

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

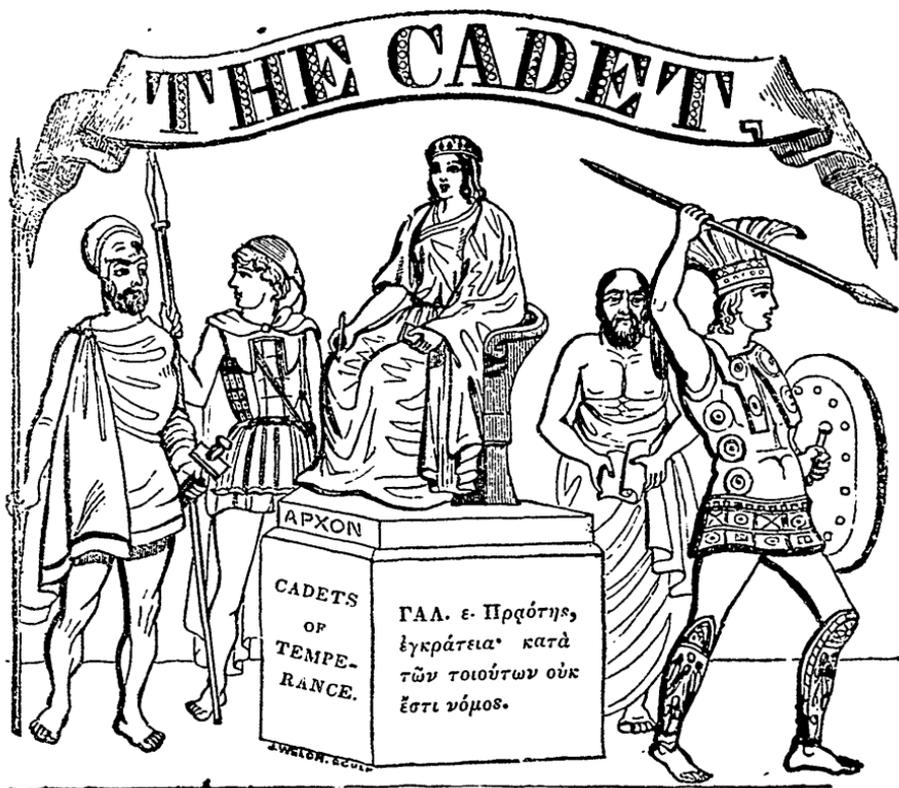
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1852.

No. 4.

[FOR THE CADET.

The Dream.

BY A DAUGHTER OF ENGLAND.

The meeting was thronged that night—a powerful speaker had been declaiming against the evils of intemperance, and the fruits of his eloquence were seen in the goodly number who affixed their signatures to the pledge. There were three youths sitting side by side, who seemed agitated by opposite feelings.

"We have treated this subject too lightly," whispered one of them earnestly; "it is not to be trifled with; let us all go up, or if you will not Warton, dear Osbourne, do you come with me, and let us make the promise; we have not wandered very far yet, but we may do."

A sardonic smile crossed Warton's features, and Osbourne answered hastily,

"Nonsense, my good fellow; we do not want to be laughed at for nothing; why, neither the one nor the other of us have ever been touched by liquor yet, not to say really the worse for it; to sign the pledge in such a case is sheer folly."

Leslie seemed to waver. "Well," he said sadly, "but something tells me that this ought to be done; with the feelings that now press on my mind, it seems a duty."

"Oh, never mind such thoughts; the man is a better speaker than usual, that is all; forget his words, and come home with me, as we had planned. There—that is my good Leslie," he added, perceiving he had gained his point; "now let us go."

The young men left the house together, and repaired to Osbourne's home. Leslie sighed heavily as he turned away, and his heart bitterly reproached him for yield-

ing, as he had done. Arrived at home, cigars were brought, the bottle passed round, and the young men sat down to "drink and be merry," as Warton expressed it. But Osbourne was not easy; the parting words of the lecturer rung in his ear, and there was in his friend's manner something constrained that he had never known before; his gaiety was forced, and the glass was raised to his lips by far more frequently than wont. The voice of conscience was whispering reproaches in Leslie's ear, and he was striving to drown the sound by liquor, to hush that voice and to forget. When the hour for parting arrived, Warton went home, but Leslie was to remain with Osbourne all night; and the young man saw for the first time the eye of his friend wild, and his step unsteady. Osbourne was shocked and grieved. He felt this was his work, and unable to affect a mirth he did not feel, proposed retiring to rest. But he could not sleep at first; the words uttered that evening, lightly heard at the time, recurred with redoubled force afterwards. "Reflect a moment," the speaker had exclaimed, addressing those who, by ridicule or persuasion, prevented others from joining the society, "when looking on them whom love or fear of you had led astray, what will be your thoughts; will not the blighted hopes, the ruined prospects, the approaching destruction of such an one, ring with fearful voice in your heart the terrific cry, 'It was you! it was you!'"

Osbourne strove to shake off these thoughts and compose himself to rest; he listened to the deep breathing of his friend as he lay soundly sleeping by his side, and hoped that the slight excess of last night would not be followed on. At last he slept, but his rest was unquiet, and confused visions attended it; at last they took a more settled form.

He was walking with Leslie by his side along a strange path, whose termination he could not exactly see. It was smooth at first, but afterwards became rough, precipitous and dangerous. It seemed light at first—the sun's rays were shining upon it—but mist and clouds gradually enclosed it, and the end thereof was wrapped in total darkness. But still they wandered on. Before long Leslie suddenly resigned his arm, and walked before him with more rapid stride. Osbourne watched his friend in silence; an undefined feeling of fear pressed on his mind. Leslie still walked along, but the path was becoming more

gloomy, more dangerous, and his step was irregular, and his air disordered and wild. The uneasiness of Osbourne deepened into fear as he gazed, and a voice, whose warning tones seemed to come from the air, whispered, "It was you—it was you!" With impetuous speed Osbourne rushed after his friend, loudly calling him to return. All was in vain. Leslie heard, for he shook his head and waved his hand; but he halted not nor even looked back. His path now wound by the side of a mountain, and a fearful precipice yawned below. The blood of Osbourne chilled in his veins, and his course was stayed by horrid uncertainty; that bewildered step would never carry the wavering form in safety on; no, no, it could not: but half of the slippery path was passed when the footing of Leslie gave way, and with a wild cry of agony, stretching his arms out vainly for succour, the young man fell. In an instant, it seemed, Osbourne had gained the spot, and was bending down over the fearful abyss. Despite the gloom, he could distinctly see the form of his friend at the bottom; the stamp of death was on his brow, and as his eye caught Osbourne, his lips parted with an unearthly cry of reproach and agony, whose fatal words were echoed by cliff and cavern, "It was you—it was you!" With an exclamation of maddened anguish, Osbourne awoke, and raised himself from his pillow. Vivid was his recollection of the scene, but the voice of Leslie dispelled it, as he laid his hand on Osbourne's arm, and strove to soothe him. The youth breathed heavily. "Thank God, it was only a dream," cried he.

"Indeed it was," said Leslie, "what strange thoughts had filled your mind? Why, your hand trembles, the cold dew stands on your brow; lie down and forget it."

"No, no, not now; hear me dear Leslie; let me tell you all."

