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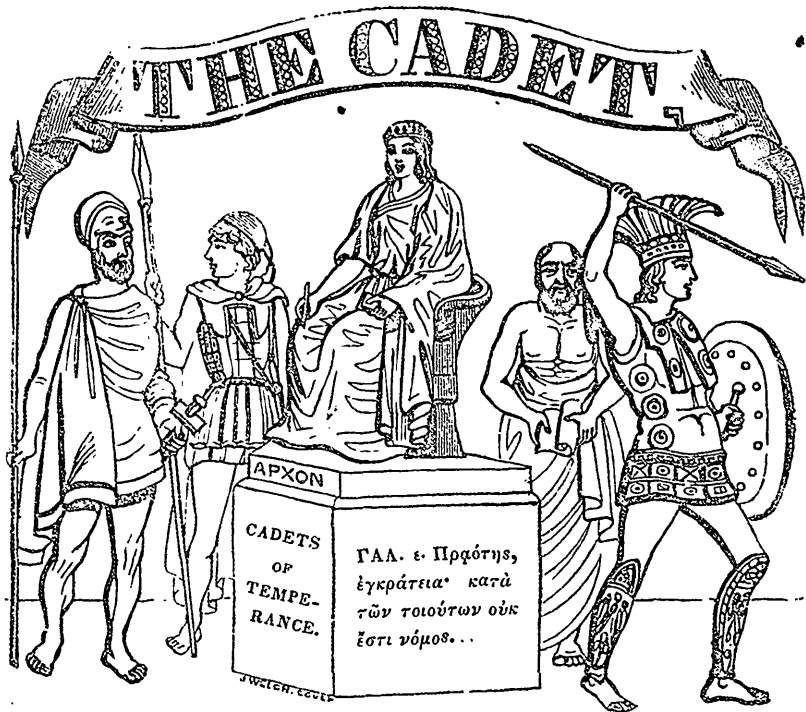
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

## Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. U. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1854.

No. 10.

### The Farm House.

(Its Scenes of Happiness and Misery.)

BY S. E. G.

"My good woman, can you inform me if the old house at the turn of the road is for sale," inquired a gentleman one morning of a woman in a small town in New Hampshire.

"If you call that house old, what must you think of my age—I was a woman grown when the timber of that house stood in the forest yonder? Old, do you call it? Well, it may be with sin and sorrow, but not with time."

"I hope I have not given offence, ma'am," he replied, surprised at her not answering his question, and the sharpness of her tones.

"Oh no, sir, but I can hardly keep my temper when the 'old house' as you call it, is talked of. It is for sale, and may be you would like to buy it. It was a pretty place once, and might be again if another owner had it; and I guess Squire Flint would sell it for a little or nothing, for it's a terrible eyesore to him; and they say it's haunted, but I don't believe that. If any house is haunted it would be the Squire's; I reckon. There is a history connected with that house."

"Would you favor me with it good woman?"

"May be you would not care to hear an old woman's story, if you think of buying it."

The stranger insisted on hearing it.

"Well," she replied, "if you'll just walk down to the house, I'll tell it."

Accordingly they wended their way to the house.

Neither fences or gate impeded their way to the door, which creaked on its hinges as they entered.

The house was well built, and covered considerable ground, but low, like most of the farm houses in the "Granite State." It was not destroyed, but seemed suffering much from neglect. The old woman seated herself on the steps of the door, and motioned the stranger to be seated on a chopping-block beside her. Then drawing a long breath, and wrapping her cloak closely about her, commenced:

"Well, as I was saying, I was a woman grown when this house was built. I lived in the house over the hill there,"—pointing with her finger to one half hid by the trees in front. "There were no houses nearer than Squire Flint's,—the old Squire I mean,—and his was about two miles up the road. He kept tavern, and a rummy old thing it was, I tell you. Well, as I was saying, I had no neighbors, and felt proper lonesome at times, when Joe was at work in the field.

"I had been married about two years, and my Ben was three months old, when one day my husband came running into the house almost out of breath: 'Susy,' says he, 'I have got some news to tell you. A smart chap from down below has bought the hundred acre lot, and is going to build a house right away. He says as soon as he gets it done, he is going to get married to a real pretty girl in Massachusetts, and coming here to live. I am so glad! I shall have some one near me when I am in the field, and you w'll have a neighbor to chat with now and then.' I was almost as glad as he was, only a little afraid that she would think herself above me; but in a few days, young Squire Flint came with a young man to our house and introduced him as Mr. Baily, the man who had bought the hundred-acre lot of him. (Squire Flint owned it.)

"As soon as I had clapped my eyes upon him, I knew I should like him—so sociable, and not a mite proud. And he laughed and played with little Ben, and said he was glad to find such pleasant neighbours as Squire Flint and us for Fanny when she should come. The next day he went into the woods to cut timber for his house. Husband said he would go and help him, for he would not know good from bad; but he came home laughing, and said Baily could teach him his A, B, C, in timber. Baily told him his father had a saw-mill, and he was acquainted with all kinds of timber. Well, his house was built as soon as the timber was dry. Baily boarded with us. He worked like a dog. I thought my Joe was a smart one, but I think he beat him sometimes. Well, his house was done, and partly furnished. The best furniture came from down below. When he brought his wife he wanted me to have the fire made, and be there to receive him when he came.—I told him I would, but I did not tell all I would do. Just as soon as he was gone I came right over to the house, scrubbed the floor and sanded it, then put up green boughs in the corner, and burnt out the oven. Then I went home. The next day I told Joe I thought I would bake something nice for them. He said he would if he was me. So he brought me in one of the best pumpkins; I took the top of the milk, and a better batch of pies you never saw. Then I fried a pot of dough-nuts, made of sugar and cream, and Joe helped me carry them over.

