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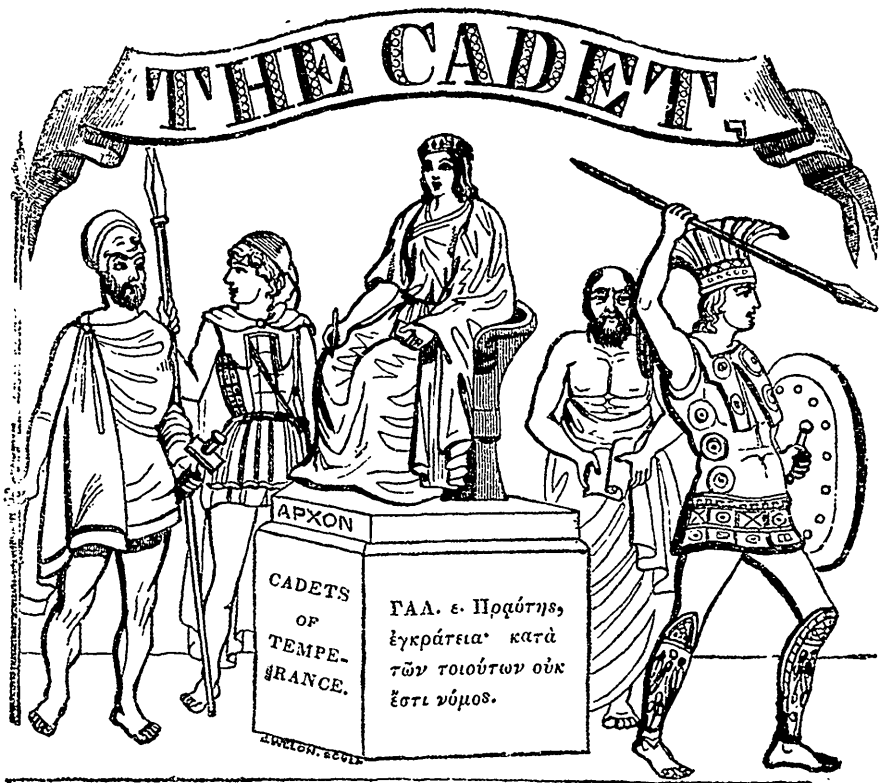
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL I.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1853.

No. 10

Little Jasper and the Snail.

A little boy, after a long walk, came to a shady place under a tree, where he laid himself down to rest; and not far from him, on a damp pathway, he saw a large snail lying.

He had often seen the empty shells of the snails, but he never before had seen one with the living animal in it; and he touched the shell with a little stick he held in his hand, that he might make the snail move off with his house on his back.

But when the snails are a little frightened, they probably think the best thing they can do is to keep quiet and still in their little snug houses; so the more the boy touched him with his stick, the more quiet lay the snail. At last the boy began to repeat all the rhymes, of which there are a great many addressed to the snail,

which he could call to mind. He began with the rhymes in Mother Goose, which go thus:—

"Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you black as a coal.
Snail, snail, put out your horns:
Here comes a thief will pull down your walls."

But the snail did not move for that, and then the boy repeated another rhyme, which a little German boy had taught him:—

"Snail, snail, come out of your door;
Show me your horns, one, two, three, four,
If you do not show them soon,
I will put you under the heavy mill-stone;
The mill-wheel, will grind you all to flour,
So snail, snail, come out of your door."

While he was repeating these rhymes in rather a sleepy manner, he perceived what he had never seen before in the

garden,—a blue, clear lake, which came very near the place where he was lying. He started up to look more closely at it; and the smooth soft grass on which he had been resting was changed to a bold rock jutting out into the water.

While he looked with astonishment at those wonders, he saw a boat of a singular form approaching the shore. It floated bravely upon the waves, but resembled in form the snail-shell which he had been so long watching, though it far exceeded it in size. He immediately began to sing out in a loud tone one of the snail-ditties which he had been repeating; but he had hardly finished the first line.—

“Out of your house, little snail, crawl.”

When to his great amazement, from the mouth of this strange boat issued an old man, with a long beard, and a heavy oar in his hand.

“What do you want of me?” said the old man, in a tone that made the little boy forget all his snail-ditties.

“Indeed, sir,” said the little boy, “I did not mean to disturb such an old gentleman as you in his afternoon nap. I had never seen one of the inhabitants of the little, twisted palaces which I meet with in my father’s garden; and I just thought—”

“Don’t tell me,” said the old man, “what you just thought; but just step into my boat, and I will teach you to disturb people with your songs about mill-stones, and musquitoes, and nuns and friars.”

As he stretched out his hand to seize the boy’s shoulder, and showed that he could make pretty good use of his heavy oar, Jasper—for that was the boy’s name—made no resistance, but quietly stepped into the strange-looking craft, and seated himself on a little jutting edge of the inside timber. The old man followed him, seated himself at the mouth of the boat, and guided it with his oar in the manner which boatmen call sculling.

They made rapid progress through the water, and the boat was soon stopped at a little island. The old man descended to the shore, and ordered Jasper to do the same. Having first fastened his boat to a twisted post which was placed on the bank, he proceeded up a pathway which led to the principal town of the island.

Here, every thing had a most singular appearance. The houses, great and small, were all built in the manner of snail shells. They were of various sizes, and of different

materials. Some were dazzling bright, as of gold or precious stones; others of a dark, cold, clay color. But what was most remarkable, as Jasper watched this strange village, he now and then saw a house moving from place to place; and, as he watched these moving houses, he could perceive the head and shoulders of a man or woman peeping out of every one.

The old man led Jasper to a very damp, shady corner of the village, where there was a house of an enormous size, and, near it, one much smaller.

“As you will probably be with us for some time,”—“I hope not very long,” whispered Jasper to himself,—“I shall beg you to make use of this house here behind us,” said the old man: “it belonged to a nephew of mine, who met with an accident the other day, and has no farther use for it. A mischievous fellow threw him, house and all, under the mill-stone, which pressed him so closely as to cause his death. There is a small crack in the house; but that is no matter. Before you retire to your new dwelling, however, let me offer you some refreshment.”

He then placed before the astonished boy some roots and vegetables. Jasper did not much like the appearance of them; but he was too well bred not to eat what was set before him; and, as he had a pretty good appetite, he got along very well, though the food was a little too moist for his taste. The old gentleman was too busy about his own meal to pay much attention to Jasper.