Briefly the youth detailed the fearful dream that had haunted his slumbers. His voice failed as he drew near the end, and tears rushed into his eyes as he grasped his friend's hand, adding faintly,

"May God forgive me, and you too, Leslie, for I have done very wrong."

Leslie himself was impressed by the words of Osbourne; it seemed a warning to him also, that vision dread; he was touched too by the deep affection that Osbourne had manifested for him; and joyfully consented to the desire his friend ex-

pressed, so soon as he could speak calmly, that they might both retrace their steps, and tread this dangerous path no more at all for ever, and thus run no risk of seeing the realization of this dark dream.

Sketches in Grammar for Cadets, &c.

(By T. S. S., Woodstock, C. W.)

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

4.—Pronoun.

M. What is a Pronoun?

S. It is a word used in place of a noun, as, John signed the teetotal pledge, and *he* (in place of the noun John) never had occasion to regret having taken *it*, (in place of the noun pledge).

M. How many kinds of pronouns are there?

S. Three. The *personal*, *relative*, and *demonstrative*.

M. Give an example of each?

S. *Personal*—I (first person) have taken the "Temperance Advocate" since its commencement, and would now most strongly recommend *you* (second person) to take *it* (third person.) *You* and *I* must also take "The Cadet."—*Relative*—That horse *which* I sold would not drink the same stuff as the man does *who* bought it. *Demonstrative*—This communication is not so good as *that* next to it, as *these* questions and answers are too long.

5.—Verbs.

M. What is a Verb?

S. It is a word which expresses *being*, *doing*, or *suffering*; tho' a person *being drunk*, and *suffering* his family to want, is *doing* what he should not, is not a verb.

M. How many kinds of verbs are there in the divisions and sections?

S. A great many. Some are active, some passive, and I fear there are some transitive.

M. Name those verbs which are required to be learned "accurately by art," by every good grogarian?

S. I am no "grogarian," Sir, but have heard a few of the descriptive verbals—"Corned," "Stewed," "How-came-you-so," "Brick-in-his-hat," "Snakes-in-his-boots," "Half-seas-over," "Over-the-dam," "Staggers," "Three-sheets-in-the-wind."

6.—Adverb.

M. What is an Adverb?

S. A word which qualifies a verb; as, Mr. Gough speaks *well* and *very correctly*.

7.—Prepositions

M. What is a Preposition.

S. A Preposition connects words, and shows the relation between them; as, Joe Bones left his starving family *to go to* mill *to purchase* some flour, *but* unfortunately *in* the town got *amongst* his pot-companions, who took him from the right road *into* the "Royal Exchange," *from* thence *into* the "Queen's Head," and from these *into* the "Sailor Boy." Then from one *into* another, *until* he was without flour and without money.

M. What is a Relative preposition?

S. Neither Murray nor Kirkham make any allusion to any such. It shows the relative position in which one word or subject stands to another; as 2 to 4 so is 4 to 8.

M. Give an example.

S. As *tippling* is to intemperance, and intemperance is to drunkenness; so is a sprig to a sappling and a sappling to a tree; a bud to a blossom, and a blossom to a peach; a blade to a stalk, and a stalk to an ear of corn; a child to a boy, and a boy to a man; a calf to a steer, and a steer to an ox; a foal to a colt, and a colt to a horse; a pig to a shoat, and a shoat to a hog.

8.—Conjunctions.

M. What is a Conjunction?

S. It joins words and sentences together.

M. Give a few examples of the former.

S. The young *and* old, *and* the rich *and* poor, the weak *and* strong, the small *and* large, the male *and* female, the black *and* white, the sickly *and* healthy, should all join the Teetotal Society, *because* it has been found useless to use intoxicating drinks by any such, *either* in wet *or* dry, *either* in cold *or* hot weather, *therefore* give them up. Again, *neither* John *nor* George take *either* the *Temperance Advocate* *or* *The Cadet*, *though* they *both* take a political paper; each should take one at least, *and* Sally *and* Tommy one copy between them, *for* they are little *and* poor, *but* good readers.

9.—Interjection.

M. What is an interjection?

S. A word used to express some emotion.

M. Give a few examples.

S. Charles and myself yesterday had just got within hearing of the Cadet's "hurra! hurra!" when he stopped suddenly with—*hark! hark! hush! hush!* We listened for a moment and heard a

person at some little distance crying *hollo! hollo!* We went in the direction of the sound, and had not proceeded far when *oh dear!* what a sight presented itself to us; there lay a drunken father, and by him his little son, crying *oh my! alas! oh dear me! what shall I do!* and *well! well!* might the poor little fellow so cry. He placed his little hands under his father's head and cried, *oh father! oh father!* do get up; but so far from the father taking any heed he sang—

“*I oh! I oh! I ho!* said Charly,” &c.

M. Recite a short extract of some good grammarian's speech.

S. The extract which I am about to recite is from a speech delivered before a temperance society in the United States, by the Hon. Mr. Marshall:—

“Rush where we may, then, for an apology, lay not the sin of drunkenness at Nature's door. No! Drunkenness is man's own work; it is peculiar to himself. It is not found any where else in the whole universe; and a drunken man (and I suppose temperance has not advanced so far in this city but that such men have been seen) I should think would be the hardest thing in the world for the philosopher to classify—since we are upon philosophy! It is harder to say to what *genus* he belongs than any thing else which has been the subject of my experience; and I have had ample opportunity for examining—yes, and for feeling it too. A drunken man is not a *man* any longer; certainly, he has neither the features, the intellect, the heart nor the form of a man. He has no longer the erect countenance of a man. That face and that form, which were shaped to be erect and to look up to heaven, are the face and the form of a man no longer. Why, he can't *walk* like a man. It fuddles his brain, blears his eyes, dulls his ear, swells his body, and dwindles his legs!

