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The Weekly Visitor.



DEVOTED TO THE INTEREST OF THE DIFFERENT TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

VOL. 1. { PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, }
113. { F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ PRICE—SIX CENTS PER COPY. } No. 4
{ POST 300 P. M. } 12.

15 Cents Per Quarter.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1864.

17 Two Cents Per Copy

KEEP THE HEART AS LIGHT AS
YOU CAN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

We have always enough to bear—
We have always something to do—
We have never to seek for care
When we have the world to go through!
But what, though adversity test
The courage and vigour of man,
They get through misfortune the best,
Who keep the heart light as they can.

If we shake not the load from the mind,
Our energy's sure to be gone;
We must wrestle with Care—or we'll find
Two loads are less easy than one!
To sit in disconsolate mood
Is a poor and a profitless plan;
The true heart is never subdued,
If we keep it as light as we can.

There's nothing that Sorrow can yield,
Excepting a harvest of pain;
Far better to seek Fortune's field,
And till it and plough it again!
The weight that Exertion can move—
The gloom that Decision can span,
The manhood within us but prove!
Then keep the heart light as you can.

JACK AND THE YELLOW BOYS.—"Halloa, Jack, you look very yellow," cried a landlord to a Jack Tar, who had once been a good customer.

"No, no! old Timber toes," cried Jack, "it's my Pocket that's turned yellow since I gave up drinking." Jack, suiting the action to the word, drew about twenty gold eagles from his pocket, and placing them upon the palm of one hand, pointing with the other, saying, "See here, it's my Pocket that's yellow with these yellow boys."

For the Weekly Visitor.

GRATTON HALL.

BY T. J. H.

(CONCLUDED)

About the middle of the reign of William III, nearly a hundred years ago, there stood, within a stone's throw of this very spot, a round, stone building, about sixteen feet diameter, the walls of which were two feet thick, so that the turret-shaped structure measured but twelve feet inside. The floor was of iron, grooved; diagrams and triangles curiously intersecting each other, the reason of which I will hereafter explain.

In Gratton Hall there was, and is still, in the floor of the main lobby leading from the front door, a piece of ingenious flag work, as though the stones had accidentally been broken. Beneath these broken flags, was concealed an iron trap-door, which, when lifted, developed a rope ladder descending to the gloomy regions below. With the aid of a lamp some damp stone cells could be seen, and a narrow, low corridor connecting with the stone turret before mentioned, the mode of ingress and egress being by a trap-door in the iron floor, the joints and hinges being imperceptible by the grooves. Some sixty years previous to the date of my story, beneath the turret was buried large quantities of powder and shot belonging to the king. Your grandfather Theodolph lit it then at the Hall, he had married a lady from the north country—handsome and fashionable: beauty was her only recommendation—she set her trap, and your ancestor was caught; few and short were their hours of joy, for their bitter cup was a heavy one, and the draught of it was fatal. There honey-moon was scarce over ere a gap was

created, and once begun widened speedily. She was young and beautiful, fastidious in her taste—fond of frivolity. He was stern and morose—given to melancholy. They had one child, in whose veins coursed the stern blood of its father with the generosity of the mother. In their employ was one, Simon, an old, decrepit man, who had been on the farm before your grandfather's birth: he was the only one that had a knowledge of the subterraneous connection between the Hall and the stone turret.

On the farm where John Eldon is now, there lived a Mr. Beckford, who had a son called Adam. Allan Beckford had been in the army. His father had bought him a commission, and he became an officer; he, however, soon wished himself back again to the old homestead, and his freedom was purchased back again. He was a wild, roving desperado—was an adept at love making—had a good personal appearance and bearing, acquired by military drill. With so many attractions, and the close proximity of the two farms, he was a frequent visitor at Gratton Hall. I don't say he was a welcome one. Your grandfather, from his first visit, was dubious of an intimacy between two such ignitable hearts as Allan and his wife.