When they had done eating, Jasper pointed with an inquiring eye, to a whole troop of little houses which were hurrying off in the same direction. He felt too much afraid of the old man to ask where they were going, though he wanted sadly to know.

The old man saw his asking look, and said: “These little fellows you perceive walking along so briskly are going to school; for, different as our ways are from yours, we do not leave our young folks without proper teaching. And, now I think of it, you must join them; for, as I have taken you under my care, I shall see you properly brought up. So, get into the house which lies there ready for you, and march off with the rest, my little man.”

Jasper, who did not like this proceeding much, ventured to tell the old man that he was not used to carrying his house

on his back; and that if he pleased, he should rather run off to school on his legs, and leave the house, which he had not yet learned all the twists and turns of, till he came home.

But the old gentleman did not like to have any one contradict him; and being rather quick in his movements, he seized up Jasper with his long bony arms, as he called it, though Jasper, felt all the time it was nothing but an ugly snailshell.

He kicked and struggled, and tried to cry out for help; and, just as his head was entering the mouth of the shell, and receiving a hard knock from the top of it,—for the old man was not very gentle in his movements,—he awoke (all this time he had been fast asleep under the pear-tree,) and was much pleased to find nothing worse had happened to him, than that he had received a pretty hard blow from a large, fine St. Michael pear, which the wind had blown down upon him, and the blow from which had been changed, as he slept, into the pain he felt from being crowded into the snail-house.

He was very glad to find that matters were no worse with him. He looked round for the snail whose motions had attracted his attention before he fell asleep. He had walked off house and all; and was nowhere to be seen. Jasper concluded to run home, pear in hand; and while the family were at supper, he told the story of his dream. It seemed so remarkable, that one of the company present retired directly after supper, and wrote down the particulars of this odd dream.—*To-Day.*

The Breakfast.

“Is this all we are going to have for breakfast?” said James, as he seated himself at the table.

“Yes,” said his mother, “the bread and butter are fresh, and the potatoes are baked very nicely; they would be a great luxury to many poor children, this cold morning.”

James said nothing more, but began to eat very slowly, and rather sullenly. He knew that he must eat what was set before him, or go without food till dinner.

“Mrs Green,” said the colored woman as she entered the room, “Mrs. Johnson’s two little girls are in the kitchen; they are almost frozen, and are very hungry; they have not had anything to eat since

yesterday. Can they have some of the cold meat that was left yesterday?”

“Poor things!” said Mrs. Green, “I will come out and see them. James, you may come with me, and see if they will eat what you are so strongly inclined to refuse.”

James hung down his head and followed his mother into the kitchen.

Mrs. Green gave the little girls some bread and butter, and some baked potatoes, which they ate with a voracity which showed they told the truth when they said they were very hungry.

“O how nice,” said the youngest, a little girl six years of age. “How I wish mother was here.”

Mrs. Green gave them a supply of things, suitable for their widowed mother in her needy circumstances, and they left the house very happy.

As Mrs. Green returned to the breakfast room, James put his arms round his mother’s neck, and bursting into tears said, “Mother I never will complain again.”—*New York Recorder.*

WOLF HUNTING IN FRANCE.—Some grand wolf hunts have just taken place in the environs of Gourin, department of the Morihan, a very wild country. In one of them a young Parisian lady, accompanied by her husband, was noted for the ardour with which she followed the hounds. On entering a valley she all at once found herself in a bog. She made her horse take several leaps in order to reach solid ground; but at last the animal could go no further, and began to sink. First he descended to the knees, then to the body, and afterwards to the back. At that moment the lady, with great presence of mind, drew up her riding habit, and stood up on the saddle. Still the poor horse continued to go lower. She thereupon placed her feet on its head, and with a vigorous leap succeeded in reaching *terra firma*. Her husband was near to her, and, as his horse was also sinking, he followed her example. The escape was considered most miraculous. The emotion caused by the danger of the lady and her husband was so great that the hunt was suspended. The horses were rescued with great difficulty.—*Galignani.*

There are two chapters in the Bible alike: the 19th of 2nd Kings, and the 37th of Isaiah. I’m in a rapid decline, as the man said when he was falling from the house top.

Filial Obedience—An Incident.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." So says Divine inspiration, and he who would claim the verification of the promise, should not fail to perform the required duty. How pleasing to christian parents to see the objects of their mutual affection, dutiful and obedient—to find that the principles inculcated in their early days are fondly cherished in maturer years, and how consoling the hope that they will be the "staff of their declining years." Children are too apt to forget the obligations they are under to their parents—that to them they owe more than to any other human being. They engage in the busy pursuits of life, and seem unconscious of the duty they owe to those who fed and clothed them in their childhood days—who spent the hard earnings of a toilsome life to bestow upon them a liberal education, the benefits of which they are now reaping. This ingratitude on the part of children to their parents meets not the approbation of Jehovah, but will surely receive his condemnation. We have an incident in our mind's eye which came under our observation, and which we will record, hoping that it may be productive of good to our youthful readers. It contains a fearful lesson.

In the town of — there lived a pious couple, who were devoted members of a christian church. They were blessed with a family of six lovely children, who contributed in no small degree to the happiness which existed in that domestic circle. The eldest was a boy whom the parents entertained a hope might become an honored, useful, and respected member of society, as well as a comfort to them in their old age.—They spared no pains or expense to give him a good elementary education; neither did they neglect his religious training. He was a regular attendant upon the Sabbath School, and his seat in the church was seldom vacant. At the age of eighteen years he was sent to a high school in the State of New York. Here he made great proficiency in his studies, and was acknowledged to be one of the brightest ornaments in the school. He soon obtained the confidence of his teachers, and was respected by all who knew him. In the immediate neighborhood of the school a number of young men had formed themselves into a club for the purpose of disseminating infidel principles, among whom were several of his acquaint-

ances. Not being possessed of a very strong mind, he was frequently induced to attend the meetings of this club. Gradually he was led to imbibe the doctrines promulgated by these deluded followers of Tom Paine and Voltaire, and soon became a leading member. The club at the close of its meetings would usually adjourn to a neighboring tavern, where the night was spent in revelry and debauch.

