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# Weekly



# Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

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## THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOUGHTON GRANGE."

### CHAPTER LIII.—Continued.

Thoughts more solemn and sad supervened. I thought where it said that covetousness is idolatry, and that the covetous cannot enter the kingdom of God and of heaven. I thought of this aged relative of mine going to the grave, but not as 'a shock of corn fully ripe,' but rather as a bundle of stubble fit for nothing but destruction. I thought of the Lord's emphatic question, 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' I thought of the apostle's fearful warning, 'Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten; your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.' I thought of all this till it was too painful for me. And then I turned my thoughts to the poor boy in my old garret at Whiskers' Rents: poor in this world—oh how poor!—but rich in faith, and an heir to the kingdom which God has prepared for those who love him; and as he lay dying, resting on a Saviour's promises, and trusting in a Saviour's love; and then I thought of the words of another apostle, 'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, and as to visitors, I was the first she had ever worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal

weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.'

### CHAPTER LIV.

#### MY COUSIN POLLY—AND MY GRANDFATHER'S CROTCHET.

I HAVE said that I was a week in my grandfather's neighbourhood. I might have said, under his roof and his guest; for on the second day, when I returned from Fairtown, my cousin insisted on my remaining at the farm, and my grandfather acquiesced. If any inducement was needed, it was supplied by my cousin, who promised me that I should sleep in my mother's—'poor aunt Nelly's'—own little room. I loved my cousin with a brotherly sort of love from this time, and could have embraced her with gratitude for the proffered indulgence.

Not that I should not have slept better and sounder in any room than that. It was not only the same room, but it had the same paper on the walls—coarse, blotchy, damp, discoloured, and tattered now, on the scarcely discernible pattern of which, while I lay sleepless in bed in the early morning I could dimly trace fantastic figures of old men's heads, on which my mother's eyes had once been fixed. The bedstead, too, old-fashioned, lumbering, worm-eaten; and the scanty furniture of the room, which had never been meddled with or changed—so my cousin told me—since my mother last slept in it, nor had the room been used. Why should it have been? There were more rooms in the large old farmhouse than were needed by its usual inmates, said my cousin.

I occupied the room, then, night after night; but thoughts of my mother kept me awake.

My cousin was an enigma to me. Coarse and rough by habit, constant associations, and daily occupations, she had yet a delicacy of perception that might have shamed and put to the blush many I have since known with high pretensions to good breeding and politeness. Ignorant of feminine accomplishments, and of all but the least and lowest acquirements of education (meaning by education, school learning), she had good sense enough to compensate for much of this deficiency. Brought up in a school of avarice, and herself exacting and sharp, there was room for generous feelings in her bosom. Even her daily exposure to unfeminine toil had not destroyed her natural comeliness—it seemed but to have ripened and enriched it; and I may add that, coarse and strange and inappropriate as her costume was, there was a certain grace with which it was worn, which destroyed, or at least qualified, its grotesque effect. Perhaps I am prejudiced, however, in these remembrances, for after being at first puzzled by my cousin's countenance and the interest I felt stealing over me, I suddenly discovered how like she was—and yet how unlike!—to my mother's portrait—to my mother herself, I have no doubt, before cruelty and sorrow had marred her loveliness.

Day after day I sat with my aged and helpless relative, listening to his complaints of neglect and tyranny, varied occasionally, however, with praises of Polly Randell's good management and industry, and to his regretful reminiscences of days gone by when he would not have turned his back on any man at a day's work—not he.' I induced him, too, though he was

reluctant, to speak of my mother; and drew from him—still reluctantly—a few expressions of regret that he had dealt harshly towards her, and for her after sorrows and early death. But he would make it up to me, he would, so he said.

He had very little curiosity to know my history; and I felt so sure that it would have so little interest to him, and so little excite his sympathy, that I was almost silent regarding the events of my life. I was, I hope and believe, more anxious to arouse his anxieties and concern respecting the awful eternity on the brink of which he was evidently tottering; but he listened first with stolid indifference, and then with undisguised impatience to my words. He didn't know—he reckoned 'twas all right—he had been a good sort of man, he believed—he hadn't wronged anybody—had always paid his dues, always—gone to church sometimes, when he was able. Oh! he was all right, so I needn't bother. From this it seemed impossible to move him.