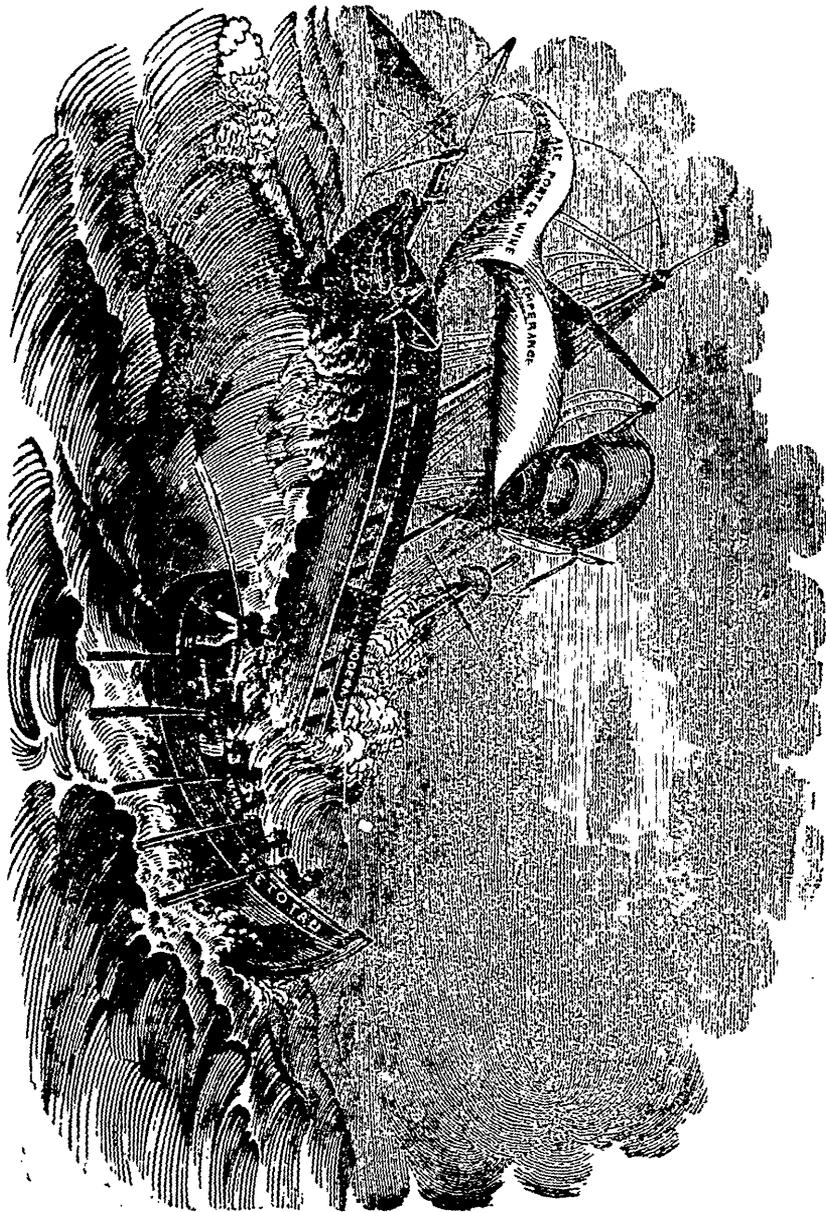
“But of all the ills it works—Oh! of all the ruin it brings upon man—look at the death it inflicts upon the *heart* and the moral constitution of the human race. Here are its most terrible triumphs. We might forgive it all the rest; if it only made us sick; if it only spoiled our beauty; if it only hurried man to a premature grave; if we could measure its ruin by dilapidated fortunes, by ruined health, and by destruction of life—O then we might forgive it! Men must die at last; and any agency which only precipitates that event by a few years, or months, or weeks, we may

overlook as no great evil. The mere dissolution, the decomposition of the physical elements of which our nature is so strangely composed, the sundering of that mysterious and wonderful link which binds the mind and body—which must eventually take place—is not so much to be deplored, and the agency which precipitates it might be forgiven. But what does a man mean when he says ‘*himself?*’ What do I mean when I use the words *I myself*, and call myself a man—what do I mean? Is it merely his clay? Oh, no! When I say *myself*—when I allude to what is called *me*—I mean that *divine particular*, which revelation tells us was breathed into man at his birth by the Author of his being. I mean that which the Divinity has implanted within him,—the reason and the heart;—not only the power by which he thinks, and imagines, and demonstrates, but all that world of moral emotions of which he is the monarch and the lord. I mean all those fine feelings and sympathies which make him human, all which make him holy, all which make him, as we all hope and as we all believe he is, eternal. The ruin of this—the prostration of this it is that makes alcohol man's greatest curse, and renders its crimes to the eye of man altogether unpardonable. It is the peculiar effect of alcohol; no other poison does it.

Arsenic kills a man; but as long as he lives—while he can draw a single breath, he is a *man* still. Other poisons produce death; but so long as man can breathe under their power, so long will he love his wife—so long will he love his child and his friends; and though he sink into the arms of death under the influence of a poison too strong for his nature, still his moral nature triumphs, love survives, and *the man bids defiance to death and the grave!* Alcohol does what nothing else can do; it overflows with a destructive flood, all that is noble in human nature. It annihilates the immortal mind and the deathless soul!

A NOBLE REPLY.—It was a beautiful turn that was given by a great lady, who, being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hid him. This confession drew her before the King (Charles II.), who told her that nothing but her discovering where her lord was could save her from the torture. ‘And will that do?’ said the lady. ‘Yes,’ replied the King, ‘I give you my word for it.’ ‘Then,’ said she: ‘I have hid him in my heart; there, and there alone you'll find him!’

THE DRUNKEN CREW SAVED BY THE TEMPERANCE BOAT.—(See next Page.)



[FOR THE CADET.]

The Drunken Crew.

Breakers on the lee bow! shouts a sailor who had been aloft, setting the fore-top gallant sail, after the moderating of a severe gale of wind, in which the ship had been severely handled while under close reef'd top sails, and in which she had received considerable damage in her sails and rigging. How! cries the captain, with uncovered head, and in breathless haste, running up the companion ladder, —breakers! Where are we now? My charts show nothing of the kind; I thought all about here was clear sea, and no danger! Luff my boy, luff! cries he to the man at the wheel—bring her up two or three points!—brace up the yards men, while I make out the cause of the breakers! Boy!—hand up the glass,—surely it must be the sea serpent, or some vessel waterlogged in the gale.

Up sprang the captain to the foreyard, and thence soon discovered the cause of the breakers. "Sure enough they are breakers, and it is as I feared, a vessel dismasted and waterlogged!—There's her signal of distress; and I see the poor wretches on deck, imploring help!"

"Mr. ———" cried he to the mate, "put the helm up, keep her away, and let us bear down to them—for tho' there is a heavy sea running, we may pick them up.—Hoist the ensign, and show them we'll try at any rate! Now, steady! port a little! cried he again to the man at the wheel,—so!—just as you go!—take in the foretop gallant sail!—turn the gripes off the quarter boat,—put a full set of good oars into her—some water and biscuits, and a compass!—Get ready a good boat's crew—not lubbers, but men that can pull a stout oar, and know how to use it! Now, haul the main sail up: port the helm!—bring her to: haul down the jib!—brail up the forespencer, and haul up the foresail! Square away the main yard, and see the falls of the quarter boat clear!"

"Are you all clear?"

"Aye, aye, Sir!" quickly answered the boat's crew, anxious to be off on their errand of mercy.

"Now, Mr. ———," said the Captain, "before going over the side,—make all comfortable in the cabin to receive the poor fellows, if we are so fortunate as to get them! for some may be naked, and others half dead with hunger. Take good care of the ship while I'm away,

and don't let her fall overboard: edge her down towards the wreck, when you see we have got on board, and bring her to—to leeward. But give her a fair berth, for fear of accident; and if we are swamped, or lost, we shall only have done our duty,—for 'England expects every man to do his duty.' Now, are you ready, boys! Well, here goes! Now lower the boat handsomely:—watch the sea, and when it rises, let the fall run at once!—have you a good boat-hook there forward?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, let run!—now, mind—shove, broad off!—and away she goes!"

The Captain and his noble crew now sink with the retiring billow, as it drifts away from the side of the gallant vessel; and in the next moment are seen rising to the top of a foaming surge astern; presently she seems lost in "the tumbling billows of the main;" and anon appears again like a bird of the sea breasting the waves, and struggling, as it were, for existence! But the hearts of oak stoutly and adroitly ply the oars, and the gallant Captain, with watchful eye, and steady hand, steers her safely along, till they approach the wreck, when the frantic joy of the poor half drowned crew and passengers crowded together on the poop of the half-sunken and dismasted ship, welcomes the approach of their noble hearted deliverers, with feelings of inexpressible emotion; their haggard and sunken features are lighted up with smiles, which glisten through their tears:—some fall prostrate on the deck; while others lift up their hands and hearts in earnest thanksgiving to God for His preserving and saving mercy. The captain's firm and encouraging voice is heard, as if rising, a saviour from the deep, as the boat nears the wreck.