His letters to his parents became less frequent, and finally he ceased writing altogether. Think not, reader, that during the downward course of this young man, he never thought of the happy home he had left—of the fond parents who had borne him—of the sunny days of childhood, when his heart knew no guile. Often would his mind wander back to his boyhood days—to the scenes of his early youth—to the friends endeared to him by so many associations; and earnestly would he wish himself again under the paternal roof, making one of the happy group encircling his father's fireside. And even when he would be violently declaiming upon the falsity of the Bible, and of its corrupting tendencies, he would shudder at his own sayings, and to drown his sorrows, would fly to the inebriating cup. But as time sped on apace, the young man had been confirmed in his belief—his heart became steeled to all good impressions—his conscience was seared, and he would frequently pour forth harsh invectives against the principles instilled into his youthful mind by his pious parents. He had arrived at the age of nineteen. His father who had often written him, and obtaining no answer, finally concluded to go and see him. He had heard of the course of his profligate son, and his heart was well nigh broke. His hair was already silvered o'er with sorrow, and he was fast sinking into the grave. He visited him, conversed with him, and endeavored to show him the dangerous path in which he was travelling; but all to no avail, no impression was made on his mind. The son heaped bitter curses upon his parent grown grey with sorrow, and the tear that coursed its way down the care-worn cheek of the father as he left his son's presence, told too plainly the result of the painful interview. The father returned to his home—a few weeks passed away, and the church-bell tolled a solemn dirge, and the body of the premature old man was laid in the tomb.

Meanwhile the son was rapidly sinking,—his wild, bloodshot eye, his bloated

ed countenance, betokened that he was doomed. His mother, who had not yet given up a feint hope, which she had fondly cherished, that her son might be eventually restored to her, paid him a visit. She saw him, but such was her emotion, she could not utter a word—she could not endure the thought that the besotted drunkard who stood before her, was her first-born child—she sank senseless on the floor, and in a few short hours her spirit winged its way to another world. Her body was committed to the tomb by stranger hands, and while a few sympathizing friends were paying the last tribute to departed worth, the son was lying in his favorite resort, insensible from the effects of strong drink.

Nearly three years ago the writer saw

him in the streets of Buffalo, a drunken sot,—he looked the picture of despair. Never shall we forget the scene,—there, before us in the gutter, lay one of our school-boy associates, one with whom we had oft engaged in childish sports and innocent amusements,—who was the pride of his parents, and the idol of his school-mates,—who might have been an honor to his parents—an ornament to society,—but he treated their counsel with scorn, and would none of their reproof. About a year ago we were informed by a friend of his death. And where, think you, did he die? In a low brothel,—in one of those sinks of iniquity, kept by one of Satan's myrmidons, at the early age of twenty-five years, and his body was placed in a pauper's grave.

James Kent's Difficulty.



“Ho! ho! There is James Kent. A good fellow all the boys call him; even his grandtath., a crusty old gentleman, says he is about right. He studies well, is obedient to his parents, and is very honest and sincere. He loves a frolic now and then, but they say he never gets into scrapes. Nobody has a merrier laugh than him:—hear it echo over the pond, just as he is about jumping into the water, for he is a stout swimmer, Peleg Parker told me, and outdoes all the other boys five times over.”

James has a good mother, who has trained him in the fear of God. He loves his Bible, and he tries to cultivate the meek and quiet temper, which the Bible says is of great price.

But ah, James has fallen into bad company—he has been learning to gamble. What, James Kent a gambler! So young a gambler! can it be possible! “When and where did he learn to play cards and throw dice?” asks one sadly. No, he does not play cards or use dice; he has

been gambling with marbles, and finds himself in difficulty. Playing with some skill, he has fairly gotten away all Ben Barker's marbles; now, Ben does not relish this.

“You cheat! you do, Jim Kent! You got away all my marbles by cheating,” cries Ben, fiercely.

"No, I do not," answers James; "you know I would not cheat; you do not mean what you say, I guess, Ben."

"Tell me I lie? tell me that, sir?" cried Ben, doubling up his fist. "I'll teach you to call me names."

"Fight him! keep the marbles and fight!" slyly whispered Sam into James' ear. Sam was for having some "sport," as he called it, and though he professed to be a great friend to Ben, this did not prevent his counselling James to fight him, of so little worth is the friendship of some people.

"Come! fist him! don't be a coward, James—fight it out! I would not be called a cheat any how! and I'd let him know I would not be—nobody should call me a cheat, that's certain; I'd fight him!"

Poor James did not know exactly what to do; fighting was a new business to him; he was neither a dog or cat, a wolf or panther; they settled their difficulties by fighting; but James well knew this was not the Christian method, and somehow it seemed to him very wolfish to use the wolf's way. Now, what must be done? Give back the marbles to Ben! but that would seem to acknowledge the truth of the accusation, which he was very sure was not true, for he simply conformed to the rules of the game. But then again, it must be confessed, it did not appear *just right* to take all Ben's marbles and give him nothing *in return* for them. Still he honestly won them; were they not his? James was in a dilemma: he heartily wished he was out of it, and out of it the best way. There did seem to be something a "little askew" about the business, so he thought—not so straightforward and no mistake, as he liked to see things; but *what was it*, that was the question? Where was the nail out? Can any one tell us?

The truth is, the game of marbles contains the very essence of *gambling*, which is taking the property of another, no matter whether it is in bank bills or marbles, *without giving anything in return for it*. It is getting goods without paying for them, and this is dishonesty. If differs from barter, because in barter, you receive an article and give back to the person another article for it. This is a just exchange. Now it happens very naturally, that people are unwilling to see their property go out of their hands, without some equivalent; they are vexed and unhappy, and

become willing to do almost any thing by fair means or foul, to get it back again; so they often resort to *cheating*, in some way or other, in order to recover what they have lost; and a cheat is amazingly apt to imagine others are using his own weapons and trying to cheat him. He gets angry and blusters about, and a quarrel follows, which oftentimes does a great deal of harm, at least it does no good: bad passions get strengthened and wicked habits formed, which lead to great unhappiness and misery.

Do you see how James stood?

"Here I have got all Ben's marbles for nothing—I did not give him any thing for them—that does not seem right"—so argues James on one side.

"But you won them—*honestly* won them; they must be yours"—so argues the other side.