"The next day he was coming home. So I put on little Ben's best frock and my Sunday gown, and Joe had on his Sunday suit, too, and while he went out to water Baily's cattle, (he had stocked his farm pretty well,) I kindled the first fire on the hearth. About four in the afternoon they arrived. I was all in a tremble for fear he had brought a fine lady when I saw how finely she was dressed, but I got over it in a minute, for he brought her right to me and introduced her. She shook my hand in real earnest, and said she felt almost acquainted, she had heard James tell so much of me. I took her to the closet and showed her the things I had cooked. She seemed chuck-full, and could not speak, but burst right out crying. Jam. tried to pacify her, said she had never left her mother before and hoped she would not be homesick.

"'I am not thinking of home yet,' she replied, 'but I did not think of finding such kind friends among strangers.'

"Oh, never mind," says I, "the pies and doughnuts, they don't cost much. We country people don't mind doing a chore for a neighbor now and then."

She soon felt better, and James took her over the house, and out doors and all round. She didn't know anything of farming, but was dreadfully pleased with the little brook that ran near the door, and said she should never tire of watching the sun as he set behind the Monadnock. I did not wonder James thought so much of her; she was the prettiest creature I ever saw, and not a bit more than eighteen, a slender thing, her skin clear red and white, and the bluest eyes I ever looked in. I could not see, for the life of me, how she could work with such little white hands. I felt afraid she would make a poor farmer's wife, but I was much mistaken.

"She went right to work the next day and put the things to rights.

"I went over and showed her about churning, and she was as much pleased with her first ball of butter as a child with a rattle. But she was not a child, I tell you; and though I loved her like a sister, and she loved me, I could not help feeling that she was above me. I told her so one day, and it made her feel sad.

"Don't say so, Susy," (we called each other by our given names,) "Don't say so," said she; "I suppose I have had better advantages than you, but that don't make me any better. You know you have been a mother to me ever since I came here."

"Such a happy winter I guess never was passed by anybody.

"She was in to my house, I to her's, most every day, while Joe and James were busy as bees, logging in the woods, or helping one another thrash.

"When I think of them times, I can scarcely believe I am in the same world. Oh, sir," said she, looking into my face with her tearful eyes, "don't never touch the cursed stuff that has caused such misery;—but I am getting before my story." She abruptly continued:—

"As I was saying, we were happy as we well could be. Well, the next fall, Fanny had a little girl. I think James was a little disappointed because it was not a boy, but he did not say anything, he was so anxious about Fanny. She was dreadful sick, but a prettier little creature never saw the light—just like her mother, all but her eyes, and there she was all father. He had the handsomest black eyes I ever saw. He always thought a good deal of little Ben, and used frequently to bring little Fanny over to our house, and set her down beside him, and say she should be his wife one of these days.

"About this time old Squire Flint died. Baily had not paid quite up for his place, but the young Squire, who had taken the tavern, and inherited his father's property, told him not to worry himself, he would wait.

"The young Squire was married, and was called a pretty high chap. I knew that after old Flint died, they had greater doings at the tavern, clubs and all sorts of things. My husband said no good would come of it, and there didn't.

"James Baily was a smart spoken man and had read a great deal, and Squire Flint made him President of the Club. I don't think Fanny liked it very well, but she did not say much—I often found her in tears, I suspected something was wrong, and I soon found out what it was.

"One night I was sick, and Joe went to Fanny's to get me something. It was past eleven o'clock, and James was not at home when he went in. She said she was expecting him every moment. In a few minutes he came in, much the worse for liquor. Joe said it made his heart ache to hear him talk to Fanny, and James told him he thought he had better be at home, he didn't want him there. He felt ashamed to have Joe see him in such a situation. Well, after that, things went on worse and worse. James neglected his work, and his farm, from being the best cultivated one in the town, became the worst. Most of his time was spent at the tavern. Fanny looked like death. She had two children now, and one a fine little boy. But James took little notice of his children, and none of his wife. But poor thing, she did not say a word, and she loved him, with all his faults, better than life. I knew she was almost broken hearted, but I could not say a word to her.

"Once, after he had been very bad for drinking as usual at the tavern, when some hard words passed between him and his companions, and something was said about a man visiting Baily's wife, Baily resented it, and they had quite a row. Squire

Flint turned them all out of his house, and Baily went home swearing vengeance. That evening Joe and I had been to Fanny's to try to persuade her to leave him, offering to take her home with us. She would not listen to it. She said she should not live long, and should she die, she wished me to take little Fanny, and send her boy to her brother in Connecticut. I could not bear to hear her talk of dying, and tried to cheer her; but some how or other the words stopped in my throat, but I wanted her to live for her children.

"Husband and I scarcely shut our eyes that night thinking of poor Fanny and her children. And we spoke of James too; what a good husband and neighbour he was before Flint made him a drunkard, for husband always said he tried hard to make James dissipated. He said he would go and see James early in the morning, and advise him to give up his place and move away, for he really thought if he could get him out of Flint's influence he would reform. Early the next morning he went to Fanny's thinking he should find James sober. I had taken my pail to go and milk, when my husband shrieked, 'Susan, Susan! for the love of heaven come here!' I dropped my pail and ran, and sir," said she, looking fearfully into the house,—“such a sight may I never see again!—On the floor lay Baily with his throat cut from ear to ear, and in the bedroom there, pointing to one that led from the kitchen, on that bed lay Fanny and her two children covered with gore. He had nearly severed their heads from their bodies, and then destroyed himself.

"We buried them, sir, but when I saw their dead pale faces covered with blood shed by that husband and father, I could hardly help cursing that man that had caused all this misery for the sake of making money. After the funeral, I raked out the fire that five years before I had built on that hearth-stone with so much pleasure. Oh! thought I, if every seller and drinker of ardent spirits could look upon this desolate fireside, and think of the misery they have caused, they would stop their murderous work.

