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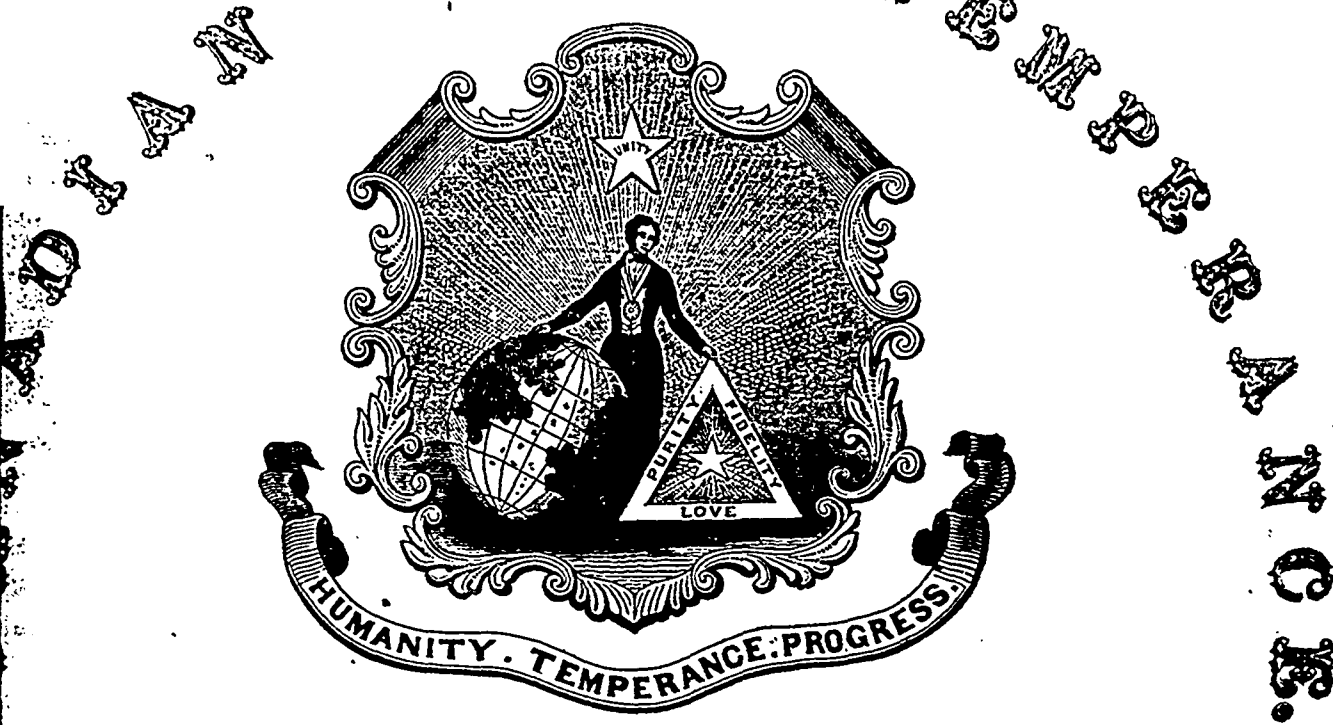
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THE SLEEPING CHILD.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A brook went dancing on its way,
From bank to valley leaping,
And by its sunny margin lay
A lovely infant sleeping.
The murmur of the purling stream,
Broke not the spell which bound him,
Like music breathing in his dream
A lullaby around him.

It is a lovely sight to view
Within this world of sorrow,
One spot which still retains the hue
That earth from Heaven may borrow,
And such was this, a scene so fair,
Arrayed in summer brightness,
And one being resting there—
One soul of radiant whiteness.

What happy dreams fair child are given,
To cast their sunshine o'er thee?
What cord unites that soul to heaven,
Where visions glide before thee?
For wandering smiles of cloudless mirth,
O'er thy glad features beaming,
Say, not a thought—a form of earth,
Alloys thine hour of dreaming?

Mayhap, afar on unseen wings,
Thy silent spirit soars;
Now hears the burst from golden springs,
Where angels are adoring,
And with the pure and angel throng,
Around their Maker praisings,
The joyous hearts may join the song
Ten thousand tongues are raising.

THE REIGN OF REASON.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
We turn to A'ens of old, in the palmiest days
democracy, no sight meets the eye so deeply af-

fecting as that of her greatest moralist. The popular prejudice is surted, the passions of the multitude enlisted against one who had laboured to improve the State, by training her sons to virtue and the right use of reason. He is condemned to die—to pay the forfeit of his life for crimes he had never committed, for opinions which were the honour of his intellect, and for the promulgation of sentiments which were the glory of his heart. It is proposed that in the interval between the record of the judgment and the day of doom—in his case a lengthened period secured by custom and law—that he should save his life by a clandestine escape from his prison. Socrates, ruled to the last by the same perspicacious survey of the wide interests of his own being and of the race at large, refused to secure a brief and ignoble future on the earth, by an act that would certify the positiveness of his soul, and the faithlessness of his reason to the principles which he had ever maintained. He remained to die, that humanity might read, even in the movements of its purely heathen elements, how appetite, and passion, and the baser ingredients of our complex frame, may be borne down and held in restraint by the regency of the will, guided by the light of an honest and truth-loving intelligence. His is a figure, that, taken as it ought to be, as standing within the region of practical morals, is well fitted to arrest even the gaze of christian philanthropists in seeking the improvement of the many.

For, after all, whether we take humanity as left to the guidance of its natural, self-cultivated powers and capacities, or placed under the clearer light of the christian revelation, this earth is obviously the great battlefield of reason with passion, of conscience with appetite of the interests of the inward with the propensities and inclinations of the outward man. However diversified the terms in which the conflict may be named, and however different the epochs of light, or of natural or supernatural aid under which it is maintained, the conflict lives, and moves, and agitates humanity throughout all time. Whether it takes the phase of the pursuits of art and science, of the adornments of literature, of the embellishments of civilisation, or of the defences of freedom through political ameliorations; or rises into distinct and direct aim at the social advancement of the multitudes through a widening education—the battle of the reason of man with the sensualism of life, through the constant appeal of the material and outward, goes onward from age to age. Multitudes are ever worsted

and destroyed, while here and there arises the man who vindicate the supremacy of the head and heart over the merely sensual, and avouch, in the living signature of their being, that the victory is for him who has the will to be victorious.

But the aspect of this ethico-intellectual contest which especially concerns the individual, is not in the sordid hosts who meet and combat on the high fields of political and social reform. Many a statesman has guided the helm of public affairs, whose reason was not liege to some of the simplest dictates of virtue. Many an eye has wept over the fascinations of poetry, or kindled into rapture in surveying this glorious dwelling-place of man, and yet been lured to evil through the flatteries of sin. Many a tongue has been eloquent, and many a pen dipped in the rainbow tints of dramatic fancy, and all but heaven-born genius, whilst their owners plunged again and again beneath the stream of vicious indulgence. What instance, throughout the whole vista of human thinking, from the first of ages until now, could be named before my Lord of Verulam? Raised above his fellow-thinkers of all times in comprehending, with the sweep of his giant intellect, the relation of man's intelligence to the material universe, and pointing with prophetic vision to the onward career of physical investigation, at the same time that human ambition could scarcely ask a more glorious elevation on which to stand and utter the decisions of a just and judicial wisdom—what do we behold? An instance of the weakness, the frailty, the meanness of the human heart, that has ever been approached with a blush of shame, or attempted to be concealed, out of a pious reverence for the tears of repentant sorrow.

It is not enough, in answering the question—
'Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise?'

to say,—
It is to know how little may be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel our own.

Or, after having uttered the accents of wisdom, merely to wish—

'And may ye better reck the rede,
Than ever did the adviser!'

It is not alone in the apophthegms, the maxims, or the wise sayings which the intellect of man has gathered up and recorded throughout the progress of all time, that

the living and active wisdom of individual men is to be found. It is a personal affair. It is the individual conformity of the life to the individual cogitations of the heart; the struggle daily to make the inward convictions of truth and of duty stand visible and patent in the deeds of the outward man. And however effective the recitation of the saws and proverbial sayings of other times in causing the light of truth to flash athwart the horizon of man's mental vision, the living exemplar of a wise behaviour is immeasurably more productive of good.

Hence it is that in the progress of the reign of reason the contest is in resisting the dominion of the outward, and setting forth in life the dominion of the spiritual or rational man. It is reason, through conscience and will, accomplishing what the reason clearly dictates. When genius arises, and paints with colourings fresh from the beauties of the universe, a living world as it is, or a living world as it ought to be; or thrills our being with ecstatic visions of the lovely, the beautiful, the sublime; or bears us on the wings of fancy far into fairy regions untrod by the vicious footsteps of men—it is all well: and to the wand of his commanding mastery we yield, wrapt in the enjoyment of almost angelic raptures. But when we turn to the being who has flashed forth these extraordinary coruscations of intellect, and all but overwhelmed us with the rushing emouons of love, and find him irascible, peevish, wayward, sensual—what a melancholy, what a humiliating combination of mental grandeur and moral debasement! Were the foundations of science laid with the might of a Bacon, or the heavens scanned with the eye of a Newton, or life delineated with the intuitions of a Shakespeare, or Paradise lost and regained, sung of with the pathos and sublimity of a Milton—and then dipped in the common sensualism of the lowest inebriation the living intelligence appeared—what serves to him the might of genius, the union of intellect, or the soaring flights of fancy, when the reign of reason, in the practical government of life, is so miserably negatived—undone? How immeasurably more sublime must the harmony of that being's existence appear, under eyes that may survey him from a reign of pure virtue, when it is seen that the dictates of right are venerated, the supremacy of conscience maintained, and the superiority of the rational, and spiritual life elucidated in the daily activities of the man. What is an Iliad from the lips of a drunkard, or the exposition of the starry universe from a pen dipped in wormwood and gall?

The reign of reason, then, is the reign of virtue; and the reign of virtue is the reign of an enlightened conscience in individual men. No powers conferred by the mechanical sciences, no splendour exhibited in the decorative arts, no advances in the great political movements of nations and communities can ever be a substitute for this personal, individual subjection to the reign of rectitude. Towards this consummation all men who wish well to their kind ought to bend the energies of their being. It is education's ultimate goal. A whetted intellect, unfirmished with a basis of moral integrity, is but an instrument of more subtle and refined iniquity. A taste for painting and music, and all manner of external adornments, may conceal the spirit of deceit, malignity, and guile—the variegated hues of the snake deluding for a little as to his poisoned fangs. But reason dictating right—and through the regency of conscience, maintaining steadfast loyalty to right—is the rock on which alone the superstructure of human advancement (so far, at least, as this advancement is regarded as a human problem, to be solved through the instrumentality of human agencies) in moral well-being—the highest rational dignity of man—can be safely and permanently made to stand. Towards this the substratum of every improvement, the basis of every practical elevation, the guarantee that everything done is well done, all attempted educational ameliorations of the multitudes ought to tend—the love of the true, of the real, of the honest, of the upright, in all the social and individual movements of mankind.

No handmaid of moral improvement, under the aspect now named, can claim precedence of the temperance reform. Based as it is on principles found, under the examination of every light, to be soundly rational, it stands ready to aid the reign of reason. Urging the destruction of the greatest demoraliser of modern times, the greatest enemy of virtue under all names, the foulest fountain of vice under all forms—the temperance reformation arises and bids reason reign; or hails with loudest acclamation every approach, from what quarter soever hastened, of the day when right shall hold do-

minion, and the dark night of evil shall have for ever passed away.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

—*Scottish Temperance Review.*

KOSSUTH.

Kossuth is a man about five feet ten inches in height, spare frame, broad shoulders and apparently quite muscular. He has a constitution like iron. It becomes hardened by exposure. His habits are exceedingly temperate. His face is a true index to his character. It is long and somewhat thin, with high cheek bones, very large blue eyes, a broad, expansive forehead, and dark colored hair. Under no circumstances would he pass for a common man. In repose he is abstracted, dreaming like, his eye roaming in every direction, apparently receiving no light from surrounding objects. But when engaged in conversation, and particularly when standing before large masses, his countenance becomes lighted up with intelligence and enthusiasm, and throws out the strange fascination which never fails to subdue all who come under its influence.

