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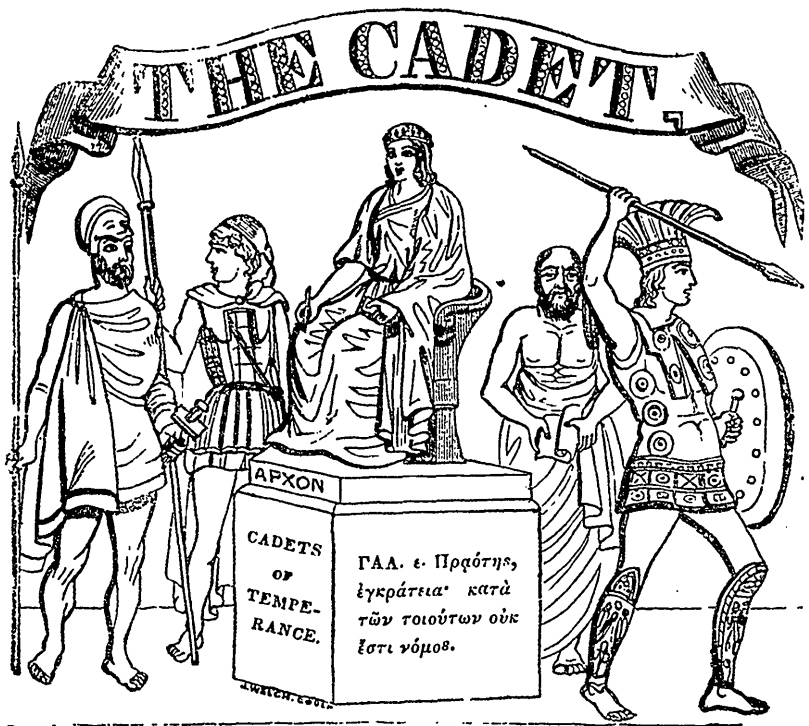
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, AUGUST 1, 1853.

No. 5.

### THE DRUNKARD AND HIS DYING CHILD.

PART I.

The wind was howling tempestuously around the low cottage of John Andrews on a stormy night in the dreary month of December. There was not a crack or crevice through which it did not find its way, and every loose board or lattice was made to keep time with its fitful roaring. Rain, mingled with hail, poured in torrents from the black and threatening clouds, without a moment's cessation.

Although it was now nearly twelve o'clock, a light still faintly gleamed from the window, and again and again an anxious face might have been seen peering through the parted curtains into the darkness without. Let us enter. On an humble couch in one corner of the room reclined the form of a child, over whom was bending, with solicitude and affection, an elderly lady. Again she left the bed-side and approaching the window, gazed anxiously out into the darkness.

"'Tis strange that he does not come," she murmured, as she turned away, again approaching the bedside. "My daughter, do you experience any relief from those severe pains?"

"Yes, dear mother," returned a childlike voice; "I feel much better now, and I shall soon be free from this terrible suffering."

"Thank God!" involuntarily murmured the mother, who did not rightly comprehend those portentous words. "I do not see what detains father so long; he should have returned ere this with the doctor."

"It matters not, dear mother, my pain has nearly ceased, and I feel I shall soon be where there will be no more need of a physician."

"My child! my child!" exclaimed the mother with startling energy, "speak not thus!"

"'Tis God's will, mother; and when He summons, who can disobey?" The last sentence was spoken in a faltering tone, and with great difficulty.

"'Tis hard to bear, but God's will be done," returned the mother, sobbing violently as she spoke.

At this moment footsteps were heard, the door opened, and a man with a flushed countenance, and other indications of intoxication, reeled into the room. "The doctor won't come," he exclaimed, slamming the door after him.

"What detained you so long?" meekly inquired the wife.

"Well, you see, the doctor wouldn't come with me, for he said I was a poor drunken fellow, and wouldn't be able to pay him, if he did come, and he couldn't afford to work for those who couldn't pay; so, thinking there was no hurry, I just stopped at Baker's to see some old friends. But how's the child," he exclaimed, suddenly approaching the bed.

"I feel better, dear father," said a faint voice; "my pains have all left me, and I am so easy—so easy."

"Then it's just as well the doctor didn't come, isn't it, Sue?"

"Yes, father, and I shall not need a physician any more."

"Then father won't have to go through the storm again, will he, Sue. I'm glad on't. Come wife, since Sue is so much better, we might as well go to bed."

"Oh! John, you know not what you are saying; Susan is, even now, dying!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, wife; didn't you just hear her say she felt better. But you can do as you please—I'm sleepy and tired, and am going to bed;" and yawning, made his way to an adjoining room, and without disrobing, threw himself on the bed, and was soon snoring loudly.

The mother turned again to the bedside with a sigh of bitter anguish, and the scalding tears coursed their way in profusion down her care-worn cheeks. Ah, grief-stricken mother, little didst thou think when clad in nuptial garments, thou didst stand at the hymenial altar, and there solemnly promise to love, honor, and obey, and didst receive in return, the assurance of love and protection, that thou wouldst one day be called to pass through scenes like those thou art now, to thy deep sorrow, realizing. But alas! the stern reality is too palpable to be understood, and thou must suffer on, for aught that can be seen, in the future.

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## PART II.

An hour had passed, in the little cottage; and still the father slept, unconscious of the solemn truth that death was silently stealing over the frail form of his lovely daughter. Poor, miserable being! he knew not the heart-rendings of his sorrow-stricken wife—she whom he had sworn to love and protect—was now the victim of his pernicious habits.

He had led a life of suffering to himself and family, and at this time was almost an entire stranger to sober thought and reflection. The pitiful wife had been able to make herself and daughter quite comfortable by their diligence and industry. She was accustomed to take in washing of several of the neighbors, and often received a slight token of their esteem and pity in the shape of a few provisions, or garments of clothing; but things were now in a deplorable state. There was no wood for fuel, and the weather was bleak and cold, and want and entire destitution seemed to bid defiance to all her exertion.

Mournfully moaned the wind around the little cottage, as the mother approached the couch of her sick daughter. As she approached the bed, the lovely Susa fixed her eyes upon her.

"Mother," she lisped, "mother, I shall soon be at rest. Tell father, Susa wants to see him once more."

