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Weekly

THE

Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

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

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—81 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.
BOX 300 P. O. }

No. 5.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

WAITING FOR HIM.

BY ELSIE.

Alas! she sits by her dreary hearth,
The fire is out, the candle burneth dim,
While in her heart a thousand fears have birth,
Waiting for him.

The wintry blast sweeps o'er the frosty pad,
The casement rattles, by the tempests stir'd
And her heart struggles in grief's cruel chain
Like a caged bird.

She presses one thin hand upon her breast,
To still the throbbings of the pulse within,
And tries to calm her anxious, vague unrest—
Waiting for him.

She was not wont to sit and wait alone,
In happy days, long number'd with the past,
Ere a dark cloud o'er her beloved home
Its shadow cast.

He was not wont to leave the fireside dear,
The joys of home where peace and comfort live,

For the base pleasures, and the mad'ning cheer
Which vice can give.

His step was firm, his eye was bright and clear,
When in his manly youth he sought her love,
And in her trusting heart she felt no fear
It thus might prove.

That he so honor'd, he so kind—so brave—
Should ever by his fellow-man be spurn'd,
And he, at last, lie in the drunkard's grave,
Unwept—unmour'd.

And thus she muses on the happy past,
The wretched present,—and the future dim,

With dire screechings, on her pathway cast,
Waiting for him.

Oh! when he comes—the harsh, unfeeling look,
The brutal oath—perhaps the taunting sneer—
And o'en the blow—ah! that she could not
brook,
She waits in fear.

Hark! there are footsteps on the crusted snow,
Nearer they come, and nearer still, and last,
Footsteps unsteady—voices quick and low—
He comes at last.

He brings perchance some boon companions
home,
To revel all the live long night away,
"No fire, no light, no food," she cries, "they
come,"
Would it were day.

Alas no day could ever dawn for her;
A night of mental darkness had begun,
By crushing toil, and grief, and anxious care
The work was done.

And now she sits within a maniac's cell,
A prey to fancies of a fever'd brain,
Thinking each day the one she loved so well
Will come again.

She knows not that he perished long ago,
Ghastly and blood-stained in a drunken fight;
And pitying hands conveyed him thro' the snow
Into her sight.

She has forgotten how they brought him in,
His hair all stiff with gore, his glazed eyes
dim,
The night she sat so cold, and starv'd, and thin,
Waiting for him.

FRANK NETHERTON,

OR

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUSIN.

It was a happy day for Helen when her
cousin arrived to spend his holidays at the
Grange; for she was very fond of him, notwith-
standing that he used to tease her a great deal.
Frederick, as his mother had observed, although
only a year older than his cousin Frank, was at
least a head and shoulders taller. He was a fine
active, high-spirited boy, somewhat willful and
over-bearing, but good-natured and warm-heart-
ed.

Nothing could be more unlike in appearance
and disposition than the two cousins. Frederick
was cheerful and talkative, and often said a
great many things which had better have been
left unsaid, and for which, although he was too
proud to acknowledge it, he was sorry after-
wards. Frank was also cheerful, but quieter;
when he did speak, it was generally to the pur-
pose. Frederick was so restless that it was
with difficulty that he could sit still, or fix his
attention upon any subject for above a few mo-
ments at a time. Frank sat and studied too
much, and seldom cared to take that exercise
and relaxation which is so necessary, as well as
natural, for the young. The one wanted appli-
cation, the other activity.

Frederick was proud and sensitive; the fear
of ridicule, or the laughter of his companions,
would turn him away even from what he knew
to be right. He was not physically, but morally

a coward. He was afraid to think for himself. Frank was singularly fearless both in mind and body. He always said what he thought, without caring what others thought of him. Mr. Netherton had been very anxious to encourage this feeling; but he always never failed to remind him, that although the truth must be spoken at all times, it should be spoken in fore- that we may be perfectly sincere, without being harsh or unkind. To be sure, Frank had yet to learn whether he could bear being ridiculed for his opinions.

It is strange how the fear of God casts out the fear of man. If we can feel quite sure that God approves of our thoughts and actions, how trifling, in comparison, appears the approval of others!

The cousins had been talking together a few weeks after Frederick's arrival.

'I dare say,' observed he, 'that I am just as good as you, only I do not make such a fuss about it. If I did, I should be finely laughed at at school, I can tell you.'

'I do not pretend to be good,' answered Frank; 'but I do not see why I should be ashamed of trying to be better, or of talking about that which can alone make me so.'

'It is all very well here, with my uncle and little Helen; but we have no saints at school.'

'I have heard my father say,' replied Frank, 'that the word saint is often used in the same sense as believer. Are there no believers at your school?'

'Pshaw!' exclaimed Frederick, impatiently. 'Do you take us for heathens?'

'Then if Christians, why be ashamed of Christ?'

