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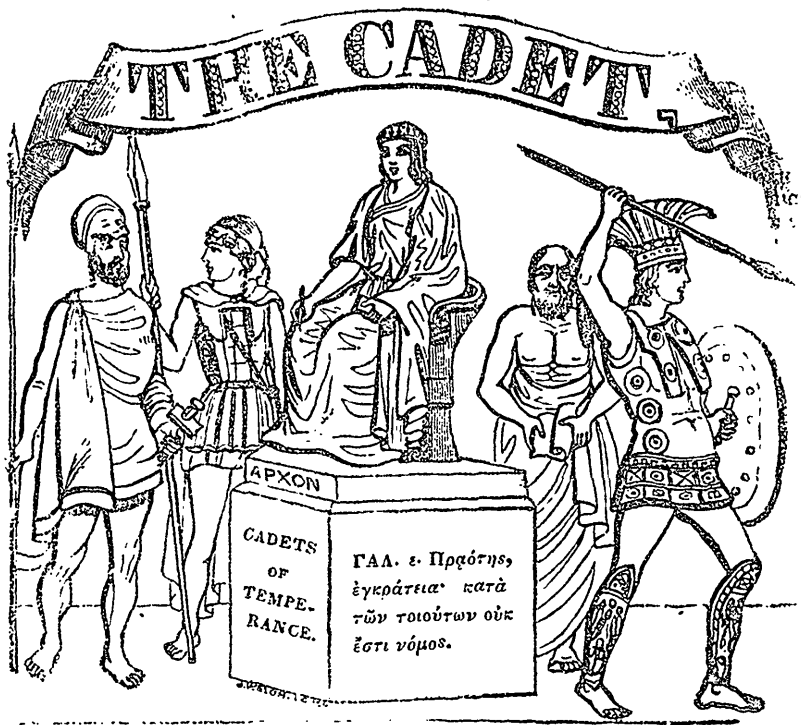
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. N. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1, 1853.

No. 8.

The Cup of Cold Water.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Henry Green was a reformed man. He had been a most abandoned drunkard and, in the years of his sad decadence, had shamefully wronged and abused his family. But, in a lucid moment, he perceived, with startling distinctness, the precipice, upon the very brink of which he was standing, and started back therefrom.

For his suffering wife and children, the waste places became green again, and the desert blossomed as the rose. After a long, long night of weeping, the sun came forth, and his smile brought light and gladness to their spirits. The husband and father was a man once more, with the heart of a man. He turned no longer away from them in debasing self-indulgence, but towards them in thoughtful affection.

How quickly is perceived a change for the better in everything appertaining to the inebriate's family, when the head of it abandons his sin and folly, and returns to his affection and duty. All this change was apparent in the family of Henry Green. They had suffered even to the deprivation of every comfort; but of these one and another were now restored, until every part of their humble dwelling seemed to smile again. How happy they were.

And yet the wife of the reformed man often felt a sense of insecurity. She understood too well that, for her husband, temptation lurked at every point. How often did she wait his return home, as evening approached, with trembling anxiety; and mark, while yet afar off, his steps, to see if they were firmly taken.

It was early in the fall of the year when Henry Green took the pledge. Through the winter he had worked industriously, and, as he could earn good wages, his income had given them, as just mentioned, very many comforts. He had not been much tempted of his old appetite during the cold weather, nor did he feel its active return at the opening spring. But with the fervent heat of summer, the slumbering desire awoke.

Active bodily labor produced free perspiration. Frequent thirst was the consequence; and, whenever this was felt, the thoughts of the reformed man dwelt upon the pleasure a cool glass of some mixed liquor would give. With an effort, and often with fear at his heart, would he thrust aside the alluring images drawn by his truant imagination. And yet, they would ever and anon return; and there were times when he was tempted almost beyond his strength.

Green was a carpenter. Early in the spring, a gentleman offered him a good contract for putting up two or three frame buildings, which he gladly accepted; and as the lot upon which his house stood was large, he erected a shop thereon.

More cheerfully and hopefully than ever did the reformed man now work. He saw a clearer light ahead. He would, ere long, recover all he had lost, and even get beyond the point of prosperity from which he had fallen.

Time wore on. Spring passed and the summer opened. July came in with intensely hot weather. Already had Henry Green felt the cravings of his awakening appetite, and it required strong efforts at self-denial to refrain from indulgence.

About eleven o'clock one day—it was a hotter day than usual—Green's thoughts were dwelling, as was now too often the case, upon the "refreshing glass," once so keenly enjoyed. A little way from his shop, though not in view, was a tavern, the bar-room of which memory was picturing to the eyes of his mind with tempting distinctness. He had often been there in times past—often drank there until thought and feeling were lost. He saw, in imagination, the rows of alluring decanters, with their many-colored liquors; he heard the cold ice as it rattled in the glasses; he almost felt the cooling beverage upon his lips. So absorbed did he at length become, that he paused in his work, and leaned over his bench, his eyes half closed, like one in a dreamy reverie.

It was a moment upon which his future, for good or evil, hung trembling in an even balance that a hair might turn.

For as long a time as five minutes did Henry Green stand leaning over his work-bench, a picture of the neighboring bar-room distinctly before his mind, while he was conscious of an intense thirst—that it seemed as if nothing but a glass of mixed and iced liquor could possibly assuage.

With a deeply drawn breath he at length raised himself, the struggle that was going on in his mind more than half decided in favor of self-indulgence.

"Papa!" spoke a low, familiar voice by his side.

Green started and turned suddenly. A child not over four years old, stood by him—a fair child, with a countenance full of innocence and affection. She held a tin cup in both her little hands.

"Have a drink of cool water, papa?"

"Yes, dear," replied the father, in a low voice that was unsteady from the rush of a sudden emotion, and he caught the cup from the child's hands, and, raising it to his lips, drank it eagerly.