Days and weeks rolled on—he was till a visitor. Old Simon watched matters, and was full of doubts and fears as well as his master. Theodolph Heathburn was hurriedly called to London, to attend to the proving of a will, to which he had been a witness, and in those days of coaches, such a journey involved ten or eleven days. The evening succeeding the departure of Mr. Heathburn, Allan Beckford bent his steps towards the Hall. The large, richly carpeted drawing room on the first floor was brilliantly lit up, and the fire burned brightly in the grate,

shining through the scarlet window hangings far away into the garden beyond, as Allan neared the Hall. The door was answered by the parlour maid, who, after showing the visitor into the drawing-room, retired to the kitchen, giving Simon a significant wink as she passed. Simon understood this optical movement and smiled. Things went on much as usual, until your grandfather's return, when Simon resolved to acquaint his master of Beckford's visits in his absence, which he accordingly did the following morning. Theodolph Heathburn's face grew more rigid and stern than ever; his eye of justice was fast darting; him; the dark lines on his brow became more visible, and he was determined—determined—determined—to commit something horrible to wreck his vengeance on the heads of those who had trifled with his honor and his good name. He reasoned and expostulated with his wife, but she scornful; laughed at his allusions; this provoked him worse; he thought of the stone turret with its iron door and thick walls;—he thought of punishment—perfect punishment—starvation. Their boy, now about six years of age, had been removed to a boarding school at Raburn, where he remained for several years.

Your grandfather, drove to madness by his wife's insolence and indifference, threatened her with confinement in the turret; she laughed at the idea, and tossing her head, dared him to such a deed. He resolved to act;—he became a demi-man; his eyes shot wildly from their sockets; the ridges on his brow swelled ominously—and one dark, quiet night, he had her carried by force from her chamber—her cries stifled by pillows—to the dark, round dungeon. He ordered Simon to take her her apparel, but no food. The bane of life he meant to deny her;—he meant to pinch her cruelly; while he pressed the key—the fatal key that held her in bondage—to his breast with a demonical grin. He meant to terrify her by holding up before her waning eyes, her own skeleton. Hitherto it was understood that Simon was in the confidence of his master, but when the former was sent to the turret with clothes for the prisoner, the latter whispered in his ear—offered him a hundred guineas if he would secure her freedom; Simon hastily hurried out to allay suspicion, and delivered the key to your grandfather at the Hall. Simon, who had a torrid desire for money, pondered thoughtfully over the hundred guineas; the subterranean passage flashed across his mind; and at the dead hour of night he raised the broken flag, and noiselessly groped his way to the turret. That night he conceived a plan for her

escape. The following night, Simon, stealthily followed by her, traversed the dark tunnel, and she was once more free. Theodolph Heathburn opened the iron door of the turret as usual the morning after her escape; he was astonished, chagrined, scoldingly mad, for his wrath was not yet spent. She had baffled him, though he knew not by what means. He was more determined, than ever; he searched the Hall, explored the mouldering chambers that were tenantless and useless; traversed the hedges and ditches, but in vain; one place only, he had missed—strangely, unconsciously missed—it was the barn. Partly in reverie, partly conscious, he wandered to it—on his near approach he heard a low murmuring sound; creeping quietly to the door he boldly burst it open, and the object of his search was there, lying on a mat on the floor, but suddenly started to her feet as the heavy door opened and her husband entered; evidently she had been weeping, for her eyes were still red and swollen. Instead of him rushing at her, as she expected, he stood, and calmly looked at her; there seemed to be the smile of a lunatic on his face; he stepped forward, and shook her by the hand; she could not look in his face, but hung her head as if in penitence. He spoke, promised to return and comfort her, then withdrew, a confirmed maniac. He re-entered, wearing a demon's visage—looked at her, Oh! what a look! she screamed, but naught, save the echo, answered—with a mad man's strength he rushed at her throat, and she was no more—he had smothered her.

Ten days afterwards a close cab, with iron bars instead of windows, bore Theodolph to the Preston Asylum for lunatics, where he shortly died. His wife was buried behind the barn, where the tall fir-trees now grow. The Beckford's lease ran out, and they migrated to Wales, where their connections lived. Two brothers, named Fenley, neighbors, kindly took charge of the boy at the boarding school, and duly installed him in Gratton Hall. That boy is your father. Now you know, Winfred, why the Squire forbids you to ask of this in the Hall. You also know why the barn is said to be haunted, and why the fir-trees are allowed to stand. The stone turret has long since been taken away, and the dark cavern beneath filled up. I am the oldest man in this neighborhood, and this is the only true account of what was once a reality, but now nothing more than an historical legend. Keep it, Winfred, in your breast and may you profit by the evil deeds of your ancestors.

