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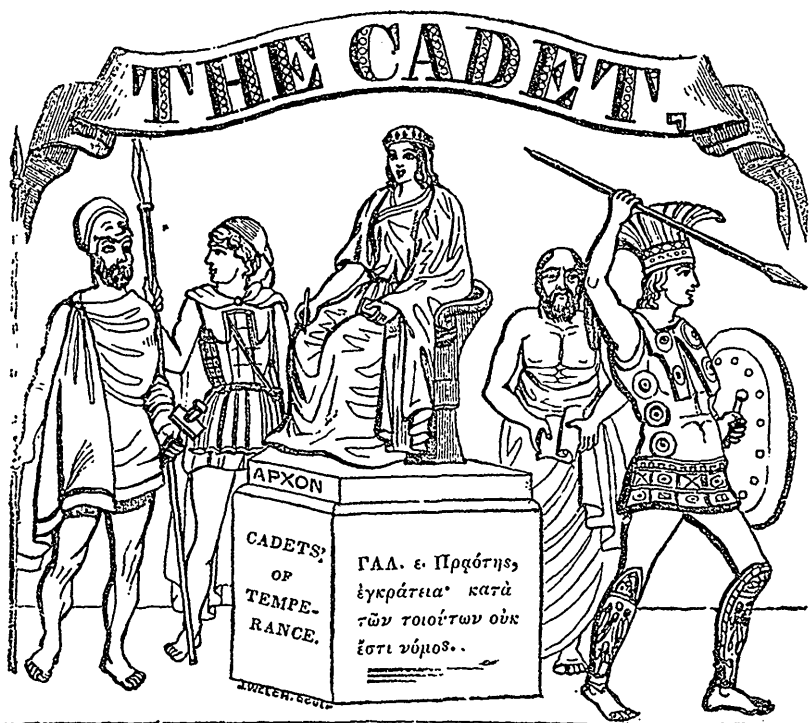
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DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
Daughters & Juvenile Teetotalers of B. N. America.

"VIRTUE, LOVE, AND TEMPERANCE."

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 1, 1853.

No. 6.

I Do Hate Cold Water.

No. I.

You could not have worked with Tom Jackson in the shop for a week, without hearing him say so again and again. It was one of his "pet phrases," if not the choicest of them all; being uttered not only when his dislike might seem naturally expressed at the sight of the object so repugnant, but when it was difficult to conceive how it was called forth. I shall never forget that oft-recurring sound; the words were always uttered in the same tone, and the emphasis was sure to be on the second word: "I do hate cold water!"

I never heard Tom describe how this hatred arose. Perhaps when a boy, or a youth, he went on the ice when it was not sufficiently firm, and so fell in and was well ducked, long before the Humane Society provided its apparatus of rescue and restoration, and was then dragged out, with no small trouble to others and suffering to himself. But then, that would only account for his disliking to be "in for it" under such circumstances; he might still have thought cold water a capital thing in its way, and, therefore, the imagination may not be correct. Gratiano's reasons were like two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; you might search for them all day without finding them, and if found they were not worth the trouble. The reason for his dislike, if Tom had one to give, was, I apprehend, of precisely the same value.

For is not water one of the wonders of nature? Familiar, even to neglect, who observes its beauty—beautiful as it is? Where can you find a more fitting emblem of purity? And then, see how it flows in the river, dances in the brook, amidst the little heaps about which it plays; rages in the torrent, and becomes alternately mountains and valleys on the bosom of the ocean! Look at it as a mirror, reflecting all that grow—on the borders of the lake, the passing clouds and the deep blue sky; or think of it as changed into clouds, and even into rock crystal; now a vapour floating in the firmament, and then a solid and transparent mass. It has even a language of its own. Do you doubt it? Listen as it drops from the roof of a cave, murmurs in the tide, dashes in the water-fall, and roars in the ocean-wave.

Notwithstanding all this, however, of which Tom most probably read little and thought less, his hatred to water continued from year to year unabated. Nor was it without effect—it acted practically, and that with no little power. For example, once in the twenty-four hours, perhaps, Tom had what he called “a wash,” but what was more properly “a dry-scrub.” As he had much to do with iron-work, he often bore a strong resemblance to a chimney-sweeper; but he never improved in this process. His face and his hands continued in the same state from year to year; his feet, though I never saw them, were, I have no doubt, far worse; and as for the rest of his body, it was as likely to be dipped in the waters of the moon, as to have any application from the river or the pump.