Instantly the picture of the bar-room, with all its allurements, faded from the mind of Green. He was a man again, in the integrity of a firm purpose. His child, led to him by the hand of a good Providence, had saved him. The cup of cold water had fully assuaged the violence of his burning thirst:—and he was no longer under temptation.

"Thank you, dear," he murmured, as he lifted his child in his arms, and kissed her tenderly.

"Shall I bring you another cool drink after awhile?" asked the little one, as she pressed her father's cheeks with both her hands.

"Did any one tell you to bring me the cup of water?" asked Mr. Green.

"No, sir. But I thought you would like a cool drink," innocently replied the child.

"Yes, dear, bring me another after awhile. Then kissing the little angel who had been the means of saving him when about to fall into temptation, he replaced her upon the ground, and once more turned to his work; and as he bent his body in labor, he mused thus:—

"I did not think of the water when I felt that intense desire for a glass of liquor—it did not seem to be what I wanted. But, the cooling draught sent me (by Heaven, I will say) so opportunely, has quenched the morbid appetite, and I feel it no longer. Water, pure, health-giving water, is all I need to give entire strength to my good resolutions! When the old desire comes again, I will drown it in clear, cold water. I feel safer now. There is a medicine for the inebriate's craving appetite, and it is—WATER. Fie! will I use it! THANK GOD FOR WATER!"

Yes, water is the medicine that cures the sickly craving for strong drink. Let the reformed man keep this ever in his thoughts, and the moment he feels the old desire, drown it, as did Henry Green, in pure cold water. Let him do this, and he is safe. He should watch the beginnings of thirst, and be quick to allay the uneasy sensation, lest he fall unawares into danger.—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*



The British Idol.

(Continued from the September Number.)

I have told you that Juggernaut has a temple built for his worship, and many other heathen idols have their temples also, but they are few in number compared with those which have been erected, and are continually kept open, among ourselves, for the worshippers of Strong Drink.

Of these there are throughout the kingdom between three and four hundred thousand, in the shape of breweries, distilleries, gin-palaces, hotels, taverns, public-houses, dram-shops, and such like. These are the temples of the British idol,

and those who keep them are the idol's priests and priestesses, who invite the foolish people to go in and worship; and thus many sacrifice their lives to this blood-mouthed god.

In the third place, the heathen not only sacrifice to idols their own, but in many cases the lives of their children also. In the bible we read of the god Moloch, who was the chief idol of the nation of the Amorites.

This idol was a large image made of iron, with a body resembling that of a man, a face like an ox, and great arms stretched out, with the hands open, as if ready to receive something.

There were seven kinds of offerings made to this idol, consisting of meal, turtles, rams, ewes, calves, oxen, and children; and these were deposited in different parts of the idol, appropriated to their reception. When a parent offered his child to Moloch, fire was applied to the lower part of the image, and the child placed in its red-hot hands, where he soon expired in terrible pain, drums being all the time beaten to drown his cries. Sometimes even Jews used to sacrifice their children in this way.

It is still a common thing in various heathen countries for children to be sacrificed by their parents in honour of false gods. Doubtless you think it is very horrible to hear of such things—to hear of parents murdering their own children in this cruel way. But, bad as it is, let me tell you that things just as bad, if not

worse, are done by many parents in this gospel land of ours, through the love which they have to that hateful monster, the idol Strong Drink, and I will tell you how this is done.

Have you ever observed the drunkard's children, especially on a cold winter's day, with their pale and shivering faces, their tattered clothes, their naked feet, and their starved and sickly looks?

This is the sort of living death their wicked, drunken parents, in their love of Intoxicating Liquor, are daily inflicting upon them. Or, have you ever entered the drunkard's house, and seen him in his madness of intoxication, dealing out furious blows, mingled with oaths and imprecations upon his unoffending wife and helpless offspring, sometimes maiming them for life, or perhaps murdering them outright, in his drunken frenzy?



May God ever spare you, dear young readers, from witnessing such scenes! They are not of rare occurrence in this *christian*—should I not rather say this *drunken* land of ours?—scenes that were never equalled for wickedness or cruelty by the most superstitious practices of infant sacrifice in any heathen country. And it is not merely by actual deeds of cruelty, by which their bodies are pained and lacerated, that the worshippers of Alcohol sacrifice their children's happiness, or health, or lives to this vile, blood-thirsty idol; they rob them besides of many privileges and blessings which other children enjoy. They spend upon Intoxicating Drink, in the dram-shop, or elsewhere, that money which they ought to give for the education, and food, and clothing of their families, and allow them to grow up

untaught, and unrestrained, most probably to turn out drunkards like themselves.

And other parents, besides those who are intemperate, are guilty of this sin—the sin of sacrificing the welfare of their children, both for time and eternity, through their love of Intoxicating Drink, either by spending upon it more than they can afford consistently with their duty to their families, or by their example in using it, leading them into the path of intemperance and ruin.

There is not, we think, a doubt but that far more children are thus sacrificed every year, by British parents, to the great national idol Alcohol, than were ever, in the same period of time, offered in any heathen country as sacrifices to their gods.

What a strange infatuation, for parents to be so selfish, so cruel, so wicked, as to

love Strong Drink, and drinking customs better than their own children! What a dreadful poison it must be to produce such effects! O be thankful, dear young friends, if you are happy enough to have parents who have renounced the worship of the British idol.

In the fourth place, large sums of money are sacrificed or spent by the heathen in honor of their false gods. Magnificent and costly temples are built for their worship. Great expense is incurred in supporting vast numbers of priests and priestesses for the service of these temples, and for the sacrifices required. About £12,000 a year are contributed by the pilgrims to Juggernaut's temple; and I have lately read of a Hindoo gentleman who gave as much as £16,000 to make a road to it, on condition of its being called by his name. Millions and millions of money have been sacrificed to heathen gods by their worshippers.