Day by day, too, I went, at my cousin's invitation, out into the fields where she was at work. She was not only kind but cordial. She knew why our grandfather had sought me out, she said; and she was glad he had found me. If he left me half what he was worth, she shouldn't mind that, for it was no more than my right; I was as near of kin to him as she was, and he owed me something for being so hard to 'poor aunt Nelly.' Yes, she was glad, she repeated, again and again, that she had got a cousin. I was so unked to feel all alone in the world; and since her own mother died, she had felt all alone: her father did not care for her now, he had another wife and a young family growing up. This—put in different words—was the substance of my cousin's communications.

Several days passed away, and it was not only desirable but necessary for me to return to business. I said so; and it was easy to perceive that the intimation was not unwelcome to my grandfather, who, I have no doubt, began to consider that feeding an idle mouth was the reverse of profitable. 'Ah! business mustn't be neglected, eh? Nelly's boy,' said he, 'keep thy business, and thy business 'll keep thee, eh?'—and then he fell into one of his dozing fits.

Let me say here, that after the surprise of my arrival, and his recognition of me as 'Nelly's boy,' he had shown no more emotion regarding me; and though he had more than once hinted that he had something of importance to com-

municate, he had not yet approached the subject, whatever it might be. Now, however, it broke out.

It was two or three hours after noon. Through the morning I had been, as usual, with my cousin on the farm, helping her after a fashion, if I remember rightly, in some agricultural labour till I was tired. Then I had left her to finish her day's work, while I strolled home on the plea of spending an hour or two with my grandfather. So much for explanation,

'Nelly's boy,' broke out Mr. M——, suddenly rousing himself from his torpor—'Polly Randell be a rare 'un, bean't she?'

I could truly answer this question in the affirmative; and I did so.

'A rare 'un, a rare 'un,' repeated my grandfather, approvingly. 'Nelly's boy, you shall marry her.'

Marry her! Polly Randell! my cousin! My wildest guesses would not have hit upon this solution of my grandfather's crotchet, at which the Fairtown attorney had hinted. I nearly laughed aloud; but I did not. I merely said, Impossible!—of course my grandfather was joking.

Joking! no; why should he joke? I was to be Polly Randell's husband, and she my wife: it was perfectly settled, in his mind.

'But, grandfather, this cannot be,' said I

Not be, when he had settled it? the old propensity to the exercise of arbitrary tyranny breaking out afresh, as it was ever breaking out—helpless as he was—and provoking rebellion, personal neglect, and personal tyranny, as its natural result. Not be, when he had said it? I was not married already, was I? He had put that question to me, in a light indifferent sort of way, I then remembered, in our first interview.

'No, not married, certainly, grandfather; but certainly engaged to be married as soon as a propitious time comes.'

'You must break off that match, Nelly's boy,' said he.

'Sir! my dear grandfather!'

'Break it off, break it off,' he repeated hastily.

'I cannot do that,' said I, sternly, if I spoke as I felt.

Why couldn't I? Was the girl I wanted to marry better than Polly Randell?

I was not entitled, and it would be very impertinent in me, to draw comparisons. I had

too much respect for my cousin, I said, to permit myself to do so.

Well, was she richer? was she as rich as Polly Randell was likely to be some day?

'I judge not, sir, but what then?'

'What then, Nelly's boy? what then?' The question seemed so ludicrous that the aged man laughed derisively as he repeated it.

There was a short silence, and I hoped the discussion would drop, but it did not.

'Nelly's boy,' said he, trembling with excitement, 'I've worked and worked and stur' and stur'; I've got together farm and stock and crop, and there's money in the bank—money, money; and I bean't going to have it parted when I be dead. There's Polly Randell has been athrowing herself away on a furriner, or wants to (here was the secret, then, of my grandfather's anxiety to find 'Nelly's boy'), and here's you athrowing yourself away on a furriner, and it isn't going to be;' and he struck the table fiercely with his clenched fist, reminding me of the day when I had shrunk with affright from that hand, armed as it then was with a heavy whip. But I was a boy then, a man now, and he—well, well. He paused when he had struck the table, and looked at me threateningly.

