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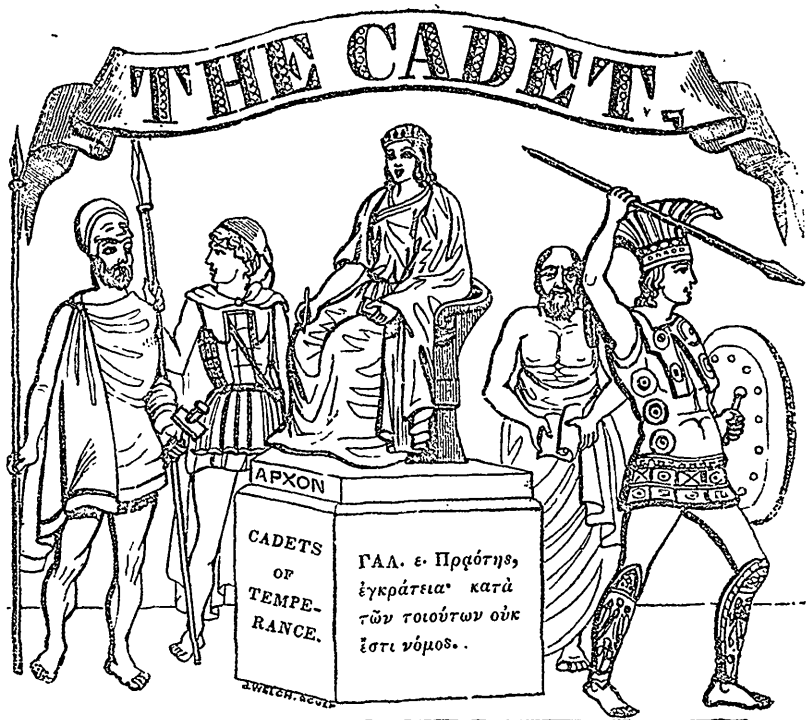
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1853.

No. 9.

Warning Against Sin.

It is necessary to guard the minds of young people against the idea that it is possible to transgress with impunity. Not that punishment always follows the commission of crime at once or closely. It may be delayed, but the "way of transgressors is hard," and sin will be found out. In looking over the *Eastern Argus*, one of our Portland exchanges, we were much affected by the detail of sad events which have recently occurred in the State of Maine. "It is rare," says the *Argus*, "in our peaceful city, that such a tragedy is enacted." We give the article referred to, for the fervent appeal it conveys to the young, warning them, and older persons too, against every path of vice and wrong:—

The fate of Mr. Arnold Wentworth contains a most solemn and impressive lesson. He was a man who had passed the middle age of life, and by his industry and apparently honest course, commanded the respect of his fellow citizens. Living in a secluded town, away from the temptations of large cities, unimpelled to crime by necessity, comparatively wealthy, with a family to guard and comfort, there was every inducement to happiness.

But he fell! The process by which he gradually reasoned himself into the commission of the forgery, would doubtless disclose a curious chapter in his interior life. We can fancy it to have been somewhat as follows:—When he first

hears that, if the widow of Captain ——, had died in 1837, instead of 1826, her heirs would be entitled to \$4000, he thinks what a pity it was that so large a sum should be lost. He imagines such an amount in his possession—calculates what he would do with it—and fancies the immense aid it would be to him. Then comes the insidious whisper—“*Why not?* No body would be injured by it. The government would not feel it, with its twenty million surplus, while it would do me and my family great good.” The suggestion is repelled—but it approaches again with greater power, and is more faintly repelled. At last—at last—it becomes a cherished thought. In the field it is pondered over;—in the family circle it absorbs his mind;—it mingles with his dreams;—it even rises up in the sanctuary between his conscience and his God. This great sum—FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS!—it glares at him and fascinates him every where.

The next step is easy. He has determined to do it. The money shall be his—and then—but, alas! *then* has no place in his calculation. He shuts out all after thought, which his invisible guardian spirit strives vainly to press upon his vision. He lays his plans. The alteration of one word—only one word—indeed only one letter—and the writing of only two or three harmless certificates—and the money is his. Washington is a great way off—the officers are too busy to scrutinize closely—and it will be very easily done; ay, so easily that it looks like a mere bagatelle.

The deed is accomplished! The day when the money should arrive comes, but nothing from Washington. So, day after day rolls on, and no return. And now comes unutterable terror and regret. He would give his whole farm—every thing—could he put back the clock of time to the hour when the first thought of fraud presented itself. His dreams have lost their golden hue, and are shaded with horror. Waking or sleeping, in the field or at home, a leaden weight rests heavily on his soul—a frightful premonition of the consequences.

That is an officer! *He* knows him, and what he is after, though he wears no emblem of authority. But there is hope yet. “Perhaps they cannot prove it; they may arrest me only on suspicion.”

He goes to jail, and there soon learns the hopelessness of his case. He is in a web, the woof of which is of iron. The evidence is complete—crushing—and the result will be five, perhaps ten, perhaps twenty years in the State Prison. Under the indescribable agony of his condition, he takes the fearful leap into the faithless darkness beyond.

And thus the curtain drops! It rose, and disclosed a mine of golden wealth, easily obtained. It fell upon the corpse of a suicide, weltering in blood.

Young man, is there not a lesson in this so plain, that the simplest may read it? That old proverb, “Honesty is the best policy,” though based on no higher motive than “policy,” is nevertheless true. A departure from it inevitably leads to ruin. We were conversing upon this tragedy with a friend a few days since, when, by way of illustrating this point, he stated the following facts:

Some years since a distinguished citizen of one of our New England States, was missing. After considerable search, he was discovered *hanging in his barn, and quite dead.* This excited general surprise; for he was a man of much wealth, happy in his domestic relations, highly esteemed by the community, and had occupied a seat on the Bench of one of the Courts of the State. The mystery, however, was soon revealed. He had been for a series of years engaged in forging pension papers, and had obtained thereby about \$40,000. On the evening before the act an officer of the Government visited the town; the Judge knew him; his guilty conscience led him to fancy that he was detected; and without waiting to ascertain whether his surmises were true, he went out and hung himself. It came out afterwards, in a certain trial, that this same person had previously hired a desperado to fire the Treasury Buildings, for the sole purpose of destroying the forged pension papers on file there. The horror that man must have suffered day and night, for fear of detection, no one can even remotely imagine.

