," said an undutiful son, in reply to the expostulations of his father: "let me alone; I will do as I please, and your talk is of no use." In a few days this tippler, gamester, and debauchee finished his race in the grave.

"Let me alone, I am my own guardian," said one in reply to his beseeching wife, who was kneeling at his feet, imploring him in plaintive strains not to go again to the tavern and card table: "let me alone," he said, and leaving her in tears, he went to the place of rendezvous, and in a few hours his work was finished—he was in eternity, a self-murderer! and his wife and little ones beggars.

"Let me alone," said a poor creature, as he came reeling to the grog-shop to complete his debauch: "let me alone; I know what I am about; I drink no more than I need; I can govern myself; I despise a drunkard." He went on his way, and the next morning he was found a stiffened corpse upon the frozen ground.

"Let me alone," said a man, who was taking his morning dram, to his wife, who mildly expostulated with him, and tenderly hinted her fears that he was becoming too fond of morning drinks; "let me alone; I drink no more than I need; I can drink or let it alone." A few months after, the same man staggered home from a military muster, and for his abuse to his family, received in prison, a righteous punishment.

"Let me alone," said the manufacturer of ardent spirits, as a friend presented him the tract called "An Alarm to Distillers and their Allies;" "let me alone; I must support my family." In a few months his son was turned out of Church for intemperance; his eldest daughter married a miserable drunkard, his own distiller; and he himself became endorser for one of his best customers, who ran away; and in one year, ruin, beggary, and shame came upon the whole family.

"Let me alone," said the tavern-keeper; "let me alone; I do not sell to drunkards; if I do not sell, some one else will; and I only sell to support my family." A year or two made it manifest that his bar had at least *one good* customer, and he ended his days a drunkard and in prison.

Why is a man in gaol like a leaky boat? Because he requires bailing out.—Why are washerwomen the silliest of people. Because they put out their tubs to catch *soft* water when it rains *hard*.

Miscellaneous.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF AN OYSTER SHELL.—If examined by the microscope the exterior of an oyster shell will be found a large continent, as it may be called, millions of minute insects wandering in the largest liberty over its surface. Each of these insects is the owner of a house or cavern, which it forms by burrowing in the solid shell. Besides these minute members of the animal kingdom; the vegetable tribe are represented by a luxurious growth of plants, springing up and over the entire shell. These are of every variety of form and color, and consist of trees, shrubs, and flowers of the most beautiful description. In order to examine them properly, the shell should be placed in a glass of clear salt water.

EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I laid down for myself in relation to such matters:—1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.—*Cicero*.

All earthly comforts are like a fair picture that is drawn upon ice.

KIND WORDS DO NOT COST MUCH.—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. They do not cost much, yet they accomplish much:—1st. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. 2nd. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, but hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

GREEK v. GREEK.—A boy, the other day, was going up Union Street, Aberdeen, bearing a leg of mutton, when an individual accosted him with: "Whaier are ye geeann wi' that, laddie?" "D'ye ken the Editor o' the *Aberdeen Herald*?" "Hoot, ay, a' body kens him." "Well, its nae for him," was the reply. The interrogator had nothing more to say.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.—"I wonder, my dear," said a lady, looking over the paper, to her husband, "what is the best substitute for silver?" "I know, mamma," screamed out a precocious specimen of the rising generation; "It's Californy!"—*Punch*.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah," replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

As Pat Hogan an American emigrant, sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream. "Och honey!" he exclaimed, solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk."

A Guckney conducted two ladies to the Observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

Philosophy fails in its noblest object if it does not lead us to God.

Puzzles for Pastime.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

I beg to send you two enigmas for the *Cadet*, which, if space permits, please insert in your forthcoming number:—

No. 1.—I am composed of 33 letters. My 3, 6, 19, is a part of the human body. My 2, 5, 15, 8, 16, the name of a cruel king. My 2, 22, 16, 18, 8, 23, the name of a late English navigator. My 11, 8, 21, 16, a popular English writer. My 2, 5, 7, 16, 12, 15, a German writer. My 13, 22, 24, 11, 9, 7, the celebrated church reformer born in 1485. My 20, 6, 22, 18, 10, a rich gold-miner of Mayence. My 20, 22, 13, 13, 33, 15, the name of an agreeable writer, who died by shipwreck in 1850. My 13, 21, 23, 16, 8, 23, the name of a large city in Europe. My 24, 6, 17, 23, a town in Scotland. My 16, 22, 27, 16, 5, 3, a town situated on the river Tay. My 13, 6, 23, 27, 5, 18, the name of one who had the great honor of raising himself from the position of a stable-boy to a dukedom. My 13, 5, 14, a name borne by many historians. My 13, 8, 24, a name recorded in Bible history. And my whole a saying of Solomon.

No. 2.—I am made up of 30 letters. My 15, 6, 16, 24, a mountain in Sicily. My 10, 15, 9, 7, 24, the name of a mountain in Iceland. My 24, 30, 24, 14, 24, 5, a mountain in America. My 11, 13, 24, a mountain in Asia Minor. My 9, 24, 30, 1, 8, 12, a mountain in Palestine. My 10, 15, 19, 15, 7, 12, 2, 25, a mountain in England. My 11, 7, 7, 4, 1, 24, 25, 11, a mountain in America. My 13, 26, 16, the name of a river in Russia. My 14, 10, 11, 16, 15, the name of a river that runs through Switzerland, Germany and Holland. My 26, 13, 15, 14, a river in Prussia. My 12, 21, 4, 14, 15, a river in France.