'And you can be so unnatural, then, and so unwise, as to risk the happiness of your granddaughter, to say nothing of the wealth of which you boast, as to seek to wed her with one of whom you know so little as you know of me, and against her will, in the miserable expectation of the property remaining unbroken in the hands of your descendants? For shame—think better of it.'

'I say it isn't going to be,' resumed my grandfather, following the current of his own thoughts, and giving no heed to my remonstrances; 'and the first of you two that crosses me doesn't have stick nor stone, nor hoof, nor clod, nor farthing.'

'That first will I be, then,' I said. 'I did not come here to rob my cousin of the just reward of her faithful services; and I rejoice—not that I have offended you, grandfather; but—'

He did not give me time to complete the sentence I had begun. Passion gained the mastery:—he foamed at the mouth—bade me begone—strove to rise, and then sank back in his chair exhausted.

I bade farewell to my cousin that evening. I would willingly have kept from her the cause of

my hasty retreat; but she guessed it, and challenged me in her frank, straightforward way: 'Grand'ther has been trying to make a match between us, hasn't he cousin?'

'Well—something of the sort,' said I.

'And you told him you wouldn't, didn't you?'

'You guess, correctly: yes.'

'You should have left that to me, cousin; for though I like you, I wouldn't have had you.'

'And I like you, my dear cousin; but I couldn't have had you. Good bye.' And I strode on to Fairtown. In a few days I was again in Yorkshire.

#### CHAPTER LV.

#### I AM IN IRELAND, AND AM CAUGHT IN A MOUNTAIN STORM.

NOT long after my return from the strangely terminated visit to my grandfather, business engagements took me to the North of Ireland. I have no intention of inflicting on my indulgent readers a lengthened history of travels in that country: it is sufficient to say that my employer's affairs called me to some of its larger towns lying at wide distances apart; and that I adopted the usual mode of travel—almost the only mode then practicable in many parts of Ireland—that of riding on horseback. To this end I had purchased a strong, servicable roadster in Dublin, intending to dispose of it again when the need for it had ceased.

I had been several days at a large town which I shall only designate by its initial letter, C—; and it was on the afternoon of a gloomy, sultry, autumn day that I finally left my comfortable quarters there, to hurry on to another town, some twenty miles distant.

'You had better wait till to-morrow morning,' said my good-natured landlord, as I was about to put foot in stirrup. 'We shall have a storm before many hours are over; and the roads are unco'bad and hilly, you know.'

Yes, I knew, for I had travelled the same roads before, but I had confidence in my horse, and some reliance on my own judgment of the weather. Allowing for the badness of the roads, I expected to arrive at my destination before dusk, and also before the approaching storm should burst. I had a reason, too, for wishing to make what speed I could; I had received intelligence that a correspondent of our house had committed an act of bankruptcy, and that my presence was needed on the spot to investigate

his affairs. I thanked my considerate landlord, therefore, for his caution, followed my own plans.

'Aweel, aweel!' said he—he was a Scotchman—'a wilfu' man maun ha' his way;' in another minute, I was trotting through the streets of C—, and in half an hour I was fairly committed to my journey. The road I had to traverse was not simply hilly, it was mountainous; bad in summer, and in winter almost impassable. It was a little frequented road, rough, rugged, and grass-grown; and besides, it was extremely complicated, for it was crossed and recrossed by other mountain tracts, or boreens, which in the absence of direction posts, rendered the choice of the right tract exceedingly hazardous. Pretty confident, however, in my general knowledge of the route, I pressed onward.

The appearance of the mountains to be crossed, though gloomy and forlorn, was not uninteresting; they were almost covered with heath, and occasionally opened to the sight wild and extensive scenery, such as poets would love to look upon, and long for power to describe. I was not a poet, however; and my great concern, on that occasion, was to perform the journey as expeditiously as possible; for signs of the storm, which I had persuaded myself was at a sufficiently safe distance in point of time, began rapidly and swiftly to accumulate. Great masses of black clouds, rising in the western horizon, and thickening as they rose, darkened the atmosphere; and strong, fitful gusts of wind swept over the mountain heights and through the mountain passes, with an icy chilliness which quickened my desire for shelter.