The poor mother did call the father, but he was dumb to the call; and she approached his couch, and with an effort that seemed to deprive her of the little strength she still retained, raised him up and bade him walk lightly, for it was the last time he would gaze upon the features of his dear Susa alive! This seemed to arouse him somewhat, and nerve him to make the effort, and he blunderingly and heedlessly made his way to the bed-side of his daughter. She raised her eyes to his and said,

"Father, dear father, you won't drink any more after Susa dies, will you?"

It was too much for him; his heart melted! he burst into a flood of tears!

The hour of midnight had passed, and the wind still whistled through the cracks and crevices; the father and mother yet stood beside the couch of Susa, watching the still lingering smiles that anon flitted across her pale features. List! the wind seems to speak in hollow tones that this was the moment. Alas, the warning was too true! Susa was dead!

Need it be added that John Andrews remembered those last words of that only daughter, "Father, dear father, you won't drink any more after Susa dies, will you?" They were the first instruments of his reform. His little cottage home became the home of happiness and comfort. What words shall utter the joy of his kind and affectionate wife, whose many and frequent prayers to God in his behalf had been answered; but not without removing one most lovely and most cherished from their household.

Friend of the cause of Temperance! never despair; for there is a spot in the heart of every confirmed drunkard, that will often, by the application of "gentle words," be made to bloom with fertility, and be yet made an ornament to the cause, and a blessing to his family.—*Utica Teetotaler.*

### The Little Outcast.

"Mayn't I stay, Ma'am? I'll do any thing you give me,—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt the reality of his good intention.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter end of November, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of a few naked trees which stood near the house, and fled away with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the boy's denumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon its features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, by no means handsome gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the good man comes home;—there, sit down by

the fire; you look perished with cold."

And she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner; suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes; the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the good man presented himself, weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he despatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that as long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter, a pedlar long accustomed to trade at the cottage made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar, evasively.

"And where?—who is he?—what is he?"

"A jail-bird!" and the pedlar swung his sack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself; and heard his sentence, — ten months. He's a hard one; you'd do well to look keeful after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word *jail*, the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed, distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded in his flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once;—there's no use in my trying to do better—everybody hates me and despises me—nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight if that should be necessary—"How came you to go so young to that dreadful place?—Where was your mother!—where?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold,—"oh! I hain't got any mother; I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strange looking grey eyes, "I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked and cuffed, and laid on to with whips. I would not 'a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother; I hain't had no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no; she had been a mother, and, though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church yard, was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but lay her fingers on his head, to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of the forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet womanly words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night, how soft was her pillow. She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal. None but the angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never. He is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust.

"He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

### Little Lena.

BY HELEN HUGHES

Not long after we came West, we took a house on the next lot to one on which three German emigrant families had settled. They often came over to borrow household utensils, and it was really amusing to see the odd motions and grimaces they would make in the effort to have us understand them. In this way I soon came to know them by their faces. One little girl I especially got acquainted with by way of coaxing. She was a sweet little one, with dark eyes, a high forehead—almost hidden by soft, brown hair—and such a pretty little mouth, so rose-bud like in its delicate beauty, that I could not help being interested in its little owner. I knew that she was an only one and a pet, by the richness of the queer German ornaments she wore, though I could not find out to which of the families she belonged, till one day, in wandering too far, she fell, and then a girlish looking woman came out of the house, and catching up the child, covered her with kisses, calling her pet names, I was sure, though I could not understand what she said. A handsome

German stood in the door, with his pipe in his hand, smiling proudly and fondly. They stood for a few moments, fondling the laughing little one, and then disappeared in the doorway.

Not long after this I left home; when I came back the families had separated and gone no one knew whither.

It was a cold, snowy evening early in winter; I was seated by the fire with a book, when a sharp, impatient rap called me to the door; in the handsome German face that looked so beseechingly into mine, I recognized our neighbour of the previous summer; he made me understand that there was some one sick, — a dear one, too, I guessed, by the look of distress, upon the man's face. Hastily putting on a bonnet and shawl, I accompanied him to an obscure house in a lonely street.

It was a low room, dimly lighted by a single lamp; the only furniture consisted of a table, some chairs, a bed in one corner, and the sweet little girl that lay there was dying. I knew by the half open, half-upturned dark eyes, and the finely cut lips, that it was Lena, the little German girl. The dove-like bosom heaved gently, as if the disease had exhausted itself, and left the little sufferer to die in peace. I bent down to the pillow only to catch the last faint sigh of the passing spirit. "So gently, ah! little one hast thou gained the spirit-world — they cannot wish thee back," thought I, as I gazed on the sleep-like face of the dead. The angel had done his work so lovingly, — so regretfully, — that they scarcely knew when he took his departure, bearing with him the newly-won to its father's bosom.

Kissing the little lips and forehead, I turned to the parents; no sudden outburst of grief attested their sorrow, but the young mother put her arms around her husband's neck and wept there; and he manfully strove against his grief, and spoke loving words of consolation to the dear one clinging to him; he pointed up, and said, "Lena," and then I knew the peace that only comes from above was theirs. O! the matchless love of our heavenly father in turning our fainting hearts heavenward, when His rod has chastened. As the father went to give directions for the burial, the mother advanced to the bedside, calmly and intently gazing on the face of her child. Once only her lip quivered, doubtless as she realized the depth of her loss. Oh! how I

longed to speak kind words to her as she stood there, — how I wanted to show her that we American girls can feel for the afflicted of any land, and of any class.