"It is thirty years since; but when I think of those things, it seems but yesterday. I have brought up four boys, and I have taken them to this house, and told them its story; and I don't believe one of them would take a drop of liquor to save their lives."

The stranger seemed much affected by the recital, and after a few moments' silence, replied, "I will buy this place, and get you to tell the story to my boys, and while I live not one drop of ardent spirits shall ever cross its threshold."—*Maine Temperance Watchman*

### The Mysterious Travellers.

BY MISS ANNE WILBER.

In ancient times, there once lived in Manheim, a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for anything, he spared no effort to obtain it; and his passions were like the storm-winds, which cross the rivers, valleys and mountains, crushing everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he led at Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness.—Consequently he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in a girdle all the money he possessed, and started, without knowing whither he was going. After walking several days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which extended as far as they could reach. Three travellers had stopped here, and seemed, like him-

self preparing to cross it. One was a tall, haughty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman in rags, and with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, enquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest; and on their replying in the affirmative, asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way.—All three consented, and they set out.—The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk, conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees, when the sound of horse's footsteps was heard behind them. Otto turned, and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and

whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot passengers, smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I possess to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay me the price of this transformation."

"And what is this price?" asked Otto eagerly.

"Thy right eye."

"I would most willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile, they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest; the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, looked with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was half reclining. It was so skillfully constructed, that the deepest ruts scarcely jolted it.

"All roads must seem very smooth and short on this chariot," said he, approaching, "and I should like such a one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveller; "I can this instant procure what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode; it seemed to become double, and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of oxen. Recovered from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter it when she stopped him with a gesture. "I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I cannot make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes; I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little preconcerted; but he was very tired, the chariot was before him, and as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires; so, after a short consultation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his carriage, but deprived of his right arm. The journey continued thus for some time. Forest succeeded forest,

and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst.—The old woman was walking beside him, and seemed to perceive it.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand and carry to my lips," replied the traveller; "it contains joy, forgetfulness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth. Whoever drinks of it finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters; for I ask in exchange, only half of your brain."

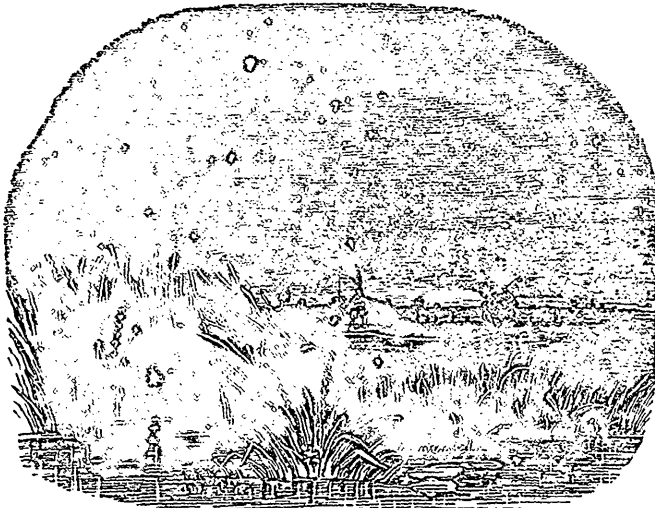
The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to be so delicious, that, after having resisted some time, he consented.

The promised effect soon took place; he had scarcely drank when he felt his strength revive. His heart became joyous and confident; and after he had sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in the chariot, without caring what became of him. When he awoke, the three travellers had disappeared, and he was alone, at the entrance of a village. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had left was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered; and he could collect only half of his ideas. At last he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made; the three travelling companions, whom fate had sent him, had left him no resource but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the names of these companions? The woman with the javelin was *Hatred*; the young girl reclining in the chariot, *Indolence*; and the woman with the flask, *Intemperance*.

### Windfall.

The origin of this term is said to be the following:—Some of the nobility of England, by the tenure of their estates, were forbidden felling any of the trees upon them, the timber being reserved for the use of the royal navy. Such trees fell without cutting were the property of the occupant. A tornado, therefore, was quite a joyful event to those who had the occupancy of extensive forests; and the *windfall* was sometimes of very great value.



### The Ignis Fatuus;

OR, WILL-O'-THE WISP.

In marshy and boggy places a light is sometimes seen to hover over the ground by night, appearing from a distance like a taper gleaming from some cottage window. The light is not stationary, and should any incautious traveller approach it, it moves before him, and thus leads him into hogs and marshes, where he is in danger of perishing.

This appearance is called *Ignis fatuus*, or *vain*, or *wild fire*. It is also called *Will-o'-the Wisp* and *Jack-o'-Lantern*, by the country people, these being the names of a malignant spirit to whom the appearance was formerly attributed. Of late years the cause seems to have been well ascertained to be the lighting up of an inflammable gas produced by decaying animal and vegetable matter in bogs, marshes, and stagnant pools. It is found that when damp soils are drained and cultivated the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* disappears. Such has been the case with the extensive bogs and marshes which formerly occupied a large portion of the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

In crossing the wild moors near the place where the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland join, the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* has often been seen. Two gentlemen were once riding over these moors, when they were surprised, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light within fifteen yards of the road side. It was about the size of the hand, of an oval well-defined shape, and was more like a bright white cloud than a flame. It was seen in a very wet place where peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are called "peat-pots," which soon fill with water and nourish various plants, which in their turn are changed into peat. The light was about three feet from the ground, and hovered for a time over the peat-pots, then moved to the distance of about fifty yards, and suddenly went out.

