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Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,  
F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—41 TOWN ST., TORONTO.  
BOX 300 P. O. }

No. 8.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

(New Version.)

He's a jolly good fellow,  
And spends his money free,  
He is full of song and story,  
The best of the company.  
True, his little ones are shabby,  
Scarcely fit to go to school;  
Though he's a jolly good fellow;  
No doubt he is a fool.

They say that his home lacks comfort,  
That his despairing wife,  
Sits weeping for her absent one,  
Pining away her life;  
But what is that to us, my boys,  
Let's pass the drink along,  
For he's a jolly good fellow,  
And here's his health and song.

He makes all merriment and glee,  
Wherever he may roam,  
Except around the shadow'd hearth  
Of his neglected home;  
There the little ones, afraid of him,  
Creep close to mother's side,  
Oh, he's such a jolly good fellow,  
Of company the pride.

His business is a good one,  
And long he's kept his place,  
But they say that there is something up  
That may end in his disgrace;  
But what of that, his song and change  
Are ringing still more fast,  
He is a jolly good fellow,  
We'll toast him to the last.

And so the poor misguided one

Is flattered o'er the brink,  
And his 'jolly companions every one,'  
Tell how he fell by drink;  
The lesson we may surely learn,  
In this severest school,  
Is, he's a jolly good fellow,—no,  
But an egregious fool.

FRANK NEWBTON,  
OR

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TALISMAN.

THE next day Howard came as usual to see Frank, but he looked sad and dejected. 'You heard, I suppose,' said he, 'what kept me away yesterday?'

'I did not hear the particulars.'

'It does not signify. It was the old story. I am always doing wrong, and it is no use trying to do otherwise.'

'O, Howard, you must not say that so often.'

'Why not? It is the truth.'

'But have you really tried?'

'To be sure I have, again and again.'

'And in the way you promised, Howard?'

'I forget now what it was that I did promise. I only know that I am weary of trying. Everything goes against me: How do you manage, Frank, never to be in disgrace?'

'Because I have a talisman,' said Frank.

'A talisman! what, a real talisman, such as we read of in fairy tales? I thought there was no truth in those things.'

Frank smiled mysteriously.

'How I should love to see it! What is it

like? Is it a ring that pricks you whenever you are about to do wrong?'

'No, it is a lamp.'

Howard had read of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp; and he remembered something about a lamp invented by Sir Humphrey Davy; but Frank told him that it did not resemble either of those, but was called David's lamp.

'Was that the name of the inventor?' asked Howard.

'No; the lamp existed, although in an incomplete state, before David's time, but it was he who gave it that name.'

'And what do you do? Do you rub it?' inquired Howard, still thinking of Aladdin.

'No; I read it.'

'I understand now,' exclaimed Howard, with a slight accent of disappointment. 'You have been talking of the Bible all this time.'

'Yes,' replied Frank, 'the word of God is my talisman; as David says, 'a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' And yet David's Bible was very short compared with ours; for he had neither the Gospels nor the Epistles, nor a great part of the Old Testament. But a lamp cannot give light if we shut it up and never look at it.'

'I have no time.'

'We are told by the Rev. Thomas Adams,' replied Frank, 'that when time is devoted to God, we are sure to have enough for all other uses.'

'But I never can get up the moment I wake. And afterwards it is as much as I can do to dress before the breakfast bell rings.'

'And why cannot you get up?'

'I do not know. I never could.'

'No more could I once; but it is easy enough

now. As some one says, 'You lose an hour in the morning, and are all day trying in vain to catch it.'

'That is true enough,' observed Howard, with a sigh. 'But how does your tailor keep you from doing wrong, Frank?'

'By teaching me to do right, and warning me against the snares and temptations into which I might otherwise fall; and so proving 'a lamp unto my path,' without which I should continually stumbling. In trouble and perplexity, it has always an answer ready for those who seek it in prayer and faith.'

'I wonder what it would say to me!' exclaimed Howard.

Frank opened his little Bible at the twelfth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, beginning at the ninth verse. 'Listen,' replied he, 'to what it says to all: 'Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Bless them which persecute you: bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Re-compense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest: is the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

Frank ceased reading, and for several moments neither spoke.

'I will begin from this day,' exclaimed Howard, at length, 'I am determined; and read the Bible every morning and evening. I see now what made you, or rather helped you, to be so patient and forgiving; and why you would not tell who it was that had hurt you. I will try and make it my tailor also. I am sure I want a lamp, for everything seems dark enough sometimes: but it is my own fault. O that I could 'cleave to that which is good!'

'My tailor likewise says,' continued Frank 'and the words are those of our Saviour him-

self, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'

'I should like to find rest,' said Howard, wearily. 'I have never found it yet.'

'And you never will, out of Christ. He is not a hard taskmaster. I am sure I may say so,' exclaimed Frank, with tears in his eyes. 'What would have become of me if it had been otherwise?'

Frank might well say that. What would become of any of us?

That day Howard made a great many good resolutions. It was a pity that he forgot them again so soon.

A modern writer has truly observed—'It is with our faults as with horseradish: it is terribly difficult to extirpate it from the earth in which it has once taken root; and nothing is more discouraging to him who would banish this weed from his ground than to find it, so lately plucked up, shooting forth again and again from the old root which yet remains buried in the earth.' Yes, it is difficult certainly, and discouraging; but let us take heart, and remember that nothing is impossible with God.

