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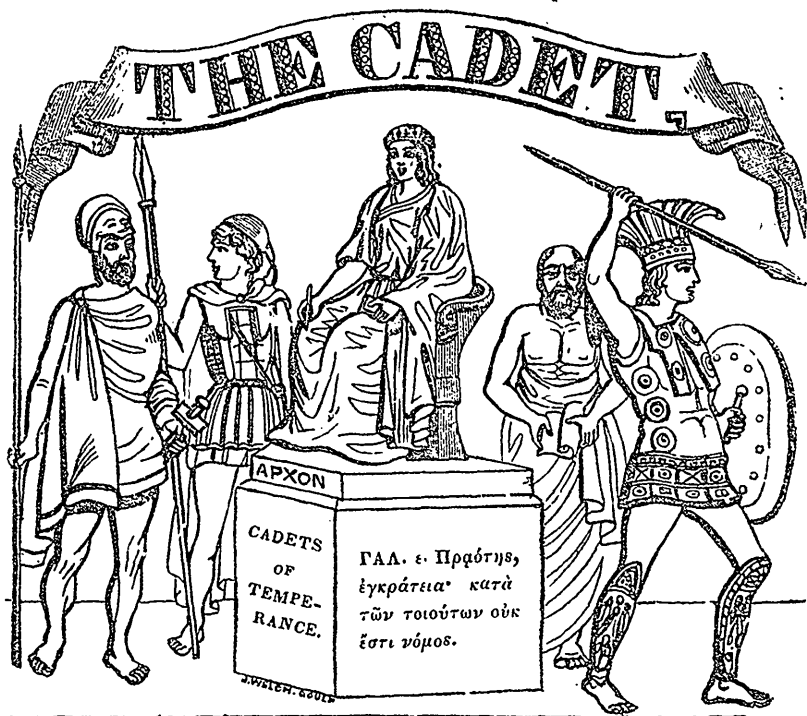
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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

'VIRTUE LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE.'

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, MAY 2, 1853.

2.

### Pictures.

BY PATIENCE PEPPER.

A drunkard! No half way for him. He takes it whenever, wherever, anyway anyhow, he can get it. He's out at the elbows, out at the knees—has a crownless hat, is minus the skirts to his apology for a coat. Is extremely puzzled which way leads homeward, and goes to sleep in the loving embrace of a runaway hog, after vain endeavour to blow out the moon!

Young men, look at him; tying there, every sense deadened, drowned, his last cent spent at the gambling table, his very soul steeped in rum! What has he done! how has he performed his task, he, the handiwork of God? Has he enlarged the temple, embellished the inner shrine, added beauty to the noble structure? What is he? A disgrace to society a curse to his father, the death of his gentle mother, a shame to his young brothers and young sisters. And there bends over him, a fair, faded being, she who left, not long years ago, her home, and went with him, entrusted to his keeping—a sacred deposit. How has he fulfilled the trust? The neighbours will tell you that more than one night, in the cold and wet, her light step has passed their dwelling; her fragile form has darkened the door of the low grog-shop, in search of her husband, and he went home with her because he could not bear that she should be a subject for their coarse jests and low ribaldry; loving her; for she clung to him, 'mid all his wretchedness, although, when un-

der the influence of liquor, his hand has struck her down. Look at him, and say an occasional glass does no harm. He began with an occasional glass, and ended with—death in the gutter!

## CHAPTER II.

Go back with me a few years; it matters not how many. See yon cottage, nestling mid lilac and rose! Enter. A widow and her only son are the sole occupants of the room. Hers a noble face, full of chastened sorrow, telling she has bowed more than once to the tempest. There is a quivering mournfulness in her sweet, low tones, and an expression of mildness and love in the blue eyes. He is young, with the health dye on his cheeks, and a fire in the dark, proud eyes. There is strength, and vigor, and great muscular power, showing forth in the large arms and broad chest. The brown hair shades a brow, noticeable for its fulness and height.

"Mother," he says, "dear mother, have no fear. I am strong. I only take a glass now and then."

She answered not, but tears fell upon the book she held. She well may weep for her boy, so young, so proud, so full of hope.

Walter Lansyn was hardly three and twenty when he took his seat at the bar. Gifted with a mighty intellect, a strong, retentive memory, he mastered every obstacle in his path. Old men listened and wondered as the words of burning eloquence fell from his lips. His path was up and on, until he stood first among senators. Then great men were proud to be his friends, and the fathers pointed him out to their sons, as one well worthy to be followed in his course. But the new candidate must go to dinners, and evening companies, got up expressly for him, and there the social glass was circulated, healths to be drank, pledges given, toasts redeemed.—Young Walter Lansyn tasted, and then, his course was downward.

The pale cheeks grew ruddy, the strong arm weak, the dark hair matted, the eyes blood-shot, the face bloated. Men turned away in loathing and little children fled from the drunkard!

Night after night his widowed mother knelt and prayed he might be saved.—She knelt night after night, and night after night. That prayer was drowned by the staggering steps and muttered curses of the fallen son.

Two years passed by. Once more enter the little room. There are stern men, and timid women grouped in the corner, and in another stands Walter Lansyn with iron bands on his wrists, and oaths on his purple, swollen lips. A little to the right lies the widow. Blood on her wrinkled brow—blood on the long, white hair, dying her dress and trickling slowly over her hands, across the floor.

Walter Lansyn is his mother's murderer!

They condemned him to die, and his last words were, "*Young men, little boys, beware of the wine glass!*"

Young men, strong in the strength and pride of your manhood, full of hope and confidence, with a will to do, a heart to dare, a resolve to bear and never bend; the path all untrod before you; the life flowers at your feet rich and glowing; health at your door; list to the cry, ringing all through our broad land, and echoing along the shores of England, "Away with Rum! Put forth your hands, with their iron sinews and strong muscles, hurl the demon from your path, free your country from such a curse."

Turn from the occasional glass. There may be young babes at your fireside, manly boys, or bright free maidens; a wife, whose smile has cheered you in the trial hours. A betrothed bride, perchance, turning to you in truthfulness. Has she no power to save you? Will you throw down her idol, wither her young life, blast her hopes, see the eyes, now full of love, grow dim with tears of anguish? Must she turn from you in loathing, scorning the name once dearer to her than life? Will you become a curse to your parents, a shame to your sister, an object of contempt to your brothers, merely to gratify an appetite at once debasing and placing you on a level with the brutes?

I see young hands, full of power, grasping the wine glass; bright eyes, undimmed by care, peering into the rich, sparkling liquor. There rings a light laugh, a careless jest, a confident "I know a glass never did me any harm. I don't like it now any better than I did years ago."