She was here in the Eden of Liberty she used to dream of. Ah! she did not know that we offer not only liberty to the oppressed, but a place among our homes and a share in our sympathies. "Is she not thinking of the home she has left, and of a father and mother away across the great waters?" I queried, as I saw her eyes still fixed vacantly on her child. I doubted she longed for a mother's strong sympathy in that desolate hour of first bereavement. As I advanced to her side, the mother started from her statue-like position, and pointing to her dead one, smiled sadly. I took her hand, and looking a good bye, I left her. Next morning I went back to take a last gaze at the dear little face I had taken such an interest in. I found the parents alone. As I signified my errand, the mother took me into a back room, and opening the coffin lid, stepped aside to let me look on the dead. The lips now wore a smile, and the face looked so like life, that I half expected to see the bosom swell. The mother's eyes brightened with a kind of tearless lustre, and pointing to the smile on the baby lips of the child, she said the single word "pretty," and gently closed the coffin. I left the room. In the afternoon I saw several wagons pass, one bearing the little coffin on its way to the burying-ground. In a little while they returned, the few that had assembled dispersed, and every thing moved on as though the world knew not that another little trophy had been borne up to heaven. — *Olive Branch.*

### The Mother's Song.

I hear the song my mother sung  
 When I, a little boy,  
 On those sweet sounds delighted hung,  
 Her hope, her pride, her joy:  
 But 'tis not now her voice I hear, —  
 That well-remember'd tone,  
 That once could soothe my list'ning ear,  
 Is flown, forever flown!  
 Oh! not forever! Though no trace  
 Of her on earth remain,  
 Hope whispers of a brighter place  
 Where we may meet again.



VIEW OF THE GEORGIAN SPRINGS, NEAR THE OTTAWA.

PERCEE & CO.

### The Ottawa River and its Valley.

We present our readers in this number an engraving which faithfully represents one of the many beautiful scenes on the Ottawa River. This mighty stream, with its many beautiful lakes, wooded islands, and great cascades, is beginning to attract the attention, not only of the lumberman, but also of the pleasure traveler, who loves to gaze upon the beautiful and sublime works of nature. Ottawa is an Indian word, and signifies *the ear*,—but why this noble river should be called the ear, we have no means of ascertaining. If our red brethren call it the ear of the St. Lawrence, it is, indeed, an exceedingly long ear, and takes in sounds from a wide extent of country. The word is accented on the second syllable by the Aborigines, and pronounced Ot-tâw-wah. This mighty river is nearly one thousand miles in length, and drains eighty thousand superficial miles of territory, one half of which is yet unexplored, and only occupied by wandering families of Indians and their wild game. But for the *voyageurs* to Hudson Bay, the foot-print of the white man would seldom be seen in this great wilderness. Here we have a country spread out before us, eight times as large as the State of Vermont, and capable of sustaining several millions of inhabitants, with a noble river coursing through it, resembling the Rhine in its length and the Danube in its volume. In the spring, or the first of summer, the water passing in this river is equal to that flowing over Niagara Falls, and twice the common volume of the much celebrated Ganges.

Many of its tributaries, which scarcely have a place in a map, if they ran in other sections of our globe, would be celebrated in story and in song, and thousands of pilgrims would be wending their way to visit them. It is a curious fact, that three of the great rivers of Canada,—the Ottawa, St. Maurice, and Saguenay, take their rise not far apart in the unbroken

forest of the North, and roll on to the glorious St. Lawrence, which bears them to the Atlantic Ocean. The time is not far distant when thousands upon thousands will ascend the Ottawa, for the purpose of viewing its beautiful lakes and picturesque islands, its grand rapids and sublime cascades, as they now descend the noble St. Lawrence to behold its glorious scenery.

The cut which we introduce to our readers is a correct picture of the Georgian Springs, whose mineral waters are beginning to attract the attention of the public. It is a beautiful cozy little spot, but a few rods from the banks of the Ottawa. In front of a bluff of blue limestone, at the base of which the waters bubble up, is a beautiful lakelet, nearly a mile long, and about half a mile wide, which, in a still moonlit night, looks like a large mirror set in a frame of wooded hills. A creek, navigable for small boats and canoes, issues from the centre of this beautiful sheet of water, opposite the Springs, and runs into the Ottawa. Flocks of deer once resorted to these Springs to slake their thirst in its saline waters, and crop the green herbs that grew upon the shores of this lakelet. Pontiac, that brave Indian warrior and high-minded man, who still lives in the memory of thousands, no doubt has followed the trail of many a deer to those Springs, and made them minister to his physical wants. He was a noble Indian, and the waters of the Ottawa have borne him and his canoe thousands of miles. What a thrilling spectacle to see him in his fragile birch descend the foaming rapids, and shoot into the still waters below! And yet his practiced arm and steady eye, assured him of safety. We love the red man, and would teach our children to respect his race, which once owned all the Ottawa, and its great watershed.

Before we close this brief article upon the Ottawa and its beautiful scenes, we would say a few words of



the lumbermen. It is a fact worthy of being recorded, and long retained in memory, that these hardy and industrious men cheerfully engage in their laborious work, on the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. This is creditable to both employer and employée. Once, large quantities of intoxicating beverages were used in the logging camps upon the Ottawa and its tributaries;—but now the cask or the jug is seldom seen in the timber-forests. They have become a Maine Law unto themselves, and the liquid-poison no longer fires their brains, weakens their arms, or renders the blow of the axe uncertain and unprofitable. Such an example among this hardy and laborious race of men, is worthy of all praise, and ought to be followed by those in the less toilsome and more fashionable walks of life.

### I Cannot Love Him.

"I classed, appraising once,  
Earth's lamentable sounds; the well-a-day,  
The jarring yea and nay,  
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,  
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller:  
But all did leaven the air  
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,  
Then these words—'I loved once.'"

"Yes, I mean to do what is right, but I feel no affection for him, and I cannot. I loved him ONCE.

"But how, I beg leave to ask, can you do what is right, without the exercise of love?"

"I can supply what he lacks of temporal means to render him comfortable in his illness. I think this under present circumstances, is my duty, and shall not hesitate to perform it; but no logician can prove it to be my duty to love one who has treated me with so much insolence and contempt."

"Ah! duty has far less narrow limits than is generally supposed. It covers a broad extended space, the extreme boundaries of which very few of us succeed even in nearing. It extends to the heart, as well as to the outer life—to the motive, as well as to the action. It prohibits the least indulgence of resentful feeling, and insists that love, even toward our enemies,

shall be the abiding principle within. Do you not recognize the Word of God as the proper regulator of duty?"

"Of course I do, and it is in obedience to its precepts, that I now mean to act. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Shall I not fulfil this injunction by supplying my brother's temporal necessities?"