As soon as Frank was able to leave his room, Mr. Campbell had him carried into his own study, where he could remain quiet; and Frank was very careful not to disturb him when he came in to read, or write letters. It was a pleasant room, with a low window opening on to the lawn, and commanding a view of the play-ground beyond. As Frank sat there he could hear the merry voices of his school-fellows; and yet he did not feel sad, or wish to be with them. He was in a very peaceful frame of mind, for he knew that everything happens for the best. He wished that he could always feel as he did then; but the lamp, as we all know from experience, does not always seem bright. Every now and then a shadow comes across it, the shadow of our own sin and unbelief; and God appears, as it were, to hide his face from us. But let us wait and pray, and by-and-by the darkness passes away, and it is light again.

It was a sunny day; the boys had worked hard, and enjoyed their play afterwards. Philip Doyle alone remembered the little invalid; and he only knew whose fault it was that he was prevented from coming among them. As he crossed the lawn, he saw Frank sitting by the open window, and called to him. 'Are you alone, Netherton?' said he. 'What are you doing?'

'Nothing,' replied Frank, 'but enjoying myself, as the good Mrs. Fry says, and giving thanks. What a beautiful day, and how merry you all seem!'

'Not all, Frank; I cannot be merry while you are alone, and suffering.'

'I am not suffering now; and I do not mind being alone.'

'But cannot I do something for you?'

'Yes, go away; and let me hear you laughing and playing with the rest. I do not say this because I want to get rid of you,' added Frank, as Doyle turned sorrowfully back to his companions, 'but because I want to see you happy.'

'Then I shall stay with you,' said Doyle; and he entered the study with a bounding step.

When Mr. Campbell came in some time afterwards, and found him there, he praised him for his kindness to his little school-fellow. Doyle received his commendations with a flushed cheek and downcast eyes. He longed to tell him all. There is nothing more humiliating than to listen to the praises which we feel conscious we have not deserved.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

FREDERICK MORTIMER gained one of the prizes, and his cousin tried not to feel envious.

'Never mind,' said Howard; 'it is not your fault. Everyone pities you. You are not laughed at, and called a dunce, as I am. And a dunce I shall be all my life, I suppose. It is a good thing for me that my aunt would never dream of my bringing home a prize; so she will not be disappointed.'

'We must see what we can do next year,' replied Frank, cheerfully. 'Your aunt may be agreeably surprised some day yet.'

Howard shook his head dispondingly. 'I know I am a dunce,' repeated he; and I cannot help it.'

'But Mr. Campbell says you are not a dunce and that it is your own fault that you do not get on better; you are only careless and indolent.'

'Did he say that?'

'Yes; Hamilton heard him as well as myself. Suppose we both try and begin a new year when we come back, Howard—shall we?—and see what we can do.'

'I have tried so often.'

'Never mind; try again. But you must not forget the tailor. You will never get on without that.'

'You are right,' exclaimed Howard, as he remembered his former resolutions. 'I will try

again, and in right good earnest. I will turn over a new leaf, as the saying is, and see if I cannot make fewer blots.'

Frank warmly encouraged him in this determination. Rushton, to whom Howard made a point of telling everything that passed, and with whom since their reconciliation, he had become very intimate, said that it was a wise resolution, and he hoped that Howard would be able to keep it; but he was afraid. And as for the tailor, it was all stuff; and he should be sorry to see him converted into a Methodist, like his friend Netherton.

As the school was to break up so shortly, it was not thought worth while for Frank to recommence his studies; and the time hung heavily on his hands until the holidays arrived. Of the wound on his forehead nothing now remained but a slight scar; but its weakening effects were but too plainly evident in the pale cheek and heavy eyes, and were severely felt by Frank in his inability to fix his mind steadily on any object, and the intense headache which was the inevitable result of such an attempt. It was partly this feeling of incapacity which gave him a childlike longing to be home again and seated once more at his father's feet in that little quiet room, listening to the old story of the child and the reapers.

It was all over at length; the distribution of prizes, the cheerful and somewhat boisterous 'breaking up,' and the joyous parting of the school-fellows—joyous, because they were going home and because they should meet again so soon. But all were not happy. At the distribution of prizes, Frank, as we have said, had a hard struggle with himself not to feel envious. Philip Doyle won the first prize, but it gave him little satisfaction. Howard looked on in despair. At the breaking up, Frank stood apart from their noisy mirth, and leaned his aching head upon his hands. He did not know that Doyle was watching him, and that the sight took away all his pleasure.

Their parting, notwithstanding all Frank's assumed cheerfulness, was a sad one. 'What if he should never return!' thought Doyle, as he gazed upon his slight form, and pale smiling face. 'Take care of yourself,' whispered he, as they shook hands; 'for my sake, Netherton, try and get well.'

'Never fear,' replied Frank, gayly.

Claude Hamilton also mingled cautions with his farewell; and was so kind and friendly that Frank felt quite happy.

The cousins enjoyed their drive home. Frederick was very cheerful and talkative; he said

a great deal about his prize. It was the first that he had ever gained, and he was very proud of it, and longed to exhibit it to his mother and sister. Frank was soon able to enter into his feelings without a single remaining shadow of self-regret. But not before he had more than once had recourse in memory to his tailor, and recalled to mind that it was written therein.

'The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy. But he giveth more grace.' James iv, 5, 6. And again, 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not.' 1 Cor. xiii, 4.

After a time, Frank's thoughts wandered; and he could not help wondering how he should find his father. Just before the coach entered the village, he turned to ask Frederick whether he really looked so very ill, and if the scar showed much.

