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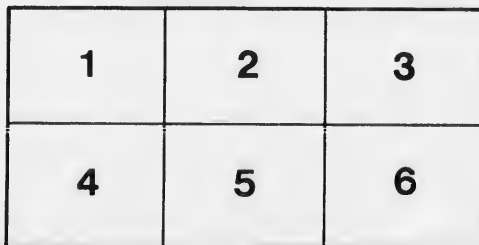
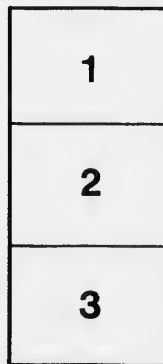
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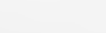
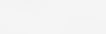
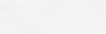
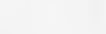
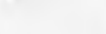
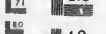
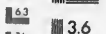
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CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.



Sanctioned by the Grand Section of the Cadets of Temperance of Nova Scotia.

By John P. Thompson

HALIFAX:

PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES AND SON,
1852.

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ENTERTAINMENT

FOR THE

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

Part I.

Enter several, who sing the opening Ode, and remain while the Address is delivered by one of their number.

Opening Ode.

We come a youthful, happy band,
Rejoicing in our native land ;
A rich inheritance we claim,
Our Fathers' deeds, our Fathers' fame.
In our pure cause we'll bravely dare,
To climb the steps of fame, and share
A nation's love, a priceless gem,
Who wins it wants no diadem.

Address.

The Cadets of Temperance in appearing before you at this time, are mainly actuated by one motive, namely, that of contributing to your welfare and happiness ; and as experience has abundantly proved that none can be happy unless they perform the duties they owe to their Maker and their fellow creatures, the Cadets feel that their exercises on this and on all other occasions, should tend to the fulfilment of these duties, by you and by themselves also. It is true that many persons appear to be happy, who neither fear God nor properly regard man, but their happiness is not without much alloy, and is moreover of short duration. If a poor man spend what

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money he has in strong drink, he may feel happy for a short time among his drunken companions, but in the morning he has to endure headache, sickness, reproach and poverty. It is of little use to be happy for a short season if we make ourselves miserable afterward. The entertainment of the evening, we trust, will be wisely conducted,—be cheerful without encouraging thoughtlessness;—a pleasant mixture of the lively and serious,—of pastime and study,—of light-heartedness and reflection.

There's a time to be merry, a time to be wise,
Their sunshine and shadow presenting;
And if in our joy we should wisdom despise,
We shall all find a time for repenting.

What we now intend is, to present that in which young persons may find something suitable to their years, calculated to amuse and instruct, to reprove errors, and encourage desires to be good and happy; to show that Benevolence and Piety, Temperance and Industry are required of all human beings, and that the hope of heaven is made bright or obscure, by the actions done on earth. We shall present pleasing expression accompanied by music, and give also earnest advice and exhortation; and we believe both to be good in their proper places.

A little change is of much service. If the day were without night, summer without winter, and sunshine without shade, they would not be half so pleasant as they are now; and our exercises, will lose none of their interest by the advice which accompanies them. We shall not be tedious, for we think the right way to get pleasure or profit, is, not to attempt to grasp too much at one time. In this respect, food for the mind resembles food for the body, if we take more of it than we can digest, it will only prove a burden and do us no good.

Our entertainment is not intended to affect you like a show, which excites a momentary pleasure and is then forgotten; but rather like a summer evening's landscape, wherein the setting sun, the gilding clouds, the whispering breeze, the waving tree, the singing bird, and the babbling brook, not only communicate pleasure, but at the same time lead the heart,

'Mid earth and skies, and wood and waterfall,
To Him, whose boundless goodness made them all.

If no error be repressed, and no virtuous emotions excited, our exercises will be almost in vain; but if any are made ashamed of what is mean or unworthy—if generous and noble

desire is brought to the mind, and pure and useful habits encouraged,—if it dispose some now present more earnestly towards industrious pursuits, integrity of purpose, and humility of heart; then our effort, with all its feebleness and imperfections, will prove a lasting benefit, and will be worthy of being held in long and pleasing remembrance. (*Exit all.*)

—

Christmas Carol. BY THREE OR MORE.

It is the day the holy day on which our Lord was born,
And sweetly doth the sunbeam gild the dew-besprinkled thorn;
The birds sing thro' the heavens and the breezes gently play,
And song and sunshine charmingly begin this Holy Day.

'Twas in a humble manger, a little lowly shed,
With cattle at his infant feet, and shepherds at his head:
The Saviour of this sinful world in innocence first lay,
While wise men made their offerings to him this Holy Day.

He came to save the perishing—to waft the sighs to Heaven,
Of guilty men, who truly sought to weep and be forgiven;
An intercessor still he shines, and man to him should pray,
At his altar's feet for meekness upon this Holy Day.

As flowers still bloom fair again, though all their life seems
shed,
Thus we shall rise with life once more though numbered with
the dead;

Then may our stations be near Him to whom we worship pay,
And praise with heartfelt gratitude, upon this Holy Day.
(*Exit.*)

—

A Conversation on Christmas Customs, &c.

