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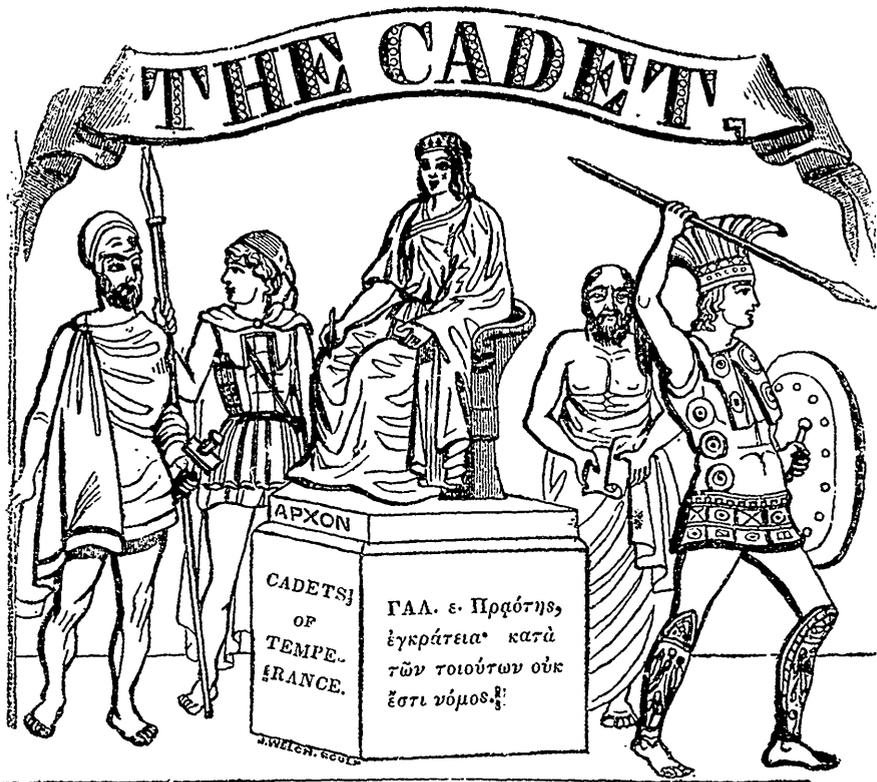
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL I.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 1, 1853.

No. 11

The Dying Child.

Emma Ray was twelve years old when she died. Dear child, how sweetly she fell asleep! So calmly, so pleasantly did she sink to repose, like a summer's sunset! Folded her thin and wasted hands over the young heart, so early stricken; opened her eyes, that beamed with celestial hope, and looked upon her friends with so sweet a smile; faintly murmured "Jesus," and then—she slept.

It was just at evening, one day about the middle of June, when a little boy, perhaps eight years old, came to the door and said, "Mother wishes you would please to come to our house." "Who is your mother?" I asked. "Mrs. Ray," was the reply. "What does your mother want?" I enquired. "Sister Emma is sick?" was his answer; "is very sick,

and wishes you would come and see her;" and the tears forced themselves down his cheeks, in spite of his evident attempt to keep them back.

He mentioned the street where they lived, and I said, "Well, I will come round there this evening, and see your mother and Emma." The boy turned slowly away a step or two, then stopped, looked up in my face, and said, while his lips quivered and his tears started afresh, "I wish you could go now." "I will go now," I replied. In a moment I was ready, and taking the little fellow's hand, hastened along with him.

We were soon at the door, and entered the kitchen. There was no one present. The little boy handed me a chair, and then went into the next room. I looked around; it was evidently [the abode of

poverty, and, no doubt of sorrow. The dilapidated house, the old, worn and shattered furniture, seemed to wear a forced and almost painful appearance of neatness, like a smile that hides heart-eating grief.

In the next room was Emma, the sick child; and there, too, I supposed, was her mother, watching over her; and I heard also the voice of a man. It might be her father, or it might be her physician, or perhaps some friend come in to see her.

But a moment after, all doubt was dissipated, as the voice grew louder and harsher: "She shall too, so get up now. What's the use of lying there all day, when she's well enough to be up?" The sound of the mother's voice could be heard expostulating; and I wondered if Mr. Ray was a drunkard.

"Get up this minute, growled out the savage father; I'll see if you won't mind." I stepped to the door and opened it. The mother held a bowl of drink for the sick child in one hand; with the other she attempted to restrain the father from any act of violence to his child.

"Don't John," she said, "you know Emma is sick, and isn't able to get up. Don't act so." He pushed her roughly away, spilling the drink from the bowl, and, without perceiving me, caught the child's hand to enforce his brutal authority.

Stepping forward, I laid my hand suddenly upon his shoulder. He turned, gazed at me with a half stupid stare, and muttered, "He'd see if his children couldn't be made to mind—have 'em lying abed all day"—and in a few minutes the intoxicated man left the room.

Little Emma hid her face in the pillow, and sobbed with shame and grief.

I sat down by her side, took her hand and spoke kindly to her; the mother wiped a few tears from her own cheek, seated herself, and drew her little boy to her lap. We talked of sickness and of the Saviour, of living and of dying, the weary pilgrimage of earth, and the blessed rest of heaven.

Emma was a Christian. From her mother's instructions, and the kind and faithful labours of her Sabbath-school teacher, she had learned of her Saviour, and been able to believe in him and to love him. Poor child!—happy child rather. She was soon to go home, soon to see Him, whom not having seen she had loved. With a frail constitution, she had never enjoyed the health and buoyancy that give joy to childhood.—Could she have

been tenderly cared for, nursed and favored, she might have lived blessed and a blessing. But want and exposure had nourished disease, and aggravated every premonition of her early decline. Oh, how like a canker it had eaten into her mother's heart, as day by day and month by month she had watched her tender lamb, chilled and shivering beneath the storms of life, from which she had no power to shelter or protect her, and knew that she was wasting away and sinking into the grave. And the father—what shall we say of the father? God forgive him.

No matter; it was all right. Emma said it was. She would be with the angels soon; and she knew it wouldn't be long before her poor mother would come too. And her father—Oh, if she could only think that he would come also! That was the only thorn in her dying pillow. She scarcely thought of death. Of earth she thought, and did not grieve that she was to leave the sorrows she had tasted so bitterly. Of heaven she thought, where the rivers of life gently flow, and the good Shepherd leads his flock; that was her home and she hastened to it.

Three evenings after, I called again. It was just at sunset. Emma was about to take her departure. Her mother had raised her up in the bed a little. She smiled as if some good news had been told her or as one might, who, in the glee of childhood, was going out with playmates for a run in the green fields, or to gather flowers in the wood.

How she talked of heaven and the angels, and of the Saviour, her Saviour!—wondered if they would know her when she got there, and if she should see her little brother who died last spring, and that she had mourned for so much! how sweet the music of golden harps would be, and how beautiful the green fields, and the bright flowers, and the crystal waters!