'No, scarcely at all when you brush your hair over it; and the air has given you quite a color.'

'I am so glad!' exclaimed Frank.

The first person they saw was little Helen, evidently looking out for them; for as soon as she perceived the carriage approaching she clapped her hands, and ran away to proclaim the welcome intelligence.

'Mrs. Mortimer met them on the hall steps. 'Your father is better,' whispered she to Frank, as she gave him a hasty kiss. 'He is waiting for you in the study. But, bless the boy! what has he been doing to himself?'

'It is nothing,' replied Frank; and in another moment he was in his father's arms.

'God be thanked! God be thanked!' murmured Mr. Netherton as he embraced him. And then pushing him a little way from him, and trying to smile, he added, 'What a fuss I am making about a few months' absence! Let me look at you, my dear boy. You have been ill!'

'It was only an accident,' replied Frank carelessly; 'it is all over now.' But Mr. Netherton was not satisfied.

Mrs. Mortimer did not leave them long together. She kissed Frank again when she entered, with much affection, parting back the hair from his forehead as she did so; and then dismissed him to wash his hands, and get ready for dinner. 'It is quite ready for you,' said she. 'I knew you would be hungry after your drive.'

Frank forbore to assure his aunt that he was not at all hungry, and would rather remain where he was, for he knew that it would be of no use, and therefore went and did as she desired him.

'It is nothing,' exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer,

meeting her brother's anxious glance; 'a mere scratch.'

'But do you not think Frank is looking pale and thin?'

'He is tired, and shall go to bed early. He will be all right to-morrow.'

Frank was not sorry to go to bed early; and the next morning, as his aunt had prophesied, he seemed to be quite himself again. He was always pale, and therefore, as Mrs. Mortimer said, it was no sign of ill health. Nevertheless she nursed him in her own quiet and judicious manner; and Frank was soon all the better for her management.

Frederick's prize received its due share of notice and commendation, especially from his sister, who was never weary of looking at it, and admiring the handsome binding, and the beautiful handwriting upon the title-page, showing it to be the reward of merit. But it might have been observed that Helen never asked to look at it when Frank was by, or spoke of it in his presence. Her own kind thoughtful heart taught her to act thus. Helen had become quite a favorite with Mr. Netherton, so much so that Frank told her he had a great mind to be jealous; and then ended by thanking her for her loving care.

It was settled that the two families should continue to reside together, and the arrangement seemed to give satisfaction to all parties. As Mr. Netherton said, he did, not know what he should do now without his sister to manage everything for him; neither could he bear to be separated from the little, golden-haired child who had so wound herself around his heart, and whose very name was linked with fond memories of the past.

Frank was pleased to think that his father would have some one to cheer and amuse him when he should have gone back to school. And Helen, with her low, sweet voice, her winning and playful ways, and gentle countenance, always busy and helpful, and yet quiet and unobtrusive, was no unwelcome addition to that dear old study which he so enjoyed when at home, and thought about when away.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### MISSIONARIES.

FREDERICK related the history of his cousin's illness, as far as he knew it; and the mystery which still hung over its author: hinting that, now Frank was at home, and among his own family, there could be no impropriety in his disclosing, in confidence, the real name of the

offender. 'Not but what I have my suspicions,' said Frederick; 'but I should so like to know for certain.'

'There are several things that I should like to know for certain,' replied Frank, laughing.

'I want to know who the man with the iron mask was. And what made the famous tower at Pisa lean.'

'Some people say,' answered his father with regard to the latter, that the ancient builders, aiming at eccentricity, erected it as it now stands; while others conceive its reclining position to be occasioned by a sinking of the earth. The conjectures concerning the identity of the man with the iron mask are endless.'

'But seriously, Frank,' continued his cousin, 'I should like to know who hurt you.'

'Seriously, Frederick, you never will know from me.'

'I think that you might trust us, Frank.'

'You do not know how difficult it is to keep a secret,' replied his cousin. 'I can scarcely trust myself sometimes. Besides it could do no good, and it might do harm.'

'Frederick,' said his little sister, archly, 'I thought only women were curious.'

Mr. Netherton told Frank that he was quite right; and so did his aunt. She then changed the conversation by asking him whether he had learned to play cricket yet.

Frank smiled, and referred her to his cousin for an answer.

'He understands the game,' replied Frederick. 'but, to say the truth, I do not think Frank will ever become a first-rate player.'

'Never mind,' said Mr. Netherton, 'one may do something better than play cricket; not but that it is a fine healthful game for boys. I remember being very fond of it when I was a boy. I suppose you found it very dull at school at first, Frank, before you knew any of the boys? What a comfort and support it must have been to have your cousin with you!'

Frank did not know what to say, so he remained silent; while Frederick colored violently and muttered something about not having yet seen the little gray pony; upon which Helen offered to show it to him, and they quitted the room together.

'Stay a moment, Frank,' said his aunt, as he arose to follow them; 'I want to ask you one question. Was Frederick kind to you at school?'

'He meant kindly, dear aunt. It would do me good, he said, to fight my own battles. And so it did, it made me feel independent.'

'Frederick was right,' said Mr. Netherton.

'Yes, right if he really consulted Frank's good, and not his own selfish love of ease.'

'By fighting my own battles,' added Frank, 'I do not mean quarreling with anyone; but making my own friends, and maintaining my own right to ask and think for myself, let who would laugh.'

'But such battles are not fought without a great many hard knocks,' said his aunt.