His deportment to those who seek an introduction to him, is, of course, very much like that of all great men who receive the attentions which a people always give to distinguished rank, or to one who holds a high position among men. No idea, therefore can be gathered from his manner under such circumstances. It is in the privacy of his room, when no audience is present, that we are to look for true manifestations of his character.

Well, we have seen him at such time. His address is particularly mild. He is very greedy of local information. He enters readily upon all subjects, but principally those which his visitor is most ready to talk about—his own locality. From the knowledge thus obtained, he makes his own applications, which we have so often read in his speeches. His industry is great. Nothing that he has learnt is lost, but is stowed away for future use.

His speeches are considered by all, whether friends or foes, as models of eloquence, yet none of his lengthy efforts are extempore. They are all written, and this may account for the extraordinary fact that out of four hundred speeches already delivered in this country, so little reputation has been made in them. His extraordinary fertility astonishes everybody, but most astonishes those who stand eminent as orators and statesmen in the world.

We may relate, as interesting topics, what we know of the preparation of two lengthy speeches made by him since his arrival in Massachusetts. He arrived at Springfield late on Friday evening, after a most laborious day's work at New Haven, Whitneyville, Hartford, and other places. His time was completely occupied until ten, when he retired giving orders to be called at four o'clock. From that time till nine o'clock, he was engaged at his desk, with the exception of a few moments at his breakfast. At ten o'clock he entered the church and delivered a speech of one hour's duration from the manuscripts thus prepared.

At Northampton, after a hard working day, he rested until Sabbath evening, when he commenced his Worcester speech,—most unquestionably the greatest speech he has made in this country. He wrote an hour that evening and about three hours on Monday morning, when he was called away. The public have seen that rich and glowing production, and are able to judge from it what his powers of mind are.

This remarkable rapidity of thought and fertility of imagination appear surprising and miraculous, almost, to those who are best qualified to judge of intellect and genius.—*Boston Herald.*

LATEST DODGE IN MAINE.

About a fortnight since, a hard specimen of a Yankee manufacturer arrived in the good city of Portland in the state of Maine, and established himself and luggage at the Elm Hotel. His luggage consisted of a small val-

ise and a large oblong box containing, for the inspector had examined its contents, a quantity of books of bound, which the proprietor had bought for the purpose of retailing about the city.

After seeing his property placed in the room allotted him, the pedlar made his appearance at the office with a small volume in his hand. He glanced his eye leisurely around the room, which contained at that moment no one but the clerk and myself.

"Fond of reading?" inquired the pedlar of the clerk when he had finished his observation.

"Don't get any time to read," replied the clerk. "I rather guess I've got a book here you'd better read," continued the pedlar perseveringly.

"What is it?"

"Well it's a real good book, and just right for your times too, 'cause it will give spiritual consolation. They do say that's what a man can't get very easily in Maine—just about now."

"That's very true sir, but your consolation, naturally, my friend does not happen to be of that sort."

There was a cunning leer in the pedlar's eye as he inquired—

"Fond of the right sort, hey?"

"When I can get it" said the clerk becoming interested.

"Guess I shall sell this book, then," said the pedlar decidedly.

"What is it—you haven't told me the name of it?"

"It's Pilgrim's Progress."

"Oh bother! I've read it at least a dozen times."

"But this is an entirely new edition."

"Oh! it's all the same."

"Beautifully engraved."

"Oh! nonsense I don't want it."

And so saying he commenced writing again, and was annoyed.

"Say, you—better look at the pictures," called the pedlar, thrusting the book under his nose.

This movement had an astonishing effect upon the clerk. He jumped off the chair and began to examine the volume eagerly, but much to my surprise, without opening it. Then seemingly satisfied with his examination he asked the price and purchased it.

"Say, you"—said the pedlar, after the bargain had been concluded—moving towards the door—"Say if any body should see that book and want to get their just like it, send 'em up to 73, and I'll account 'em just about as fast as they please."

And exchanging a queer and mysterious look with the clerk, the pedlar vanished.

"What on earth made you buy that book?" inquired the clerk, as soon as he had gone.

"See here a moment."

I advanced and looked over his shoulder. The clerk had opened one end of the book he opened a small slide, which he covered a stopple, which he unscrewed and then he took the book, which I applied mechanically to my mouth.

"What is it?" asked he, laughing.

"Brandy—by jingo!" exclaimed I, pausing for a breath, and then making tracks for the door.

"Hello! where are you going?"

"Up stairs. It has just struck me that the Pilgrim's Progress will be an excellent addition to my library."

The next day the pedlar's stock was exhausted.

A BEAUTIFUL ACTION.

We know not whether the story annexed will be new to our readers as it was the other day to ourselves, but we clipped it from the Boston Transcript; but if we are certain, it will be no less pleasing, whether new or old. It is related by Sidney Smith.—

"A London merchant, who, I believe, is still in the country while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, the next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired that he should buy one for him at the same time, which of course was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up to a prize of \$100,000. Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. 'I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into the drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them since.'

“But how do you distinguish one from another; how am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?” “Why, at the time I put them in the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which should be yours; and upon opening the drawer I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket.” Now,” added the narrator, “this action appears to be perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau-ideal* in morals, and it is that calm yet deep emotion of pleasure that every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world.”

DICKENS.

Charles Dickens, the most popular writer of his time, was born in February, 1812, at Landport, Portsmouth. His father, the late Mr. John Dickens, in the earlier part of his life, enjoyed a post in the Navy Pay Department, the duties of which required that he should reside some time to time, in different seaports, now at Plymouth, now at Portsmouth, and then at Sheerness. “In glorious days” of the war with France, these towns were full of life, bustle, and character; and the father was at times fond of dilating on the strange scenes he had witnessed. One of his stories, described a ball-room he once enjoyed at Blurtown, Sheerness, and was sung on the theatre. On an evening he used to sit in the ball-room, and could hear what was passing on the stage, and join in the chorus *God save the King*, and *Annals Rules the Waves*—then the favorite songs of the Englishmen. The war being at an end, among those who left the public service, with a pension, was the father of our novelist. Coming to London, he frequently found lucrative employment for his talents as the press as a reporter of parliamentary debates.—Charles Dickens may, therefore, be said to have been in youth familiarized with “copy;” and when his father, with paternal anxiety for his future career, took preliminary steps for making his son an attorney, the cheerfulness of the proposed occupation fell so heavily on the mind of the future author, that he induced his father to permit him to resign the law, and join the editorial corps of a daily newspaper. His first engagement was on the *True Sun*, an ultra-liberal paper, then carrying on a fierce struggle for existence, the staff of which he passed into the reporting corps of the *Morning Chronicle*. On that paper he acquired a reputation as a first rate man—his reports were exceedingly rapid, and no less correct. In the course of the *Chronicle* he soon gave proofs of other talents than those of a reporter; for in the creation of that journal appeared the *Sketches of English Life and Character*, afterwards collected to form three well-known volumes of *Sketches by Boz*, published respectively in 1836 and 1837. These at once attracted considerable notice, and obtained great success; the publisher of the collected edition anxious to secure the most of the prize which had fallen to his lot, sent him to an arrangement with Mr. Dickens, and secured the comic draughtsman—the one to write and the other to illustrate a book which should exhibit the features of a party of Cockney sportsmen. Hence the appearance of “*Pickwick*,” a book which made us acquainted with the reputation and the publisher's fortune. After the success of that had commenced, poor Seymour committed suicide, and Mr. Mabbot K. Browne was selected to continue the work, which he did under the signature of “*Phiz*.” Meanwhile, Mr. Dickens had courted and married the daughter of Mr. George Hogarth, then, and now, a celebrated writer; a man of considerable attainments, and in his earlier days, whilst a writer to the *Signal* at Edinburgh, enjoyed the intimate friendship of Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and the other literary notables of that day adorning the Modern Athens. The great success of “*Pickwick*” brought down upon its author attacks from all sides for another work, and “*Boz*” was invited to write “*Nicholas Nickleby*,” to be published in weekly parts. In the preface, in notices, which give it a special value to the cheap and elegant reprint of the works of Dickens, we are indulged with slight glimpses of his own recollections, personal and literary. It is necessary to note the titles of Mr. Dickens' subsequent works, all of which have justly obtained popularity. He has lately entered on a path not dissimilar to our own; and in this he has our best wishes. The cause of social melioration needs a union of hearts and

lated by a venerable speaker at a late anniversary meeting of the Free Will Baptists:—

“Father Phinney wished to relate an anecdote—Whilst hearing Bro. Peck telling how whilst these rum-sellers have become, I was reminded of one John Skillins, an old bachelor who lived in Gorham, my native town. Old John was a fox hunter. At one time, an old fox came to his trap, eat off the bait and went off. John went to his trap, looked and said (for he was always talking to himself), “*What, does the fox think to outwit John Skillins?*” So he fixed the bed, and set his trap the other side up, to outwit the fox. But it was one of the cunning old foxes and he managed to get off the bait, spoil the bed, and get off again without being caught. John went to his trap, looked astonished, but he was not to be outwitted by a fox, he would show them that he knew more than the whole tribe of foxes. So he borrowed another trap, and set two, so that while the fox was in one, he got his hind leg caught in the other. When John came to his trap he said, “*Good morning Mr. Fox. Did I not tell you that it was no use to attempt to outwit John Skillins?*” He then took up a pitch-knot and whaled him on the head, till the fox laid down just as Br. Peck says those rum-sellers do (applause). He then turned to fix his traps, and as he happened to look round, he saw the fox's tail just going out of sight among the bushes (Roaring applause.) Now, said Phinney, what I want is, that we should not be deceived, but be sure and kill the fox dead.”

[ORIGINAL.]

TO J. E. McNALLY, Esq.,
Vankleek Hill, West Haverbury.

BY THE FOREST BARD.

Sunder'd now, perhaps forever
We on earth may meet no more,
Forns may part, but friendship never
Can forget the days of yore
O'er my path, like sunbeams stealing
Through a dreary winter sky,
Thou (with balm thy spirit healing)
Oft hast hush'd its rising sigh.

But though time, that hoary ruster,
Fain would break the links we've shrined,
Nought shall dim those links' bright lustre,
Till the death dew damps the mind.
No, oh no, though twining o'er us,
Like the ivy, years may trail,
(Each to each should time restore us),
Friendship will invest the soul.

Far away, I'll oft be with thee,
In the spirit's dreamy flight,
Then come thou in dreams to meet me,
Vision'd in the stilly night.
Oft thy silent converse lend me,
On the snowy letter's page,
Guard on then for it'll send thee,
Line for line shall be my gauge.

Fondly still one hope I'll cherish—
“Yet we'll mingle friendship's breath;”
But if (vainly) this must perish,
Friendship shall exist in death.
And if so, when life we weather,
Meet me on the Jordan shore,
Launching then our barques together,
We its floods will voyage o'er.

APRIL 26th, 1852.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

On the 9th inst., the pupils in School Section No. 4, Cummer's Settlement, Young St., underwent a sifting examination on the following branches of education—Reading, English Grammar, Composition, Geography, History, Chronology, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, (in the sixth book of Euclid,) and Mensuration.

In the several branches the pupils exhibited an aptitude, and ability, which reflected great credit, on the care and capacity of their teacher; and the diligence of the taught. They were not conducted—as is too commonly the case, on such occasions—through an old, trodden track; but were subject to a course, which proved their knowledge to be thoroughly practical. The questions on which they were examined, were not proposed by the teacher, as stated in the class books, but were the offspring of his own mind, at the moment; which mode, made it necessary for the pupils to know in order to give a correct solution of the questions proposed.

The students of the higher branches, especially, acquitted themselves with credit.

A number of teachers from the adjoining schools, were present, who expressed their approval of the pro-

ceedings in terms of high commendation. David Gibson, Esq., one of the trustees of the school, said he was highly satisfied with the condition of the school; and spoke to the advantage of Mr. Diamond the teacher; to whom he awarded great credit for talent, and morality. He regretted that Mr. Diamond was going to leave them, but could not help lauding the motive that led to the separation. He still, however, indulged the hope that he would return after accomplishing his object. John Cummer, Esq., another of the trustees, made some appropriate, and playful remarks, on the contrast between the house now occupied, and the teacher employed, and the log house, in which he and his compeers, were taught, by a man who united the trade of the tailor, with that of teacher. He spoke of the limited character of the education which they received from the knight of the needle; who was incapable of imparting such knowledge, as was now taught in the school. Messrs. Jeffers, and Brown, briefly addressed the school. The transactions of the day, passed off, as far as we could learn, to the entire satisfaction of all present.