'It is all very well at present,' said Frederick, 'but I should like to see what you would do at school: and it is not improbable that I may, from what I overheard mamma say yesterday to my uncle.'

'O, what could that be? But do not tell me; if my father wishes me to know, he will tell me himself.'

'Should you like to go back with me, Frank?'

'I do not know; I never thought about it. I think I should; only I should be sorry to leave my dear father. Wordsworth, I remember, calls his school-days 'the golden time.''

'Ah! that was when he was a man. But I can tell you that it is a great bore having to study so many hours, and being obliged to learn

whether you like it or not. To be sure, the play-time is pleasant enough; and the half-holidays, when it does not rain. But I do not know what you would do in play-time; why, you do not know a single game.'

'I suppose I could learn.'

'I do not know,' replied Frederick, gazing rather contemptuously at his cousin's slight, delicate form. 'We call such fellows as you girls, at school.'

'Never mind, Frank,' said little Helen kindly. 'I do not mind being called a girl.'

Neither of the cousins could help laughing.

'That is because you are a girl. But you would mind being called a 'Tom-boy,' said her brother.

'She need not,' interrupted Frank; 'because it would not be the truth. It does not signify what any one says of us if we know it is untrue.'

'Very well, Mr. Philosopher,' said Frederick, shaking his head; 'we shall see.'

Frederick was right in supposing that, in all probability, his cousin would accompany him back to school. When Mrs. Mortimer first spoke of it to her brother, he instantly and decidedly refused to part with his child; but she gradually succeeded in convincing him how much it would be for Frank's advantage in every way, and a reluctant consent was at length obtained.

'Be it so,' said Mr. Netherton. 'Let him go and form fresh connections and associations that may console him, should it please God to take me away. As it is, I fear that such an event would break the poor child's heart.'

'Let us hope better things,' replied his sister, gently. 'You are already considerably stronger; and Frank is quite a different boy to what he was a month ago.'

'Thanks to you.'

'Thanks to God, my dear brother. I trust, if it be his will, you may be spared many years to see your son become all that he could wish. Frank is a noble little fellow; but as yet he is only a dreamer. It will be good both for his mind and body to associate for a time with other boys, and learn to act as well as to think for himself; and to join not only in their studies but their sports. It is not enough to be clever and learned; we must also be useful and active—men and boys more especially.'

Mr. Netherton admitted that she was right, with a sigh for his own helplessness. Sorrow, and a lingering, although painless disease, had made him what he was; but it had not been so in past

days, and he could still anticipate a brighter future for his child.

Frank could not help feeling sad at the thought of leaving home, and, above all his kind and indulgent parent, from whom he had never before been separated, even for a single day; but Mrs. Mortimer had warned him, for that parent's sake, to try and control his emotion. The little fellow obeyed her as well as he was able: but it was a hard trial for his fortitude—almost his first trial. Even the bay pony and the flower garden came in for a share of his regrets, although little Helen promised to take the latter under her own care; Mrs. Mortimer having consented to continue to reside at the Grange, at least for the present.

Frederick did very little towards encouraging his young companion, for he warned him that he must not look to him for everything, but fight his own battles, as he had been obliged to do when he first went to school. To which Frank replied, that he did not want any one to fight his battles, and that he had no doubt but what he should do very well; although, in his heart he could not help thinking his cousin somewhat unkind.

It was not ill-nature, but the fear of being laughed at, which made Frederick determined to hold back until he had seen how Frank was likely to be received. He felt half ashamed that a cousin of his should be so profoundly ignorant of all that he thought it necessary for a school-boy to know.

'What is the use of his Greek and Latin,' argued Frederick, 'when he understands nothing of cricket, and cannot even play at foot-ball? And then he is such a little fellow—though, to be sure, he cannot help that—and has such old-fashioned notions. He is sure to be quizzed.'

CHAPTER IV.

FRANK LEAVES HOME.

THE evening before Frank left home, he went into the study to have what he called a last look. There stood his father's easy chair, and his own little stool on which he had so often sat at his feet, and listened to his conversation, in which amusement, instruction, and something higher still, were ever carefully blended together; where he had so often heard his favorite story of the child and the reapers. And now he was going away for months, and he might never hear that dear father's voice again. Child as he was, Frank knew the sad meaning of the word death. His little heart was full to burst

ing; and kneeling down before the chair, he buried his head in its cushions, and wept.

Mr. Netherton entered unperceived, and thinking that he was praying, stood a moment unwilling to interrupt him, while his own heart ascended in earnest supplication to the throne of grace; until aroused by a passionate sob.

'My son, my dear son!' exclaimed Mr. Netherton, bending over him. The sight of his pale face recalled to Frank his aunt's warning, and he hastily arose.

'Forgive me,' said he. 'I could not help weeping just for a moment when I thought of all the happy hours we have spent here together. But I dare say that I shall be very happy at school after a time.'