"The mere letter of it you may fulfil, but what is the continuation? In the very next verse we have the command: 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good;' and this command evidently refers to the temper of the spirit as directly as to the external acts. We are to overcome the evil. Instead of allowing it to live in our memory, and give rise to harsh and vindictive feelings, we are to strive earnestly to banish its remembrance, to cherish a forbearing and forgiving disposition toward those who have injured us, and to do all in our power to subdue their ill-will, and to make them our true and permanent friends."

"I do not believe this is possible."

"Most certainly it is. Authentic history furnishes several instances of this kind. They are rare, I acknowledge, but destined to become more numerous as the religion of the meek and forgiving Saviour is better understood, and more sincerely practised. A few cases of this entire and absolute forgiveness have come under my own observation. One in particular, in which after grievances of nearly two years standing, the injured party, by the most untiring forbearance, and by seeking quietly and unobtrusively every opportunity to benefit his enemy, finally gained the victory—overcame evil with good, and the two are now on terms of intimate friendship, each provoking the other to love and good works."

"But intimacy with Andrew would be very repugnant to my inclinations."

"Our inclinations are not, by any means, the standard of duty. He is your brother, and aside from the sacred precepts which require the extension of love and forgiveness to all, God has by the very institution of the family relation, plainly indicated your duty to love him; nay to regard him with a deeper and more absorbing affection, because he has united you to him by natural bonds. And you cannot evade this duty and still retain an assurance that you are one of God's peculiar people, zealous of good works. 'Forgive

us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Forgiveness is promised to no others save those who thus forgive. And does not our Father regard with an unchanging, long-suffering love, those who have been the greatest offenders? Does he listen coldly to our request, and deal out to us scantily only our daily temporal bread? Ah, we make a great mistake when we fail to recognize LOVE as the abiding principle of our conduct.

QUERY.

## THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, AUGUST, 1853.

### To the Newly Installed Officers.

We refer to the "Cadets." In most of the Sections new Officers have been installed, and we wish to say a word or two to them all.

It is a mark of confidence and esteem that you have been elected to offices of trust. Your brethren are supposed to know your worth, and they now make trial of it. Do not be elated or consider yourself greater than you are, but be humble; remember "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Conduct yourself with meekness towards all your brethren, and be kind in discharging your duties. Be punctual in your attendance at the Section room, and be careful to comply with the regulations of the order. Be quiet and orderly when you leave the meeting, and let all the young brothers who have no office, know by your peaceable example how they ought to behave themselves. Above all things remember you have espoused certain great and important principles, take care that you practice them. Be consistent. The sentence we have just written reminds us of a very pleasant sketch by old Humphrey in his "Observations." We might have run on with our own remarks, but the

thought of old Humphrey makes us stay. You cannot do better than study his words. He says:—

It is of no use talking, for if a man have not correct principle, and if his practice be not in agreement with it, all the advantages in the world will never make him what he should be.

A poor man came to me to ask my advice about companions. "Why," said I, "companions may be found as plentiful as thorns upon a gooseberry bush, and the one will prove as sharp to your bosom as the other will be to your fingers, if you are not careful: but let Principle and Practice be your companions; the first will direct you, in all cases, what is best to be done, and the last will enable you to do it in the best manner. So long as you and Principle and Practice agree, so long will you prosper; but the moment you begin to differ, your prosperity and your peace will melt away like a snow-ball in a kettle of boiling water."

A rich man stopped to talk to me about a new carriage. "Never mind your carriage," said I, "but take especial care of your horses. Principle and Practice are a pair of the best coach-horses in the world; while they run neck and neck together, you and your carriage will bowl along safely, but hold them up tightly, for if one trips, it will go hard with the other, and you may find yourself in the mire a day sooner than you expect."

Said a merchant to me, "I am about to send off a rich cargo, and must have a captain and a mate who are experienced pilots on board, but it is hardly in your way to assist me in this matter." "Yes, yes, it is," replied I, "and I shall recommend Principle and Practice to you; the best commanders you can have, and the safest pilots you can employ. The one possesses the best compass in the world, and the other is unrivalled at the helm. You may securely trust your ship to their care, even though she be laden with gold. Draw your nightcap over your ears, and sleep in peace, for Principle and Practice will serve you well, and if they cannot ensure your prosperity, your hope is but a leaky vessel, and not seaworthy."

"I wish, Mr. Humphrey," said a neighbor of mine, "that you would recommend my son to some respectable house, for I want sadly to put him apprentice."

"That I will," said I, "and directly too; my best shall be done to get him a

situation under the firm of Principle and Practice, and a more respectable establishment is not to be found. So long as the parties in that firm hold together, they will be as secure and as prosperous as the Bank of England; but if a dissolution of partnership should ever take place, in a little time neither the one nor the other would be worth a single penny."

"I want a motto," simpered a beaush young man, who was about to have a ring engraved for his finger.

"And I will give you one," was my reply, 'Principle and Practice.' You may wear that motto on your finger, and in your heart too, perhaps with advantage; but if you neglect it, though you wear rings on all the fingers you have, and bells on all your toes too, it is ten to one if ever you will meet with a better. He who adopts this motto may boldly appear without ornaments in the presence of a king; while he who despises it, though adorned with all the trinkets in a jeweller's shop, is not fit to associate with an honest cobbler."

"I wish to take in half-a-dozen boarders," said a sharp, shrewd, over-reaching widow lady, "if I could meet with any that would be agreeable, and not give too much trouble, and pay regularly; but I am sadly afraid that it will be long enough before I shall be able to suit myself."

"Take my advice," said I, "be content with two boarders to begin with, Principle and Practice. You cannot do a better thing than to get them into your house, and to keep them there as long as you can; for they will pay you better, behave more peaceably, and do you more credit, than twenty boarders of a different character."

"If I had a proper plan" said a gentleman to his friend, "I should be half inclined to build me a house, and to lay out a garden on the ground which I have bought on the hill yonder." Happening to pass at the time, I laid hold of him by the button, and advised him in all his plans and his projects to consult Principle and Practice, as they were by far the most able architects, whether a man wanted to build a house for this world or the next.

The poor man and the rich man, the merchant and the father, the beau, the widow, and the gentleman, may, or may not, follow my advice; but if, in adopting any other plans, they disregard correct principle and upright practice, they will prepare for themselves a meal of wormwood, and a bitter draught; a nightcap of thorns,

and a bed of briars; a life of vexation, and a death of sorrow.