But all that has been spent in this way, at any period of the world, has been as nothing when compared with what is annually sacrificed to Intoxicating Drink.

Between sixty and seventy millions of pounds sterling are spent every year in this manner in our own land, to say nothing of what is spent in other lands. Sixty or seventy millions! What a large sum! How much good might be done with all this money! It is more, by ten millions, than the whole revenue of the kingdom. It is a hundred times more than all the churches of Britain spend for the propagation of the gospel among the heathen. And it is all thrown away. It is far worse than thrown away. It is expended in the production of crime, and poverty, and disease, and misery and madness, and death, when it might be employed in clothing the naked, in feeding the hungry, in instructing the ignorant, in sending the gospel to the heathen, and in ten thousand other ways contributing to the welfare and happiness of the world. Is it not fearful to think of our great wickedness as a nation, in sacrificing so much to a filthy idol like Strong Drink? There is not the like of it done by any heathen people on the earth, nor ever has been since the beginning of time.

In the fifth and last place, in worshipping idols, the heathen sacrifice their own souls. The false gods they worship cannot save them. Their idolatry is hateful to God, and he will destroy them in his

wrath. But the worshippers of Alcohol are as wicked as they, and so heinous in God's sight is the sin of drunkenness, that he has solemnly declared that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

Think, then, of our million of British drunkards, of whom sixty to eighty thousand die every year. Think of them all sacrificing their souls, all casting away eternal happiness, all bringing themselves to everlasting misery through their love of Strong Drink! It is bad enough to destroy their health, and their lives, and their children, and their property for the sake of this monstrous demon which they worship; but it is infinitely worse to ruin and destroy their never-dying souls,—for the sake of a base and degrading appetite, to shut themselves out of heaven, and its blest society, and to bring themselves to hell, to associate with devils and all that is vile.

But it is not drunkards alone that sacrifice their souls to this British Idol. Many are ruined by it who do not usually drink to excess.

Its influence, generally, is to lead to the commission of sin, and to discline the heart to what is good.

Three-fourths of the crimes of the nation are caused by the influence of Intoxicating Drink. That great and good man, Judge Hale, says that if the murders, and thefts, and burglaries, and assaults, and deeds of licentiousness, committed in this country, were divided into five parts, four out of the five might be set down as the fruits of indulgence in Intoxicating Drink. It seems to be the source of all kinds of evil; or rather, it is the key by which is opened, more widely than by any other means, the flood-gates of sin in the heart, making madmen or monsters of those who would otherwise appear as rational beings, and leading away from God's house and ordinances, multitudes who, but for its seducing influence, might be honored and useful on earth, and eternal heirs of eternal glory.

In conclusion, what do you think, my young readers, of this British idol Alcohol, before which so many thousands of our countrymen may be said to bow the knee?

In every city, and town, and village and hamlet, in the kingdom, this base idol has its temple, and its priests, and its worshippers. It is one of which we may say, it delights in cruelty and sin, for un-

der its hellish influence crimes of every hue are committed, and poverty, and wretchedness, and suffering, are the sacrifices it demands. It belongs to you, my young friends, and other youths of Britain growing up as you are, to manhood and womanhood, and soon to take the place of us father and mothers, when we shall be called away from the scenes and occupations of earth,—to you, I say, it belongs; it is your duty, and I trust you will do it well, to begin and persevere in a course of conduct which will ere long have the effect of wiping away from the character of our nation the sad reproach of being a nation of Strong Drink worshippers who are sacrificing health and life, and property, and children, and souls, in honour of drinking usages alike senseless and injurious. What that course is you know already. It is that of total abstinence from all intoxicating Drink.

Flee from it, as you would from the vilest idolatry. Beware of its dangerous influence. In abstinence alone will you be safe. By abstaining you will deliver yourselves from the guilt of honouring this British idol, and forwarding his cause, and you will help to drive the vile tyrant from his throne. I have already shown you the monstrous idol Juggernaut, seated on his tower 60 feet high, some drawing him with ropes, some throwing themselves down before his wheels, to be crushed to death, while multitudes of on-lookers shout with all their might.

And this is just a picture of the worship of Alcohol among ourselves. Our drinking customs, mounted on the chariot of fashion, and so called hospitality, are drawn as a god over the length and breadth of our land, some pulling the ropes, some falling as victims before the ponderous wheels, multitudes looking on and giving their consent and approbation to the murderous progress of the gigantic car.

And what we wish of you, young people, is to take no part in this idolatrous exhibition; but to help us in cutting the ropes, and demolishing the tower, and destroying the idol, and purging our country from the accursed thing.

And abstinence is the way in which this is to be done; and just as surely as the car of Juggernaut would stand still, and his big wheels cause no more deaths, if there were none to take hold of the ropes and to draw it along, so surely will intemperance soon come to an end, and the worship of Alcohol be abolished, if you

and other young people throughout the land, will resolve to abstain from Intoxicating Drink; for then, when the present race of Strong Drink worshippers—the grown-up drinkers of the day—have all died out, none will be found to take their place in drawing forward the chariot of Alcohol their god. You see then, young friends, how much you have in your power in regard to this matter. Don't think that you have little influence, or that it is of little consequence how you act, because you are young, or unnoticed in the world. But remember this, that you will soon be men and women, the fathers and mothers, the leaders and guides of a new generation, when we who now take an active part in the business of life will be mouldering in our graves. The magistrates and judges of the land, the members of the legislatures, the ministers of the gospel, the teachers of the young, the men of business, the merchants, and mechanics, the cultivators of the soil; these, and in short all who form the nation itself, will, in a few years hence, consist of you, and of the other youths throughout the empire, who like you are growing up to take your places and your parts in the various pursuits and employments of life; and remember this, that as it was by being taught while young to respect and practise the drinking customs of our times, that the men and women of this present generation are, for the most part, worshippers of the cruel and blood-thirsty god Intoxicating Drink, so, if you whilst young adopt a different practice, and instead of honouring, abjure and renounce these drinking customs as sinful and unsafe, then it will follow that when you grow up, still practising abstinence principles, the worship of Alcohol will gradually cease, intemperance will be abolished, the temples of the British idol will be deserted, no more victims will be sacrificed to his abominable lust, and songs of rejoicing over his destruction shall resound throughout the land.