'Yes,' answered Frank, 'they are painful to bear at the time, but one is all the better for them afterwards. You must not be angry with Frederick, dear aunt; he did not intend to be ill-natured; and he was very kind to me in my illness.' Mr. Netherton joined in pleading his nephew's cause; and Mrs. Mortimer promised to say nothing to him on the subject.

Every day, when the weather permitted, the cousins took long walks and rides together.

Sometimes Mr. Netherton went with them, but they were oftener intrusted to the care of a faithful domestic. Frederick had been accustomed to ride from a child, while Frank's natural fearlessness rendered him almost as good a horseman as his cousin. How the boys enjoyed those country rides and rambles together! And how grateful Mr. Netherton always felt to see Frank come in with his face glowing with exercise, and looking as animated and happy as he felt! but Frank's favorite place was still in his father's study, listening to his earnest conversation, and treasuring up every look and word with filial affection.

TO BE CONTINUED.



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, '66.

The fourth of a series of Weekly Public Temperance Meetings, under the auspices of the Temperance Reformation Society, will be held in their Hall, Temperance Street, on Friday evening, February 23. Rev. E. H. Dewart and other

gentlemen will deliver addresses. An efficient choir will be in attendance. Choir taken at 7.30 p. m.

The Sabbath afternoon meeting in the Temperance Hall, from 3 to 4 p. m., is still in full operation. We would like, however, to hear of a larger attendance.

### TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

The third meeting of the series was held last Friday evening. The night being exceedingly stormy not so many were in attendance as at previous meetings. Rev. Mr. King delivered the address of the evening, and after some others had spoken, five went forward and signed the pledge.

For The Weekly Visitor.

### BRITISH TEMPLARISM IN THE COUNTY NORTHUMBERLAND.

Nassau Lodge, No. 242, Wooler P. O.— Chief, John A. McColl; Vice, Matura Rusk; Chaplain, Wm. Wallbridge; Sec'y, Josiah Blount; Treasurer, Thomas Myers, Sen.; Financier, James Alley; Marshal, Thomas Myers, Jun.; Inner Guard, Robert Casmer; Outer Guard, James Daffoe; Assistant Sec'y, Daniel Alley; Deputy Marshal, Jennet McColl; Right Hand Supporter, Hannah Teal; Left Hand Supporter, Sarah Weasels; Past Chief, Hugh Murray, Jun.; Representatives to County Lodge, Lucinda Spicer and Nicholas McColl; Representatives to Grand Lodge, Hugh Murray and Lucinda Spicer.

This Lodge has admitted, since its organization by N. C. Gowen on the 9th July, 1864, 146 members, but at the present only numbers 60, many having joined other Lodges. This Lodge meets on Saturday night of each week at its Hall east of Wooler.

JOHN A. MCCOLL, P. D.

Fair Albion, No. 370, Brighton P. O.— Chief, William Wicks; Vice, Sarah A. Chapman; Chaplain, Herschel Squier; Secretary, Walter Simpson; Treasurer, Richard Squier; Financier, James Huff; Marshal, Elgin Squier; Inner Guard, Hannah Chapman; Outer Guard, Henry Gunyo; Assistant Secretary, Flora J. Squier; Deputy Marshal, Emily Saxton; Right Hand Supporter, Eliza Potter; Left Hand Supporter, Nancy Wicks; Past Chief, Isaac Squier; Representative to County Lodge, Josephene Saxton; Representative to Grand Lodge, Isaac Squier.

This Lodge has admitted since its organization by A. M. Phillips, March 25th, 1865, 25 members. At present it numbers 21. This

Lodge meets with a great deal of opposition in its mission of mercy, but we think if it stands firm, as it has, its influence over the public will be felt and courted. This Lodge meets on Friday night in its room near the Toll Gate west of Brighton.

JOHN CHAPMAN, P. D.

Pride of Northumberland, No. 371, Brighton P. O.—Chief, Thomas Symington; Vice, Euretta Lawson; Chaplain, Jacob Peaster; Secretary, Elias Bedal; Treasurer, James Clindenin; Financier, James Symington; Marshal, J. Wannemaker; Inside Guard, Finlay Clindenin; Outer Guard, John Jones; Assistant Secretary, Agnes Lovette; Deputy Marshal, M. Bedal; Right Hand Supporter, R. Bedal; Left Hand Supporter, Augusta Lawson; Past Chief, Bro. —; Representatives to County Lodge, James Clindenin and James Coalter; Representatives to Grand Lodge, Bro. Past Chief —, and Euretta Lawson.

This Lodge has admitted since its organization by A. M. Phillips, April 1st, 1865, seventy-five members. At present it numbers 60. This Lodge does well from its situation, a Division of the Sons having been organized in the same neighbourhood a week after its organization. This Lodge meets on Saturday evening in the School House of Sec. No. —, Murray, three miles east of Brighton.

THOMAS SYMINGTON, P. D.

Watertown, No. 372, Frankford P. O.—Chief, John D. Osterhout, J. P.; Vice, Anna L. Rowe; Chaplain, John Lawrence; Secretary, Daniel Cunningham; Treasurer, Anson Steinburgh; Financier, Urigh Osterhout; Marshal, Thomas R. Garratt; Inner Guard, Nathan Loveless; Outer Guard, Andrew Benedict; Assistant Secretary, Violet A. Cunningham; Deputy Marshal, Lucetta Garratt; Right Hand Supporter, Mary Patterson; Past Chief, Marcus E. Rowe; Representatives to County Lodge, Spencer Powell, E. J. Perry, Adam Davison, and Sarah Osterhout; Representatives to Grand Lodge, Anna Pettet, Bell Pettet, M. E. Rowe, and J. D. Osterhout.