Tom’s wife could not be called his *better-half*, for they were as much alike as two peas in a pod. Susan could never have known what a washing-day meant. She “dabbled out” a few things, as she said, now and then; but a slop basin might almost have served for her washing-tub, and her “getting up” never put her washing out of countenance.

Tom’s children were a poor, slim, pale-looking set; ill-clothed, ill-fed, and as dingy and begrimed as such a father’s and mother’s children might be expected to be. And then the face of one was sadly scarred, because it fell into the fire when its mother was out, and another went on a crutch from having tumbled down stairs, when his mother had “taken too much.” The whole family, when together, presented, indeed, a sorry sight; yet, even then, Tom often said, “Well, of all things in the world, I do hate cold water!”

I was but a lad when I first knew Tom, yet I could not help seeing further into his hatred than he ever appears to have done; but since I have reached manhood, and got a wife and children about me, I have often thought I would not do as he did, for as many guineas as I could count in a month leaving out the Sundays.

I do what I can with my shopmates, but I want all working people to look carefully into this matter; and, as I am writing now, I will just state what knowledge I have picked up about it. What a marvel is the human skin! It consists of two thin layers—the outer skin and the true skin; and between them is a very fine layer, which is the seat of colour. Just beneath the true skin are minute bodies, which are scattered over the whole surface of the frame; and by little vessels from them, opening by very small pores on the outer skin, there is a perspiration constantly flowing. It is usually carried off in the form of vapour, and is hence called the *insensible* perspiration. It varies, in the course of twenty-four hours, from 1½ lb. to 5 lbs. in weight, and tends to reduce the body every day to nearly the same standard of weight.

Absorption also takes place through the skin, either from the direct application of fluid to the surface or by means of the air, which holds more or less of watery vapour. Many substances may thus be rapidly received into the system, the skin acting in this case like a sponge when water is poured upon it. But apart from friction, absorption will go on, and sometimes very actively, as for instance when the system has been reduced and drained of fluid. Shipwrecked sailors, when suffering from extreme thirst, have often found it greatly relieved by the falling of a heavy shower of rain, which has thoroughly saturated their clothes.

Other facts lead to the same conclusion. A man who had lost nearly three pounds’ weight by perspiration, from working for an hour and a half in a very hot atmosphere, when placed in a warm bath for half an hour actually regained eight ounces. A lad of Newmarket, almost starved, that he might be reduced to a certain weight, was weighed at 9 a.m., and found to have gained nearly thirty ounces when weighed one hour afterwards, though he had only taken a glass of wine in the interval; the wine

having stimulated so greatly the absorption of the skin as thus to occasion this great increase. These facts will suffice; or others to the same effect might easily be cited.

A due consideration of what has now been stated will show that a sound condition of the skin is intimately connected with that of the body at large. As it is designed to be an *outlet* for the removal of matter which would otherwise encumber the system, it is most important that the pores should not be obstructed; and as the skin also acts as an *inlet*, we should avoid all that is noxious which it is liable to absorb.

We have all heard and read of Him who washed his disciples' feet, showing thereby that personal service on the part of men of high degree for the welfare of the meanest is truly noble; and that the drudgery of the act exalts the more its moral grandeur. But we may look at the fact also as illustrating one of the habits of ancient life, attention to personal cleanliness, and the experience of a healthy refreshment from frequent and copious washings, which are often grievously neglected in our times, though their necessity has greatly increased.

And, then, what a preventive of disease is the free use of cold water! Of all immediate causes of disease, that of checked perspiration is the most prolific of evil; a mass of blood being thus thrown back on the internal organs, and setting up morbid action in any part which may be most susceptible of it. A robust and healthy man, for example, when in a state of profuse perspiration, stood in the sea for five minutes in repairing a steam-boat, and brought on, by so doing, a disease which confined him to the house four months. Even after the lapse of twenty three years, and though his health had gradually improved, he suffered from cough and breathlessness, and was liable to cold and illness from every trifling exposure. And certain it is that various morbid affections of the skin arise, in a minor degree, from obstructed perspiration, in addition to those acute and destructive maladies which result from direct exposure to cold and damp, when the skin is in a very relaxed state.

It is also worthy of remark, that a frequent and copious use of cold water prevents all sense of chilliness; in these circumstances it ceases to be *cold*; and the glow it produces on the skin is an enjoyment to be felt, not to be described.