O happy, glorious day, when this false god shall be hurled from his throne, when the slaves who worship him shall be made free, when his temples shall be for ever closed, and none shall minister at his blood-polluted altars, when his chariot of death shall be shattered to pieces, and universal temperance shall reign in his stead! Upon you, then, young people, it chiefly depends, to bring about this happy day. With 'abstinence' for your

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watchword, and with faith in the help of the Lord, press onward in this good cause, and future generations will rise up and call you blessed.

The Boy who Conquered.

Boys should never allow themselves to be persuaded to taste a drop of spirituous liquors. They do no good, but create a vast deal of mischief. If you taste but one drop, you will want two drops the next time, and in a little while you will want a regular dram; and when you get in the habit of taking drams, you are on the road to certain ruin.

When we were a boy it was the fashion to drink strong liquors, and we have often been sent to the store for a gallon of old "Santa Cruz" rum, for the men in harvest time; and we got tipsy on certain occasions, but not on rum; it was on cider. We were raking hay, and we drank a couple of glasses of strong, old cider, which was as free as water, and shortly our heads began to reel, and the ground began to rise before us, the hay cocks turned somersets, and every little while we found our face in contact with the new-made hay, with our arms and legs at right angles with our body. We felt "first rate," while it lasted, and when the influence of the cider was gone, we had decision enough to leave such things alone. It was little or no disgrace to get "fuddled" in those times, consequently, if boys were not found running into the vortex of ruin, it was because they had more courage, enough to resist the temptation; but now, the boy who may be seen at the bar of the public house, or liquor shop, throwing down his three cents for a glass of liquor, most certainly is but one step from ruin. No one employs the boy, where any trust or confidence is to be placed in him, who drinks liquor.

Some few years ago, a lad who was left without a father or mother, of smart natural abilities, went to New York, alone and friendless, to get a situation in a store as errand boy, or otherwise, until he could command a higher position. But this boy had been in bad company, and had got in the habit of calling for his "bitters" occasionally, because he thought it looked manly. He smoked cheap segars also.

He had a pretty good education, and on looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant in Pearl street wanted a lad of his age, and he called there and made his

business known. "Walk into the office, my lad," said the merchant, "I'll attend to you soon." When he had waited on his customer, he took a seat near the lad, and he espied a segar in his hat.

"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad, but I see that you smoke segars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found segar smoking in lads to be connected with various other evil habits, and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John (this was his name) held down his head and left the store; and as he walked along the street, a stranger and friendless, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her death bed, called him to her side, and placing her hand upon his head, said:

"Johnny, my dear boy, I'm soon going to leave you. You well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death, and I want you to promise me before I die that you will never taste one drop of the accursed poison that killed your father. Promise me this, and be a good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in peace."

The scalding tears trickled down Johnny's cheeks, and he promised ever to remember the dying words of his mother, and never to drink any spirituous liquors; but he soon forgot his promise, and when he received the rebuke from the merchant, he remembered what his mother said, and what he had promised her, and he cried aloud, and people gazed at him as he passed along, and boys railed at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon his bed gave vent to his feelings in sobs that were heard all over the house. But John had moral courage. He had energy and determination, and ere an hour had passed he made up his mind never to taste another drop of liquor, nor smoke another segar, as long as he lived. He went straight back to the merchant. Said he, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not to have done, and have not followed the good advice of my dear mother on her death bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn vow never to drink another drop of liquor, nor to smoke another

segar; and if you, sir, will TAY me, it is all I ask."

The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years this lad was a partner in the business, and is now worth ten thousand dollars. He has faithfully kept his pledge, to which he owes his elevation.

Boys, think of this circumstance, as you enter upon the duties of life, and remember upon what points of character your destiny for good or for evil depends.—*Northern Farmer.*

Draw it Mild, Charley!

It is not worth while to be extravagant; every unnecessary adjective gives you one more chance to be wrong; every expletive may demand of you a troublesome explanation. Just state the facts in simple, quiet English, and leave your hearer to draw his own conclusions, and utter the exclamation—

Draw it mild, Charley! rather understate than overstate it, better write a postscript with an additional incident to-morrow, than have to retract and apologize for saying too much. Libel suits grow out of too strong language. Charges of slander are based on superlatives. It is not worth while to make every wound a "bleeding wound," every push a "violent thrust," to make a kick of a hint, nor to "kill a man dead." You need not make all your villains "outrageous villains," your rascals "unmitigated rascals," your hypocrites "consummate hypocrites." Better leave a little something to say, next time. The best of hens won't lay without a nest-egg. Leave one good sounding superlative in the inkstand when you are done.

Draw it mild, Charley! it takes less time, it saves invention, it will spare you some hours of headache, and, in the course of half a dozen years, the price of a copy of Webster's dictionary.

Draw it mild, Charley! greater things are to happen than have yet transpired—richer murders, more desolating fires, more destructive floods, more terrific accidents, more tremendous explosions than have yet transpired. Don't pile up all the agony to-day. You know how careless we are, how reckless of life, how rash in purpose, how headlong in rushing onward. We have whole volumes yet to write of hor-

rible details and startling developments, if we live to watch this crazy old world much longer. Don't let us waste all our trisyllables before the steam is fairly up. We've got to hurl a deal of indignation at evil-doers yet—let us be a little choice of our ammunition. Our fulminations will be required in many quarters yet—let us not waste our thunder. Don't make too "awful a conflagration" out of a burning shanty—you know that all this wicked world is to be burned up yet.—*New York Times.*

A Rat Story in Rhyme.