This Lodge has admitted since its organization by A. M. Phillips, July 27th, 1865, one hundred and thirty-nine members, and at present it numbers 128. This Lodge is situated in a good place and bids fair to be the leading Lodge. It meets on Saturday evenings in its room in the village of Watertown two miles west of Frankford.

G. A. TERRY, P. D.

Mount Zion Lodge, No. 373, Trenton P. O.—Chief, Stephen Simmons; Vice, Melissa German; Chaplain, Wilson Arnot; Secretary, A. M. Phillips; Treasurer, Hester Brundage; Financier, Robert Crews; Marshal, J. B. Moran; Inner Guard, Nancy Guiles; Outer Guard, Wm. Arnot, Jr.; Assistant Secretary, Emily Brundage; Deputy Marshal, Maria

Cross, Right Hand Supporter, Amanda Brundage; Left Hand Supporter, Mary Cunningham; Past Chief, John W. Brundage; Representatives to County Lodge, Rebecca Cross and Thomas Bell, Representatives to Grand Lodge, Bessie Waldron, and John W. Brundage.

This Lodge has admitted since its organization by A. M. Phillips, April 7th, 1865, eighty-six members; at present it numbers 82. This Lodge is doing a good work; it has brought peace and plenty into many houses, which may be said of all the Lodges. It maintains its position well, being surrounded by other Lodges. It meets on Thursday evenings in the School House of Sec. No. 15, Murray, five miles northwest of Trenton.

J. B. MORAN, P. D.

Nova Britannia Lodge, No. 374, Dartford P. O.—Chief, James H. Skinkle; Vice, Phoebe Stickle; Chaplain, Joseph White; Secretary, Thomas Humphris; Treasurer, William R. Lose; Financier, David Ewings; Marshal, Allan Copperthwaite; Inner Guard, Sister — Dorland; Outer Guard, J. H. Frost; Asst. Sec. Annie Osterhout; Deputy Marshal, Sister E. Bailey; Right Hand Supporter, Harris Spencer; Left Hand Supporter, Sister M. M. Smith; Past Chief, M. H. Fieldhouse; Representative to County Lodge, Court L. Lose; Representative to Grand Lodge, J. H. Skinkle.

This Lodge has admitted since its organization by A. M. Phillips, May 20th, 1865, forty-nine members; and at present it numbers 44. This Lodge has done exceedingly well, considering its position and the opposition it has had to contend with. It is situated some distance from the other Lodges and does not receive their strengthening and stimulating influence. Although another Temperance Society is near it they do not receive that brotherly treatment that becomes brothers in the great cause of temperance. Yet we do not fear but this will yet be the germ of many new Lodges, and be in Percy what Nassau has been in Murray. This Lodge meets on Saturday evenings in the School House, Sec. No.—, Percy, in the village of Dartford.

M. H. FIELDHOUSE, P. D.

Chetwood Lodge, No. 375, Trenton P. O.—Chief, James Little; Vice, Mary A. May; Chaplain, Reuben A. Young; Secretary, Geo. Taylor; Treasurer, Adam Young; Financier, George Young; Marshal, Wm. Little; Inner Guard, Amelia Henesey; Outer Guard, Byron Delaney; Assistant Secretary, Sarah May; Deputy Marshal, Jane Dixon; Right Hand Supporter, Mary E. Little; Left Hand Supporter, Elizabeth May; Past Chief, Samuel Black; Representative to County Lodge, Cicero H. Dorland; Representative to Grand Lodge, Samuel Black.

This Lodge has admitted since its organization by A. M. Phillips, Oct. 7th, 1865, forty-

seven members, at present it numbers 43.—The future of this Lodge we know must be a prosperous one, as it is situated in a good neighbourhood and in the vicinity of Trenton. Although it is thus conveniently situated, it has many secret enemies to contend with, but its influence is getting so great that opposition is beginning to vanish before it as dew before the summer sun. All the youth in its vicinity are enlisting under its banner, and we hope also to see the aged lend their hand in order to restore the equilibrium and act as a balance wheel to the zealous youth. This Lodge meets on Tuesday evenings in School House Sec. No. 8, on York Road, three miles west of Trenton.

WILLIAM H. LITTLE, P. D.

Mr. Editor, you will see by the above that the cause of temperance is reviving in this section of country, and I am happy to say it is likely to leaven all the surrounding country until we shall have a universal prohibitory law through the influence of our Lodges. By referring to the above statistics it will be seen that 567 have been admitted, 438 of whom are still in connection. I am happy to state that the difference is not caused by expulsion, but by withdrawal to join other Lodges or to go to other parts, and all left imbued with that loyal temperance spirit they had received in the Lodge-room, and I am sure they will long remember with pleasure the pleasant hours passed and useful lessons learned while sitting in a British Templar Lodge.

But, sir, while informing you of our great prosperity, I have the melancholy duty to say that God in his infinite wisdom and goodness has seen fit to take from our midst our respected and well-beloved brother, David J. Wright of Watertown Lodge. He was a charter member of the Lodge and a very zealous supporter of our noble cause. On the organization of the Lodge he kindly allowed it to meet in his spacious Hall, which place it occupied till the time of his illness, which was only three weeks since. Four weeks ago we were honoured by his presence in the Lodge and benefitted by his counsels. I am sure the Lodge feels that a vacancy has occurred which will not soon be filled. He leaves behind him a wife and two children to mourn his premature loss. He was just in the bloom of life: he is the first member whose loss we have to mourn in this county since the institution of the Order here. He died on Tuesday night the 12th instant, and was buried on Friday 15th. He was followed to the grave by a large concourse of relatives and friends. Bro. the Rev. David Ryan, Wesleyan Minister, preached the funeral sermon in the Frankford chapel.