And the poison is drank. Ye laugh, because the future is never thought of. Ye will not own, that, when to-morrow comes, there is a thirst which water will not quench, nothing satisfy but wine. So you go on from one glass to twenty, until you stand, a mark for gibes and sneers. Your intellect lost, your health impaired, your bed the gutter, and little children learn from you the path of destruction.  
—*Boston Olive Branch.*



### The Caged Eagle.

There was a very large eagle that had been kept, in a cage for many years. The owner at length concluded to give him his liberty, and at the appointed time a large number of persons assembled to see him take his flight. The door of the cage was opened, and the noble bird stepped to the threshold, and after deliberately looking round on those who were standing there, he spread his wings, made two or three circles over their heads, and then darted directly towards the sun, and was soon lost sight of in the distance.

The time will soon come, my little readers, when each one of you will take your departure from the body in which your soul is caged; and perhaps some of your friends may then stand by to see you go, and bid you the last long farewell. O that God would grant that you, like the captive eagle, may, after a parting look at those you love, ascend heavenward in your flight, and stop not till you reach the throne of God. As you think of the holiness and happiness of heaven, may you have a heart to adopt this sweet language of the poet:

I'm fettered and chained up in clay;  
I struggle and pant to be free;  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see:  
I want to put on my attire,  
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;  
I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to his name;  
I want, Oh, I want to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,  
Your joy and your friendship to share,  
To wonder and worship with you."

### Little Lelia.

A STORY FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

(Concluded from our last.)

Still later, another picture presents itself. The invalid is extended motionless on the bed of death, looking with fixed eyes upward, while tears lie upon her sunken cheeks.—Over her bends the child, the inseparable child, reading with a sobbing accent from a book of religious consolation: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth;" "Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in God, believe also in me;" "In my father's house there are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you;" "Whoever believeth in me shall never die."

Little Lelia, alone in the world, was timidly conscious of her new and helpless lot, and was penetrated with unutterable sadness, but not with despondence. Her severe discipline of trial had taught her to trust in God, even extremity. During the last three years the family of her aunt, wherein she and her mother had found a home, had passed, by rapid transitions, to almost the frontier line of settlements on the Red River; but in these movements in the remote wilderness she had met with religious influence of a very humble, but important character, the history of which we cannot now detail. They had given new resources of

strength and comfort to her young spirit, and prepared her to minister to her dying mother the consolations of religion.

Months passed, and as each steamer from New Orleans stopped "to wood" at the village, the pallid, but still beautiful child was seen making her timid way through the throng to enquire of the captain for any news of her lost father. Her frequent applications had made the officers of the boats on the route familiar with her story, and the pathos of her young voice had won their rough hearts; they spoke to her with the tenderness of women. She had told them the name, and described to them the form of her parent, and several of these hardy, but generous men, touched by her beauty and her sorrows, had been at incredible pains to ascertain his fate—but in vain. They dreaded at last the hour of landing at the village, and the rough hand was seen to wipe away the unwonted tear as they beheld the little sorrow-stricken form approaching through the tumultuous crowd of boatmen, negroes and foreign immigrants. Her appealing look put the question. "No news of him, my dear," was the usual reply of the strong, but tremulous voice; and the dove-like child vanished with still another arrow in her breast.

More months pass, and she is still repeating the heart-breaking appeal. Clothed humbly, but neatly, her face wearing deeper traces of sadness, which, however, only enhance the peculiar, the mysterious character of her beauty, she is seen urging her way again to the captain, her eyes uttering more strongly than her lips the often repeated and almost hopeless question. She receives the usual answer, but uttered from those harsh lips with unusual tenderness. Fears start to her eyes, which look meekly, but O how sadly, to the ground; she clasps her hands and disappears like an apparition from amidst the crowd, but not unobserved. The rude hearts around instinctively sympathize with her manifest sorrow. "The Holy Virgin bless you; an' you be not long for this world!" exclaims the rough, but warm-hearted Irishwoman, as she passes from the wharf. The boat departs, but a group gathers around the officer, inquiring about the message of the child. Among them stands a brawny German emigrant, down whose bronzed cheek a tear is stealing, though he understands scarcely a word there spoken. The child's

appearance had spoken in a more intelligible language. Had its strange, mystical expression entered his soul, or, perchance, he too had known sorrow, and may have recalled the image of a beloved child sleeping beneath the sod in the "fatherland." The language of sorrow is a common dialect in this poor world. Alas, how many instinctive affinities have the broken hearts of our race, whatever may be their clime or their rudeness? "What is the meaning of this scene?" inquired an intelligent gentleman in the group. The captain responded, giving the name of the lost man. It was an uncommon name. "I know it," replied the passenger; "but it belongs to a poor, worthless fellow, in Galveston, Texas." As the steamer passed on her way, the conversation proceeded; the identity of the reported man and the father of the child appeared probable; the traveller was taken into the captain's office, and record made of his statements; and that night the generous officer dreamed of joyous hopes for the child—her little image, glowing with gladness and beauty, hovered incessantly amidst his thoughts.

One scene more in this life-drama. In an upper chamber of one of those shanties, which then were about the only houses in the new city of Galveston, lies a gigantic figure, unconscious, and burning with fever. By his bedside sits a physician, looking alternately and anxiously at his watch and at the patient. The crisis of the disease is at hand. Life or death hangs upon the hour. The time passes, but how slowly! The patient sleeps; the perspiration drips from his brow. He awakes; a strange expression as of one waking from the dead, comes over his features. He directs his languid looks around, and perceives at the foot of the bed something that startles him as with a mixture of terror and rapture. "What?" he exclaims, with his trembling hand above his eyes, "Who? Who is it? Am I delirious?" "Be calm," replied the physician, "you have just escaped a terrible peril; a slight agitation may yet destroy you."—"Lelia, my child! is it you?" The next moment the face of the sobbing child was buried in the bosom of the father. His feeble arms clung to her as if he still feared it was a vision, which might vanish and leave him again and forever desolate.

Befriended and conducted by generous strangers and unseen angels, she had pursued her way through hundreds of miles to rescue, if possible, her lost parent. More than a week had she waited at his sick bed without a look of recognition. But the ministry of the beautiful child was of God. It had succeeded—the lost man was not only found but rescued.

. . . . .

The restored father now lives in the town of —. His health regained, and his professional pursuits resumed, life has again become real and hopeful to him; but this old ambition is gone. Yet its duties have now a more secret import than mammon or fame can give. A calm, but not ungenial, melancholy impresses his soul and his features. At times an almost annihilating consciousness of his past degradation comes over him, and then, next to his appeal to God, is his appeal to the image of his child. In those desolate hours, her miniature lies upon the table before him, wet with his dropping tears.