“The way of the transgressor is hard.” His life may be calm outwardly, but there is ever a tempest within. Wentworth bore himself with a quiet and unruffled exterior, and even five minutes before his self-murder gave an order without the slightest apparent mental excitement. Dr. Webster, after he had killed Park-

man, presented the same external manifestations of a heart at ease, during the five days the authorities were in search for the body. But the eternal law of compensation, is written upon every man's soul,—traced there by the burning finger of the Almighty—and none can elude it. Even if the crime escape the eye of human justice, there is an Eye "that never slumbers nor sleeps," forever gazing down into and lighting up the dark chambers of the guilty spirit—an ever present avenger of wrong. Earnestly and agonizingly should we all pray to our Heavenly Father—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The Two Homes.

BY C. E. FULLER.

Among the earliest pictures daguerre-typed upon the tablets of my memory, is a quiet little home, embowered in rose-bushes, and adorned with living gems, fresh from Flora's matchless casket; and in the distance, blue and beautiful Eric, rolling its eternal tide of waves upon the sandy shore; and on her swelling bosom, the graceful schooner, whose white sails glistened in the sun, like the snowy plumage of some fabled sea-bird, reared in Neptune's coral caves. Such are the remembrances of my early home, where an unbroken band of loved and loving ones dwelt in peace and happiness. But a change "came o'er the spirit of my dream." The Death-angel came, and he laid his cold hand on one of our number, and now she is sleeping "the dreamless sleep that knows no waking," in a quiet grave-yard in the Peninsular State. Those bright scenes in life's unclouded morn have vanished, yet they have left a fadeless picture, graven upon my mind; one which the cold cares of life will only serve to brighten.

From the scenes thus impressed upon my youthful memory, permit me to sketch two homes, occupied by two brothers, at a short distance from my father's residence.

The one was a large and commodious brick house, surrounded by fruit and ornamental trees, and beautified by flowers; the barns and fences were in good repair, and the neatness of the fields was a sure index of comfort, if not of affluence.

On the opposite side of the street, stood the residence of the other. It was an old house of logs, which looked as though it had borne the storms of thirty winters; the small windows, from which half the glass had been broken, were filled with boards and rags, and an old, broken down fence partially surrounded the dilapidated tenement. There was a little orchard near the hovel, which had been struggling for existence, for years,

against the grass and briars, and half conquering, half vanished, it presented anything but a pleasing appearance. The fields looked as though some scathing sirocco, with its pestilential breath, had withered every living thing, and the miserable tenement remained as a crumbling monument of desolation and desert loneliness.

I was a child then, and the appearance of these houses, so unlike, produced an impression on my mind which time will never obliterate. Childish curiosity led me to inquire the cause of the different circumstances of these brothers; and I learned that the land occupied by each had been a gift from their father, one of the early settlers of the Western Reserve. They had both married at nearly the same time, and commenced, with equally flattering prospects, the journey of life. The one had been sober and industrious, and success had rewarded his efforts. The other was the poor, the fallen victim of Intemperance. At the shrine of the demon, Strong-drink, he had offered up his good name, his prospects in life, his wife and his children, his home, and every talent that God had ever given him. Manliness was gone; in tattered habiliments, he wandered through the streets with fearful blasphemies upon his gibbering tongue. The fierce stimulant had blotted out the last trace of the image of God from his brow.

Years have passed by since I have seen the wretched wreck of humanity, whom I have endeavoured to sketch. I believe he yet lives, if possible more loathsome and degraded than in former years. But his days on earth must be few, for "the way of the transgressor is hard." Ere long he will be swept into the grave, unnoticed and unnumbered, with none to drop a tear to his memory.

O, young man! beware of the poison cup, the envenomed draught that lures but to destroy.

*Twill blast each pleasure, wither every joy,
And breathe a millieu on the holiest hopes;
With it is mingled every woe. It rolls

A fiery wave of desolation o'er
The brightest spots that cheer man's pilgrimage ;
Dries up the purest fountains in the soul,
And leaves the heart, bereft of hope and love,
Withered and desolate.

For a thousand years, Intemperance has been the vice, in comparison with which all other vices have whitened into virtue. Its pathway has been strewn with blighted hopes, ruined homes, and broken hearts, and

"The woes it creates and the horrors of crime,
Have been written with blood on the records of
Time."

Yet a Star of Hope has at length appeared in the Eastern horizon ; its first glimmering beams fell on the forest-clad hills and rock-girt shores of Maine. The despairing sons of Progress took fresh courage, and after one desperate struggle, they were free. Then arose to Heaven, one long, loud shout of victory, and the pean notes echoed o'er the granite hills of New England ; Ontario's billows bore it on like music o'er the waters, and Erie's crystal wave re-echoed it. Michigan, the darling of the inland seas, with her thousand limpid lakes and murmuring streams, heard the exulting shout, and when her cowardly legislators asked her if she would be free, she gave an aye, full twenty thousand strong, an aye so loud and long, that it rolled like the voice of the thunder, down the Mississippi valley, and westward, to the wild crags of the Sierra Nevada. The world has heard it now. There's scarcely a hamlet in our happy land, where the name of NEAL Dow is not a household word. And the laurels he has won will be green when the fame of the Cæsars is forgotten. May the glittering banner of Temperance soon wave its glorious folds over every land, and "the noble law of Maine," be the motto of the world.—*Cleveland Commercial*.

The Mosquito and the Rumseller.

Where a little brook flows through a piece of thick, shady woods, between high rocks, a man was sitting alone. He was a rumseller ; but as business happened to be rather dull with him, and, besides, the people had got up an excitement about the Maine Law, and were saying some hard things about gentlemen of his trade, he thought he would shut up his grog-shop, and refresh himself with a nap under the shade of a tree. He soon found a smooth, flat stone, where he sat down, to watch a little patch of foam, about as broad as a

dollar, that was turning round and round in a pretty basin of clear water, where the run was hemmed in by rocks. It was a nice place for a hot day in August, and it was not long that the rumseller was sitting as still as a fish, thinking—First, he thought if that little patch of foam were a big pile of silver dollars, and they were all his, what he would do with them.—Then he thought how hard it is for honest people to get hold of money, and this led him on to think of "inalienable rights," and of the blood our fathers shed to gain our independence, of which his father never shed a drop, unless his grandfather may have got his head broken in a row in Ireland or Germany, about the year '76.

"Buzz, buzz!" said a mosquito, which had been dozing all day in a crevice of a rock ; "I am hungry and thirsty for a drop of blood," at the same time alighting on the rumseller's head. There he walked about for some time, surveying the field, stalking with his long legs over the short hairs which were on the back of the hand.

"What are you about there?" said the man, turning his eye from the foam to the mosquito.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" said the latter. "I am looking for a convenient spot to insert my bill."

"What! do you intend to suck my blood?"