"The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death," Prov. xiv. 32. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace," Psalm xxxvii. 37.

[FOR THE "CADET."

### Peace and Plenty.

On Sunday morning last, in going to Church, I witnessed a sight which I wish some of the Cadets had been with me to behold, in order that I might the more deeply and earnestly have impressed upon their young and ardent minds the necessity of prevailing upon as many as they could instantly to vow eternal war against the intoxicating cup, and restless unceasing efforts to bring about the establishment of the Maine Law as the Liquor Law of Canada. At the door of a house, in the centre of the city and a public thoroughfare, over which hung a sign with "Grocery and Tavern," "Peace and Plenty," stood a tall old man whose hoary locks and respectable clothing, as well as an umbrella he carried in his hand, betokened something mysterious in the circumstance. His unsteady gait and loud language demonstrated, however, that he was under the slavery of Alcohol; and endeavoring to open the door of the house, he was met by a man with his head uncovered and in his shirt sleeves, who, with clenched fists, awful oaths, and angry countenance, drove furiously at the old man and threw him down on his back several yards from the house, and while in that position struck him several blows on the head with his fists. The old man rising up, without his hat and covered with dust, staggered to the door adjoining, but finding his mistake he again assailed the Tavern door, with what result my feelings were too much affected to witness; but I earnestly prayed that God would not permit another session of the Provincial Parliament to pass over without the establishment of the

Maine Law, to put a stop to such barbarous and unchristian sights on the Sabbath day. Ye Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Sergeants, Corporals, and Privates, in the cold water army of Cadets, buckle on your armour afresh, and let the bugle sound for a fresh charge upon the Groggeries and Rum-sellers with the battle shout of a victorious and well-disciplined army.

A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

27th June, 1853.

### Officers of Sections, &c.

From a few sections we have received reports of their condition and prospects, together with the names of newly installed officers. We print what we have, and our columns will be open for all duly authenticated statements. We publish them in the order of their dates, as communicated.

— Officers installed for United Section of Cadets, Oshawa Village, for the current quarter:—

George Farewell, W. A.; Henry Jewell, V. A.; George McGregor, P.W.A.; Azro Stone, T.; Andrew Glenny, A.T.; Edwin Farewell, S.; Jordan Stone, A.S.; Burton Clifford, G.; Alfred Martin, U.; Arthur Farewell, W.; Theodore Tracy, J.W.

— Officers of Aylmer, Ottawa Section, No. 126 C. of T., for the ensuing quarter:—

Asa Parker, W.P. and D.G.W.P. of the Section; W. J. Allen, A.P.; C. M. Church, A.P.; John Gordon, C.; Irvin Allen, W.A.; Howard Church, V.A.; James Young, S.; Thomas Roberts, A.S.; Wm. Kenney, T.; John Thompson, A.T.; John Orman, G.; Thomas Symmes, U.; Samuel Allen, W.; Chas. Symmes, J.W.

It is customary for this Section to have their installations public, and generally some of the Cadets or Sons address the audience. On the present occasion the room was crowded beyond any precedent, and several of the Cadets distinguished themselves by delivering eloquent addresses upon the use and abuse of alcohol and tobacco, which were received with great applause. The meeting was conducted harmoniously, and every thing went off well. Great praise is due to the W. P. of this Section for his disinterested care and attention. He has spared neither time nor expense in furthering the good work; indeed, we are indebted to him in a great measure for our prosperity.

Temperance is progressing in this vicinity. There is now a Division of the Sons in good working order, a Union of Daughters, and a Section of Cadets, in all they number about

140 strong. O may our cause go onward until the demon Intemperance is swept from our land.

— The officers of the Early Dawn Section of the Cadets of Temperance, No. 77, were installed last night (the 14th instant). Their names are as follow:—

James Cook, W.P.; Donald Kennedy, C.; J. G. Bell, A. Woodburn, Associate Patrons; George Kennedy, W.A.; Charles King, V.A.; John Rogers, T.; W. Humphries, A.T.; A. Pelton, S.; R. Kenly, A.S.; Wm. Bullen, G.; W. Bell, U.; A. Wilson, W.; A. Grant, J. W.

The installation was a grand sight, and went off remarkably well. Some good speeches were made by our Worthy Archon, Treasurer, Watchman, and your humble servant, and our Guide gave us a most amusing song about a staunch Teetotaler and his little wife. The prize for the best speech was awarded to John Rogers. We number about ninety Cadets on our books. We have got a library of one hundred volumes, and it is still increasing.

— Officers elect of Union Section, No. 86, C. of T.:—

John C. Willmott, P.W.A.; Duncan Robertson, W.A.; Thomas H. Willmott, V.A.; James B. Willmott, S.; Wm. Fallis, A.S.; Robt. Coates, T.; John Wright, A.T.; John Willmott, G.; John Holgate, U.; James Bowes, W.; William Humphrey, J.W.; John Sprout, W.P.; John Martin and H. E. Willmott, A.P.'s; R. L. Whyte, C.

— Officers of Young Mechanics' Section, No. 163, Cadets of Temperance, installed for the present quarter:—

Jonathan Offord, W.P.; W. Ferrett, P.W.A.; Thos. Webster, W.A.; Edward Laverty, V.A.; Henry Meadows, S.; John Lauder, A.S.; George Turner, G.; Charles Scarle, U.; John A. Wilson, W.; John Barnstead, J.W.

The Young Mechanics' Section at present contains about forty members, and was instituted last September. It is at present in a thriving and prosperous condition, new members being proposed and initiated almost every meeting night. The Cadets in Kingston have been silent for some time, and perhaps our Brother Cadets in both Upper and Lower Canada may think that Kingston is a poor place; but let it be remembered by them that Kingston was the first place in which a Section of Cadets was instituted.—The Elgin Section, No. 1, which, though now broken up, another has in course of time arisen from its ashes, viz., The Young Mechanics' Section, No. 163, which we now hope and expect to see among the best Sections in the Canadas, and "Onward! Onward!" shall be our motto; and, although young, we will strive to do our best, with the blessing of the great Jehovah attending us.

