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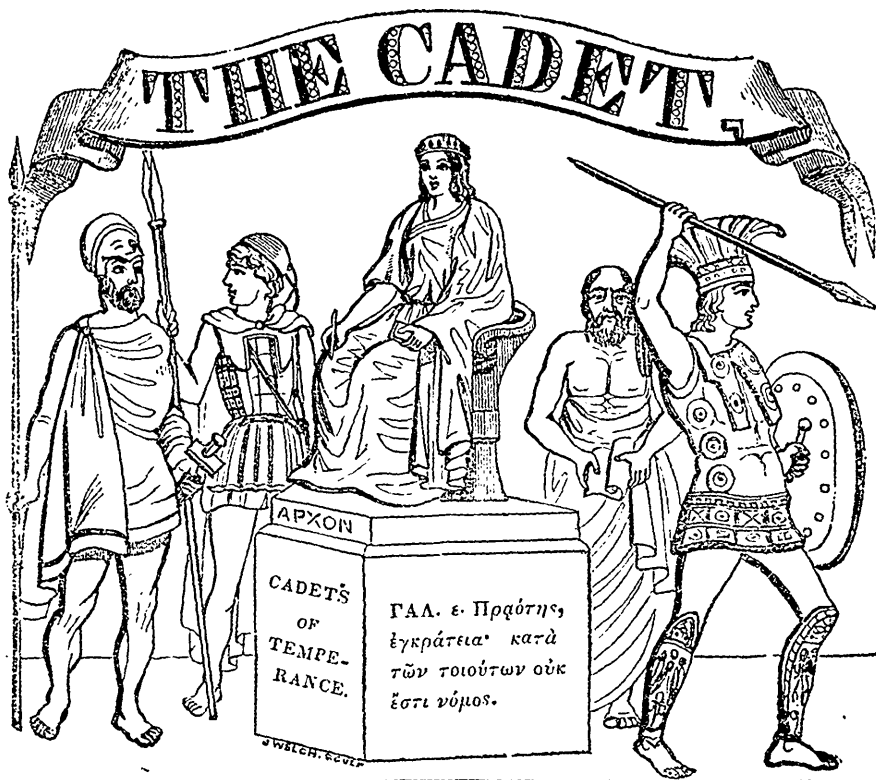
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1852.

No. 2.

Dancing.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, in an article in the *New-York Evangelist*, on the inconsistency of dancing, makes the following forcible appeal to those addicted to the practice:—

"Dear youth! candidate for heaven! the ball-room is not far from the grave; and from the scenes of hilarity in the one you will soon go to the gloom of the other. The ball-room is not far from the eternal world—but oh, how unlike are the scenes of the one to those of the other? The one is *not* a place of preparation for the other. It is not the place which God has appointed as that in which youth should prepare for the world of glory. No one by the amusements of a ball-room has been made fit for heaven, nor do any of its pleasures form the mind to enjoy God. Why, then, should the precious season of

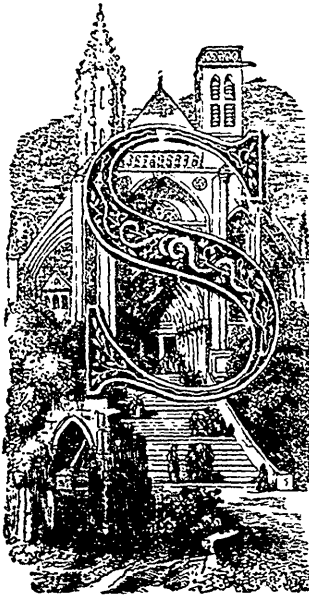
probation be wasted in such scenes? Why, amidst its amusements, should the hope of everlasting life be endangered? Remember that you dance over the grave; remember that the moments wasted thus will be reviewed when you stand at the bar of God, and far on in that eternal world to which you go. Then, no wasted season can be recalled, and if the soul is lost you can never, never recover the opportunity of salvation which you once enjoyed."

It is surprising what fascinations the ball-room has for its votaries—fascinations which the solemnities of death will not remove. We know a lady who attended a ball in this city a few weeks since, on an exceedingly stormy night. The daughter of a physician who danced at that ball took a severe cold, and in less than two weeks was a stiffened corse! Yet this

solemn warning affects not our friend. She still loves the ball-room, and it seems as if she would court its gaiety, though positive that it was leading her to the precincts of lost spirits! Such infatuation is folly; it is madness, it is eternal death. — *Day Star.*

The Return Home.

Continued from page 4.



TANLEY felt this might be a death blow to his future prospects. The reason of his dismissal would soon be noised abroad, and he would be disgraced in the eyes of the world. While in this uncomfortable mood, he met a gentleman whose son he was intimate,

who addressing him remarked that one of his clerks had been taken suddenly ill, at a busy time too.

"Could I not take his place?" said Frank eagerly.

"Certainly," was the reply, "if you are free from Mr. Stainton."

Frank said he was; quite so; and the merchant, imagining that his time was out, and having heard his son name him in the most favorable terms, instantly engaged him to fill this situation, until the clerk's recovery, when there would probably be another vacancy. But in a very little time his new master became acquainted with all the facts of the case, and he felt that Stanley had not acted fairly and uprightly to him, in concealing his discharge.

The old habits of the youth returned upon him soon again. His master saw many things blameable in his whole conduct; and ere long, finding that his reproofs

were received not only with sullenness, but with coolness bordering on contempt, he dismissed Stanley from his service, with every mark of disgrace. The unhappy youth supposed at first that some or other of his companions would get him employment in one way or other; but he soon found his mistake. They had found out he was no credit to them, he was taking sadly too much to liquor; then his temper was changed; he was not so lively as he used to be: altogether they thought they had better shake him off. Frank saw their coldness, but tried to hide it even from himself. He would see them once more; ask their advice, to-night, and if they failed him—but they surely could not.

He had just made this resolve, when a servant opened the room door, and introduced Edward Richmond. The meeting of the young men was embarrassed; but Edward soon shook this off, and enquired earnestly and kindly what Stanley meant to do? The morose answer was, that he neither knew nor cared. Then Edward reminded him of other days; begged him to try again; brought to his mind his aunt, his sister; urged him for their sakes to strive. He spoke of his own unchanged affection, and entreated him to suffer his early friend to lend him an helping hand. Frank listened in silence: his countenance repeatedly changed, but he proudly stifled the better feelings that rose in his heart, and passionately flinging off the hand that Edward in his earnestness had laid on his arm, he cried,

"Begone; I want not your aid or your friendship," and turning as he spoke, left the room and the house.