#### COUNTY LODGE MEETING.

The County of Northumberland Lodge of B. O. G. T., met at Mount Zion Lodge, 373, on the 10th February, 1866. There was a large attendance; a very pleasant meeting; and matters of importance to the cause of British Tem-

plarism were discussed with freedom and brotherly courtesy. We have to report prosperity in our ranks; an increase of 116 members since last County Lodge meeting, and prospects of greater increase in the future. The next meeting will be held at Nova Britannia, 374, on the second Saturday in May, 1866.

JOHN CHAPMAN, Co. Secretary.

ADDRESS OF THE PROVINCIAL GRAND CHIEF.

To the Officers and Members of the County Lodge of B. O. of G. T., of the County of Northumberland, greeting:

Dear Sisters and Brothers,—Finding it impossible, from a pressure of ministerial duties, to be present with you in your County Lodge session, I deem it a duty and privilege to address you, tho' it be but briefly. The cause we have espoused is in deed and in truth a noble one, having for its object the honor and glory of God in the promotion and extension of a great moral reform in this corner of His universal domain—the prosperity of our country, in endeavouring to wipe from the page of its history the records of crime, the dark deeds of blood, the destruction of life and waste of treasure, which through intemperance has been a foul blot on her fair escutcheon—the good of our race, by reclaiming from the haunts of vice the poor inebriate, drying up the scalding tear of woman worse than widowed, restoring comfort, hope, and joy to the bosoms of thousands of children to whom orphanage would be a rich boon—by lighting the torch of temperance in many a dark home where the murky clouds of dissipation and drunkenness, with attendant poverty, wretchedness, and degradation reigned—by instilling into the minds of the young and rising race these principles of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, which are destined, through this important channel, to permeate society, and bring about such an era in the history of our race as will astonish and confound our enemies and make our world jubilant with pleasure and delight.

In the prosecution of this great and glorious work let us not be surprised if we meet with great opposition and discouragement. What good cause—what great moral reform—has ever been proposed and carried out in our world without opposition? Our enemies are numerous, they are powerful, they are determined. Moreover they are selfishly interested, many of them, in their violent opposition to the temperance movement, and we must expect to fight hard for every inch of territory wrested from them. Still we fear not for the final issue. If true to ourselves victory is certain, for the God of Hosts is with us. In the name of our God we set up our banners. We fear more from false and pretended friends than from open and declared foes; internal strife and divisions must be carefully avoided, we have had, alas, sufficient proofs of the baneful influence of such in the short history of temperance organizations in general, and with regard to the late very painful, and still existing rent in our own

and more immediate ranks. We have to mourn its sad consequences. And while on this topic, let me urge on you, as a County Lodge, and on the Primary Lodges under your immediate control, the duty of conciliatory action towards those, who were a little while since, one with us, and whom we sincerely hope will be so again ere long. Be slow to take offence, and careful to give none. Do all in your power to extend the Order further and further in our beloved Canada. I would also advise that you endeavour to make the weekly Lodge meetings pleasant and profitable, by introducing profitable, intelligent readings, selections from standard authors, original poetry and properly conducted debates and discussions, so that we may not only draw into our ranks, from the mere excitement of novelty, but keep among us those we catch. Praying that he who dwelt it the bush may abide with and among you, and by his counsel guide you, and by his almighty arm protect you.

I am dearly beloved,

Yours in F. H. and C.,

DAVID CANTLON,

W. P. G. C., B. O. G. T.

Peterboro, Feby., 1866.

✠ We are obliged to postpone inserting the County Chief's Report, as well as the address to Primary Lodges, until next issue.

THE YOUNG MILLER.

Fairest among the rich mountains of Alsace, are the environs of Moisheim. The verdant pastures that surround this little town are watered by the river Bruch, and scattered hamlets and highly cultivated fields diversify the scene, while the cold mountain range of the Vosges, lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape alternately rude and wild, each moment arrests our attention by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden cornfields and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with the dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet, this sombre-back ground serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening: the little gardens richly kept, and the road shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little wayside inns, used not so much for resting places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighbouring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans of amusement, the middle-aged to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous movement proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might be easily recognized by the care he took to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man in the hey-day of life, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than a workman. He had just called for a bottle of Cherry Brandy, with which to regale his companions, when one of the party looking up the road, exclaimed, "Bring another glass, my friend, here is father Solomon!"

"The old Anabaptist!" was re-echoed on every side.

"Oh! let us make room for him by all means," said the giver of the treat; "I must have a glass with Old Wisdom."

The new comer, whose advance had been thus hailed, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which in those parts is peculiar to the Anabaptists. He walked with a firm step, which denoted neither haste nor slothfulness, leaning the while on a staff from the knotted vine. His countenance was venerable though full of cheerfulness. As soon as he came within hearing, all the guests began to call upon him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

"Good day to you, Andrew," said the old man in a friendly tone; "and good day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath day?"

"And you, father Solomon," inquired Stephen, "from what Church are you coming through the meadows?"

"I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children. Even from that whose increase is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation."