Mr. J. Allies has described an *ignis fatuus* which he saw on the night of the 31st December, 1839, in Worcestershire, in two meadows and a stubble field. He noticed it for about half an hour, at a distance of from one to two hundred yards. "Sometimes it was only like a flash in the pan on the ground; at other times it rose up several feet, and fell to the earth and became

extinguished; and many times it proceeded horizontally from fifty to one hundred yards, with an undulating motion like the flight of the laughing woodpecker, and about as rapid; and once or twice it proceeded with considerable rapidity in a straight line upon or close to the ground. The light of these ignes fatui was very clear and strong, much bluer than that of a candle, and very like that of an electric spark, and three or four of them looked larger and as bright as the star Sirius; of course they look dim when seen in ground fogs, but there was not any fog on the night in question; there was, however, a muddy closeness in the atmosphere, and at the same time a considerable breeze from the south-west. Those Will-o'-the-Wisps which shot horizontally proceeded before the wind towards the north-east."

A few years ago, Major Blesson of Berlin, in order to determine the cause of the ignis fatuus, made some experiments in a valley in the forest of Gubitz, in the Newmark, where this meteor was frequently seen. The valley cuts deeply into compact loam, and is marshy on its lower part. The water of the marsh contains iron, and is covered with a shining crust. During the day, bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and at night, bluish purple flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. On visiting the spot by night, the flames retired as Major Blesson advanced, the motion of the air driving the burning gas before him. On remaining perfectly still, the flames returned, and he attempted to light a piece of paper by them; but the current of air produced by his breath kept the flames at too great a distance. On turning away his head, however, and holding up a screen of cloth, he was able to set fire to a narrow strip of paper. He also succeeded in putting out the flame by driving it before him to a part of the ground where no gas was produced, then applying the flame of a torch to the surface whence the gas

bubbles issued, a kind of explosion was heard over eight or nine square feet of the surface of the marsh; a red light was seen, which diminished to a blue flame about three feet high. This continued to burn with the unsteady motion observed in the Will-o'-the-Wisp. As the morning approached all the flames became pale, and seemed to approach nearer and nearer to the earth, till they at last faded from the sight. Major Blesson thinks that when once the thin stream of inflammable air is set on fire, it continues to burn by day as well as by night, but the light is so pale that it cannot be seen by day. He also thinks it probable, that the fires which sometimes break out in forests are caused by ignes fatui.

The same observer has also made experiments on the ignis fatuus in other places. At Malapane, in Upper Silesia, he passed several nights in a forest where this meteor was to be seen. He succeeded in extinguishing and inflaming the gas, but could not set fire to paper or thin shavings of wood by its means. In the Konski forest, in Poland, the flame appeared of a darker hue than usual, and on attempting to ignite paper and wood, they became covered with a viscous moisture. On another occasion, he succeeded in lighting up the ignis fatuus by throwing fireworks from a distance into marshy ground. He visited by night the summit of the Porta Westphalia, near Minden; the meteor was not visible, but on firing off a rocket a number of small red flames were observed below, which soon went out, but appeared again on firing another rocket.

It appears then, from these and other experiments made by scientific men, that the ignis fatuus is frequently caused by an inflammable gas, formed in stagnant pools by the decay of vegetable matter. The appearance of this meteor has been accounted for in various other ways, but none of them appear to be so satisfactory as the above.



# THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1854.

## The New Year.

Our first business on this first day of the first month of the year 1854, is to wish a Happy New Year to all the readers of *The Cadet*, especially to those who have actually paid their subscription for the year, and intend not to be weary in well doing. On looking back through the year 1853, we are well persuaded that, on the whole, the Temperance cause has made considerable progress. It is so on both sides of the Atlantic. Old people and middle-aged people, "young men and maidens," have given in their adhesion to the pledge, and have aided in moulding public opinion for the establishment of the Maine Law. Boys and girls have enlisted under the banner of sobriety, and we have good hope that most of those who took the pledge before the beginning of last year, have been faithful to their engagements, and have been diligent in trying to do good. The prospects are encouraging; the heavens look brighter. To be sure, if you pass along the streets of Montreal, you may see too many persons in a state of intoxication, and so in many other places; and no wonder, when the terrible number of grogeries is considered. But we believe that more has been effected for the permanent establishment of temperance principles last year than during any former year. The old faithful hands who have stood by the ship for many years, sometimes with trembling anxiety and painful doubt, have been led to anticipate the speedy downfall of the rum-power. We fervently hope they may not be disappointed. Our young friends may rest assured that it is very gratifying to us, who were fighting

against alcoholic drinking before many of you were born, to know that there is a great army of young soldiers now being trained to fill our places, and keep up the warfare when we are gone to the grave. Fight on, dear young friends; fight on, and the victory shall be honorably won. Truth, and the God of Truth are on our side. Our enemies are very numerous and strong; many of them are cunning and insidious; but you need not be discouraged. The victory will be won. The Idolatry of Bacchus shall be utterly abolished.

## The Way to do Good.

That you ought to do good as far as in your power, you cannot doubt. Many of you would be glad to do some good if you only knew how to effect it, and in what way. Now, we are going to tell you — In this number of the *Cadet* we have inserted the Prospectus of the twentieth volume of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*. In the first place we want you to read it carefully. You will see that the Publisher and Editor have resolved to make that good old friend of the cause of Temperance a better paper than ever it has been before, and that is promising great things. We believe, however, they are well able to do it. You would like to read the fine stories and anecdotes prepared for family use. You would be pleased to know by what arguments the Maine Law is defended. We cannot put into the *Cadet* all that you ought to know. Many of you think you cannot afford to take the *Advocate*. But you wish to know how to get it, and we can tell you. If you will get six subscribers to the *Advocate*, and send on the money (three dollars), we will send you a copy of the *Advocate* free of all charge, and consider you an Agent. Then again, you would very much like to read that most thrilling description of "More work for the Maine Law" called "Mapleton." It is a first rate family book

of 432 pages. It would cost you about a dollar in the United States. It is sold here for half a dollar. But it is pretty certain that you could get twenty subscribers for the *Advocate* in your town or village, and if you will get them and send to the publisher ten dollars, he will send to your address, "Mapleton," free of all charge. Will you try? Yes, say you all. Again, to have "Mapleton," the very book you ought to read this New Year, you may get one subscriber for the *Advocate*, and one person to buy "Mapleton," with the promise of the privilege of reading it; and if you send the Publisher one dollar, he will send the paper for one year, and the book to the address you may order it to be sent to, free of all other charge.