The next morning, Mr. Moreland, at the request of Edward, called there to see Stanley; but he had left the house early, as soon as it was light, with a small bundle, and was gone, no one knew whither. Gone, a wanderer cast upon a heartless world, with no steady principles to guide his steps.

And Edward, his career must be briefly told. The clouds that darkened his pathway had been few, to what he had expected; he had won his master's esteem by his diligence; and his engaging manners awakened feelings akin to affection. He had formed two or three acquaintances, and entered keenly into the pleasures of social intercourse; but never suffered amusement to interfere with duty. Mr. Moreland had liked the youth from the first; had witnessed his efforts to save his friend, and marked the patience with

which he bore the jests of his fellow workers, on account of the Pledge, and the kindness with which he forgave them. Mr. Moreland had watched his progress with almost a father's eye, and at the end of two years, confessed to himself that Edward was all, or more, than he had thought to find him.

The worthy man was soon after seized with a malignant fever. His head clerk, who supplied his master's place in his absence, fell a victim to the same; and Mrs. Moreland, calling for Edward, told him that her husband had ever expressed the greatest confidence in his skill and care; and begged him to take charge of his master's concerns, and consider them as his own.

This sudden elevation made no difference in the manners of the modest youth; and so admirably were the affairs of Mr. Moreland conducted, and so faithfully was every part of Edward's duties discharged, that when his master returned to his place again, he not only gave the youth warm commendation, but took him into partnership with himself, that (as he told Mr. Richmond) since he had no son, Edward should be to him as one.

Mr. Moreland being now able to resume his duties, and thinking his young friend looked pale and sickly from too much application, advised him to seek a renovation of health by a "return home."

Joyfully the young man accepted the offer; he longed again to see his parents and his sisters. They knew not of his intended visit; it was to be unexpected.—Only one thought now pained Edward, and half damped his pleasure, and that belonged to his friend. Where now was he? None could answer that question: for from the night of his leaving Edward, he had never been heard of, had never written to his friends. Oh was it not too probable that the evil spirit had gained the mastery over him; that his health might have sunk beneath excess; that now he might be numbered with the dead. The thought was very painful, and Edward tried to turn his mind to something else. At last the little village,—its church, its scenery, well known and loved; its rustic noise; and more than all, his father's house, rose before the eye of the long absent one returned. When the coach stopped, he alighted, and muffled himself in a large cloak, and drew his cap over his brow, to escape recognition; but the twilight was deepening, and though (it being Saturday night) many were walking

in the street, many whom the youth well knew, yet he passed by unchallenged, and gained at last his father's door—his childhood's home. Edward's heart beat high, and his hand shook, as he raised the knocker. The summons was replied to by an old maid servant, a great favorite in the family. Edward asked, in a voice, as he thought, disguised, if Mr. Richmond was in? but instead of the reply, he heard only the exclamation, "Bless me! whose voice is it?" and laying his hands on her arm, cried in a low tone, "Hush, Jeanie, hush!" But Jeanie was too much entraptured to heed, and setting up a scream of delight, she rushed forward, flung open the parlor door, and exclaimed, "Master Edward, Master Edward." At the same instant, the youth himself appeared before the astonished circle, and parents and sisters sprang eagerly forward to meet and embrace him.

Books and work were laid aside, and all sitting round the household hearth, multiplied question on question; and Edward replied to all, gazed on the familiar objects around, and returned each affectionate smile; patted old Pompey; waked the cat from a sound sleep to fondle it, and took his youngest sister on his knee to play with his watch. But ere long, a shade crossed his brow, and he said almost involuntarily, "Poor Stanley."

"Ay, poor Stanley," repeated his father, "his was a return home indeed."

"Has he returned?" cried Edward with startling quickness.

"He has, my boy, but so altered; so worn; so emaciated in body; so bowed in spirits."

"Has he returned penitent?" asked Edward faintly.

"I hope so; it was but for a little time that I saw him; but his painful story was told me by his aunt. After leaving you, he went to Liverpool, and tried there to support himself; but he lost energy, health gradually failed, and he had none to encourage, to cheer, or to care for him; he lost hope; stooped to low employments; strove to drown the sense of misery and the voice of God by drinking to excess.—At last this mad career was stopped; a burning fever confined the poor fellow many days to his bed; here he had time to think; here, for the first time, he sought the help of his Maker. As soon as he could crawl (to use his own words) he took the Pledge. His heart yearned for his home: it was a long journey, and he was nearly destitute, and very weak; but

he met with much kindness on the way, and arrived here about a week ago. He has never been out yet: he shinks from every eye; and none go to him; he has fallen, and that is enough. His old associates pass coldly by the door. I saw him, indeed, but only a short time. In that brief space, he twice spoke of you, but his lip quivered as he pronounced your name, and he quickly turned the conversation. But, my son, this news has clouded your cheerfulness, and actually paled your cheek, let us talk of something else."

Edward smiled, and tried to regain his usual spirits; and the evening passed happily away. On the next morning, how sweet seemed the simple rustic chimes to Edward: he followed his parents to church with his sisters by his side; and bent his knee with sincere gratitude to that God, who had been the guide of his youth.— With a fervent spirit he joined in the prayers, and listened to the strains sung by the old familiar voices; and received again the instructions of his aged pastor.

All was at last concluded; and the congregation poured out: then on the little green, his old comrades and their parents thronged around Edward, shaking his hand, congratulating him on his success, and welcoming him home again. With warmth of feeling, the young man replied to their greetings, and cordially grasped each offered hand. But there was one who came not near. Poor Stanley had not been to church, but having heard of Edward's arrival, he longed to see him, and now, stealing amongst the grave stones, he watched the scene with feelings none can tell. He saw the outstretched hand, heard the hearty welcome; the deep tone of the reply. The poor fellow gazed until his eyes were blinded by tears, then he turned away; but there was no envy, or bitterness in his heart now, and he longed to join the group, and blend his voice with theirs, but he dared not. The quick eye of Edward had seen him; he understood the abrupt departure, and breaking from the circle of youths, said—

"You must excuse me now; I will see you all again before I return to town, but poor Stanley is yonder, I must go to him; have you all seen him yet? No! Oh I understand, you wished perhaps that he should get rather settled first; you are right, quite right, if you thought so. But he and I are such old friends, there need be no ceremony between us. Farewell, then, awhile."

"Good bye, good bye," was repeated

on all sides, and they parted. Edward hastened to the nook, by the side of the church, where he had seen Frank go, and found him there, sitting on the grass, his face buried in his folded arms. Edward watched him for a few moments, and then approached his side, and laid his hand on the youth's shoulder, exclaiming—

"Frank, dear Frank."