"And oh, mother, you must come soon. You will, won't you? I shall want to have you with me so much!" said the child in the transport of her joy. Her mother covered her face and answered her only with tears. "And father," she added as a cloud passed over the sunlight of her vision;—"think poor father will come too? I want him to come—and, little Willie, you must be a good boy, and you will come some day, and we'll all be there." She failed.

Presently her father, who had been absent all day, opened the outside door and stumbled into the kitchen. Er a heard

him and wished him to come in. Mrs. Ray stepped to the door and called in her husband. He came with an unsteady step and a dreamy, vacant look that told of the excesses of the day.

"Father," said Emma, "come and sit down here by me; I wanted to talk a little with you before I go." He took the hand she held out to him; he saw the change, and the truth flashed upon his mind. His child was dying. It entered his soul like a sword. In a moment he was a sober man, and it seemed as if some fearful storm of agony overwhelmed him.

"Father," she said, "I always loved you, and I've tried to be a good girl, and mind you. Haven't I minded you father?"

"Yes, you have," he fairly sobbed.

"And when I haven't been a good girl. I'm sorry for it, and want you to forgive me. And now I'm going to be with the Saviour. I shall see Henry; he is there; and mother is coming before long; and little Willie, he will come too, some time; and, father, won't you come too? Won't you? I want you too father."

He laid his head on her pillow, and wept like a child.

"But you must leave off drinking, father, and swearing, or else you never can come; and you must be kind to mother, and go to meeting, and hear the gospel preached. Won't you father?—Won't you do all this, and get ready to come too? Say father; promise me;—I won't ask you anything else;—say quick."—Her strength failed.

"Yes, Emma; yes, I will promise you. If God will help me, I will try to come too."

"Thank you, thank God;" she answered. "Now let me kiss you father—and mother—and Willie;—there, good bye! Father will come, and we'll all be there," she faintly murmured, as she turned away her head, tired, exhausted, folded her hands upon her bosom, shut her eyes and went gently to sleep. It was some minutes before they would disturb her, but let her rest. Then the mother went softly to her and whispered, "Emma." She answered not, Emma was sleeping so sweetly

—Blessed sleep;

From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mr. Ray kept the promise he made to God and to his dying child. And should you stroll along the south-east declivity of the cemetery of P—, where the spring sunshine falls so pleasantly, and the early violet blooms so lovely, and mark a plain memorial inscribed:—"To Emma Ray,

aged 12 years. In Heaven."—believe that for once, at least, tombstones may tell the truth; for Emma Ray is in Heaven.

The Liquor Clock Analogue.

The system of making, selling, and consuming alcoholic liquor, may be aptly illustrated by a clock; for as there would be no motion in this instrument, were there no weights or springs attached, so the liquor system would be inactive, were it not for the depraved appetites of mankind; hence appetite is the weight to give motion. As the weights move the pendulum, so the appetites move the drinkers; hence drinkers are the pendulum. The pendulum gives motion to the hands, as the drinkers give motion to the sellers and makers; hence these are the hands, the minute hand being the former, and the hour hand the latter. But the hour hand is governed in its rate of motion, by the speed of the minute hand; so the maker regulates his movements by those of the vender, keeping the supply in accordance with the demand. The farmer, who furnishes the grain, the workmen in carrying the grain, and those performing the labor of distilling, together with those who countenance the business, make up the internal wheels. These, it is true, are less visible than the weights, pendulum, and hands, but still are as certainly there, and just as necessary to the completion and motion of the whole. If the smallest one even be wanting the whole machinery is still; no motion can be produced until the deficiency is supplied. Is not then one part as essential as another? shall we say that the pendulum, because its motion is more easily seen, is more important than the internal wheels? Certainly not. It is equally essential that each part be in its appropriate place and perform its own part in producing the motion. Consequently all are alike concerned in keeping good time. So in the liquor system. No one of those concerned in the business can fail in performing his appropriate part, without stopping the whole. Let farmers stop supplying the grain, or the distiller stop making, or the vender stop selling, or the drinker stop drinking, and the whole system would be at an end. Hence each is equally responsible for the results. But no clock is perfect without a regulator; this in the liquor system is *money*, which governs the whole business. May we not, then, having thus shown the analogy per-

fect, appropriately term it the *liquor clock*. And a first rate goer it is, never stopping, though now and then *regulated* by law; yet all these regulatings only make it worse. It is, however, wonderfully inclined to an increase of speed, going decidedly too fast; a propensity that grows rapidly upon it of late. Perhaps this trait is somewhat owing to the progressiveness of the nineteenth century; or rather to the drowsiness of those whose business it is to see that its motions are kept properly in check. The men whom we annually send to Albany to attend to such matters are evidently poorly skilled in clock-repairing, or they would long since have attended to the pressing wants of this wonderful instrument. Had we not better send in their stead, next year, students who have studied under the celebrated Neal Dow, a man, who has shown himself to be a perfect genius in this kind of repairing? Something must be done immediately; for every tick the old clock makes, ticks one of our immortal fellow-beings down to the regions of dark despair; every tick breaks the heart of some wife, blasts the prospects, for time and for eternity, of some human soul, adds a deeper hue to the cloud of mortal woe, misery, and wretchedness, and a more agonizing tone to the wail of crushed humanity which is ascending to the ear of the righteous Judge of the Universe. Shall it tick on? Shall its wheels move on with increasing speed unchecked? Is there no power to stop its motions? The tears of wretched families, the cries of worse than orphaned children, the temporal death of thousands upon thousands of immortal spirits have failed to do it; but there is a power amply sufficient for the task; it lies in the hands of the people; it is the mighty power of self-government which they and they alone possess. Why do they not exercise that power? The great day of Judgment will reveal the reason.—*Ulrica Teetotaler*.

"The Worst of It."

"Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a poor little boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow and he was very shabbily clothed; grey pantaloons, very much patched, an old cotton shirt, and miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress. His feet were bare and travel-stained. In both hands he held-up a tin pail full of ripe and dewey raspberries, which were prettily peeping out

from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

I told him I would like some; and, taking the pail from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind whistling to my canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed engrossed with my pretty pets, and the berries seemed forgotten.

"Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said I; "how do you know but that I may cheat you, and take more than the three quarts I have agreed upon? The boy looked up archly at me and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it!" I said; "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing; don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

What a lesson for us, dear children! This poor little boy, so tired and warm from picking berries all day in the sun, trudging miles with his heavy pail of fruit, felt, if he had lost them all, he would not have been so badly off as the one who would cheat him! Little children, will you just think of this, when you are tempted in any way to defraud a playmate? Just think you get the worst of it, not the loser, by the fraud. How often do we hear persons express great pity when any one has had property stolen from him. But he does not get the worst of it. Though a man lose all he has, and retain his integrity and honesty, he is rich, compared with the man who has robbed him.