"Now, I do not see how *fighting* will reconcile this, and settle it. I do not see but fighting will leave the matter just where it found it"—so James thought, and so do I.

Well, then, to come to the bottom of the matter, the *system* was wrong in which James got involved. The winning might be very honest, *according to the rules of the game*; but the *principle* of the game was wrong, as we have seen, and that made it all wrong; and this teaches us how very hard it is to reason right upon bad premises. We must be sure that we begin right, and then the way all along will be clear as sunlight. If you look a little farther you will no longer wonder why men have been so apt to settle their difficulties by a fight; they are just those sort of difficulties that cannot be reconciled, because the whole system was wrong out of which they sprung; and they fight because they get angry and do not know exactly what else to do. See two shooting each other in a duel; see two hundred battering each other with cannon balls: the two or the two hundred may enjoy the satisfaction of dying upon the field of blood, but who sees that it settles the real merits of the cause; how pitiful they look!

And what *did* James do? Why the school-bell rang, and away scampered James, leaving the marbles on the ground, his own and all.

"I'll quit the whole of it," cried James, who began to see through it, "I'll quit it and have nothing more to do with it."

Noble resolution! would that every boy

might boldly hold up his pursuits and pas-
sives before the clear light of moral truth,
and see how they stand it; if they hiss,
and singe, and blacken, and cannot stand
the test, let him *quit* them, and plant
himself where he can stand freely, firmly,
and with a clear and peaceful spirit.

Be careful my good fellows not to get
into difficulty, for it is not every body that
can be so easily *rung out* as James was.

"The Cadet."

With good things filled, a little paper
Has issued forth for Truth to labor
To stem the tide of death's dark fount,
That sinking souls may upward mount.

Then, hail *Cadet!* with joy we greet thee,
And each month with new pleasure meet thee;
And while our eyes peruse thy pages,
In scenes described our hearts engages.

Yes, hail *Cadet!* for good conducted,—
And hail, Cadets, by it instructed;
And while you read its tales of sorrow
Work harder for a brighter morrow.

Let every youth throughout the land
To "Virtue, Love, and 'Temperance," stand;
Maintain your ground—desert it never—
And shout, "The Law of Maine for ever!"

R. McLEAN PURDY.

(For the Cadet.)

The Drunkard.

A PARODY ON THE WELL-KNOWN "SONG OF
THE SHIRT."

With nerves all shattered and shook,
With eyelids heavy and sunk,
A man, with a very unmanly look,
Sat tipping till he was drunk!

Sip, — sip, — sip, —
'Mid singing, and swearing, and roar,
Till his hand refused to visit his lip,
And his head inclined to the floor.

Drink, — drink, — drink, —
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And drink, — drink, — drink, —
'Till the stars shine o'er the roof;—
It's oh! to be a hog —
Along with the senseless swine —
Where pleasure has neither a scourge nor a
clog,
If guilt, O man, be thine.

Drink, — drink, — drink, —
Till the brain begins to swim!
Drink, — drink, — drink, —
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Rum, and brandy, and gin,
Gin, and brandy, and Rum,

Till over the bottle he falls asleep,
And dreams himself at home.

Oh! men, with children dear,—
Oh! men, with mothers and wives,—
It is not liquor you waste alone,
But precious and useful lives!
Your children cry, and your partners grieve,
But fail, alas! to save you;
While Death and the Devil both laugh in
their sleeve,
Knowing they soon shall have you.

But why do you work for Death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
And run to perdition, till out of breath,
Lest Satan should lose his own?
But Satan won't lose his own,
Because of the feasts you keep;
Alas! that sense should be so rare,
And souls be held so cheap!

Drink, — drink, — drink, —
'Tis a thirst you never can slake, —
And what are its fruits? A pillow of thorns,
A head disposed to ache!
That shatter'd frame — this trembling
hand —

A mind confused and hazy, —
Your character gone, and 'tis well if, anon,
You be not confined as crazy.

Drink, — drink, — drink, —
On a long December night, —
And drink, — drink, — drink, —
When seasons are warm and bright.
Vile and inveterate habits do bring
A fetter proud reason restrains; —
The swallow, on free and elastic wing,
'Twits the poor drunkard in chains.

Oh! could you walk erect,
Who stagger from side to side,
Regain your self respect,
And cherish a manly pride!
These base-born pleasures suppress,
And nobler joys admit;
Feel as you felt ere you drank to excess
The wine that steals your wit!

Oh! could you, but for a while,
Pause in your mad career,
Consider your way, and view yourself,
As you to others appear!
But conscience will scatter no flowers
In a path to so fearful a brink, —
Reflection, of course, would bring you re-
morse;

And, hence, you dare not think!

With nerves all shattered and shook,
With eyelids heavy and sunk,
A man, with a very unmanly look,
Sat tipping till he was drunk!
Sip, — sip, — sip, —
As though he would never give o'er,
Till his hand refused to visit his lip.
Oh! that he would from his bondage slip,
And go and sin no more!

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, JAN. 1, 1853.

A Happy New Year.

This is our sincere and not merely formal wish for all our young friends, and for all their friends. "The same to you, sir," say a thousand Cadets, and as many Daughters of Temperance. Thank you, we reply, and now take our advice. To be happy you must be virtuous. Begin, therefore, your New Year with well-doing in all things, and persevere in what is good. Try to improve your mind in all useful knowledge. Continue to take the *Cadet*. Pay for it, and be sure to persuade two others of your acquaintances to do the same. We shall be happy in trying to do good through this and other means, and pray that throughout the year God's blessing may rest upon us all.

Five Good Things.

We said a little concerning three of these good things in our last number, and illustrated them by examples. A good constitution, a good understanding, and a good name, are valuable blessings worth preserving by all the means appointed by the God of nature. Two other good things are now to be illustrated, and these are even still more important than the other three.

A good conscience will be lost by intemperance. Old Humphrey, in his quaint and pointed way, says a good conscience "is the softest bed on which you can lie; the easiest night cap you can draw over your brows." The practice of strict temperance is not alone sufficient to give you a good conscience; only so far as it is the result of obedience to the law of God, and prompted by pure motives, can it really affect the conscience. It may also with perfect safety be averred that temperance

will not mar a good conscience, but may be the means of keeping it pure.