— Officers of Royal Mount Section of the Cadets of Temperance, Montreal, installed July 14, 1853:—

J. D. Clendinning, W. P.; Richard Patton, 1st W. A. P.; James Smith, 2nd W. A. P.; John Montgomery, W. C.; Wm. J. Thompson, W. A.; Wm. Mearns, V. A.; William Simpson, S.; Wm. Smith, A. S.; Wm. Sweeney, T.; Wm. Mann, A. T.; Samuel McKay, G.; Alexander Becket, U.; David Buchanan, W.; Wm. Donaldson, J. W.

The following were the songs and recitations of the evening:

1, 'Again we're met,' by the Choir; 2, 'The Cadets of Temperance,' by Alexander Becket; 4, O, come, come away,' by the Choir; 5, 'The danger of moderation,' by Jas. C. Mayer; 6, 'Hurrah for the Maine Law,' by Wm. J. Thomson; 7, 'Intemperance shall not always reign,' by the Choir; 8, 'The Smoker,' by Wm. Smith; 9, 'The Cadet's attack against tobacco,' by Wm. Miller; 10, Duet, "All's well," by the Choir; 11, 'Who will go with us,' by William Mann; 12, 'Unity,' by the Choir; 13, 'Speeches, remarks, votes of thanks, &c.,' 14, 'Dismissal Hymn,' by the Choir.

### Canada Temperance Advocate.

As several correspondents of the *Cadet* have inquired the price and terms of the *Advocate*, we have thought it best to publish the following in full. It appeared a few weeks ago as an extra. We hope many of our youthful friends will become agents and readers of the good, old, sober, and useful *Advocate*:—

The undersigned is deeply impressed with one fact, that for the attainment of the great object of the Temperance movement in its progressive development toward legal suppression, it is absolutely necessary to circulate sound literature; such as he 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.

Prohibition can be attained and carried out only by and through an enlightened public opinion. The undersigned is confident that he can supply the information which Canada needs both cheaply and correctly. He has made arrangements for the regular transmission from Britain, of the proceedings and documents of the British Alliance, and is in communication with the leading associations of the United States through their recognised organs.

His great desire now is, to aid the Canada League, by spreading over the whole country, that information of facts, principles and arguments, which he collects at great pecuniary

outlay, but which he is satisfied cannot otherwise be obtained; and he would rather suffer loss than not aid in diffusing light and truth, when he has it in his power, and when a crisis demands benevolent activity.

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 every article of importance, and the *Advocate* will surpass itself in vigour, taste, and adaptedness to the times.

It is hoped that an immediate general effort will be made to increase the circulation of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, published on the 1st and 15th of each month,—2s. 6d. per annum.

*Terms in Advance*—From now to end of Vol. 19, (in December next) One Shilling—To be paid in Advance strictly. Ten new Subscribers, with Ten Shillings, will entitle the sender to a copy of the "Trial of Alcohol," free of postage. Fifteen Shillings, for a club of Fifteen, will entitle the sender to a complete copy of the first volume of the *Cadet*, neatly done up in a tinted cover, free of postage.

Thirty Shillings, forwarded for a club of Ten new Subscribers, will entitle them to the *Advocate* for the remainder of this volume, and the whole of 1854; and the sender to a complete copy of the *Advocate* for 1852, neatly done up in a tinted cover.

Our friends in the other British N. A. Provinces are invited to co operation.

Nobody can get rich on these offers, but all may have the satisfaction of doing good.

All orders and remittances are to be sent to

JOHN C. BECKET,

Publisher,

Montreal.

### To Correspondents, &c.

We have mislaid the question about the Cistern, as sent by Bro. Pilson. If he can send us another copy, it shall appear. In the mean time, our young friends may work out the annexed problem:—

A man's male laborers are paid 1s 4d. per day, and he has 21 female laborers at 11d. per day; the amount of the wages at an average is 14½d. for each per day. How many men had he?

### Satan's Tobacco Net.

In the Appendix of "Uncle Toby's Book on Tobacco," is a letter from Rev. Mr. Kirk, on this subject, to a "Little Friend." The following is an extract:—

"As Satan hates to have little boys resemble Christ, he tries every thing in his power to make them slaves to something. And you should know how he lays his plans, for as Solomon says, "surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." Now I will show you his Tobacco net, so that you may know it. When I was a little boy, there was in our school a lad whom I will call Jim Thompson. He was a smart fellow, and all the other boys used to look up to him with respect. He wore his hat on one side of his head, and used to come on the play ground twisting a piece of Tobacco in his mouth, and talking in a very swaggering way. His father kept a smart horse, and smoked, and used large words, and Jim was trying to be like him. And he would come to school telling how many miles in an hour his father's horse trotted at the races. And he had picked up a great many large words, and seemed to be so knowing and independent, so much of a man, that almost every little boy in the school thought he could not do any thing better than to be just as manly and as smart as Jim was. And you would frequently see them clustering around him when he came on the play ground, listening to his talk. Then you might see them in other places trying to look just like him, and talk like him. They felt larger than other boys whenever they could do this. Jim, you see then, was one of Satan's nets by whom he caught silly little boys. For the quid of Tobacco was one of the things that made Jim *manly* and *smart*. And many a poor little fellow would make himself sick in trying to keep the nasty thing in his mouth, just because he wanted to be big."

### Employment.

Employment ! Employment !  
O that is enjoyment !

There's nothing like " something to do ;"  
Good heart occupation  
Is health and salvation,

A secret that's known to but few.

Ye listless and lazy !

Ye heavy and hazy !

Give hearts, hands and feet full employment ;

Your spirits 'twill cheer up,

Your foggy brains clear up,

And teach you the real enjoyment.

The lilies they toil not,

They drudge not and moil not.

And yet they are cared for, 'tis true ;

But the lily, in beauty,

Fulfils its whole duty—

E'en lilies have something to do.

" They sow not, they spin not,"

'Tis true—but they *spin* not :

They work, uncomplaining, God's will—

Their work never hasting,

Their time never wasting.

The laws of their nature fulfil.

Ye hands, white as lilies,

Remember God's will is,

Whoso shall not work shall not eat ;

'Tis heart-occupation

Prévents heart-starvation ;

Would'st thou the great Lawgiver choat ?

Then up, man and woman !

Be godlike — be human !

To self and to nature be true !

Employment ! Employment !