"O, don't be alarmed ; you will have plenty left. Why, that jugular vein which I see begins to swell out so much that I could soon fill my sack, contains enough of blood to drown me and all my kindred."

"But thief! what right have you to suck my blood, even if I have plenty of it?"

"Right! verily, that is a strange question. Don't you know that we mosquitoes have an inalienable right to suck blood?—Did you never hear of the great battle our fathers fought in Egypt, in the days of Pharaoh? Here the mosquito stretched himself up to his full height, so as to appear very large ; at the same time he drew out a nicely polished spear, which he always carried with him, and rubbed it with his right fore-foot."

The rumseller watched him, but said nothing ; for he did not know exactly what to say.

The mosquito went on : "Beside, I should like to know if this is not a free country? and if mosquitoes have any

where a right to suck blood, we who are hatched in American mudpuddles surely have."

"Well, I have travelled a little, and I think you are all very much alike, from the gallinipper of the south to the no-see them of the north. You all live by robbery."

"Mr. Rumseller, the world owes us a living, and we intend to have it. Therefore, if one doesn't bleed you, another will."

"But you ought to get your living in an honest way. You regard neither law nor conscience."

"There, sir, you mistake. We are all warm friends of the license law, passed by the great council of grave and wise mosquitoes, which meets on the first warm day in May. This law gives to every one the privilege of bleeding men whenever he gets a chance. Every mosquito will defend this at the point of his lance. But any law opposed to this we hate as we do the oil of pennyroyal, or, which is the same thing, as rumsellers hate the Maine Law. As to conscience, every one of my acquaintance has a conscience just as long as his sucker, and beyond which he never goes."

"Well, I would not regard the loss of a little blood, if you did not poison me every time you insert your pump."

"Poisoned, indeed!" exclaimed the mosquito, holding up both his hind feet at once.

"My great grandfather who was born three weeks ago, lost his life by sucking poisoned blood. He alighted on a poor drunken fellow, who lay sleeping by the wayside, and, deceived by the beautiful crimson color of his nose, he tapped it; but the first sip proved his death—the fellow's blood was so highly charged with alcohol. Why, rumseller, into how many veins have you poured poison? You poison the fountain of domestic peace and public morals. Blame me for sucking a drop of blood, while you suck away the time, and the money, and the reputation, and the life of your fellow men—and all the time pour poison into their hearts, and the hearts of their wives and children. If the biography of every mosquito was written, from his wiggletailhood to his death, you would not find one guilt of such meanness. Nay, if ten millions of us were compounded into one great mosquito, with a proboscis like the sword of Goliath, which could pierce the heart and drink

down its warm blood at a single gulp, he would not deserve to be feared and execrated as the man who lives on the tears, and sorrows, and blasted hopes of others."

Here the rumseller lifted his hand to crush the mosquito; but he flew away, as he did so, he pointed one of his long fingers at the man, and cast upon him such a look of loathing and disgust, that the rumseller for the first time in his life, felt something akin to shame.—*Cen. Christian Herald.*

First Spree of the Bricklayer's Son.

Some of the journeymen of the work yard where I was first employed, kept the feast day of *Saint Monday* most devoutly, and had often tried to make me do the same. I refused at first without much trouble. The recollections of the Barrier wine shops were not too inviting; but they attacked me by bantering me; they declared I was afraid of being whipped by my mother; that I was not yet weaned, and that brandy would burn my throat. These jokes piqued me. I wished to prove that I was no longer a child, by acting badly as a man. On a day following that of payment, when I still had my fortnight's money, they dragged me beyond the Barrier, and I stayed there until everything had passed out of my pocket into the till of the wine seller. Sunday and Monday were spent in this long debauch. I came back the evening of the second day without a hat, covered with mud, and staggering along the walls of the faubourg. My mother did not know what had become of me, and thought I was hurt, or dead; she had looked for me at first at the Morgue, and then at the hospital. I found her with Maurice, who was trying to comfort her. At the sight of me her uneasiness vanished, but not her trouble. To the first delight of finding me again, followed the grief of seeing me in such a state. To lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so drunk that I could hardly hear, and I could not understand any thing. The tone of her voice alone showed me she was reproving me. Like most drunkards I was vain-glorious when intoxicated; and I considered myself for the time one of the kings of the earth. I replied by enjoining silence to the good woman, and declaring that I would henceforth live according to my own fancy, and no longer be tied to her apron strings.—My mother raised her voice. I exclaimed louder: and the quarrel was growing worse, when father Mau-

rice parted the fray. He declared that this was not the time to talk, and made me go to bed without a word. I slept without moving until next morning. When I opened my eyes very early, I recollected all that had happened, and I felt a little shame, mixed with much perplexity. Self-love, however, hindered my repenting. Surely I was master of the money gained by my industry. I might spend my time as I liked; nobody had a right to find fault with me; and I resolved to cut short all remarks. My mother alone made me uneasy. I got up sottly, wishing to avoid all her reproaches, and set off without seeing her. When I arrived at the work-yard, I found the others already at work; but they did not seem to notice me. I began to rough-wall carelessly, and in a bad humor. The two days of debauch had taken the spirit for work out of me. Besides, I felt an inward shame which I hid beneath a bravado air. I listened to what the journeymen were saying, constantly fearing to hear some joke, or some vexatious remark at my expense. When the master came, I pretended not to see him, for fear he should ask me the reason of my absence the evening before. I had lost the good conscience which formerly could make me look the world in the face. I now felt that I had something in my life to hide. Those who had carried me off to the Barrier were not yet returned; the master noticed this. "It is a sort of weakness they have," said the wag of the work-yard; "when they chance to work, they swallow so much mortar that they require at least three days of Argenteuil wine to rinse their throats." All the journeymen began to laugh; but it seemed to me that there was a sort of contempt in their laughter. I blushed involuntarily, as if the joke had been meant for me. All new as I was in irregularities, I still felt shame at them.