It was moved by Mr. McClelland, teacher of Richmond Hill, and seconded by David Gibson Esq., that the Revs. Jas. Musgrave, M. Jeffers, M. D. Brown, form a committee to draw a report of the examination.

Mr. Diamond was taught in this school 15 months, during which time there has been evidently a growing confidence in his abilities, and character. Though the inhabitants have the fullest confidence in his attainments as a teacher, yet, actuated by a noble ambition, for more efficient and extended usefulness; he is anxious to add to his respectable acquirements in English literature, a knowledge of the Classics, for which purpose he is on the eve of repairing to College.

Mr. Diamond is a Son of Temperance and exerts all his influence for the promotion, and establishment of Temperance principles. For the last six months, he has been Worthy Patron of the Section of Cadets in this place: most of whom were his pupils, and he the man of their choice; which circumstance, enabled him to yield an influence greatly to their moral advantage, and formation of their business habits. By his commendable efforts in this department, aided by the untiring attention of his predecessor, and associates, the Young St. Cadets have acquired a proficiency, that has commanded the respect of every portion of the community that they have visited.

The last paragraph, Mr. Editor, may be regarded by some as extraneous, but an apology for its insertion, may be found in the value, the Board of Education for Upper Canada puts on the moral worth of common School Teachers.

[From a personal knowledge of Br. Diamond, we believe the above to be his just reward. He has set a bright example to the young men of Canada. May success follow him!]—Ed. Son.

A CHEERFUL HEART.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, “Your countenance to us is like the shining sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look.” A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their time if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have should escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present, for the evil that is to come. This is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on selecting the honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain of and find fault with, if men have the disposition. We often travel on a hard and uneven road, but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with great comfort and come to the end of our journey in peace.

Give me a calm and thankful heart
From every murmur free,
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

BE SURE THE FOX IS DEAD.

The following anecdote, instructive on many other points besides that of the Maine Liquor law, was re-



Ladies' Department.

TO LAURA.

They tell us of a precious stone
Which changes with the wearer,
And, moved by sympathy alone,
Grows lustreless or fairer.
Thus, if the wearer's bosom grieves,
Its azure glory flies,
But if to joy that bosom heave,
'Tis bright as summer skies.

So, Laura, is my soul to thee,
By thee blighted or saddened,
O'ercast if thou look'st moodily,
And bright if thou art gladdened.
Thus like the tongueless to my pain,
Unlike to my unrest,
For, Laura, thou hast never taken
My spirit to thy breast.

—Carpet Bag.

A PARSON IN PETTICOATS.

Rev. Miss Antoinette L. Brown, a graduate from the Theological School at Oberlin, Ohio, was received at the Melodeon yesterday afternoon, by a crowded congregation, assembled to listen to a discourse from her on St. Paul's doctrine that women should keep silence in the churches.

The dear preacher is apparently 21 years of age. She is slender and genteel in form, and pretty in feature, with a fine expressive face. She wore glossy black hair, neatly arranged, a close-fitting, high-necked dress that became her vastly, and altogether she made a favorable impression upon the audience by her modest deportment and her pretty face, as well as by her chaste language and logical discourse. If she were to remain in the city and would accept of some loud call, there would be a powerful revival among our young men, and hundreds would come under the influence of the preached word, who now pass the hours of the Sabbath in idle and vain pursuits.

After a voluntary on the organ, the preacher arose very quietly, and gracefully folded her hands in prayer. From this performance it was very easy to discover her theological education. The prayer had the good old puritanical twang about it. It was a perfect daguerreotype of a prayer we have heard scores of times in our Sunday School days, by a good old pious North End Baptist deacon, who would always then, and does now, commence his invocation by thanking God he had established a church on earth.

After the prayer, the young clergywoman read the XIV. ch. 1st Corinthians, (there was no choir,) in a peculiarly soft, mellifluous voice. Her reading was very correct, clear and distinct. She then announced her text from the 34th and 35th verses of the chapter she had read:

"Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also with the Lord."

"And if they will learn anything let them ask of their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

Her bold stand in thus taking the great theological bogbear of St. Paul by the horns, was admirably sustain-

ed throughout her whole discourse. She took the position that St. Paul had had bad commentators and that his language and meaning had been very much distorted by divines, who from prejudice and education had prejudged the question, and commented on the text, to bring it to meet their views. Had she been born a man, she said, she might possibly have thought as they do, but she thanked God she was born on the other side of the question. To illustrate this sentiment, she told a feeling and impressive fable of a bear, who, passing down Broadway one day, saw a picture of a hunter drawing out his knife, reeking with the life blood of his shaggy victim. Ah, Ah! thought the bear, if I was an artist, I could give quite a different view of the subject.

The preacher contended that St. Paul never forbade women to speak in the churches in the sense that commentators contended for. She was forbidden to speak or talk unless she does teach. This was illustrated by the context. Had St. Paul so forbidden, he would have gone contrary to God's own word, who has said, "I will pour out my spirit upon you, and your sons and daughters shall prophesy."

The enchanting divine was particularly severe upon Prof. Stewart, and Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, who had said that the reason of Paul's prohibition was found in the fact of the universal gullibility and silliness of women. Dr. Cox's idea of womanhood, she thought might be drawn from his recollections of his mother.

The Rev. charmer paid a handsome compliment to the gallantry of St. Paul. He was though much abused and slandered, the most polite of all the Apostles, and was far ahead, in social qualities and high appreciation of woman's character, of any of his flippant commentators, either past or present.

The discourse was ably written, handsomely delivered, and well received.

Mrs Folsom was present of course. After the lecture she regretted that she had not an opportunity to speak from the text. She would have illustrated it differently. A wag who heard her lamentations suggested that she should commence a lecture right off, on the principles of the new letter just issued. "What, that?" asked Abby. "Why, let's see, to be sure." Abby was no such a woman, and declining the invitation, she pursued her way, while the congregation dispersed to their several homes.

WOMEN AND MEN.—Women, especially young women, either believe falsely or judge harshly of men in one thing. You, young, loving creature, who dream of your lover night and day—you fancy that he does the same of you? He does not—he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting, for the time being, your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self, hard and stern, so different to the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner or diviner self, higher than you dream of, would turn coldly away from your insignificant love. Yet all this must be, you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in his heart, as that heart lies in his bosom—sleep and calm—its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes unfelt; but still giving life to his whole being.—*Head of the Family.*

ELOQUENT!—The weakest part of an alligator is his stomach. Man is an alligator. Let the young wife fascinate her husband with the tea-pot. Let her, so to speak, only bring him into habitus of intoxication with that sweet charmer, and make honeysuckles clamber up his chair back, and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearth ring be a bed of heart's ease for the feet in slippers, and the natural enemy must die within him.—*Reveries of an Old Maid.*

Mrs. Bloomer, at the recent Woman's Temperance Convention at Rochester, appeared in the costume which bears her own name. Her dress and trowsers were of "silvery grey" silk, the prevailing color relieved by a lighter figure; she wore a short turban. In the street she wears a white beaver hat, in "flat" style, and her appearance is very unique. Mrs. Stanton was also clad in the new costume. Her dress was of black satin. Her hair, which is slightly silvered, was cut short and "shingled," which, together with the close fitting dress, gave her rather a masculine appearance.

WOMAN.—The Tabernacle was filled on Tuesday night, Feb. 17th to hear the "people's Lecture" on Woman, by Horace Mann. We have room only to mention some of the chief points of his remarks. After a brief view of the condition of Woman, he said he was sure that would flatter her, he would summon her to the highest duties and responsibilities. He said that in his day, a new theory of the equality of the sexes—or 'Woman's Rights'—had spread abroad. The leader of this sect in Europe is Miss Maria W. Chapman of Hamburg, who dresses and behaves like a man, and claims an equality with the sterner sex. But the signs and very works of God have forbidden this mingling. To efface or modify the great distinguishing features which separate the sexes would be to deface the Maker himself. The human soul and the human feelings were created male and female as much as the bodies were. The Hon. Gentleman went on with considerable sarcasm of the various similarities and dissimilarities which exist between the sexes. As a general law, Man is superior in strength and reason, but Woman is superior in beauty, faith, love and piety. This parallel was pursued with many eloquent and apt illustrations. As a specimen of woman's moral power he cited the labours of the philanthropic Miss Dix, who has won more Legislatures than ever Napoleon in kingdoms.—*New York Tribune.*

GRATIFYING CURIOSITY.—The Burlington Free Press is responsible for the following. Last Saturday, the 3rd instant, as the express train from Montreal was running at great speed, to make up lost time between St. Johns and Rouse's Point, the engine man discovered a woman standing in the centre of the track, frantically swinging a basket, evidently with the intention of stopping the train. The whistle was immediately sounded "down brakes hard," and with great exertion the train was brought to rest within a few feet of the woman, who never stirred from the track, or evinced the slightest fear. The engine man, fireman, brakeman, and superintendent (who happened to be on the train) ran up to the woman to find out what horrible accident had happened that would call forth such strong demonstrations on her part. Each asked eagerly the cause of her signals. "Let me see," said she, "I never seed one of them men before in my life, and I do declare it's the funniest I ever did see!"

Ladies in Paris have the greatest horror of being killed. Death has fewer horrors than corpulency. There is no doubt the corpulency of the Duchess de Praslin was the remote cause of her murder, and I really believe that if the Salique law did not prevent a lady from ascending the throne, the first Empress would ordain the destruction of all children who appeared inclined to corpulency. During the past week there has been buried Pere la Chaise, the Marquise de * * *, who died the consequence of having ruined her digestion by the excessive use of vinegar, the Princess de * * *, for the same cause, having exhausted herself by refusing to take sufficient nourishment, and Mme. —, the wife of an *agen de change*, "killed by vinegar." The mode of vinegar is the first cousin of death. The first of last persons drank daily three large tumblers of vinegar and they died—horrible punishment—fat.—*Paris and Boston Atlas.*

REWARD FOR FEMALE HEROISM.—The Royal Humane Society has presented a medal to Miss Macdonald, daughter of Mr. Archibald Macdonald, of the Helms Bay Company, in acknowledgment of the heroic services she displayed, in saving the lives of three boys who were in great danger of being drowned, near her residence, in the Jarillon Bay, on the River Ottawa. The friends of Miss Macdonald subscribed to present her with a handsome tea service; and both were formally handed over, at a meeting of about sixty gentlemen in her father's house with an appropriate address by the Deputy Commissary-General Forbes.

A SINGULAR TESTIMONIAL.—It is stated that 10,000 square feet of land in the Cemetery near N. York City, have been deeded to trustees for the erection of a monument, 150 feet high to Henry Clay, the cost of which is to be raised by subscriptions, from twenty-five cents to one dollar, from the ladies of the United States.



Youths' Department.

FORGET MY MOTHER.

Forget my Mother!
The sun shall sooner cease to rise,
To gladden earth and gild the skies,
The elster hate her brother
The moon forget to shine by night,
The stars forget to give their light,
Ere I forget my mother.

Forget my Mother!
Lo! while I live, within my heart
Engraved, engraven, there thou art,
I ne'er shall have another;
For oh! thy tears at parting shed—
Those large warm drops upon my head
Are dropping still, my Mother.

Forget my Mother!
I would not for the world forego
Those sadly sweet emotions; no,
Nor yet those feelings smother;
For thought and sense shall take their flight,
And mid-day darken into night,
Ere I forget my Mother.