As the old man finished his story, he drew a long breath, for the recital of it

had well nigh exhausted him. The boys whistling past the garden hedge, with the luncheons, on their way to the field, also disturbed them.

Winfred Heathburn is now an old man, a father, and a grandfather. Daddy Gibbs is buried in Raburn churchyard; and naught but the haunted barn remains to keep the matter fresh in the memories of the people.

COMMON MAXIMS IMPROVED.

WARR men but as wise for eternity as they are for time, and did they spiritually improve their natural principles for their souls as they do naturally for their bodies and estates, what precious Christians might men be! For instance, these are common maxims:

1. To believe good news well founded.—Why, then, is not the gospel believed, which is the best news, and best grounded news in the world!
2. To love what is lovely, and that most which is most lovely.—Why, then, is not Christ the beloved of men's souls, seeing he is altogether lovely!
3. To fear that which will hurt them.—Why, then, are not men afraid of sin, seeing nothing is so hurtful to them as sin!
4. Not to trust a known deceiver.—Why, then, do men trust Satan, the old serpent, the deceiver of the world—the world, and its deceitful riches!—their own hearts, which are deceitful above all things!
5. To lay up for old age.—Why, then, do not men lay up for eternity treasures of faith and good works, against the day of death and judgment!
6. He that will give most shall have most.—Why, then, do not men give their love and service to God! Doth not he bid most!

7. Take warning by other's harms.—Why do not men take heed of sinning, from the sufferings and torments which others undergo for sinning!

Ah! if men did but walk by their own rules, and improve by their own principles, what a help would it be to godliness! But, alas! God may complain of us, as of his people of old: "My people do not consider."—*Canaan's Flowings.*

OUR FIRST VOLUME.

We have a few bound copies still remaining on hand, which we dispose of for 25 cents.

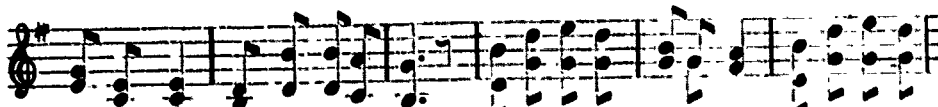
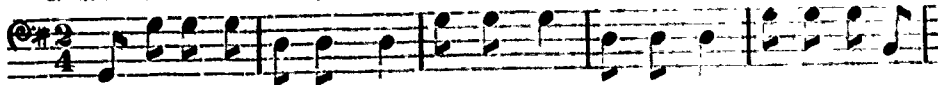
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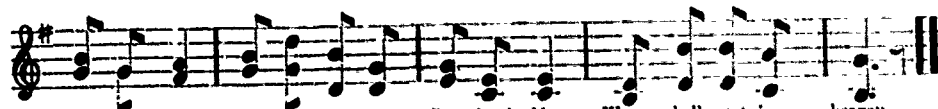
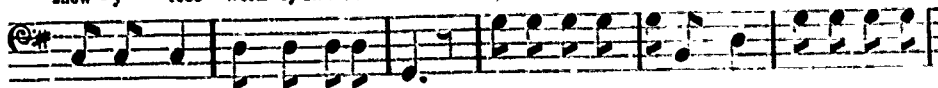
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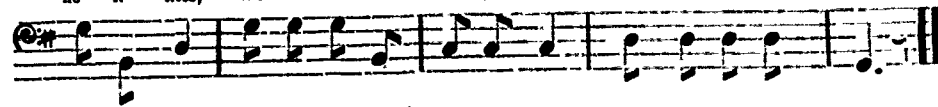
1. Shall we meet in heaven a - bove? Shall we meet, Shall we meet? Shall we meet in
2. Shall we wear the snow - y robe? Shall we wear, Shall we wear, Shall we wear the



heaven a - bove, Meet in heaven a - bove? Yes, if we are jus-ti - fied By the sa - cred
snow - y robe Worn by saints in heaven? Yes, if we will ou-ward press In the way of



crim - son tide Flow-ing from the Sa - viour's side, We shall meet in heaven.
ho - li - ness, We shall wear the snow - y dress Worn by saints in heaven.



3. Shall we strike the golden harp?
Shall we strike, shall we strike,
Shall we strike the golden harp
With the choir in heaven?
Yes, if from the heart we sing
Praises to our Saviour King,
We shall strike the tuneful string
With the choir in heaven.