The day passed thus sadly enough. The sort of uneasiness I felt all over my body, extended to my mind; I was tired inside and outside. Whilst we had been working, father Maurice had not said a word to me; but when it was time to go, he came to me, and said we would walk together. As he lodged at the other end of Paris, I asked him if he had any business in our quarter. "You will see," he replied, "shortly." I was going my usual road, but he made me take other streets, without telling me why, until we arrived before a house in the Faubourg St. Mar-

tin. There he stopped. "Do you see in this building," said he, "the high chimney which rises near the gable end, which I call *Jerome's Chimney*? It was there that your father was killed!" I shuddered deeply, and looked at the fatal chimney with a sort of horror mixed with anger. "Ah! it is there," repeated I, in a trembling voice: "you were there, were you not, father Maurice?" "I was." "And how did it happen?" "It was neither the fault of the building nor of the work," replied Maurice. "The scaffolding was well fixed—from the Barrier—his sight was confused—he no longer knew where to place his steps; he took empty space for a plank, and was killed without a plea for excuse." I felt the blood mount into my face, and my heart beat quicker. "Father Jerome was a valiant workman," continued Maurice, "if drunkenness had not ruined him. By long sitting at table at the wine-seller's he left there his strength, his skill, and his mind. But, bah! one lives but once, as the saying is; one may then be allowed to amuse one's self before one's burial. If at some future time one's widow and orphans are cold and hungry, they may go to the poor-house and blow their fingers. Is not this your opinion, tell me?" And he began to sing a drinking song, then well known:—

"Serve your time to the drinking trade;
When you've learnt that your fortune's made."

I was humbled and confused, and did not know what to reply. I knew well that Maurice did not speak seriously; but to approve would have shamed me; to contradict him, was to condemn myself. I hung my head, without saying a word. In the mean time, he continued to look at the cursed gable-end. "Poor Jerome!" continued Maurice, changing his voice as with emotion; "if he had not followed bad examples when he was young, we should have had him now with us—Nadelaine would have had some one to direct you. But, no; now there remains nothing of him—not even a good memory; for we regret only the true workman. When the unhappy man was crushed there, on the stones, do you know what the foreman said? "A drunkard the less!—take him away, and sweep this up!" I could not restrain a movement of indignation. "Well! he was a hard fellow," continued Maurice; "he only valued men for what they were worth. If death had taken a good workman he would have said, "It's a pity!" At bottom every body

thought as he did, and the proof is, that Jerome was followed to the grave by his friends only.—Even those with whom he had drank turned their backs upon him as soon as he was in his coffin; for, you see, scamps are companions, but never friends." I listened all the while without a reply. We had begun again to walk; at the first cross-way Maurice stopped, and showing me the chimney, which far away rose above the roofs—"when you wish to begin again your yesterday's life," said he, "first look there, and the wine that you drink *will taste of blood.*" He departed leaving me quite overwhelmed.

"Facts are Stubborn Things."

How trite, and yet how true. Brother Watson has been furnishing (weekly) proof, that the manufacture and sale of "ardent spirits" cause more misery and death than any other one thing known.

Well, what is true of the manufacture and traffic in Chicago, is true of it *uphere*. Some time since, a number of "gentlemen liquor venders," of Green Bay, filled a keg with whiskey and started down the bay, on the ice, to tempt the appetite of some Indians on the fishing ground, and replenish their stock of fish. They first *treated* them, then, when under the influence of liquor, offered them the rest for ALL their fish. The fish were worth five times the value of the liquor, and they *knew* it; yet they also knew, that the Indian under its excitement would give anything he possessed for more. A bargain was concluded on their own terms, and they piled the fish away in their own sleigh, and then cutting a bowl into the ice with their axe, emptied their liquor into it, and went on their way chuckling over their fine trade. The next morning three Indians were found frozen to death, lying upon the ice with their noses over the liquor. Now, *who caused their death?*

One of the most interesting and really amiable Indian lads I ever knew, of about 14 years of age, of the name of Webster, was quite constant in his attendance at our mission-school, and was so orderly and studious that I began to point others to him as a model for a good boy. Something made it necessary for him to go to Green Bay, and while there, a *respectable* liquor vender, desiring to get some work done very cheap, treated the lad to some liquor, and when under its effects, offered him so *much more*, if he would do

a certain amount of teaming for him. He consented, received his pay, and the next morning he was found a mile or more from town, in a ditch, frozen up to his neck; he was still breathing, but nearly gone. He was immersed in water by some kind friends, and his body was soon encased in ice. Poor boy! he lived near three days in the utmost agony, crying, "ah ghee," "ah ghee," (an expression, indicating extreme suffering,) and then expired. Who killed the boy, and broke the heart of his deeply pious, widowed mother? Answer, ye, that favor the legalizing of the manufacture and sale of liquor.

An Indian had been to Green Bay, (some months since,) parted with all his money in one of these LEGALIZED DENS, and was found next morning in his own field, within a few rods of his own door, frozen to death, leaving an amiable wife, and a number of helpless children, in the midst of a very cold winter. Who should be blamed?

Not long since, a respectable married man was awakened at midnight by the struggles of his wife who lay by his side; upon opening his eyes, he beheld an intoxicated Indian clutching her by the throat, evidently bent on choking her to death. The husband was active, and soon had the fellow measured his length upon the floor, and then tumbled him out of the door, to his companion who waited outside—barring it, he retired to rest, supposing the fellow sufficiently sobered to remember what he was about. But within an hour, a rifle was thrust through the window, and the husband was shot; and the house set on fire and burned up by these intoxicated Indians. Were these Indians alone to blame?

Such scenes are common among Indians who live in the vicinity of our western towns and villages; and I ask, who is to blame? We do all we *can* to roll back this tide, but as long as the state will *legalize* the manufacture and sale of it, we labor in vain. Bad men will find means to evade the penalty attached to the act of furnishing liquor to the Indians, and we are compelled to look on and witness the withering effects of the fiery flood they let loose upon. "How long, how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge their blood on those that dwell on the earth." May the ruinous lightning blast (I had almost prayed) these brews of strong drink! May the heavenly time soon come when the moat without any

drawbridge, (save of sincere repentance) shall be as wide between the rum-making, rum-selling, rum-drinking, and the rum-legalizing Christian, and the Christian of the Lord Jesus, as the gulf between Abraham and Dives.

HENRY REQUA.

Oneida Indian Mission, Wis., Aug. 2, 1853.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's event,
That with the hour begin and end;
Our pleasures and our discontents
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That marks another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,
The strife of triumph more than truth,
The hardening of the heart, that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill,
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the noble will!

All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees—by more and more—
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted—wholly vain;
If rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

Society.

“Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The Society of virtuous persons is enjoined beyond their company, while vice carries a sting in solitude. The society of the company you keep is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company, when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more guard than usual, because the mind is then passive. Either vicious company will please you or it will not; if it does not please you, the end of going will be defeated. In such society you will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble you will hear contemned and abused. The Bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests, and impious buffoonery; the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue; the principle will become sapped, and the fences of conscience broken down; and when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place; *they will glory in their shame.*”

GREATNESS AND GOODNESS.

“Greatness and goodness are not means but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel death.”

CALM AMIDST TUMULT.