A convulsive start was the only evidence that Stanley knew of his friend's presence, for he never raised his head; and Edward kneeling by him said earnestly—

"I have come to Stanley, since he would not come to me; and now, has the friend of my boyhood no greeting to give? has Frank no welcome for Edward?"

The youth lifted up his face; every feature was working with emotion: he placed both his hands in Edward's, crying faintly—

"You deserve it all."

There was a few moment's pause, and the young men gazed on each other in silence. The sad contrast was keenly felt by Stanley, and he said with some bitterness in his tone—

"Was there not enough to welcome you?"

"No, no," answered Edward quickly, "there was one voice, one hand wanted still; and all the others could not supply the lack."

"Oh, can you thus speak after all that has passed?" said Frank. "But Edward, could you have known the agony that followed our last meeting, for the rashly spoken words; ay, only a few hours afterwards, you would, I think, have forgiven me. I have wandered sadly wrong since then."

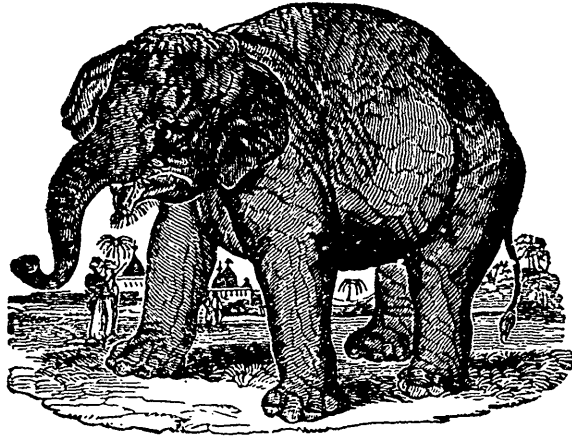
"Hush, hush my poor fellow; if you have sinned you have suffered," said Edward earnestly. "I came now to bid you hope for happier days; to tell you that the aid and the hand of a friend shall be yours, to lighten and brighten your pathway, if you will take them."

Frank grasped the offered hand in both his own; his heart was too full for words, but the convulsive pressure was reply enough, and Edward understood it.

Shortly after, the young men were seen walking slowly to Stanley's house; Edward stayed awhile with his friend, and then returned to his father's house. During the time he stayed in the village, all his efforts were to amuse and cheer Stanley; who, as soon as his health was restored, followed Edward to town, and obtained, through his influence, the situation

under Mr. Moreland that Edward had lately held. The lesson had not been given in vain; Frank was a wiser man: the path of duty was unwaveringly trod: the Pledge was never broken: and when,

after a walk of two years, consistent and honorable, the young men visited their native village, it was Stanley's to share the PLEASURES AND THE TRIUMPH of that "Return Home."



The Elephant.

The mode of securing elephants in Ceylon is described as follows:—

The work of catching and securing them, would be a difficult and dangerous task, were it not for the assistance rendered by tame elephants, trained for the purpose. One of these animals will gradually entice one of the herd to a little distance from his fellows, and engage his attention by a gentle caress. He rubs his ears, strokes his trunk softly, and mumbles praises of elephantine endearment, till the susceptible beast is beguiled by these tokens of affection. Presently a second tame elephant comes up on the other side and repeats the process, till the most complete confidence is established.—Then, at the right period, they dexterously twine both their trunks around the trunk of the victim, and hold him as in a vice. These elephants wear collars around their shoulders, to which stout ropes are fastened. While the trunk of the wild animal is held, two or three natives are busy in fastening these ropes to his hind legs, and he is thus incapable of moving either forward or backward, except as his loving friends allow. He is then taken and made fast to a tree, where he is suffered to remain three or four days without food or drink. At the end of this time, the tame elephants are brought up again, and after being secured he is taken down to a stream and

watered. He is approached very cautiously at first, but, in the course of ten days or two weeks, becomes docile enough to be driven at large with the tame beasts.

The natives have another way of taking them, but it is not often practised. The elephant, like all gentlemen living in the tropics, is fond of a siesta during the heat of the day. Occasionally he will rest his huge hulk against some convenient tree, and take an hour's doze with great satisfaction. Some of the Cingalese are daring enough, at this time, to creep stealthily through the jungle till they reach his very feet. Notwithstanding his thick hide, the elephant is very sensitive to touch. The native, provided with a rope, the other end of which is made fast to a tree, touches very gently the hind leg of the animal, who, lifting his foot to shake off the supposed fly, instantly gives an opportunity for a noose to be slipped under. The same process is repeated with the other foot, and the elephant wakes up and finds himself caught. Large numbers are shot, principally by the British officers stationed in Ceylon, who appear to enjoy sporting on such a gigantic scale. A cool head and a sure aim are all that is required. A slight hollow in the elephant's forehead, just between and above his eyes, is penetrable by a musket ball, and a single shot is generally sufficient to bring him down.—*Exchange.*

HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely.—
Joys no stranger heart can tell."

What a charm rests on the endearing name, my home! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to hush the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home,—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path may be checkered by sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears, yet, when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it delights to linger, as the loved scene of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone.—what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather round him, and strive in vain to win a smile! Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home; of the loved ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she, too, had a happy home; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby, which a mother only can sing, who in girlhood days taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to his name,

has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is mingling her songs and tuning her golden harp with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to tread the golden path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world. The objects most dear are snatched away.—We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away" is engraved on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no change, where separation never takes place, where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their grief, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in heaven.

In the shadowy past, there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither; it is the recollection of home. In the visioned future, there is one bright star whose lustre never fades; it is the hope of home—of a heavenly home.—*Musical Visitor.*

A Scotch Proverb.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage," is a Scotch proverb. *Blithe* means joyful, or gay; and a *blooming visage*, as all know, means a countenance full of health, beauty and vigor. Now then, if our young friends would have such a countenance—all blooming with health and beauty—they must seek constantly to have a blitheful or joyful heart. To have such a heart, it is essential that we have a *peaceful conscience*—"a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man" With a *self accusing conscience*, how can there be a blithe heart? "Great peace have they that love thy law," says the Psalmist, "and nothing shall offend them." No child or youth can have a more blitheful heart than the one that has peace with God; and no one ought ever to show a more blooming visage. There is, indeed, one exception to this. A true Christian, when wasting away with disease, may have a heart full of joy and bliss. Then the countenance will not, of course, be blooming with the ruddiness of health; but it will even then, be blooming with the sweetest loveliness and beauty.—*Well Spring.*

It is seldom that youth, however high-minded, is able, from mere strength of character and principle, to support itself against the force of ridicule.