4. Shall we wear the glorious crown?
Shall we wear, shall we wear,
Shall we wear the glorious crown
On a throne in heaven?
Yes, if we the conflict share,
Every cross with patience bear,
We that glorious crown shall wear
On a throne in heaven.

THE EARLY TAKEN.

I stood by the childless—
A desolate pair—
When, drest for the grave,
Lay the sinless and fair,
Who died like a lilly that roopson its
stem,
And torn were my heart-strings in sorrow
for them.
Out shone by the curls
That the slumberer wore,
Was the midsummer light
Streaming in at the door;
And clung to her lip a more delicate red
Than tinted the rose-wreath encircling her
head.

More drear than a desert
Where never is heard
The singing of waters,
Or carol of bird,
Are homes in this dark world of sorrow
and sin
Uncheered by the music of childhood with-
in.

And round one frail blossom
Your hopes were entwined—
One daughter of beauty
Affection made blind;
Before her ye saw a bright future outspread,
But dreamed not of dirge-note or shroud
for the dead.

Oh! blest is the spirit
Unstayed by the clod,
That mounts, in the morn,
Like a sky-lark to God:
A glittering host the new comer surround,
And welcome the harp-strings of Paradise
sound.

Ye stricken! oh think,
While your wailing is wild,
That above this dim orb,
It is "well with the child!"
And pray for re-union with her ye have
lost,
Where loves knows no heart-ache, the
blossom no frost.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

Poor foolish one, who vainly sit,
Still hatching eggs of sorrow;
Who see the fancies of to-day
Become great facts to-morrow;
Why mourn ye for this changing heart,
Or grieve for friendship's crosses?
The man who sets the wisest part,
Will laugh but at his losses.

Have been companions from you gone?
You're freer from temptation;
Has lady-bro to rival down?
A blessed dispensation.
More precious friends you yet shall find,
A counsel that is truer;
Pleasure awaits the cheerful mind,
Success the faithful wooer.

Then throw aside your robes of grief,
And let your life be jolly;
To every wrinkle give a reef,
To fools give melancholy.
Thank heaven for what it has bestowed;
Cease, cease this useless pining,
And take the independent road,
Where light is always shining.

THE DREAM OF THE QUAKERS.—There is a beautiful story of a pious old Quaker lady who was addicted to the use of tobacco. She indulged in this habit until it increased so much upon her that she not only smoked a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments fell asleep, and dreamed that she died, and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the Book of Life. He disappeared, but replied, upon returning, that he could not find it. "Oh," she said, "do look again, it must be there." He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face. "It is not there!" "Oh," she said, in agony, "it must be there, I have the assurance that it is there! Do look again." The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed,—"We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it." The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

Subscribers in the country will greatly oblige by renewing their subscriptions BEFORE the end of the present volume.

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The Weekly Visitor.
VOLUME III.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1861.

Our next number will complete the third volume of *The Weekly Visitor*, and we desire to thank our friends for the measure of support accorded to us in the last nine months. During this quarter alone over four hundred new subscribers have been added to our list, and we are steadily gaining ground. We now send our paper to over one hundred different post offices throughout the country, and when we take into account the feeble efforts we have made to extend our circulation in this direction, we cannot but feel thankful to those of our friends who have taken such an interest in the welfare of our little sheet. We have striven to produce such a paper as would be acceptable to all classes of temperance people, and the support we have received is the best guarantee that our efforts are appreciated. We shall strive in the coming quarter to maintain the standard of the *Visitor*, and, if possible, make it even more interesting; but to do this we require a still more extended circulation. Out of 1,500 copies which we issued weekly this quarter we have but ten complete sets not subscribed for. In order to enable us to strike off an edition of 2,000 next quarter, Agents and others would materially assist by forwarding their clubs and subscriptions

before the volume commences. One feature in our country subscription list which is worthy of remark is that of about six hundred subscribers only twenty-four are still owing for Vol. III. Friends, we ask you to get your neighbour to subscribe. The price is so small that even the poorest may have one to call their own, and not do as in one locality we are aware of, where one subscriber has lent his paper to nearly a dozen different persons in turn during the continuation of the story of *Ruth Morrison*, while these same borrower are better able to subscribe than the lender himself. This system of regular lending debars us from increasing our circulation, and fosters bad habits in those who are only too willing to get instruction and enjoyment for themselves at their neighbour's expense.