Now, dear young friends, tell your parents and friends we wish them all a happy New Year, and then set about doing good in the way we have suggested.

### The Pledge.

"Here Lord I pledge perpetual hate  
To all that can intoxicate;  
I'll never use the filthy weed,—  
Then from its evils I'll be freed;  
Nor will I take thy holy name  
Upon my sinful lips in vain.  
These vows, O Lord, may I fulfill,  
And thus perform thy holy will."

Raising my eyes from my writing desk, they fell upon a little framed Certificate, hanging against the wall before me, of my membership in a certain society, which existed some twelve years ago, called the "National Cold Water Army." Upon it is the above pledge, and just below the word "will" in the concluding line, my name is signed in large, legible characters. There it has hung while years have rolled their round, continually reminding me of my solemn vow. Even now as I think of it, memory brings up many a pleasing reminiscence connected with it. Let me tell you, children, a few of them: perhaps the recollections over which I love to linger, may be of pleasing interest to you.

The first is of a bright morning, on which a little curly-headed boy, my constant companion then, but the companion of angels now, I trust, entreated me to go

with him to a children's meeting, to be held in the vestry of a church in the afternoon. A good gentleman had come all the way from Boston, he said, to talk to the boys and girls of our town about temperance, and to induce them to join a great temperance society to which thousands of children, scattered over the land, belonged. I was indifferent about going, for a game of ball had more charms for me than this meeting promised, but the little fellow importuned, and at last, through unwillingness to disappoint my playmate, I consented. And then in the afternoon I was dressed in my best, and started hand in hand with "Eddy" to go to the meeting, and at every corner of the street we encountered numerous parties of prettily dressed children all going to the same place. I became quite interested in spite of myself. The sun shone brightly; every face was lighted up with a pleasant smile, and an unwonted animation seemed to fill every one. But the meeting! yes, the meeting! The benevolent countenance of the stranger inspired us all with confidence in him and his project, and when he began to talk, an enthusiasm was at once kindled in all our breasts. He told us stories of little boys and girls who had died in the cold winter nights of cold and hunger, because intemperance had made their fathers so wicked that they spent all their earnings in the dram shop instead of providing comforts for their wives and little ones. He told us of a little girl (at whose mournful fate I remember we all shed tears,) who in a bitter wintry day, was driven forth into the icy streets of the city to beg for bread by an intoxicated mother, and who ere her errand was accomplished, sank down upon the stone steps of an inhospitable mansion, and died. Before the stranger had finished his address, our hearts were all beating warmly in the temperance cause, and all were fired with ardor to do something to restrain this dreadful evil. O how we pitied the poor victims of this poisoning destroyer, and how we hated the wickedness which could lead men to become dealers in the dreadful drink. And then he told us that he wanted us to become soldiers in a great cold water army, to engage to fight all our lives long against intemperance, by pledging ourselves first, never to touch, or taste, or handle rum, and then to induce all we can to follow our example. We were ready to assent to all he desired. We all stood up and answered "Yes" most sturdily; when he

asked us to sign the pledge, and then with all our youthful energy we sang,

"From d shops all our steps we turn,  
Away, away the bowl."  
—*Young Reaper.*

### "I Can't!"

BY W. O. BOURNE.

Never say "I can't," my dear;  
Never say it.  
When such words as those I hear  
From the lips of boy or girl,  
Oft they make me doubt and fear:  
Never say it.

Boys and girls that nimbly play,  
Never say it.  
They can jump and run away,  
Skip and toss and play their pranks;  
Even dull ones, when they're gay,  
Never say it.

Never mind how hard the task,  
Never say it.  
Find some one who knows, and ask,  
'Till you have your lessons learn'd;  
Never mind how hard the task:  
Never say it.

Men who do the noblest deeds  
Never say it.  
He who lacks the strength he needs,  
Tries his best, and gets it soon,  
And at last he will succeed—  
Never say it.

But when the evil tempts to wrong,  
Always say it.  
In your virtue firm and strong,  
Drive the tempter from your sight;  
And when folks round you throng,  
Ever say it.

When good actions call you near,  
Never say it.  
Drive away the rising fear,  
Get your strength where good men do;  
All your paths will then be clear;  
Would you find a happy year?  
Would you save a sorrowing tear?  
Never say it.

### "Oh, I Can't."

BY AUNT HATTIE.

"O, I can't!" exclaimed Charles, slung down his Dictionary, and impatiently pushing his Virgil aside.

"Can't what?" asked his mother.

"I can't make any sense of this lesson, and I don't believe there is any sense in it."

"O, yes, there is," said the mother, "let me see where the difficulty lies."—The book was passed over for her inspection, and she soon found that all the trouble was caused by Charles having in his impatience, read the most important word in the sentence wrong, so there was little wonder at his not being able to "make sense" of it. As soon as his mistake was rectified, he went on easily with his lesson and in half an hour, put up his books with a smiling face, and the words, "I know it all now, mother, it's as easy as can be!"

"Charles," said his father, "take a lamp and bring us some apples from the store-room."

"I can't carry both the lamp and the apple basket, father."

"Try, it may be as easy as the lesson which you declared you could not learn."

Charles blushed, and leaving the room, soon returned, bringing the lamp in one hand, and the fruit-basket in the other.