The Pyramid.

The following pleasant and ingenious thing is by C. S. Percival, and is copied from the *Louisville Journal*. To be read ascendingly, descendingly, and condescendingly:—

There
For aye
To stay
Commanding,
'Tis standing,
With godlike air,
Sublimely fair,
Its fame desiring,
Its height admiring,
Looks on it from afar,
Lo! every sunny star,
To raise the pole to heaven,
These beautiful stones are given.
Each pray'r for truth's inspiring light,
Each manly struggle for the right,
Each kindly word to cheer the lowly,
Each aspiration for the holy,
Each strong temptation nobly overcome,
Each glorious passion held in stern dumb,
As slow it rises toward the upper heaven,
Stone after stone unto the mass is given
Its base upon the earth, its apex in the skies,
The Poor Man's Character, a Pyramid doth rise.

Trifles Make up the Sum of Life.

Is my reader young, and resolved on a virtuous career? Does health mantle his cheek, and confidence animate his heart? Does hope tell "her flattering tale," and the fair future promise him all that he desires? If so, it would ill become me to rob him of his unrealized treasures, and much rather would I strengthen than weaken his trust in the goodly tomorrows he believes he shall enjoy. He can, however, only reasonably hope to possess them by taking heed to his steps. Years are made up of hours, and life of trifling occurrences. He must make up his account, then, to rely not on the wonderful deeds he may occasionally achieve, so much as on his daily course. Looking up for help, in his commonest thoughts, and words, and deeds, he must love to do good to those around him, and remember his Creator in the days of his youth.—*Old Humphrey*.

Idleness a Curse.

To all classes, young and old, rich and poor, want of employment is a great calamity. The poor need the avails of active labor; it is the means of comfort and subsistence to the poor, though most men deem it a misfortune that they are compelled to confine themselves to active duties. Though toil and sweat are consequent on the fall of man, yet its concomitants are health and happiness, and the same power which ordained labor has established a severe penalty on a violation

of the condition of our existence requiring it. Poverty, ill-health and misery, and generally vice follow in the train of idleness, with the humbler class of society.

And is it better with the rich, and the children of such? We think not. Men whose early lives have been devoted to active business, which has been crowned with wealth, have found that their physical and mental faculties have suffered when they have retired to enjoy it. The lives of very laborious people, who in old age resort to idleness, are shortened several years; or, if their lives are prolonged, they are often gouty, nervous, and uncomfortable to themselves and their friends! whilst the old man who keeps himself steadily employed, even though rich, has a quiet and happy evening of his life. His countenance beams with cheerfulness and good-nature, and the maxims of wisdom and experience fall from his lips for the benefit of the young, who receive them with a greedy avidity because they see them practically exemplified in the life of their venerable mentor.

Let us now examine the effects of idleness on the young. Do the sons of rich men usually take the places and honors of their fathers? Very seldom. Wherefore? Because they have been above the necessity of labor.

Who have taken into their hands the places of business, the offices of teaching, and the high places of our country? Certainly not the rich, nor the sons of the rich; if so, with few and rare exceptions. In Boston and most other cities the merchants, ministers, teachers and distinguished lawyers are very far from being the sons of the rich. They were, mostly, poor young men, who only possessed integrity, tact and industry. Such was the late Col. Amos Binney, who left nearly a million dollars, though dying when scarcely past the meridian of life. Such were the Appletons and the Lawrences among our millionaires; and we might go on to name five hundred in the city of Boston, now going on the highway to wealth, or already affluent or high in position—men who started in the world without a dollar.

On the other hand, alas, who are many of the poor? Who have broken fortunes, and ruined constitutions? They are the children and descendants of the rich of the last, or a former generation. Many such obtain a humble pittance by serving the children of those whom their parents would have spurned from their presence. Why is all this? Those now affluent made them-

selves such by industry and tact, coupled with shrewdness, and an integrity of character which won them confidence; though we are sorry to say, every industrious man does not possess integrity and good character; it must be superadded to industry to ensure prosperity.

Idleness we see under all circumstances to be a curse; it brings the rich and their sons to poverty, misery and crime, whilst industry, its opposite and its antagonist, gives health, vigor, wealth, honor, and every desirable good. May we not earnestly urge upon young men to flee from idleness as a fell destroyer of soul and body, of hopes here and forever! Idleness creates a vacuum which is usually filled up with vices and crime; therefore eschew it as a deadly destroyer.—*Olive Branch.*

Temperance in the Navy.

The use of spirits in the navy has been the source of much evil, but we are happy to find that the seamen themselves begin voluntarily to relinquish their spirit ration. They consider it a source of mischief. "A sailor," says Rev. Walter Colton, in his "Deck and Port," "attached to one of our frigates, was court-martialled for an attempt to break open the spirit-room. His defence before the court was ingenious, to say the least of it. The government, he said, had given him two tots of grog during the day, and a third by way of splicing the main brace; the ward-room steward had given him, for some service he had rendered, two more, and these five had made him crazy. It was not him, he said, but the *whisky* which was in him, that had made the assault on the spirit room; and now, as the government had administered to him more than half of the *whisky*, the government should bear half the responsibility of the offence. He, therefore, prayed that one half of the lashes which his offence merited might be given to the government, and the other half he would take himself."

There is a volume of argument in this defence, against the whisky ration. It is a shame for the government to render a sailor half intoxicated, and then punish him for becoming wholly so. It is the *first* glass, and not the last, on which your indignation should light. This whisky-ration has done evil enough in the service—let it be consigned to perdition, where it belongs.

I Will be Something.

So said a youth of ambitious aspirations after fame. *Will be something!* So thought our first parents, when they ate the forbidden fruit; they would be as gods, and we know full well the result. So determined Napoleon, and ended his life on the dreary Island of St. Helena. So have resolved thousands, who, in seeking renown, have done more injury than good. "Seek not honor one of another." "Be clothed with humility." Such are the commands of God, and well would it be for the prosperity and happiness of man if they were better heeded. *Be something!* Young man, let that alone, care not for it—Adopt a better motto,—*I will do something!*—God says much upon doing. "Do with thy might whatsoever thy hand findeth to do." Stand not idle. Work; yes, *work*, but work *right*. Take your directions from the Bible. Imitate a Daniel—a Paul—especially the Saviour. Be a worker with God, and then, yea, then you will receive "an hundred-fold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Poetry.