'I hope so, Frank. You must write to me. My chief pleasure, when you are away, will be to hear of your well-doing. It is a comfort that your cousin Frederick will be with you.'

Frank was too truthful to say yes; so he said nothing. Mr. Netherton sat down in his easy chair, and Frank placed himself once again at his feet.

'Tell me a story, papa,' said he, after a pause: 'one more story, as you used to do before my aunt came.'

'There is no time for a story now, Frank; or we shall keep that kind aunt waiting tea for us. But I will tell you a little anecdote I read the other day, and which I believe to be a fact.'

'O, thank you. I like facts,' said Frank, leaning his head on his father's knee.

'A negro woman, in one of the West India Islands,' began Mr. Netherton, 'was once forbidden by her master to attend public worship, and threatened with severe punishment if she ventured to go. Although only a slave, the poor woman was a sincere and humble follower of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again. The only pleasure which she had was in going to the house of God to hear about the Lord Jesus Christ, and that better land where there shall be no sorrow nor sighing, and which he had purchased for her with his precious blood. Her disappointment was great; but she only lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and answered meekly, 'I must tell the Lord that.' It is said that this touching reply, this quiet appeal to a higher tribunal, so affected her owner that he no longer refused the desired permission. God softened the heart of this cruel master, for the sake of his poor, oppressed servant.'

'What a nice anecdote!' said Frank.

'And will you endeavor to remember it, my

dear boy; and bring all your little trials and troubles to the Lord, to your heavenly Father—in full assurance of his love and tender compassion for Jesus' sake? Commit your way unto the Lord, and he will bring it to pass. Tell your difficulties and disappointments to him. Leave everything in his hands. He knoweth best, and will do for us above all that we can desire or deserve. You believe this, Frank?'

'I am sure of it,' replied the boy, raising his bright, trustful glance to his father's face.

'It is well. And now I have a present for you, my dear boy, which I think you will like,' said Mr. Netherton, placing a small clasped Bible in the hands of his son. 'I need not tell you to value it.'

'O, thank you, dear papa. I do like it very much indeed,' replied Frank with glistening eyes.

'You will read a chapter, as usual, morning and evening,' said Mr. Netherton. 'And you must not neglect to pray at the same time. I know that you will have a great deal to do and think at school, and very little time to yourself; but, as the good Mr. Cecil observes, 'a Christian will find his parenthesis for prayer even through his busiest hours.'

'I suppose he meant that he would make it,' said Frank.

'It is not improbable that such was his meaning. But I have one more thing to say: I am not afraid of your being idle, Frank, so much as I am that you will study too hard. Remember that I would rather see a little color in your cheeks, than the first prize in your hand.' He could not trust himself to add more; but Frank knew by the faltering voice, and the trembling of the hand which rested upon his shoulder, how tenderly he was beloved, and promised faithfully to recollect and obey his injunctions; after which they went into the drawing-room to tea.

Notwithstanding all Mrs. Mortimer's efforts to the contrary, in which she was warmly seconded by her son, the evening passed gloomily away. Little Helen wept at the thought of parting with her 'two brothers,' as she called them; and Frank, but for shame, would fain have sat down and mingled his tears with hers. Although he endeavored to exert himself to appear cheerful, his heart was sad whenever he looked up and met his father's gaze fixed earnestly upon him.

It had been arranged that the boys were to start by an early coach on the following morning, accompanied by a trusty servant; and Mr. Netherton had promised not to attempt to rise

at so unusual an hour: the parting therefore, was to take place at night. Frank bore it bravely for his father's sake.

'What if I should never see him again!' exclaimed Mr. Netherton, as the door closed.

'Let us hope better things,' said his sister; but endeavor, nevertheless, to say, 'God's will be done.'

Mr. Netherton bent down his head, and his whispered 'Amen' spoke of a meek and chastened spirit.

Mrs. Mortimer came into Frank's room after he was in bed. The pillow was wet with his tears, and he turned away his head that she might not see how he had wept.

'Never mind, Frank,' said his aunt, tenderly embracing him. 'It is natural that you should grieve at leaving home for the first time. You have shown a great deal of self-control before your poor father, and I am much pleased with you.'

'Do you think my father so very ill?' asked Frank, earnestly.

'He requires great care; but there is nothing at present that need render you uneasy. I need not tell you that he will be taken great care of in your absence.'

'And if he should be worse——?'

'I will send for you at once: not that you could do any good, but because it would be a comfort to you.'

'My dear, dear aunt, how kind you are!' exclaimed Frank, clasping his arms round her neck. 'How much I love you!'

'I am glad of that. I want you to love me, and to look upon me as a mother.'

A remorseful pang went through Mrs. Mortimer's heart as she pronounced the last word; but Frank's affectionate caresses soothed her again.