CURIOUS MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch, which we copy from the Boston *Olive Branch*, illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in rather damp condition, on a recent rain and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley, he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently regarding the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused, for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the little chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging down and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt any or admiring glance. Perplexed the lady put down her little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed, "that pretty foot will not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for me a moment only, and I will make you a path." So saying, he stepped past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, and returned for a plank that stood in the door-way, and laid it back to the smiling girl, who was just coquetting with a man to accept the service of the handsome sailor, he stepped on the narrow black stream, and she tripped across, exclaiming "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed,—but else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking on the plank" and each time rewarding him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our young hero saw the steps of a palace of a splendid house, and he appeared within its rosewood entrance; for full a minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and slowly wended his way back to his vessel.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from his captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of a second mate's office on board of one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew that he was competent, for he had spent his money for amusement, visiting saloons, and bowling saloons, on his return from sea he had read books and had become quite a student, but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized. His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency and gave him many opportunities to gather maritime knowledge; and

in a year the handsome gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of his portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black eyed fellow with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle as his cabin boy.

One night the young man with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps that two years before, the brightest vision he had ever seen, passed over—a vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered to the great parlor; and like a sledge hammer it beat again, when Capt Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile, said, "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all a blaze, and his brown cheek flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side.—And in all that assembly there was not so handsome a couple as the gull at sailor and "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter deck, not only in command, and part owner with the captain in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely, but earnest act of politeness towards his child, had pleased the captain, and tho' the youth knew it not, was the cause of his promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume is, according to polite parlance, Mrs. Captain Wells. In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent city, and he owes, perhaps, the greatest part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

HOW TO BRING A WITNESS TO A POINT.

Lord Cockburn was one of the most intimate friends Jeffrey ever had—first his associate and friendly rival at the Scottish bar, and afterwards his brother on the Scottish bench. Many stories, perhaps mythical are current in Scotland, bringing out the contrast of the two friends—Jeffrey and Cockburn—in their character of barristers addressing Scottish juries; Jeffrey, the clear, edict intellect, speaking in a distinct, musical voice, from which the Scottish accent had been almost eradicated; Cockburn, the Scotchman all over, and, what is more, the Scotch humorist.

One of the stories told was as follows: In one case, in which Jeffrey and Cockburn were engaged, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned.

"Is the defendant, in your opinion perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid looking countryman.

The witness gazed in bewilderment at the question, but gave no answer. It was clear he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated, altering the word—

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?"

Still in vain, the witness only stared the harder.

"I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with his clear English language, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?"

No answer yet, the witness only staring vacantly at the eloquent little figure of his interrogator, and exclaimed "Eh!"

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn.

Then assuming his broadest Scotch tone, and turning to the obdurate witness,

"Hae ye a mull wi ye?"

"Oo ay," said the awakened Cimon, stretching out his snuff horn.

"Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Samson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that high," was the ready reply, the witness indicating with his hand the alleged altitude of John Samson at the period of his first acquaintance with him.

"An, d'ye think noo, tween you and me," said the barrister, in his most insinuating Scotch manner, "that there's anything intill the cratur?"

"I wudna lippen him wi a bull-calf." (I would not trust him with the guardianship of an infant bull), was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. The end was attained, amid the confusion of the court; what Jeffrey could not do with all his cleverness, Cockburn had done by dint of his inveterate Scotchness.

"THE FIRST BABY."

MATERNITY is the perfecting not only of womanhood, but humanity. And to the first baby, has God given the sacred power to complete the circle of human sympathies, to waken the conscious solidarity of human interests. Every mother that is a mother, pictures the whole troop of loves, joys, and sorrows hovering around "the first baby." She lays every mother's baby in the cradle which held her own first baby and listens to the songs that gush forth, or as they are softly murmured in the mother-heart. To a mother's heart, every mother's baby is the representative of inestimable treasure; it is an estate held in "fee simple," a little sub-soiler that leaves no affections fallow, no sympathies isolated from the claims of common humanity.

The first baby!—why, it brings treasure with it! True its little hand is empty; but then it brings to light and activity unrevealed capacity, looses the sealed fountains, and assays the unwrought treasures of the human soul. It is not all joy—that baby gift—if it were it could not be a joy forever.—It is not all sorrow; if it were, the fountains of the heart it stirs, could not grow pure to reflect the heaven above,—would not flow down the stream of time, bearing rich freight for unknown and unborn posterity..... But see, it lays its tiny hand on the heart, and it forgets to beat for a while. It pillows its soft cheek on the bosom that, hitherto, had looked out upon the struggling world—all unshaken to its wants, all unmoved by its destiny—and henceforth that bosom is the asylum of the orphan, the refuge of the oppressed, the sanctuary which invites a world lying in wretchedness to the banquet of love to the smiles of a common Father.

And why?—Ah, that baby is the medium through which the helplessness, the wants and the promise of humanity have appealed to the woman. In behalf of the race, it has whispered mother! and looking into its trusting, worshipping eyes, she accepts the consecration, answers the appeal with a deep, an eternity echoed—my child—Mrs. Nichols.

Among the various effects produced by the inordinate use of tobacco are mental indecision and infirmity of purpose, obtuseness of the several senses, irritability, loss of courage, weakness of muscular action and depraved secretions. Under its long continued use, the strongest and most courageous man has been rendered weak and timorous as a child. Of the symptoms produced by its abuse the most prominent are, pains in the stomach, all the long trains of dyspeptic symptoms, hypochondriasis, wakefulness and restless unrefreshing sleep, loss of appetite, languor and debility; mental inactivity, and obstinate constipation, it produces on the mind a feeling of deep despondency amounting, in some extreme cases almost to mental aberration.

PERSEVERANCE.—I remember when quite a lad to have heard a very good anecdote told of two old negroes who met after church one Sunday and discussed the merits of the sermon they had just heard.

"Bill," said one of them, "how did you like de sermon?"

"O, berry well, Sam, only dere was one word I couldn't understand no how nor nothing.

"Deed! and what was dat?"

"Perseverance."

"Perseverance! Ho: I'll tell you what dat means."

"Well, what him mean?"

"I tell you."

"Do, if you please, dat's jis what dis child wants to know!"

"Perseverance mean—hem—it mean."

"No! You don't know what it means."

"Can't I? Jus you hold on a munt. Perseverance mean, take hold, hold on, and nebbber let go. Dat's what him mean."

"Sure?"

"Yes; Yee dis child is sure."

"Much blegged to you, Sam. I understand now—"

Next time Hector tries to run off wid me, I'll give him a perseverance: I guess it will do."

Hundreds of times since I have thought of Sam's definition of the word perseverance, when I have seen young men giving up despondingly, after a few struggles with the world. Success is only obtained, in any pursuit, by perseverance, and the best definition I have yet seen of the word is, "take hold, hold on, and never let go."



The Literary Gen.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PATH OF TRUE GLORY.

The pathway of glory is open before us.
The wars are laid prostrate for all-coming time,
The tribunals of Mercy are glistening o'er us,
And gilding the highlands of Honor sublime.
The clear crystal waters of patience are gilding
O'er sands of contentment that sparkle and glow;
While Faith o'er the fountain of Hope is presiding,
And love-laden zephyrs are fanning the brow!

How great is the goodness, what mercy abundant,
Unceasingly flowing around us we share.
The swift-passing moments of life are redundant
With joy effervescent, yet passingly fair!
The clouds overshadow the track of ambition,
And Pride, ever haughty, is sure to come down;
Let man ne'er repine at his humble condition,
Nor tremble at fortune, because of her frown!

The path of True Glory is jewelled with splendour—
A lustre no murky cloud ever can dim—
The highlands of Honor their ripe grapes shall render,
The cup of life's gladness to fill to the brim!
'Tis true that contentions and trials may buffet,
Afflictions may visit, but cannot remain;
The Glory we look for, the Honor we covet,
Is Christ for our Ransom! the Lamb without stain!

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

SPENCERVILLE, C. WEST, 1852.

THE INSECT ISLANDS.

The whole group of those islands in the neighborhood of the equator, owe their origin to the labours of that order of Marine worms which Linnæus has arranged under the name of *Zoophita*. These little animals in a most surprising manner construct their calcareous habitations under an infinite variety of forms, yet with that order and regularity, each after its own manner, which to the minute enquirer, is so discernible in every part of the creation. But although the eye may be convinced of the fact, it is difficult for the human mind to conceive the possibility of insects so small being endowed with the power, much less of being furnished in their own bodies with the materials for constructing the immense fabrics, which are found in every part of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans lying between the tropics, in the shape of detached rocks or reefs of great extent just even with the surface, or islands already clothed with plants, whose bases are fixed at the bottom of the sea, light and heat so essential to animal life, if not excluded being sparingly received and feebly felt. Thousands of such rocks, reefs, and islands, exist within and beyond the tropics. The eastern coast of New Holland is nearly girt with rocks, and reefs, and islands of coral rock, rising perpendicular from the bottom of the abyss. On the South-West coast of New Caledonia, it has been observed of a coral reef of many miles in extent, that it is level with the waters edge, and towards the sea, as steep too as the wall of a house; and when sounded within twice the ships length of it, with a line of 150 fathoms, or 900 feet, was unable to reach the bottom." How wonderful, how inconceivable, that such stupendous fabrics should rise into existence from the silent, but incessant and imperceptible labors of insignificant worms!

" Compared with this amazing edifice,
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence,
What are the works of intellectual man?
Egypt's pyramids would be mere pinnacles,
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite
Be puny ornaments by such a pile,
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,
Filled with dry mummies of the builder worms."

Capt. Hall has some curious facts. The examination of a coral reef, he observes, during the different stages of one tide, is particularly interesting. When the tide has left it for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock exceedingly hard and rugged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from the holes which before

were invisible. These animals are of a great variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that, in a short time the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from 4 to 6 inches long, which are moved about with a rapid motion in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark color, and from 4 to 5 inches in length, and two round. When the coral is broken about high water mark, it is solid hard stone, but if any part be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colors, some being as fine as a thread and several feet long; others resemble snails, and some not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft, and never above two inches long.

The growth of coral appears to cease when the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tide, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts in succession reach the surface, and there stop, forming in time a level field with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases and being prevented from growing higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But the growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved. These are the circumstances which render coral reefs so dangerous to navigation; for in the first place, they are seldom seen above water; and in the next their sides are so deep, that a ships bow may strike against the rock before any chance of soundings gives warning of the danger.—*Farmer and Mechanic*.

Here we see mountains rising in the vast Pacific Ocean, composed wholly of animal remains. Ten or twenty thousands of years hence, should the world last that time, these sea mountains, will be covered with vegetation and animal life. The rocks then will be white or blue limestone, once the living forms of millions of millions of corals, insects. Lime stone, the most common rock of America, and of the world, is the remains of animal and vegetable matter. At times in Canada, and the United States, at great depths in the solid lime stone, the forms of snakes and fishes are found distinctly marked. Lime stone is formed under the Sea. At first it is supposed to be soft, gradually hardening during the course of thousands of years. How sublime are the works and operations of nature. Continents are emerging from the bosom of the Ocean, the work of the most insignificant of animals. Empires, Cities, and human races, may yet flourish upon these ocean hillocks. Some astronomers say, that the telescope shows that immense bodies of nebulous matter, like light, exist in infinite space, and worlds are being evolved out of their masses; the light separating from the darkness, and the materials arranging themselves for the future abodes of sentient and intelligent beings. An all-seeing and superintending SPIRIT is designing new theatres, for HIS GOODNESS in the boundless ocean of infinite ether, as upon an infinite smaller scale, nature is rearing ocean isles for man's earthly abode. For our part, we believe in two infinite principles—having two infinite theatres on which to act. THE SPIRITUAL OR INTELLECTUAL and the MATERIAL OR PASSIVE. Movement and progress are the necessity of both—but the one is but as the shadow of the other. Worlds are thus being created by certain laws—to be in series of millions of years the abode of intellects. There is a moral and a material universe—neither of which will ever be final, for He that watcheth over them is infinite in his designs.—[Ed Sox.

ORIGIN OF VOLCANOES AND MOUNTAINS.

It is the opinion of many eminent geologists that the immense prominences on our earth called mountains, are the work of infernal fires; that have for

countless ages, been at work, under and out of the sea, upheaving the earth and its rocks. The common belief is that the mountains always arise from the sea. The common belief is that the earth is round the earth—that the sun's rays are fire, and the product of fire. Science and philosophic reason, however, dispel these popular delusions. Ignorance and superstition cannot withstand the rays of truth any more than the fogs of morning, can the fogs of the mid-day sun. The truths of geology are patent now, as are the glories of the universe, dispelling the antiquated belief that the world is six thousand years old. The falls of Niagara pour their everlasting waters into the abyss, and send up their solemn roar, as of a storm to the heavens, proclaim their age to be more than six thousand years.