"That is to say, you are coming from your fields," replied Andrew. "Well, sit down there now, good father and tell us whether your wheat looks well."

"Tell me, first of all, how you happen to be in the country just now?" replied the old man, as he seated himself in the place which had been left vacant for him, "How long has Mr. Ritter's mill been able to get along without you?"

"What are Ritter and his mill to me?" exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened

at this question. "I care as much about them as I do about what is passing in the moon."

"Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?" inquired the old man.

"I have no longer any master, father Solomon," hastily replied the young workman. "I left the mill yesterday, and may it henceforth have nothing to grind, unless it be old Ritter himself. Never will it have crushed worse grain."

He then began to recount to the old man, a long list of grievances, which had finally led to his leaving the mill, of which he had been for ten years the director, mingling his narrative with imprecations against the owner, whom he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The old man listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, "You have drunk the wine of anger, Andrew, and you see all your master's faults double. All you have said only acquaints me with one fact, and that is that you are out of place."

"And do you think I am the most embarrassed by that?" inquired Andrew. "Ask old Ritter what he thinks about it! See half his mills stopped, and every day that they stand still robs him of fifty crowns—that is, of fifty pieces of his flesh. The old miser will fall sick of vexation, even before he is ruined. And that is what makes me so jovial to-day, father Solomon. Because what causes grief to old skinflints, rejoices the heart of all good fellows. Here! more glasses, let us drink to the discomfiture of the Jew of Molsheim."

The Anabaptist took no notice of this challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of doing?

"I," exclaimed the miller; "why I mean to live like a *bourgeois*. Ritter was obliged to clear off all scores, and to line my pouch well before we parted; and so long as my broad pieces remain to me, I mean to have a merry time of it."

"And you have begun to-day, to put this plan into execution?" inquired the old man.

"As you may perceive," replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct; "we are trying to taste of all the casks in the inn. Hold! mine host, hast thou nothing new to bring us? Let us have some liquor here quickly, that may soften the heart of Old Wisdom."

But the old man, as soon as he had tasted the few drops that he had allowed to be poured out for him, prepared to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

"Stay, good father!" he exclaimed; "there is always both profit and pleasure in hearing you talk."

"Yes," said another, "ye must sing us some of your old German hymns."

"Or you will tell us stories out of the Bible," added a third.

The old man made some attempts at resistance, but they would listen to no excuse; first his hat was carried off, then his staff,—and finally, he was forced to resume his seat by the side of Andrew.

Father Solomon betrayed no signs of ill-humor at this kind of friendly violence that was offered him.

"Everything must give way to youth," said he, cheerfully; "but since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequences and put up with one of my sermons."

"Preach away—preach away! then, father Solomon," exclaimed the merry group with one voice: "we are ready to listen."

This willing acquiescence was easily accounted for. Andrew and his companions well knew the nature of the old man's general mode of instruction. What he called his sermons, were for the most part, histories or parables taken from the sacred writings, whence he always drew some useful lesson; and even those who made but small account of this latter part of his discourses, liked to listen to his narratives, even as they would have done to some fireside legend. Father Solomon they considered as a kind of romancer, whose inventions pleased their fancy, if they did not enlighten their reason. Andrew filled their glasses once more, and the whole party, each resting his folded arms upon the table, bent forward to listen with fixed attention.

The man proceeded:—"I will not relate to you this day," said he, "either any legend of our country, or stories drawn from the sacred volume: either one or the other would be too grave for your present mood. I will treat you as children, and tell you a nursery tale as it is related on the other side of the Rhine."

"In olden time, when everything was different from what it is now-a-days, their lived at *Manheim* a young man named Otto, who was intelligent and daring, but who never knew how to accomplish one important feat,—that of bridling his own passions. When he desired a thing, nothing could prevent him attaining it; and his passions resembled those strong blasts which sweep away rivers, valleys, and mountains, destroying all that oppose their progress.

Being wearied of the tranquil life, that he lived at *Manheim*, he took it into his head one fine day to set out on a long journey, with the hope that he might discover fortune and happiness in his course. He accordingly swung upon his shoulder a packet containing his best clothes, placed in a belt around his waist all the money that he possessed, and started upon his way without knowing whither he was bound. After journeying on for some days he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which seemed to stretch on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Here he encountered three other travellers, who seemed to have paused like himself, to rest themselves before plunging into its depths. One was a tall, proud looking woman, with a threatening aspect, who held a javelin in her hand. Another, a young girl, who lay half asleep in a chariot drawn by young bullocks. The third was an old woman clad in rags, and with a ragged mien. Otto saluted them, and inquired whether they were acquainted with the road through the forest? On their replying in the affirmative, he requested permission to follow them, lest he should lose his way. They all three consented, and proceeded in company with the young man. The latter soon perceived that his companions were endued with powers that God had not bestowed on all his creatures; but this discovery awakened no uneasiness in his mind, and he pursued his journey, chatting the while with his three fellow-travellers.

They had already gone on thus for some hours together, when they heard a loud tread approaching them. Otto turned round to see who it was, and recognized a *bourgeois* from *Manheim*, whom he had hated for many a long year, and whom he regarded as his greatest enemy. The *bourgeois* gazed on the pedestrians, glanced at Otto with a scornful smile, and passed on.

All the young man's ire was roused to the utmost. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I would give all I possess now, and the best part of my future inheritance to boot, if I could only revenge myself on that man for his pride and his malice."