'Now go to sleep,' said she, after a pause, and laying him gently back on the pillow, 'that you may be able to rise early to-morrow morning. I hope you and Frederick will be good friends. I give you the same advice I have always given him:—Let nothing induce you to deviate from the truth, or to tell tales of your companions: the liar and the talebearer are despised. Study in school and play out of it. The more exercise you take, the better. Be neither be a tyrant nor a slave; be kind and ever ready to oblige. Do your duty; and always to act rightly, without caring about the consequences. Have no fear but the fear of God.'

May he bless and watch over you, my dear child, for Jesus' sake!

Again Mrs. Mortimer kissed his cheek, and Frank felt a tear that was not his own; but before he could speak she was gone.

Frank did not see his father again before he started; but when he bent forward to catch a last glimpse of the old Grange, he noticed that the blind in Mr. Netherton's room was drawn slightly aside, and felt that he watched and blessed him.

'Do not cry, Frank,' said his cousin, at length. 'After all, you will not find a school life so bad, when once you are used to it. I rather like going back now. But to be sure I felt as you do at first.'

'It is not that. I should not so much mind going to school,' said Frank, 'if I were quite sure of finding all right on my return.'

'You are thinking of your father. He will get better.'

'O, I hope so!'

'I am sure of it,' repeated Frederick, encouragingly. 'My mother is a capital nurse.'

Frank did not reply; but after a few moments he wiped away his tears, and spoke cheerfully. He had placed the matter in God's hands, and asked him to take care of his dear father for him until he came back.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOL TRIALS.

NEARLY all the boys had returned, and were assembled in the schoolroom when the cousins arrived. Mr. Campbell received them kindly, and having shaken hands and exchanged a few words with his new pupil, he introduced him to his schoolfellows, and consigning him more especially to the care of his cousin, left them together.

Frederick had a thousand things to tell his companions; a thousand questions to ask and answer as to where they had been, and what they had done during the holidays; and Frank meanwhile stood by, unnoticed and alone, and feeling almost ready to cry. When they did begin to notice him at length, he was not much better off, for they only smiled, and whispered to one another; and he observed that Frederick appeared to be as much amused as the rest. Frank began to look as well as feel very sad and dismal in that room full of strange faces, and a large tear stole down his flushed cheek.

'What is the matter, little one?' asked one of the boys. 'Are you mother-sick already?'

'That cannot be,' answered Frank, 'for I have no mother.'

'Poor little fellow! leave him alone,' said an authoritative voice. The boys drew back and continued to whisper; all but one, who went up to where Frank stood, and holding out his hand, said in a low voice—

'I have no mother either. Let us be friends.'

'With all my heart,' replied Frank.

'I did not hear what Mr. Campbell said your name was?'

'Frank Netherton.'

'Mine is Howard.'

'Have you been long at school?' asked Frank.

'Yes, nearly a twelvemonth; but I do not like it better than the first day I came.'

'Mr. Campbell appears to be very kind.'

'So he is, when we do right. But the worst of it is, I never can do right for long together; and then he is stern, and I get so frightened that I do not know what I am about.'

'Have you a father?' asked Frank.

'No, I am an orphan. My aunt is very kind to me; only of course she does not love me as well as her own children.'

'I, too, have an aunt,' said Frank; 'and a father also.'

'You are very young to come to school, are you not?'

'Only a year younger than my cousin Frederick.'

'Then you are very little for your age.'

'That was what you were all laughing at, I suppose,' said Frank; 'but I did not make myself.'

'Why, Philip Doyle did call you an odd-looking, old-fashioned little thing; and then Mortimer said that you were as old as you looked, and they would find it out by-and-by.'

'It was very unkind of Frederick to say that,' observed Frank, coloring.

'I do not think he meant it unkindly; but he always laughs when the rest do.'

'And who is Philip Doyle?'

'One of the cleverest boys, and one of the greatest tyrants in the school. I would do anything rather than offend him. When once he works himself into a passion, it is quite terrible to see him; and very little will do it.'

'Who is it now talking to my cousin, and looking at us?'

'Claude Hamilton. He is very clever too. Every one loves Claude Hamilton. It was he who interfered just now, when they were going

to tease you for crying. I am sure it is only natural to cry when one comes to school for the first time.'

'It may be natural, but I am afraid that it was very foolish,' said Frank; and I do not mean to cry again if I can help it.'

There were no lessons that evening. It seemed a very long evening to Frank. Frederick never once approached him until just before bedtime, when he came to warn him not to be too intimate with young Howard.

'He is the greatest dunce in the school,' said he, 'and a coward as well: the less you have to do with him the better.'

'He was very kind to me,' answered Frank, a little bitterly, 'when no one else came near me.'

Frederick colored.

'I warned you beforehand,' said he, 'that you must fight your own battles.'

'And so I will. But even if you are not on my side, surely you need not be against me.'

'Who said I was against you? Did Howard say so?'

'Never mind,' answered Frank. 'I do not want to quarrel with you, or for you to quarrel with any one else on my account. But I did think it hard, when your dear mother said that we should be like brothers.'