Many are the painful instances of intemperance, and the consequent loss of a good conscience. Stephen Jones, at the period we first knew him, was an active and cheerful member of a Christian Church. He held office in the church. His fervent exhortations and prayers were approved by his elders, and perhaps their commendations excited a degree of pride and self-sufficiency. But he was for a long time faithful to his duties, and promised to be useful to his neighbors and companions. His education was good; his opportunities of improvement were various. In his experience he professed to have a good conscience, through the grace of God, by faith in the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. None seemed more firm than Stephen Jones. Alas, in an evil hour, he yielded to temptation. He mixed in company with those who cared not for virtue or conscience. He drank with the moderate drinkers in moderation, falsely so called. His appetite was formed, and he drank more. For some time he retained his standing in the church, for his faults were not at first conspicuous. It is seldom, however, that gross sin can be concealed. A good conscience was lost, and there could not then be a cheerful freedom in the presence of conscious piety. His heart smote him, but he did not resist temptation. Gradually he neglected the means of grace and the society of those who persevered in doing good. At last his sin was discovered. He forfeited his place in the church, and in the estimation of his friends. Instead of mourning and penitence, he made "shipwreck of faith and a good conscience," and became a confirmed drunkard and swearer. Intemperance was his ruin. Beware of the temptation to drink intoxicating drink of any kind.

A good hope is the fruit of a good conscience, and you can easily see how Stephen Jones lost both together. Great

indeed was the loss. But of a "good hope," bear in mind that we mean thereby a hope of possessing the inheritance of the children of God in the better country, when life on earth shall end. By the good and pious there are often experienced sorrows and afflictions in this life, but a good hope mitigates grief, and enables its possessor to bear the ills of life with patience and resignation. The intemperate have no such hope. They have a load of suffering and sorrow here, as the fruit of their doings, and hereafter they shall not inherit the kingdom of God. When Stephen Jones came to his death bed it was a mournful scene. He tried to pray, but could not. A faithful minister called on him, and exhorted him to repentance. His reply was, "I cannot repent; it is too late." "There is hope for you in the mercy of God," said the minister. "There was," replied the dying sinner; "I had a hope; it is now fled; all is darkness, dreadful, painful, dismal darkness." And so he died.

We shall conclude in the language of Old Humphrey himself:—"If you have a good constitution, try to keep it, by temperance and exercise, for the best constitution will soon be destroyed by excess. If you have a good understanding, try to improve it by acquiring useful knowledge, so that you may glorify God by it, and serve your fellow creatures also. If you have a good name, labor hard to preserve it; it may be a goodly possession in a future day. If you have a good conscience, value it above rubies, and if you have a good hope through grace, maintain it unto the end."

Destructive Infatuation.

Our youthful readers and others have frequently heard of strange, mad tricks, performed by foolish persons under the influence of strong drink. Solomon says—"Wine is a mocker," and to witness the follies, voluntary and involuntary, which are sometimes practised by the intemperate,

affords melancholy proof of how sadly they are mocked. A recent occurrence, noted in the English papers of last October, is perhaps without a parallel in the history of liquor, and we condense the particulars that our readers may have additional evidence of the infatuation sometimes produced by the use of strong drink, and the necessity of letting it alone, or totally abstaining therefrom.

Edward Girling was, at the period of his death, head-keeper of the serpent-room in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. On the morning of his death, he went to his duties in the serpent-house—took a serpent from its cage and wound it round him, saying he was inspired. He put that back in its cage, and then took out the cobra de capello, one of the most poisonous reptiles. It is said that the savages of the country where it is found dip their arrows in its venom, the more surely to effect the destruction of their enemies. Girling held the serpent up in his hands, when it immediately darted out and bit him in the nose. He rushed into the engine-house, bleeding from the nose, exclaiming, "I have been bit by the cobra—send for the surgeon." He was quickly conveyed to the University College Hospital, but he was insensible and dying when he arrived there. Artificial respiration and galvanism were used, without producing any beneficial effect, and he sank and died in an hour. A coroner's jury sat over the body, when the evidence given above was elicited, and a verdict was given in the following words,—“Deceased died from the mortal bites inflicted by a serpent called the cobra de capello, while he (deceased) was in a state of intoxication; and the fatal occurrence was attributable to his own rashness and indiscretion.” Thus it is seen that this destructive infatuation proceeded from intemperance. On the inquest, Edward Stewart, a keeper in the gardens admitted being out with deceased the night preceding the melancholy catastrophe, and *drink-*

ing rather freely. Horice Edmunds, also a helper, said he was passing the serpent house and saw deceased and the last witness intoxicated and playing with the serpents. The Superintendent, Mr. Thompson, proved that there were strict regulations for the discharge of any keeper found intoxicated during duty. But it seems poor Girling was given to drink, was on the spree overnight, and under the influence of liquor went to duty. He was discharged with a sad retributive vengeance, and was hurried into eternity, the victim of his own rash folly.

Play not with serpents! Who would do so palpable an act of madness? Reader, you see who would! Not a sane man, but a person bereft of reason, through the influence of strong drink. Cadets, be on your guard! Keep your pledge. Hold fast your principles, and they will save you from the destructive infatuation of playing with serpents, or committing other such acts of unmitigated insanity.

Notices to Correspondents.

P. R. We cannot find room for an answer to all your questions respecting Australia. But concerning the yield of gold, we may say, on the authority of a Wesleyan Missionary who has been many years in that country, that for the past twelve months it has been about *fifty tons*.

G. S. It seems some Cadets make a noise when they leave the Section Room, and you wish us to print the resolution of your Section against it. That would proclaim your boys as very noisy, and we do not wish to make any the topic of remark in that way. We may say, however, in accordance with your resolution, that the members of all Sections ought to go home quietly and orderly without fear of reprimand or expulsion. We regret to say that the verses from the same quarter are not quite good enough for the *Cadet*.

Enquirer must not press such questions. We cannot give our real sentiments with

out offence somewhere, and therefore wish to keep silence. Certainly that picture is overdrawn, and will do more harm than good. Smoking is a bad habit, but a frog-in-the-fable disposition is not attended with good consequences.

S. Y. Your views are correct.

Moderation.

(To the Editor of the *Ca* et.)