Shelter, however, was not easily attainable. An extent of several miles, which I had already traversed, had presented only two or three mud-cabins, inhabited evidently by the lowest class of Irish peasantry; and, these passed, nothing was visible but the dark heath-covered and dreary hill-sides, for many other weary miles. It seemed almost as though I were on the verge, not only of civilization, but of habitable life, and that beyond could be nothing but desolateness.

I put spurs to my horse; but, weary of the interminable climbing, he resisted all my importunities to quicken his slow walk into a brisk trot—plunging forward, indeed, a few paces while the prick and smart of the spur remained, but instantly subsiding into the same slow pace as before. I alighted therefore, and led the way, partly because, by this plan, our progress was more hopeful, and partly also because the

change of exercise diffused a more equal warmth over my whole frame.

Meanwhile, the E'en wind became keener, and swept across the mountains in stronger gusts and eddies; and the clouds overhead descended, first in a thick mist, which hid every surrounding object, and next in a torrent of rain, which, in spite of a thick horseman's cloak, soon drenched me to the skin, while it ran down the clayey road with the impetuosity of a resistless current, threatening to change it perhaps into its original and proper character—that of the bed of a mountain stream. Presently, and while I was toiling on, leading my horse by the bridle, a flash of lightning, startlingly bright and vivid, illuminated for a moment the thick, murky gloom in which the mountain was shrouded; and was followed by a terrific peal of thunder. Dazzled by the flash and frightened by the concussion, the poor animal plunged furiously, and, turning sharply round, he galloped madly down the mountain side. I followed, with as much speed as I could muster, trusting that the affrighted beast would presently relax his pace; but I only succeeded in catching a parting glimpse of him as he turned out of the road we had so painfully climbed, and pursued his headlong career into the apparently untródden recesses of the mountains.

Had the loss of my poor horse been the principal one involved in this misfortune, I might perhaps have given up my pursuit for that time, and pressed onward on foot over the hills to the town I was desirous of reaching; but unhappily, as it seemed then, a small portmanteau, strapped behind the saddle, contained not only a considerable sum of money, but papers of importance to my employer, the loss of which would throw our business transactions into almost inextricable confusion. There was nothing, therefore, for me to do—while blaming myself for my imprudent hurry, which threatened to make good the old proverb of "more haste, less speed"—but to follow up the track of the fugitive horse, trusting that he would presently abate his speed, and give me the opportunity of regaining not only himself, but the treasures he had carried off.

How many weary miles I plunged over, amidst rain, wind, mist, and thunder storm, I cannot tell. I know only that my almost hopeless chase was continued until the gloom of coming night was added to the murky darkness of the tempest, and I sunk to the ground, panting and exhausted with my vain efforts. Until then I had managed to track my fugitive horse

by the freshly torn-up turf. Once or twice, indeed, I believe that I approached very near to him, as he halted in his flight and cropped the scanty herbage at his feet, but another lightning flash, or perhaps the sound of my footsteps, started him afresh, and I heard again his hoof-steps gradually dying away in the distance. Exhausted and dispirited, then, I sank on to the wet ground, bitterly conscious of my inability to recover, for that night at least, the faithless companion of my journey, and anxiously wishing to find some shelter from the storm, if only a shepherd's or herdsmen's shealing.

With the slenderest expectation of such a refuge, I presently resumed my dreary walk. It had by this time become so dark that I could scarcely discern the ground on which I trod, and was therefore in constant danger of stumbling over the large stones which encumbered the barren hill-side, or toppling down some precipitous descent. After many narrow escapes of this nature, to my inexpressible relief I came unexpectedly on a boreen or narrow horse road, leading, as it seemed downwards, into a gorge, between two rugged and elevated hilltops; and I determined to follow it wherever it might lead, trusting that some sign of human habitation would eventually reward my perseverance.

(Concluded next week.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- A. L., Wyoming—Paid up to Vol. 13.
- W. O. C., Columbus—Paid up to end of Vol. 13.
- M. McT., Clinton—Paid for eight for Vol. 13.



The Weekly Visitor.  
VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10, '66.

We have received a letter from the County Secretary of King's County

Lodge, New Brunswick, which will appear in our next issue.

NEWMARKET DIVISION S. OF T.