(*Enter Haligonian*). Christmas has come:—the churches are wreathed in evergreen, and throngs of worshippers are going up to their altars. Eighteen hundred years ago a babe was born in a stable, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly voices, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, proclaiming "Peace on earth and good will towards men." Earth made slight response to the chorus. It always entertains angels unawares. When the Holy One came among them they mocked and crucified him. But now the stars in their midnight course, listen to millions of human voices, and deep organ tones struggle upward, vainly striving to express the

hopes and aspirations, which that advent concentrated from the past, and prophesied for the future. From East to West, from North to South, men chant hymns of praise to the Nazarene, and kneel in ardent worship before him.

The learned may differ in their opinion as to the precise time of the year in which the Redeemer of men first appeared on earth, but we are willing to accept this wintry anniversary of Christmas and take it to our hearts. As the sun now commences his circuit anew, and his rays increase in benignant influence, so may the Truth and Love, which his Light and Heat typify, gradually irradiate and warm our globe.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Recit.

It was the calm and silent night !
 Seven hundred years and fifty three
 Had Rome been growing up to might,
 And now was queen of land and sea.
 No sound was heard of clashing wars,—
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
 In the solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
 The senator of haughty Rome
 Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
 From lordly revel rolling home ;
 Triumphal arches gleaming swell
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway,
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway,
 What recked the Roman, what befel
 A paltry province far away,
 In that solemn midnight
 Centuries ago !

Within that province far away,
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;
 A streak of light before him lay.
 Fallen through a half shut stable door
 Across his path. He paused—for naught
 Told what was going on within ;
 How keen the stars his only thought,—
 The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
 In that solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

O strange indifference! low and high,
 Drowsed over common joys and cares :
 The earth was still,—but knew not why ;
 The world was listening—unawares.
 How calm a moment may precede
 One that shall thrill the world forever !
 To that still moment none would heed,
 Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago.

It is the calm and silent night,
 A thousand bells ring out, and throw
 Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
 The darkness,—charmed and holy now !
 The night that erst no shame had worn,
 To it a happy name is given ;
 For in that stable lay, new born,
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven.
 In the solemn midnight,
 Centuries ago:

As you have been invited here this evening, to hear among other things, some account of the manner in which this season is observed in other countries, I would most courteously invite you to lay aside the austerity of wisdom, and put on that genuine holiday spirit which is anxious for innocent amusement. Human beings, both as to body and mind, need seasons of relaxation from ordinary toil, fatigue, and care, for

“ All work and no play
 Makes Jack a dull boy.”

I now expect some friends, who may shortly arrive—O here comes one—(*enter one*). My dear old friend, a merry Christmas to you, and may you enjoy many of them. How are you? glad to see you, indeed. You look as fresh as though you had just stepped out of your own fields in haying time. What is the good word from Old England?

Englishman.—A merry Christmas to you and many of them. I am as happy as good health and a good conscience can make me: well fed, well lodged, have enough to make myself comfortable, and something to bestow on those who are less favored; and as for dear Old England, her children are probably better fed on the whole than they ever were. That is a comforting fact, my dear sir. “Man is the creature

of food." To be well fed is an essential condition of thriving manhood. Let others rank as they may, this is the basis.

Haligonian.—Well, it is certainly very important—but how do you receive Old Father Christmas in your land of rural sports and pastimes?

Englishman.—Right joyfully I assure you our Christmas customs are as well attended to as our meals, and we not only take care of ourselves, but allow the poor a particular claim at this time; and our clergy always remind their hearers that it is their duty to make all around them happy on this joyful anniversary of the Church.

Haligonian.—This is very good, and I suppose their advice is followed faithfully.

Englishman.—O yes! it does one good to be merry sometimes, and more good to make others merry. Our good old squire who lives in the village, never forgets the true Christmas virtue of charity. He is very hospitable and much beloved—and last Christmas morning when the villagers doffed their hats to him as he passed from church, he invited them all to the Hall—and the poor who heard him, and whose friend he has always been, prayed aloud for blessings to be showered upon him. When the rich are thus kind and courteous, the poor are made grateful and happy in their poverty.

Haligonian.—That is my opinion exactly,—and it reminds me of the excellent song you sing so well—The Staunch Teetotaller—now do favor me with it. I love such songs as that is.

Englishman.—You flatter me, but I suppose I must gratify you. (*Sings.*)

THE STAUNCH TEETOTALLER.

I sing of one who once was saved from sad and mournful fate,
And by a firm teetotal life secured a good estate;
Who kept up his neat mansion at a good teetotal rate;
With a little neat teetotal wife, to render sweet the state
Of this real staunch Teetotaller, one of the present time.

His spacious house was well adorned with pictures fine to view,
And rich and beauteous furniture was ranged around all new;
And here at night when toil was o'er, he'd seat him in his pride,
And quaff his cup of coffee with his partner by his side,
Like a real staunch Teetotaller, one of the present time.