'Well, well, said Frederick, holding out his hand, 'I did not mean to be unkind. But you must not expect too much. 'Every one for himself:' you know the old proverb.'

'Yes,' replied Frank, 'I have heard it, but I never felt it before.'

Mr. Campbell was surprised upon questioning Frank, the following morning, to find how much he knew, and how carefully and thoroughly he had been taught; and said a great deal that was highly gratifying to his feelings on the subject.

'Contrary to my usual custom,' observed he, 'I shall place you immediately in one of the upper classes; and it must be your care to prove that I am justified in so doing.'

Frank thanked him gratefully, and promised to be very diligent. As soon as he returned to his seat, Frederick congratulated him in a whisper upon his good fortune, and spoke so kindly that he quite forgot the past.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting is held from 3 to 4 o'clock, in the Temperance Street Hall. Please attend.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

Rev. Jno. McLean, London Chief
 Bro P W Day, Collingsbay Councillor
 Sister M. A. Heather, Peterboro..... Vics
 J. W. Ferguson, Hamilton.....Secretary
 S. Morrill, London.....Treasurer
 J. McNeil, Guelph.....Marshal
 Sister Rattan, Collingsbay.....Dep. Marshal
 Sister Perry, Napanea.....Inner Guard
 Bro. Tuttle, Iroquois Outer Guard

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., Tyrone—Received for four.
 T. M., Malvern—Will do so.
 J. B. S., Etobicoke—Sent paper as directed.
 W. H., Aronton—Have sent No. 6. Received remittance for Volume ix.
 J. A. McC., Wooler—Sent back numbers to those whose names I received.



The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, '66.

TO THE TEMPERANCE MEN AND WOMEN IN TORONTO,

Whether belonging to the Sons of Temperance, Independent Order of Good Templars, British, or British American Good Templars, Band of Hope, or belonging to yourselves, we have a word to you. An effort is now being made in this City by the Temperance Reformation Society, to promote the cause of Temperance. A zealous and efficient City Temperance Missionary has been employed. Sabbath afternoon meetings free to all are held in the Temperance Hall from 3 to 4 o'clock. Public weekly meetings, addressed by efficient and tried Temperance men, will be held every Friday at 7½ p. m., to which you are all earnestly invited. Brethren and Sisters, you desire to see Intemperance, the scourge of Canada, suppressed,

and your fellow citizens of every grade, from the magistrate on the bench to the poor out-cast on the street, giving up the use of the intoxicating beverage. You wish to see your fellow citizens convinced that intemperance is an evil; that they, as good citizens, are called upon to allay that evil; that they must discountenance the traffic in the article producing the evil; and that they must deny themselves for the good of their fellow men. You desire this; well then, do your duty; bring them to the temperance meeting; be there regularly yourselves; let it be an open lodge-room meeting to you, in which you are interested. Strengthen the hands of the Missionary and the speakers; become Associate Members of the Society; help it in every way you can; and if you do this, intemperance, vice and crime will be diminished, while temperance, morality, and religion will flourish. May this word to you urge you to duty.

Next Tuesday evening the Chester Temple, I. O. G. T., intend holding a Concert in their new Hall, Don Mills, for the purpose of defraying the expenses incurred in fitting up the same. The admission is only 10 cents, and as an excellent staff of amateur singers have tendered their services we hope there will be a large attendance. Concert commences at 7.30 p. m.

The first 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 first, commencing at 7.30 p. m. Rev'ds Hoyes Lloyd, D. Pomeroy, and others, will be the speakers. A select choir will also be in attendance.

We are requested to state that the members of the "Great Eastern" Temple, No. 85, I. O. of G. T., intend holding their Third Annual Soiree on Thursday, Feb'y 8th, 1866, in their Hall, Leslieville. Rev'ds Messrs. Pomeroy, Wardell, Gillies, and others, will be in attendance and address the meeting. A splendid Glee Club is engaged for the occasion. Recitations, Dialogues, &c., &c. will also be given by the members of that and other Temples. Tickets, 25 cents each. Tea on the table from 6.30 to 7.30. An Omnibus will leave the Albion Hotel at six o'clock on the evening of Soiree, and return at close of entertainment, for the accommodation of parties in the city.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

How vast the number who have fallen victims to the ruthless destroyer—intemperance! It is heart-rending to trace its blighting, desolating influence; to see the promising and youthful of our land fall beneath its iron grasp.

How many have sacrificed all their earthly joy and happiness on the polluted altar of Bacchus! How many hopes have been blasted in their early budding! How many have gone forth, in the morning of life, with bright and cheering prospect, but, alas! have sadly fallen ere the noon-day of their manhood, and gone down to fill a drunkard's grave!

But why is it that so many—beholding the downward career and fearful end of the drunkard, follow so closely on his footsteps as if anxious to accomplish their own destruction as speedily as possible.