List of Officers of Newmarket Division S. of T., No. 105, for the Quarter commencing January 1, 1866 :

- W. E. Collins. . . . . W P
- R. J. Davison. . . . . W A
- W. H. Bowden, jr . . . . . R S
- E. D. Rogers. . . . . A R S
- John Cook. . . . . F S
- J. B. Caldwell. . . . . T
- Rev. Bro. Will, . . . . . Chap
- J. Swain. . . . . C
- G. Kellor. . . . . A C
- A. Hollingswood. . . . . I S
- G. Brooke. . . . . O S

OSHAWA DIVISION S. OF T.

The following officers of Oshawa Division were duly installed last Monday evening :

- A. P. Cameron. . . . . W P
- A. Hull, . . . . . W A
- Wm. Crowson. . . . . R S
- Geo. Stone, . . . . . A R S
- P. Thornton, . . . . . F S
- James Fewster, . . . . . T
- Rev. Mr. Knapp, . . . . . Chap
- A. Huggins, . . . . . C
- J. Smith, . . . . . A C
- W. Conant, . . . . . I S
- B. Rogers, jr. . . . . O S

BRITISH TEMPLARS

Will please take notice that the Grand Worthy Secretary, Jas. Robertson, Esq., having removed to Newmarket, all communications in future are to be addressed to that Post Office instead of Toronto as heretofore.

The Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting is held from 3 to 4 o'clock, in the Temperance Street Hall. Please attend.

The address of John Chapman, Secretary of the County Lodge of Northumberland, B. O. Good Templars, will until further notice be Colborne, instead of Brighton as heretofore. Parties having correspondence will please take notice.

CHARLESVILLE DIVISION, S. OF T.

The following officers of Charlesville Division, No. 247, S. of T., were duly installed for the present term, on Monday evening, the 8th inst., by Bro. J. R. Ault, D.G.W.P., assisted by Bro. Geo. Tracy as Grand Conductor :

- James Ault, . . . . . W P
- R. H. Brown, . . . . . W A
- Jno. Bennett, . . . . . R S
- Isaiah Mecker, . . . . . A R S
- Thomas Marshall, . . . . . F S
- John Hume, . . . . . T
- Geo. Richmire, . . . . . Chap
- Jeremiah Bryan, . . . . . C
- Wm. R. Ault, . . . . . A C
- Oren Baker, . . . . . I S
- Edgar Daseo, . . . . . O S

Lady Officers:

- Sister Loretta Gore, . . . . . Lady Conductor.
- " Jane Hume, . . . . . Loro.
- " Mary Hollister, . . . . . Purity.
- " Esther Gore, . . . . . Fidelity.

Aultsville, January 9, 1866.

Many professedly temperance men are opposed to Temperance Societies, assigning as a reason that they are a waste of time and money, while just as much good might be accomplished without the assistance of an organization. Such men are too miserable to live in a civilized country and should be transported to the Canabal Islands. We wonder how such persons spend their time! In making money, of course; which they hoard up miserably, and die leaving the world no better for their having lived in it. Such men are too miserly to become drunkards, or even moderate drinkers—without they can sponge a glass now and then from some good-hearted fellow, whose misfortune it is to waste his substance. Temperance Societies are a benefit; and the money and time spent in maintaining them are not wasted. Good has, and will result from temperance combinations. They throw a shield around the weak, they give the strong more strength, and exert a powerful influence for good on society. Besides no great moral or religious reform can be successfully carried on without proper organization and concentration of effort. And those who oppose Temper-

ance Societies on the ground that they are useless, might, with as much consistency, say that an army was unnecessary to protect a nation from invasion.

*Monitor.*

## Flower Basket.

### THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH.

We are in great danger of idolizing things which Christ does not care anything about, and despising things which are dear to him. Suppose you had a deacon to elect, and two candidates were brought before you, one of whom was not a self-seeker, was kind to the poor, was full of Christ's spirit, but was unknown to the community, and was living in a two-room house—a thing which is always fatal to a man's standing in society; and the other of whom owned a million of dollars—having been converted without suffering in his pocket—bired the best pew, and "reflected great honour on the church,"—and oh, what a good thing it is for a church to have members who reflect honour upon it! Ah, beware! that man is the strongest in the church who brings the most heaven into it. That is the best man whose heart has the strongest magnifying power, and through whom you can see most of God. *H. W. Beecher.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—*David.*