SIR,—If you have space to spare, will you be so good as insert the following in the January number of *The Cadet*, as it will amuse the cadets who may chance to read it:—

A Scotch parson once preached a long sermon against dram drinking—a vice very prevalent in his parish, and from which, report said, he was not himself wholly exempt. Whatever ye do, brethren, do it with “moderation,” and aboon all, be moderate in dram drinking. When ye get up ye may tack a dram, and another just before breakfast, and perhaps another after, but dinna be always dram drinking. If you are out in the morn, ye may just brace yourself up with another dram, and perhaps another before luncheon, and some, I fear, tack another after, which is no very blameable, but dinna be always dram, dramming away. Naebody can scruple for one just afore dinner; and when the desert is brought in, and after it is tane awa, and perhaps ane, and it may be twa, in the afternoon, just to keep ye drowsling and snoozing awa; but dinna be always dram, dram, dramming. Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, and afore and after supper, is no more than is right and good; but let me caution ye, brethren, no to be always dram, dramming. Just when ye start for bed, and ye are ready to pop into it, and perhaps when you wake in the night, to take a dram or two is no more than a Christian man may lawfully do; but, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I have mentioned, or maybe ye may pass the bounds of moderation.

Such is the moderation of all moderate drinkers. They begin first with a glass, and continue on until they get as far as what the parson has pointed out, and then

they become drunkards, which they were from the beginning.

I receive your *Cadet*, and like it very well. With best wishes for your prosperity,

I remain, yours in V. L. & T.,

A CADET,
Of Concord Section,
No. 116, Quebec.

Celebration.

The first anniversary of the Rainbow Section, Cadets of Temperance, was held in York, Grand River, C.W., on the 5th of November, 1852. The members of the Section met at half-past 6 o'clock, P.M., in the Section Room, each one accompanied by a young lady, where they formed in procession, and proceeded to the church in full regalia. The chair was taken by Brother Wm. A. Spooner, our W. P. The meeting was addressed by two reverend gentlemen in a very appropriate manner; after which we again formed in procession, and proceeded to the Section Room, where a very plentiful repast was served up, to which there was ample justice done.

Great credit is due to Brother Wm. A. Spooner, for the untiring zeal which he has manifested towards the Section since its organization.

This Section was organized on the 5th of November, 1851, with 10 charter members, and it now numbers 22 members in good standing.

JOHN JAMES RAMSAY.

The Rum-seller's Dream.

"Well, wife, this is too horrid. I cannot continue this business any longer."

"Why, dear, what's the matter now?"
"O, such a dream; such a rattling of dead men's bones; and such an army of starved mortals, so many murders; such cries and shrieks and yells, and such horrid gnashing of teeth, and glaring of eyes, and such a blazing fire, and such devils. Oh! I cannot endure it. My hair stands

on end, and I am so filled with horror, I can scarcely speak. Oh! if ever I sell rum again!"

"My dear, you are frightened."

"Yes, indeed I am. Another such a night would I not pass for worlds."

"My dear, perhaps ——"

"Oh, don't talk to me. I am determined not to have anything more to do with rum anyhow. Don't you think Tom Wilson came to me with his throat cut from ear to ear; and such a horrid gash, and it was so hard for him to speak, and so much blood; and, says he, 'See here, Joe, the result of your rumselling!' My blood chilled at the sight, and just then the house seemed to turn bottom up, the earth opened, and a little imp took me by the hand, saying, 'Follow me.' As I went, grim devils held out to me the cup of liquid fire, saying, 'Drink this!' I dared not refuse. Every draught set me in a rage. Serpents hissed on each side, and from above reached down their heads and whispered, 'Rumseller!' On and on they impeded me, through the narrow pass. And all at once he paused and said, 'Are you dry?' Yes, I replied. Then he struck a trap door with his foot, and down, down we went, and legions of fiery serpents followed us, whispering, 'Drunkard, drunkard!' At length we stopped again, and the imp asked me as before, 'Are you dry?' 'Yes,' I replied. He then turned a spring, a door flew open; there were thousands of old worn out rum drinkers, crying most piteously, 'Rum, rum, give me some rum.' When they saw me, they stopped a moment to see who I was; then the imp, cried out, so as to make all shake again, 'Rumseller!' and hurling me in, shut the door. For a moment they fixed their ferocious, fiery eyes upon me, and then uttered a united yell, 'Damn him!' which filled me with such indescribable horror and terror, that I shrieked myself awake. There, wife, dream or no dream, I shall never sell another drop of the infernal stuff, I will not."—*Western Watchman*.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing. The drop by continued falling bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honour, and noblest acquisition. It is that ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.



The Antelope.

Africa may be considered as the headquarters of the Antelope. Of this numerous genus, consisting of nearly seventy different species, upwards of fifty species inhabit the African Continent alone; two or three are common to it, and Asia; about a dozen species are common to the latter country; two inhabit Europe; and one only is found in America. Some frequent the dry and sandy deserts, and feed upon the stunted acacias, and bulbous plants, which spring up in the most arid situations. Some prefer the open stony plains, the steppes of Central Asia, and the Karroos of Southern Africa, where the grass, though parched, is sufficient for their subsistence. Some, again, inhabit the steep rocky mountains, and leap from cliff to cliff with the ease and security of a wild goat, while others are found in the thick and almost impenetrable forests of tropical countries.

The characteristics of the genus are, peculiar gracefulness of motion, united to the most astonishing swiftness. They have spiral hollow horns, which vary in length and in appearance in the different species. The common Antelope is remarkable for the beauty of its horns, which compose a spiral of two or more turns, according to the age of the animal. When fully grown, this beautiful animal is about four feet in length, and two feet and a half high at the shoulders. The head, from the nose to the root of the horn, is seven inches long, and the ears five. The legs are long and slender, the body round but light, the eyes large and lively, the ears long and cylindrical. The color is almost

entirely black above, and white beneath; the nose, lips, and a large circle round each eye, being white. The hair is short over the whole body, except on the knees, which are furnished with tufts of long bristles, forming knee-brushes. These animals are so swift that it is useless to slip greyhounds after them. The bounds they make when pursued are wonderful. They have been known to vault to the height of thirteen feet, and pass over ten or twelve yards in a single bound. They reside on the open plains of India, where they can see to a great distance in every direction. They live in large families, and when they lie down to feed, they dispatch some of their number to a distance to act as sentinels, and nothing escapes their notice. Every bush, or tuft of grass that might be suspected to conceal an enemy, is strictly examined, and, on the first alarm, the whole herd betakes itself to flight.