When Winter's hoary mantle covered every lovely scene—
 He felt how happy then he was to what he once had been;
 He heard the lonely orphan's cry, he sought the sick and poor,
 And gave them what their wants required, and strove their ills to cure
 This good and kind Teetotaller, one of the present time,

How happy now his useful life, he pain nor trouble fears,
 A holy joy prevades his heart, and softens all his cares;
 His wife if e'er she drop a tear it is for joy that he,
 Is saved from "woe" and "sorrow," and is turned out to be
 A good and staunch Teetotaller, one of the present time.

How blest would mortal life appear if all did thus incline,
 And gracious charity supplant the love of rosy wine;
 How pleasant would the vales of earth to frail sojourners prove,
 If all would but unite in bonds of peace and tender love;
 And all be staunch Teetotallers now at the present time.

Haligonian.—It really does me good to meet with such a
 companion as you are,—you talk,—sing—are ever good humoured—and I always learn something from you—but tell
 me—what more do you know of the Christmas Customs of
 England?

Englishman.—Why, the women are all busy for some time
 before, cleaning up the houses and preparing good things.
 Then the Christmas greens are put up all over the house and
 in the Church:—old friends meet, and those who have not
 been very good friends are made to forget their differences.
 The children are happy—the Mothers and Fathers are happy
 to see them pleased, and the servants are happy too; so all
 are happy—and the poor and sick are led to forget much of
 their trouble by the kind messages and gifts from their richer
 neighbours. In some places they burn the yule log, and sing
 Carols in the early morning from door to door—formerly the
 Church bells rang a joyful peal at midnight, and many merry
 games, now laid aside, were heartily joined in by all. I love
 to hear of these good old times, it seems as if folks were mer-
 rier and happier then than now.

Haligonian.—Aye, they might have joined more heartily
 in those things which betoken joy, but men might not have
 been happier, or so happy then, as now. All their troubles
 are ouried with them, but these gleams of sunshine linger in
 the hearts of their descendants. Christmas, by its antiquity
 becomes more honored, in preserving the memory of old and
 loved friends, and pleasant customs, which have given way to
 others, not less worthy, but more in accordance with an im-
 proved state of society.

Music heard,—enter a boy playing a hand organ, and a Norwegian, who are acquainted with Haligonian. He salutes those present, while the organ is playing. Organ grinder recites—

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

(From the German.)

Thou old and timeworm volume,
 Thou friend of childhood's age,
 How frequently dear hands for me
 Have turned the pictured page!
 How oft, his sports forgetting,
 The gazing boy was borne
 With joyous heart, by thy sweet art,
 To tread the land of morn!*

Thou didst fling wide the portals
 Of many a distant zone;
 As in a glass I saw them pass,
 Faces and forms unknown!
 For a new world I thank thee!—
 The camel wandering free,
 The desert calm, and the stately palm,
 And the Bedouin's tent, I see.

And thou didst bring them near me,
 Hero, and saint, and sage,
 Whose deeds were told by the seers of old
 On the book of books' dread page:
 And the fair and bride-like maidens
 Recorded in thy lines—
 Well could I trace each form of grace
 Amid thy rich designs.

And I saw the hoary patriarchs
 Of old and simple days,
 An angel-band, on either hand,
 Kept watch upon their ways:
 I saw their meek herds drinking
 By fount or river-shore,
 When mute I stood, in thoughtful mood,
 Thine open page before.

* *Das Morgenland*, "the land of morning." By this beautiful expression the Germans designate the East.

Methinks I see thee lying
 Upon thy well-known chair ;
 Mine eager gaze once more surveys
 The scenes unfolded there ;
 As, years ago, I saw them
 With wonder and delight,
 Each form renews its faded hues,
 Fresh, beautiful, and bright.

As in olden times, entreating,
 I seek my mother's knee,
 That she may teach the name of each,
 And what their meanings be !
 I learn, for every picture,
 A text, a verse, a psalm ;
 With tranquil smile, my sire the while
 Watches, well pleased, and calm.

Ye seem but as a vision,
 O days that are gone by !
 That Bible old, with clasps of gold—
 That young believing eye—
 Those loved and loving parents—
 That childhood blithe and gay—
 That calm content, so innocent—
 All, all, are past away !

(Plays a brief tune.)

Haligonian.—Your music charms me, here is a trifle for a Christmas box—may you enjoy a Happy Christmas, and with your Organ contribute towards the same in others. (*Two give him money.*)

Organ grinder.—Thank you kind masters, and may many a Happy Christmas be yours. The music boy is far from his home,—his heart yearns for his native Germany, where much joy is known at the anniversary of the Advent. When this happy time comes round he thinks of those he loves, and weeps—his dreams by night and his waking thoughts will be chiefly of his dear Fatherland, and the beautiful little Principality.

Haligonian.—Christmas is a great festival with the Germans, perhaps you will tell us something about their manner of observing it.

Organ grinder.—Yah ! Yah ! Christmas is the great festival of Germany. There are increased services in the

Churches from Advent to Christmas, and balls and other entertainments are laid aside during that period. Ladies refrain from knitting on Christmas day, and all is solemn and decorous.

Haligonian.—But is there not great preparation made by the people in their houses for this happy season.