### AT THE DARKEST.

God loves to smile most upon his people when the world frowns most. When the world puts its iron chains upon their legs, then God puts his golden chain about their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands then God drops some of his honey, some of his goodness and sweetness into it. When the world is ready to stone them, then God gives them the white stone, and when the world is tearing their good names, then he gives them a new name, that none knows but he that has it, — a name that is better than that of sons and daughters.—*Brooks.*

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A fiery Protestant preacher, by the name of Don Ambrogio, is making no little sensation in Italy. He suffers imprisonment here and there

at the hands of the Romish authorities, but no sooner is he at liberty than he begins his work and draws after him great crowds of the people. He exhorts to the free study of the Bible, and the colporteurs, following in his track, make large sales.

### DR. WATTS.

From his personal appearance—judged by the portraits seen in his published works, and by the marble bust recently placed in the public park of his native place, Southampton—we infer that he had a strongly marked face and head. He was thin and angular, with a clear mental temperament, rather than stout and phlegmatic. His brain was large in proportion to his body, and his mind clear and vigorous. Dr. Hatfield, of New York, gives the following description:

The man was, physically, one of the most insignificant of men—scarcely more than five feet in height, frail and sickly, and in person by no means attractive. It is said by Toplady that Miss Singer, to whom he afterwards offered his hand, was, before she seen him, quite enamoured with him, by means of his writings and reputation; but all thoughts of anything, save a Platonic love, vanished on her introduction to him. It is also said that, being in company on a certain occasion, he overheard a gentleman asking, somewhat contemptuously, "What is that the great Dr. Watts?"—when, addressing himself to the inquirer, he replied to him, good-humouredly, by repeating a stanza from his ode on "False Greatness:"

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul:  
The mind's the standard of the man."

### THE HAPPY MAN.

The Happy Man was born in the City of Regeneration, in the Parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated in the School of Obedience, and now lives in the Province of Perseverance. Labouring with all diligence in the employment of Self-denial, notwithstanding he is the possessor of a princely estate in the country of Christian Contentment. In the sight of men he always appears in the plain Garment of Humility; but discerning spirits constantly behold him enveloped in a vesture of exquisite beauty, known to them as the robe of Christ's Righteousness. His daily walks extend from the valley of Self-Abasement to the mountain of Heavenly-Mindedness. For nourishment, he

has meat to eat that this world knows not of; being constantly refreshed and invigorated by the sincere milk of God's Word and spiritual prayer, while bountiful supplies of Angels' food, and of the water of eternal life are communicated to him without money and without price. Thus happy, thrice happy, is the man who has Gospel submission in his will—due order in his affection—sound peace in his conscience—sanctifying grace in his soul—real divinity in his heart—the Redeemer's yoke upon his neck—a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy, truly happy, is the life of such a man! To attain it, believe firmly—pray fervently—wait patiently—work abundantly—live woly—die daily—watching your hearts—guiding your senses—redeeming your time, and, in the love of Christ, longing for glory.

### BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After the first stanza, they listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea.

### GOD IN NATURE.

When Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Egypt and Syria, he was seated one night upon the deck of a vessel under the open canopy of the heavens, surrounded by his captains and generals. The conversation had taken a skeptical direction, and most of the party had combatted the doctrine of the divine existence. Napoleon sat silent and musing, apparently taking no interest in the discussion, when suddenly raising his hand, and pointing at the crystalline firmament, crowded with its mildly-shining planets and its keen glittering stars, he broke out in those startling tones that so often electrified a million men: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" The "eternal power and godhead" of the Creator are impressed by "the things that

are made," and these words of Napoleon to his atheistic captains silenced them. And the same impression is made the world over. Go to-day into the heart of Africa, or to the centre of New Holland; select the most imbruted pagan that can be found; take him out under a clear, starlit heaven, and ask him who made all that, and the idea of a Superior Being, superior to all his fetishes and idols, possessing eternal power and godhead, immediately emerges in his consciousness. The instant the missionary takes this lustful idolater away from the circle of idols, and brings him face to face with the heavens and the earth, as Napoleon brought his captains, the constitutional idea dawns again, and the pagan trembles before the unseen power.

—Prof. Shedd.