The poll was kept open for fifteen days, and until the twelfth Mr. Wilberforce was in the full turmoil of this noisy scene. “Breakfasted,” says he in his diary, “daily at the tavern, cold meat at two, addressed the people at half past five or six, at half past six dined forty or fifty, and sat with them. Latterly the people would

not hear me, and shameful treatment. On Sundays allowed to be very quiet; to dine alone; to go to church." His temper of mind in the midst of this confusion, was such as is rarely preserved in the rude shock of such a contest. "It was necessary," says Mr. Russell, one of his most active and friendly agents, "that I should have some private communication with him every day. I usually put myself in his way, therefore, when he came in from the hustings to dress for dinner. On each day, as he entered, I perceived that he was repeating to himself what seemed the same words. At length I was able to catch them, and they proved to be that stanza of Cowper's:—

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seen by Thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow Thee."

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1853.

The Flight of Time.

Before the next issue of the *Cadet* becomes due, the current year will have closed, and a new one commenced. It is well to pause and consider what you have been doing for the year past. Perhaps the first thought that strikes you now, is, that the time has passed away swiftly. A moment seems a very small space of life; but the succession of moments continuously occurring, adds to the world's age, and deducts from the individual life. But if the time thus swiftly flies, how has it been spent? What have been the chief features of your year? Doubtless, you will be persuaded of the goodness of God to you. He gives life and health—He provides home and friends—He is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works. If of those bounties you have partaken, be thankful; or, if you have suffered any afflictions or privations, be assured, nevertheless, that God, your Great Father above, does all things well.

Most of the young people who read this paper are connected with the Temperance movement. We hope, dear young friends, that you have steadily kept your pledge for the whole year, and have endeavored to induce others to join your "bands of hope." You will never regret having taken your stand on the teetotal platform. Hold fast, and press forward in this work of reform. According to your present anticipations, another year is before you. Let it be a year of working zeal in the Temperance reformation. Time is precious. Let it not be wasted or frittered away. It has been said by some one, that one of the sands in the hour-glass of time is, beyond comparison, more precious than gold. In nothing is waste more ruinous, or more sure to bring unavailing regrets. Better to throw away money than moments; for time is much more than money. As we lose our days, we incur an increasing risk of losing our souls. "The life blood of the soul runs out in wasted time." Remember you can never recover what of time you lose or throw away. Read your Bible—learn your duty—pray for God's grace—guard against evil. May you all have a cheerful Christmas, and a happy New Year.

Decision of Character.

Nothing like firmness in the cause of God and humanity. We don't see so much of it in the Temperance ranks as we would wish to see. Sometimes we read a bit of good news, which makes the heart feel all over smiles of approbation. Now, young friends, read, mark, learn, and, if need be, do likewise. Here is a story of a man to whom honor is due, which we find in *The Genius of the West*, a Cincinnati monthly:—"A gentleman called upon a negro, who owns a fine farm in Ohio, and wished to purchase some slave timber. Our colored friend inquired for what purpose he wanted it. He received for an answer, 'I have a contract for so

many whisky barrels.' 'Well, Sir,' was the prompt reply, 'I have the number for sale, and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single stave or hoop-pole, or a particle of grain off me for that purpose.' Of course, Mr. Cooper was not a little 'up in the back' to meet such stern reproach, got mad, and called him a 'nigger.' 'That is very true,' mildly replied the other, 'it is my misfortune to be a negro. I can't help that, but I can help selling my timber to make whisky barrels, and I mean to do it.'" Yes, "I MEAN TO DO IT." Good, firm, wise resolve. Young friends, just carry that paragraph to the neighbor who sells his grain or something else to the distiller! Better be poor, and want, than uphold the detestable traffic.

Early Dawn Section.

The installation of Officers of the Early Dawn Section of Cadets, took place on the 13th October last. A great portion of the Sons, Daughters, and buds of promise were present. Our late worthy patron, Mr. Cook, who has so honorably filled that station, was succeeded by Mr. J. G. Bell.

The prizes to the best speakers on that occasion were distributed by Miss Frazer to Brothers Cluff, Smith, Walker, and your humble servant. It was a splendid turn out. Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Hewit of the Sons made speeches. It was all concluded at about 11 o'clock at night, when we broke up, the happiest of the happy. It is intended that our next installation shall be as public as the last, and on a more extensive scale.

Ever yours, in V., L., and T.,

H. PILSON.

The Importance of Forming Correct Habits.

One among many other reasons why we should form correct habits in early life, is the influence that one exerts over another; for there are no persons but what can be influenced more or less, by their associates

and friends. And their are none, be their rank or standing what it may but has had and still have opportunities of imparting either good or evil to the minds of others, whichever that individual mind is itself in possession of. Then, as influence is boundless, (for we cannot say decidedly, here it shall stop,) all persons should form such habits as will be beneficial both to themselves and those who may be influenced by them.

Another reason why we should form correct habits is, that our happiness while here will be greatly increased; for we have it in our power, to a greater or less extent, to lay up for ourselves happiness or misery, for after life. If we form a taste for good, we will enjoy all that is good, and will not feel happy unless we are engaged in some good act, either conversing with those who are good and intellectual, personally, or through the medium of their writings, or otherwise engaged in some honorable cause. We were not placed in this beautiful world to live for ourselves alone, but to assist, instruct, and console one another, while travelling along life's thorny road, for all have a portion of sorrow, and if we can at any time cause one dark spot to become bright or one shady spot to become sunshine in our associate's pathway, we should not fail to do it, and forget and forgive all injuries either imaginary or real.

But the most important reason of all why we should form correct habits is, that we may become inhabitants of that bright and glorious world above. True happiness exists not in external enjoyments, but in internal. If it was derived from externals it would not be durable, but would change with the external. But if we form correct habits and continue to follow them in all respects, we will enjoy Earth's purest pleasures while here, and be prepared to join the Heavenly Host when life's brittle thread is broken.—*Cleveland Commercial.*

A Beautiful Moral.

We find in an exchange the following simple and touching paragraph. There is a wealth of beauty in it, and a moral on which many and many a word might be said and lesson taught:—

'God will take care of baby,'—a beautiful infant had been taught to say it, and it could say little else, 'God will take care of baby.' It was seized with sickness, at a time when both parents were

just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die.

Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment, just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud, when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looking lovingly up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice said, 'God will take care of baby.' Sweet consoling words! they hardly ceased when the infant spirit was in Heaven.

The Sulky Boy.