The Curse of Infidelity.

A biographical sketch has lately appeared in England which depicts a brilliant dawn and a darkened midday. W. S. Walker, when 18 months old, could repeat all the current nursery songs. He learned to read after one lesson; when two years old he could read the history of England, and in his fifth year he had read history extensively and poetry still more devotedly. In his tenth year he translated a Greek poet into English verse as a private amusement, and wrote an epic poem soon after, which was published. He had every line of Homer by heart, and could com-

pose Greek verses himself perhaps much faster than Homer could. Being introduced to Sir James Mackintosh, it was stated that the young poet could turn any thing into Greek verse. "Indeed," said the baronet, "what do you think of a page of the Court Guide?" The proposal was accepted, and the said page was turned into Greek hexameters! At Eton he wrote poetical satires, prologues, and epigrams. At Eton and Cambridge, he obtained his full share of prizes and scholarships, becoming at last a fellow of Trinity College. He lived twenty-six years afterwards, the last sixteen of which he ate the bread of poverty in obscure lodgings in London, wasting his life in writing verses and essays for obscure periodicals. He then dropped, broken in constitution and a wreck in mind, into a premature grave. What blighted the prospect and promise of his life? *Infirmity!*

Home

I know of no passage in classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophon, in his Anabasis, describes the effect produced on the remnant of the ten thousand Greeks, when after passing through dangers without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught sight of the sea. Dashing their bucklers with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fullness of their delirious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes, came and tanned their weary souls. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and nought was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys. One was again scouring on his fleet steed across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower-crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her whose form, amid battle and bivouac, was ever with him; a third recalled that proud day when, before the streaming eyes of his overjoyed parents, and amid the acclamation of all Greece, he bore off from amid competitors the laurel wreath of the Olympian victor.

Oh, home! magic spell, all powerful home! how strong must have been thy influence, when thy faintest memory could

cause those bronzed heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women! With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with the sweet fragrance of a flower found in winter, you came across the great waters to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings their souls found rest.

I WILL.

We like that strong, robust expression. —No one having uttered it sincerely was ever a mean, cringing man. The pigmies of the world did not trouble him, although they rose in masses to pull him down. He speaks, and the indomitable will prevails. His enemies fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your literary or scientific efforts? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will!" breathing upon your lips, and bursting from a great heart, you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a toad stool, and his influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a cringing wretch, who trembled at the approach of a spider and fainted beneath a thunder-cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in the right channels, you will yet startle the slumbering universe.—*John Neal*

The Grumbler.

Grumble! grumble! grumble! continually! O what a grumbler! He grumbles all the time, night and day, week in and week out. Whenever and wherever you meet him, it is grumble, grumble grumble! Always some foot out of joint, some shoe down at the heel!

Always something to grumble about. If he has nothing, or nobody to grumble at, he will grumble about himself. He will be sure to grumble anyhow.

Man, do smooth down your face a little, smile now and then; you look sour enough to turn milk to cheese! Awful!

O what a wretchedly miserable companion is one of these perpeteal grumblers! Run! run! take to your heels! run!—*Golden Rule.*

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind, that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it, as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

"Friend, don't Swear."

Upon going into a wagon shop, a few days since, the first thing that met our gaze was the above sentence, printed in large capitals, and posted up in a conspicuous place.

Those three short words were suggestive.—First they gave undoubted proof that some one connected with the shop was a man who had forgotten God's injunction, not to take His name in vain.

Second, they showed that he wished others to remember the same injunction. And, third, they showed, we thought, that he had taken a very good way to give them warning to that effect. There was nothing harsh about it—perfectly cool and mild—indeed something pleasant—"friend, Don't Swear," just as though a peculiar interest was felt in each individual who might read it. It might have read—"No Swearing allowed in this Room"—"All profanity forbidden here," or any other peremptory command, but we doubt whether either would have accomplished as much as the simple request, "Friend, Don't swear. Would it not be well, if in reproving all kinds of iniquity, we were to use more mildness and not so much denunciation? One thing we particularly noticed about this little sentence was, that it never seemed to countenance in the least any species of profanity or irreverence. Now as we have known some good men, indeed, christian men, who of course would not for the world swear themselves, but who, nevertheless, would seem very much delighted with a well-told story, even though it abounded in oaths, and would laugh heartily at a joke, even though a serious subject were the butt of it. But this sentence, on the contrary, had the same solemn, gentle admonition for all such—"Friend, Don't Swear." We are informed that the effect of this silent yet ever-speaking little sentence of truth was most happy; that although frequented by all classes of men, an oath was rarely heard in the shop.

As we turned to leave, we could not but wish that those three words might be posted up in every place of public business or resort—in all our shops—on board our steamboats—in our rail-cars, and even in our Legislative Halls.

But, above all, we long for such a purity of public sentiment, that the face of every respectable man should bear on its very lineaments such a legible and unmistakable "Friend, Don't Swear," as should

effectually awe down the terrible profanity which is now so all-abounding—that the awful swearing, because of which the land mourneth, might entirely and forever cease.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"This Hand Never Struck Me."

We recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful, even in death. As they stood gazing on the form of one so cherished and beloved, the girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, so she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister.

The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me."

What could be more touching and lovely?

Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters that, were you to die, such a tribute could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand and say—"This hand never struck me?"

What an elevation to our grief when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse of an unkind child, as it looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, towards whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember, whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that shall we also reap.

ARMY ANECDOTE.—In one of the regiments in Mexico, there was a corporal who, when the roll was being called, refused to answer to the name of "Ebenezer Mead." The officer repeated the call. No answer, Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?" "Eben Mead is here," quoth the corporal. The "Ebenezer" was repeated again in a tone like a small north-wester. "Captain," quoth the rampant corporal, "your name is Peter Reed; would you respond if you were called Peter-sneezer Reed?"

Puzzles for Pastime.

No. 1.