The interior of the earth is full of heat and of fire. To what depth the fire extends it is impossible to say. At times the fire comes in contact with water, when the necessity and efforts of the rocks to escape, rock and rend the crust of the earth, and heave it upward. During centuries the workings of secret volcanic fires have caused the upheaval of mountains, and what was once the bottom of our ocean, is now the summit of a mountain range—the ridge of the Alps or the Himalayas. This volcanic action was much more frequent and powerful in the primitive ages of the earth, than in the present. The composition of the earth too was then more pliable and less dense. It may be asked, is this upheaving system to be proved? We are convinced geologically from the fact that the marks of the remains of fishes, and animals of the primitive world—many of them now extinct, are found at three, four and even five miles above the sea level, on the tops of the highest mountains. Did the sea ever cover these mountains? Was the sea ever higher than it is now? We doubt it, and we refer this phenomenon to another cause. Involutions have taken place, and the bottom of the oceans have shifted no doubt, but the ocean has covered the Andes, or Himalay mountains in their natural position on the earth. If the composition of the great mountain ranges, were identical and of the same material only, it might be supposed that they were the work of coral insects under the sea; but mountains are composed of stone, which is not the work of animal matter. These mighty upheavals are still at work, and below our readers have a count of one belching forth its terrible lava from the mighty Pacific Ocean.

SUBLIME VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

Accounts concerning the late volcanic eruption of Mauna Loa were received in Honolulu on the 15th of March. The Polynesian says that—
"By an accurate measurement of the enormous glowing lava where it first broke forth on the 10th of March, it was ascertained to be 500 feet high. This was upon the supposition that it was 30 feet high. We are of opinion that it was a greater height, say from 40 to 60 miles. With a glass, this jet was distinctly observed, and a more sublime sight scarcely be imagined. A column of molten lava, rising with the most intense heat, and projected in air a distance of 500 feet, was a sight so rare, at the same time so awfully grand, as to excite the lively feelings of awe and admiration, even when at a distance of 40 or 50 miles. The diameter of the jet is said to be over a hundred feet. In some places the river is a mile wide, and in others more. At some points, it has filled up ravines of 100, 200, 300 feet in depth, and still flowed on. It is

that is to dam up this foaming current of death, is to be prohibition. A law that shall entirely suppress the sale or traffic in intoxicating drinks. A war is declared that must and will be waged till victory crowns our efforts. And in this war we need not only the services of the regulars in the great temperance army, but the services of those engaged in all great intellectual bodies of the time—the principal and the teacher, and the pupil and the Divine, the deacon, and the vestryman—the professor and the collegiate. All can exert an untold influence in this great moral warfare, and it is a duty they owe themselves, society and their country, that they exert that influence. The faculty in the institutions for the diffusion of education, should feel themselves not only commissioned to spread the various branches of intellectual and mechanical philosophy, but the relative duties of life, the improvement of the moral and social condition of man, which seldom forms the subject of popular instruction. It should be their object not only to diffuse the principles of intellectual education, but to elevate the mind from the debasing and demoralizing objects of sense, and to direct the powerful energies of the mind to the pursuit of pure and more dignified sources of enjoyment, more worthy of the human character, that are calculated at once to exalt, enlighten and edify the man. How often has the neglect of so doing, suffered these under their care to depart from the paths of virtue, to follow in the wake of the promptings of passion, and the intoxicating draught drowned in oblivion the brightest intellect, that years of toil and study had reared step by step to the summit of power and maturity! The age is pregnant with good, and we need but the active co-operation of the good, the wise and the enlightened, to overthrow the vile system.—The people are arising in their might to break the fetters of the manacled. Truth is delving at her desk, and from her thousand presses is shedding her light upon every heart.

The opposers of the Maine Law may, as they have, stigmatize its friends with the appellation of "one-ideaism," and assert that "like abolitionism, Millerism, Fourierism, and all the other 'isms' of the day it will soon die away." We dispute the allegation, gentlemen! It is not "one-ideaism," nor is it as short lived as ye would fain predict! If it is "one-ideaism" to desire and labor for the abolition of a cause so prolific of crime, so prolific of evil, so prolific of taxation, so prolific of disease and death, so prolific of misery and pauperism, as is the traffic in rum, then we glory in the appellation. That it is not short, we know, and time can only prove it to you. Political chicanery, without principle or power, save for party purposes, we believe to be short lived.—The "land of scholars, and the nurse of arms," is remembered but in story. The song of her bards, the pencil of her painters, the chisel of her sculptors, and the mighty eloquence of her orators, have all passed away. Her Arms, her Arts, and her Sciences have no more a home. Her splendid temples are leveled with the dust, and only their broken columns, and the ruins of their majestic arches, remind her degenerate sons of her faded splendor. The theatres, the palaces, the triumphal arches of the Aurelians and Trojans, of the "Empress of the Seven Hills," are piles of worthless ruins, remembered only in the story of their former splendor.—The Senate, where once echoed the eloquence of a Cicero, or flashed the steel of a Brutus, is no more. So pass away the monuments of political glory.—But the holy principles of temperance reformation, which we advocate and labor to advance, embodying truth and justice to man, combined with the beneficial interests it exerts for the present as well as the future existence of our country, can never fade away. Such works will always live. The principle is one that will steadily progress in spite of every opposition.

And while we believe this to be so, we would invoke the active aid and co-operation of all who hope for the final amelioration of fallen man from the curse of intemperance for the passage of a law similar to that of Maine. From the results of the recent elec-

tions, it is easily seen that both parties can combine their power to defeat the advancement of our cause, whenever the attempt is made to vindicate its principles at the ballot-box. They, by all the means in their power, try to plant their heels on the uprise of our cause. Because they do so shall we give up in despair? Shall we leave the drunkard to his fate? Let the wounded heart suffer on? Leave manhood in the ditch? Leave the rum shops to breathe forth their pestilential vapors unchecked? The rumseller to blot out mind and degrade, to people the halls of the dead? Leave crime in its blood, and want starving in its rags? Leave Truth, Virtue, Innocence and Beauty to be blasted? No! The only thing that remains for us to do, is to profit by the tactics of our foes, and organize in one solid phalanx from all parties for the war. Let every friend of the cause come out from the party to which he may belong, and standing boldly up declare

"Our oath has gone forth, is recorded on high,
That we never will give way till we conquer or die."

The forces of temperance, if brought to bear upon the proper point, would be found capable of turning the balance in the right direction. Shall we neglect to use the power we are capable of exerting for good? —*New York Reformer.*

VERSES,

By MR WILSON, Superintendent of Hamilton Hospital.
THE ARE OF SAFETY IS THE DIVISION ROOM.

Here's the last drunken topor,
Left boozing alone,
All his worthless companions
Are buried and gone,
Not a single rumseller,
Nor loafer is nigh,
To laugh at his coarse jests,
Or raise the deep sigh.

We'll not leave thee thou lost one,
To guzzle alone,
Though others desert thee,
We'll find thee a home,
We'll kindly protect thee,
And cheer thy last days;
We'll direct thee to virtue,
To peace and her ways.

Mr. Wilson is the present Superintendent of the Hamilton Hospital and House of Industry, and a very efficient person he is. He is also a true Son of Temperance. Whilst at Hamilton a few weeks since, we had half an hour's conversation with him on the subject of the cause of pauperism coming under his notice. Several hundreds of persons, young and old, are annually directly or indirectly, relieved at this establishment, at an expense of near £300 to the city of Hamilton. He informed us that over three fourths of the pauperism and sickness were traceable to the use of intoxicating drinks. Now supposing there are 80 licensed houses in Hamilton, paying an income of say £800 to the city or government, it will be found that the expense of this establishment, and of the trial and keeping of criminals, made such by taverns, would far exceed the income received from licenses, saying nothing of the moral evils alcohol produces. Mr Wilson in 1845 in a very charitable manner educated 30 poor boys near this city. He is deserving of reward.

EXTREMES AND PREJUDICES.

In all ages of the world, and among all nations of men, human beings have been prone to run into extremes in their actions and opinions; and they have been no less distinguished for weak and inveterate prejudices. Prejudices founded not on truth or reason, but in hatred, ignorance, and blind and thoughtless impulse. These extremes and prejudices have shown themselves in politics, in religion, and in domestic habits. Men will indulge in them during years, when if they could meet for one day, and calmly talk over their differences, it would be found

that although apparently so wide apart in sentiment there was really no difference between them.

Men in the same or different countries, are, at subjects of religion and politics, prepared to cut each others throats, yet these same men differ substantially not one iota in their opinions. Two neighbors, perhaps a radical and a conservative—a Methodist or Presbyterian—a Catholic and a Protestant will live within a mile of each other, or in a city or town for years, or during a life; kept apart by secret prejudices, for opinions sake, and go down to the grave thus, who with one days explanatory calm reasoning, would have found that they differed not to the extent of one hair. There are thousands of persons in Canada, in this position. In the American States the Whig and the Democrat are engaged against each other, yet seven eighths of them agree on all points of doctrine. The extreme radicals and extreme Tories of Canada, and even of England, differ but little on most points. Some religious men willing to persecute each other upon minor points of doctrine, about which, for lack of mutual conversation and a calm understanding, they really differ but a trifle. All this arises from want of calm thought, by giving way to passion or the intrigues and secret plottings of religionists and politicians. This is peculiarly the case among the Irish people. This blind infatuation covers, as with a mist, the minds of the Chinese and Japanese. It arrays against each other Catholics and Protestants—trinitarians and anti-trinitarians.

It arrays the wealthy against the ignorant and poor. It caused the Jews to crucify Christ because one sect or minister now to undermine the interests of another. Men are prone to run to extremes too, in all movements. Extremes run in political and religious matters. The republicans in France in 1790 on the one hand, and the family of the Bourbons on the other, at different periods have run to extremes in their views and actions. Parties in England have done the same. All churches start well—mean well—but too often end in meaningless form, spiritless worship. The greater number of Christians, a few hundred years after the crucifixion of Christ, became formalists, only a few remaining true to their pure faith. Tens of thousands of religionists in our day, will quarrel about formal outward acts, yet fail to cure their hearts of secret plottings, of jealousies, slander, and black uncharitableness, which reason says are worse than the acts of evil, because they corrode the soul, and deceive others.

Men who condemn one thing as bad, cannot see the scurvy of their inward souls. Great caution should be used by temperance men on this head. Some are disposed to view alcohol as a devil, to be kept as wholly inexcusable, absolute evil, without remembering that the one is a subtle nature, merely applied to useless and injurious purposes, and the others persons licensed by law, having a right to do what they do until the law is altered. Evils arise from both, of an aggravated nature to society, but let us not fanatically persecute and condemn. No, let us by calm reason and wise laws extirpate. So in religion and politics, let us reflect that men will differ, and not hastily condemn, but act differently from us. Among Sons of Temperance, the mode of conduct is peculiarly necessary for

are of all creeds and opinions. It would be all for men if they would lay more stress on acts than on mere opinion. The basest and most selfish may conform outwardly to religion, as is too often the case, and yet be a more plotting serpent.— Let us be they done from bad or good motives, are the proof we have on earth of man's sincerity.— A man of insincerity will long continue to do good. Let us take heed that we run not into an opposite extreme, in pretending to condemn as bad that may not be so to God.

COUNCIL RESOLUTIONS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF PELHAM.

Resolved, That this Council, having in view the well-being—the advancement of the moral and social interests of society—and as it is acknowledged that temperance is one of the most fruitful sources of crime and misery to mankind—and though many noble and meritorious efforts have been made by example, by precept, by associations, and otherwise, to depress the vortizing tendencies of so great an evil, yet all efforts hitherto made have been partial, ineffectual, inadequate to the end in view.