Yes, little children, if you disobey your parents, if you abuse your schoolmasters, if you are guilty of lying or stealing, *you get the worst of it*; far more than those whom you may deceive, or injure, or disobey. The suffering may be theirs, but the sin is yours; God marks the sin; and, though the sinner may awhile go unpunished, still there is a great day of accounts, when all these little sins will appear in fearful array against you. Just think of this little boy, when you are tempted to deceive. He seemed to have no fear of being cheated; he only felt it would be great injustice; and, though he might be the loser, he would not exchange situations with one who might deceive him. I have often thought of this poor boy since, and when he comes with berries, I always buy them and pay him well, knowing that he must be an honest, faithful child.



The History of a Plant.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

Are there any of my young readers who do not love flowers? Some of them have little gardens which they attend to themselves, and they take pleasure in their neatness and order, and in their gait when the summer is here. Others have pet-plants of their own, which they have reared with much pains and delight, on some sunny ledge or window-sill. And those who have nothing of this kind, have made some wild flower their favorite; and say, perhaps—

“Pansies, lilies, king-cups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower *that shall be mine*;
'Tis the little Celandine.”

Very few, I should think, do not love flowers.

And it is very right to love them. They are such industrious creatures. You never would have thought it, to have seen them. “They toil not, neither do they spin!” No, they do not work for themselves, they are busy night and day for *us*. And now you see what I mean. How comes the corn of which we make bread? The wheat plants made it. We could never have made these little grains of wheat, which are, every one of them, tiny sacks of flour, out of what the roots

of those plants could get from the wet earth, and the leaves from the rain and air. But they have done it. And if we wished to make food for cattle and sheep, in what way should we set about it? I am sure I cannot tell; but the little grass plants knew what to do, and they made those tender and juicy leaves, which cover our pastures and meadows with the daintiest fare for those animals, whose flesh, thus fed, we eat. All our linen and cotton clothes are, first of all, the work of plants. But what delicious fruits they make for us; and what valuable medicines; and what stout timber, to build our houses and ships of. Even our books we owe to plants, for they made what we turn into paper. And all the time they seemed to be the laziest things in the world. They stand there, each in the place it sprung up in, and they put out new green leaves when the warm weather comes, and they shake off their withered leaves when the frost returns; and they wave themselves backwards and forwards when the breeze blows; and open their blossoms to the sunshine and shut them when the rain falls; and they never say a word, nor utter a note of song. And we loved them as we looked at them; but we scarcely thought what industrious and useful creatures they were. We shall love them more now.

I think they are to the world just what beauty is to the face. It might

be a face without it. There would be eyes to see, and a mouth to eat, but we should not take pleasure in looking at it. And thus this world might do well enough for us, as a place to live in, without flowers. God must have loved the world after He had made it, when He gave it such a charming dress.—He must have wished us also to love it as His work. And He must have loved us, since He covered the earth in which He placed us with such exquisite ornament that we cannot imagine anything to be compared with it. The love of flowers will help us to love God, who gave them to show His love for us.

But this is not all their beauty tells us. "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Their beauty is the glory of God, and He adorned them with it; and all the toils of the richest kings, for their own glory cannot be compared to it. God has put shame upon the selfish pride of men, by the sweet flowers; and has by them told us of something far more splendid than what dazzles the eyes of worldly folks,—living for His praise. And it is He who will take care of us, as He does of them. Are we not His children? The giant oak of the forest which has thriven through a thousand years,—He shielded it from injury, and gave it strength, till it had shot out its boughs on all sides, and could stand unharmed in its might amidst the storm and thunder. The little moss which springs up in the dreary desert, where foot of man is scarcely ever set, which asks but the space between two grains of sand to grow in, to which a drop of water is a shower,—do you think it would tell less plainly than that grand oak the goodness and the love of God? No, surely; and if He so clothes, as He does, "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," will He, can He, forget us?

How happily the flowers live? They do not care about the things that we think so much of. The violets in the wild wood, where only village children

find them, smell as sweetly as those do which are grown in the gardens of princes. How peacefully they die! And with so many of them it is when they are dead that their usefulness begins. Would it not be beautiful to live so, dear young friends, and so to depart; remembered when we are gone by the good that lives after us? And yet—

"How few the happy secret find
Of their calm loveliness!—
Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

Yes this is their "secret," and it means for us, *Trust all in God!* Then life and death are both alike; or rather, there is no death, but it is only, either here or in a better world than this, life from God, life for God's glory.

So love these sweet flowers; it will help you in goodness to love them. I think that Jesus, from the way in which He speaks of them, loves them, and it was He that made them all.—Love them, then; and when you see them withering, you may say to them,

"Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time
you spent,
Meet while you lived for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaint or
grief;
For if my scent be good, I care not if,
My life be brief as yours!"

Now, it is because I love flowers, and wish you all, my young friends, to love them, that I am going to tell you *The History of a Plant*. There is so very much that is curious in the way that plants live, that I am going to show you as much of it as I can hope to make you understand; beginning with the first sprouting of the seed, and going on through the growing of the root and the stem, the putting forth of the leaves, the budding and blooming of the flower, to the forming, and ripening, and scattering of the seeds. It will be a very little that I can find room for, out of all the wonders that are to be seen in every plant. For every different kind has something in

its *History* different from that of all the rest. Indeed, in each plant of the same kind, something not exactly like what happens in the others, might be found. But I shall try and tell you most of what is most commonly to be seen. For it is not by reading books that you will get the knowledge which I should like you to desire; but only by looking at the things for yourselves. I shall not leave out anything that is worth speaking of, and that will please as well as instruct you. And I shall try, by small and plain wood-cuts, to make you understand some parts of the tale which you could not understand by descriptions.

You need not be afraid that I shall spoil any of your delight in flowers.—If you will attend to my story, and use your own eyes when you walk abroad in the country, or wherever you can examine what I speak of for yourselves, I expect to make you able to take greater pleasure in them than you ever took before. What before seemed to you pretty and gay, will appear full of strange wonders; and many things which you never thought of looking at carefully, you will find to contain greater marvels than you ever yet saw. And this will be the greatest wonder of all, perhaps,—you will find that every plant *has a History*; and one worth knowing too. For all the way through it will be about what God has done. In this respect it is that I hope most to please you, young friends, for “the works of the Lord are great, sought out of them that have pleasure therein.”

A Voice from Prison.

Dear Children and Youth.—I have been anxious to tell you some facts, for a long time past, but could not come to you, because I am shut up in prison. And the reason why I wish to speak to you is this. It is to be feared that some of you, especially boys, are doing the same things which led me to prison, perhaps without knowing the evil consequences of your actions. I wish you to take warning from my experience.