Droop not upon Your Way.

BY JOHN BARNES.

Ho! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed,
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind.
Mark out the path ye fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play,
And if it be an honest one.
Keep steadfast on your way.

Although ye may not gain at once
The points ye most desire,
Be patient—time can wonders work,
Plod on, and do not tire;
Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threaten'g, stern array,
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

Then while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by;
Let "forward" be the move ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry.
And when success has crown'd your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
Ye see the good your labor's done,
Then droop not on your way.

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, MAY 1, 1852.

Disastrous Loss of Life.



WITHIN the past few months several awful catastrophes have occurred, which have involved not only the loss of a great amount of money, and property of money value, but also the sad and mournful loss of human life. Perhaps you have read of the burning of the steamship *Amazon*. This vessel belonged to the West India Company's line of steam packets. On the 2nd of January she sailed from Southampton on her first voyage. Early on the Sunday morning following she was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread rapidly, and the utmost exertion of the crew and others, were insufficient to extinguish the flames. What an awful scene then presented itself! All would try to make their escape, but few were successful. Out of 161 persons on board, 115 are supposed to have perished.

Another very disastrous occurrence took place in Yorkshire, England, on the 5th of February last. It was at a village called Holmfirth, near Huddersfield. In the neighborhood there are various mills and factories. To supply these with requisite water power, several years ago the Legislature granted an act for the construction of several large reservoirs. Some of these reservoirs were insecure, and heavy rains had made them quite dangerous. Fears were excited, but no sufficient precaution was taken. At the time mentioned, past the hour of midnight, when the weary workmen and their families were asleep, they are suddenly overwhelmed with a sea of water—their

houses are swept away, and themselves and furniture precipitated into the impetuous torrent. One of the reservoirs had burst its embankments, and the waters rushed forth with dreadful haste. The flood destroyed almost the whole town; a burying-ground was robbed of many of its dead by the whirling waters, but the saddest scenes of all were the dead who but the night before were living and anticipating life. A gentleman who was an eye-witness, says:—"At one inn, I saw eight bodies of one family. On one table side by side, lay five lovely children, each a little taller than the other, like so many steps. At their feet lay their mother, in fearless insensibility to their fate and her own. The father escaped. On the other side of the room, the grandfather lay, and by his side a stalwart son." This must have been a most melancholy sight. Surviving friends had recognized and claimed 62 dead bodies, and a few others had not at that time been recognized. We are far away from the scene of these sad disasters, but our youthful readers will feel sorrow and pity, both for the dead and the living. The dead were suddenly called away, and the living mourn over their irreparable loss. The destruction of mere property is of minor importance. A ship may be burned worth £100,000; a village and large factories may be destroyed worth £100,000 more, but when the lives of hundreds of our fellow-beings are sacrificed, and scores of families bereaved, then it is felt impossible to calculate the loss in money value. This sentiment of the value of human life is general, at least in civilized countries. War is considered as horrible, and the wanton destruction of human life is everywhere execrated.

Do you ask why we have sketched these narratives, and introduced the topic of the value of human life? We answer, because we are anxious to impress on your minds the fact that there occurs disastrous loss of life, by other than accidental means.

You have heard of people who destroyed their own lives, and you may know some still living, who are constantly injuring their healths, and destroying their lives by the use of alcoholic drinks. Alarm and dismay agitate a whole country when an epidemic rages. Distress and sympathy are experienced by all thoughtful persons when a ship is burned or a country is overwhelmed by flood. But it is to be feared that the frightful ravages made in families by strong drink is not considered with sufficient seriousness. "Wine is a mocker." There is deception and treachery in the cup, and thousands who unite in lamentation over the casualties that occur, and the sudden death of their fellows, are themselves laying the foundations of disease and premature death. Our opinion is justified by the testimony of eminent medical and other gentlemen. Dr. Harris, of the United States, says:—"The moderate use of spirituous liquors has destroyed many who were never drunk." Dr. Beecher says:—"That habitual drinking is worse than periodical drunkenness." Dr. Rush, says:—"I have known many persons destroyed by ardent spirits who were never completely intoxicated during the whole course of their lives." Sir Astley Cooper, says:—"Spirits and poisons are synonymous terms." About 550,000 gallons of these spirituous poisons are annually imported into Canada from foreign or distant countries. More than that quantity is annually distilled in the country, to say nothing about beer and cider. Now, young friends, have you not great need to be upon your guard against these destructive poisons. The consumer of these liquors is consumed by them, and our whole province is infected. Most of you who read this are already pledged to abstain. Keep your pledge to the end of your life. A fire more terrible than that which consumed the *Amazon* is raging in the country. The passengers and crew of the ill-fated vessel could not put out that fire.

But if all the youths of Canada will combine, we shall extinguish the flames of Alcohol. If the floods of intemperance are not checked by drying up their sources; destruction more terrible than that of Holmfirth will occur all over the land. Cadets and Daughters of Temperance, unite with the Sons and others, and let us prevent human slaughter—let us hinder the destruction of human life!

Energy.

"Energy," says Daniel Wise, is force of character—inward power. It imparts such a concentration of the will upon the realization of an idea, as enables the individual to march unawed over the most gigantic barriers, or to crush every opposing force that stands in the way of his triumph. Energy knows of nothing but success; it will not hearken to voices of discouragement; it never yields its purpose; though it may perish beneath an avalanche of difficulty, yet it dies contending for its ideal." It required such an energy as this to carry on the organization of the Cadets of Temperance,—one of the most important organizations of our times,—to its present high and exalted position.

When we look back to the first commencement of this order, we are surprised and amazed to see what has been accomplished in so short a time, contending, as they have had to contend, with ignorant and violent prejudice; an opposition founded on mistaken views, and trials and discouragements seldom or never met before by any other order; and yet we have gone on, and now stand before the world a galaxy, brightened by thousands and tens of thousands of the noble lads dwelling on this North American continent—the Cadets of Temperance. And what has accomplished all this? Nothing but a steady, uniform, unyielding energy.