Resolved, That this Council have viewed the many laudable and praiseworthy efforts of the friends of Temperance and Abstinence, with feelings of unalloyed satisfaction and delight, and that this Council will give any co-operation and aid to the friends of social, moral, and progressive reform, for urging further Legislative action in the ensuing Session of Parliament relating thereto.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the present Act, entitled "an Act to amend the Laws relative to Tavern Licenses in Upper Canada," and another act entitled "an Act for the more effectual suppression of intemperance," are inadequate to the end contemplated, that this Council believe that the only true and applicable remedy is by stringent Legislative enactment to suppress the manufacture of, and traffic in, all alcoholic, vinous, and spirituous liquors whatsoever, except what may be deemed necessary for medicinal and chemical purposes.

Resolved, That Memorials, embracing the views and principles contained in the foregoing resolutions, be prepared and forwarded to the different branches of the Legislature at the ensuing Session of Parliament.—Com

SONS OF NORTH GOWER.

DEAR AND BR.—You will please receive the enclosed list of subscribers for your truly valuable paper, believing that any thing concerning the progress of the Sons of Temperance is interesting to you, and as I wish to hear from all Divisions, I thought it advisable to let you know that we are not slumbering here, fighting hard against the enemy, and we have succeeded in getting some of the hardest cases to join us, and are still progressing in number, as we have now 41 members. It was thought by some, that after the excitement had worn off, we should be defeated, but, sir, all appearance, our efforts shall be increasing in the future, as long as weak mankind is crushed beneath the effects of Alcohol.

As yet I have not seen any communication in your paper from this Division. It is not because we have no members competent, for we have many of the most essential men in this Township, but I see by a late paper that you are aware of a Division being organized here, and too much praise cannot be bestowed on the leaders for the zeal they manifested for the cause on occasion. We have met much opposition from our quarter. (Ladies excepted,) but are not surprised to find the Tavern keepers opposed to us, but we very much so to hear so many of our more religious brethren refuse to join our ranks, who ought to set an example to the rising generation. The cause is great and glorious; then why not embark in it—well may it be styled the cause of all mankind. It is highly pleasing to witness the good the Sons of Temperance have already effected in this place. It was formerly noted for its torridity, and was styled the Devil's hollow—it held and bound by old demon Alcohol, who reigned triumphant, but Sir I think his destiny is sealed. The Sons of Temperance have entered the field, and are on a firm ground, and will soon conquer, as we are determined to be united and fight against the monster,

until we kill and bury him, or else banish him to realms unknown—with pleasure we look forward to that period when drunkenness shall be exterminated from among us, and the blessings of Total Abstinence reign triumphant throughout our land.

Yours in L. P. and F.,
G. E. JOHNSTON, R. S.
North Gower, 19th May, 1852.

THE WATCHMAN PAPER.

On our return as a delegate from the Grand Division at London, we found lying on our table a copy of this miserable production, self-dubbed an organ of the Order of the Sons, edited by a sneaking, plotting, little reverend gentleman, who like the PHARISEES OF OLD, can see many motes in his brother's eye. Now we lay claim to no superabundant sanctity, believing ourselves like most men—fallible. Having time to refer to but a few of his remarks in this number, we must defer it to another time. It sounds very pretty to hear this little crooked reverend gentleman sounding forth his own merits, and those of his paper, pretending to a great share of friendship for this paper within his pure heart. Now, is there a man in Canada, who ever happened to see his ill-managed meddling paper, who would not at once pronounce his pretended friendship for us false, and blackly so! Since he entered Ontario Division, his aim has been to build up a rival paper to ours, and he cannot place his finger upon a single paragraph ever written, laudatory of this paper. On the contrary, for the first year of the existence of our paper, his was the only one in Canada well known to be entirely hostile to ours. The first notice we received at his hands, and he was then publishing a semi-sectarian religious paper—having since turned a *sumerset* with it, and made it a *shabby milk-and-water* temperance weekly—was a sneering one. And this whilst nearly every other paper in Canada was speaking in approbation of our efforts. This holy little Pharisee signed our prospectus, aided us to start this paper in the fall of 1850, when he was the editor of a New Connexion Methodist Organ, and not a Son. Some time afterwards he came into the Ontario Division, and got an anonymous scribbler to invite him, and this pure disinterested holy man, to turn his paper into a half Son and half New Connexion Methodist organ in January, 1851. He did not then know, with his name on our books, that we had incurred large expenses to get this paper started, and he did not know, though a member of the Ontario Division, that that noble Division had officially invited us to start this paper. Oh no—all this, was unknown to him. We tell this little Pharisee standing on his high pinnacle of holiness, looking down upon us, a poor sinner, that he well knew all this, but his love of lucre made him deceive and cloak his own heart, cast over board the *organship of his church*, for which we have the highest respect, and sneakily attempt to supplant a man for whom he professed friendship. We care nothing about the influence of this holy Watchman—and would have lived in peace with him, had he not obtruded his impertinent censorship in our affairs. Who constituted this smelling little reverend our censor? Are there not religious papers in Canada of much more respectability, and twice the circulation, who might have done it as well as he? Oh, no, this little Pharisee did it out of his superabundant love for us!! Who consulted him and his friend Ross, the two managers out of a committee of nine members on the committee to get up a form of petition for the enactment of a *Maine Law*, in Canada? Who authorized him and his friend Ross to misuse the delegated power of the Grand Division, and by a *side wind*, to thrust his paper on the Order as a semi-official organ? He did this out of holiness of purpose no doubt. Let the Sons and the Order begin to understand his motives. We tell him plainly and openly that his motives are seen through—his reverence to the contrary notwithstanding. The Order in Canada will allow no sectarian twaddling little Pharisee like him to turn it into a field of religious controversy.

The order view his paper as an interloper, and his Church view him as a little inclined to barter himself away for any kind of organship. His circulation stood at the end of 1851, where it commenced in 1851, that

is about 1100, whilst this paper, our sons notwithstanding, doubled its circulation in the same period. We can point, and wait in a future number, to other religious papers far more deserving of patronage in Canada, than this one day Methodist organ, and one day Son paper.

The act of the Brougham Sons was not our act, but simply the act of a few generous neighbors, done as they supposed from the best of intents. We are not going to judge them. They stand in every respect esteemed where they live, and it is for God to say whether they will be condemned for helping a dying man on the Sabbath, and putting bread into the mouths of orphans. They are not in favour of the desecration of the Sabbath, nor are we, all of which this hypocritical Watchman knows.

As for our apology to this mean retailer of private friendly conversation, it was in reference to his insinuations that we were not thoroughly sound on the Maine law. One expression, "characteristic," in our article we told him we thought was too strong. Our other remarks were proved to be true last week in London. We did what he would not do. We are ever ready to retract any expression that is so, but we think differently of his conduct. We believe him, after his conduct, wholly beneath any candid man's acquaintance, and will let the world henceforward divide us.

UNIONS OF DAUGHTERS.

This organization is increasing very much in all parts of Canada, and its unity is being duly estimated by the public and by the Sons of Temperance.

Miss J. Leggo, the active agent and Grand Secretary of the Order, (we believe she still holds that office,) has been in the Western part of Canada organizing new Unions. One is just opened in Amherstburgh. The London and Hamilton Unions are getting on finely. The last numbers about 70 members. Unions have been opened at Otterville and Norwichville, and one is just about to be opened at Woodstock. At the late London demonstration quite a number of Daughters rode in the procession in carriages. It needs the smiles and work of woman, to change the habits of society. Our customs are greatly under their controul. As friends of this institution, we rejoice to know that it is progressing in all parts of Canada. A Quarterly Session of the Order was held a few weeks since at Niagara. There are now upwards of 50 Unions in Canada. In the United States, the Order is making great progress. Since writing the above we hear a Union is opened in West Flambroe, and also in Pickering.

GRAND SECTION OF CADETS.

At the late Session of this body in London, Br. J. M. Ross, (lately irregularly acting as Grand Patron,) was superseded by Br Robert Wilson, of London, a very efficient Son of Temperance, who was chosen Grand Patron, A. S. Gregory, P. W. P., St. Lawrence Division Toronto, was chosen G. W. Associate Patron; Thomas Nixon, D G W P. of Sharon, was chosen G S; the Rev J Climie, of Darlington, G. Chaplain, superseding the Rev. T. T. Howard, irregularly acting.

These four brothers are all efficient officers, and it is hoped the order will receive a fresh impetus under their care. A respectable deputation from the Toronto Sections attended, among them Brothers Raturay and Wiman, the latter one of the Editors of the Cadet, a worthy young man. Some energetic and active measures will be now taken to push on this youthful and most necessary organization. Awake, Sons to your duty, and aid them everywhere. We must train up the youth to temperance. Sections of Cadets are needed in every village of Canada. There are now 181 Sections in operation in Canada East and West.

A union of the Grand Section and Grand Division of Sons was opposed. A committee was appointed to revise the Constitution By-laws and Red Book. Steps were taken to have a Grand National Session.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE BRANDIED PUMP.

ACROSTIC.

Companions and brothers of T.,
On, on let us progress, advance,
O'er Counties and Province we see,
King Alcohol seems in a trance,

Put on armour of P., F. and L.,
Until the great battle we have;
'Tis hard to fight converts for hell,
But fly for to succour and save

Regardless of Landlords, who swear
And curse, that great blackguards are we,
Never fear, for we now make them stare,
Destruction to grog they now see.

Yes! yes! poor fellows they see,
It is time to let off their great guns,
Ne'er mind, their intent tho' it be,
To send to the devil all Sons.

Oh! hark! how the landlords now weep,
Hard fate they now think they will share,
In vengeance they feign would now sweep,
S. of T. to a dreadful despair.

Pshaw! says the poor landlord at will,
In madness he will his bar thump,
My plan to spite Sons I can still,
Put brandy into my own pump.

Hurrah, my brave Sons let us still,
Ever give all the help that we can,
Resolved that the pump we will fill,
Ere we make a swill-tub of a man.

H. A. GRAHAM.

STATISTICS, ONTARIO DIVISION.

The following is the substance of the remarks of Br. J. W. Woodall, P. W. P., at the late joint meeting in Toronto:—

A meeting of the friends of Temperance was held in the Methodist New Connexion Chapel, in the month of October, 1849, and a lecture was delivered by the Rev. Robert Dick, D. G. W. P., setting forth the Benefits and objects of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. All present were satisfied that the Temperance movement was in a very languid state, and required some other agency than the old Society, to suppress the flood of intemperance, that was gathering around us. But few were willing to try the remedy presented by Br. Dick.

However, an application for a Charter was prepared, and signed by the following gentlemen: J. M. Ross, J. McBean, Joseph H. Leonard, James B. Boyle, James Witherson, Geo. McKay, John Parkin, Geo. Mowat, Thos. Hutchinson, Rob. Dick, Wm. McClure, J. W. Woodall, John Nazsmith, Thomas Ewart, Coun. Frazer, Matthew Wuloughby, Sidney S. Hammon, and J. J. Otto. The above applicants were organized into a Division on the 26th of Oct., and called Ontario Division, No. 26.

Our progress, if it may be so called, was at first very discouraging, as may be seen from the fact, that the first person proposed and initiated into our Division was J. S. Ryan, who was initiated on the 7th Dec., being seven weeks after our organization, and I find by reference to our minutes, that there was only one other person, except Charter members, admitted during the entire quarter. But the cause soon after began to commend itself to the Temperance community, and to many who never before took a part in the Temperance movement. And I find that during the second quarter, 27 were added to our number, and during the seventh quarter, no less than ninety nine united with us.

Our Division now being large, and it being found inconvenient for many of the Brothers to attend, some on account of distance, some on account of the night of meeting, some from a desire to extend their usefulness, and some for reasons I need not here explain, it was thought advisable that other Divisions should be formed. And we now have them in every part of the City, laboring for the extermination of our common foe.

Our Division is composed of Brothers in almost every nook and cranny, which, in my opinion, ensures our stability in a far greater degree, than if composed of one

or nearly one class only. We have in our Division, three Brothers connected with the public press, Two of them publish temperance papers, who have done much to establish our principles, not only in this City, but throughout the province generally. Our third Editor is a Br. publishing a political paper, the *North American*, which is the organ of the present Government, and from him we expect valuable assistance when the Maine Law is brought before the Legislature.