It may be desirable, in some instances, to begin a course of ablutions with tepid water, gradually lowering the temperature till cold water is used; but let no artizan, nor artizan's wife, rest till a fair trial is made; the dirtier the business that is done the more urgent necessity is there for it, and the greater the advantage that is certain to be derived. Let every one be assured that a thoroughly *clean skin* is one of the best means of preserving health and of averting disease.

But another exemplification of Tom Jackson's hatred to cold water has not been touched, and yet it is of equal, if not of greater, importance. I have reached, however, already the utmost limit I intended, and must therefore reserve it for another chapter of his history.

No. II.

Ah! I thought it would be so. Staggering from one side of the pavement to the other; now on it, and now in the road—now leaning against a house, and now jostling a passer-by, Tom Jackson was at length tripped up. He has fallen across the gutter, and if any vehicle comes rapidly by, the wheels may go over his head.

Of Tom I have already given some account. We have seen how he hated cold water—so much that he was always “in his dirt”—a full proof that if you had anything to say to him, it was well to get on his *windward* side. And now it is but too clear that had he discovered the same enmity to beer and spirits, purl, and rum and milk, he would not have reduced himself below the level of the beasts of the field. Yet this he did; not merely once, though that had been a serious evil, for the beginning of intemperance, like that of strife, is “as the letting out of water,” but again and again, until he was rarely sober, and just before I lost sight of him, drunkenness was rapidly bearing him to the grave.

Would you have a deep impression of the value of water? Picture the travellers in the desert. Parched with thirst, they have hope of relief as they catch sight of a well, but on approaching it with intense anxiety, they find it dry—one of the greatest calamities that humanity can endure. Their dreadful situation admits of no resource. Now a cup, not of spirits, nor of wine, but of cold water, is indescribably precious; it would enable its owner to pass onwards, and thus save life: but without it, the

bitterest sufferings ensue : the eyes burn with anguish, the tongue and lips swell, a hollow sound distresses the ears and brings on deafness, and the brain becomes inflamed, till in complicated and excruciating agony the traveller perishes !

All nature owns its obligations to water. Look, for example, at the vegetable world. No other liquid than water can yield what is necessary for the seed to germinate, the leaves to open, the flowers to unfold in all their beauty and fragrance, and the fruit to expand. Water contributes to the fabric of the plant, or the tree, though the most gigantic that appears, and is equally essential to all its products.

It is worthy of remark, that so important is water to the element of plants, that in some parts of the world vegetable food is grown in lakes and rivers, just as we cultivate it in this country in our fields of potatoes, turnips, or corn. In the south of France, and in Italy, the water-nut first appears in the markets. The seeds of this most important vegetable, which grows in the water, consist of a pure edible fecula, or starchy substance; the nuts eaten raw, roasted, or in soups, and they are wholesome and nutritious.

Produced freely in India and China, Cashmere has been styled, emphatically, the country of the water-nut. Almost every piece of water yields this remarkable vegetable. In one lake alone, 60,000 tons of it are raised every year, and it is the sole subsistence of 20,000 persons, who think it an almost intolerable calamity when driven to partake of any other kind of food. The superficial extent of this lake is 100 square miles, by which some idea of its extraordinary productiveness may be formed, supporting, as it does, 200 persons to the square mile. Nor are they a poor, sickly, feeble race who live in this lovely valley on nuts alone; they are described by travellers as models of beauty, symmetry, and strength.

Equally indispensable is water to animal life. If the reader has ever lived near, or occasionally visited the sea-shore, he cannot fail to have noticed those round masses of jelly, which are left there by the retiring tide. Now each of these is an animal, the Medusa, or jelly-fish; it can move hither and thither at pleasure; it can rise to the surface of the ocean, or descend to its depth with equal facility; and it can even capture prey, for let but a fish come in the way of this apparently helpless creature, and it emits a fluid so pungent that the victim becomes paralyzed and motionless, and is easily devoured.

And yet, were one of these living jellies to be taken from the sands, and set aside in a vessel, what would remain, though it had weighed five or six pounds, after a few hours had elapsed? A small piece of membrane, weighing a few grains, and some water, which the chemist cannot distinguish, however narrowly he examines it, from common sea-water! So diffusive is the fluid, that whatever substance we deprive of its liquid by drying, whether it be a soft mass, like an oyster or a mussel, or hard, like the shell of a lobster or a crab; whether it be the soft nerves and muscles of the human body, or its bones, or its teeth, fitted as they are for hard and constant service—nothing escapes but water. It is water that forns all the fluid portion of the blood, which mingled with the solid matter of the various textures of the frame, gives them the required consistency, and frees the system from whatever would incumber or do it injury.