The soldier, seeking rank after rank of those who preceded him in the assault swept away by the murderous fire of the enemy, hesitates, sometimes, and recoils from the certain death that awaits him.

The traveller, when warned of swollen streams and dangerous precipices stops short, in his course, to avoid the threatening danger. The man, who, seeing another borne away by the current of the raging stream and then deliberately follows in his footsteps, would be called a fool or a madman.

But men stand calmly by and see their fellow-beings sink down beneath the dark tide of intemperance and then plunge in themselves and disappear under its fearful waves.

Again we ask why is it thus? Why will not men be warned by the fearful fate of others and escape the dreadful doom?

The answer is this:—Few who perish by intemperance, know its first advances. It comes, with a noiseless step, and binds its victims with cords too tight to be felt. The danger of this great evil is in its almost imperceptible approach, and not unfrequently do men become irreclaimable in their habits without a suspicion of danger to themselves.

The youth and lover of social pleasure little

dreams that the glass of sparkling wine which animates conversation and quickens, for a moment, all the susceptibilities of joy, will lead him on, from step to step, to the vortex of ruin.

The man of genius detects nothing, in the simple draught which seems to add energy to his thoughts and acts inspiringly to the intellect and imagination, that will be to him an injury, and sooner or later destroy the powers of his mind, and leave him a mere wreck of humanity.

The laboring man, strong and active, and in full possession of manly vigor, little thinks that there is aught in his daily potations that will eventually destroy his muscular power, undermine his constitution and render him even as a child in strength and action.

Here, then, lies the great danger:—In the beginning of the evils which destroy so many of the human race. Let no one boast that he is in no danger of becoming a drunkard. Perhaps that poor, fallen being, who but yesterday you saw reeling along the streets, lost to all sense of virtue and shame, and who to-day was borne away to a pauper's grave, thought as little of falling in his early years, as yourself. He may have been reared with the greatest care; a kind father and loving mother may have watched over his infancy, and guarded him in his youth; the sun of hope and prosperity, perhaps, lighted up his pathway, and gave promise of a noble course in the future; but, alas! the tempter found him, and, in an unguarded moment, he fell, and swift was his course to ruin.

Go with me to the bedside of yonder dying wretch, and listen to the ravings of the sunny days of childhood, of kind parents, loving sisters and gentle brothers. Around the once happy fireside he fondly lingers, and recounts the joys of the by-gone days. How softly he whispers the story of his love. The lovely maiden, the faithful wife and happy children, one by one, pass before him in fancy's mirror, and he stretches out his arms to encircle them in a fond embrace. But nothing but the vacant air meets his touch. Then he raves, in wild delirium, calling upon each loved name in fearful shrieks; yet they come not, and, wild with frenzy and maniacal rage, he curses his God and dies.

Draw near to the convicted criminal, who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and listen to his confession. A happy youth, beloved by all who knew him, and moving in the highest circles of society once was he. In an unfortunate moment he took the proffered glass, yet thought not of danger. Securely did the tyrant bind him, and 'twas too late he awoke

to the fearful truth. But when once self-respect is gone, there is but little hope of reformation. Step by step did he descend in the road to ruin till at last he stood upon the scaffold a—murderer.

No one becomes a drunkard in a day. From slight beginnings the habit soon becomes fixed, the cravings of a diseased appetite more frequent, and, before the unsuspecting victim is aware of his danger, he is forever lost.

Everyone, then should guard against the slight beginnings which end in misery, want and woe, and resist the temptation in whatever form it may appear. Every parent should use their utmost endeavours to create in the minds of their children an abhorrence, a shivering dread of strong drink; they should aim to fortify them against the temptations they will meet with in society; they should be taught to shun the danger in all its forms, as they would poison, suicide and murder.

There is no greater temptation thrown in the way of youth, or no one evil upon which are wrecked so many of the young and strong of our land than that of intemperance, or the use of intoxicating liquors. Thousands of our once most respectable citizens, those to whom society looked up to as leaders, those possessing noble talents and brilliant intellect, those well qualified by nature and education to occupy the high places in the land, have fallen a sacrifice to this foe of humanity and happiness.

The young are exposed to evil, or are in more danger of contracting bad habits than those who are more advanced in years, because their principles have not that strength and firmness which are only to be obtained by experience and by resisting and overcoming every evil.

Then how important it is that we should commence aright that, in the beginning of our career, we should form good resolutions for the government of our actions, faithfully adhering to them, and never forsaking the path which conscience and truth point out for us to follow.

To the young, who are just forming habits of life, or just beginning to indulge in the train of thought out of which habits grow that will, in a measure, govern their course in after years, we would say stop and think. If you start aright, if your principles, your habits, your companions are all of the right character, and you are constantly on your guard against yielding to evil, a few years will not only build up your character in the estimation of others, gaining for you the admiration and respect of all who are brought in contact with you, but you will be much more

likely to continue on in the path of virtue and happiness. But one false step, one wrong habit, one corrupt companion, one wicked example, may wreck all your prospects, blight your most cherished hopes, and turn your after years into misery and sorrow.