When I was a boy of fourteen or fifteen years of age, a kind lady called on my mother, and invited her to send me to the Sabbath School. I went, and became very much interested in its exercises, and was in a fair way to be benefitted by them; when on a pleasant Sabbath morning, a boy older than myself, asked me to go with him down to the wharves to see the ships. I told him that my mother sent me to Sabbath school. “So my father did me,” said he, and when I go home I shall tell him I have been there; and you can tell your mother the same, and she will never know that you went with me.” He persuaded me to go, and that day I began to tread the road that has led me to prison. I began to form habits, against which I must struggle all my life, or they will lead me to ruin here and hereafter. But what sin did I commit then? In the first place I broke God’s holy day. And next I disobeyed my parents. Then, while going round among the goods on the wharves, I took that which did not belong to me; true, I did but follow the example of others, and it is also true that the things taken were of small value but it was still *stealing*. Then, on going home, I told my mother a falsehood, and was obliged to tell many others to conceal the first, and others still were told to my teacher and classmates, so that I found myself in a sort of net made of falsehoods, and that day’s deeds made me feel very miserable for many days. Now what should I have done after having committed all this wickedness, to get back my peace of mind? Why, certainly, I should have confessed my faults, first to God, then to my mother and teacher, and done so no more. But instead of doing this, I concealed my faults, and for fear of being laughed at, and being called a hypocrite by bad boys, I did the same thing again, and other bad acts also, until I became hardened, and habits were formed which were very hard to break. Now, although I knew at the time that I was doing wrong, yet I did not think I should ever become what I now am—a prisoner! Some people called me a “rather wild boy,” others said I was “sewing my wild oats” and would be steady when I became older. (A sad mistake, indeed, for every body grows worse, without strong and continual efforts to grow better.) Had anybody affectionately, and clearly showed me the consequences of my actions, I might have been to day a useful and respectable man, instead of a disgraced and degraded pris-

oner, disowned by his friends, suspected and despised by proud men.

Boys! perhaps you think you never will get into prison. God grant you never may. But are not some of you now practicing that which your parents, your kind Sabbath school teachers, or your consciences, tell you are wrong? If so you are rapidly advancing to some prison, and if you do not turn about very soon, a worse prison than any on earth will be your home hereafter.

I would not tell you anything to make you sad, or to repress the joy of your young hearts needlessly; but while I am telling you of the terrible results of bad conduct, I will point out to you a sure and a delightful remedy—not, however, now a new one, for doubtless your anxious teachers have often urged it upon you as a condition of everlasting life. I would also urge it as a safeguard against sorrow and misery in this present life. It is this: Give your hearts to the Saviour. Study diligently His word and follow His example, and the bad actions of the past will be forgiven, and you will be saved from committing such in time to come.

If you should stand at the depot of the Lowell railroad, and see the first slow motion of the cars when they go out, you would know they were going to Lowell, not because you could see Lowell, but because they were on the right track. So you may tell what kind of men you will be by the present course of action. And those cars might be stopped very easily when they first began to move, but after having gone a short distance, it would be very hard to stop them.—Just so it is with our actions and habits. Habits that will be very strong if they grow up with us to manhood, may easily be thrown off now. Let me, therefore urge you all, to leave off every practice which you do not know to be right and practice those things which the good and the wise recommend you. Good habits are nearly as easily formed as bad ones. And are as durable and influential on the life. The French people have a proverb which says, "The first step is the difficult one," and so it is, in vice and virtue too, for every succeeding step is easier than the last. Permit me affectionately, dear lads, to warn you (from bitter experience,) against some of these

FIRST STEPS.

And to begin: Shun the company of bad people. Had I kept on my way to Sabbath school that morning I tell you of, and not stopped to talk with a bad boy,

perhaps I should not now be spending the best years of this short life in this gloomy house of sorrow and shame.

You can generally tell a bad boy from a good one, by his using vulgar and profane language, by his laughing at serious things and good people, his asking you to do a thing which your teacher tells you is not right.

Again. Beware of profaning the Sabbath.—Very many young men now in this prison, say the first in the steps that brought them here was Sabbath breaking; I can say myself if I had always kept that day holy, I should be a different man from what I now am.

And always obey your parents and teachers.—This, you will remember, is the first commandment which has a promise attached to it—viz: "That thy days (life) may be long," &c. And, indeed, if we listen to and obey those who are wiser than ourselves, our lives may not only be longer, but happier for it.

You see the evil that came upon me by not obeying my parent and my teacher, and almost all the men in this prison would tell you the same thing. Oh! how often have I wished that I could see my poor dear mother, and tell her how sorry I am for disobeying her; but it can never be, she is lying in the cold, silent grave.—By every act of disobedience, we lay up for ourselves a store of sorrow and regret.

Once more. Never allow yourself to tell a falsehood. The old saying is true that "every lie requires six more to cover it." And these six require thirty six, and so on. If you have committed a fault, confess it frankly; but if you attempt to conceal it by falsehood, you will find yourself a confirmed liar before you are aware of forming the habit. And a man or boy who tells lies is on the "track" to disgrace and to prison.

Further. Do not, on any account take the smallest article that belongs to another. Stealing a small thing now, will lead to a larger thing by-and-by. No one ever became a great rogue all at once; but men get to be very bad without thinking of it, if they allow themselves to take the first step. And, dear boys, let me tell you, all gaming is stealing. If you, by any wrong method, obtain any thing from another, you break God's holy law, you break also the law of the land in its spirit, and if not very much hardened, (so as to be near state prison) your conscience will

tell you it is wrong to take a thing from another without paying a fair price for it.

Beware, also, of the theatre. Some people tell you that the theatre is a school of good manners, innocent and harmless as a recreation. But, dear youth, did you ever see a person who frequented the theatre, or the circas, or any place of the kind, that was made better by it? I never did—but I have been made worse by it. And I would tell you of a great many young men, who learned to drink ardent spirits, and to gamble and fight at the theatre. Very many of my young friends have had their manners, and morals, too, ruined at this falsely called "school of manners." Give the Sabbath school for cultivating 'manners.'

Be also very particular with regard to the books you read. If I wished you to ruin all the boys and girls in Cambridge, I would send them some of the books now being sold by bad men around us; not that these books are in reality more interesting than good ones, but they have a sort of fascination which takes hold on the young mind, and leaves impressions to be mourned over and regretted in after life. Be guided in your choice of books by your teachers; they love you and would lead you to such reading as will make you wiser and better, while it amuses and interests you. Deeply do I regret the time lost on useless books.

Idleness, too, is a vice which I would warn you, young people, to guard watchfully. You recollect the verse which says—

"Idle men and boys, are found,
Standing on the devil's ground;
He will find them work to do,
He will pay them wages too.

And oh! such wages—I have received too much of them already. You will be paid for this work, whether you wish it or not. Therefore, never be idle. Always have something to do that is useful. Do not study idly, or play idly; in one word, be too busy always in good actions to listen to temptation to do wrong.

One thing more. Do not allow yourselves in being angry. Anger never does any good, but it kindles the fires of the world of woe in our bosoms. There is a man who sits next me in this prison, who has been sent here for life, for killing a man in a moment of passion. One minute's anger has filled his soul with remorse, which will go with him as long as he lives. So any of you, who indulge in any

angry or revengeful feelings, may, in one moment, do an act which will make all your life very bitter—perhaps make you a prisoner for life. And we know that feelings of this description, even if never acted out, make the person who indulges in them, a fit subject for the prison of despair.