My 30, 10, 26, 25, 29, a river which runs through Switzerland and France. My 5, 24, 2, a river in Scotland. My 7, 14, 16, 24, a river in Siberia. My 1, 8, 11, 16, 24, 1, a river in Siam. My 25, 4, 7, 15, a river in Nubia and Egypt. My 26, 30, 4, 16, 26, 9, 26, a river in Colombia. My 26, 10, 11, 26, a river in the United States. My 1, 24, 13, 15, 4, 24, a river which runs through Peru and Brazil. And my whole a command of John the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ.

GEORGIUS.

No. 3.—I am composed of 23 letters. My 13, 11, 21, 2, 6, 7, is the name of a great Jewish prophet. My 16, 8, 21, 14, 3, 18, 20, 7, is one of the largest cities in British North America. My 22, 11, 4, is a useful animal. My 21, 20, 17, 8, 7, 6, 8, 12, is the name of one of the greatest generals the world ever saw. My 1, 2, 22, 14, 8, 3, 2, 20, is the name of the greatest personage in England. My 22, 11, 12, 20, 13, 11, 4, 6, 16, 17, 6, 3, 11, 12, 22, 6, 20, 13, 1, 8, 22, 11, 4, 10, is the name of a most useful temperance paper. My 11, 14, 15, 23, 4, 8, 14, 20, 7, 7, 10, 19, is what every person ought to be. My 26, 16, 23, 19, 2, 22, 11, is the largest division of the globe. My 9, 2, 19, 14, 5, 23, is part of our motto. My 22, 8, 12, 23, 8, 3, 13, is what ought to reign in every section of Cadets, and it is also the name of a section. And my whole is the motto of a new periodical.

W. R.

SIR,—Please insert the following in the September number of the *Cadet*—

To three-fourths of a cross add a circle complete, Two semicircles, with a perpendicular to meet; And to a triangle supported by feet, Add two semicircles, with a circle complete.

W. H.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN AUGUST NUMBER.

No. 1.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

P R O C R A S T I N A T I O N .

No. 2.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

H O N E S T Y I S T H E

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

B E S T P O L I C Y .

No. 3.—To the plural noun *Cares* add an *s*, and you change it into the singular noun *Caress*.

No. 4.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

I N T E M P E R A N C E .

The answers to enigmas in August number, sent by Robert Warren, Richmond Hill; G. B. Scott, Sherbrooke; T. Doe, Montreal; and William Richardson, are, as will be seen from the above, correct.

Things to Think About.

Good words make friends—bad words make enemies.

Divisions are Satan's powder plots to blow up religion.

VANITY.—There is not a mite upon the world (says Lavater) but what thinks itself "quite the cheese."

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own leaves, and yet of all flowers it yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

All who have meditated on the governing of mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth—*Aristotle*.

Has any one wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work's begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself who is not above an injury.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consum; uon of the spirits; wherefore, jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality or season.—*Fuller*.

A man of a narrow spirit is like the hedgehog, that never goes abroad, but to gather what he can for himself; but a man of a liberal spirit is like the pelican, that draws out his own blood for the good of others.

The good man feels no injustice so strongly as that done to others; that committed against himself he sees not so clearly; the bad man feels only injury to himself.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

The emptiest barrels make the loudest sound, the worst metal the greatest noise, and the lightest ears of corn hold their heads the highest. A hypocrite may well lay his hand on his heart and say: is it not so with me?

When this earthly tabernacle gradually falls to decay, the slow process is calculated to be profitable. It is well when a cottage gives a crack before it falls; this, like the warning of a clock, prepares for the stroke—the stroke of death.

EDUCATION.—What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul.—The philosopher, the saint, the hero—the wise, the good, or the great man is very often hid in a plebeian, which a proper education would have disinterred and brought to light.

People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labor, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.—Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.—*Doctor Channing*.

Things to Smile At.

A mother admonishing her son (a lad about seven years of age), told him he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night."

"You are from the country, are you not Sir?" said a dandy young bookseller to a homely dressed Quaker who had given him some trouble. "Yes." "Well, here's an *Essay on the Rearing of Calves*." "That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the shop, "thee had better present it to thy mother."

A country gardener, who had threatened thievish boys with 'spring guns,' 'man traps,' &c., in vain, at length tried—'Whoever is found trespassing in this orchard will be *spacified*!' and was successful. None of the urchins would run the risk of learning what it was to be spacified!

DOMESTIC BLISS.—Paterfamilias—'I cannot conceive, my love, what is the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning.' Pet Child—'Oh, no! Papa dear! I don't think it wants cleaning, because baby and I had it washing in the basin for ever so long this morning!'

The *Mail* says that a nurse at one of the Liverpool hospitals, being sent the other day for "a dose of tincture of rhubarb and peppermint," asked very gravely for "a dose of india rubber and plenty of pepper in it."

"Now papa, tell me what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when mamma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirt!"

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—Taking shelter from a shower in an umbrella shop.

An Irishman writing from Ohio, says it is the most elegant place in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along, and bring the children."

"Kitty, where's the frying pan?" "Johnny's got it, carting mud and oyster shells up the alley, with the cat for a horse." "The dear little fellow! what a genius he will yet make; but go and get it. We're going to have company, and must fry some fish for dinner."

HOW TO GET A LIFT.—"Pray," said Mr. —, to a gentleman he overtook on the road, "will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?"—"With pleasure, Sir, but how will you get it again?"—"Oh, very easy," replied the modest applicant; "I shall remain in it."

THE CADET is Published on the 1st of every Month, at 1s. 3d. per annum, or Ten Copies for 10s, where paid by advance, by J. C. Becket, No. 22, Great St. James Street, Montreal.