Organ grinder.—Yah! Yah! Christmas wreaths are prepared, and the Christmas Tree may be found in every house, with the presents from the several members of the household to each other attached to the branches or placed on tables beside it. In Schools the Christmas Tree is lighted, and in Asylums the inmates are treated to one also. Christmas is in Germany a feast of the heart, to which all, old and young alike, look forward with intense delight. It is not so much a time for being visited and visiting, as one in which every family draws round its stove and celebrates a feast of family affection.

Englishman (addressing the Haligonian and Norwegian.)—I do not feel at liberty to follow your example in rewarding these vagrant people; the money they get should be given, I think, for the reward of industry, or the relief of the indigent. (*Turning to the organ grinder.*) Why do not people like you give up their lazy mode of life, and go to work at something useful?

Organ grinder.—It sounds well to hear your speak of relieving the indigent, and we may hope your desire for their comfort will never be overcome by the love of money. The organ grinder's life is not a lazy one—in heat and cold, day after day, he bears his heavy organ from street to street, and at night lies down in poor lodgings, perhaps more wearied than you ever were. He may have parents helpless through infirmity, and only in this way be able to maintain himself and make them comfortable. Learn to enquire before you condemn, and may you never be called upon to exile yourself from your home, that those you love may be provided for. Farewell! (*Is going.*)

Englishman.—Stay my good lad. I beg your pardon—far be it from me to speak harshly of the deserving—take this I pray you. (*Gives him money.*)

Organ grinder.—Thanks. (*Raises his hat, and exit, playing his organ.*)

Norwegian.—In travelling through the world these musicians are frequently met with—the rich, who have music in their homes, with many other sources of enjoyment, are prone

to call them vagrants and useless: while the poor, who are their chief supporters, are cheered in their poverty by the pleasing tones of the organ. Often have I seen them in poor and crowded neighbourhoods, welcomed by the ragged little creatures, who, apparently uncared for, hailed with delight the visit of the organ grinder. Small skill indeed, is needed to grind forth that machinery of sounds; but my heart salutes them with its benison, in common with all things that cheer the weary world. They are to the drudging city what spring birds are to the country. The world has passed from its youthful, Troubadour Age, into the thinking, toiling, Age of Reform. This we may not regret, but welcome, most welcome, all that brings back reminiscences of its childhood, in the cheering voice of poetry and song.

Englishman.—I am a John Bull and generally speak plainly. I regret having spoken harshly, for after all, the calling of these poor fellows is a much better one than rumselling; they give pleasure to the poor generally, and to many others, who, though innocent themselves, are made wretched by the sale and use of strong drink.

Halgionian.—I agree with you both—but what say you, my good friend from Norway, about the observance of Christmas in your country?

Norwegian.—In my country, fires of joy blaze up in every habitation, and the glad shouts of children are heard on every side. The poor partake of plenty, the prisoners receive comforting attentions, and the humblest cottages resound with rejoicings. In the country, doors, hearths, and tables, stand open to every wanderer. In many parts of Norway, the innkeeper demands no payment from the traveller, either for board or lodging. This is the time in which the earth seems to feel the truth of the heavenly words, "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Halgionian.—But I have been told, that in your overflowing kindness at this season, you give a larger portion of good things to your cattle and other domestic animals.

Norwegian.—Yes, the lower animals have their good things at Christmas. All domestic animals are entertained in the best manner, and the little birds of heaven rejoice too; for a tall stake is raised at every barn, on the top of which rich sheaves of oats invite them to a hearty meal. Even the poorest day labourer, asks and receives from the peasant a bundle of grain, raises it aloft, and makes the birds rejoice beside his empty barn.

Haligoman.—This pleases me well, but who comes here. let us stand aside. *(They do so. A voice is heard. Enter a man carrying toys and books, followed by a Sailor, with a bundle slung on a stick over his shoulder.)*

Sailor.—Ahoy! shipmate. Why you're loaded to the mast head. What's your cargo? show us your bills of lading. *(Takes a paper which the man offers, and reads.)* Don Quixote's Rosinante, 1s.; Jim Crow, 6d.; Paul Pry, 9d.; Admiral Nelson, 1s. 3d. Well I'll buy the old hero, and my little nephews will want to know which is his blind side, and how he comes to have but one arm. *(Takes it and pays.)* Come, what else have you got? *(Reads again.)* Noah's Ark—I must have that too. What a jolly craft she must have been, and what a lot of hay and oats and all manner of things they must have laid in for all these creatures. I don't think the Patriarchs had any tobacco; they would not dirty their mouths with it; and as for strong drink, Noah did not take any that we know of until he got on land again, and others, unhappily, besides Sailors, act foolishly ashore. Why here's Pigs, Camels, Horses, Poll Parrots, Monkeys, and Rats, and these gentry would starve rather than take rum and tobacco—it's only men that use such dirty things. I say, mate, you have enough for the whole village; but what will you take for your load?

Toyman.—Ten dollars.

Sailor.—Ten dollars! for books and all?

Toyman.—For books and all.