. . . . .

Little Lelia still watches over him, but it is from the heaven to which she always belonged. The child sleeps in the sandy waste of the Galveston cemetery, but the angel is amidst the "excellent glory."

. . . . .

God be praised for little children! "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." How do their young ministries of gladness or affection bless our households and bind about our hardened hearts the tenderness of their better nature! How does the robust heart of the strong man melt under the touch of the tiny hand, and the loud mouthed world, with its clamorous temptations, stand rebuked into silence when the sweet young voice recalls us to virtue and to home! God be praised then for little children! What would this desolate world be without their blessed presence? Press thine to thy heart, manly father; thou knowest not how much of the virtue and self-respect that remains with thee is owing to the spell of protection which God's mercy has permitted their tender ministry to weave about thee. Fear not to love them too much. They err who moralize against the excess of such an affection. It can know no excess. The more thou lovest them, the more wilt thou be fitted to love the God who gave them to thee.

## The History of a Plant.

### CHAPTER IV.—HOW THE SEED BEGINS TO GROW.

You have heard what there is in the seed, and what makes it sprout; I am going to tell you in this chapter, *how it sprouts*, which is the beginning of the "history" I have promised you. Every plant has some place which it likes better than any other; some choose the side of the mountain, others the warm and sheltered valley; some the dry hill, others the wet meadow; and about this I shall speak before I finish my tale. So you must suppose now, that the seed has found its favourite place, and has just the kind and quantity of air and moisture, light and heat, that it wants, and that its husk or shell is bursting, whilst it soaks up the water round it:—What happens next? How is the "seed plant," which we saw so snugly wrapped up, and so well provided for; how is it changed into a *real plan*?

But first, perhaps, you wish to know how long it is, after the seed is planted, before the sprouting begins? That depends, first, upon whether it has enough of each of the four things I said in the last, were so necessary to it. Too much of any one of them, also, is as bad as not enough, in keeping it from beginning to grow. Most of those which are scattered in the autumn lie without thinking of putting forth root or bud till next spring. But when there is exactly what is wanted of those necessary things, then the sprouting happens sooner or later, according to the strength and toughness of the coverings of the seed. Some kinds begin to grow in a day or two; others wait as many weeks; and some are months or even years before they sprout. Farmers "steep" their grain before they sow it, that the husks being more easily burst, it may spring up the sooner; and the seeds of wall-fruit have not waited so long as usually they do, when their hard and thick shells have been softened before they were planted.

And this is the way in which the seed is turned into a plant. When the

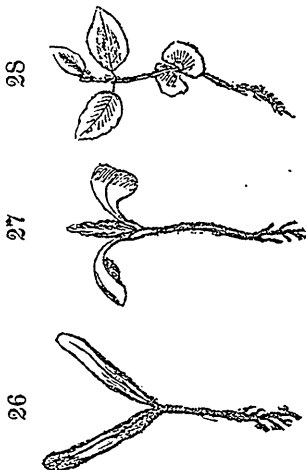
coverings are burst by the swelling of what is within them, that little "beak" (as I called it) is pushed out, and as soon as it has become long enough, it bends downwards, and in a short time, you see that there is a root going to grow out of it; and then the bud begins to show itself, looking upwards; or the two "seed-leaves" are drawn out of the husk, with the bud between them, and they become the first *real* leaves of the plant. By this time the root has appeared, and has forced its way into the soil, and the "larder" begins to look as if some of the "provisions" were gone; and the leaves spread themselves out broader, and the root strikes deeper, and takes firmer hold, and the "provisions" are soon finished; and the *seedling* plant is complete.

There are two different ways, then, in which the little "seed-plant" begins to grow, after the root has shown itself. One is this: the two "seed-leaves," as you can see in the drawings, from (11) to (19),\* which are short and thick, and most frequently white, when in the seed, and which had been growing till they took up almost all the room inside it, spread themselves out, and become green; and though they are almost always of a different shape from the proper leaves, they answer the same purpose, and it is sometimes a long while before they wither and fall. This is the way in which those seeds grow, in which the "little plant" has its "provisions" stored up separately; but some of those which have their "provisions" in their "seed-leaves" grow in the same manner.

There is one curious thing happens with seeds that grow so; they *come out of the ground* when they sprout. As soon as the root has taken hold of the soil, the young stem begins to stretch itself, before the "seed-leaves" have been able to throw off the husk; so this covering, with the leaves yet in it, is pushed up by the growing stem, as far out of the earth as it was buried in it.

If you have grown "mustard and cress," or kidney beans, for yourself, you must have noticed this.

In those drawings of the seeds, the "little plant" seemed to be *in*, but not *joined* to, the store of food laid up for it; and it is not very well known how the nursing uses up its provisions, but it is certain that it does use them. There are many things in "the history of a plant" which, like this, no one knows at present. I shall point them out as I come to them; because I wish you to see how, in the commonest and least of the works of God, there is much that we do not understand, although they have been looked at, and searched into, and thought about, by so many persons, and for so long a time; and also, because I hope to persuade some of you, young friends, to try to know all that can be known about these beautiful things which God hath made, and which he always feeds and clothes with so much care; and if I show you that there is something in them *to be found out*, I think you will be more willing to set about it in good earnest.



But here is a woodcut to help you to understand what I have been speaking of. These are "seedling" plants. That marked (26) is a kind of sycamore which comes from North America; it has a root and two "seed leaves,"

\* See pages 184 and 185, Vol I.

but the bud is not open yet. The next (27), as you could guess, is the common mustard, and the leaves are appearing between the "seed-leaves," as they do when it is getting too "old" to be nice to eat. In (28), which is a beech, the stem and several proper leaves have grown, and yet the "seed-eaves" remain. I must tell you that (26) and (28) are drawn very much smaller than they really are.

29

30



The second way in which the "seed-plant" begins to grow, you may see at (29), which represents a young oak-tree. The two "seed-leaves" of the acorn, you all know, fill up the whole of the shell, and are very thick and fleshy. When they swell and burst the shell, and the root has found its way into the soil, they do not spread out into curiously-shaped green leaves, but the little bud between them makes haste and puts forth, first one leaf, and then another, of its own; and the two "seed-leaves," which contain the first supply of food for the "seedling," keep their place until they have given it all the nourishment they can, and are shrivelled and brown, and quite dry; and at last they fall off. In the plant I made this drawing from, they had almost finished their work. It was, of course, very much larger than this drawing.