Let us look a little further into this matter. As important ends are intended to be accomplished by the circulation of the blood, and as the greater part of these are effected by very minute vessels, health depends on the purity of the circulating fluid, and on the energy and regularity with which it is distributed. Nearly all the internal "ills that flesh is heir to" are nothing more than alterations in the force of uniformity of the action of the blood-vessels. Hence the pulse is so valuable a criterion of health and disease, and in every stage of the latter it is uniformly consulted.

In inflammations the minute vessels are invariably found enlarged and distended with blood; thus an inflamed eye has the minute and colourless vessels so enlarged, as to admit the grosser red particles. And, if the hand be inflamed, and the person be bled in both arms at the same time, twice or three times as much blood will flow from the diseased side as the other. It is only then as the blood is pure, and the vessels in which it circulates are in a good state, that health can be enjoyed.

Now this healthy condition depends on the taking of proper food, and the due discharge of the functions of the stomach. We are so constituted, that as soon as the masses we swallow come into contact with the sides of the stomach, the latter pours forth a fluid called the gastric juice, which has great solvent power, and then what

We have taken becomes *chyme*. But now other parts of the body come into action; for the liver gives forth its bile, and the pancreas* its juice, that the *chyme* may become *chyle*. It is now taken up by little vessels, called the lacteals, which are prepared to select every nutritious particle, and to reject whatever else there may be in the fluid; then by others it is conducted to the heart, and having been duly acted upon by the atmosphere inhaled in breathing, it is prepared to take its part in the general circulation.

What then is this wonderful solvent—the gastric juice? It is water, containing a little acid. How essential then is water to human health—to human existence? Without it there could neither be blood, nor the means of producing it; and “the blood is the life.”

“How complicate, how wonderful is man;
How passing wonder He that made him such!”

It follows therefore that common water is a liquid of greater importance to man than any other, admirably adapted, as it is, for the dilution of our solid food, and the aiding its perfect digestion and assimilation. It is now generally agreed that water is by far the safest and most salutary beverage in which man can possibly indulge; supporting the tone of the stomach, without exhausting its vigour; and furnishing also the most suitable supply to the secreting vessels, and towards maintaining the general humidity or elasticity of the body. Those who use pure water only as their general drink, are therefore, other things being equal, the most free from disease, retaining the vigour and different functions of life to a more advanced age. A celebrated man says, “of all the productions of nature and art, water comes nearest to that universal remedy, so much sought after by mankind, but never yet discovered.”

What, then, must be the effect of the spirits which millions, besides Tom Jackson, are now accustomed to drink several times a day? To impair the digestion, to corrupt the blood, and to inflame the vessels in which it flows. How many evils are attributable to “hot blood?” It has inflicted on multitudes the direst remorse, consigned them to gaol, and hung them on the gibbet. Intemperance opens and widens the path to all evil; it keeps the blood in a feverish state, and a trivial excitement may cause it to boil. Intemperance ruins the health, murders the body, and destroys the soul!

Need I say more? Surely a due consideration of these facts will lead the reader to present a contrast to poor, wretched Tom Jackson; and to account water, which he so often said he “hated,” one of the most precious temporal blessings from the Giver of all Good.—*Working Man's Friend*.

SAM. CHISEL.

* In a calf the pancreas is the sweetbread.

The Little Boy that Died.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

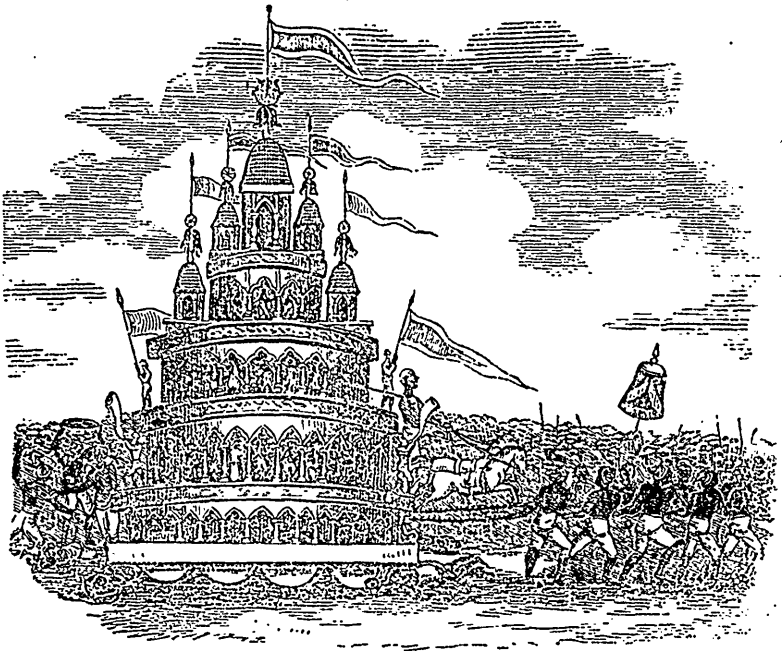
I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.