"Keep up your hearts there!—don't rush to the boat,—let us get on board! Steady boys in the boat! Starboard oars,—a pull, that will do—back water now!—now, she sheers to—look out,—there mind the lift of the sea,—get good hold of the wreck, and two or three jump on board!"

The half frantic passengers and crew throw themselves at the feet of their deliverers, kiss them, and in passionate language exclaim, "Rum did all this! Our crew were in liquor—a gale came on—we were upset before we could take sail off the ship. With much difficulty we cut away the mast, but the wreck stove in her side, and the water came in upon us

fast;—very few were in a condition to pump, and we have been over three days upon the wreck without food.”

“Be thankful,” cried the Captain, “that a temperance ship and a temperance crew saw you, and have come to pick you up, or you would have gone down!—and now, in the presence of that God who has mercifully snatched you from a watery grave, and a drunkard’s hell, vow eternal rejection of Alcohol!”

With feeble, but triumphant voices they unanimously exclaim: “we swear!”

The gallant Captain and his noble crew carefully and safely lift them into the boat, administer the cordial of refreshing water to their parched lips, and with anxious care convey them to their own gallant vessel, now and then seen majestically riding on the top of a distant billow, and with almost incredible difficulty and hazard, at length land them safe in the comfortable cabin of the Captain, already furnished by the mate with a good fire, warm blankets and clothing; tea, coffee, soup and medicine, with everything else the ship afforded, which could resuscitate their almost exhausted bodies and minds.

Gratitude to God and man for ever closed their lips against Alcohol, and the joy and comfort of the future dissipated the recollection of past folly and misfortune, and shed a cheering glow of sunshine on the rest of their voyage through life.

Dear Cadets,—you are not in *the Life Boat*, but you are in a boat *to save life!* Do you see in the distance the dismasted and sinking barque of the poor drunkard, where before men fancied no danger; your duty is that of the Captain and his gallant crew.—Go ye! bravely, steadily, courageously and prudently and do likewise! is the exhortation of one of your friends, the Sons, who is also

AN OLD SALT.

NO.

To say, no, bluntly, is rude, and young persons should take care how they say it. When they are asked to drink by friends, they should say, No, I thank you; or, No, I cannot, sir; or, I would rather not, madam. Still, they should always say, No. Now, there are two things that help young persons to say No, when they are offered drink. The *first* is a correct knowledge of the danger of drinking. Let them

think often on the *evils* that come of it, and think also that, if they begin it, these evils may come on *them*. *Secondly*, Let them join an abstinence society. This is a great help, for when any one invites them after that, they can say, I am a teetotaler; I never taste: and none but bad or senseless people will press them again.

James and John were two apprentices, getting weekly wages. James never could say, No; John always could, and yet he was the politest of the two. Their shopmen used to ask them into the public-house to have a glass with the rest. John always refused; but James, who was soft, went in. At first he just tasted the drink, for it was like to choke him; but the shopmen laughed so much, that James tried hard to drink up his glass, and at last he managed. The shopmen cheered him, and said he was a man now; and poor James was silly enough to believe them. In course of time he grew to like the pay-nights for sake of the public-house. Now that he had some wages to spend, the men told him, he must go shares with them, and pay his own drink. James, who wished much to be thought a man, was ashamed to object to this. Many a night his mother waited on him, expecting his half-crown to buy in something for the Sabbath, but it grew late, and James only came when half his money was spent. This was a sore heart to her, for she was a widow, and looked to her son to support her when he grew up. One pay-night John and James left the shop together. Are you going home? says John. I don’t know, says James, are you? Yes, replied John, I must make haste, for mother goes out with me to-night to buy me a Sunday coat. A Sunday coat! cried James, what, with your own money? Yes, to be sure, says John, every farthing of it. James looked sheepish, for he had no Sunday coat, and beginning to envy John, he cried, O yes, you can’t take a dram like other folks! You are afraid to risk a sixpence; I hope I am not so mean. Mean! replied John, I wonder if its mean to help my mother, and to find my own clothes, or to go like a beggar, and starve her at the same time? and as to being afraid, why, I am afraid to go into a public-house, and you are afraid to stay out. I afraid! cried James. Yes, you, said John; see if you dare pass it to-night when Simpson winks to you. Yes I dare pass it said James; come with me and see. John went along with him. James took great steps, for he was determined to show John what he *could* do

when he liked. They were very near the public-house when Simpson came up. Hallo, lads! cries he, you're in a hurry; stop a minute, will ye? hav'nt time, cries John, not looking over his shoulder. Wont you have a taste, John? shouts Simpson. No, no, cries John, I have other fish to fry; you know very well I'm a teetotaler; and he redoubled his speed, pulling James by the collar, for James was more than once inclined to halt. They had now reached the house. Two of James' companions were already in, and sitting at the window. They saw him, and tapped on the glass, crying, Jem, here, boy! we're waiting for you. Jem stood a moment, and Simpson again came up. Shabby sneaking dog that, whispered he in James' ear. You're not tied to your mother's apron. At these words James' courage failed him, and without venturing another look at John, in he went. That night he returned home intoxicated. He grew worse every week, and by the time he was a journeyman, there was not a better customer to the publican in all the shop. Years passed on, and his poor mother died of a broken heart. He was now without any one to control or care for him. He lost his situation, and was thrown out of one shop after another. At length John, who had risen by good conduct and sobriety, first, to be foreman in his master's establishment, and then, to be partner in the firm, taking pity on him, took him in to assist the putters in the shop. In this situation he drudged on for months, till one night, in a fit of drink, he nearly killed a policeman, for which crime he was thrown into jail, where he died. Ah! had James been hold enough to say, NO, how different might have been his end.

Poetry.

(Selected for the Cadet from "The Public good.")

I AM A SOLDIER.

"I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of God." Maximilian.

*I am a soldier, but not one
To plunge the sword or point the gun.
The Captain, whose great name I bear,
Forbids His rank and file to wear
The weapons of a guilty strife,
Of blood for blood, and life for life.*

*I am a soldier but I get
No gaudy scarf, or epaulette:
The honor that my warfare yields
Is gained on other battle fields—
And richer far, and nobler too,
Than all the stars of Waterloo!*

*I am a soldier, but I stand
Without a weapon in my hand;*

No tinsel trappings feed my pride,
No sabres dangling at my side,
But Jesus greater triumphs won
Than Bonaparte or Wellington!

*I am a soldier, but I heed
No human law that bids me lead
Immortal men with fiendish roar,
To trample in each other's gore.
To "love our enemy" is not
To shoot him dead upon the spot!*

*I am a soldier, though I wear
No waving plume or martial air,
And need no midnight watch or drum
To tell me when the foemen come.
I never see them far away
But share the conflict every day!*

*I am a soldier of the cross,
All other titles are but dress;
I seek no pattern but the dove,
And wear no uniform but Love.
I march beneath a flag unfurl'd
To fight the battle of the world!*

—Islington.