If you look at the woodcut marked (19), you will see the seed of a fir-tree cut open; and you cannot help noticing the short, thick "little plant" within. As soon as it sprouts, it becomes thin and long, like (30); and sometimes the husk will not fall off from the top of the "seed-leaves" till it is decayed, or the bud, growing out from

the middle of them, pushes it off. This plant sprouts in the first way mentioned.

Those plants whose seeds have but one "seed-leaf," begin to grow in the first manner; that is the "seed-leaf" becomes a real leaf, and the "seedling" is nursed by the supply of food amongst which it lies. The drawing marked (31) shows the sprouting of one of our marsh plants. The single "seed-leaf" is represented coming out of a slit in the side of the stem. The next (32) is a kernel of wheat beginning to grow. The one "seed-leaf" is lifting itself upwards; and beside the first root, which comes from the end of the seed, there are two smaller roots on each side.

It is very strange that if one, or even both, of the "leaves" of the "seed-plant" of a kidney-bean be cut off before it begins to grow, it will sprout when sown, although it has lost

31

32



its proper supply of food; but the plant is not strong; and the root or bud of other seeds has been cut off as soon as it came, and the "seed-plant" has put forth another, and gone on growing. You will find it very amusing and instructive to watch the sprouting of seeds for yourselves. You need not dig up those planted for the sake of their flowers to do this; but if you have a little garden of your own, you can put a few of different kinds into the earth for the purpose. And if you have not a garden, you may make mustard and cress grow on a piece of flannel laid in a saucer of water, and



see all that goes on, just as you could watch bees at work in a glass hive. Or you could make an acorn sprout and grow into an oak plant of some size, by tying a piece of thin string round it, and hanging it over some water in a bottle with an open neck.

When I told you about the provision made for the young plant whilst it was yet in the seed, I said that it showed us God's wisdom, and love, and might. And now we have seen the "seed-plant," as soon as it was waked to life, send out, first, a little white fibre, *downwards*, as if it knew where the things that the root could make use of were, and afterwards as delicate a little stem *upwards*, as if it knew that there the air and light, which its leaves would need, were. *And it is always so.* If you turn the acorn round in the loop of string, so that the root-fibre should be upwards, and the leaf-stem downwards, each will bend round and grow in its old direction. Is this because the seed, or its root or stem, can see, or because the plant knows what it is doing? No; it has only *life*: it knows nothing. It is God's doing. In ways too wonderful for us to think, He enables each little plant to do exactly what is necessary for its growth and thriving. And we may learn, by noticing them, that God is always near, and always ready to help and guide us to all that is good for us; for He watches over them, and we are "much better than they."

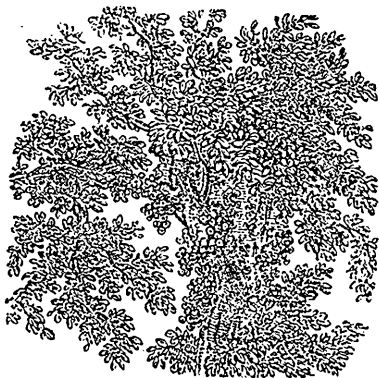
### My Little Sister.

By the sudden and afflictive death of a very dear mother, I had intrusted to my care a little sister, in the early days of her childhood, and along with her came the heaviest responsibility that I ever felt. The question arose in a serious positive form, how can I, that am so unlike a Christian, train this child for a union with our mother? how preserve this precious casket from the blight and mildew of the world? A feeling of utter helplessness came over me at this time. But I was not alone, my husband had always been both father and friend in religious matters, to him I could go for counsel and prayer; and there was yet another who had promised protection to the fatherless. To him, who is the true Source of light, and fountain of wisdom, I went, and prayed earnestly; however short I might come in other things, in this one respect I might do my whole duty, and maintain the two relations of sister and mother, so that neither would be robbed of its strength or beauty.

My charge proved to be a delicate child, thoughtful and serious beyond her years; and I have never seen the child and woman more happily blended. It was evident that the Lord was assisting our poor endeavors, through the gospel, the Sabbath School, and more than all, by his Spirit. We did not apprehend any danger in regard to her health, till she was attacked with a fever. Then how anxiously I watched and waited, lest the destroyer might come and remove my darling before I had an evidence that she had passed from death unto life, though she had been a praying child for some time. But the Lord is great in goodness: he was pleased to restore her to a partial degree of health.

About this time there was a revival commenced. O thank the Lord for revivals among children!—There were quite a large number of little lambs led to the fold of Christ, and among them was my dear sister. Then indeed was I happy. Ah, me, poor short-sighted creature, how could I know that she was only preparing to leave me; but so it was. She began to droop from that time. The languid step and fading cheek too well foretold that the fatal disease was slowly but surely doing its work.

At length the bed was substituted for the armchair, then long wearisome days and nights followed in succession till nature was exhausted. But so meekly and



quietly had all her sickness been borne that death could not disturb the quietude of a heart early given to God, or even cloud the brow. "It was like drawing the drapery of her couch about her, and sinking as it were to pleasant dreams."—The last fond kiss was fresh on our lips. The sound of the last faint words, that we bent low to catch, had hardly died away, when all was over.

Just like tired breezes did she sink to rest.  
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed

There was such a halo of glory around her bed, that despite the aching void—the dreary vacuum, my heart responds glory. And is this death? Yes, death in one form—death robbed of its sting, as the grave will be of its victory, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall rise. My heart beats quicker as I think of her when clothed with immortality and eternal life; oh, sweet child, the remembrance of thy gentle goodness floats around my heart like a soft white cloud in summer. Thou hast stepped into my path to light it for a day, that the darkness may be more obscure. But there is an antidote for the wounded spirit, a sure balm in Gilead, and many feel in affliction that God even then is good.

The religion of Jesus how it smooths the uneven journey of life, and at last lights the soul through the dark valley and shadow of death. It is no phantom whose presence can be invoked at will; but a substantial truth, whose principles must be established down deep in the heart, in order to bring forth fruit to the glory of God. We must admit the solemn truth at the bedside of the dying Christian, that

'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die!