#### ORIGIN OF HAND SHAKING.

The Romans had a goddess whose name was Fides or Fidelity—a goddess of "faith and honesty," to whom Numa was the first to pay divine honours. Her only dress was a white veil, expressive of frankness, candor and modesty; and her symbol was two right hands joined; or sometimes two female figures holding each other by the right hands, whence in all agreements by the Greeks and Romans it was usual for the parties to take each other by the right hand, as a token of their intention to adhere to the compact; and this custom is in more general use even among ourselves, at the present day, than would at first thought be realized.

#### NEW TRIAL OF CHRISTIANITY.

Let us not disguise the gravity of this new trial of Christianity. In some respects it is the most serious crisis that our faith has ever known. To intelligent and especially to studious Christians, it is, perhaps, the most perilous ordeal that ever tried the personal faith of the church. Christianity has never been without some great form of trial, persecution and martyrdom in its primitive ages; terrible distortions of opinion, mysticism, priestly supremacy and oppression, during its mediæval history; contentions and the shaking of the nations at the outbreak of the Reformation; but in none of these trials was personal faith in essential Christianity seriously disturbed, in none of them were its historical facts or dogmatic truths formally assailed; through all of them men believed with the confidence of children.

To-day our most advanced intelligence is appealed to by unbelief, and the appeal is made

with amenity and compliment, made, if we may so say, by Christianized skepticism. Persecution and martyrdom imposed no such trial; they needed to confirm faith and produce Christian saintliness and heroism. The trial of our age is insidious, enervating and disarming, snatching from us some of our own best weapons; while, felt generally, it can be mastered only by the few who have scientific competence to investigate its scientific logic. But the strongest security of Christianity is in the religious consciousness of its followers, and this may be as profound in the illiterate as in the cultivated. There is in this moral consciousness of an inestimable and a legitimate wisdom, a wonderful discernment, we might almost say, intuition. Schleiermacher founded upon it the reaction of German Rationalism, which has saved from utter infidelity the Protestantism of all Europe. The Methodist movement was founded by Wesley in the same great moral force. It is the basis of Guizot's high argument. The devout soul feels the legitimacy, the truthfulness of its spiritual life; it knows that to be contrite for sin, to be 'meek and lowly in heart,' to be pure, and patient, and truthful, and charitable, to 'watch and pray,' to walk humbly, do justly, love mercy, and to keep itself 'unspotted from the world,' is assuredly right; and it finds, moreover, that in order to do so, it must live by 'faith in the Son of God.' Its spiritual life thus spontaneously leads into all essential truth, be it dogmatical or ethical. This is God's method of saving the world, and it is divinely wise.

Let then all good men who are troubled by the 'religious questions of the day,' find here their refuge; they cannot be fatally endangered here. Let them have 'perfect holiness in the fear of God,' for this is the highest significance of their religion, and with this will certainly co-exist all essential orthodoxy, and from it will assuredly come a safe death and eternal life. And let all skeptics know that they can never shake away this religious consciousness, this foundation of the moral world.—Dr. Stevens in *Methodist Quarterly Review*.

#### BOOKSELLERS AND AUTHORS.

The following anecdote is related of the late distinguished writer, Balzac: A bookseller who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise resolved to offer him 3,000 francs for a novel, but on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would

offer him but 2,000 francs. On arriving at the house he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh! in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1,500 francs." But when he entered a poorly-furnished room, and saw a young man steeping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300 francs, and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterwards considered a *chef d'œuvre*—*the Derniere Fee*.

#### THE UNION OF THE B. AND B. O. GOOD TEMPLARS.

Mr. MacNab's circular to the Primary Lodges in Nova Scotia has, we are glad to see, been answered by J. N. Freeman, Esq., G. W. O. of the B. Order in that Province, at the request of many of the members of both the B. and B. American Orders. His views of the matter and our own are similar, and for the benefit of both parties we give the following extracts:

"I have no hesitancy in saying that the circular is, mainly, false in its statements—malicious in its design, and altogether deceptive as to the question at issue between the 'British' and 'British American' Templars. I have received letters from Canada which fully bear me out in this statement. The Rev. James Scott, Supreme G. S., who is a member of the G. L. of the 'American' Order in Canada West, and met our Nova Scotia delegate in that Lodge, describes the defeat of the Gillean Executive as complete. He also represents the appointment of two Representatives by that Lodge (himself one) to meet two Representatives from each of the other G. Lodges, on the day previous to the meeting of the Supreme in St. John, N. B., to unite all the Grand Lodges under one Executive head, (not to form a head) as a great success for the Supreme; and anticipates an early and complete adjustment of all differences."