The total number of Brothers who have joined our Division is 388, number now on the Books in good standing 333, being the greatest number in connexion with us at any one time. Total amount cash collected £489. Amount expended in payment of Benefits, expenses of Division, support of Temperance principles &c. £316 1s 3d. Cash on hand £173; amount due Division £178, making a total of £351 in our favor.

There has also been a large amount subscribed for various purposes, which is not included in the above amounts.

Our present income is upwards of £300 per annum, exclusive of initiation fees; which may be set down at £50. Our Division room we fitted up at our own expense; our outlay for rent is therefore only £10.

We have also in connexion with our Division, Toronto Section No. 15 Cadets of Temperance, and the St. Lawrence Union No. 15 Daughters of Temperance.

The Section contains about 90 members, and the Union about 40 Daughters.

The above gratifying account places Ontario Division in a high position among the Divisions of Canada.—Out of this Division have sprung directly or indirectly five Divisions in this vicinity, numbering nearly 700 Sons.

The statistics of the other Divisions we will allude to at another time.—[Ed. Son.]

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE!

Brethren in arms! against a mighty and a potent foe!
Though but a young recruit, having but lately donned
the badge of Honour, worn by our glorious Order,—I
am none the less strenuous, or desirous of the welfare
of that cause, which I embraced solely for its own mer-
its. I cannot pretend to much knowledge, but the
scenes of a chequered and a varied life of many years,
whose scenes have gathered o'er my brow, have taught
me many lessons from the day-book of experience.

Will you then to sober thoughts incline,
Give me your hearts and your reflecting mind!

The world is ever apt to look with distrust, nay, with
manifest displeasure upon any innovation made upon its
ancient rights and privileges. Among these Privileges,
that of drinking stimulating beverages, ranks among
the most ancient! Hence the inveteracy with which
our cause "Total Abstinence" is met. The world's
eyes are all concentrated with a basilisk gaze upon
our actions—its cupidity, love of wealth, is aroused.
The dark passions of our nature, that see themselves
liable to be deprived of their necessary stimuli, are in
arms! Custom, our second an ure, is stirred up like a
Lion from its lair! at the same time, alas! that I should
say it, Religion, professed Religion at least, that should
be the safeguard of our race against every insidious foe,
is so weak minded or bewitched by the Carcean cry
proffered to her lips, as to stand in very many instances
in open dalliance with our declared enemy. How cir-
cumspect should we then be! How daintily our own
work lest by overlooking our integrity, we give cause
of rebuke, or by inattention to the principles of our
Motto, Love, Purity, and Fidelity, we give cause to a
scolding world to exclaim, Lo! these Sons of Temper-
ance! what are they more than other men.

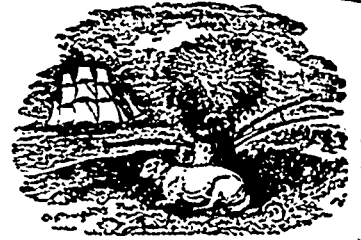
Brethren, I do not say, this is the case at present,
though I have heard something very like it. Be cau-
tious! be prudent! in the words of the good book, "Be
wise as Serpents, yet harmless as Doves."

Should the columns of the "Valuable Gem" be open
to such communications, you may hear from me again,
though perhaps in not quite such a sober mood—on
things of importance to our cause. Adieu! till then.

Your Brother in L. P. and F.,

FREDERICK WRIGHT.

Spencerville, C. W., May 28th, 1852.



Agriculture.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Ben Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door;
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor;
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were clear and bright,
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talk'd love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily;
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast,
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told how fast the potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield;
A glorious yield in the harvest time,
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat;
That the butter that Tommy that morning churn'd
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made,
And was done, too, by the rule;
That Noddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his tall-worn hand
Through his locks of grayish brown:
I tell you Kate, what I think, said he,
We're the happiest folks in town.
'I know,' said Kate, 'that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found:
For there a Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

'They're worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet:
To send not be one that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within,
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy.
Six a healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love lit eye.'

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon above brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he blushed up to Kate still nearer.
He leaned his head on her shoulder there,
And took her hand in his,
I guess—(tho' I looked at the moon just then)
That he left on her lips a kiss.

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE DAIRY SYSTEM

"In this district, celebrated for its double Gloucester
cheese, the practice is not so entirely dissimilar to
Dunlop and Cheshire modes, as to require a very
detail. They weigh usually about twenty-two pounds
each, are a rich and useful cheese. The single
center, or one half new milk, and one half blue
milk, are disappearing from public approbation. The
milk fresh from the cows is taken and mixed at once
with the rennet and curd, and left for an hour cover'd
up to prevent the escape of the heat, which is main-
ed, so far as it can be, at the same degree as in Cheshire,
and the curd is broken by a knife with three blades,
a sure mode of wire. The whey is taken out in
wooden dash, and is placed in the vat, over which a
cloth is spread. Into this cloth the curd is put,
pressed with the hands until it will bear the weight
of the vat, which is then placed upon it, and loaded
with a weight, or it is placed in the cheese press. The
is then torn in pieces by a card mill, and again
with a clean cloth in the vat, and pressed. In
five days the curd is thoroughly deprived of the whey.

It is taken to undergo the process of drying. No salt mixed with the curd, but it is rubbed upon the exterior of the cheese, some twelve to twenty hours after it has been put in the press. It is rubbed in with the hand, so long as the curd appears to absorb it, and the curd is again transferred to the press. This takes place three times each day and the quantity of salt allowed for waste, which a cheese of twenty-two pounds will absorb, will be about ten ounces. When taken from the cloth, they are wiped and laid to dry in the ordinary manner, being frequently turned. When intended for sale in London they are scraped and painted with a coat of red colouring matter, dissolved in ale, which is rubbed on the cheese with flannel. Of course it has no beneficial tendency."

PEACH TREES.

The Peach tree is frequently injured and in many instances, the forthcoming crop is completely destroyed by a recurrence of cold freezing weather after the trees are budded. An excellent plan, and one that has been very successfully applied, is to cover the ground, with straw or rubbish around the trunk, and let it remain until the Spring frosts are over. An excellent farmer in Ohio, made \$3,000 in one year from peaches, because everybody else lost their crops by hard weather. His plan was to cover the roots of the trees, for a yard or two around the trunk with straw to the depth of six inches, preventing the frozen ground from thawing until he removed the straw when the ground thawed, the sap rose, and the trees bore an abundance of fruit. Another plan which is said to be very successful, when a person wishes to preserve a few peach trees, is to put a large tub of water under each tree, and some say, tie a woolen thread to a branch of the tree, and let the other end of the thread be immersed in the water. Now so long as there is water in the tub, the frost will not effect the tree, and the fruit is preserved. In many locations it may not be too early to try the experiment. — Farmer and Mechanic.

PHLOX DRUMMONDI.

The *Phlox Drummondii* is one of the most beautiful flowers; and, indeed, we are not certain but it may be justified in calling it the finest of all. It is remarkable for the splendor and variety of its colors. From the same seed will be found of almost every shade of color, from the deepest and most brilliant blue color, to the palest and most delicate pink. — The flower, though of the deepest carmine, has the inside of its petals of a pale bluish color; and every shade, though of the palest pink, has a dark carmine tinge at its base. Thus the variety of colors displayed in a bed of these flowers, almost exceeds description; and when they are seen under a bright sun, and agitated by a gentle breeze, the effect is exceedingly brilliant. We know of nothing more beautiful.

So well are we pleased with this flower, that we have had a paper of this seed with every package; and if they readers should only succeed in raising a bed of this beautiful flower, we know they will feel well repaid for their labor.

The *Phlox* was discovered in Texas, in 1835, by Drummond, a botanical collector sent out by the Glasgow Botanical Society, who soon after died in Cuba, in the midst of his researches. This being one of the last seeds discovered by Mr. Drummond, it was named the *Drummondii*, in honor of its lamented discoverer. It should be sown in a nicely prepared bed, in the first of May, lightly covered, and in July it will be in full blossom. They are very easily cultivated, requiring no other care than keeping them clear of weeds, and the ground mellow. — Genesee Farmer.

PUMPKINS, SQUASHES, AND MELONS.—Dig large broad holes, and fill them with bog manure, stamping it down, and making it as compact as possible. Draw out one inch of soil, and cover one half inch deep. In the covering spread out an inch of the finest wood shavings, mixed with a liberal quantity of charcoal, and horse manure. As soon as the plants appear, commence watering with urine, and apply gypsum. Keep the weeds down, and the soil close around the plants that will conserve, in order that the water applied may be directed to the roots. There are many modes of growing these vegetables, but the above is the best for garden purposes. In thinning, it is well to take out too many plants at first, as

those left may be destroyed, and cannot be supplied by others. When they have got fairly into rough leaf it is soon enough for this to be attended to. — Boston Olive Branch.

PATEL MILK.—A valuable discovery has recently been patented by a French gentleman. The discovery found a place in the Crystal Palace during the exhibition, but appears to have escaped the observation of the jury. The milk tablets can be grated into fine powder, and when put into the tea they will immediately dissolve, without leaving any sediment whatever behind, while the milk itself not only retains its full flavour, but also its nutritious qualities. For long sea voyages its utility is obvious.

THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD.—There is a plant in the island of Sumatra, the circumference of whose fully expanded flower is nine feet—its nectarium calculated to hold nine pints—the pistils are as large as cow's horns, and the whole weight of the blossom is computed to be fifteen pounds!

A gentleman in Tennessee, afflicted with a cancer on the nose, effected a cure by boiling half a peck of the inside of oak bark in two gallons of water, reducing it to the consistency of molasses. He spread it upon silk, and applied it fresh twice a week.

COUNTY OF YORK STATISTICS.—Land under cultivation, 1851, 34,855 acres. Wheat raised, 155,016 bushels. Barley, 4,592, do. Rye, 742 do. Peas, 52,114 do. Oats, 174,675 do. Buckwheat, 301 do. Indian Corn, 1,846 do. Potatoes, 30,313 do. Turnips, 10,351 do. Carrots, Mangk Wurzel, 2,125 do. Hops, 4,000 lbs. Hay, 6,403 tons. Wool, 15,817 lbs. Sugar, 3,914 lbs. Cider, 2,327 gallons. Full-Cloth, (made by Farmers,) 2,029 yards. Flannel, do. 2,195 do. Oxen, Steers, and Bulls, 483. Cows, 2,060. Young Cattle, 1,324. Horses, 1,848. Sheep, 5,729. Pigs, 3,662. Butter, 110,871 lbs. Cheese, 6,311 do. Beef, 120,870 lbs. Pork, 513,130, do.

NIGHTINGALES IN MOSCOW.—In this city the nightingales sing in every respect as beautifully in cages as in their native woods. In the bird shops they are heard warbling with all the fullness and fancy of tone which characterises the nightingale in his natural state. By rattling beads on their tables of tangible arithmetic, the Russians can make these birds sing at pleasure during the day, but in the night they make the streets of the city resound with the music of the forest.

LOCK JAW.—We have noticed in the papers lately, notices of several deaths of this disease, one of them in this neighborhood. We have published several times a certain preventative and remedy, in the application of beef's gall to the wound. Will not our editorial brethren circulate the information, and thereby save many valuable lives? Besides its ant-spasmodic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications have failed to do so. — Lancaster Gazette.

A NEWSPAPER.—A man eats a pound of sugar and then the pleasure he enjoys is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in his mind, to be enjoyed anew, and to use whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men, it is the wisdom of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the time in general information, besides they never think much or find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up, without any taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there is the wife, who, when the work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse or divert her mind from the cares and toils of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper.

CANADA SETTLED ON WARE WITH FOOD.—The Ontario Times says—

Our market is now supplied with many articles from Canada, our receipts as yet being wholly from Canadian ports. The supply of domestic articles usually furnished by the surrounding country is certainly more than the demand and consumption, and our provisions dealers are compelled to import.