—*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*

### The Boy that Smokes.

What shall we say of the boy that smokes? Shall we pronounce our judgment upon him? Shall we say that he is acquiring an evil habit; that he is becoming a slave to a master; who by and by will be very cruel to him; that he is beginning to be profligate with his money? and O that this were the worst! What says the druggist, "no knows the stimulating effects of tobacco?—that it is often the first step to drunkenness. "No young man," says Dr. Alcott, "who uses tobacco in any shape, is or can be safe. He

is apt to be thirsty, and water never satisfies. Tobacco smoking feeds the love of strong drink in two ways—first, by creating a morbid thirst; and second by impairing the appetite for food, and indirectly encourages him who uses it to seek for that strength which food should give him, in the use of extra stimulus." Let Cadets of Temperance, above all others, beware of tobacco in every form. Take care then, temperance boys, how you get that filthy thing, a cigar, in your mouth.—*Illinois Cadet.*

### Ambition.

We mark out to us high deeds—we would fain search out something great and painful to accomplish; as if there were not small matters enough, and pleasant too—ay, and the most difficult, toilsome ones too, with their secret, ever-working crown and garlands of reward—all bounded within the poorest threshold. There are habits, not only of drinking, and swearing and lying, and of some other things, which are commonly admitted to be habits, but of every modification of action, speech, and thought. Man is a bundle of habits. They are habits of attention, vigilance, advertency; of a prompt obedience to the judgment or of yielding to the first impulse of passion; of extending our views to the future, or of resting upon the present; of apprehending, methodizing, reasoning; of indolence, dilatoriness; of vanity, self-conceit, partiality; of fretfulness, suspicion, captiousness, censoriousness; of pride, ambition, covetousness; of overreaching, intriguing, projecting; in a word, there is not a quality or function either of body or mind, which does not feel the influence of this great law of animated nature.

### The Young Traveler.

Henry was traveling alone. He had left his parents at home in New York, and was on his way to "the far west." It was no small matter for a boy of fifteen to take such a journey, with no one to direct and advise him. But he carried with him as a sacred treasure the counsels of his pious parents, and his religious principles. "When I paid my fare on the boat," he wrote to his mother, "the captain and I could not make the change; and we arranged it so that I owed him ten cents. In trying to get change, I went to a man who asked what I wanted with ten cents. I replied, to pay the captain

a debt. 'Pshaw!' said he, 'I wouldn't pay—never pay a debt if you can help it, it's bad policy.' 'I told him I thought it right to be honest; and besides I had no idea I should in the end be ten cents poorer for paying. I soon got the change and paid the captain.

"It turned out that ten cents paid, saved six dollars and sixty cents. When in Albany, about twenty minutes before the departure of the train for Buffalo, the captain of the boat had given me no ticket beyond Albany. I told the gentleman who gave me the change, and he accompanied me back to the boat. The captain having heard the circumstances, asked if I was the boy that paid him the ten cents. I replied, 'Yes.' 'Well,' said he, 'here is a ticket.' I saw that honesty is the best policy, and felt the value of my father's counsels and the great kindness of God in giving me such parents."—*American Messenger*.

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## THE CADET.

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"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

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MONTREAL, MAY, 1853.

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### Temperance Promotive of Piety.

Turn not away, young friend, when your eye meets the title of this article. It is of the utmost consequence that you should attend to all that is implied in it. We have said of "our mission to the young," that we shall not forget; "that the intellect and heart must be improved;" and most deeply do we feel that all attainments are vain without piety. There are many reasons why we urge you to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, of some we shall have occasion to write hereafter, but, in this article, we shall confine ourselves to the topic suggested above; a topic which we trust will not be considered inappropriate, especially when you reflect that already death has thinned the numbers of some Sections of Cadets, and you have had to mourn over the loss of some loved associate.

Laying aside then for the present all other considerations, we first commend the duty of total abstinence to you, as a means of early religious cultivation

Solomon, after years of fruitless toil in search of that happiness he had forfeited by transgression, urged with earnestness, a duty never

to be forgotten by the young.—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." A religious reverence toward the Author of our being is here inculcated, including a just sense of his constant presence and unceasing goodness. He is the proper and sole object of worship. Veneration for God should characterize the early emotions of youth, and they cannot be too forcibly reminded of the necessity of guarding against low views of the Deity, or indulging in any course that would detach their thoughts from the source of life and purity. That there are many snares and temptations to which our youth are exposed, none will deny. On every hand they see a restless grasping after earthly things.—"What shall we eat, or what shall we drink?" constitutes the sum of human pursuits. The love and remembrance of the Creator do not predominate in the affections. The old way which wicked men have trod is trodden still, and multitudes are thus drowned in perdition.

There are many ways by which men are led astray from God and their religious duties; but the customs which have prevailed with regard to strong drink, have been most fruitful of mischief and misery. Many advanced in life and sustaining important relations to families and to society, are found destitute of godliness, or remarkable only for what may be called decent formality. In early life perhaps they were taught by example to care more for the body than the soul. These lessons were in their nature fallacious, and in their tendency corrupting. But the insidious pleasure of stimulation by strong drink gave a fatal predominance to worldly lusts which war against the soul. They will always be so, especially in the case of young men. They may not know what drunkenness is; they may only have experienced that physical emotion which constitutes hilarity; but that is sufficient for the time to extinguish thoughts of God and purposes of correct conduct. Repeated indulgences serve to confirm the mind in error, and religious cultivation is totally neglected.

I will suppose that when you first began to think and speak, your mind was directed to your Creator, and you was taught to look up and say "Our Father, who art in heaven."—It is a beautiful sight to see a child at prayer. You are now grown older, and rising up to

manhood, but remember that your childish aspirations after God should "grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength." What should hinder you from going on to perfection? Many things may, but against one of these evils I warn you,—the use of stimulating beverages. It is not assumed that Temperance is the whole of Religion. Nay, there may be temperance in conduct, as it relates to strong drink; and the heart may be otherwise altogether estranged from God. But we do maintain that if you are religiously disposed and fear God from your youth, the Pledge of Total Abstinence, faithfully kept, will be a preservative from "evil communications," and a means of religious cultivation. In many cases, the fervent exhortations of parents and the sound instructions given in Sabbath schools, have been unavailing. The youth, although thus educated in accordance with the requirements of religion, became dissipated, and is perhaps now "the heaviness of his mother." What terrible influence is it that has so often neutralized the effect of good example, and the clear enunciations of truth? It was that first glass of wine!—that mixture which giveth its colour in the cup! Abstain, young friend; it may be, your everlasting destiny depends on the course you now take on this very subject. The devotion of your heart to God is made the subject of remark, because it is the first of human duties. The highest authority enjoins this rule: "Seek first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you." Thousands, now in the maturity and decline of life, are destitute of religious feeling,—many of these the victims of intemperance. In the majority of cases these "miserable sinners" gave way in their youth to those desires of the flesh, or those temptations of the world which involved them in snares. It is no imaginary fact, but a painful reality that early religious impressions have often been obliterated, and good resolutions broken, because of that one transgression—the early use of stimulating beverages. It is your duty to avoid every act and every thought which would end in forgetfulness of God. St. Paul exhorted young men to be "sober-minded"—a moral state not to be attained without true temperance of body. In stating his own practice, he said: "I keep my body unde,