O that is enjoyment !

There's nothing like " something to do."

— *The Beach Bird.*

### How to Show Respect to the Aged.

By giving them the first place. If there be a place of honor, be it in the public meeting, in the social circle, at the festive board, in the railroad car ; let the aged man be invited into it and occupy it. At the opening of the last sessions of Congress, which the venerable John Quincy Adams attended, when lots were about to be cast for seats, such was the respect of Congressmen for the aged man, his own chosen and previously occupied seat, was not allowed to be drawn for ; it was assigned him by acclamation.

By conferring on the aged the choicest good, we respect them. The choicest article of food, the nicest specimen from the fruit-dish, the best room, the easiest couch, the greatest comfort tender to the aged. Never do violence to the finer feelings of your nature, by appropriating such things to yourselves, when there are aged men to enjoy them. Again we respect the aged.

By consulting their opinions and listening to their instructions. They are men of experience, the embodiments of history, the indices of practical life. Show yourselves capable of appreciating such opinions and instruction, as well as one who respects the aged. The same thing is accomplished.

By showing them little attentions to make them happy. Remember that an affectionate recognition, an agreeable smile, a pleasant and cheering word, a friendly grasp of the hand, costs you nothing. But they will make an aged man happy, for a long time ; for he has only a few of such attentions from a cold world.

By helping them in their labor and toil, we respect the aged. If need be, young friend, take off the kid glove, lay hold of the hoe, the axe or the shovel, and let the aged man rest. And his happy emotions, in view of the respect you have for age, infirmities and pain, will be poured into your happy heart.

Finally,

By comforting them in their trials we respect them. Bear in mind, that the aged have but few sweet, comforting and consoling words spoken to them. The hands most often used around them, are not such as to soothe, and calm, and quiet their spirits.

Such a course, pursued from a regard to the command of God, is piety itself. And then, it is a most beautiful course to be pursued, covering the actor with true glory.—Shall I add, “as ye sow, so shall ye reap.”

### Little Lorenzo.

It was a beautiful day when little Lorenzo's school closed, and the boys were looking forward to a fine time during their long summer vacation.

“Do not go near the pond, Lorenzo,” said the fond mother, as he left the parental roof. But Lorenzo did not always remember the command, “Children, obey your parents.” This was his first sin. Leaving home, he went down back of the meeting house to the forbidden spot. This was the second. Finding some boys, among whom was Samuel G——, playing near the pond, he accepted Samuel's invitation to bathe. This was the third.

Soon the rest of the lads ran away to the school house to meet their beloved teacher. Lorenzo climbed upon an old pair of stairs that were floating about the pond, and jumped off. As he did not rise again, Samuel was frightened, ran to the shore, dressed, and hastened to the school.

When Lorenzo's sister went home at noon, her mother said, “Where is your brother?” “I do not know,” was the reply; “he has not been at school this morning.” The father started at once for the pond. There lay Lorenzo's clothes on the white sand. Wading in until the water was three or four feet deep, he stooped down and raised up the lifeless body of his son.

In sight of the spot, within the sound of Samuel's voice, was a workshop, in which were some ten or fifteen men. Why, then, did he not cry for help as he saw his play-

mate sink? It was because if he did this, he would show that he had been to the pond, and disobeyed his parents. So, rather than make known his own sin, he left his little playmate to die.

A beautiful pond is that at E—— B——, but sad and heart-rending must be the thoughts of Samuel G——, as he looks upon it and remembers, “The fact that I did not obey my parents caused the death of my early associate, Lorenzo D——,” My young reader, beware of the first sin. You know not what may be the second. You know not what may be the terrible result of the first.—*Christian Penny Magazine.*

### The Poor Man and the Fiend.

A fiend once met a humble man  
At night, in the cold, dark street,  
And led him into a palace fair,  
Where music circled sweet,  
And light and warmth cheered the wanderer's heart,  
From frost and darkness screened,  
Till his brain grew mad beneath the joy,  
And he worshipped before the fiend.

Ah! well if he never had knelt to the fiend,  
For a task-master grim was he;  
And he said, “One half of thy life on earth  
I enjoy thee to yield to me;  
And when, from rising till set of sun,  
Thou hast toiled in the heat or snow,  
Let thy gains on mine altar an offering be;”—  
And the poor man ne'er said “No!”

The poor man had health, more dear than gold,  
Stout bone and muscle strong,  
That neither faint nor weary grew,  
To toil the June day long;  
And the fiend, his god, cried, hoarse and loud,  
“Thy strength thou must forego,  
Or thou no worshipper art of mine;”—  
And the poor man ne'er said “No!”

Three children bless'd the poor man's home,  
Stray angels dropped on earth.  
The fiend beheld their sweet blue eyes,  
And he laughed in fearful mirth.  
“Bring forth thy little ones all,” quoth he;  
“My godhead wills it so;  
I want an evening sacrifice”—  
And the poor man ne'er said “No!”

A young wife sat by the poor man's fire,  
Who, since she blushed a bride,  
Had gilded his s trows and brightened his joys—  
His guardian, friend, and guide.  
Foul fell the fiend!—he gave command,  
“Come, mix up the cup of woe;  
Bid thy young wife drain it to the dregs;”—  
And the poor man ne'er said “No!”

Oh ! misery now for this poor man !

O ! deepest of misery !

Next the fiend his godlike reason took,

And among the beasts led he ;

And when the sentinel Mind was gone,

He pilfer'd his soul also ;

And marvel of marvels ! he murmured not ;

The poor man ne'er said, " No ! "

Now, men and matrons in your prime,

Children, and grandsires old,

Come, listen, with soul as well as ear,

This saying whilst I unfold ;

O, listen, till your brain whirls round,

And your heart is sick to think,

That in England's isle all this befell,

And the name of the fiend was—DRINK,

McLELLAN.

### The Quaker and the Little Thief.

Children, have you ever heard of Isaac T. Hopper, or Friend Isaac, as he is familiarly called ? He belongs to the society of Friends ; and if you should ever happen to meet, you would not need to be told that he was a very good-natured man, not particularly averse to an occasional joke. —Well, a few days ago, the old gentleman came into our office, and among the many stories he told was one which we must re-tell.