J. B.

The Farmer's Boy.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Oh! a joyful farmer boy I'll be,
As free as the birds on wing;
And carol my merry song of glee
Among the flowers of spring;
With a whoop! whoa boy! to drive my team
Before the rising sun!
And to slake their thirst in the silvery stream
Shall be my morning's fun.

To see the hungry porker fed,
And hear him grunt his thanks;
To rouse the calves from their grassy bed,
To shake their drowsy flanks.
To draw from the generous cow her store,
With young hands strong and free,
Till the brimming pail is running o'er
With the foaming luxury.

To haste to the garden with hoe and seed,
While the dew is on the spray,
To plant, to trim, to hoe and weed
The morning hours away,—
To raise the flour for the honey bee,
With their petals bright and fair;
Oh! I love the budding flowers to see,
In my garden here and there.

Or away to the fields with the reapers' hie
And toil the live long day—
and think of the happy time when I
Shall be a man—as they.
To plough, to harrow, to plant and sow
The rich and fertile lands;
To reap and bind, to pitch and mow,
With strong and willing hands.

Oh! I would not live in the crowded town,
With its pavements hard and grey,
And its lengthened streets of dusty brown,
And in painted houses gay;
Where every boy his ball may bound
Upon his neighbor's dome,
And every shout and very sound
Disturbs some other's home.

The squirrel that leaps from limb to limb,
In the forest waving high,
Or the lark that sings with its matin hymn,
Is not more free than I.
Then give me the trade of a farmer boy,
From city tramwells free,
And I'll crack my whip, and cry "whoa boy,"
Oh! a farmer boy I'd be.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1852.

"When the Flag is up, look out for the Blasts."



If you have been in those parts of the country where the people are constructing a railroad through rocky hills, or ridges of stone, you may have seen a large board set up very high, with the above words painted thereon in large black letters. They are designed as a caution to travelers, rendered necessary by the great danger there is in blasting rocks. Perhaps you know the workmen drill a large hole in the stone and after properly filling it with powder a slow burning match is lighted, the men hasten away, the flag being put up, and then an explosion takes place. Large and small pieces of the rock are violently thrown into the air, and fall down with great force. Some of them fly a great distance, and it is not safe to be nearer the place of blasting than where the notice of danger is set up. We have often been near the place of the flag-staff. Our plan is always to look a-head, and keep as far as possible out of harm's way. If we are unconsciously brought into danger, then we muster up our courage and bravely get out of it as soon as practicable.

Young friends! Every thing you see and hear will teach you a lesson of value, if you but apply your time to receive instruction. There are many dangers all along the road you are travelling, but through the good providence of God "*the flag is up*," the warning is given. There are many benevolent efforts made to rescue the young from their many dangers. The "*flag*" is now put up where your fathers

and grandfathers saw no mischief threatened toward themselves or their families. Experience has taught *men*, and they, unless previously ruined, or slain, or infatuated, are anxious to erect that flag and warn you of the danger near. The making and using alcoholic drinks is a ruinously expensive and deathdealing system. When you read the authentic narrative of the desolation wrought in the social circle, by wine and strong drink, remember the flag is up, the warning of distress, flee from the cause of that misery. When *delirium tremens* seizes its victim, and he feels as though a thousand devils would tear his unhappy soul from his miserable body; again consider that *the flag is up*, "*touch not the cup, touch it not.*" Did you meet the other day that hideous-looking piece of humanity? He was once young and looked as fresh and blooming and handsome as you. He tasted his father's wine perhaps, or imitated the example of fashionable society. He fell into the snare laid by Satanic art. The old serpent beguiled and he did drink. Now you see his blotched and bruised face, his car-buncled nose. Most likely he smokes, and the commingling of tobacco fumes with the poison of liquor on his diseased stomach, generates on his lungs a malarious stench, most disgusting and injurious. His apparel is worn and torn—his hat flaps in the breeze—he staggers and stutters—he will soon drop into the grave; but while he lives and is able to walk abroad, or make a sign, remember *the flag is up*, keep from that poisonous drink which made him what he is. We say again, the flag is up. God the author of our nature established it in the bygone centuries, "*Look not on the wine when it is red.*" "*Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth.*" "*Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess.*" If any of you should unhappily violate your pledge, or be tempted to do so, "*look out for the blasts,*" the consequences of sin follow the commission of sin, not the full consequence, but en-

ough to prove that the law has been broken, and you may "look out for the blasts."

Avoid evil company; here too *the flag is up*. "By associating with the wicked" says the Rev. Horace Hooker, "the youth will be thrown into the midst of books and periodicals, which palliate irreligion and vice. The wicked shun the light of truth, and plunge into darkness. When, therefore, he becomes vicious, he will seek by error to blunt the sting of conscience. He cuts himself off from the confidence, and company, and example, and influence, and warnings of the good. They look on him with distrust, when they see him often in bad company. He forsakes the circle where religion, and affection, and respectability, and love of character tend to check his sinful inclinations; and rushes to scenes which excite and inflame his passions to revel without restraint. The helm, the rudder, the compass, the reckoning of the vessel are lost; it is borne by fierce tempests among the breakers, and without some uncommon interposition of divine grace, will be dashed in pieces, and destroyed for ever." *The flag is up*, not merely set up by human hands and human authority, but by the Creator of us all, whose will is supreme and whose words of warning are more distinct and portentous, than the excavator's signal of danger. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: *remove thy foot from evil.*" *Prov. iv. 23-27.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

Aye, Aye, Sir, said a young Cadet, ready for the battle of life against the hosts of Alcohol. "We have looked out for blasts and are looking out. But our sections are increasing and we have run up *our flag.*" "Have you indeed young friend; why,

what's the danger?" "Danger, Sir, why we mean to blow up the traffic." "Oh, yes, we understand what you're about, but what is that printing on your flag?" "It is, 'The Maine Law for Canada and nothing less.'" Good, good, brave boys, your cause is just. We suppose then that to all the rumsellers in the land, we must point to the banner of the Cadets, and the flag of the Sons and Daughters. *It is up gentlemen*, brewers, distillers, venders. The Maine Law. Can you see through the yellow specs of worldly gain. If you can, read on and read thus, "When the flag is up look out for the blasts."

[FOR THE CADET.

Honesty and Dishonesty.

What widely different ideas these two words convey to our mind! Honesty, connected as it almost always is with religion, comprises all that is most admirable in human nature. Dishonesty, between which and religion there must be an insurmountable barrier, embodies in itself all that can disgrace a creature "made after God's own image."

Look at the different degrees of happiness enjoyed by the honest and dishonest man. Mark the beaming countenance of the former; his domestic felicity is not marred by the stings of a guilty conscience; his open brow is not wrinkled by anxious thought as how he is to conceal some furtive act from the prying eyes of the world.

Turn now to the dishonest man. Conscientious guilt has stamped its deep furrows on his lowering brow; his averted gaze tells plainly that he dreads the discovery of some hidden crime. His domestic life cannot fail to be miserable, for if the piercing stings of conscience ever visit his guilty mind, it will be when seated at his fireside listening to the innocent prattle of his children. Ill-gotten wealth may shower upon him in profusion every earthly comfort, but none of these comforts, the fruits of dishonest gains, can calm

his ruffled conscience, or procure him that peace of mind which is the lot of the honest man alone.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Notices to Correspondents.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

Alec. The subject is good, the argument sound and well expressed, but it is too long for publication in the *Cadet*.