This is a species of ill-temper with which you are all familiar. We see persons afflicted with it, almost every day—and a sad affliction it is, too, both to themselves and to their neighbors. There is Robert, for instance; a good boy in many respects; but once in a while he has a desperate fit of the sulks, which nearly if not quite balances the credit side of his character, and leaves him with more demerits than merits. So long as he can have his own way, everything goes on pleasantly; but let his father interfere with some plan he has formed, or set him about some job he does not like, and you will soon find out what his temper is. For hours after—perhaps for a day or two—he is surly, morose and gloomy. He says but little; but when he speaks, he snaps and growls like an angry wolf. He pouts, scowls and looks sour at every body, friends as well as foes; and should you attempt to reason kindly with him on his folly, he grows more obstinately sullen than ever. Do you ask what good all this does? I do not know. There certainly can be no pleasure in thus punishing one's self; on the contrary, he greatly aggravates his disappointment. A cheerful, sprightly temper makes its possessor happy; but a sulky one can only render its owner wretched. The lad I have described indulges only occasionally in these fits; but there is that danger this sullen state of mind will after a while become permanent with him, if he does not soon break himself of the habit. He is gradually souring his disposition, and the habit is growing upon him. It will be well if he does not turn out in the end a mere Nabal—the churl whose character is described in 1 Samuel 25.

Sabbath Twilight.

Sabbath twilight: holy hour, what magic dwells in this portion of the day; it is an hour pregnant with holy thought, whose shadowy mantle unfolds the dearest associations of our lives. It is an hour when angels most delight to hover about the abode of man; and when he feels that the communion of his soul is nearest Heaven.

The Sabbath always comes to the Christian, laden with Heaven's richest blessings; on its dawn, when its early light first falls upon his vision, his heart swelling with heavenly emotions, finds true utterance in the language of the poet:—

“Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest.”

As we go up to the house of God and listen to the utterances of divine things—we are reminded again of our obligations to our Maker—of our duties towards his creatures—and with holy zeal and Christian confidence are pointed to a heavenly home, a peaceful rest prepared for the saints—we imperceptibly let go one after another of the vanities of earth, till we hold in our grasp only, strung on memory's chain, whose purer joys of earth which never fade—and as the day passes and we go from one exercise to another, our hearts become more and more prepared for pure and holy meditation. Then comes the twilight, accompanied by associations such as linger around no other hour, and as evening shadows gently fall, sweet memories of the past fill our souls with unutterable fullness.

A mother may have years since passed from earth to heaven. This is the hour when she used to gather us around her at the close of Sabbath, and told us of God and heaven. O how vividly do we remember her countenance radiant with a mother's love; we almost hear, in the stillness of the hour, her tender voice as with Christian fervor she told us of Jesus who had died for us, and who had gone to prepare a home of rest for all those who are good; we remember too when she died, how we were called around her dying bed, and kissed for the last time her cheek, fast becoming cold in death, how she commended us to the care of our heavenly Father; and though years have passed, we still feel the same solemn sadness—but now hope brightens, and

faith points across the stormy sea of life to a land of rest and happiness, the abodes of sainted friends.

This too is the hour we have often spent with a brother or sister or friend now in glory, and as we think of them, beautiful visions of the past float before our minds—and though we shall see our friends no more on earth, we still feel the influence of their pure spirits around us; our hearts are now bound to Heaven by new ties, and we can almost hear their angel voices coming on the evening zephyr, saying, "courage! a world of glory awaits the faithful."

This of all hours is the one, when we most delight to steal away to some retired and favorite spot, and think of the loved ones of earth, who may be far distant from us—those who are bound to our hearts by the strong ties of affection—joy springs up in our souls when we remember that at this hour, so dear to them, they are thinking of us—that our prayers and praises are now mingling at the throne of God; the cords of love that bind us now grow strong, and the hallowed influence of the hour adds new strength and vigor to all the finer qualities of our souls. When it is spent, and the bright stars tell us of its departure and the approach of night, we drop a tear of gratitude, and bless our heavenly Father that if we are faithful, ere long we shall enjoy one eternal Sabbath. Do all appreciate this hour, and improve it as they may, so the weaning of their hearts from earth, and better preparing them to dwell in the mansions of Heaven? God has hallowed it; within it he has placed influences which tend to purify and elevate the mind of man: it is the hour when communion with God and Heaven is least alloyed with earth.—*Herald and Journal.*

A Little Story for Girls.

A mother sits watching, with tear-dimmed eye, her only daughter, as she is sadly and silently preparing herself for a long journey to the "far west." The minister who united her to the husband of her choice has just left. The guests, one by one, passed out, and left me alone, to witness a scene over which angels might rejoice. The last glove was on—the carriage at the door, when this young and beautiful bride kneels before that mother, who has been till now her dearest earthly friend, and craves a parting blessing. Never did words fall so freely—never was

a blessing received so thankfully. The sad farewells are exchanged, and the daughter leaves the room to hide the tears as they gush in torrents from her eyes. The husband now came forward to say "good-by" to his new mother. "God bless you my son. May you long live to protect and cherish her who has been my greatest earthly blessing, for," said she, "as a smile lighted up her pale face, "she never caused me an anxious thought."

Now, dear girls, think you! Did you ever stop and think, when you were about making up your mind upon anything, however trivial, will this cause my mother to sigh? Will this trouble her with anxious thoughts? O many thoughtless girls there are who persist in doing as they please, till death comes in consequence of their disobedience, and snatches them from the circle of loved ones on earth, to meet their just deserts in another state of existence.

Now-a-days, it is quite "fashionable" to speak lightly of your parents, and to act regardless of their known wishes. If you would be loved and respected in society, shun such "fashions" as these, as you would a deadly poison.

Many allow themselves to use by-words—sing comic songs—repeat vulgar anecdotes—keep late hours abroad—or perhaps at home, with—, but no matter who, your conscience tells you it is wrong; then stop and think; seek forgiveness, and diligently strive to live so that when called to leave father and mother, they can say, "She never caused me an anxious thought."

"Let your Light Shine."

A single illustration happily introduced into a sermon, will sometimes fasten itself on the mind of a person, never to be forgotten. We remember a case in point. The substance of the sermon in which it was introduced is forgotten; but the point to which we refer is permanent. We have thought of it a hundred times, in connection with a religious consistency.

The preacher referred to a light-house near New York, for illustration. The light, which is a revolving one, had ceased to move by reason of some derangement in the machinery. As soon as the keeper discovered it, he ran to the proper position and by manual labor kept steadily revolving the light, until weariness compelled him to call another to his assistance.

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Then another took his turn—and so during the live-long night the light kept its uniform revolution. A stranger, astonished at the solicitude of the keeper, inquired the cause.