I shall see his toys, and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
(Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again,
With her playmates about the door;
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before;
And if, in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our father's house—
To our father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties; [peace,
We shall roam on the banks of the river of
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be—
The little boy that died.



The British Idol.

BY REV. T. C. WILSON.

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

1 John v. 21.

You all know, my young readers, what an idol is. Perhaps it may be as well for me, however, to give you a little explanation on the subject, that every one of you may understand it aright. An idol, then, is something that is worshipped in place of God, and most frequently it is some picture, or figure, that has been made to represent a divine being, real or imaginary, and is worshipped as such.

There have been a great many idols at different periods, and in different countries of the world. In the scriptures we read of a great many, and also in the histories of all heathen nations.

We read of images made of wood, and stone, and iron, and brass, and silver, and gold, according to the fancy of those who made them, or the supposed characters of the beings they were intended to represent.

The worship of idols, you know, is called idolatry, and is everywhere prohibited in the bible as a heinous sin against God. The first and second commandments relate entirely to this sin, and many awful warn-

ings and threatenings are to be found in scripture against those who are guilty of it.

There is another thing, however, that I must explain to you, and it is this, that it is not merely those who worship them, that are called idolaters in the bible, but also those who love *any worldly object* of any kind to excess. The covetous person, for example, is called an idolater, because he loves, or worships money more than he does God; and if there be anything else that any one has more affection for than he has for God, *that thing* is his idol for the time, and he is an idolater as long as he loves the creature more than the Creator.

This will help you to understand what the apostle John means in his advice to children, which I have put down as a motto to this little book, 'Little children keep yourselves from idols.' That is, do not let anything, any person, or pleasure, or occupation, or anything else, so take up your love or attention as to make you forget God, or prevent you from loving him with all your heart, or render you unwilling to obey the Lord Jesus Christ as your divine Master in all things; for

he himself has said, that if you love father, or mother, or sister, or brother, or even your own lives better than him, you cannot be his disciples.

But there is one idol in particular to which I wish at present to call your attention, that I may warn you against it, and which is well entitled, I think, to the name I have given it, *The British Idol*, because it is more worshipped by the people of Britain, and their descendants in other lands, than by any other nation on the face of the earth.

The idol which I speak of is *Intoxicating Drink*, and the manner in which it is worshipped is to be seen in all the various drinking customs and fashions which are practised in our country. By pointing out to you some of the great evils and sins accompanying this worship of the British idol *Alcohol*, or intoxicating drink, I hope to be able to persuade you all to beware of it,—to look upon it as an abominable sin, and to use all the means in your power to free your country from the reproach, too justly deserved, of being the most drunken nation in the world.

One of the most common ways in which the heathen worship idols, or show their respect for them, is, as you all know, by offering sacrifices to them. By taking the lives of birds, and beasts, and sometimes of human beings, and pouring their blood upon altars built on purpose, and by other cruel and superstitious deeds, they imagine they can appease the anger, and secure the favor and protection of those false gods or idols which they serve; and in the hope of gaining this end, they grudge no price or suffering that may be thought necessary. But however costly, and cruel, and senseless, and hurtful these heathen sacrifices may be, I think I shall be able to show you that the sacrifices which the people of Britain, with all their knowledge and religion, offer continually to the British idol *Strong Drink*, are in many respects far more cruel, more costly, more irrational, and more injurious than they.

The heathen worship idols in their ignorance, *not knowing what they do*; but the people of this favored land of ours have no such excuse. They know that all the sacrifices which they offer to *Intoxicating Drink* are profitable and hurtful, and yet they continue to offer them, as if they were doing something good and necessary.

Let me now request your attention, my dear young readers, while I endeavour to

explain to you what some of these sacrifices are.

Let us compare them with some of those which the heathen offer to their idols or false gods.