I do not think that I have said anything to you here that is new; no doubt you have often been told the same things by better men than I am, but I thought that being told of the dreadful consequences of wrong actions by one who has tried the experiment, and knows and feels the truth of the statement—might be of some use to you.—The good will tell you that the path of virtue is pleasant, they know it to be so by experience.—And those who have done wrong, will tell you that the path of vice is a sorrowful path; this their experience has bitterly taught them. And more, the good rejoice in the path they have chosen, while the bad regret their choice. The experiment of human life, can be made but once; if it fails, there is no remedy to be obtained—as in most cases—by repeating it. Therefore, my dear young friends, make good use of the success of these good men, and be warned by the failure of those who have wandered from the path of virtue.

I hope these lines will not make you sad—I love your happiness too much to wish you a moment's sadness, if your conduct and your hearts are right. And you have very many things to make you happy. Kind fathers, and mothers, and brothers and sisters, companions and friends, most of you have, who love and esteem you and strive to make you happy.

And if you indulge in no practice which you are unwilling those kind ones should know of—if you have no feelings which you are unwilling that the eye of a Holy God should see,—you will be joyful and glad through life, and at death the holy joy of heaven will be yours.

That it may be thus with you all, is the prayer of

Your unfortunate but well wishing friend,

A PRISONER.

Mass., State Prison.

THE MAN.—Add courage to openness of mind, and you have a man who can own himself in the wrong, can forgive, can trust, can adventure, can, in short, use all the means that insight and sympathy can endow him with.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SECONDE VOLUME OF

"THE CADET."

Experience and success in the undertaking have satisfied the Undersigned that he was right when, a year ago, he projected and resolved to publish a Monthly Periodical, devoted to the interests of the young, especially for those who were associated together in Temperance Societies. He, therefore, now announces that *The Cadet* will be continued as a

Juvenile Temperance Magazine, Monthly,

Of a size suitable for Binding,

1s. 3d. per Year, or 1s. when ten or more Copies are ordered, with the cash in advance.

The Cadet will contain, every Month, suitable Editorial Articles, Original, or carefully selected Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c., &c., always prepared with reference to the cultivation of sound morality and Total Abstinence.

Considering the vast importance of rightly training the youth of our country, we invite the co-operation of the parents and guardians. Every family could easily afford to have a copy of *The Cadet*. It will be the ceaseless endeavor of the Undersigned to promote the proper education of those who must soon fill the prominent and responsible positions in our country.

By means of *The Cadet* much good may be effected, and he confidently again appeals to the good sense and intelligence of the public for support in a wise and generous undertaking.

The first number of the Second Volume will be published on the 1st day of April next, and the Subscriber trusts that new orders will be sent in immediately.

J. C. BECKET,
Publisher.

Montreal, Feb. 1, 1853.

THE CADET.

," Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, FEB. 1, 1853.

Liquor Tragedies.

Our exchanges have recently given most painful evidences of the dreadful and destructive effects of the liquor traffic. *The Cadet* would not contain one half the deaths, accidents and suicides which have come under our notice within a fortnight, even if we were to exercise our best skill in abbreviating the details before us. In one case we read of a man who died of *delirium tremens*, leaving a wife and six children. In another, two men, under the influence of liquor, quarrel and fight. A third man interferes, he also being too drunk to be prudent, and comes off with a broken leg. In a certain village of Ohio, the people became so excited, in consequence of the sudden and horrible deaths of some of their fellow-citizens by drink, that they have resolved to break up the groggeries by force, executing a Maine Law for themselves.

The liquor tragedy at Windham, Connecticut, is one of the most fearful and distressing on record. We find an account of it in the *Maine Temperance Watchman*. It occurred on the 2nd December last. On that day, the Windham County Temperance Convention was held. A delegate gives a Report of the scene. He says:—

"Soon after my arrival, a man who recognized me, asked if I would go in and see a specimen of the fruits of the liquor traffic. He led the way and several of us followed to a chamber in his house which for some time past has been let to the man then lying there in his blood. The scene was full of horror. There lay the stiffened body of a young man weltering in his blood shed by his own hand, a victim of strong drink."

This young man thus laid low in death was named John H. Baldwin. He was a grandson of Judge Baldwin, who was for some years a member of Congress. His

afflicted father represented the town of Windham in the last legislature, and voted for the Maine Law. This son had long been the grief of his parents and friends. He was married and had a lovely little daughter, but for nearly five years their existence has been embittered by liquor. The eye witness says:—

“Some five weeks ago, his abuse and threats were such as compelled her to escape with her little girl to a neighbor's house, a few steps distant. He had threatened their lives—had procured a gun and was in the act of loading it. They found shelter from his fury in the house of Mrs. Abbee. From time to time he had watched his opportunity and threatened violence, till early in the week he managed to enter the house but was discouraged by Mrs. A. who endeavored to prevail on him to leave. He knocked her down, stamped on her and otherwise beat and wounded her. A sister was next assailed and beat still more. An Irish woman next encountered him and prevented his getting at his wife and child. He was arrested at night in his bed with his gun loaded by his side, was examined and bound over for trial, and was to have been carried to jail on Thursday morning. Wednesday evening his father gave bail for him, and he was set at liberty. On Thursday morning he was found dead in his room, as above described. His bed was open as if he had occupied it, and a travelling valise packed with clothes lay open on the bed. His coat and vest lay on the bed post, and the boot and stocking lay near him as they had been drawn from his right foot to facilitate the discharge of the gun. The gun lay near by with a cord tied inside the guard to aid his purpose. The coroner's inquest was soon held, and when the body was turned the wound was seen directly over the heart—the opening the size of the barrel of the gun. Some of the shot, the size known as BB. had passed entirely through the body and lodged in the plastering and window sill behind his chair, or had rebounded upon the floor. One was indented in his forehead as he sprang from his chair and fell forward.”

Thus it will be seen that the unhappy young man shot himself through the heart, and sent his own spirit, all covered with guilt, into the presence of the eternal God. How truly shocking and tragical is such an occurrence! What a warning to the young, and what an appeal does it contain for the Maine Law! Our informant further says, in language eloquent and sympathetic:—

“I went into a lower room and saw his father standing in speechless agony, and as I gave him my hand with the grasp of a brother Watchman, I thought again of that ‘victory.’ That he then was really vanquished. The liquor venders had triumphed over him. I sat down by the young widow, her eyes swollen with weeping, and as I took the little fair haired girl on my knee and heard her mother's tale of the fears and sufferings which had made her life bitter, I felt as if I had a new consecration to the cause of temperance and ‘*The Maine Law.*’”

So should we have felt; and we recite circumstances of this tragic nature, that our friends, young and old, may combine and renew their exertions for temperance and a prohibitory law. Cadets, keep your pledge, and when you read this article resolve to enlist for your section a dozen other youths, that they may be kept from the paths of evil and temptation.