"Do not distress yourself about that, for I can easily gratify your wish," said the tall woman with the javelin. "Shall I transform him into a blind and infirm beggar for you? You have only to pay the price of transformation."

"And what would that price be?" eagerly inquired Otto.

"Your right eye."

"Gladly would I give it to be really avenged."



The young man had hardly uttered the words, when the promised change was effected in the rich *bourgeois*, and Otto at the same moment found himself blind of one eye. He felt at first somewhat dismayed; but soon consoled himself for the loss by remembering that his remaining eye sufficed to give him the enjoyment of witnessing the misery of his enemy.

In the meanwhile, the party continued to walk for several hours without seeing any end to the gloomy forest. The road each moment became more rugged and hilly. Otto, who was beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, looked with a longing eye upon the chariot in which the youngest of the females lay half reclining at her ease. It was so ingeniously constructed that the deepest ruts hardly gave it more than a gentle swing. "All roads must appear short and good in this chariot," said he, approaching with a wistful look. "I would give a great deal to have one like it."

"Is that all you want," rejoined the second companion. "I can satisfy your desire in a moment."

She then struck with her foot the chariot that bore her, which seemed suddenly to unfold itself, and a second chariot of exactly the same easy and graceful proportions, and drawn by two fine bullocks, presented itself to his astonished view.

When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement he thanked the young girl, and was about to step into his newly acquired vehicle, when she motioned him to stop.

"I have fulfilled your desire," said she, "but I do not intend to make a worse bargain my sister. You gave her one of your eyes, I require one of your arms."

Otto was at first somewhat disconcerted by this request; but he was beginning to feel very weary, and the chariot seemed waiting most invitingly to receive him. As I told you before, he had never accustomed himself to resist the impulse of the moment, so after a little hesitation he agreed to the bargain, and found himself seated in his new equipage, but at the same time deprived of his right arm.

They now proceeded for some time on their journey without interruption. The forest seemed to stretch itself out to an interminable length. Otto soon began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst, which was perceived by the old woman in rags.

"You are becoming gloomy, my lad," said she. "When the stomach is empty, discouragement is not far distant; but I possess a sure remedy against want and despair."

"What is it?" inquired the young man.

"You see this flagon, which I often carry to my lips," she replied. "It contains forgetfulness of pain, joy, and the brightest visions of hope. Whoever drinks of it becomes happy; and I will not drive you with a harder bargain than my sisters. I only require in exchange one half of your brain."

This time Otto rejected the offer. He began to feel a sort of terror at the successive bargains. But he was persuaded to taste the liquor contained in the flagon, and having once done so, it appeared to him so delicious that his resolution gave way, and he acceded to the bargain.

The promised effect was not long in making itself felt. Scarcely had he quaffed the tempting beverage, than he found his strength revive, his heart became joyous, and full of confidence. And when he had sung all the songs he could remember, he fell quickly asleep in his chariot, perfectly indifferent as to what might become of him.

When he awoke his three companions had disappeared, and he found himself alone at the entrance of the village. He attempted to rise, but one side of his body seemed paralyzed. He tried to look about him, but the one eye which now alone remained to him, was dim and uncertain. He tried to speak, but his tongue faltered and his ideas were confused. Now he began to realize how great were the sacrifices to which he had so slightly consented. His three fellow travellers had degraded him from the level of humanity. A crippled idiot, no other resource remained to him, than to beg his daily bread from door to door during the remainder of his days.

Here the old man ceased. Andrew struck with his fist on the table, and burst into a noisy laugh. "Indeed!" said he, "I think your friend Otto was a fool, father Solomon, and that he only got what he deserved. As to his three companions, they were thorough sharpers, whose names I should be glad to know, that I may take care to avoid them."

"It is easy to tell you that," said the narrator of the tale, "for their names are known to all. The name of the woman with the javelin is *Hatred*. That of the young girl reclining in the chariot, is *Sloth*. That of the old woman with the flagon, is *Intemperance*."

"Well, I can quite understand when one has to deal with such customers, one gets the worst of the bargain," replied the young miller. "Still, I abide by my old opinion, Otto deserved no better."

"Alas!" replied the old man, gravely; "I know some other people in the world who are no wiser than he was. What should you say, for instance, to a lad, who for the sake of running his master with whom he had quarrelled, exposes himself to the misfortune of being without employment? Do you think he is blest with full sight? or has he not rather sold one of his eyes to *Hatred*? Add to this, that he wishes to give himself what he calls a merry time of it,—that is to say, to taste the pleasures of idleness, without reflecting that he was once accustomed to labor, and enervated by idleness, he will find it not easy to regain the use of the two stout arms which in former days constituted his wealth. Finally, to console himself for his vexations, he has already lost one half his senses at the tavern, and will, before long be deprived altogether of the use of them. If Otto was a fool, what opinion can Andrew have of one who is imitating his example?"

The group began to laugh. Andrew alone remained grave and silent. He no longer sought to detain father Solomon, but suffered him to depart without even saying farewell. The lesson had evidently wounded him, as lessons which reach the conscience generally do. But such counsels are often like those bitter draughts which at first are not only distasteful to the palate, but seem even to increase our malady, yet afterwards they prove a means of restoring us to health.

Andrew reflected all night upon the history of Otto, and the following morning returned to the Mill, where he resumed the duties which he ought never to have abandoned.

#### A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

Away among the Alleghenies there is a spring, so small that a single ox could drink it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, until it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which obedient only to God, shall roar and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill, a rivulet, an ocean boundless, and fathomless as eternity.