We have received a large assortment of temperance literature from our agents in England and Scotland. Some of it is especially designed for the young, and will be found in successive numbers of the *Cadet*.

In answer to T. B., we state that we have a copy of the little book to which he refers; it is called "An Epitome of the art of Spiritual Navigation, or a voyage to heaven recommended: by a Christian Mariner." It contains many wise suggestions, but is another proof of the folly of attempting thus to moralize without sufficient "professional skill in marine tactics."

The Book of Oratory is a very good selection of prose, poetry and dialogues. It is republican in its tendency, as is almost all the literature prepared for American Schools.

R. M. The *Edinburgh Review* was commenced in October 1802, and *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817.

A. R. Yes, "*Cadet*" is a French word, it signifies a volunteer in the army, or a young man in a military school. The word is pronounced by the French as if written *kah day*, but of course we sound the *t* and anglicize the word.

Henry. The lines—

For he that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again,

are not to be found, as you think, in Hudibras. Butler's verses ran thus

For he that flies may fight again
Which he can never do that's slain.

The former lines are in a volume of poems by Sir John Mennes, reign of Charles II. The original idea is in Demosthenes. *Ανερο φεγωυν και παλιω μαχησεται.*

(To the Editor of the *Cadet*.)

McGill St., Montreal,

June 15, 1852.

Dear Sir,

Having offered two prizes for the two best essays on "The benefits of Temperance to the Working Classes," to be competed for by the members of the Royal Mount Section, No. 115, Cadets of Temperance, Mr. Robert A. Becket was the author of the following, which was awarded the first prize, and which you will please publish in your next number.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours in L, P. and F.,

JOHN D. CLENDINNEN,

W. A. P. Cadets of Temperance.

There is no law in man's nature that intemperance does not violate—moral, mental or physical, and most bitterly does he suffer for such transgressions. Its physical effects are disease, decay and death; it deranges the whole nervous system; poisons the blood and corrupts those fluids, which nature has supplied for the nutrition of the body. Ask the candid physician, and he will tell you that intemperance is the parent of almost every disease; and he will also tell you that intemperance has done more to people the city of the dead, than either disease, famine, pestilence or the sword. See the innumerable deaths by accidents on railroads, steamboats and at sea, not to speak of the thousand deaths by apoplexy, shooting, stabbing, drowning, burning and freezing that are caused by intemperance. Could the myriads of the victims of the drunkard's grave be collected together, it would take an archangel, speaking with the dialect of heaven, to number the multitude. But, even if immediate death be not the consequence of drunkenness, the same might be said of almost any other poison—yet better far that a man should die at once, than to linger out an existence of wretchedness and misery,—an existence that might be called a living death, for he upon whom the monster has laid his hands may bid adieu to health and happiness.

But it violates the mental laws of man's nature. It not only destroys the health of the body, but it destroys his reason. We know that some of the proudest intellects that ever marked their burning track across the field of science, when clouded by drunkenness, have sunk to rest enveloped in the dark pall of a starless night of obscurity. It would start the tears from the stoutest hearted man, to behold the wreck of that mind in whose presence kings might have trembled, and royalty stood rebuked.

Dr. Channing has said, that "the greatest essential evil of intemperance is the voluntary extinction of reason." And in his lecture on the elevation of the laboring classes, says, "that a man must be a *thinker*, not that he should shut himself within four stone walls, and bend his body and mind over books, but that whatever vacation he may have, his chief vacation should be to think."

The use of ardent spirits not only clouds the intellect, weakens the understanding and totally unfits the mind for the acquisition of knowledge, but it tends directly to dissipate what knowledge may have been acquired, and it leaves a man destitute of that which distinguishes him from a brute.

But I have said that it violated the moral laws, and to prove this no argument is needed. It not only degrades man, and reduces him to a level with the brute, but it gives him the madness of a demon; it corrupts every fountain of moral purity in the heart, and causes them to send forth a foul flood, whose bitterness and poison are death; it destroys every generous emotion, everything ennobling in the heart of man.

It is also the cause of almost all the crimes with which our records are stained. The testimony of judges and lawyers, as well as the statistics of this and other cities, show plainly that murders and theft are, almost without exception, committed by men of intemperate habits.

Indeed, we hear from the criminals themselves, sometimes at the bar of the court house, and sometimes even on the scaffold, confessing that it was not them that committed the deed, but that it was Alcohol. So it is with profane swearing. Almost every drunkard swears or tells lies; indeed, he cares not what he does. He has no Christian feelings; he hates the house of God; he scorns the minister of God; and he sneers and shuts his ears from the good advice of the people of God.

Thus we see he who ought to be the tender husband, the dutiful son, the constant friend and kind neighbor, transformed into the unfeeling wretch, whose heart no longer throbs with any sentiment of kindness or love. He has buried the past with its fond recollections, the present with its joys, and the future with its hopes, in the damning cup of intoxication. But, alas, how few are his hopes for the future! Every moment of his life brings him nearer a drunkard's grave, till at last he is no more. He has gone to the regions of despair, where there is heard nothing but weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth; and who can tell how many have gone before him? Could the grave give up its dead—could hell send up its witnesses—could beggared wives and starving orphans come from their dark and desolate abodes of despair, to tell their tales of woe—with what trumpet tongues would they stand up to plead against the deep damnation of drunkenness!

Thus we see the penalties attending the violation of the laws of nature; we also see the state it brings a man into. We see his bad health, his reason is gone; he is unwilling to work for the maintenance of himself or his family; he would rather lounge about the taverns, or go about begging for money to buy a glass of rum.

How then can a man work if he has neither strength, reason nor willingness? He has then to be supported by the community. His children are uneducated and unfit for any thing except begging; the drunkard and children are then a burden to the community.

And by whom is this enormous burden borne? It is borne by the laboring classes. All expenditures are charged upon labor. It is labor that supplies the continued drain of a nation's resources. It is the propelling power, without which the machinery of government must stand still.

But if the laboring classes are drunkards, then the government must stand still; trade and manufactures will cease; the laboring classes will starve, and the country will be cursed with a multitude of tattered prodigals, miserable paupers, vicious and uneducated vagabonds, down from one generation to another; and all this arises from the use of spirituous liquors. But mark the difference. Let a man be a teetotaler—let him sign the pledge of *Total Abstinence* from all that can intoxicate; and if he be *good and true*, and puts his trust in providence, he will be free from the snares of King Alcohol, he will then be a *man* in the image of God, his body in good health, with a heart overflowing with love, purity and fidelity, loving his neighbor as himself—and being to others as he would have others be to him. He is then happy.

Then only will be found on earth, that perfection of bliss that fills up the cavities of the soul for enjoyment. The Libertine who boasts that like a bee he can sip sweets from a thousand blossoms has no conception of that pleasure without remorse—that contentment of spirit—that calm quiet joy that gladdens the heart of an upright, sober and industrious man: he is free to drink from the fountains of liberty and love, which flow freely in whatever way he may turn his steps. He can now behold the unspeakable mercies of God, and he can worship him in spirit and in truth.

Yet he is not released from labor; neither has he put off his working clothes, that he might be clothed in costly garments, and keep company with the *fashionable*.