"Sit up straight, my son," said his mother, as she noticed Charles almost bent double, listening to the story his father was telling.

"I can't, mother!" was his pettish reply, yet the next moment he sat perfectly erect.

Now, Charles's habit of saying "I can't," to everything he was told to do, had been indulged so long, that he uttered it without being aware of it. Twenty times a day he would affirm *he could not do things*, which all knew he would perform within an hour. This not only caused him to appear foolishly inconsistent, but really made him tell a great many untruths. He had never thought of this, though, or I am sure he would have tried to correct the fault. Perhaps some of the little boys or girls, who read this, have the same habit. I want you to pause a moment, and ask yourselves if you have.

One day Charles came home from school in fine spirits, and said, "Mother, my teacher, Mr. C——, is coming to spend the evening with us!"

"I am very glad to hear it," replied his mother, "I am always happy to meet your instructor, not only because he makes himself agreeable to me, but because I feel that he is one of my son's *best friends*, and I like to question him as to what he is doing at school; how he is improving the opportunities afforded him for cultivating his intellect; but, more especially, what

moral character he exhibits when away from his parents."

CALL.

"Why, mother, I hope he will be able to give you a good report of me—I am sure I try to learn, and I never deceive my teacher, as some of the boys do—I should despise myself if I ever told an untruth."

When evening came, Charles drew the large easy chair without rockers (the one his teacher always liked best), to the warmest corner of the fire; arranged the books and engravings on the table as he knew would best please Mr. C——'s neat taste, and having brought in a supply of apples and nuts, he sat down to await his coming. He did not have to wait long; Mr. C——'s quick step was soon heard, and, having exchanged cheerful greetings with each one present, took the seat Charles had prepared for him—well pleased by this delicate attention from his pupil.—Very soon the conversation turned upon Charles's school life. Now Mr. C—— had so much regretted his habit of exclaiming "O, I can't!" and had spoken to him so often about it, without producing any effect, that he now resolved to mention it in a way that would leave an impression upon Charles, even at the risk of alienating his affections. So, after speaking of his scholarship, he remarked "If Charles would only cure himself of that unfortunate habit of telling untruths, he would be one of the best boys in the school."

"My son utter untruths?" asked the mother in alarm.

"I tell lies!" exclaimed Charles, "why Mr. C——, I should be ashamed to hold up my head if I had ever done so!"

"I am sorry to say the habit has become so fixed that you are no longer conscious of it, and daily, almost hourly, you say to me what is not strictly true—"

"I think, sir, you must be mistaken in the person," said poor Charles, looking very much troubled, "I never told a lie in my life."

"See if I have made a mistake in the person, Charles. Last week I told a certain lad in my school to write a composition on attraction."

"O, I can't! Mr. C——" he exclaimed—

"Can't?"

"No, sir, I am sure I can't find anything to say about that."

"Try, I said, we never know what we can do until we have tried—"

He went to his seat repeating "I can't do it, I can't write on that subject;" but to-day he brought me in a neatly written composition, in which the subject of attraction was well treated—I saw that in writing it, he had not only used the knowledge he had gained from his lessons in philosophy, but that he had gone to other books for information—I was very much pleased with this, but could not help thinking what a pity it was that, when he could perform the task *so well*, he should have said he *could not* do it. Yesterday in the arithmetic class, I gave the same boy a sum to do—

"I can't do it, Mr. C——" he said—  
"Have you tried?"

"No, sir, but I know I can't, it looks so hard."

"Go to the board and try," I said.

He went, and, with a very little explanation from me, he soon worked it out; as he finished, he said, "O that is *easy*, I thought it was hard."

To-day I told him to draw a map of North America.

"I can't draw a map," was his answer.

"Who says you can not?"

"Why, Mr. C——! I never tried to do such a thing in all my life!"

"Then it is time you made the attempt. You can never learn younger, now; so, away to your seat, and see what you can do!"

"I can't draw a map, I know I can't!" he said as he moved to his seat. But the very nice map, which he brought to me at the close of school, showed that his assertions were *false!* Now, Charles, do you know such a boy?"

"Yes sir, you mean me."

Then I was *not* mistaken in the person?

"But, Mr. C——, I didn't intend to tell untruths; I never thought of such a thing as that."

I know you did not, my dear boy, but do you not see that you have thoughtlessly done the very things you consider so mean and wicked? You have undervalued, too, the capacity God has given you and tried to persuade yourself that it was less than it really is.

"But, Mr. C——, how am I to feel sure that I can do a thing, when I have not tried it? that would be the highest of presumption in me."

I do not mean you to feel sure that *you can do it*, but only that you *can try*; and instead of wasting time by saying "I can't!"

go steadily to work, and see what you can accomplish! Remember that it is just as wrong to feel certain you *cannot* do a thing which you have never attempted, as it is presumptuous to affirm that you can.

"Wrong! how can it be *wrong* to feel a distrust of your own capacities?"

Is it *right* to seek to limit the powers of the immortal mind, God has placed in your keeping? It is the work of His hand, and who shall say how high it may soar? One thing, only, I would have you bear in mind, that *we have nothing but what we have received from Him; that we can go right only when led by Him.* Then look to Him constantly for aid; implore it earnestly, as a thing you cannot do without; and then go forward, with a strong heart, feeling that "what man has done, man may do."—*Columbian and Great West.*

### True and False Ambition.

"*I will be a hero,*" was the determined exclamation of the lad Nelson, as he roused himself, one night at sea, from a melancholy reverie into which he had fallen. Fired by his purpose, he, henceforth, threw his energies into his profession, toiled unceasingly, and lived to achieve his aim—he became the first of naval heroes and a peer of England's realm.