Sailor.—Come along then, my hearty—sister Polly has four children, Betsey has six, and brother Tom has three—so we'll have toys for the little people, and pious books for the old ones. I have been three years away, and must do myself the pleasure of making them happy at Christmas. Come along my hearty. *(Exit, Sailor and Toyman.)*

Haligonian.—It is truly pleasing to hear the accounts that have been given of the manner in which Christmas is observed in other lands, and what we have just seen will make us long remember this day as a happy one. As we are disposed to rejoice at this season, we will endeavour to adopt as many of the customs of other countries as will be pleasing to ourselves, and beneficial to those around us. *(Turning to the audience.)* May you, young friends of Nova Scotia, ever give a hearty welcome to Father Christmas; endeavour to relieve the sick, the distressed, and the needy, at this season of the year; and remember, it is only by doing good to others that you can expect to enjoy a real Happy Christmas.

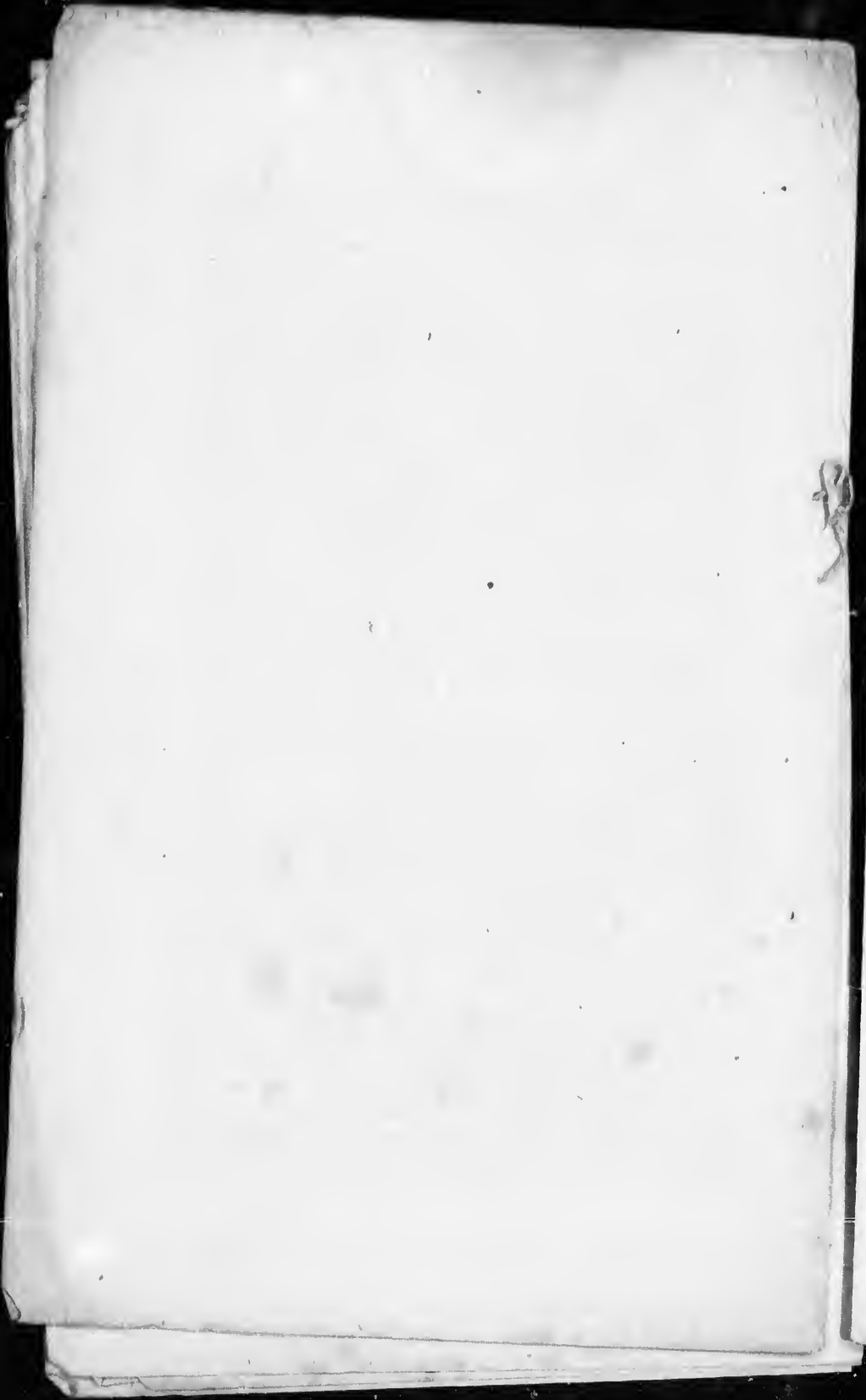
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PART III.

SCENE.— An illuminated grove, in which is placed a Throne.

Music, enter Guards, bearing banners, &c.

Officer of the Guard to his men (halt-front).—Soldiers of Temperance! our Grand Patron has accorded to us the honour of receiving the Venerable Christmas. He comes attended by the Seasons, those interesting personages, familiarly known to mankind from the earliest ages of the world. With him come also three noble ladies, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whom you are aware, are closely related to our good Queen Temperance, and are of the same Heavenly origin.