Our watchword has been onward and upward, and truly has it been carried out; for our march is now a continued and bril-

liant scene, passing like magic before the eye, yet with a consistency solid, firm, and unyielding, onward, onward, and as it gains strength from the hundreds of rivulets that join the swelling tide, it is rising upwards as with a talismanic power, bearing before it the banner inscribed with our glorious motto of "Virtue, Love, and Temperance." Let us still maintain with energy our noble Order,—that energy, "though it may perish beneath an avalanche of difficulty, yet dies contending for its ideal"—and the time will soon come when our heralds will proclaim the glad tidings of victory over everything that opposes "Virtue, Love, and Temperance." In conclusion, we give the following for the consideration of the individual Cadet, as an exemplification of our subject—energy:—

Longfellow's "Excelsior" is a beautiful embodiment of the idea of Energy. It is a young man seeking genuine excellence—proving himself superior to the love of ease, the blandishments of passion, and the sternest outward difficulties. The reader beholds him ascending the rugged steeps of the upper Alps at the dangerous hour of twilight. In his hand he bears a banner, whose strange device, "Excelsior," is the visible expression of his noble purpose, to attain the height of human excellence. His brow is sad, his eyes are gleaming with the light of lofty thought, his step is firm and elastic, while his deep, earnest cry, "Excelsior!" rings with startling effect among the surrounding crags and glaciers. Ease, in the form of an enchanting cottage, with its cheerful fireside, invites him to relax his effort. Danger frowns upon him from the brow of the awful avalanche, and from the "pine tree" withered branch. Caution, in the person of an aged Alpine peasant, shouts in his ear, and bids him beware; while Love, in the form of a gentle maiden, with beaming breast and bewitching voice woos him to her quiet bowers. But vain are the seductions of love, the voices of fear, or the aspects of danger. Regardless of each and all, animated by his sublime aims, intent on success, he only grasps his mysterious banner more firmly, and bounds with swifter step along the dangerous steep. Through falling snows, along unseen paths, amidst intense darkness, beside the most horrible chasms, he pursues his way, cheering his

spirit, and startling the ear of night with his battle cry, "Excelsior!" until, on reaching the summit, in the moment of accomplished purpose, his work done, his manly form chilled by the cold breath of the frost, he falls—yea, nobly falls—into the treacherous snow-drift, and

"There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, so ene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

"From the summit of human attainment on earth, he had gone to dwell in the blessed heaven of God. There his spirit, bathed in light, soars for ever amidst the unspeakable glories of the Infinite.

"This is a beautiful ideal of an energetic youth triumphing, even to the salvation of his immortal soul."

May the dream of the poet be realized in the experience of the reader!

Cadet's Library.

The Cadets of Temperance in this city are forming a Library for their own use, and they have requested us to say that donations of books or money will be thankfully received from Cadets or others favorable to their laudable undertaking.

Donations may be left at this office, or at Mr. G. B. Scott's, 111, Craig Street, Montreal.

(To the Editor of the Cadet)

Brantford, March 23, 1852.

Sir,—At a regular meeting of the Brant Section, No. 41, Cadets of Temperance, it was moved by A. Mathews, seconded by J. Carnegie, and resolved—"That we, the Brant Section, No. 41, Cadets of Temperance, hear with pleasure that a paper is about to be published in Montreal, under the title of "The Cadet," and that we hail its appearance as a favorable omen, and that we, the Brant Section, recognise it as the best organ for circulating the principles of our Order in this Province; and, in token, we hereby order ten copies to the use of the Section," and hereby enclose the sum of ten shillings currency.

Wishing you every success, I remain yours, in the bonds of Virtue, Love, and Temperance,

JOHN CARNEGIE, Jr., Sec.

Quebec, March 25, 1852.

Mr J. C. Becket :

Sir,—I here forward you a copy of a resolution passed unanimously at the last meeting of Concord Section, No. 116, Cadets of Temperance, of this city.

Moved by Bro. Wm. Richardson, seconded by Bro. White:—

Resolved,—That, as there are three publications in the field of action, in the cause of the Cadets, we, (after having weighed their respective claims to our support,) do hereby resolve to do all in our power to support the paper called "*The Cadet*," to be published in Montreal by Mr Becket, and do hereby express our approbation of his intention."

In accordance with this resolution, I am directed to send you an order for thirty copies of your *Cadet*. I remain,

Yours, respectfully,
GEO. BOWLES,

R. S. Concord Section, C. of T.

To our Correspondents.

"*Amicus*," has our thanks for his favorable remarks and suggestions. He is right in supposing us "not easily moved from the path of duty," by transparent innuendoes.

"*A Youth*" should diligently cultivate his taste for the study of mental philosophy. Only few persons, however, excel in metaphysical attainments.

"*Quiz*," is advised not to be too hard in his opinion of persons making large pretensions. We remember once seeing a very long bill of marine stores, and thought the jolly captain who had it to pay must be a rich fellow. On looking, however, at the thing more closely, we found it did not amount to much, and the length was accounted for by a great lot of small items. We should have thought little of the captain, if he had swaggered; but he was one who had more sense, and we were in fault that time, being deceived by appearances.

"*X. Y. Z.*," is aware of our repugnance to controversy. His facts and figures are correct enough, but we cannot introduce them into the *Cadet*.

"*Alpha*" has done well. He is a worthy Cadet, and if all in Western Canada do likewise, we shall have a large

circulation speedily. As it is, we have no ground for complaining. Our humble effort is appreciated, and the circulation increasing.

"*P. T.*," yes—new subscribers can have the first numbers; but early application had better be made.

"*An Enquirer*" is informed that it was Dr. Gordon, of the London Hospital, who stated before a Committee of the House of Commons, "that seventy-five cases of disease out of every hundred, could be traced to drinking."

"*Cadet's*," "*Evenings with the Norman Family*" has been received, and will appear in our next.

Progress of the Order of Cadets.

WATERFORD SECTION, No. 81, was instituted in June last, and now numbers over 50 members, with good prospects of further increase.—*March 26.*

PERCY SECTION, No. 118, was instituted on the 19th of July last, and now numbers near 40 members, all manifesting much zeal in their work.—*April.*

OTTERVILLE SECTION, No. 112, numbers about 40 members, and is in good working order.—*April 1.*

CRYSTAL FOUNT SECTION, No. 81, Chatham, C. W., is going ahead bravely.—*April 2.*

NIAGARA SECTION, No. 40, is in good working order, and numbers upwards of 50 members.—*April 9.*

RAINBOW SECTION, No. 9, Cobourg, numbers about 75 members, with bright prospects of going ahead still farther.—*April 10.*

CHARLESVILLE SECTION, No. 135.—"Our Section was not instituted till the 20th February last, and we now number 34, with high and cheering prospects of future success."—*April 12.*

ROYAL MOUNT SECTION, No. 115, Montreal, instituted March, 1851, numbers 73, and still progressing.—*April 24.*

⇒ Sections will please favor us with the date of their institution, number of members at the time they write, and any other particulars suitable for our "*Progress*" as above.

Sketches from Modern Travels in Foreign Lands.