—that is, in subjection to the higher claims of the soul. This was the Apostle's law, and for you it has the sanction of the highest experience. You may gain much wisdom by your own experience, but by the recorded experience of others you learn to shun many evils, and escape the difficulties in which they were entangled. You may grow in grace, and in knowledge, and thenceforth lead a happy, useful life. With temperance, avail yourselves of every means of improvement.—Read the Scriptures;—keep the Sabbath-day holy,—bow the knee in prayer;—avoid bad books and bad company;—cherish in your heart devotional feelings; and you will carry in your own bosom a happiness unknown to the wicked, the careless, and the gay. "I cannot," says an excellent writer, "but take notice of the wonderful love of God to mankind, who, in order to encourage obedience to his laws, has annexed a present, as well as a future reward to a good life; and has so interwoven our Duty and Happiness together, that while we are discharging our obligations to the one, we are, at the same time, making the best provisions for the other." Thus, while piety is promoted by temperance, both being their store of happiness by their fruits, commend themselves to all.

[FOR THE "CADET,"

In a lecture lately delivered before the Natural History Society, by Mr. Dutton, the Recording Secretary, on the "Fine Arts," the lecturer observed in discussing the 3rd head of his subject, viz., their utility: "There is, however, another aspect in which the utility of the Fine Arts may be contemplated, and that, in my humble judgment, by no means a small or unimportant one. I allude to their employment as a means of filling up the leisure, occupying the attention, and calling forth the taste and abilities of the rising generation. It must be acknowledged, that any innocent means which can be devised of diverting the mind, the engagements, and the connexions of youth from the baneful influence of sinful pleasures and vicious company, to useful, agreeable, and elegant amusements, are important in forming the character and training the mind of a country to those habits of self-respect and dependence, which are essential to its prosperity, stability and expansion.

The conduct of the Germans and the Swiss are in this respect worthy of our admiration and imitation. The leisure of the youth of Germany is principally occupied in learning the art of music on some favorite instrument; and there is scarcely to be found a single family in which some one is not a proficient in music, and generally attached to some public choir or band. And who will say, but that this excellent plan of engaging their attention and occupying their leisure contributes largely to form that character for sobriety, sedateness, politeness, and love of social enjoyment by which the inhabitants of that country are distinguished. The Swiss employ their youth during their long winter evenings in constructing toys, and watch movements, which engage their attention and usefully occupy their leisure, while a junior branch of the family is entertaining them by reading some interesting or instructive volume; and thus they lay the foundation for that patient, persevering industry, and that ingenuity, thrift, economy and self reliance which characterize that interesting people." And what sight, continued the lecturer, "can be more delightful to a philanthropic mind than that of a family surrounding the domestic table and hearth during the evening leisure of a winter's day, engaged in the innocent pleasures of self-improvement in the arts of music and drawing, while a parent or relative reads aloud from some agreeable or soul stirring volume, or the news of the passing journal, or unite their voices with the music of the instrument? Were most families thus beneficially engaged we should witness more numerous instances of social union and family worth, than it is our privilege to do; and our hopes for the prosperity of our country would be stronger. Permit me," added the lecturer, "ladies and gentlemen, to express a hope that this hint will not be lost upon those who conceive, because it is not likely that any of their offspring may be indebted to the fine arts for support, that, therefore, it is not requisite they should learn drawing or painting. If, by doing so, they shall place in their hands an element of self-preservation, employment and recreation, surely it cannot be considered any waste of time or money to place the means within their power. And although we may not expect the resources of a young country like ours to support

any number of talented artists, yet as the United States have already furnished a West to the Presidency of the Royal Academy, we may venture to hope that Canada shall yet contribute a Landseer, or a Wilkie, or a Gibson to the distinguished ranks of British Artists, whose works adorn the galleries of public collections, or those of the British Aristocracy."

*To the Editor of the Cadet.*

BYTOWN, April 16, 1853.

SIR AND BROTHER,—Knowing that you are always glad to hear from the Cadets, I take the liberty of sending you a notice of Early Dawn Section, No. 77, in Bytown. On Thursday, the 7th ult., the following were installed as officers for the present quarter:—Senior Officers, James Cook, W.P., John G. Bell, 1st A.W.P., — Woodburn, 2nd A.P., Donald Kennedy, C.; Junior Officers, George Kennedy, W.A., John Kennedy, V.A., Andrew Christie, T., Alexander Kennedy, A.T., Theophilus Hartley, S., George Peacock, A. S., Robert Kenly, G., Thomas Kennedy, U., Robert Jamieson, W., John Henry, J.W.

The meeting was honored by the presence of a good number of Sons and Daughters, and was addressed by the W.P. and W.A., by Brothers J. G. Bell, Fraser and Coombs, of the Bytown Division; and Brother Donald Kennedy of the Rideau Division, S. of T. The Juvenile Flute Band, in connection with the Section, were also present, and performed during the evening. This, as might be expected, is a great attraction. The experiment of forming a band of music of boys, although it at first appeared rather doubtful, has been entirely successful. They have, if I mistake not, eight flutes; a base instrument, played by their teacher, Mr. Fraser, and a drum. They have four times publicly performed, and have received universal approbation. We have also a neat little library, of nearly 100 volumes.

We had, in January last, a celebration, a report of which should have been sent to the *Cadet*, but was neglected. Addresses were delivered by several Ministers, Sons and Cadets; which, together with the performance of the bands of music, contributed to render it altogether a brilliant affair. With the proceeds, books were bought for the library.

The Temperance cause, generally, is doing well in this our "City of the Woods." There are two Divisions of the Sons, and one Union of Daughters.

Wishing you every success with your acceptable and valuable little journal,

I am, Sir, yours,

In Virtue, Love and Temperance,

A. CADET.

HUCHELAGA, March 17, 1853.

Sir,—I hope you will not be displeased with me for intruding on your time and space; but I wish to bring before you a subject on which I wish to have your opinion, and which has given me some thought; and although some may think it foolishness, yet, notwithstanding, I feel persuaded that if it were carefully thought over and carried into effect, it would be found to be beneficial to Cadets.

It is the usual way after the business of a Section has been gone through, to bring forward some question for debate. This is done with the intention of teaching the members to speak their minds freely to an audience. Now as it is requisite that a speaker should have a good voice, and be able to speak clear and distinctly—and as so many learned men have testified that singing improves the voice, I wish to know from you if some plan could not be adopted in Sections for carrying this idea into effect. Suppose, for example, they were to remain half an hour each evening after the Section closed to practice singing, would it not be both pleasing and beneficial? For my part, I think it would be good in more ways than one, but which space will not permit me to enumerate; but with your consent, on some future occasion, I will send you some short articles on this subject.