Some of you, who are now present, are veterans in the service; your zeal for our cause since your first enlistment in the Cold Water Army, is testified by many much older than yourselves, who acknowledge having been conquered by the weapons of Truth and Good-intent, which you have so ardently wielded; while others, who have not examined our organizations, and do not see the necessary connexion between discipline and the inculcation of sound moral principles in youth, and diligence and good citizenship in manhood, are prone to assert that our most noble and valorous achievements are performed on the field of a well furnished Pic Nic.

We value not what such as these may say; young though we are, we have a duty to perform, a duty we owe to ourselves, to Society, and to Him whose birth is now celebrated; and you will, I trust, be ever faithful to your obligations, and contend manfully for the promotion of Truth, Virtue, and Temperance.

Guards, one and all.—We will, we will.

Officer (turning to the audience) recites.—

MORAL COURAGE.

Amid the ranks where hostile armies meet
In deadly conflict on the battle ground,
Aroused by clanking arms and tramp of feet,
A lofty courage oftentimes is found!
But purer far the courage of the mind,
That oft in life's sequestered walks we find,—
That moral valor, strong to stem the tide
Of evils struggling to o'erwhelm the soul,—

Which can in peace and quietude abide,
While waves of passion medley round it roll,
And lofty moral influence can wield.
To quell the hosts on error's battle field,—

Or who, with purpose resolute and strong,
Can batter down the walls of sin and crime,—
Can raise foundations deeply laid in wrong,
Though consecrated by the hand of time.
The noblest hero he, who lends his aid
With steady purpose for the truth's crusade—

Who lays all selfish ease on duty's shrine,
Unmoved by gold, or fame's delusive breath,—
Who panoplied in robes of truth Divine,
Opinion battles hand to hand till death,
And mid the clashing of contending mind,
Is ever free, and true to human kind!

Emblazon'd on the coronet of fame,
Borne high above the deeds of common life,
We read the warrior's all triumphant name,
And swell his praises for his deeds of strife;
But on the MORAL HERO'S brow shall be
A crown of light, glowing immortally.

(Turning to the Guard.)—Right face—march. (They take positions each side of the Throne.)

Music—enter Organ grinder, Toyman, Sailor, Haligonian,
Faith, Hope, and Charity, Crown bearer, Father Christmas,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

The Guards salute; Father Christmas, returning the salute,
takes his seat on the Throne.

Officer of the Guard.—Venerable Sire,—Behold in this gay
assemblage your devoted subjects. They welcome you to
their Hall, considering you the emblein of innocent mirth and
harmless festivity. You remind them of the days of early
youth, when with the name of Christmas was peculiarly
associated the charities and amenities of social life; when the
old smiled more cheerfully, and the young laughed more
heartily, than at other seasons; when the gambols of the fire-
side, the pictures of the gift books, and the hlliputian machi-
nery of the toy shop, had unusual attractions, and gave plea-
sures which were wanting in the more sunny periods of the
year. With Christmas comes the most endearing visions of the
olden time, when angels songs aroused the slumbering shep-
herds, and the wise men brought from afar their costly offer-
ings. Welcome, Christmas! may your most benignant smiles

be here ; may no follies mar your festivals whose cheerfulness should be marked by that wisdom which results in grateful memories.

Venerable Sire,—Our every talent of speech, and song, and merriment, you may immediately command; we wait upon your word, and could we but anticipate your wishes, most gladly would we hasten to fulfil all your desires.

Father Christmas.—We feel assured, our gallant Soldier, that an abounding liberality has made ample preparation for our festivities. Hereafter shall our thanks most cordially be given. Meanwhile, we may hold converse with the Seasons.

ADDRESS BY SPRING.

From my own quiet home I've ventured forth
And wandered thus into the chilly North ;
The waters, bound in chains, o'er which I passed,
Saluted sweetly when I crossed them last,—
Since then hath Summer gay their fountains checked,
And Autumn's treasures the bright landscape decked,
While I, to all save memory, unknown
Seemed wrapt in Solitude—retired, alone.
Old friend and neighbour Christmas! welcome thou!
Age makes no wrinkles on thy smiling brow;
Thy visit, which was rumoured in my home,
Draws me afar from flowers and azure dome,
'To gladly join with youths assembled here,
Who wish thee hearty welcome and good cheer.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Fair, gentle, Spring! to meet thee here,
Enhances well our festal cheer,
It glads my heart thy form to see,
Joining in merry minstrelsy.
That thou hast left thy pleasant home,
Hither through chilly frosts to come,
I give thee thanks; 'tis honour great
To have thee at my levee wait.

ADDRESS BY SUMMER.

From distant Orbs my willing wings have sped,
Hopes round my heart as flowers about my head,
Intent on visiting this beauteous Earth,
Where Father Christmas dwells, with pious mirth.
Hail! Venerable Sire—thy honored name,
Has long been sculptured on the scroll of fame;

Fair youths and maidens own thy gentle sway,
 And hail with pleasure this thy festal day ;—
 With them I'll join in loud and merry lays,
 And spend with you the cheerful Holidays.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Kind Summer ! traveller from afar,
 These words of thine most cheering are ;
 Truthful, and good, and kind, thou art,
 Full well I know thy loving heart.
 Thy cheerful nature now display,
 While purest joys bless Winter day ;
 Let moody sadness come not near,
 During our festive sojourn here.