Nelson may stand for a fair type of the ambitious man of the world. He aimed to be superior to other men; and to acquire honors and emoluments *for their own sake alone.* True, he excelled in devotion to his professional duties, in courage, daring, and in naval skill. But he regarded these qualifications only as rounds in the ladder of eminence, by whose aid he was to reach the darling objects of his affections—a hero's honors and a hero's fame. And it is thus, with all mere worldly ambition. It seeks eminence, honor, emolument, fame, as the end of its toils, as wreaths with which to adorn its own brow, and to gratify the selfishness from which it springs. Such an ambition is false and wicked. It is dangerous to him who indulges it; unproductive of true good to humanity, unsatisfactory, even where most successful; and, what is still more, it forfeits, if not speedily abandoned, the highest good here, and the honors of the life hereafter!

But why is such ambition false and wicked? Because it is strictly selfish, excluding from its motives the claims of its Creator, and substituting earthly for divine

aims. To such an ambition, the smile of God is nothing; the clamorous praises of human tongues every thing; it despises the imperishable crown of life, offered to it by the hand of God, that it may win the fading coronet shaped by human fingers; it sacrifices the invisible and the immortal at the shrine of the visible and mortal. Can it be less than false and wicked?

But why is such ambition *dangerous*? Because it is naturally unscrupulous of the means it employs. Ambitious of wealth and office, did not the great Bacon become so lost to a sense of honor and duty as to sacrifice his friends, his principles, and even to corrupt the fountains of justice? And through the same ambition, did not the once gallant Arnold become a traitor? Ambitious of literary ease and opportunity for study, did not that enthusiastic lover of the fine arts, the gentle John Winckelmann, do violence to his religious convictions, by abjuring the Protestant religion and embracing Romanism, that he might become Librarian to the Vatican? Ambitious of being the head of a new dynasty of Sovereigns, did not Napoleon trample on the law of marriage, and doom the queenly Josephine to a life of wretchedness? And are not the highways of history strown with the crimes of ecclesiastics, lawyers, soldiers, and kings—of men of all ranks in society, and of all grades of office—crimes which have been caused by the promptings of an unscrupulous ambition? Who then can doubt but that it is a dangerous element in human character?

But is *successful* ambition *unsatisfactory*? Yea, by the testimony of every favored child of fortune, from Solomon to the last of departed heroes—Wellington—we assert that it is absolutely so! Could the spirits of such men speak, they would all confirm the testimony of David's royal son, and certify that their highest gain of wealth, office, fame, yielded no better fruitage than *vanity*! Lord Eldon, whose ambition carried him to the summit of professional honor, inadvertently confessed this, when, near the close of a court term, he wrote, "A few weeks will send me to dear Encombe (his country seat) as a *short resting place between vexation and the grave*!" Lord Nelson, with the applause of his country ringing in his ears, wrote to a friend, "There is no true happiness in this life. I envy none but those of the estate six feet by two." And a poet, when his fame was breaking on the world like a full orb'd sun, sung, not only the

emptiness, but the uneasiness of triumphant ambition in such lines as these :

" He who ascends to mountain tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow,  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those below.  
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,  
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,  
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly brood  
Contending tempests on his naked head,  
And thus reward the toils which to those summits  
led."

Such are the confessions of the successful sons of ambition, honestly given to the world; and we know of no exceptions—no, not one, who has either contradicted such as these, or left behind him an exceptional testimony! Can it be doubted, that successful worldly ambition is unsatisfactory? That it usually results in a forfeiture of heaven, is also beyond question. Who then that comprehends his true interests will dare to harbor such a spirit in his breast.

But is all ambition unlawful? By no means. There is a true as well as a false ambition—an ambition which is not only lawful but necessary, if a man intends to be more than a drone in the great hive of humanity. The true ambition desires *excellence* for its own sake; it aspires after *superiority*, not as an end, but as the legitimate fruit of superior attainment and higher power, and as the means of more extensive usefulness to mankind. It seeks the highest development of mind and heart with *persevering toil*; it climbs as high as it may, toward the summits of intellectual and moral greatness, not that its ears may be tickled by idle flatteries, but that it may fulfil its obligations to society and to God. Thus, its highest aim is the good of others and the glory of God; its controlling motive is duty. And it is to such a sanctified ambition as this, the world is indebted for such men as Sir Isaac Newton, Adam Clarke, Thomas Chalmers, and Stephen Olin—men, who, from the pedestals of their greatness, beckon their race upwards; and who, by illustrating the vastness of man's capacities reflect the glory of man's almighty maker, the Eternal God!

Such ambition being *unselfish* is not necessarily dangerous, like false ambition, to its possessor. For while it remains true to itself, it cannot be unscrupulous in its choice of means. Aiming at true excellence and deserved honor, it must cast away its inspiring motive, and trample upon its chosen aim, before it can advance a single step by any low, mean, or wicked instrumentality. Its danger lies in the

liability of its possessor to lose sight of his original aim, when emolument, position, and honors dazzle his imagination with their charming splendors: or when, owing to untoward circumstances, he is left, for a time, to pine unnoticed in obscurity. In the former case, he is liable to be puffed up by pride; to clothe himself in self-satisfied haughtiness; and to grow corrupt in his affections: in the latter, to become first impatient, then envious, and finally, irritable and discontented: until, instead of realizing the ideals of his youth, he lives and dies a disappointed croaker. But these evils do not necessarily follow the cultivation of true ambition. Apostasy may follow the possession of true piety, though it need not. In like manner a noble ambition may lapse into the low pursuits of a worldly ambition. But it is entirely unnecessary. Only let him, who has it, cultivate that lofty faith, which is constantly conversant with the sublimities of the invisible world, which holds high communion with Jehovah, and which, consequently, learns to estimate the comparative value of the earthly and the divine; and, though he become skilled in all the sciences, possessed of unbounded wealth, gifted with the most persuasive eloquence, and honored by approving men, yet, will he bear his honors meekly, employ his powers only to bless others, and bring the fruitage of his attainments, with humble spirit, to the feet of his Redeemer, saying, "Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be glory."  
—*Herald and Journal*.