Our city supporters will please accept our thanks for their patronage heretofore, and when called upon to renew their subscription we hope not one will be found to make a retrograde movement.

A NIGHT ON THE WATER.

In our next we will publish a local story, written for *The Weekly Visitor*, entitled "A Night on the Water."

Do not forget the Solace of the Jesse Ketchum Lodge, in the Coldstream Hall to-night. Tickets, Gents, 3 cents; Ladies, 25 cents.

THE JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE.

This is a new monthly periodical in the interest of the Temperance cause, the second number of which is to be issued. It is published at fifty cents per annum, and is the organ of no particular organization. We hope to see it well supported by teetotalers, and we welcome its aid to the ranks of temperance as an able ally. We notice this journal for the benefit of all temperance men in the country, and hope that the proprietor will be encouraged by the hearty support which we hope he will get from them. The Editor must have been ignorant of the existence of the "Weekly Visitor" and "Good Templar" at the time of issuing his prospectus, else we are confident he would not have stated that at present there is no periodical published in Canada, whose pages are specially occupied with Temperance literature, and adapted by price and principle for general circulation; as we consider both these papers are as well filled with temperance literature as "The Journal." By this we show the necessity of temperance men speaking about and trying to

circulate those papers and periodicals which advocate their principles. Friends you now have three to choose from, and never let it be said while you are a teetotaler that you do not take a temperance paper. By sending your subscription you can have either of the following papers forwarded to your address:

"Weekly Visitor," Box 500, Toronto, C. W.—60 cents per annum.

"Good Templar," Woodstock, C. W.—\$1.00 per annum.

"Journal of Temperance," (monthly) Prescott, C. W.—50cts per annum.

VEREY'S PANORAMA.

The exhibition of this Panorama in the Temperance Hall, was brought to a close last night. We are glad to know that it will be exhibited in Yorkville next week. Due notice of the time and place will be given by hand bills. We advise the Yorkville folks to patronize it, and would repeat for their benefit what we stated in our last issue, that for young people this panorama possesses rare attractions, while for the aged, and more sedate, there is nothing but what is interesting. The scenes for young people (of which there are twenty-eight) are all of an instructive character, and will tend to leave impressions on their minds, which will not be easily effaced, and will be of infinite value to them through life. The illustrations of T. S. Arthur's Ten Nights in a Bar Room ought to be seen by every temperance person, and moderate drinker, residing where the panorama is exhibiting. The poor inebriate, also, should visit this exhibition and if he does not go away with a determination to forsake his evil ways, his heart must be hard indeed. To hear Mr. Verey explain these views, as they pass in succession, is worth half a dozen temperance lectures. The views of the Pilgrim's Progress are really splendid, and should be seen by every one who has read the book. Twenty-eight other instructive views make up the exhibition. Friends let not this work of art pass away without your viewing it, as by so doing you will miss one of the most pleasing instructive and beautiful entertainments you could attend.

NEVER GIVE UP LODGE, NO. 343, Was duly opened by Provincial Deputy, Bro. C. McCartney, at Greenville, in the County of North Wentworth, and the following officers duly installed for the remainder of the present term. W C T—J H. Smith; W V T—R. McFedres; W C—Chas. Smith; W S—Miss M. Macartney;

W T—Miss A. J. Macartney; W F S—J. Webster; W M—J. McIlroy; W I G—John McIlroy; W O G—Jas. Thompson; W R H S—Mary Robinson; W L H S—Mrs. C. McIlroy.



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WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN
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Take this opportunity of informing their friends and a discerning public, that they continue the Trade of making DRUNKARDS, BANKRUPTS, BEGGARS, and MANIACS, on the most reasonable Terms, and on the shortest Notice.

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Death & Co. beg to assure the Public that the article in which they deal is the best and most pleasant poison in the world, and has never been known to fail in any instance where the individual has persevered in the use of it for the limited time which D. & Co. prescribe.

In order to do business in a respectable style, the advertisers have obtained a License from the Magistrate, under whose benevolent auspices they have increased facilities for bringing the wives and families of their Customers to misery, and to wouud, maim, and beggar, and drive to delirium and death, as many as the public good requires; and, in particular, Death & Co. will spare no pains to secure the eternal damnation of as many as favor them with their countenance and support. To accomplish those desirable ends, it is only necessary for the individual to take half a glass occasionally, till he feels that quantity insufficient to satisfy the craving appetite which it will soon create; and when once this whi-ky appetite which is formed, the results at which Death & Co. aim are secured, as the person then is prepared to brave temporal and eternal misery for the sake of "another glass."