Please state in your next number what your opinion of this subject is.

Yours in V. L. and T.,

AN AMATEUR.

We have no doubt of the feasibility of the plan suggested, except that Sections generally remain long enough together. A special meeting might be called for the practice of singing; but we shall be glad to have the suggestions of "An Amateur," subject of course to our revision.—[ED. CADET.]

To the Editor of the Cadet.

Montreal, April 12th, 1853.

Sir,—Agreeably to a cordial invitation from the Royal Mount Section Cadets of Temperance, addressed to the Sons in this city, I had great pleasure in attending their meeting for the installation of officers for the current quarter. The Hall which was very tastefully decorated, was crowded, about two hundred persons were present, and many, I understand could not get room. The majority of those present were ladies, amongst whom were many of the Daughters of Temperance, who appear to take a deep interest in the welfare of the Cadets. The D.G.W.P., Mr. Becket, installed the officers, who appeared to much advantage in their scarlet regalia. After the installation the W.P., Mr. Clendinnen, who has evinced an anxious desire for the success of the Order of Cadets, and appears to be a special favorite amongst them, addressed the meeting, and in the course of his remarks paid a very deserved compliment to the late W.P., Mr. H. Rose, for his services to the section, and in feeling and appropriate terms alluded to the loss the section had sustained in the death of three of its most promising members during the past quarter; and concluded by exhorting those who remained to follow their good example, and persevere in the good work in which we are all engaged. The meeting was subsequently addressed by the W.A., by Mr. Easton, D.G.W.P., of this city, by Messrs. H. Rose, Hodgson and Howell, and by Mrs. Maxwell on the part of the Daughters of Temperance. During the evening a number of recitations were ably delivered by members of the section, and an efficient choir added much to the harmony and pleasure of the evening. Altogether the meeting was an exceedingly pleasant one, and reflected much credit on the managers and section in general.

With best wishes for the success of the "Cadet" and Cadets, I am Sir yours, &c. &c.

A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

### An Interesting Letter.

To the Editor of the Cadet.

DEAR SIR,—I am only a little boy, and I do not yet know much about writing, but I subscribe for, and read your *Cadet*, and as soon as I am old enough, I intend to be a *Cadet* myself; until that time, however, I must con-

tant myself with being a *pledged teetotaler*, I have sworn eternal hostility to the Demon Intemperance, and I think, with father's assistance, who is a thorough going teetotaler, and Son of Temperance into the bargain, I shall be able to send you a short article for the *Cadet* once in a while. The village in which we live has lately become incorporated; I scarcely know what that means, but I believe we have five counsellors for the village now, and five more for the township. Our township counsellors are what they call 'Maine Law' men, and they have fixed it so that there are to be no grog taverns in the township. I am glad of this, and I almost wish father would move out of the village into the township, for the 'Maine Law' men were beaten in the village, and men who are distillers and spirit merchants succeeded, by what our temperance lecturers call *their money influence*,—perhaps you will know what it means,—I am only a little boy, and do not yet know the meaning of all these things. Well, they succeeded by 'money influence' in getting themselves and their friends elected counsellors, and they have passed a some kind of a law, which, father says, will curse this village with five grog taverns. Now this is too bad, for we have, besides these, six merchants who sell whisky, and other such murderous stuff by the quart. O, how I wish I was a member of parliament, would't I cut them short by passing the 'Maine Law' at once. But do you think, Mr. Editor, seriously, that they will pass such a law at all for Canada? Could't you tell all the little boys in the province—for I should think they all take the *Cadet*—to get up a petition of their own; let every boy under fourteen years of age sign it, and then elect a dozen of themselves, and one aged person to go with them, to carry it to Quebec, and take it right into the House, and lay it on the table, and make a speech over it. I think I could almost get up a speech for the occasion, but I am no spokesman, and I should want some one else to deliver it. Of course there would be some expense incurred, but you know, Mr. Editor, that all great enterprises are attended with expense, and I should think any boy could get a penny from his parents to put into a fund for defraying the expense. Depend upon it we would say something to our Legislators, as I believe you call them. At all events they would see that the traffic was *doomed*, and that though they may cling to it till death, their successors mean to deal with it after a different manner. Only just think of it, Mr. Editor, I know some boys and girls whose mother gets drunk—had you ever a mother?—and she calls them all sorts of bad names, and they are glad to run anywhere to get out of the way; besides they learn to call bad names too. What a thing it must be to have a mother, to be afraid of her, yee, and ashamed of her. And it is all because liquor is sold in the place. She is a nice woman and

a good mother when she cannot get whisky. You don't know, sir, how *indignant* I feel about it. That is a hard word, but you will perhaps understand it; papa put it in; I could not think of one to express my feelings, and had to leave a blank. Now don't neglect the above suggestion, for though it comes from a little boy, yet papa approves of it, and I think you will too.

If you think good you may present the following Rebus, to your young readers, it is not original, but perhaps it is better on that account:—

'I ride with the king when he's taking the air,  
With the clown too, you oft may me see;  
If a letter you take from my name, I declare  
What each fair one would willingly be.'

Yours most respectfully,

C.

Incorporated Village, }  
March 5th, 1853. }

### Spring.

Spring is coming, flinging first a sun-beam and then a snow-wreath. Season of newness, vigor and hope! how many thousands have sung of thee. And the theme is not worn, nor will be while the human heart loves beauty. The story of Spring will never grow tame, so long as between the death of the flowers and their resurrection, meek-eyed babes are laid to sleep in snow-covered grave-yards. So long as the bride, the wife, the mother, the silver-headed old man, are laid upon a couch on which Spring will weave many a wildwood garland.

Spring has come. The river with its mossy fringe wears the blue livery of the season. The larch is just budding; large, moist and waxen, the pink clusters exude a pleasant gum. That path from the door shows t' a pebbly face, and in sheltered nook, where solitude has nursed them, hid little tufts of soft green grass. The water trickles pleasantly from the smoking roofs, and glad voices are heard, and warm sun-gushes enter through open doors and windows. How deliciously mellow the azure of the sky! How clear and white the tiny clouds that float by like bubbles, their edges golden by the sun.

Spring has come to gladden the hearts of the lowly. Sitting by the poor house corner, yon old man can enjoy the scents of field and meadow, can watch the kine with their brown noses trailing the ground, and see the thin vapors curl up from the dew distilling hills, with as happy a heart as the poet who sings "they all belong to me."