Our readers will be gratified to become better acquainted with the scenes, antiquities and customs of foreign countries. We shall, therefore, occasionally give selections from the correspondence of persons who are now travelling in lands far hence. We begin with an extract from the letters of Bayard Taylor, Esq. They are published in the *New York Tribune*. Mr Taylor is one of the most accomplished scholars, and details his journeys with graphic interest. We find him now in Egypt, sailing along the Nile, intending to note every place of importance. Now he is at the Tombs of Beni-Hassan, and his description is worth reading. We are sorry that we cannot go any further with him this time, but we shall overtake him before long.—ED. CADET.

TOMBS OF BENI-HASSAN, &C.

A steep path, up a slope covered with rounded boulders of hard, black rock, leads to the grottoes of Beni-Hassan. They are among the oldest in Egypt, dating from the reign of Osirtasen I, about 1750 years before the Christian era, and are interesting from their encaustic paintings, representing Egyptian life and customs at that early date. The rock-chambers extend for nearly half a mile along the side of the mountain. The most of them are plain and without particular interest, and they have all suffered from the great spoilers of Egypt—the Persian, the Copt, and the Saracen. Four only retain their hieroglyphics and paintings, and are adorned with columns hewn from the solid rock. The first we entered contained four plain, fluted columns, one of which had been shivered in the centre, leaving the architrave and capital suspended from the ceiling. The walls were covered with paintings, greatly faded and defaced, representing the culture and manufacture of flax, the sowing and reaping of grain, and the making of bread, besides a number of spirited hunting and fishing scenes. The occupant of the tomb appears to have been a severe master, for his servants are shown in many places, undergoing the punishment of the bastinado, which is even inflicted upon women. He was also wealthy, for we still see his stewards presenting him with tablets showing the revenues of his property. He was a great man in Joseph's day; but the pit in which he lay is now empty, and the Arabs have long since burned his mummy to boil their rice.

The second tomb is interesting, from a painting representing thirty men, of a foreign nation, who are brought before the deceased occupant. Some antiquarians suppose them to be the brethren of Joseph, but the tomb is that of a person named Nephth, and the number of men does not correspond with the Bible account. Two of the southern tombs, which are supported by pillars formed of four budding lotus-stalks bound together, are covered with paintings representing different trades and professions. The back walls are entirely devoted to illustrations of gymnastic exercises, and the figures are drawn with remarkable freedom and skill. There are never more than two persons in a group, one being painted red and the other black, in order the better to show the position of each. In at least five hundred different groupings the same exercise is not repeated, showing a wonderful fertility of invention, either on the part of the artist or the wrestlers. The execution of these figures fully reached my idea of Egyptian pictorial art, but the colors were much less vivid than some travellers represent. The tombs are not large, though numerous, and, what is rather singular, there is not the least trace of a city in the neighborhood, to which they could have belonged.

The next day, at noon, we passed between the mounds of Antinoë and Hermopolis Magna, lying on opposite banks of the Nile. Antinoë built by the Emperor Adrian in honor of his favorite, the glorious Antinous, who was here drowned in the river, has entirely disappeared, with the exception of its foundations. Twenty-five years ago, many interesting monuments were still standing, but as they were, unfortunately of the white calcareous stone of the Arabian Hills, they have been long since burnt for lime. Before reaching Antinoë we had just come on board, after a long walk on the western bank, and the light wind which bore us toward the mountain of Shekh Abaddeh was too pleasant to be slighted; so we saw nothing of Adrian's city except some heaps of dirt. The splendid evening, however, which bathed the naked cliffs of the mountain in rosy flame, was worth more to us than any amount of marble blocks.

AN INQUISITIVE BOY.—“Father,” said a juvenile apothecary to his learned dad, “what’s the reason they don’t use pestles in battle? Why, the Wellington despatches say the mortars did great execution, and I can’t see how without pestles.” “Pound away, my son, and don’t puzzle me with your questions. Mortars and pestles do a great deal of damage, without being used on the field of battle.”

“A real gentleman,” said an Irishman one day, “is one that never earned a ha’porth for himself or any one belonging to him.”



The Crane.

According to an ancient writer, the crane is a very shrewd bird. When a company of them set out on a journey, they hold a council, and choose their leader and sentinels. When they are on the wing, they fly very high in the air. They never rest without having several sentinels watching. These sentinels make a peculiar cry, if any danger seems to threaten the company. Those upon whom the duty of watching falls stand upon one foot, and hold a little stone in the other, so that, if they should happen to get to sleep, the stone would fall, and wake them up. The captain holds his head high in the air, and gives direction, from time to time, what is to be done.

When they are wounded, they attack the hunter or his dog with great spirit, and are said to have driven their long pointed bill through a man's hand in such encounters. When these birds become old and infirm, they are nourished with great care and tenderness by their young; so that children may learn even from the crane, a lesson of filial love and kindness. But I trust my young friends do not need to go to school to these long-necked teachers, to learn how to feel or how to behave toward their parents.

Cranes make sad havoc with a field of grain. A flock of them will settle on a field, generally in the night, when the grain is nearly fit for harvesting, and trample it down, so that it has all the appearance of having been crossed by a regiment of soldiers. On other occasions, they select some extensive solitary marsh, where they range themselves all day, as if they were holding a council; and then, not being able to get the grain, an article of food which they like better than any thing else, they wade the marshes for insects, and other food.—*Stories about Birds.*

PERSEVERANCE.—“The longer I live,” wrote the late Sir T. F. Buxton, “the more I am certain that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then, death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.”

Four things belong to a Judge—to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to give judgment without partiality.

(To the Editor of the Cadet.)

Sir,—On the first of the present month, I was both pleased and gratified by the appearance of the *Cadet* among us, not because it was neatly got up, and might be the means of reflecting credit on the publishing community of Montreal, but because it has come out as an organ of a very promising class of teetotalers. Sir, I believe the Cadets have now assumed a position in this Province that cannot but take the attention of the most casual observer of the advancement of temperance reform, and make him see that such a publication as the *Cadet* was needed. These Cadets must become the means, under God's blessing, of remodelling the usages of society, and if right principles are instilled into the mind when young and pliable, it must gain strength as it grows old and stronger, and ultimately sink deep and become a fixed principle, thereby causing it to shrink from any evil which may be presented to it. If we ever hope to see the world freed from the debasing influence of intemperance, it must be by the means of Cadets; for if we would make the youth of Canada to become total abstainers, the victory is won—as when they rise up to occupy the various walks of life, they will carry with them the principles which they have imbibed in youth, and thus be the means of destroying a system which may be styled the vilest of the vile. Again, we would not then require a Maine law, for every working-man would have a Maine law within himself, and would thus be the means of putting out of use such words as “drunken tailor,” or “drunken shoemaker,” words which must be very disagreeable to any mechanic, when he hears such an appellation, applied to any of his workmates. I hope, Sir, you will succeed in your new publication, and be the means of helping to banish Alcohol from the country. I may conclude by quoting the following lines:—

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day,
And a broken wrong to crumble into clay,
Lo! the right's about to conquer,—Clear the way!