Once as I lay in bed, I heard a light, slow tread, which quickly through me sped a sudden fear. I know not how, or why, as slumbering heavily, that sound mysteriously fell upon my ear. The tread was soft and light, yet froze my blood with fright, on that eventful night. I could not sleep. The sound fell on my ear, low, yet distinct and clear; as ominous and drear, fearfully and deep. And now I strained my sight, peered deep into the night, in hopes to see my sprite; but all was dark. The darkness was profound, throwing a pall around; and naught, save that one sound, I heard. But hark! I hear a sudden tap—a fearful ominous rap, upon an ancient map against the wall. No breeze the canvass shook, and vainly did I look into the fearful nook, to see it fall; it hung against the wall; it rattled not at all: it did not stir or fall, nor even move. My hair stood up—I spoke: the fearful silence broke. Fear did my utterance choke. I did not love to pray—had never prayed. Yet something must be said, for silence only weighed upon my heart. I tried to pray, and yet my prayer I did forget; and as the alphabet I knew, in part, I said it. On a chair the spirit of the air rapped, when I came R, or so, at that, I went on still to see what the effect would be; it rapped at A and T, thus spelling RAT! My case began to mend: sweet hope became my friend; my hair—which stood on an end from very fear, when first that chilling rap, that wild mysterious tap, upon that ancient map, fell upon my ear so ominous and dread, that I trembled in my bed—lay smoothly down. I had before struck out, and kept my head about a foot (I do not doubt) from off my round, white pillow. Like my rhyme, my anger rose sublime, in a very little time. I clutched a boot firmly: my right hand,

then drew a pistol, and with a gesture of command prepared to throw or shoot. I fearlessly said "s'cat:" I threw my boot and hat: annihilated the rat—squashed him, I think! I then lay down in bed, composed to rest my head, my fear entirely fled—slept like a pink.—*Olympia.*

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1853.

Knud Iverson; The Boy that would not Steal.

We were much interested some few weeks ago in reading about a little boy who would rather die than steal. The facts are more fully given in the *Chicago Press*, and we want all our young folks to read them, and consider that it is better to die than to sin against God:—

"We have heard doubts expressed whether the facts so often stated in reference to the death of this little Norwegian boy were really true. A paragraph in one of our city papers has called out the following from the Rev. Paul Anderson, Pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which we think will satisfy the public, if any there be who have doubts, in reference to this whole matter. The particulars which he gives are important in several respects, and the whole character of the boy was in keeping with his tragical and noble death:

MESSRS. EDITORS,—I hope it may not be deemed improper in me to present a few facts to the public, in regard to the unfortunate Knud Iverson, as it seems from certain statements in some of the city papers of yesterday, persons are in doubt as to whether the boy really suffered for righteousness sake. I was not at home when the affair took place, and have not been until the 23d inst., and of course I cannot speak from observation in regard to any thing else than the character of the boy.

As to the fact of his being murdered by some boys, I refer the doubting to the evi-

dence as elicited before the Coroner's jury. Of the circumstances of his death, I have learned the following:

Knud was sent after the cows, and another boy was with him. When up by the toll-gate or between the toll-gate and river, they (Knud and the other boy) met some larger boys, who talked to them about getting apples out of Mr. Elston's garden; but as to their being frightened off by Mr. Elston, as stated in a paper yesterday, I think it is a mistake. Knud refused to go and steal, as requested by the boys. They then enticed him with them to the river to swim, but he other boy went off, and Knud they got with them. And from the evidence of a German boy, who saw them, and was on the bank of the river, at a short distance off, when the murderers had 'ducked' him, it seems that they renewed their request that he should go and steal apples for them, as he was an entire stranger, having never been on the premises; and on his positively refusing, they took and 'ducked' him until he was dead. When these boys came on shore, the German boy asked what they had done with Knud, if they had killed him, &c. They told him that he was dead, and that he should not tell his father of it; they then ran off in the greatest fright. This boy having took Knud's clothes, carried them to his (Knud's) father, and told him, 'These are Knud's clothes, and some boys drowned him up in the river.'

This, I understand, is the statement made by the German boy who was there and saw them. This same German boy says he knows those boys by sight, as they all attended the public school together last winter; but he does not know their names. He further states that he has never been able to get his eye on but one of them since; and although search has been made, even he has been missing since the German boy discovered a house where he went in.

This is a brief statement of the circumstances, as I have learned them since my return home on last Friday.

But my main object in presenting any facts to the public, touching this matter, was to say something about the boy's character. I have known him since I have been in Chicago, now nearly six years; his parents have during the whole of that time been members of my church, and being pious people, they trained their children in the fear of God—Knud has not only been a faithful member of the Sunday School in our church, but, as it is a universal practice in the Lutheran Church to catechise all the children, Knud was also instructed in the principles and doctrines of Christianity there. For several years I did not miss him, when the children came to my house every Wednesday, through the whole winter; and we shall commence those exercises again next week, but alas! Knud will not be among us. He had learned that no 'thief shall enter the kingdom of heaven.'

From the knowledge I have of his character, it is utterly impossible that he would yield to threats or promises in doing willfully a wrong act. Nay, whenever anything happened to him and his surviving brother which their parents would not approve of, Knud always went from a consciousness of duty and confessed the whole. But I need not enlarge: this is by no means the only circumstance that testifies of his character. He was known by his fruits, long before he fell a martyr to honesty; and I doubt whether he, or any one, would have stood the test without a thoroughly established character before; and his previous conduct is the most conclusive evidence to us.

This is not the place for me to speak of the effect which the interest manifested by our fellow-citizens in this matter has had upon us in a land of strangers.

May the Lord overrule this, to us, so

sad occurrence, for the furtherance of His glory, for what "was our loss, was "his gain."