" While residing in Philadelphia, I had a pear tree which bore most excellent fruit. Between my yard and that of one of my neighbours, was a very high fence, with sharp iron pickets upon it. Now I did not put these sharp pickets there. I do not approve of such things.—It was the landlord's work. Well, one year, when the pear tree bore very abundantly, there happened to be a girl belonging to my neighbor's family who was as fond of pears as myself, and I saw her several times climb the high fence and walk carefully along between the pickets until she came opposite the pear tree.—Then she would reach over, fill her basket with fruit, and carry it away.

" One day I called upon my young friend with a basket of the nicest pears I could find.

" " Rebecca," said I, " here are some fine pears for thee."

" She did not know what I meant. I explained, " Rebecca, I brought these pears on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee a present of them, as I see thou art fond of them."

" " I don't want them, sir."

" " Ah but thou dost, Rebecca, else thou wouldst not take so much pains almost every day to get them."

" Still she would not take the pears, and I used a little more eloquence.

" " Rebecca," I said, " thou must go and get a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou wouldst not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them. These pickets are very sharp Rebecca ; and if thy feet should slip while thou art walking along on the fence—and I am very much afraid they will—thou wouldst get hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Now thou art welcome to the fruit ; I hope I shall not see thee expose thyself so foolishly. But, perhaps thou has taken the pears so long, that they seem to belong to thee as much as they belong to me. So I do not wish to blame thee any more than thy conscience does. But pray look out for those pickets. They are dangerous. I would have them removed, only I am afraid the landlord would not like it. Thou art welcome to the pears, though, I will bring thee a basket-full every day.

" The little girl did not steal any more pears ; and I venture to say she was sufficiently rebuked before the end of the pear season, for I remembered my promise, and carried her a basket-full every morning."  
—*Youth's Cabinet.*

### The Drunkard and Rumseller.

The drunkard is an object of pity and sympathy, and he has our regards and best wishes, not that he may continue in the downward way which ends in the ruin and death of all his hopes, but that he may reform and become a sober man, a worthy citizen, and a good christian. It is true that drunkenness is a vice and a sin, and whoever becomes an inebriate is guilty before God, and sins against himself and his fellow-men. Nevertheless, he is an object of pity, and is a subject for human sympathy.

In whatever light, therefore, we may be disposed to regard his offence, and it is no trifling one surely, yet in comparison, the act of the rumseller, whose whole business is to make drunkards, to manufacture paupers, murderers, assassins, villains and criminals of all descriptions, is infinitely more wicked and transcendently malignant in all of its aspects. Rumselling in this age, whether at wholesale or retail, has not one redeeming quality. It is an unmitigated meanness, practiced for the basest of purposes. The drunkard is a sinner to be sure, but then in most instances



made such by the foolish and wicked customs of society. The habit has grown upon him unawares, he finds himself a victim to appetite before he was conscious that the spell was upon him. He then tries to free himself, but in vain; the rumseller tempts, thrusts the bottle to his lips. He staggers with his resolution, resolves and re-resolves to be free; but it is hopeless work, the infamous trafficker won't let him reform, he can't afford to lose a customer. The poor man falters, falls, dies a sot and fills a drunkard's grave at last. The unprincipled tempter goes on with his business, drives a brisk trade, laughs over his profits, seeks new victims, fancies himself a gentleman, wraps his broadcloth around him, lives luxuriously, and goes on preparing souls for hell, and says, when asked to give up the business, "Who is to blame? if I don't sell, somebody else will."—*Portland Watchman.*

### Asylum for Inebriates.

The Hon. Horace Mann wisely remarks, "why not keep sober men sober, in the first instance, and thus save all cost of machinery, partial losses in all cases, and total loss in many? I would not contract a consumption, even if an experimenter could prescribe a certain, instead of his uncertain nostrums for my cure. I would not melt a purse of gold and mingle it with dross, even on the mint master's assurance that he would refine it and coin it for circulation again. And for better reasons than these, I would not consent to forfeit years of happiness, and incur loathsome degradation and consuming pain, even though God himself would assure me by one miracle that he would restore me by another.

"My friends, the only true and proper Asylum for inebriates has been constructed. It was constructed in the year 1850, in the State of Maine. Neal Dow was the builder,—a nobler architect than Sir Christopher Wren, or those who poised the dome of St. Peter's in the upper air. It is the grandest Asylum ever erected or conceived; for its base embraces the whole territorial area of the State; its walls are co-extensive with the boundaries of the State, it has a dome no less lofty and resplendent than the arch of heaven above. Wherever the means of inebriation are excluded, there is the true asylum for inebriates. Massachusetts and Rhode Island have spread the protecting arches of this roof over their soil. The youthful

territory of Minnesota has already done the same,—like a young man resolved to be strong and great, and therefore taking the early vow that promises wisdom and length of days. I trust that the "Excelsior" State of New York is about to follow their example, and to become an empire state in morals as well as in power; and then, from the ocean to the great lakes, water and not fire shall be the nourisher of man, and joy and not woe the companion of his household."

### The Family Meeting.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother—

All who hold each other dear,  
Each chair is filled, we're all at home;  
To-night let no cold stranger come.

It is not often thus around  
Our old familiar hearth we're found,  
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,  
For once be every care forgot;  
Let gentle peace assert her power,  
And kind affection rule the hour—  
We're all—all here.

We're not all here!

Some are away—the dead ones dear,  
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
And gave the hour of guiltless mirth.  
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
Loaked on and thinned our little band.  
Some like a night-flash passed away,  
And some sank lingering day by day.  
The quiet graveyard—some he there,  
And cruel Ocean has his share—  
We're not all here.

We are all here!

Even they—the dead—though dead so dear.  
Fond memory, to her duty true,  
Brings back their faded forms to view.  
How life-like through the mist of years,  
Each well-remembered face appears;  
We see them as in times long passed,  
From each to each kind looks are cast;  
We hear their words; their smiles behold,  
They're round us as they were of old—  
We are all here.

We are all here!

Father, mother,

Sister, brother—

You that I love with love so dear—  
This may not long of us be said,  
Soon we must join the gathered dead,  
And by the hearth we now sit round,  
Some other circle will be found.  
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know,  
That yields a life of peace below;  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat in words of bliss,  
We're all—all here.