ADDRESS BY AUTUMN.

Though Winter's snow prevails with chilling sheen,
 I linger yet about the homestead scene,
 For Father Christmas holds his levee here,
 With pious joy, and good and bounteous cheer ;
 By him invited, I my stay prolong,
 To join in merry games and holy song.
 The Harvest home, with stores so rich and prime,
 Is but a shadow of this happy time ;—
 Now sire and infant, both alike are glad,
 The poor forget that they were ever sad,
 And I, who lately garnered up the grain,
 Rejoice to see that store dispensed again.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Generous Autumn ! ever valued friend,
 Our feasts and pleasures constantly attend ;
 And while all hearts with gratitude o'erflow,
 We will not heed the chilly winds or snow.
 Thy echoed voice in holy carols here,
 Will soothe our thoughts as rolls another year.
 Let Charity and Prudence, hand in hand,
 Dispense abundance through this happy land ;
 With many comforts make the needy blest,
 And weary wand'ers find, a place of rest ;
 Expending thus the heav'n provided store,
 The bounteous hand that gave will give us more.

ADDRESS BY WINTER.

Once more I hold the reins and drive my car,
 From frigid poles to temperate zones afar ;

And man, while crouching at my flying steeds.
 The chilly winds,—with Father Christmas pleads :
 Who now to cheek my fierce and onward way,
 Holds court, with festal cheer and courtiers gay ;
 'The sprightly maiden, rising in her teens,
 'The youth, who on his strength and purpose leans,
 With aged sire and matron, join in sport,
 And for the time forget that life is short ;
 While hopes high raised to sacred solemn themes,
 Give foretaste here of heaven's unfading beams.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Winter! with aspect sad, and gathering frown,
 Forget not, I this season, call my own ;
 Yearly, for ages past, the lords of earth,
 Have set apart twelve days for pious mirth.
 'To sere the leaf is Winter's ancient right,
 But not to chill the heart with sudden blight.
 'True, flowers no longer wear the summer sheen,
 Nor forest trees display their foliage green ;
 True, northern breezes through the valleys glide,
 But sunshine lingers yet by mountain side.
 Forget thy rigours, Winter, smile with me,
 Nor cloud with frowns fair childhood's hours of glee.

Father Christmas.—This Son of Neptune, may cheer us
 with a song, say Rule Britannia, the melody of which must
 ever delight our hearts.

Sailor, making a bow, sings.—

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose out of the azure main ;
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves !

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall :
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame;
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
 Britons never will be slaves.

Father Christmas.—We will now gladly hear a recitation
 from the worthy Toyman.

Toyman recites.—

TWO WAYS TO LIVE ON EARTH.

There are two ways to live on earth;—
 Two ways to judge—to act—to view,—
 For all things here have double birth,
 A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
 To make that sweet which seemeth small:
 Where every lip in fondness speaks—
 And every mind hath care for all!

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
 Of pleasures free from vain expense,
 Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
 Nor wise denials give offence!

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
 No wish—no impulse—to complain;
 Who feel not—never felt—the mind
 To envy yet another's gain!—

Who dream not of the mocking tide
 Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;—
 The bitter pangs of wounded pride;
 Nor fallen power that shuns the streets.

Though Fate deny its glitt'ring store,
 Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
 For all that gold can purchase more
 Are gauds—it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, whereso'er they go,
 Find naught to please—or to exalt;
 Their constant study but to show
 Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
 Of daily wants, and daily care,
 Can yet cull flowers from common ground;
 And twice enjoy the joy they share!

Oh happy they who happy make!
 Who blessing—still themselves are blest!
 Who something spare for others' sake—
 And strive—in all things—for the best!

Father Christmas.— Among our guests stands one from
 Germany, whose voice in ballad 'twill gladden us to hear.

Organ grinder recites.—

THE ARRIVAL.

What joyous shouts are sending
 Their echoes on the breeze;
 What gallant bark is lending
 Her shadow to the seas?
 Why boundeth she so lightly,
 Above the azure deep—
 Why floats the pennon brightly
 On yonder castled steep?

Hath she her flight been winging
 From some far sunny strand.

Where the palm its shade is flinging,
 O'er pearls and golden sand?
 And is her low hull laden
 With gems that might have bound
 The brow of Eastern Maiden,
 Flashing their splendour round?

The signal flag is waving
 Above the harbour now;
 The Channel waves are laving
 The wanderer's glittering prow!
 On, on the ship is gliding
 Towards our ice-bound shore;
 Yet we murmur words of chiding—
 Why came she not before!

Her snowy sail hath risen
 On the far horizon's bound;
 Like a sunbeam in a prison,
 Where all was dark around.
 Our hearts have long been mourning
 For that vessel on the main;
 And now she is returning,
 What bringeth she again!

No diamond light is streaming
 Within her hidden hold;
 No ruby bright is beaming,
 No ingot's massive gold.
 Yet the shout of gladness ringeth
 Above the white wave's foam—
 For welcome news she bringeth
 From home—our English home!