With that right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,—
That for ages long have held us for their prey—
Men of action! Men of talent!—Clear the way!

—Your's truly,

K.

Montreal, April 19, 1852.

Puzzles for Pastimes.

Whether “A Daughter,” does or does not answer her own puzzle in your next, or supply additional matter of amusement, I beg to send the following, and either the girls or boys are at liberty to work them out. A SON.

A snail wants to get up a wall 20 feet in height. During the day it climbs five feet, but slips back four feet every night: how long would it take to reach the top?

A LESSON ON GRAMMAR.—1, 12, an article; 9, 11, 5, 6, 2, 7, a verb; 11, 6, 2, a pronoun; 7, 11, 5, 1, 7, an adjective; 12, 11, 9, an adverb; 3, 11, a proposition; 12, 11, 2, a conjunction; 7, 11, an interjection. My whole 12 letters, a substantive, and a good quality in speech.

A DISORDER.—7, 8, 4, 5, something that would look remarkable in the mouth of a lady, and had better be avoided by men; 1, 9, 8, 3, 2, what children delight to gather; 6, 8, 5, something eatable; 9, 3, 7, a quadruped,—a name sometimes given to a biped; 3, 5, 9, a place on which none can stand, but whereon many live; 6, 9, 2, often difficult to get or to render. My whole, 9 letters, a troublesome companion.

A CURE FOR THE ABOVE DISORDER.—4, 2, 7, 9, 10, balm for the troubled mind; 1, 10, 3, 4, 2, 6, must be kept good; 1, 10, 7, should not be drunk too hot or strong; 3, 5, 7, 1, to be taken in strict moderation; 4, 5, 8, 9, 2, may be saved by those who practise me; 9, 6, 7, 3, 4, what those who neglect me often get. My whole, 10 letters, a virtue, and the best cure for the malady mentioned above.

What is the most *sifting* question a person can be asked? Do you give it up? A *riddle*.

SONS AND CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that they are prepared to furnish BANNERS for Divisions and Sections of Sons and Cadets of Temperance, in the best style, at from £12 10s, to £25 currency, each. They are also manufacturing, and keep constantly on hand, Cadets' Officers' Caps, Regalia, and Sashes; Grand Division Regalia; Deputies' Emblems for Sons and Cadets; Sons of Temperance Emblems; Blank Books for Divisions, &c. SEALS engraved to order. Odd-Fellows' Regalia kept constantly on hand.

P. T. WARE & Co., D. T. WARE & Co.,
King Street, Hamilton. Dundas St., London.
March 6, 1852.

CHARTERS FOR CADETS.

APPLICATIONS for CHARTERS for Sections of Cadets, in Lower Canada, to be made to

J. C. BUCKET,
D. G. W. PATRON, Montreal.

March 22, 1852.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

THE Subscriber has now a Supply of the above work, which was noticed at length in last number of the *Advocate*. Price 2s each, or 7s 6d per hundred. This work may be sent by one halfpenny per ounce.

April 1.

22 J. C.

Things to Think About.

Envy is fixed only on merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended by everything that is bright.

VANITY.—A man may be very vain, and nevertheless be a very capable and sagacious person. But vanity is a clinging vice: and will be at his side on many an occasion when his wits are not by him.

PLEASURE.—It is not pleasure which corrupts men, it is men who corrupt pleasure. Pleasure is good in itself. It is the seasoning which God, the all-wise, the all-good, gives to useful things and needful acts, in order that we may seek them.—*Dumoulin.*

The *Man*, whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a spacious road, nor take an evil path to secure a really good purpose.—*Waller Scott.*

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, and the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

FEMALE TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word, dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

Till the middle of life be passed, men scarce distinguish true prosperity from adversity; or rather, they count as the favors of fortune what they should more justly regard as the marks of her displeasure.

WAR.—Its presence is a curse, its breath is cruelty, and its progress is inseparable from sighs and tears, and libations of human blood. Yet war is called glorious, and those who are most successful in the work of carnage are styled heroes!

Dr. Nott, a clergyman, aged 94 years, when asked what was the secret of his long life, health, and strength, replied, that it was owing to the observance of these four rules:—1. Rise early. 2. Live temperately. 3. Work hard. 4. Keep cheerful.

"Tell your father," said John Randolph to his friend, "that I recommend abstinence from gaming and whisky punch. Debauchery and dissipation they are both injurious to

Things to Smile at.

"Oh! mother (said a little fellow), I have got such a bad headache, and a sore throat, too, that I don't believe I can go to school to-day." "Have you, my dear? (said the mother) well, you shall stay at home and take some medicine." "It's no matter (returned the young urchin), I guess I can go to school; I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me."

A DOUBLE DEALER.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch?" "And is it about selling your watch you are Mike?" "Troth it is, darlint." "What's the price?" "Tin shillings and a matchkin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure, an' I've had it twenty years, an' it never once desaved me." "Well, here's your tin; and now tell me, does it go well?" "Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin." "Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never desaved you?" "Sure and I did—nor did it—for I niver depinded on it!"

A northern parson happening to meet a female parishioner, who was well known, by habit and repute, to be excessively fond of an over dose of the mountain dew, asked her if she knew where drunkards went? The woman very coolly answered, "to the public house, sir."

"It strikes me," began an orator. "Then why don't you strike it back?" inquired a sailor amongst the audience.

"Jack, do you know how many horns there are to a dilemma?" "No, but I know how many there are to a quart of whisky."

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Auger of Freedom* intoxicated?" "Not at all, Sir; I merely said that I have seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

Well, my boy, do you know what *syn-tax* means? (said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaler.) "Iss, sir; the *dooty* upon *sperits*."

"I shall prevent the use of ardent spirits," as the grocer said when he watered his spirit cask.

P	H	M
K	O	M

These letters, in their proper place,
Will show the world and thee,
A cause of sorrow and disgrace,
A source of misery.

The above riddle was cut from an old paper. The solution will be found by folding the upper line half way over the lower line of capitals.

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