Respectfully, &c.,

H. ANDERSON.

We understand P. T. Barnum has offered \$200 towards a monument to the memory of this noble boy.

Grand Section C. of T.

This body met at Kingston, on the 25th ult. The Section met at 11 o'clock a.m., in the Temperance Hall, and was opened in due form by the G.W.P. Officers present: G.W.P., G.A.P., and G.S. Minutes of last session were read and approved. The order of business, by motion, was then suspended until the Candidates in waiting were obligated. There were about a dozen new candidates initiated.

The G. S. then read his report. There were only about two dozen Sections sent in their returns, out of about 180. The report of the G. S. was drawn up with care, and threw out many useful suggestions. The report was adopted. A Committee was then appointed to report on the state of the Order, as soon as possible. A committee was also appointed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a newspaper in connection with the Grand Section.

The Section again went into session at 2 p.m., the appointed hour. Officers present, as in the morning session. The G.W.P. appointed a committee on finance. The committee on the newspaper business brought in their report, and although not expressed in very decided terms, yet deemed it expedient to recommend the G.S. to appoint an executive Committee to issue a prospectus, in order to know the feelings of the friends of the Order, and secure the paying of such a journal before assuming it. The report was received and adopted. The G.S. will most likely correspond with our publisher. The following brothers constituted the Executive Committee:—Bro. R. R. Donnelly, W.A. of Burlington Sec-

tion, Hamilton; Bro. J. Rattray, W. A. of Toronto Section, Toronto; and J. H. Jones, P. W. A. of Toronto Sec., Toronto.

The G.S. then proceeded to elect the officers for the ensuing term, who are,—Brothers Dr. Case, Hamilton, G.W.P.; J. Faulkner, Hamilton, G.A.P.; Thomas Nixon, Newmarket, G.S.; W. J. Rattray, Toronto, G.A.S.; M. B. Stone, Oshawa, G.T.; A. Munroe, Brockville, G.G.; R. R. Donnelly, Hamilton, G.W.; A. Vanorman, M.D., Wellington Square, C.

After the officers elect were inducted to their stations, the following resolutions were passed:—

“That this G.S. hereby give their consent to the formation of a G.S. for Canada East, providing they become responsible for the debt owing this G.S. by subordinate Sections in that part of the Province, and that our G.S. be authorized to offer our ritual to them at cost price.”

In the course of the proceedings there were some alterations and additions made to articles 6 and 12 of the Constitution of Subordinate Sections, which are to be published with the minutes of the G.S. G.S. then adjourned until half-past 6 p.m.

G. Section was opened by Bro. Stone, of Oshawa, in the absence of the G.W.P. Minutes of afternoon were read and approved. Reports of Committees were then heard, after which the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

“That the hearty thanks of this G. Section are due, and are hereby given to the P.G.W.P. and G.S. for the great zeal they have displayed in the discharge of their duties. After a few remarks from the P. W.P. the Chaplain closed the G.S. in the usual form.

Ottawa Division—Aylmer.

We are rejoiced to learn from a correspondent of the prosperity of the above Section, and that the Order there is in good measure, serving the important purpose intended by its originators. Our respected and esteemed brother, A. Parker, Esq., is the present Worthy Patron, and faithfully and diligently attends to his important duties. It is pleasing also to observe that the Section appreciate his services. On the evening of their last installation of officers, the Section, through one of their number, presented Mr. Parker with a Family Bible as a work of their esteem and respect, to which Mr. Parker made a suitable reply.

The following are the officers for the present quarter:—W. P., Asa Parker, also D. G. W. P.; W. A., Wm. Allen; W. A., John Topley; C., John Gordon; W. Ar., John Thompson; V. A., Wm. Kenney; S., Thomas Roberts; A. S., Wm. Thompson; T., James Young; A. T., John Symmes; G., Alfred Wright; U., Edmund Symmes; W., John Orman; J. W., Thomas Symmes.

Puzzles for Pastime.

SIR,—You would greatly oblige a subscriber for the *Cadet* by inserting in your next number the following enigma:—

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 12, 3, 3, 6, 18 is very useful.

“4, 6, 3 is a number.

“11, 10, 13 is very good.

“6, 13, 8, 11 is for eating.

“15, 10, 11, 4, 6, 5, a near relation.

“12, 16, 5, 10, 15, a city in France.

“8, 2, 3, 9, 2, 14, a city in England.

“16, 8, 6 is very bad.

“17, 7, 4, an animal.

“1, 7, 17, 18, the name of a wicked Queen

“1, 2, 2, 14 is a heavenly body.

“2, 14, 4, 7, 17, 10, 2, a lake in Upper Canada.

My 3, 7, 12, 2, 8, 13, 16, 14, a great man.

My whole is a very useful institution.

M. A. W.

A company of youths agreed to become “Cadets,” provided a D. G. W. P. could be obtained, and books, charter, &c. procured. They were informed that their request could be complied with on paying the sum required, which, as we have supposed, was £3 10s. They were to pay equal shares; but before they were regularly organized, four of the number backed out, which increased each one's share 2s. more. I desire to know how many was there in the first place, and what they would have to pay, also what they had to pay in the second place?

Yours in L. V. and T.,

E. DYER, D. G. W. P.

DEAR EDITOR,—At your request, I send you the answers to the problems I sent you, which are as follows:—

A gets.....	\$13, ⁵⁷ / ₁₀₀
B “.....	6, ²¹ / ₁₀₀
C “.....	14, ⁸⁷ / ₁₀₀

Answer to second:—80.

E. DYER.



Natural Bridges.

The mountain chains of America are distinguished from those of Europe by perpendicular rents or crevices, which form very narrow vales of immense depth. Those which occur in the Andes are covered below with vegetation, while their naked and barren heads soar upwards to the skies. The crevices of Chota and Cutaco are nearly a mile deep. These tremendous gullies oppose fearful obstacles to travellers, and the task of crossing them is one of great toil and danger. Travellers usually perform their journeys sitting in chairs fastened to the backs of men called *cargueros* or *carriers*. These porters are mulattoes, and sometimes whites, of great bodily strength, and they climb along the face of precipices bearing very heavy loads.