Every day the sky will gather blueness, and the fields a brighter emerald. From little crevices, invisible to-day, blooms,

laden with the breath of May, will spring and shoot into stems, leaves and flowers. Thicker and brighter the fairy robes of summerland will flake the limbs of the pear, peach and apple-tree, all jewelled with blossoms. June will hang tassels on the larch, and embroider the willow till it droops from very weight of beauty and weeps that it cannot woo the sky.

Spring is here. Come, weary student; come, maiden, pale with heart sorrow, Spring will breathe the breath of life upon your languid frames, and with her magical dyes, paint your cheek with health.—Come, happy child, seek flowers bright as your youth; come, matron, wearied with winter cares, come out in the broad sunlight, and repent that you have thought life is a shadow, because its pulse beat under the frost.

Glorious Spring! exhaustless pleasure wait upon thy presence. Welcome! thrice welcome.—*Olive Branch.*

### A London Boy.

Young people in our favored land have very little idea of the sufferings of the poor in England and elsewhere. The following sketch will give them some idea of the truth:—

Upon one of my visits to the various ragged schools of the metropolis, I became interested in a lad of ten or twelve years of age, with a frank, open countenance, though somewhat dirty and dressed in a suit of rags. He was reading busily in his Testament, and would stop occasionally and ask such curious questions of his teacher that I could but smile. His practical observations on certain portions of the Scriptures if clothed in eloquent language, would have done honor to men of education. There was a free-heartedness in him that gleamed out through all his rags and dirt, and I sat down beside him to ask him some questions.

"Where do you live?" I asked, "and how?"

"I live anywhere I can," he replied, "and almost how I can."

"But," said I, "what is your trade or business? What do you generally do for a living?"

"I am a water-cress boy," he replied, "and get up every morning, and go on foot three or four miles, and often six or eight into the edge of the city, to buy the water cresses. I get a basket for a shilling, and by crying them a whole day, generally clear another, which pays my board and lodging."

"But can you live on a shilling a day?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well, but often I don't make a shilling, and then buy a crust of bread, and go and sleep under one of the arches of the London Bridge, or in some crate or box down on the wharves."

Just then the superintendent came along, and as I took his arm, he said—

"The lad you have been talking with comes here every night to learn to read, and although he cannot get to sleep before ten o'clock, and is obliged to be up at two, yet he is always punctual."

Lately his mother was imprisoned for back rent—ten shillings. The brave boy almost starved himself, and slept out of doors, to save money to release her.

### To Correspondents.

B. T.—As we have said before, so we now repeat, postage stamps will be received as cash for all sums under \$1, either for the *Advocate* or *Cadet*. Send in the names, and be particular in naming the post-office to which you wish the papers sent.

ZERO.—We do not think you as cold as your signature indicates. Try again—spring has come—and you will not fail to get the number of subscribers you wish.

STUDENT.—There are many Latin Grammars in use, and, if you are going to a good school, you will, of course, use the one recommended by your teacher. But if you are about to study Latin without the aid of a master, we advise you to procure McClintock's First Book. It is an excellent work, and thorough in its details.

SENEC.—We thank you for your commendations and suggestions. We would rather make our young readers wise than witty. Notices of good and useful books for families may occasionally be given. They are often of great service, but require to be written judiciously, lest the notices degenerate towards the too common practice of mere booksellers' puffing.

P. L.—The League is destined to accomplish much good. We advise you to unite with it, if you are of sufficient age, to take an interest in, and aid its operations.

TEMPERANTIA.—"One Glass" not quite good enough.

AMELIA of Montreal. Her answer to the enigma of March correct.



**Grand Section Cadets of Temperance.**

The semi-annual Session of the Grand Section C. of T., Province of Canada, will be held at St. Catharines, on Tuesday, the 24th instant, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

Worthy Patrons are requested to forward the returns of the Sections under their care, to the Grand Secretary at Newmarket, C. W., previous to the meeting of the Grand Section.

THOMAS NIXON,  
Grand Secretary.

May 2d, 1853.

**Poetry.****Cadet's Song.**

TUNE, "AULD LANG SYNE."

Away with wine, away with rum,  
With every poisonous drink;  
No fetter shall make fast our minds—  
We will be free to think.

Strong drink we ever will detest,  
We'll spurn it while we've breath;  
We'll neither handle, touch, nor taste,  
For in the glass is death.

Tobacco, too, we touch it not;  
It is a poisonous thing;  
It leads to drinking; let us then  
To safety firmly cling.

There's some will laugh at us we know,  
Some boys who think they're men,  
Who love to puff at a cigar  
Before they're scarcely ten;—

Who love to meet where drunkards do,  
That they may get a taste  
Of that which scatters death abroad,  
And makes bright homes a waste.

Such boys as these we will reclaim,  
If 'tis within our power;  
If not we'll shun their company,  
And leave them from that hour.

Some say we are too young to join  
Ourselves in such a band,  
And that 'tis foolishness to build  
A castle on the sand.

Such folks as these will surely find  
Themselves far from the way,  
They'll find that though we are but boys,  
We mean the words we say.

Our fathers! Ah, they're growing old,  
Their hairs are getting gray,  
And soon they'll have to quit the field,  
And pass from it away.

Then where will "Township" go, if we  
Young lads are not on hand  
To take our father's steps and drive  
The foe from out our land.

Cadets of every part, arouse!  
And put your armour on,  
Fight with your fathers, till the foe,  
Old Alcohol, is gone.

And then we'll say when he is gone,  
And when the Law of Maine  
Shall be the law of Canada,  
We have not fought in vain!

D. WALLACE.

Fingal, C. W.

[FOR THE CADET.]

**A PUZZLE.**

1 Great Grandmother, 3 Grandmothers, 5 Mothers—all of whose children were present.

8 Children, 5 Grandchildren, 3 Great Grandchildren—all of whose mothers were present.

The whole party—Grandmothers, Mothers, and Great Grandmother, Children, Grandchildren, and Great Grandchildren—consisted only of *nine persons!*

Query—How was it?

GEO.

**ACROSTIC.**

M y name is Arthur Keddie,  
A nd young although I be,  
I 'll try and let the world know,  
N o Alcohol for me.  
E ven in the midst of sin,  
L et me fulfil my trust,  
I nto our Section to bring in,  
Q uiet boys and just:  
U nto our new Hall let them come,  
O ! to see it full—  
R aise the banner o'er our heads,  
L ove being our only rule.  
A nd we will shout, and shout again,  
W elcome, the noble Law of Maine.

THE CADET is Published on the 1st of every Month, at 1s. 3d. per annum, or Ten Copies for 10s., when paid in advance, by J. C. Becket, No. 22, Great St. James Street, Montreal.