She bringeth many a token
 To the weary and the lone;
 Her gallant crew have spoken
 With many an absent one.
 And words of kind reunion
 From those we deemed estranged;
 And glad and free communion
 From those who never changed.

The letter that assureth,
 Of a loved one's stainless truth;

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Of the faith that still endureth
 In the friend of early youth.
 The mother's fond caressings,
 The father's fervent prayers ;
 These are the precious blessings
 That lingering vessel bears.

(Plays a brief tune on the organ.)

Father Christmas.—Which one of all this goodly company
 will speak or sing in praise of the holly ?

Several voices at once.—I, I ! (One steps forward.)

Father Christmas.—You may proceed, and thus we'll terminate
 this pleasant evening.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY. REC. & SONG.

The holly ! the holly ! oh, twine it with bay—
 Come, give the holly a song ;
 For it helps to drive stern winter away,
 With his garments so sombre and long.
 It peeps through the trees with its berries of red,
 And its leaves of burnished green,
 When the flowers and fruits have long been dead,
 And not even the daisy is seen.

CHORUS, SUNG BY ALL.

Then sing to the holly, the Christmas holly,
 That hangs over peasant and king !
 While we laugh and rejoice 'neath its glittering boughs,
 To the Christmas holly we'll sing.

The gale may whistle, and frost may come,
 To fetter the gurling rill ;
 The woods may be bare, and the warblers dumb—
 But the holly is beautiful still.
 In the brilliant light of princely halls,
 The bright holly branch is found ;
 And its shadow falls on the lowliest walls,
 While the heartfelt song goes round,
 Then sing to the holly, &c.

The ivy lives long, but its home must be
 Where graves and ruins are spread ;
 There's beauty about the cypress tree,
 But it flourishes near the dead ;

The laurel the warrior's brow may wreath,
 But it tells of tears and blood,
 I sing to the holly, and who can breathe
 Aught of that which is not good.
 Then sing to the holly, &c.

Haligonian.

A CHRISTMAS WREATH.

RECIT.

A Wreath for merry Christmas quickly twine,
 To crown him doth our happy hearts incline ;
 Though roses are dead
 And their bloom is fled,
 Yet for Christmas a bonnie, bonnie wreath we'll twine.
 Away to the woods where the bright holly grows,
 And its red berries blush amid winter snows.
 Away to the ruin where the green ivy clings,
 And around the dark fane its verdure flings ;
 Hey ! for the ivy and holly so bright,
 They are the garlands for Christmas night.

Old Christmas, hail ! thy reverend form,
 Comes drenched and dripping with the storm ;
 And since thou deign'st to visit us,
 Thy hoary locks we honour thus ; (*Charity crowns Father*
 Though stormy winds, and snow thy steps assail ; [*Christmas.*
 Yet will we say to thee—old Christmas, hail !

Thee Christmas, hail ! a welcome guest
 Thou art, to every social breast ;
 Good cheer, abounding, meets thee here.
 Blythe sports thy heralds are, each year ;
 And youth and childhood greet thee on thy way.
 With smiles more pleasing than the flowers of May.

CHORUS.

Hail ! Father Christmas, hail to thee !
 Welcomed, honoured, shalt thou be :
 Sweets that pious love bestows,
 Many pleasures wait on those,
 Who like subjects brave and true,
 Give to Christmas honour due.

Repeat.

ADDRESS OF FATHER CHRISTMAS.

FRIENDS ! Old and Young—I thank you for the honor conferred on me, and hope your assembling on this occasion will

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be long remembered with pleasure. May your goodness and piety be more conspicuous than ever.

To you, my trusty handmaid, Faith, I allot the office of Teacher of the youth of Nova Scotia, on the subject of our annual visit, that they may be prepared to meet us in each succeeding year with a full measure of joy.

It is true indeed, as some have asserted, that christians should endeavour to be at all times alive to the kindest feelings, and be ever mindful of Him whose birth is celebrated at this season. It is also true, that the human heart, like a harp of many strings, is not always attuned to harmony. The damp days of adversity and the hand of care operate to destroy the tone—the dry gales of prosperity are too apt to cause harshness of expression; and it is by appointing set times to throw away worldly care, and forget worldly distinctions, that humility and love can be most successfully set forth.

You, my dear Hope, will attend on Faith; and while she points to the Babe of Bethlehem, you can show to youth, that by following the example He set them on earth, they may, through heavenly guidance, realise a full assurance of blessedness hereafter.

And you Charity, of heavenly parentage—do as you ever have done—follow your sisters Faith and Hope—and as they enlighten and inspire the youth of Nova Scotia, leading them into the only sure path to happiness—do you gently teach them to harmonize in sentiment, or, to agree while they differ; and while “one says I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apolos,” do you point to the Babe of Bethlehem, who came for the good of all. Show them that Christian love is the fulfilling of the law; and may they, by your influence, at this season and at all seasons, give a portion to the needy, attend to the sick, comfort the distressed, and make the heart of the widow and orphan to rejoice.

Friends and children, farewell! may you all enjoy a merry Christmas.

National Anthem.

God save our Gracious Queen,
 Long live our noble Queen,
 God save the Queen;
 Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us—
 God save the Queen.