“Why,” said he, “there may be a hundred seamen looking out from the darkness and storm below to catch a glance at this light. If it move not, it will be mistaken for another, and, in their uncertainty and danger, they may lose the channel and be shipwrecked.”

How many happy hearts passed over Broadway the next day, all unconscious of the danger to which they had been exposed, but for the faithfulness and consideration of that keeper of the light-house!

Christian, the world is looking on you. You may not know who are below in the darkness and storm of life's troubled sea—but you know the sea is stormy and there are dangerous shoals to be avoided. Let your light give no uncertain gleaming upon the gloom. Keep its motion uniform, and continued! And when the day of eternity shall dawn thousands may tread the streets of the new Jerusalem—who, but for the brightness and regularity of your light, might have made shipwreck of faith, and never moored in the harbor of eternal safety.

An Ungrateful Son.

Abraham Croft had an only son, to whom he gave all the little property he had saved by many years hard labor. All that the father desired in return for this kindness was, that his son should maintain him when he grew old, and unable to work. By means of the father's kindness, the son, when he married, was enabled to take a house, purchase a horse and cart, and hire a piece of ground for a garden. The poor old man worked early and late for his son, because he loved him. He labored even beyond his strength, and at last caught a violent cold, and was unable to work any longer. His son was then obliged to hire a man to do the work which his father had done. Both the son and his wife behaved very unkindly to the poor old man, and often suffered him to want those comforts which his age and infirmities required. But his little grandson was very fond of him, and behaved in so dutiful and kind a manner, that he often relieved and comforted his aged grandfather in his affliction. At last his unkind daughter-in-law told him positively that

he must go to the poor house, for they had something else to do besides nursing him. Shocked at these unfeeling words, the poor old man arose from his chair, and crept away to a little out-house in the garden. Here he was seized with a fit of coughing and was ready to die. The little boy, who heard what his mother said, followed his grandfather into the garden, who, in the anguish of his heart, told him to go and fetch the covering from his bed, that he might go and sit by the wayside and beg. He burst into tears, and ran into the house to do as he was desired. On the way his father met him, and asked him what was the matter, and where he was going.

“I am going,” said the child, “for the rug of my grandfather's bed, that he may wrap it round him, and go a-begging.”

“Let him go,” said the undutiful son, “who is to bear with his humors?”

“I will go and fetch it,” cried the boy; and he went and brought the rug to his father, and said to him:

“Pray father, cut it in two: half of it will be large enough for grandfather, and perhaps you may want the other half when I grow a man and turn you out of doors!”

Struck with these words, spoken to him by his own child, he began to reflect on his conduct, and to think what he should feel at receiving such cruel treatment from his son. He hastened to his father, and begged his forgiveness, promising that he would treat him with kindness and respect, and also insist upon his wife's doing the same. Abraham readily forgave his son, and returned with him into the house; but, in a few weeks afterwards, he closed his eyes in death.—*Serjeant's Sunday School Teaching.*

Youth and Old Age.

“He bears the marks of many years well spent, Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.”
Rowe.

“Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way, The land of joy lies before his eyes.”
MRS. BUTLER.

What a contrast is there between youth and old age! Nearly opposite my residence within the verandah of a neighbor's dwelling, these warm summer days may be seen quietly seated, leaning upon the supporter of his trembling limbs, his ivory-headed staff, an old man whom age has shorn of strength and vigor of youth, and upon whose brow the frosts of many winters lie heavily. Day after day, from

morn till night, I see him in his accustomed place sitting, and steadily gazing out upon the bustling world, without being able as once he was, amid the busy scenes of life to join the "innumerable multitude" that press down the vale of time ; some in search of pleasure, some pursuing the fleeting phantom of health ; some in pursuit of the bauble, wealth, and some striving for the hard earned "bread of life."

The loud ringing joyous laugh of youth often awakes him from his dreamy meditations ; the hurried step of business men often startles him from the dreamy reveries of the past ; the aged, almost superannuated ; methinks oft call more sadly to his mind his own helpless condition. With him the pleasure and follies of youth are passed as a vision ; the active toils and cares of meridian life seem but a passing dream ; the present—old age with its infirmities—only appearing real.

But, kind reader, this old man is a *true hero*. From youth up he has "fought the good fight," and now stands upon the verge of the grave, crowned with a wreath of honor, waiting the bidding of the Master of "life and death." He has passed, with an undaunted heart and holy trust, through all the vicissitudes of eventful life, mingling with the myriads thronging with ambitious zeal towards the grave. Boldly he set out in youth with a burning desire for fame ; virtue and honor prompting him to the battle of life. Boldly and fearlessly he encountered every opposition that rivalry placed in his pathway, mounting higher and higher the rugged steps of the world, until success crowned his efforts, and he was led to exclaim, with Thompson the poet, that

"All the proud virtue of this vaunting world,
Fawns on success and power, however acquired."

But now, all these things have passed as an idle dream. He has beheld the vanity of all things worldly, and experienced the truth, that "all things pass away."

Often beside this old man I see sitting a flaxen-haired little girl, inquiringly looking up into his wrinkled face, with her soft, tiny hand within his, while her "flaxen curls sweep oft his hardened palm." And ever and anon her shrill laugh—"a brimming laugh of joy from childhood's lips," peals out upon the air, which the rocklands echo back, causing the old man to startle in his second childhood. And often we hear her pleading with "grandpa" to follow her to the lawn, to play "hide-and-seek," or to join her in a wild chase after some beauti-

ful butterfly, or the tiny humming bird ; and when he refuses, she cannot understand why he will not. She then turns to her mother, and asks why grandpa never joins in her merry plays ; and when her mother explains to her the reason, she asks if she shall ever become so old that she cannot run and play, and laugh and sing ; and when informed that she will if she should live as long as grandpa, her merry voice is hushed, and for a long time her silvery voice is silent, may be, in thought. But care or sorrow from the mind of childhood passes like an April shadow from the green-growing meadow, leaving no impress of its transitory stay. In a moment she is laughing as merrily as ever, while her tossing curls keep time with her flying feet.

Is there no contrast between the two ? The old man, with his superannuated frame, the frost of age upon his wrinkled brow, and the light of life is fading from his eye, while

"Frequent for breath his parting bosom heaves ;
To broken sleep his remnant -cuse he gives,
And only by his pains awaking, finds he lives."

And the youth, whose active features are the embodiment of life, health and happiness ;

"Dancing through pleasure's maze
To care, to guilt unknown."

But all honor to thee, old man ! Thou hast conquered the world ; thou hast fulfilled the mission whereunto thy God sent thee ; and upon the threshold of eternity thou art waiting to be ushered through the portals of His kingdom, to everlasting day.