Be Diligent and Persevering.

DR. SAMUEL LEE AN EXAMPLE.

We mean in the pursuit of learning. We take it for granted that most of our young readers have an opportunity of going to school, or have had. Perhaps your opportunities may not be as great as some have been favored with, but you need not be discouraged if you will only be diligent. We are just as anxious that you should improve your minds as that you should abstain from liquor and fight for the Maine Law.

Perhaps you have heard of the recent death of Dr. Samuel Lee of England. Our earliest recollections of literature are associated with his name. He was often named to us as an example of diligence and success. He was a self-taught man; the son of parents in humble life, who apprenticed him to the trade of a carpenter and joiner. At his business he wrought, and maintained a young family, for several years. He rose by the force of his self-enjoined erudition to posts of honor and responsibility. He became Professor of Arabic and Hebrew in the University of Cambridge,—a Doctor of Divinity, Pre-

bendary of the Cathedral Church of Bristol and Rector of Barley in Hertfordshire. He was one of the most remarkable men and scholars that England has produced for the last century. Of his early history, we have a narrative in an auto-biographical letter he wrote many years ago to a gentleman who was interested in Mr. Lee's welfare and progress. This letter is rather long, and by many will be considered rather dry, but we recommend every one of our young friends to read it, that by its contents they may be prompted to try their best, and work their way up in the world, if God should spare their life.

We shall only add before giving the letter, that Dr. Lee was upwards of seventy years of age when he died, and until a short time before his death seemed to enjoy good health. But be it remembered he was temperate in the use of even that which was beneficial, and governed his appetite, as he disciplined his reason. Now for the interesting letter.

MR. SAMUEL LEE TO JONATHAN SCOTT, ESQ.

SIR,—In conformity with your request, I now proceed to give you a detail of my pursuits in languages, with some circumstances of my life connected therewith.

The first rudiments of learning I received at a charity school at Longnor,* in the county of Salop, where I was born, which is a village situated on the Hereford road, about eight miles from Shrewsbury. Here I remained till I attained the age of twelve years, and went through the usual gradations of such institutions without distinguishing myself in any respect; for as punishment is the only alternative generally held out, I, like others, thought it sufficient to avoid it. At the age above mentioned I was put out apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, by Robt. Corbett, Esq., in which, I must confess, I underwent hardships seldom acquiesced in by boys of my age; but as my father died when I was very young, and I knew it was not in the power of my mother to provide better for me, as she had two more to support by her own labor, I judged it best to submit. About the age of seventeen I formed a determination to learn the Latin language, to which I was instigated by the following circumstances:—I had been in the habit of reading such books

as happened to be in the house where I lodged, but meeting with Latin quotations, found myself unable to comprehend them. Being employed about this time in the building of a Roman Catholic chapel, for Sir Edwd. Smith, of Actonburnel, where I saw many Latin books, and frequently heard that language read, my resolution was confirmed. I immediately bought "Ruddiman's Latin Grammar," at a book-stall, and learnt it by heart throughout. I next purchased "Corderius Colloquies, by Loggan," which I found a very great assistance to me, and afterwards "Entick's Latin Dictionary"; also, soon after, "Beza's Testament," and "Clarke's Exercises." There was one circumstance, however, which, as it had some effect upon my progress, I shall mention in this place. I one day asked one of the priests, who came frequently to us, to give me some information of which I was then in want, who replied, that "charity began at home." This was very mortifying, but it only served as a stimulus to my endeavors; for, from this time, I resolved if possible to excel even him. There was one circumstance, however, more powerful in opposing me, and that was poverty. I had at that time but six shillings per week to subsist on, and to pay the expenses of washing and lodging; out of this, however, I spared something to gratify my desire for learning, which I did, though not without curtailing myself of proper support. My wages were, however, soon after raised one shilling a week, and the next year a shilling more, during which time I read the Latin Bible, Florus, some of Cicero's Orations, Cæsar's Commentaries, Justin, Sallust, Virgil, Horace's Odes and Ovid's Epistles. It may be asked, how I obtained these books? I never had all at once, but generally read one and sold it, the price of which, with a little added to it, enabled me to buy another, and this being read, was sold to procure the next. I was now out of my apprenticeship, and determined to learn the Greek. I bought therefore a Westminster Greek Grammar, and soon afterwards procured a Testament, which I found not very difficult with the assistance of Schrevelius' Lexicon. I bought next "Huntingford's Greek Exercises," which I wrote throughout, and then in pursuance to the advice laid down in the Exercises, read Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and soon after Plato's Dialogues, some part of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, Pythagoras's Golden Verse, with the Commentary of Hierocles, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and some of the *Poetæ Minores*, with the *Antigone* of Sophocles. I now thought I might attempt the Hebrew, and accordingly procured Bythner's Grammar, with his *Lyra Prophetica*; and soon after obtained a Psalter, which I read by the help of the *Lyra*. I next purchased Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon, with a Hebrew Bible; and now I seemed drawing fast towards the summit of my wishes, but was far from being uninterrupted in

*Founded and endowed by the family of Corbett, owners of that estate.

these pursuits. A frequent inflammation of my eyes, with every possible discouragement from those about me, were certainly powerful opponents; but habit, and a fixed determination to proceed, had now made study my greatest happiness, and I every day returned to it, rather as a source of rest from manual labor; and though I felt many privations in consequence, it amply repaid me in that solitary satisfaction, which none but a mind actuated as mine was, could feel. But to return, chance had thrown in my way the Targum of Onkelos, and I had a Chaldaic Grammar in "Bythner's Lyra," with the assistance of which and of "Schindler's Lexicon," I soon read it. I next proceeded to the Syriac, and read some of Gutbir's Testament, by the help of Otho's Synopsis, and Schindler's Lexicon. I had also occasionally looked over the Samaritan, but as the Samaritan Pentateuch differs little from the Hebrew, except in a change of letters, I found no difficulty in reading it, in quotations, wherever I found it; and with quotations I was obliged to content myself, as books in that language were entirely out of my reach.