A person in Burlington County N. J., from the 1st of November last, to the 1st of April, collected 211,181 lbs. of poultry, costing \$23,230, and the whole was brought to the New York market. The whole of this poultry was collected within an extent of twelve square

AN ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—Mr. Potter, a gentleman living in Morgan street, in this city, a few days since, swallowed a large quantity of corrosive sublimate, through mistake, supposing it to be wine. He instantly became aware of his error, and recollected the remedy prescribed for such cases by A. J. Davis, the clairvoyant, in his volume entitled, "The Physician." This remedy was the simple one of swallowing as much as possible, a large dose of common sweet oil. Fortunately for the sufferer, a bottle of sweet oil stood on the same shelf before him, from which he had taken the poison, and he seized and drained it of its contents. The effect was instantaneous. The action of the mercury was arrested and Mr. P. has now nearly recovered. — N. Y. Times.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—Of all other means of curing colds, fasting is the most effectual. Let whoever has a cold eat nothing whatever for two days, and his cold will be gone, provided he is not confined in bed, because by taking no carbon into the system by food, but consuming that surplus which caused his disease by breath, he soon carries of his disease by removing the cause. This will be found more effectual, if he adds copious water drinking to protracted fasting. By the time a person has fasted one day and night he will experience a freedom from pain and a clearness of mind in delightful contrast with the usual stupor and physical pain caused by colds. And how infinitely better is this method of breaking up colds than medicine?

VIEW FROM MOUNT TABOR.—Notwithstanding the desolation of Tabor, compared with its glory once in other days, we beheld there what man has neither given nor can take away—the glorious view of the surrounding country, which is unsurpassed in all Palestine. I would that I possessed the power of graphic description, that I might tell you of what we saw from the summit of this noble mount, and how deeply the beauty and splendour of the scene are written in our choicest recollections. How grandly loomed up in the far distance to the north, the snow-crowned Jebes Shuekh, the Hermon of Scripture! How picturesque appeared the hills and mountains to the north-east and east beyond and on this side the silvery Jordan, which springs out of their very bosom! — How lovely seemed that lake of all others most interesting to the Christian's heart, the Lake of Tiberias, a part of which we could plainly see! — How noble toward the south appeared the valley of the Jordan, Gilead, Gibbon, the Little Hermon, and the charming valley between! But how surpassingly beautiful, which I cannot find words rightly to express, was the scene in the west, as, at this commanding elevation, some fifteen hundred feet above the plain, we looked down upon Esdraelon, in all its glory and magnificent verdure, its extent, its fertility, its loveliness, its surrounding hills, its streams, and rivulets, its rivers, the Kishon, and its many many points of attractiveness! Believe me, I stood as it were entranced on the steep brow of Tabor, and beheld this scene with emotions too deep for utterance. — Travels in the East.

FITZ.—If a person fall in one, let him remain on the ground provided his face be pale, for should it be fainting or temporary suspension of the heart's action, you may cause death by raising him upright or bleeding; but if the face be red or dark colored, raise him on his seat, throw cold water on his head immediately, and send for a surgeon and get a vein opened, fatal pressure on the brain may ensue.

HORN. A Horn!—A petrification of curious nature, has recently been found near the mouth of Crow River. It resembles the head of a mammoth horn; the nostrils, upper lip, and right ear, are quite perfect; the forehead and eye sockets seem to have been worn by the action of the water, and gravel. It measures five feet from tip to tip, and weighs nine hundred pounds — St. Anthony Ex.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The attempt to bring a swarm of bees from Boston around the Cape, in the ship R. B. Forbes, has failed. They came very well until entering the tropics on the Atlantic side, when the wax melted, and they were destroyed. Their introduction is considered very desirable, and beside the satisfaction of succeeding, the Agricultural Society has offered a premium to the person who shall first introduce the honey bee into the islands.

Local politics ran high in the western country. A candidate for County Clerk in Texas offered to register names for nothing. His opponent, undaunted, promised to do the same, and threw in a cradle.

[ORIGINAL]
A CALL FOR TEMPERANCE.

BY ALEX. GRAHAM.

Come all who feel the Christian birth,
Who ought to shine as lights on earth,
And shun the soul-destroying snare,
Drinks which disagree
With holy duties as set forth
In holy books for thee;

Come all who drunkards' miseries see,
Or from their cups reclaimed would be,
Join Sons of Temperance and be free
From slavery's thrall;
And drink no more the barley beer
That ruins all:

Come, hear the call, your hearts incline:
Strong drinks give o'er, and cider, wine,
Let all unite 'gainst rum—combine
To crush old ale-hol's order,
Because they've raised nought else but din,
And filled the land with murder.

Come all who know the sin and woe,
That from these liquors daily flow,
Degrading man far, far below
The brute creation,
No brute will do what he will do
In his intoxication,

OTAWAKEE, 30th April, 1852.

LONDON SESSION OF THE GRAND DIVISION.

This Body opened its proceedings in the usual way, on the 26th inst., at London Canada West, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Having attended as a delegate, and having been absent nearly all the past week, we can only give a hurried sketch of its doings. The officers present at the opening were, G. W. P., A. B. Pardee; G. W. A., Dr. Sutton, Grand Scribe, Br. Jackson, G. A. R. S., Br. —; Grand Chaplain, the Rev. Br. Wilkinson; Grand Conductor, Br. Thomas Nixon, Grand Inside Sentinel, Br. Jones, of Amherstburgh. The G. W. P., in the absence of the P. G. W. P., Burnham, appointed Br. W. A. Ellerbeck, to fill his place, which he did with much ability. At about 12 o'clock of the first day's Session, upwards of seventy new delegates were initiated and duly constituted members of the body. The initiation and proceedings were very imposing and delightful to a true Son of Temperance. About 30 members of the Grand Division were in the room when the new delegates were introduced. During the following day several new delegates were obligated. The attendance during Wednesday afternoon and Thursday, would amount to about 100 members. Business was immediately gone into, and on Wednesday afternoon the reports of the G. W. P., G. S. and Grand Treasurer, were read, all exhibiting a satisfactory state of the Order, in finances and numbers, and giving omens of cheering future prospects. Several important suggestions were made in these reports.

SIXTY-SIX New Divisions have been organized since last October, all doing well. On the other hand some twenty odd, old Divisions, have either surrendered their charters or ceased to act, and will have to be closed. It is cheering however to reflect, that in the same or localities near by, their places are being filled by new Divisions. Quite a number of Divisions have failed to make any or proper returns, thus making it almost impossible to know the exact strength of the order. There are 354 Divisions in Canada, a few of which are working badly, but there are at least 350 Divisions in good working order. There are upwards of 16,000 contributing members on the returns, and many Divisions have as yet failed to send in their returns. A correct return would probably show the strength of the Order to be 20,000 members. At times it is surprising to see the want of punctuality in sending returns. We noticed that at one time 65 Divisions were in default, some of which really should have known better and been more

strict in their conduct. About 150 Divisions have become incorporated under our act of incorporation. The various Divisions have upwards of £6000 on hand; the percentage to the Grand Division being over £450 annually.

A large surplus fund is in the treasury of the Grand Division. A great accumulation of business is on the Grand Scribes hands. The G. W. P. recommended the granting of an extra sum to compensate him for extra trouble.

The G. W. P. recommended the employment of a Provincial Lecturer, to be paid out of the funds of the Grand Division.

The subjects that came up in the Session, and upon which action was taken during Wednesday, Thursday, and part of Friday, were as follows, with their results.

1st. On vote, the G. D. negatived Quarterly Sessions.
2nd. By vote, decided that a druggist or chemist might, consistently as a Son, sell wine or alcohol of any kind as a medicine, without a breach of his pledge.

3rd Repealed the By-law restricting subordinate Divisions from admitting candidates the same night of proposition except upon paying 5s., allowing them hereafter to propose and admit the same night, without any dispensation fee.

4th Decided that a vote of expulsion of a member cannot be reconsidered, the matter, by the expulsion, having passed out of the hands of the Division.

5th Located the place of meeting of next Session of Grand Division, in Oshawa, in Wharby, to take place on the 4th Wednesday of October next.

Other matters came up afterwards, of which we have at this date no particulars. G. W. P. Pardee, and G. W. A. Dr. Sutton, go immediately as Delegates to the National Division in Virginia. Further particulars in our next.

GRAND DEMONSTATION IN LONDON.

A grand demonstration of the Sons of Temperance, in which the members of the Grand Division, Cadets, and Daughters of Temperance, joined, took place on the 27th May in London. It was a very well got up affair. About 2000 Sons and Cadets marched in procession, accompanied by about an equal number of spectators.—The Band of the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, by the kind permission of the Colonel of the same stationed in London, headed the procession. There were two other good Bands in attendance. About 20 beautiful banners floated on the breeze. The procession reached over half a mile in length, and marched through the principal streets of the town, and then to a beautiful grove half a mile away, where a platform for speakers was prepared and numerous seats for spectators. The G. W. P. presided over the meeting, and having made some pertinent remarks, gave way to Br. A. S. Gregory, the delegate of the St. Lawrence Division, who spoke for 20 minutes with much ability. Br. J. C. Clure then addressed the audience for two hours and a half with great power and ability. After this the procession returned in order to the town and dispersed all highly gratified. Western Canada never before saw such an imposing procession as this. We merely have time to allude to these few facts in this number:

At Woodstock on the 24th an immense gathering of the Sons took place, numbering over 5000. They were addressed by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron and Br. J. C. Clure.

Errors.—A few errors occur on our literary page—*for form read "forms," for Zoophila read "Zoopytes," for bottom of oceans read "bottoms" before have. A few letters are displaced.*

A NOBLE ACT, WORTHY OF IMITATION.

A Magistrate of this County, and a member Ontario, ordered on the 24th inst., 100 copies of paper, one copy to be sent to each Legislator of the day, for four months to come, at his own private expense. Were we at liberty to do so, we would most gladly mention his name, but this we cannot do. Selfishness we seen an act more significant of the times, and cheering to the friends of Temperance.

ITEMS.

WELLINGTON SQUARE SOIREE—Comes off 8th June. This will be no doubt a fine affair. Sons here are a spirited body of men. The Temperance Band of Hamilton will be in attendance. A piece will take place at 1 o'clock. Addresses will be delivered. We cannot promise but will try to attend. Please attend this good Division.

RISEING STAR DIVISION—Intend holding a meeting on the 10th day of June, at or near Reed's Corners, Markham. All surrounding Divisions are invited to attend. We thank the Division for their invitation cannot promise certainly to be there. We would it a great pleasure if business would allow. Let all surrounding Divisions show this noble Band of heroes a hearty and numerous attendance,—their sympathies.

A letter from the Rev. J. Moxon of the 23rd April came to hand on the 21st May. It has been delayed in some way. He gives an account of the formation of the Bethesda Division there, and of a recent meeting. The papers ordered are sent on.

A new Division is in contemplation in the vicinity of near Glanford.

LATEST ITEMS.

THE MARKETS are so stationary just now we omit them in this number.

Foreign and Domestic news. A press of temperance extracts keeps out our usual summary.

The friendly discussion the *Guelph Advocate* invites will be taken up in our next.

Our worthy Brother of the *Nepawee* Division visited us on some discussion of the principles laid in an article, copied into this paper from the *New Organ*, on "Bible Temperance." We will refer to our next.

Catherine Hayes has been singing in Toronto.

The people of Goderich have started the project of a railroad to connect that town with Brantford, also with Buffalo.

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE will be referred to in our 12th June.

GRAND TEMPERANCE RALLY IN LINCOLN AND WINDSOR. The Divisions and friends of the cause in the two counties are to meet in a mass meeting on the 6th June at Fonthill, Peilham, to devise means to get the Maine Law enacted in Canada.

Sub-division 194 meets on Tuesday evening, 56 members.

THE MAINE LIQUOR BILL is now in force in Massachusetts, and was finally passed last week with Governor's assent. Neal Dow is lecturing through towns of Maine—120 Towns, and upwards, have elected temperance representatives.

LICENSE TO INNS to sell liquors is prohibited in Lowell and Auburn. Great congratulatory meetings are held in Massachusetts in favor of the new law.

LATEST EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE is uninteresting. Broad staffs are still rather declining.

BURKHEAD SOIREE.—On the 19th May, the Cayuga Division, had a fine Soiree and a beautiful banquet presided to them by the Ladies. We will give the particulars in our next.

The Sheriff of Picton has convened a new Law meeting.

QUEENSTOWN DIVISION.—A Division was organized some two weeks since at Queenstown.

J. B. Gough lectures in Belleville in June. Says the *Intelligencer*.

The Niagara Mail, and *Palladium* &c. come to hand.