Young Theodore—Discourtesy Severely Punished.

Hospitality has been recommended on the ground that one may perhaps entertain angels unawares. We would say be courteous to all, for fear, that through forgetfulness or neglect, you may omit some persons who have treated you kindly. Those whom we never saw may have performed good offices to us through strangers. We may have reaped benefits in utter ignorance of their author. If we are not habitually regardful and polite, it may happen, that in word or act, by private speech, or in the public print, we may inflict a wound upon one who has done us signal good : for it is not those with whom we are most intimate, who are sure to serve us best.

A poor orphan boy, named Theodore _____, was only seven years old when

he attracted the notice of a gentleman of fortune and distinction, who was found indulging a fancy—a laudable one it was—of doing good by stealth, and making people happy without disclosing the author of the benefaction. He caused the young lad to be well clothed, sent to school, and afterwards educated at college. Theodore became a distinguished scholar, but was never able all this time to penetrate the secret of his generous friend. His bills were regularly paid, and he himself liberally, though economically, supplied with necessary money for his pocket: but he could only see his benefactor in his works. It may be well supposed he did not fail to thank him from the bottom of his heart a thousand times, for he had a tender one; ingratitude was not among his failings.

The first thing, almost, that he did after leaving academic quiet, was to pen a virulent libel on an eminent gentleman, who happened to be identified with a cause against which the society which Theodore frequented, was passionately opposed. Theodore was known to be talented, and to hold a sharp pen; he was therefore naturally pitched upon to deal the assassin's blow. He was in the meantime not acquainted with the merits of the controversy, as few young men are, who get excited in a quarrel; as for the gentleman he was to assault, he knew nothing at all of him, except that he was a celebrated man, and most persons spoke well of him. That was of no consequence, however; his wit and satire were a gift intended doubtless not to be neglected, as their possessors generally think; so he lent himself to the infliction of a foul slander on one he did not know.

The effect of this truculent attack was considerable; for poison will have its operation, by whatever hand and on whatever person it shall be administered. An anonymous libel, like a musket-ball, is equally destructive, whether the trigger be pulled by a child or a man; by hired assassin, or a mistaken man of honor. The charges in this case had a certain effect at first, but were afterwards exposed, and proved entirely false.

Two years after this, as Theodore was sitting one morning in his office, he received a letter inviting him to call at No. —in—street, at 12 o'clock the next day. He did so; and was then informed by the executor of—, the excellent man whom he had ignorantly traduced, that

he had left him a legacy of five thousand dollars, accompanied with words of encouragement to persevere in his honorable course of honest industry and generous hopes. He was further cut to the heart to learn from the papers of the departed, that it was he also that took the orphan from the gutter, and befriended him as long as he lived, and whose affectionate kindness death itself had been unable to extinguish.

These disclosures sunk down into his heart, and rankled there forever. His guilty secret was felt at times during all his days, aching like an unhealed wound. He went from the executor of his second father an altered man, and made a resolution which he always religiously kept, never to speak ill again of a man he did not know. This was the self-covenant of Theodore. It should be ours; otherwise we may be found as he was, spitting venom on our best earthly friend and benefactor. And we would add to this the advice, not to speak harshly of one we know, unless we are certain he deserves the censure, and that it will not produce more harm than good. Thank heaven! the orphan's father of the present narrative never suspected who his secret accuser was, and was therefore saved that severest of all wounds—the sting of ingratitude.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Thrilling Incident.

At a Temperance meeting in Philadelphia, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, demonstrating it quite to his satisfaction to be spiritual, gentlemanly and healthful. When the clergyman sat down, a plain elderly man rose, and asked the liberty of saying a few words. Permission being granted, he spoke as follows:—

“A young friend of mine, (said he) who had long been intemperate, was at length prevailed on, to the joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, though the struggle with his habit was fearful, till one evening, in a social party glasses of wine were handed round. They came to the clergyman present who took a glass, saying a word in vindication of the practice. “Well, thought the young man, “if a clergyman can take wine, and justify it

so well, why not I?" So he also took a glass. It instantly rekindled his fiery and slumbering appetite; and after a downward course, he died of *delirium tremens*, a raving madman!" The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add—"That young man was *my only son*, and the clergyman was the *Reverend Doctor who has jus! addressed this assembly!*"

Nature.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea.

They pour the glittering treasures out,
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine.
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the hills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest tops are lowly cast,
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen word,
E'en as a repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurled,
They fade in light above.

Thy sky is as a temple's arch;
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun;
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar fires of heaven!

Puzzles for Pastime.

SIR,—I beg leave to send you the answers to the Enigma and Puzzle issued in the *Cadet* for November.

1. Enigma:—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
MONTREAL DISPENSARY.

2. The Question showing the work:—

Suppose there were 10 Cadets at 5s. each, £2 10s.; too little by 20s. Suppose there were 12 Cadets at 5s. each, £3; too little by 10s.

$$\begin{array}{r} 10 \times 20 \\ 12 \times 10 \end{array} \left. \vphantom{\begin{array}{r} 10 \\ 12 \end{array}} \right\} 10$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 240 - 100 \\ 100 \end{array}$$

$$10 \overline{) 140}$$

14 Cadets at 5s. each, is equal to £3 10s.

4 Cadets who backed out before organized, left.

10 Cadets to pay 7s. each, equal to £3 10s.

I hope you will show the work of this in your next issue. I would have answered both the questions in the September number, but you will not show the work; however, there is evidently a mistake. The answer to the question in September number, of the three men and £35, I find it is now answered in *dollars* and not in *pounds*.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{A's Share is } \pounds 13 \ 15 \ 10 \begin{array}{l} 80 \\ 472 \end{array} \\ \text{B's Share is } \quad \quad 6 \ 9 \ 0 \begin{array}{l} 144 \\ 472 \end{array} \\ \text{C's Share is } \quad \quad 14 \ 15 \ 1 \begin{array}{l} 218 \\ 472 \end{array} \end{array}$$

$$\pounds 35 \ 0 \ 0$$

Would you be good enough to insert the two following questions in your next issue, and let the work be shown?—

1. Twenty tinkers, thirty tailors, twenty-four soldiers, and twenty-four sailors, spent in a public house the sum of £64; four tinkers was to pay as much as five tailors, and ten tailors as much as sixteen soldiers, and eight soldiers as much as twelve sailors. Tell me the sum that was paid by all the tinkers, also the tailors, soldiers, and sailors?

2. There is a flag-staff—one-ninth of its length stands in the ground, twelve feet of it in the water, and five-sixths of its length in the air or above water. What is its whole length?

H. P.