"A very superficial examination of the circular will reveal the object for which it was written. Who will believe that Mr. McNab did not know the object of the meeting of the second Grand Lodge in Stratford, and yet he says he did 'not know for what purpose it was held.' And who cannot see that the 'two thirds' of the Representatives which he says knew nothing about the contumacious conduct of the Gillean Executive, and it appears by him could not learn anything of it, are not as likely



to espouse the cause of the Supreme, as of the Seceders, when they understand the merits of the question. According to our delegate they were with him by chance, and not from choice; and yet he asks you to receive it as a foregone conclusion, that they will follow him in his erratic course because they did not condemn the Executive Committee by refusing to receive their report. They did, however, condemn the Committee as soon as they obtained a little insight into the state of affairs, and dismissed every one of them from office. Thus to a great extent the whole circular supplies its own refutation."

"The friends of the Supreme Grand Chief will pardon me for not making any reference to the slander pointed at him. The lovers of 'peace and harmony' have on all occasions, since the Rev. Wm. Savage exposed their perfidy to the Primary Lodges, held up our Supreme Chief as guilty of some great crime, for faithfully performing the duties of the high office to which he was elected by the unanimous vote of his brethren of the Grand Lodge of Canada West; but they have by every effort to destroy the character of Mr. Savage, only raised him and lowered themselves in the esteem of all rightly informed and unprejudiced Good Templars: and I am confident this last effort will not be more successful than former ones. But Mr. MacNab says they have ceased to 'envy the position he now occupies.' Perhaps so! To cease their abuse of the man would be better evidence."

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

This dreadful malady is thus described by one who experienced its terrors: "If you can imagine all the powers of heaven, earth and hell arrayed against you at the same time, without one consoling thought to comfort you, or the most distant hope or prospect of relief, and that nothing remains to you but fear, trembling, self-condemnation, terror, and utter despair; if you can, by any stretch of imagination, bring this dreadful picture to your view, then you will have some faint idea of what is so appropriately called the Horrors!"

Thackeray says that "when a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He beats time when the darling little Fanny performs

her piece on the piano, and smiles when wicked little Bobby upsets the coffee on his shirt."

For the Weekly Visitor.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

I have found what the learned seemed so puzzled to tell,  
The true shape of the devil, and where is his cell,

Into serpents of old, crept the author of ill,  
But Satan works now as a Worm of the Still

Of all his migrations this last he likes best;  
How the arrogant reptile raises his crest;  
His head winding up from the tail of his plan,  
Till the Worm stands erect o'er the prostrated man.

Here he joys to transform by his magical skill,  
The sweet milk of the earth to the essence of hell;  
Fermenting our food, and corrupting our grain,  
To famish the stomach and madden the brain.

By his water of life what distraction and fear!  
By the gloom of its light what pale spectres appear!

A demon keep time on his fiddle finance,  
While his passions spring up in a horrible dance!

Then prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,  
A man's baser half, raised in room of his bust;  
Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,  
But how black with ennui, how benighted his day!

With drams it begins, and drams must it end,  
A dram in his country, his mistress his friend;  
Till the ossified heart hates itself at the last,  
And the dram nerves his heart for a death-doing blast.

Drink, O! drink deep, from this chrySTALLINE round,

Till the tortures of self-recollection are drowned;

Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone,—

Then sit down in the dirt like a queen on her throne.

No phrenzy for freedom to flash o'er the brain,  
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain;

A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich in thine eye,

And peace and good order shall reign in the sky!

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,  
To stain thy pure surface of beautiful green;  
For the serpent will never want poison to kill,  
While the fat of your fields feeds the Worm of the Still.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything? Not these "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and cartes de visite with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame, if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses and bouquets. No matter "what other girls do," don't you do it. School girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love, is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent, and, above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would be no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her own fair young daughters than she herself.—Fanny Fern.

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