I am composed of 15 letters.
 My 7, 1, 3, 8, 2, is one of the elements.
 My 5, 5, 3, 4, is a name.
 My 14, 10, 13, is a measure.
 My 12, 11, 9, 13, is what merchants delight in.
 My 6, 1, 3, is what housekeepers dread.
 My 7, 1, 9, 14, 12, is a country in Europe.
 My 1, 15, 6, is a river in Scotland.
 My whole is a greatly distinguished commander.

J. BENNETT.

No. 2.

Beware of my first! 'Tis a terrible thing
 And much of disaster and woe it will bring;
 Amongst one class of people 't is wholly unknown,
 And all would do wisely to let it alone.
 My next is oft pinch'd, and full often is squeezed,
 Without shewing symptoms of being displeas'd;
 It is black as a negro, surrounded with light,
 And it often is clad in a mantle of white.
 My whole was a warrior, the head of a faction,
 Whose restless spirit was ever in action;
 Poets of ancient, and of modern days,
 Historians, too, have mentioned his praise.

S. S.

No. 3.

If you transpose what ladies wear,
 'T will plainly show what bad men are:
 Again, if you transpose the same,
 'T will show an ancient Hebrew's name;
 Change it again, and it will shew
 What all on earth desire to do.

No. 4.

Before a circle let appear
 Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
 One fifth of eight subjoining then,
 Will quickly show what conquers men.

No. 5.

My first the promised joy of man,
 And oft stands foremost in life's plan,
 To be a solace of his care,
 And all his happiness to share.
 My next from ancient days till now
 A precious gift has to bestow,
 Which ever will be valued more
 Than richest gem or golden ore.
 Unite these two, my whole appears,
 And fills the hearts of some with fears,
 Such fears as, had they been in time,
 Might have preserved from many a crime;
 But if I do not crime prevent,
 I give the culprit punishment.

M. O.

No. 6.

I am round as a globe,
 As a feather I'm light;
 I shine in the sunbeams
 Resplendent and bright.

I rival the rainbow
 In richness of hue;
 I live but a moment,
 Then vanish from view.

Two of the elements
 Give me an existence;
 But to other agents
 I owe my consistence.

By air I'm produc'd,
 And by air I'm destroy'd;
 Essay you to grasp me?
 Your hand will be void.

To childhood's glad time
 My short life is due;
 And p'haps I've been sent forth,
 Kind reader, by you.

A. G. G.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST NUMBER.

No. 1.—The Cadet and Life Boat must not differ.

No. 2.—By Perseverance.

No. 3.—Saratoga.

The answers sent by Amelia, Montreal, and Geo. B. Scott, Industry, are correct.

CONUNDRUMS.

What was Joan of Arc made of?—She was Maid of Orleans.

What word is that which being made shorter, becomes longer, and when longer is shorter than it was before?—Short, shorter.

Take me away from what you intended, and leave an insect.—Me-ant.

The following sentence has the same meaning whether read backwards or forwards.—(L) lewd did I live.

CONTRADICTION OF PROVERBS.

"The more the merrier." Not so; one hand is enough in a purse.

"Nothing but has an end." Not so; a ring has none, for it is round.

"Money is a great comfort." Not so, when it brings a thief to the jail.

"The early bird catches the worm." Serves the worm right for rising so early.

"A friend is best found in adversity." Not so; for then there is none to be found."

Things to Think About.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.

Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last.

The vapor of discontent is always most dangerous when it is confined.

The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.

A wife, full of truth, innocence, and love, is the prettiest flower a man can wear next his heart.

The mind has more room in it than most people think, if you would but furnish the apartments.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself.

Intemperance, says the *Scottish Temperance Review*, 'defies pulpits, undermines Sabbath Schools, mocks missions, and pawns for drink the very Bible you would reform it with.'

Love one human being purely, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death, from brooding apprehensions.

People who endeavour to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by their intrinsic worth, resemble the soap balloons blown by children; the thinnest bubbles are invested with the brightest colours.

SELF INTEREST.—Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

One's own home is the best home, though ever so small. Everything one eats at home is sweet. They who live at another's table are often obliged to seem pleased with what they dislike.

The aperture of the ear is very narrow; when, therefore, two people talk at the same time, it is like a pair of vehicles pushing on to get through a narrow lane, and constantly jarring each other.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. Whilst the sap of maintenance lasts; my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need they leave me naked.

There is none so innocent as not to be evil spoken of; none so wicked as to merit all condemnation.

Things to Smile at.

A very likely subject for consumption, as the wag said of the cigar.

What a depth of penetration! as the joiner said when he bored a nine-inch plank.

What a splendid fire that dry stick would make! as the ranter said of the preacher.

The reason why short men should be the soonest married, is, because there is more need of their getting *spliced*.

It strikes me your countenance is familiar, as a patron said when the collector had called upon him for the twenty-third time.

LATITUDE.—"Tommy, my son, what is latitude?" "A clothes' line, daddy." "Prove it, my son," "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

Why is the profession of a parson sooner learnt than that of a doctor? Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

Peter Smith, the watchmaker, insisted on calling his oldest boy Peter, after himself, as he considered his little treasure valuable enough to be called a *re-Peter*. He much admired his little *face and hands*.

"Vat you makes dare?" inquired a Dutchman of his daughter, who was being kissed by her sweetheart very clamorously. "Oh, not much—just courting a little—dat's all." "Oho! dat's all—I taught you vas vichting."

GOOD ANSWER.—A facetious fellow having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was "no gentleman." "Are you a gentleman?" asked the droll one. "Yes, sir," replied the fop, "Then I am very glad I am not!" replied the other.

"Vat do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good heavy coat of flesh on him?" asked a person of an Irish carman, about his horse. "heavy coat of flesh! ma vourneen!! Be, all the blessed powers, now, when the poor cratur can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im!"

PAT AND THE BISHOP.—Bishop Hughes, in a sermon to his parishioners, repeated the question that "all flesh is grass." The season was Lent, and a few days afterwards he encountered Terence O'Collins, who appeared to have something on his mind. "The top of the mornin' to your riverence," said Terence, "did I fairly understand your riverence say 'all flesh is grass;' last Sunday?" "To be sure you did," replied the bishop, "and you're a heretic if you doubt it." "Oh! never a bit do I doubt anything your riverence says," said the wily Terence; "but if your riverence plazes, I wish to know whether in this Lent I could not be after having a small piece of 'bafé' by way of a salad?"

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