But he works with pleasure and ease, for "where there is a will there is a way," and he, being a *sober* man, knows that he must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and his taste is sweeter when he thinks that it is the fruits of his own labor, and he rests satisfied that it is *honestly gotten*.

Then, his industry not being taxed to keep

up paupers, he can have "enough and to spare" He can then educate his children, that they may be virtuous and enterprising citizens, adding new trophies to the country's renown.

Misery is stopped to a most wonderful extent; heinous crimes are scarcely to be heard of; street brawls and fighting are no more—all may sleep in peace at night, and work at peace in the day.

The machinery of Government is at full speed; the drain that supplies the nation's resources is running in all its purity, bringing peace and plenty to the whole nation. Now, we see the effects of temperance on the working classes. We see them in the greatest misery through intemperance, and we see them raised to the dignity of honest and upright men by temperance; and the world, instead of being an unprincipled and uneducated set of vagabonds, is blest with a community of free, honest, upright, and industrious men, whose motto is friendship, love, and truth. Who, then, will say that the laboring classes are not benefited by temperance.

Cadets of Temperance, we see the importance of our object. It is not to be laughed at or trifled with.—We have already risen against an enemy that has srewed the world with its slain,—it has peopled the grave with its dead,—it has filled the earth with sighs and groans, and made the profoundest deep of hell give back the sound of wailings and of woe. *Onward then, let us go,—our foe is mighty—he spares neither the young man in his strength, nor the old man in his weakness—But our cause is good,—it is a cause of mercy, and benevolence, and by the grace of God, our course will be onward and upward; and our motto will be, as it ever has been,*

VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE.

If God be for us,
Who can be against us.

We understand it is the intention of Mr. Clendinnen, to offer another prize for competition by the Royal Mount Section, No. 115, Cadets of Temperance, in a short time. We hope many essays will be sent in: we have not yet heard the subject.

CONCORD SECTION, No. 116, Quebec.—Our section is getting on very well, just now, under the guidance of our present W.P., T. White, who is an old hand at the Cadets.

June 14, 1852.

W. R.

{ Malahide, Temperanceville,
C.W., June 8, 1852.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have been requested to lay before you my views on the subject of temperance.—It is a subject that ought to be imprinted on every man and boy's memory. It is evidently gaining ground in this part of the province. King Alcohol's banners are coming down every where:—the temperance cause makes its appearance. The temperance reform is a glorious one; and, although at first, it had to contend with much more numerous enemies, yet its power was irresistible, and now its enemies are so weak that almost all of them will make but a faint resistance, and then yield. I do sincerely hope that the glorious cause will do as well in other parts of the province as it has done in this.

Yours, in V., L. & T.,

LYMAN D. TEEPLE,

Secretary.

Green Oak Section, No. 139, }
Cadets of Temperance, C.W. }

Farmersville, 27th May, 1852.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having read in your excellent paper the accounts of the Cadets in different portions of the country, and thinking that perhaps an account of the progress of the order in this community would be interesting,—permit me to occupy a small portion of one of its columns. Farmersville Section, Cadets of Temperance, was organized 30th Jan., 1852, by D.G.W.P. Anderson, and the brothers of Fountain Section, Brockville.

It commenced with 16 charter members, and it has increased to 30 members, who are united for the purpose of exterminating Alcohol and improving themselves. The evenings pass off agreeably, and we are in expectation of having a fine school for the mental improvement of the youth of this vicinity. We have had some debates on different subjects, one of

which was "Which is the greatest evil, Intemperance or Slavery." Justice was done to the subject; some splendid speeches from some of the members were made and the W. P. decided the question agreeable to the wishes of both parties.

High hopes are entertained by the Division of Sons in this place, in respect to the Section. May these hopes be never blasted.

Yours, truly,
In Virtue, Love, and Temperance,
ONE OF ALCOHOL'S ENEMIES.

Custom.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

SIR,—Will you allow me, through the columns of your valuable periodical, to address a few words of encouragement to your patrons, the Cadets of Canada.

DEAR CADETS,—As you must be considered a class who are destined to found a new institution for the moral and physical improvement of those who shall immediately follow in your train, permit me to say a few words in regard to the present things around you, and more especially to the prevalent practice of dram-drinking. As you set out upon your message of amelioration, be not discouraged although you come in contact with individuals who may tell you that the practice of taking a dram is of such an old and hoary age that it would be casting a slur on the "good old times" if they were to desist from it; and if the custom was good for their forefathers, it must also be good for them; they therefore will keep up the time-honored custom. You will at once perceive the fallacy of this mode of reasoning, for if we were to carry out their principle, we could not get on at all. The world would come to a stand-still, and we would at once fall into a state nearly as bad as barbarism. But Cadets, we must laugh at such arguments as these, for they go for nothing. They wont do for the age of progress, for we could if we were to take up the "time-honored customs," we would at once have to abolish the steamboat, the railway, the

electric telegraph, and all the modern innovations upon the old system of things. This we cannot, nor wont. We cannot now wait for months for the receipt of a letter from the mother country. Going back to the old system in this single instance would be preposterous, nay ruinous. Now then, as going back is absurd, we must press onward, and if we cannot bring these stand-still sort of people along with us, we can just leave them behind. We should not be discouraged by their false reasoning. They at the best are only "clogs upon the wheels of time," and as such, we will have no connection with them, but go forward in the good work, and lend a helping hand to the various good movements now in operation to bring about the time when the "lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the nations shall learn war no more."

I need not multiply instances of the danger of following evil customs, let the following suffice, and may the Cadets be warned from it not to yield to practices which will soon gain the mastery over them:—

THE FORCE OF CUSTOM.

There was nothing in the history of James Solecut to entitle him to the appellation of an extraordinary man or prodigy, or one who was much adorned by nature or by art to be very "shiny." He pursued the even tenor of his way in the little village of J—, as a professor of the arts belonging to Saint Crispin, and was remarkable for nothing but the almost death-like catch-at-a-straw tenacity with which he stuck to particular ideas, or performed certain actions, or, in fact, did anything because he was "accustomed" to it. "Opium and custom guide mankind." "Thru' for ye," as the Irishman would say, and Jamie Solecut was the man to stick to custom. When reproved by some well-meaning person, who perceived the hold that 'custom' had of Jamie's very vitals, for his inconsistent actions as regards reason and conscience, Jamie, with the utmost sang froid, would say: "Why, bless ye, Sir, maanna I be like my neebors—ye wadna hac me to be aught uncommon frae my door neebors? Na, na, it downa do to craw loud when a' body's for to be quiet."

"But, Jamie, because your 'neebors' are silly folk and have jaundiced ideas of every thing, and act solely because its the 'custom,'

are we to infer that an honest, well learned man like you (here Jamie would grin from ear to ear) is to act foolishly because your 'necbors' do so too? Fie for shame, Jamie man, give up your hold of 'custom,' and act from the promptings of humanity and reason and science."

"But what am I to do," Jamie would say, "gin I try to tell them that, they'll say, 'gae awa,' Jamie, we maun e'en do as our forebears did afore us, and we'll do vera weel without your new-fangled notions.' There I am, Sir; I haena roon'h of words to battle it wi' them, and I maun e'en gie up the fecht. And, after a', where is the great guid o' acting frae the 'promiteen' of humanity and what else, when we can just do as our guid forebears did afore us?—peace be wi' them." Thus would Jamie Solecut argue and go on his way and act like his 'forebears,' because it was the "custom."