But sometimes these crevices are crossed by natural bridges which seem to be peculiar to the new world. Those of Iconozo, or Pandi, in New Grenada, are very remarkable: they have lately been described by Baron Gros, from whose account the following particulars are selected.

This valley of Iconozo, or of Pandi, is situated twelve or fifteen leagues to the north-east of Bogota. It derives its name from two Indian villages situated near the chasm, which is crossed by the Natural Bridges, and through which roils the torrent of Summa-Paz. The nearest village to the bridges is Mercadillo: from this a descent of some five and twenty minutes brings the visitor to the bottom of the ravine through the thick woods which hang on the slope of the mountain. Before ascending the opposite side, his eye here catches sight of a small wooden bridge constructed after the fashion of the country by flinging trunks of trees from brink to brink, and covering them across with branches, supporting a floor of earth and flint stones about a

foot in depth. A slender balustrade placed on each side of the bridge, at first excites some surprise ; for on arriving at Mercadillo the traveller has crossed many impetuous torrents, by bridges of the same description scarcely three feet in width, spanning their chasms where the rocks upon which they rest rise many feet above the level of the rapids ; yet, not the slightest lateral protection is afforded in any other case. The tread of the mule communicates to those long rafters an oscillation which occasions some alarm ; and the more so because the path is so narrow, that in bestriding the animal, a plummet dropped from the foot of the rider, would reach the water without touching the edges of the bridge. The necessity for the balustrade is soon apparent, and although the thick brushwood encumbering the precipice at first completely conceals the gulf ; yet, when the traveller stands on the centre of the bridge he sees through its tangled foliage an abyss of immense depth, from which arises a deadened sound like that of some torrent flowing leagues away. A bluish reflected light, and long lines of dirty white foam slowly sailing down the stream, and disappearing under the bridge, give evidence of a deep black water, flowing between those close and narrow walls. A stone flung into the gulf is answered by a screaming noise, and when the eye is accustomed to the obscurity of the chasm, thousands of birds are seen in rapid flight above the waters, uttering cries like those of the monstrous bats so common in the equinoctial regions.

This imposing spectacle presents itself to the traveller as he looks eastward, or up the stream. Underneath the wooden bridge, and at the perpendicular level of its edge, rocks of about sixty feet in thickness, and which are the continuation of those forming the sides of the abyss, fill up the cleft from side to side at intervals, and constitute three distinct Natural Bridges. One of these is formed of an enormous

block of freestone, of nearly a cubical form, which has fallen from the upper strata, or has been torn, perhaps, out of that in which it is found, and rests suspended in the narrowing of the fissure. It forms, as it were, the keystone of an arch between the projections of the rocky walls which are inclined towards each other at this place. On each side is a ledge or sort of cornice of several feet in width.

It is by a small path on the right, pierced at the head of the wooden bridge, at the side of Mercadillo, that the visitor may descend on the inclined plane forming the upper part of the thickness of this bridge. There are two other bridges equally accessible, over which a pedestrian might cross from one bank to the other if the wooden bridge did not exist. That immediately below the wooden bridge is also formed by masses of freestone, extending from either bank to meet in the centre. Thus, there are three stone bridges in the cleft : the first, lowest, and principal one being that beneath which the torrent flows at a vast depth ; the second formed over the first by the great freestone block stretching from side to side ; the third between that block and the wooden bridge ; and if we add the latter, too, which is the continuation of a highway, there are four bridges over the gulf of Pandi, one rising above the other, and any one of which might serve for its passage in the absence of the others.

The total perpendicular height from the level of the water to that of the wooden bridge, was found to be two hundred and sixty-two feet ; the depth of water underneath the bridges about seventeen feet. The cleft itself is about a league in length, and its mean width from thirty to thirty-five feet. According to Humboldt, there are two different kinds of sandstone in the crevice, the one hard and compact, and the other soft and slaty ; he supposes the crevice to have been formed by an earthquake, which tore away the softer stone while the harder resisted the vio-

lence of the shock ; and the blocks of stone falling into the crevices became suddenly fixed against its sides, thus forming the Natural Bridges in question.

A beautiful natural arch crosses the Cedar Creek in Rockbridge county, near Fincastle, in the higher district of Virginia. The rock, which is of pure limestone, is tinted with various shades of grey and brown. The chasm is about ninety feet wide, and the walls two hundred and thirty feet high : these are covered here and there with trees and shrubs, which also overhang from the top, and numerous gay flowers adorn the dazzling steep. The bridge is of such solidity that loaded waggons can pass over it.

A recent writer, describing a visit to this bridge, says :—"It was now early in July ; the trees were in their brightest and thickest foliage ; and the tall beeches under the arch contrasted their verdure with the grey rock, and received the gilding of the sunshine, as it slanted into the ravine, glittering in the drip from the arch, and in the splashing and tumbling waters of Cedar Creek, which ran by our feet.

Swallows were flying about under the arch. What others of their tribe can boast of such a home ?"—*Selected.*

Serps from the Poets.

SPRING.

O, Spring ! of hope and love, youth and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem ! brightest, best and fairest ;
Whence comest thou, when with dark winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest ?
Sister of joy, thou art the child that wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet ;
Thy mother autumn for whose grain thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentlest feet,
Disturbing not the leaves, which are her winding sheet.

SHELLY.

I mark'd the spring as she pass'd along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song,

While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast

While the streams sprang out from their icy rest.

The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh
And their breath went forth in the scented sky,

When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,

And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

W. G. CLARK.

First lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bare,

In which a thousand birds had built their bowers.

And sweetly sung to call forth paramours.