For the accomodation of their numerous

Customers, and for the despatch of their increasing business, Death & Co. have appointed a sufficient number of active Agents, who are stationed at convenient distances in the Streets of Cities, along the highways and Cross-roads, and in the Villages and country Places. Death & Co's Agents may be known by the Red-curtained window, and having the patent mark over their doors "Licensed to Sell Wines and other Spirituous Liquors," and may be found ready for business at all hours, by day or night, Sunday not excepted.

Satisfactory Reference can be given to the Bridesells, Lunatic Asylums, the Gaols, the Gallows, or the Drunkard's Fire-side.

Death & Co. beg to caution all Tipplers, Dram-Drinkers, and Drunkards from taking heed to whatsoever Parsons, Medical Men, and all Advocates of Temperance Societies may say against Spirit-drinking, as those gentlemen are avowed enemies to this Respectable soul-and-body destroying Business.

Valley of Death, June, 1861.

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This grand series of Panoramic Paintings was exhibited last Concert Hall, Philadelphia, for seven successive weeks, during which time it was visited by all classes of persons—Visitors, Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, Manufacturers, Artists, and received from every one the most unqualified approval. The last week it was exhibited to more than 4 000 people.

JOSEPH VEREY,
Manager and Proprietor

THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

In a small town at the top of one of the houses in a poor court in London sat a little girl about ten years old. It was summer-time, and the sun was shining bright without; but within the room little comfort was to be seen. The walls and ceiling were black with dirt and smoke, little light could come through the dingy window-pains, and for furniture there was nothing but a table and two broken chairs, and a heap or two of straw in the corners of the room to sleep on.

The little girl was pale and thin. No rosy cheeks were there, such as one looks to see at her age. Her face looked too old for her body, and seemed grave and sad beyond her years. She was at work with her needle. But she did not get on fast; for at every sound on the stairs the little fingers would stop, and she would sit with an anxious face as if watching who would come. It was plain that she was expecting some one, and some one of whom she was afraid. Fear was written on those wan little features, and every step on the stairs made it more plain to read.

Who was coming? Her father, her own father, her only parent, for her mother was dead long ago. She had no brothers or sisters,—that poor lone little girl; she lived all alone with her father, and he was—do you guess what he was?—a drunkard. He was not unkind to her when he was sober, for he had a sort of love for his little motherless child; but when he was in drink—as he was more often than not—then she had a hard time of it. Oh! how happy she was when, once now and then he would home quite sober. Then she had no fear. She would sit on his knee and prattle freely to him, and then bustle about getting his supper ready, and the little pale face would brighten up and look quite cheerful. And then the father's heart would be softened, and he would speak kindly to his little girl, and would seem even to be pleased with an evening spent so. Alas! such evenings came but seldom. She knew by his step as he came upstairs whether he was sober or not, and every tread made her tremble, as he came slowly and heavily up.

Thus passed the time of this poor little girl. She never went far from the court where they lived. Most of her days were spent in that one room. Such was her daily life. And her chief feeling was *year*—*fear of her father*. Not that she did not love him. She did love him dearly. But, when he came home as he mostly did, she could do nothing but fear. How

in escape him, and how not to provoke him, was all her thought then. Poor little girl!

One summer's evening another little girl, of about the same age as the first, stood leaning over the gate of a cottage garden. She was a bright and happy looking child; and now there was plainly something that made her more happy than usual. She looked first up the lane and then down it, then went outside the gate for a few steps and back again, then leant and looked again. At last she cried out, in a joyful tone, "There he is! there he is!" and ran down the lane as fast as her legs would carry her. And now see her coming back. She is clinging to the arm of a labouring man, who looks almost as happy as she does. He has had a hard day's work, but the sight of his little girl has freshened him up, for it is her father. You would think by her joy that such a thing had never happened before; but it does happen almost every day. Every day, as soon as the little girl has come from school, she takes her stand at the gate to watch for "Father;" every day, at about the same time, "Father" comes home from work; and every day there is the same happy meeting. For he is a good father, and loves his little girl; and she loves him. He is no drunkard. Home is the place for him, when work is done—not the public house. And a happy home it is. There is no fear there; but love, and peace, and comfort. The best peace of all is there—the peace of GOD. For the father is a God-fearing man, a true Christian; and he has taught his child to love Jesus, and does his best every day to lead her on in the right way. And so they live. Happy father! Happy child! Happy home!