Let the youth, then, who are just commencing the great battle of life, resolve to resist the temptation of strong drink in all its forms. Before you diverge two pathways; upon the one side is the road to honor and happiness. Virtue, truth and industry dwell by the wayside, and hope cheers and encourages the traveller on his way. He that enters therein will find joy and happiness attending his footsteps, and peace and contentment in the end.

On the other side is the broad road to ruin and misery; its course is marked by want, woe, desolation, and death, and he that enters therein goes swiftly down beneath the dark waves of sorrow and despair. Over the gateway of one waves the white banner of temperance and sobriety; over that of the other the black flag of the demon, Alcohol. From those who journey along the first comes echoing a song of joy and gladness; but from the other, a heart-rending wail of despair.

Choose ye between them. Stop and think, ere it be too late, before you have gone too far in the downward road to destruction.

Again, we say to all, high and low, rich or poor, beware of the beginnings of evil; of that great evil which now curses the earth and makes desolate so many homes of our fair land. Thousands of others, as promising as yourselves, have pursued the luring paths of pleasure and miserably perished.

Do you spurn the thought as impossible? Multitudes of lives, written in tears, misery and sorrow, can bear evidence of the truth. Ah! take heed! Let him that thinketh he standeth, beware lest he fall!

NORMAN A. SMITH.

ONE OF THE GIANTS.

Several years ago, there was in one of the rooms of Barnum's Museum, a representation of a cold water drinker's home, and of a drunkard's home. These were placed side by side, so as to show the contrast more strongly. The figures were all of wax, and just about the size of living persons, so that it looked very real.

The first one represented a good-sized room, with a neat carpet on the floor, and pretty paper on the walls. Two or three pictures were hanging against the sides of the room. A cheer-

ful fire was burning in the grate. In the centre of the room stood a table with a snow white cloth upon it. A tidy, happy-looking lady was spreading some very inviting things for breakfast; while the largest of the children was bringing in a pitcher of water, to fill the tumbler that were placed by every plate. An easy arm-chair was drawn up near the fire, and the father was leaning back in it, reading the morning paper, looking very snug and cozy in his wrapper and slippers. Around him a group of bright-eyed, rosy-checked little ones were playing, while a toddling boy was tugging at his father's gown, trying to climb up into his lap.

You did not need any one to tell you that comfort and happiness were there. Everything looked so pleasant, that one almost felt like opening the door, and walking in to share their happiness. This was the cold water drinker's home.

Right next to it was the other scene. It was a room with bare floor, strewn with litter, and blackened with dirt. The plaster was falling from the walls and the ceiling. In the fireplace there were two or three half-burnt sticks smouldering. An old bedstead stood in the corner, and a few ragged coverlets lay tumbled in a heap upon it. The rest of the furniture consisted of a table, and one or two rickety chairs. A loaf of bread partly cut, and a bottle on the table, were the only signs of a breakfast. The father, with his face unwashed, his beard unshaven, and his hair all tangled and matted, was beating a trembling child. The rest of the children were crowding up in the corner, pale and frightened, but each holding on to a dry crust of bread. Their faces were thin and sickly. The mother sat upon the bed, her head between her hands, and her hair streaming wildly over her shoulders. Thin and tattered rags were the only clothes any of them had on. Misery and wretchedness were as plainly seen there as if written with a sunbeam. This was the *drunkard's* home.

Reader, which is the pleasanter picture? Which would you rather should be your home?

All the difference was made by the PITCHER and the BOTTLE. The water in that pitcher had kept the *giant* INTemperance away from the first home; while the rum in the bottle had brought him into the other one. And it was because HE was there all was so wretched. He always drives comfort and happiness out from every house he enters. He turns gladness into sorrow, smiles into sighs, laughter into tears,

wherever he goes. He makes prisoners miserable themselves, and all about them unhappy too. Mothers and fathers, wives and children, brothers and sisters, suffer wherever he comes.—*Rev. Dr. Newton.*

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LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you're got to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour, day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain that you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But duties which are near;
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to PERSEVERE.

—o—
MR. NOBODY'S ADVICE; OR HOW I BECAME A TEETOTALER.

In the month of November, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, I arrived in the city of New-York, on my return from China; and, liking good quarters, I went to the Sailors' Home in Cherry street to board, and remained there till the ship was paid off. But as I loved a tot a little too well, and the folks at the Home were all sober-sides, I thought it was too decent a place for me to stay in. So I paid my bill, picked up my tonnage, and made sail for a rum-hole in Cherry-street, and took up my abode

there with other drunkards like myself. I had been living in the house about ten days; and, lighting upon a sober interval, I thought I should like to know how the account stood. So I asked Mr. Boniface for my bill. He informed me that I was forty-one dollars in his debt. This surprised me by its magnitude. But, remembering that I had been drinking pretty heavy, and spending it very freely, and consequently could not tell exactly how much I had really drawn, I said nothing about it.