By this time I had attained my twenty-fifth year, and had got a good chest of tools, worth I suppose about £25. I was now sent into Worcestershire, to superintend (in the part of my master, Mr. John Lee, the repairing of a large house belonging to the Revd. Mr. Cookes. I began now to think it necessary to relinquish the study of languages, as I perceived that however excellent the acquisition may have appeared to me, it was in my position entirely useless. I sold my books and made new resolutions; in fact, I married, considered my calling as my only support; and some promises and insinuations had been made to me which seemed of a favorable nature in my occupation. I was awaked, however, from these views and suggestions, by a circumstance which gave a new and distressing appearance to my affairs; a fire broke out in the house we were repairing, in which my tools, and with them all my views and hopes, were consumed. I was now cast on the world without a friend, a shilling, or even the means of subsistence. This, however, would have been but lightly felt by me, as I had always been the child of misfortune, had not the partner of my life been immersed in the same afflicting circumstances. There was, however, no alternative, and I now began to think of some new course of life, in which my former studies might prove advantageous. I thought that of a country school-master would be the most likely to answer my purpose; I therefore applied myself to the study of "Murray's English Exercises," and improved myself in Arithmetic. This was, however, one grand objection to this; I had no money to begin, and I did not know any friend who would be inclined to lend. In the meantime, the Rev. Archdeacon Corbett had heard of my attachment to study, and having

been informed of my being in Longnor, sent for me in order to inform himself of particulars. To him I communicated my circumstances, and it is to his goodness that I am indebted for the situation I at present fill, and for several other very valuable benefits which he thought proper generously to confer. My circumstances since that time are too well known by you to need any further elucidation. It is through your kind assistance I made myself thus far acquainted with the Arabic, Persian, and Hindoostanee languages; of my progress in which you, Sir, are undoubtedly the best judge.

I am, Sir, with every possible respect,

Your most oblgd. and very hble. svt.,

SAML. LEE.

Blue School, Shrewsbury, April 26, 1813.

"Voice from Prison."

Have you read that article? if not, turn to it, and read it very carefully. There are many such voices, if you could only hear them. Beware of and shun bad company; remember that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

Montreal, Jan. 13, 1853.

Mr. Editor,—You do me a favor by inserting these few lines, if you have space, in the columns of your paper. I have heard much said of late concerning the Maine Law and its effects, and how such a law would answer to be in our land; and I have been much astonished, very much indeed, at the opinions which have been held both by respectable and aged men. Ah, may I say opinions that would leave men to go on in misery and destruction. I do not pretend to be able to bring forward arguments to prove that the Maine Law should be. But this I say, that, to every impartial man, the fruits and effects of intemperance are visible. I do not mean to picture a vain shadow, so as to dazzle the eyes of your readers, but I merely ask them to look around them, and what do they see? Does intemperance increase the happiness and peace of society? does it add to the character of a young man? does it establish joy, peace and happiness in a family?

Ah, it is there, I can answer by experience its vile effects. Perhaps few have seen its effects more than I have. When men, therefore, see its effects in destroying happy families, in bringing man to an early grave, why do they still persist in favor of it? Is it because they themselves traffic in it, or use it as a beverage? I would say shame to the man who would not put his hand to the plough, and strive to clear the land of so vile a monster, and the blessings of many a broken-hearted mother would ascend to heaven.

A YOUTH.

Kingston, C. W., 28th Dec., 1852.

Dear Sir,—I beg leave to send you a list of the Officers elect of Elgin Section, No. 1, Cadets of Temperance, for the Quarter commencing January 1st, 1853, hoping you will oblige us by an insertion:—R. Bell, Esq., W P; W. Bain, P W A; W. Rudston, W A; J. Milner, V A; G. W. Comer, T; J. Cameron, A T; W. Shaw, S; M. H. ah, A S; J. Farrell, G; W. Farrell, U; J. Armstrong, W; M. T. Pense, J W.—Yours in V., L. and T.

G. W. COMER, Sec.

Lyn, January 8th, 1853.

New Era Section, No. 13, C. of T., is in a thriving condition; we are striving, with all our might, against the tyrant, King Alcohol. There is a reinforcement come to our aid, in the shape of another Section of Cadets, in Malory Town. I do not know the number yet, but they are doing well. The Officers installed for this Quarter are as follows:—James R. Philip, W A; George M'Nish, V A; W. R. Godkin, S; Wm. Morrison, A S; Robert Miller, T; Stredar Clow, A T; Henry Breckenridge, G; Robert Breckenridge, U; Brother Adam Riley, C.; Archibald M'Lean, W; James Breckenridge, J W.

JOHN GODKIN, W. P.

York, January 11, 1853.

I herewith send you the names of the Officers installed in the Rainbow Section, No. 113, C. of T., for the present term:—Nath. Wickett, P W A; John Ryan, W A; John

Schallen, V A; Wm. Tygart, S; Wm. Coslett Warren, A S; Andrew Williamson, T; Wm. Farmer, A T; Richard Elliot, G; John Cawrey, U; Wm. Hursell, W; John Doyle, J W; Edward Haywood, Worthy Patron; James Leming, and Robert Johnston, Associate Patrons.

J. J. RAMSAY.

Quebec, 17th January, 1853.

I have the pleasure in sending you a list of the Officers elected and installed for the ensuing Quarter:—Benjamin Cole, W P; Thomas Fitch, W A; John Leitch, V A; Vivian M'Kinlay, S; Benjamin Scott, A S; William Richardson, T; Thomas Ryan, A T; Joseph Lesueur, G; T. Richardson, U; J. White, W; Thomas Hillman, J W. It is also with no small degree of satisfaction that I send you a programme of the pieces that were recited in our Section Room on the night of installation, before upwards of 200 persons, all of whom went home well pleased with their evening's amusement. Our Section is in a prosperous condition, and is weekly increasing. We are honoured on our meeting nights with both Daughters and Sons of Temperance, when either pieces are recited, or discussions taken up, which tends to make our meetings very interesting. Wishing you every success with your very interesting little paper, I remain yours in V., L. and T.

V. M'KINLAY, Sec.

Concord Section, No. 116.

Charlesville, 20th January, 1853.

The following are the Officers elect, Charlesville Section, No. 35, C. of T., for Quarter commencing 1st January, 1853:—Simeon Casselman, W A; George Anderson, V A; George Hickey, S; Charles Loucks, A S; Vestus Casselman, T; Thaddeus Loucks, A T; Durham Cook, G; R M'Donald, U; Pliny Whitney, W; Frederick Loucks, J W; A Gove, P W A; George Richmire, W P; Jacob J. Loucks, A P; Thomas Anderson, A P; E. Barnhart, C. It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the unwearied attention paid us by the Charlesville Division, No. 247, Sons of Temperance; and further, for their liberality in granting us the free use of their Hall. Our Section is progressing, and numbers 40 members in good standing. Yours, &c.

GEORGE HICKEY, Sec.

Puzzles for Pastime.

No. 1.

I am composed of 14 letters.
 My 6, 11, 12, 4, 5, is a useful piece of furniture.
 My 4, 11, 8, 5, is a cripple.
 My 12, 11, 2, 5, is poison.
 My 8, 13, 3, 5, are small animals.
 My 3, 11, 12, 11, 4, is to form close intrigues.
 My 8, 1, 4, 5, is an animal.
 My 10, 7, 11, 6, is an article of clothing.
 My 12, 11, 13, 6, is a temptation.
 My 4, 11, 8, 12, is an animal.
 My 14, 11, 13, 4, a boss.
 My 12, 5, 8, 7, 5, to befit.
 My whole is the name of a very popular book.