Fathers, see what you can do for evil or for good. See how happy you can make others, or how miserable. See how it rests in vainly with you, under God, whether your own little ones should love you or fear you; whether your presence should be a joyful thing or a dreadful thing to them. O drink, drink! How many homes hast thou made wretched! How many hearts hast thou broken! How many souls hast thou ruined! Fathers, beware of drink. Seek your pleasures and comforts in your homes, not at the beer-shop. Consider how much you have to answer for as fathers; how much the welfare of those nearest to you depends on you. It was not the poor, dark London room that made the one little girl so sad. It was not the cheerful country home that made the other so happy. It was the father that made the chief difference. A good father would

have brightened up that dark room, and made the tread on the stairs a loved and happy sound. A drinking father might have turned that cheerful cottage into a home of misery and fear. God might have been known and loved and worshipped in the poor dark room quite as well as in the cottage home. Yes! The difference to those two little girls was not in the place, but in the father. The one child had an ungodly, drinking father, and led a life of sadness and fear; the other was blest with a sober father, who loved God, and she was cheerful and happy. O fathers, think of this.

SENSIBLE MAXIMS

- Never speak of your father as the old man.
- Never reply to the epithet of a drunkard, a fool, or a fellow.
- Never speak contemptuously of woman-kind.
- Never abuse one who was once your bosom friend, however bitter now.

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TO
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The **TORONTO**



EVENING JOURNAL.

A Daily Newspaper,

Devoted to Canadian Literature, News, Politics, and Commerce.

THE undersigned feels grateful to the kind friends who have continued to patronize his paper since it started in 1861, and is now pleased in being able to state that the efforts he has put forth during the past four years to establish a third DAILY PAPER in Toronto has been crowned with success.

In future the *Evening Journal* will—as it has done in the past—discuss in an impartial manner the various questions that arise. It is intended, in addition to its business adaptation, to give a literary character that will make it a welcome visitor in the family as well as the business circle. The mixed business and political character of the city press has almost banished it from the fireside. This being, therefore, an almost unadapated fone, and the *Journal* has already, to a considerable extent, succeeded in an occupation of it. It is necessary that the proprietor have the hearty and earnest co-operation of his fellow-citizens. The patronage of the Press is rightly regarded everywhere as the true index of the enterprise, intelligence and business of every community where newspapers are established. It is the part of true wisdom for a city to encourage all such enterprises as are calculated to sustain a finance or promote its welfare, its commerce, its intelligence, or its honour. Let no man think that by letting the public take care of itself he is not neglecting his own interests and his highest duty. The sacrifice on the part of friends and the public at large will not be great in order to triumphantly sustain the *Evening Journal*. Its course will continue to be independent in everything; but it will not pledge itself to neutrality in anything. It is its province and duty of an independent journal fearlessly and boldly to denounce the RIGHT AND REBUKE THE WRONG at all times. The equality of men with men, in regard to his rights and privileges will be maintained,—and the leaving of all offices of trust open to all, will be advocated,—by the *Evening Journal*. This Province, owing its settlement and prosperity to members of various Christian denominations, and all those yielding their hearty support to the Crown, the equality of their claims to all the immunities of the State is undeniable. The full development of the resources of Canada, by urging forward useful, internal improvements, and removing every hindrance to the extension of her commerce will be sedulously aimed at.

The system and way in which the *Evening Journal* has been circulated, together with the great advantages afforded to the business community by means of the Special Editions that have frequently been issued, have obtained for the paper

a reputation as being an excellent advertising medium.

The fourth Volume of the *Evening Journal* has just appeared, and no estimate has been spared or time lost in providing ways and means to place the paper in the position that the Proprietor has been anxious to have it occupy.

TERMS:—In order to promote the interests of advertisers, and to afford a large daily paper to the labouring classes, the Proprietor has reduced the price of the *Evening Journal* to ONE CENT per copy—Six Cents a week; or Four Dollars per annum mailed, or delivered by Carriers in any part of the City.

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A. H. ST. GERMAIN,

Editor and Proprietor.

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