We have said that Jamie was not very "shiny." Nevertheless he was a little. He was possessed of a good sound judgment, quick understanding, and ready wit, easy to be persuaded, and tractable withal. This made him to be considered a superior man, at least far above mediocrity, and Jamie felt this, though, alas! he was an unchangeable friend of 'custom. He could be prevailed and softened down on any subject but this. He would do as his "forebears" did "afore" him, and he would not budge from their sapient deeds. Jamie went to the beer-shop, because it was the "custom." Jamie devoted one-half of his gains to it, because it was the "custom." Jamie did not send his children to school, because it was the "custom" not to send them till they became big, and then they did not much care for school or anything else. Jamie despised his wife because it was the "custom." He smoked, he snuffed, he chewed, because all three were the "custom." He came home drunk once a week to his poor anxious wife, because it was the "custom." He did not perform his promises to his customers, because that was nor the "custom." He told lies to them because it was, and ruined his own soul by so doing, for that was the "custom" too. And yet he knew as well as that he had a couple of eyes in his head that this was wrong, but yet he was a submissive slave to things that were the *custom*.

Jamie began to rise in trade, and prosper and grow rich, and sport a big house and a number of 'prentices, and a handsome shop—before the end of many years he was as comfortable as a tradesman could wish to be. Did he become a votary of Reason or Thought? No; still of "custom." It was new-year's eve, and Jamie Solecut resolved "to put out the auld and tak in the new" with a bit of a "eplore." As step 1st, he got drunk; 2nd, noisy; 3rd, outrageous; 4th, unconscious, till at last on the first day of another blessed year—forgetful of credit and reputation, home,

family, and friends,—he went about smashing windows, alarmed the peaceably disposed, broke three policemen's heads, half throttled the head bailie, jammed and barricaded the streets with casks, carts, &c.; in short, performed strange tricks, along with a crew of blackguard ragamuffins—and all because it was the "custom!" Next day found Jamie Solecut cool, in his right mind, and in the police office, from which he was brought and tried with some others, and found his pocket emptied of some five guineas, just merely because *that* was the "custom" too! He soon after lost his own custom, and became a ruined man. *That too was the custom.* Poor Jamie, have you enough of "custom" now? So I fear you have.

Yours truly,

G. M. R.

Puzzles for Pastime.

The answers to the enigmas in our June number are as follows:—

1.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

THE CADET.

2.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11

JOHN C. BECKET.

3.—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

Turn to the June number, and the details will easily be made up.

We desire a poetic answer to the following original

CHARADE.

Sometimes I clearly truth convey

To the enquiring mind;

Sometimes I wholly lead astray,

And stupify mankind.

Ofttimes I have myself been wrong,

Yet claim to lead the right;

In vice and virtue firmly strong,

I love and hate the light.

For war and peace I both contend;

I social wrongs redress;

I'm used to begging; often lend;

But oft increase distress.

I've seen you laugh at what I said,

And cry most bitter tears;

The rich, the poor, the grave, the gay,

For me have hopes and fears.

I cannot tell you what I am,

Nor what I yet shall do;

But all freemen my praise proclaim;

While tyrants stand in awe.

SHEM.

The answers to enigmas, in June number, sent by A. Dutton, Royal Mount Section, C. of T., Montreal; John Canavan, Rainbow Section, No. 9, Cobourg; J. Barnard, Montreal, and Georgious, Montreal, are all correct,

Things to Think About.

The world is a great school where deceit in all its forms is one of the first lessons learned.

Many a man, full of excellent qualities wants the particular one which brings them all into play.

Blessed is the young lady whose parents are poor, as she will not be tormented by fortune-hunters.

If you would be healthy, be temperate; if wealthy, be industrious; if happy, be virtuous.

Men generally can judge well of the mode of attaining the end, but ill of the value of the end itself.

'Never marry but for love,' says William Penn, in his *Reflections and Maxims*; 'but see that the a lovest what is lovely.'

Woman is the very joy of life; she is to man what the sun is to the world, cheering the heart of care, and soothing the hour of sadness.

The parent who would train up a child in the way we should go, must go in the way in which he would train up the child.

It is a shame for a man to desire honor because of his noble progenitors, and not to deserve it by his own virtue.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are, though the exact reverse is the case with most men.

ASPECT OF BRAVERY.—'I never knew,' said Lord Erskine, 'a man remarkable for heroic bravery, whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity.'

'I never complained of my condition,' said the Persian poet Sadi, 'but once when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but then I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot.'

Mr. Adam, of Wintringham, observing how little we have to boast of, says most truly, 'That half of our virtue was owing to our being out of the way of temptation;' and the following kindred sentiment is to be found in Shakespeare:—'How apt the sight to do ill deeds, make ill deeds done.'

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away and yet constantly coming.

Equivocation is a mean expedient to avoid the declaration of truth without verbally telling a lie.

The same degree of penetration that shows you another in the wrong, shows him also, in respect to that instance, your inferior; hence the observation and the real fact, that people of clear heads are what the world calls opinionated.

A TIPPLER'S BLOOD.—Dr. Pray recently bled a tippler, and found that the watery elements were nearly gone, and alcohol supplied their place. He applied a torch to the blood, and it ignited. It had such an effect upon the inebriate that he reformed.

Things to Smile at.

Why is a new-paper like an army?—Because it has *leaders, columns, and reviews*.

Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder-cloud?—Because it keeps continually *lightening*.

'Ma, whereabouts on the map shall I find the State of Matrimony?' 'Oh, my dear, that is one of the *United States*.'

A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to give one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally follows his nose.

An Irish washerwoman was complaining of her hardships to her husband, who was sometimes in the habit of flagellating her. He endeavored to persuade her that her complaints were groundless, and with other arguments remarked that she 'always had a plinty of wood and wather in the house.' 'An' ye may well say that,' she keenly retorted, 'I'll always have plinty ov that while I'm wid you; for I'll never be widout a stick to my back or a tear in my eye.'

A lady, renowned for repartee, and a gentleman noted for tenacity to his own opinion, were overheard in deep and earnest conversation. Says Mr. M. (waxing rather warm), 'Mrs. C., facts are stubborn things.' Says Mrs. C. to Mr. M., 'Then what a fact you must be!'

THE ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WILL SMELL AS SWEET.—'Aha! Johnnie lad, ye'll not have ve'r drain the day,' said a little boy to a man who wrought occasionally in his father's garden, and who was wont to receive a daily allowance of mountain dew from his employer by way of his 'eleventh hour.' 'What way that? said John, with an air of disappointment, mixed with incredulity.' 'Ah, lad! my father joined the tectotal yeastreen, an' he's poured a' the whiskey in amo' the ginger wine.'

A gentleman, in his eagerness at the table to answer a call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when a wag, who sat just opposite to him, very gravely observed, whilst he held his plate, 'Sir, I'll trouble you for a bit *whilst your hand's in!*'

A gentleman about to start from Birmingham to London the other day, had nearly forgot his great coat. The girl being scolded by her mistress for neglecting to place the coat in readiness, replied, with the most perfect simplicity and *naïvete*, 'Lauk, mum, were ud a bin the matter if he'd gone without it? we cud a sent it arter him by the lectric telly-grave.'

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