VERITAS.

No. 2.

I am composed of 15 letters.
 My 15, 14, 10, is a mark of reference.
 My 9, 12, 13, is an enclosure.
 My 2, 4, is at a small distance.
 My 9, 8, 10, 5, is to entreat.
 My 8, 4, 3, is a coarse kind of grain.
 My 2, 1, 5, is a word of contempt.
 My 15, 6, 2, 12, 8, is calm.
 My 11, 1, 9, 3, is part of a ship.
 My whole is a piece of good advice.

W. H. B.

No. 3.

The following anagrams on places in Canada, you will please insert in next number:

'Iron Meal,	Lace Hut,
On Pict,	Air a Nag,
To Troon,	Iman, vow bell,
Ah! loch Age,	Nice lati!
Bevill Rock,	Noon D—l,

Not sing K?

E, E, portable sun mixt.

Montreal.

GEO.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

No. 1.—Arthur Wellesley.
 No. 2.—War-wick.
 No. 3.—Veil, evil; Levi, live.
 No. 4.—LOVE.
 No. 5.—(H)erring.
 No. 6.—Bubble.

The answers sent by W. H. B., Chatham, and G. W. V., do., to enigmas Nos. 1 and 2, and D. B. S.'s, Litchfield, to enigma No. 3,

in December number, are correct. Those sent by W. B., of Quebec, to enigmas Nos. 1, 4 and 6, in January number, are also correct.

Tobacco.

The use of Tobacco has been the vestibule of drunkenness. The following will show how drinkers themselves view the practice.

"A man of fine natural talents who prepared for the ministry, but who by drinking had fallen to be a companion of the vile, would occasionally burst into a strain of eloquence lamenting his ruin. During one of these strains I chanced to be present. He was purchasing tobacco, and turning he addressed me thus: I use tobacco. I know it is a filthy practice, but why stop it? I am bound by another band that follows in its train—listen, when I say all drunkards use tobacco. Tobacco deadens the taste, it creates another appetite more hideous than the first, it destroys the sensibilities, it kills both body and soul.—Tell your friends, impress it on your children and *name me as an example.*

Let all young people beware of forming this filthy and destructive habit.—*The Carson League.*

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—A nice young gentleman, not a thousand miles from this, after a long and assiduous courtship, found himself, one bright evening, the betrothed of a pretty girl, the very pink of modesty. One night he was about to take his departure, and after lingering about the door for some time, in a fidget of anxiety, declared and protested to Miss Nancy, that he could not and would not leave until she kissed him. Of course, Miss Nancy blushed beautifully red, and protested in turn, that she could not and would not do that. She never had done such a thing, and never would until she was married—so now he had it. The altercation and debate became deep and exciting, until the betrothed buffed outright, and declared if he couldn't kiss he couldn't have her—and was marching off. She watched him to the gate, and saw "the fat was in the fire" unless something was done, "Come back, then!" said she, coaxingly, "I'll split the difference with you—you may squeeze my hand!"

BARGAINS.

A thing may be good and cheap;
 But take this bit of advice,
 That what you can do without
 Is dear at any price.

Things to Think About.

BENEFICENCE.—The beneficence of the poor man cannot be so extensive a blessing to others as the beneficence of the rich man; but it may be quite as intense a blessing to himself.

The wisest and happiest man is he, who seeks first the kingdom of heaven and by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities.

WIT is not the produce of study: it comes almost as unexpected on the speaker as the hearer; one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles—when they fail in that they become sarcasm.

APPAREL.—In thy apparel avoid singularity, profuseness, and gaudiness; be not too early in the fashion, nor too late; decency is the half-way between affectation and neglect. The body is the shell of the soul; apparel is the husk of the shell; the husk often tells what the kernel is.

THE HAPPY GIRL.—Ay, she is a happy girl—we know her fresh looks and buoyant spirits. Day in and day out she has something to do, and she takes hold of work as if she did not fear to soil her hands or dirty her apron. Such girls we love and respect wherever we find them—in a palace or a hovel. Always pleasant and always kind, they never turn up their noses before your face, or slander you behind your back. They have more good sense and better employment. What are flirts and bustle-bound girls in comparison with these? Good for nothing but to look at; and that is rather disgusting. Give us the industrious and happy girl, and we care not who worships fashionable and idle simpletons.

SPURIOUS AND TRUE LIBERALITY.—A spurious liberality represents all modes of faith as unimportant; it calls upon men to compromise all points of difference; it strikes at the foundation of real belief, and can imply little better than total apathy to all religion. It is even dangerous to the very principle of religious liberty; for if all forms are wholly indifferent, where is the hardship of conformity? True liberality, on the other hand, is based on the sacredness of conscientious conviction, and identified with the love of truth. It represents no difference as unimportant, but encourages each to hold fast his view of the truth, and, on the very same ground of right, to allow the same liberty to others. The language of false liberality is: Why these idle contentions? Compound your differences, and agree. The language of true liberality is: Differ—but agree to differ. Differences are unavoidable; disagreements about them are unchristian.—*Kitto's Journal.*

Things to Smile at.

The principal study pursued in a *school of whales*, is supposed to be elocution—as they are often caught *spouting*.

“Is your house a warm one?” asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord. “It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently,” was the response.

As an old lady lately was walking through one of the streets of Paris, at midnight, a patrol called out, “Who’s there?” “It’s only I, patrol; don’t be afraid!”

A short time since, a man was heard lamenting the death of two of his sons. “Two stout, hearty boys,” said he, “and died just afore hay—it onymost ondid me!”

In Albany, two or three mornings since, a young man was found in a pig pen, sleeping with half a dozen porkers, and affectionately hugging a demijohn of liquor. What taste!

A person riding on horseback, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, whom he accosted as follows: “How odd it looks to see one calf leading another.” “Yes,” said the man, “but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback!” The horseman went on his way, and was seen no more.

A PRACTICAL MAN.—In a recent trial for assault and battery, in Pennsylvania, the counsel for the defendant asked one of the witnesses, a stout, athletic man, to describe the manner in which the plaintiff was assaulted; when he immediately took hold of the counsel by the collar, and gave him a tremendous shaking, to the no small amusement of the judges, spectators, &c., who were convulsed with laughter.

Wetherbee, who “drives the White Mountain stage” from Baldwin, is a great wag.—“There’s a young woman lying in that ere house, yonder,” said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer; “there’s a young woman been a lyin’ there near about a month, and they haven’t buried her yer!” “Why not?” we innocently inquired. “Cause she ain’t dead!” quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then he tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with the whip.

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.—A young exquisite, who was anxious to raise up a ferocious crop of whiskers, and was told that bear’s oil would facilitate their growth, went to a druggist and procured a bottle of oil, which he put profusely on his face when going to bed. Next morning, on looking in the glass, he was horrified to find either side of his face covered with a thick coat of white feathers. The druggist had made a mistake, and given him *goose* oil instead of bear’s oil!

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