It so happened, however, that the drinking of the last ten days had not agreed with me, as I had eaten but little, and, as a consequence, the whole of the next week I was quite sick. So I staid at home, and, for a wonder, kept sober. During the whole of the week I was wide-awake, and kept an account of the money I drew which, amounted to all to about seven dollars. Well, when the week was out, I went to him again and asked him how we stood. He took down his book and, after a little figuring, he said: "Your bill is just seventy-one dollars and thirty-five cents." So that for my seven dollars he had charged me just a little over thirty. This stunned me altogether, and I told him I would not pay it. But how was I to help myself? That was the question. I went to a friend of mine, and told him how I had been served; and talked about law and justice. But my friend said it was of no use for me to go to a magistrate about it, as I could do nothing. And he remarked, "that there was no justice for drunkards." This set me thinking, and I made a vow that I would never put it into the power of any man to serve me such a trick again.

My friend said: The best thing that you can do is to pack up your duds, pay your bill, and go to a decent boarding-house. I took his advice, and moved off to a temperance house in Pearl street, kept by that good man, Captain Roland Gelston. Here I tried to taper off; but I soon found out that this tapering off, or merely reducing my potations, was bad business. It kept me stupid all the time, and made me say and do many things which I was ashamed of when in my right senses. Well, on the twenty-fourth of December, there was a deal of talk of one John B. Gough, who was to address a temperance meeting in the Old Mariners' Church in Roosevelt street. And, after supper, one of my fellow-boarders came to me and said:—"What do you say if you and I go to the meeting, at Mr. Chase's and sign the pledge?" "Agreed," says I, and off we went. The house was full. We stood and listened about half an hour, and then they sent round the contribution

box. I threw in a piece of silver. Then they passed the word along, that if any one wanted to sign the pledge, they should come forward. So my friend and I walked up and signed the articles, got our certificates, and started for home. And I have kept the pledge ever since. I came mighty near breaking it, however, the next morning. My coppers were hot. I wanted my bit-
 ters, and I made a bee-line for the corner grog-
 gery, a rum-hole, in which I was no stranger, for I had freshened the nip there many a time. I went up, took hold of the door, and had got about half in, when it seemed as if somebody took hold of me with both hands around the waist, and held me, whispering in my ear at the same time, "Don't go in! don't go in!" as plain as ever I heard any thing in my life. And I actually turned round, and looked—but there was no one there. But I took *Mr. Nobody's* advice, shut the door, kept my pledge, and have been glad of it only once, and that is all the time ever since. For it has kept me from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. It has caused me to be respected, enabled me to use my knowledge instead of abusing it.

I suffered a good deal at first, as a result of breaking off my bad habit. But I was the gainer in the end. I went to sea sober, soon had a good chest of clothes, was respected wherever I went, soon became an officer, had better food and pay, and a better place to live in than a dark, damp fore-castle. Aye, more, I walked steadily aft, until I became a captain myself, and escaped the dirty work that drunkards are often forced to do on board a vessel. But more than all, and better than all, I have learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ, become a member of his body, the Church, and am this day on my way to the kingdom of heaven, into which, as a drunkard, I never could enter. Glory to God in the highest! I am on my journey home!"—*New York National Temperance Advocate.*

TOBACCO SMOKING.

It is not one of the pleasing signs of the times, that this practice has become in use among boys who have scarcely passed beyond their school days; and so numerous are the instances in which small boys may be seen without any seeming shame, smoking pipes in the open street, that it is often difficult to resist the inclination to administer a little reasonable correction. The use of the tobacco pipe before the bodily functions have been developed, stops and dwarfs the growth. It leads to idleness, and is in fact too many instances a sort of connecting link

with dishonesty, and habits of drinking. In these days we need to increase the intellectual and bodily strength of our youth; we therefore beg of the masters of schools, of the fathers, mothers, and others who have charge of boys, to have no hesitation about the matter, but to put out the pipes of the small boys at once.—*Builder.*

A SENSIBLE LANDLORD.

A cotemporary says a little incident transpired some weeks ago, at one of the Frankfort hotels, which is worthy of notice. A little girl entered the bar-room, and in pitiful tones, told the bar-keeper that her mother had sent her there to get eight cents. "Eight cents?" said the bar-keeper. "Yes sir." "What does your mother want of eight cents? I don't owe her anything?" "Well," said the child, "father spends all his money here for rum, and we have had nothing to eat to-day. Mother wants to buy a loaf of bread." A loafer suggested to the keeper to kick the brat out. "No," said the bar-keeper, "I'll give her mother the money, and if her father comes back again, I'll kick him out."—*Methodist Recorder.*

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