SPENCER.

There's perfume upon every wind,
Music on every tree,
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers,
Sweets for the working bee.—WILLIS.

MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East and leads with her

The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws

The yellow cowslips, and the pale primrose.

MILTON.

The morning lark, the messenger of day
Saluted in her song the morning grey ;
And soon the sun uprose with beams so bright
That all th' horizon laughed to see the sight ;
He, with his tepid rays, the rose renews,
And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.

DRYDEN.

But mighty nature bounds us as from birth,
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth ;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beams,
Health in the gale and freshness in the streams.

BYRON.

On every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the dew-drops twinkle round.

THOMPSON.

EVENING.

A paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still lovhest, 'till—'tis gone—and all is grey.

BYRON.

Now from his crystal urn, with chilling hand,
Vesper has sprinkled all the earth with dew,
A misty veil obscured the neighboring land
And shut the fading landscape from their view

Mrs. TIGHE.

Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues
That live among the clouds, and the fresh air,
Lingering and deep'ning at the hour of dews.

BRYANT.

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

COWPER.

The dews of the evening most carefully shun ;
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.

CHESTERFIELD.

NIGHT.

The drooping daylight 'gan to fade,
And yield his power to sad succeeding night ;
Who with his sable mantle 'gan to shade
The face of Earth, and ways of living night,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven
bright.

SPENCER.

'Tis midnight ! on the mountain's brown,
The cold, round moon shines deeply down ;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright ;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?—BYRON.

The night has come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.—LONGFELLOW.

The Queen of night,
Round us poured a lambent light ;
Light that seems but just to show
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.

JOHNSON.

The Little Home.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella Harrison,
"that we were rich, like the Goldacres'
It is so disagreeable living in a small house
with only four rooms in it. If we were
only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet looking, middle-
aged lady, who sat in one corner of the
room with her youngest child, a rosy-
cheeked, curly headed little fellow of four
years, asleep upon her lap, looked up with
a mournful smile into the beautiful face of
her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said,
"are at this very moment breathing a sim-

ilar wish. Is it not a great pity their
desires cannot be gratified? What a hap-
py world we should have! Don't you
think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in
Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly
perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every
rich person might be happy if they only
would; but I presume that you are about
to point out to me the Smiths, who are the
wealthiest, and still the most miserable of
all our acquaintances. But really, my
dear mother, if we were rich, don't you
think that we should be very happy?"

"I am very rich and very happy, too,"
said Mrs. H. with a self-satisfied air. "I
know of none in this world with whom I
would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crotchet-work into her
lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"We rich!" she exclaimed. "Why,
how do you make that out? Would'nt
you exchange places with the Goldacres,
who live in a perfect palace, and who have
hosts of servants, and who dress in silks
and satins every day?"

"No; I would not exchange places
with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. H., "for
if I did I should have to resign you and
Nelly and your dear father and my brave
little Tommy, who is sleeping so sweetly
here in my lap."

"Oh, I did not mean that at all," said
Ella; "I did not mean that you individu-
ally, should make the exchange. I meant
that the whole family should share in it.
Would you not be willing to have papa
take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have
him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me
that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child,"
said Mrs. H., "we might fall into sin, and
sin brings misery. As I before told you,
I already consider myself very rich. I
am rich in my health—rich in my husband
—rich in my children—rich in my cottage
home, which our industry has made taste-
ful and comfortable; I am rich in mental
wealth, for we have a great many valu-
able books, and they have been well read
by us all. I am rich in the white roses
that clamber over the walls yonder, and
peep with breaths of incense through the
windows—rich in the golden sunshine—
rich in nature—rich in the calm thoughts
which visit all who, with thankful, con-

tented hearts look upwards and say with the poet :—

“Praise to our Father God,
High praise in solemn lay,
Alike for what his hand doth give,
And what it takes away.”

“But if we had more,” said Ella, “you would have more to be thankful for.”

“I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give to me, and that is enough. Think how many have less than we have. Think of the poor in the back woods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie’s valuable work—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters; think of the thousands in cities, who are stowed in cellars and back rooms and garrets, and bat-haunted places, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine—think of the poor Irish who, a short while ago, were starving to death—Gasp- ing with their dying breaths—‘Give me three grains of corn! Only three grains!’ Think of the millions in Africa and Asia, who are living in mental and moral degradation, of which we can hardly form any conception—without Bible—without civilization—without any correct idea of God and Heaven. Contrast with these human beings our own happy lot, and acknowledge yourself to be deeply ungrateful. Instead of being thankful for what you have, you are murmuring because your portion is not larger. You did not order the circumstances of your birth—you might have been on heathen ground, or amid the beggars of surfeited Paris or London.”

“That is true,” said Ella, “I never thought of that before.”

“My dear child,” said Mrs. Harrison, arising and depositing her burden in the cradle, “our happiness does not depend upon external circumstances. It lies beyond these in a great degree, if not altogether. But the world is slow in learning this fact. Multitudes think as you do, that it is an attendant upon wealth, upon fame, upon position in society; but if their wishes could be gratified, they would doubtless, in almost all instances, find that they had mistaken its nature entirely. It comes to those who with grateful hearts take what their Father has appointed them, looking beyond the mists and shadows of Time, into the clear sunlight of Eternity. It comes to those who forget self, and look to the welfare of others, who scorn the

wrong and adhere firmly to the right, never pausing to weigh results in the nice scales of self-interest and worldly pride; it sits a guest at the humblest board, if Heaven-born Charity presides”—*Georgia Family Visitor*.

Hon. Stephen Allen’s Pocket Piece.

Among the victims of the *Henry Clay* disaster, was Stephen Allen, Esq., an aged man of the purest character, formerly Mayor of New-York, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him. In his pocket book was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy :—

Keep good company or none. Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person, look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

DRINK NO KIND OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

Never play at any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.