"I might have been."

The *New York Organ* says:—A couple were walking slowly up Broadway, last evening, engaged in grave and earnest converse. One of them was in the prime of manhood, with a free, firm step, full, round tones, and, as any one could discover at a glance, an unbroken spirit.

The other was somewhat older in years, and a great deal older in *heart*—any one could tell that, too. Ah, an old heart is a wearier weight than the burden Pilgrim bore, in the immortal dream of the "Finker."

Just as we passed, we caught the words, "I might have been——" The jar of wheels drowned the rest; but it was enough for a song or a sermon—that "I might have been." The plaintive utterance haunted us; we heard it in the midst of merry voices and blasts of music; we

heard it through the sighing wind and the rattling rain; it was syllabled in the silent night, and we are writing it this morning.

The schoolmen have invented six tenses in grammar; but really there are only three: the sparkling Present, the hopeful Future and the melancholy Pluperfect.

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" The former the music of youth, sweet as the sound of bells, fresh as

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn;,"

the latter, the plant of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb. The one trembles upon thin, pale lips, parched with "life's fitful fever;" the other swells from strong young hearts, to lips rounded and dewy, with the sweetness of hope and the fulness of strength. The one is timed by a heart that flutters, intermits, flutters and wears out; while that of the other beats right on, in the bold, stern march of life.

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" What toil and trouble, time and tears, are recorded in those little words—the very *stenography* of life. How like a bugle-call is that "I shall be," from a young soul, strong in prophecy! "I shall be—great, honored, affluent, good."

"I shall be," whispers the glad girl to herself, as with one foot upon the threshold of womanhood, she catches the breath from the summer-fields of life—"I shall be—loved by and by!" That is *her* aspiration; for to be loved is to be happy.

"I shall be," says the struggling boy, "I shall be the possessor of a little home of my own, and a little wife, some day, and the home shall be 'ours,' and the wife shall be *mine*, and then—and then——" who can fill out those "thens?" who but the painter that has dipped his pen in sunset—who but the poet whose lips have been touched with a coal fresh from the altar of inspiration!

"I shall be—victorious yet," murmurs the man in the middle watch, who had been battling with foes till night fell, and is praying, like the Greek, for dawn again, that "he might see to fight."

"I shall be," faintly breathes the languishing girl upon her couch of pain—"I shall be better to-morrow, or to-morrow;" and she lives on, because she hopes on, and she grows strong with the "shall be" she has uttered.

And the strong man armed, who has "fought the good fight," and has "kept the faith," when they that sustained his extended hands through the battle, are departing, and no Joshua to bid the declining sun "stand still," as he looks beyond the rugged hills of the world, and sees a window opened in heaven, and a wounded hand put forth in welcome, lays aside the armor he has worn so long and well, and going down in the dark river, he utters, with a hope glorified to faith, "I shall be over the Jordan to-morrow!"

Before the memory has a tomb in it—before it becomes the cemetery, the "Greenwood" of the soul—"I shall be" is beautiful as an old ballad. When graves are digged therein, and willows are planted, and hopes are buried, and no light breaks out of the cloud, then "I shall be" is as grand as an old Pæan. When

The battle is done, the harp unstrung,  
Its music trembling, dying,

then "I shall be" is as sublime as an old prophecy!

But there is another tense in this Grammar of Life, it were well to remember; the sparking moment that dances out from the ripening hours, like golden grain, beneath the flails of Time, as we write, and even as we write, is gathered into the great garner of the Past.

There is an injunction it were well to remember:—

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;  
Let the dead Past bury its dead;  
Act, act in the living Present—  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

### Parody on the House that Jack Built.

License Law. This is the house that Death built.

The Price of blood. This is the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

King Alcohol. This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

The Maine Legislature. This is the cat that cornered the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

The wholesale Liquor Dealers. These are the dogs, that barked at the cat that clutched the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Death built.

Public Sentiment. This is the ox with the lofty horn, that hooked at the dog that growled at the cat, that muzzled the rat,





## CANADA TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

1854.

Twentieth Volume. Postage Free.

When the undersigned assumed the responsibility of publishing the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, he was persuaded that the rapidly increasing hosts of total abstiners needed, and ought to have, a medium through which to express their views, and by means of which their principles might be extended. It was his conviction that such a periodical would receive the support of those who had the real welfare of their country at heart. The *Advocate* has not been circulated as widely as it ought to have been, but the countenance given it throughout the country has saved the publisher from any material loss, and encouraged him to proceed in what he feels to be a philanthropic and Christian enterprise.

Two things are now to be kept in mind relating to the Temperance movement. First, every exertion must be made and persevered in, that by means of moral suasion and sound argument, the number of total abstiners may be increased. Secondly, every lawful effort must be put forth to secure a prohibitory law, forbidding the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicants, as beverages.

For the attainment of the great objects of the Temperance movement in its progressive development toward the suppression of the traffic, it is absolutely necessary to circulate sound literature; such as the publisher has aimed to disseminate for many years past. In discerning and directing the spirit of the age, the undersigned has a growing conviction that duty demands a generous and united effort for the increased circulation of this old, long tried, and consistent friend of the Temperance cause; and he is persuaded that the new volume will have a wider sphere than any of its predecessors.

The accomplished Editor of the *Advocate*, who is thoroughly acquainted with Temperance matters on both sides of the Atlantic, will continue to give his attention to the preparation of ever... article of importance, and the *Advocate*

will surpass itself in vigor, taste, and adaptiveness to the times.

The Publisher has resolved to improve the appearance of the *Advocate* by lengthening its columns. He is convinced that it ought not to lapse into the mere newspaper form and character, but to maintain the high position of a

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