In the first place, then, the people in heathen countries often torture their bodies, and injure their health, and subject themselves to other sufferings and privations, thinking thereby to recommend themselves to the idols they worship. Sometimes they swing themselves in the air by hooks fixed in the flesh of the backs, suspended by ropes from high poles erected on purpose. Sometimes they bury themselves in the earth, with nothing but their heads above ground, and there remain till death comes, and relieves them from suffering. Sometimes they keep holding their hands in one position, with a closed fist, for example, till the nails of their fingers grow deep into their flesh, causing the most excruciating pain. In these, and a great many other ways, they afflict and torture themselves, to satisfy, as they think, the false gods they worship; and, no doubt, you think it strange that rational beings should be found foolish enough to do such things. But they who worship the British idol, *Intoxicating Drink*, are guilty of conduct just as foolish, if not more so, and I will tell you how. They voluntarily infuse into their bodies, by drinking it, a poisonous liquid, which gradually and surely undermines their health, and makes them prematurely old and feeble,—a poison which predisposes them also to other diseases from which, but for this, they might safely escape. Inimes of cholera, for example, that terrible disease, which, when it visits a place, sweeps away its victims with such suddenness and power, as that many who have been in health at night, have next day been in their graves; in such times, I say, the worshippers of *Strong Drink* are always among the first that become a prey to the destroyer, just because by drinking the poison *Alcohol*, they have rendered their bodies more liable to the deadly plague. And besides this, there is one fearful disease which is peculiar to the worshippers of *Strong Drink*, which sooner or later attacks all who drink to excess, and often comes upon those who drink even in moderation. This disease is called *dilrium tremens*. It is a terrible disease, and none but worshippers of *Alcohol* ever have it. It brings upon them most dreadful sufferings. Sometimes it

makes them think they are surrounded with fiends and devils, and horrid spectres who are tearing their bodies to pieces, bit by bit, or torturing their flesh with saws, or red-hot iron, grinning and leering in their faces, and seeking to drag them to hell. Sometimes they feel as if they were already suffering the torments of hell fire; and then when the paroxysm of the attack is over, they become so miserable and wretched, as often to be impelled to destroy their own lives.



Such are some of the sacrifices which the worshippers of the British idol pay to their god. Whether do you think there is greater folly shown by these idolaters of christianised Britain, or by those of heathen lands, who, in their ignorance, torture their bodies, thereby hoping to appease their gods, and benefit their souls? Which do you think are the more foolish, the more guilty of the two?

In the second place, the heathen in worshipping idols, not only torture their bodies, as we have seen, but often give their lives in sacrifice to the gods they fear.

I dare say you have all heard of the great Indian idol Juggernaut.—See *Cut at head of this article.*

It is made of a large block of wood, carved, with a hideous face painted black, and a wide mouth the color of blood.

On great occasions, the throne on which the idol sits is placed upon a tower sixty feet high, moving on great wheels, accompanied with two other idols, one painted white, and the other yellow, and called the brother and sister of Juggernaut, each sitting on a separate throne. Six long ropes are attached to the tower, by which the people draw it along. On these occasions great numbers pay homage to the idol by throwing themselves down before

its ponderous wheels, and are crushed to pieces, and then the multitude of onlookers rend the very air with their shouts of approbation.

A great temple has been built in honor of the idol, and great crowds of people, from all parts of the country, flock to it every year as pilgrims. Many thousands of these die by the way, of hunger, or sickness, or fatigue,—so many, that sometimes the country, for miles round the temple is covered with dead bodies, or rather with their bones, for the vultures and wild dogs quickly devour their flesh.

I could tell you of many other ways in which the heathen sacrifice their lives in honor of idols, but I need not take up your time in doing so, as this account of Juggernaut and his victims is sufficient to give you an idea of the nature of heathen sacrifices generally.

And is it not very sad to think of such horrid superstition and cruelty? And do you not wonder how people should be so ignorant and senseless as to imagine they are doing good by giving themselves to be crushed to death by the wheels of an ugly wooden image, or by perishing on a pilgrimage to its temple?

But, considering the way in which these poor ignorant heathen have been brought up, and that they have never been taught better things, I tell you plainly and honestly, my young readers, that I do not think they are nearly so wicked, or so much to be blamed, as many in our own country, who sacrifice their lives to the British Idol Intoxicating Drink.

It is not very easy to find out exactly how many there are who do this. There is no doubt, however, that the number is very great. There are, it is reckoned, about a million of drunkards in Great Britain, and of these, from sixty to eighty thousand are supposed to die every year; and besides these, there are many others who, without being confirmed drunkards, meet with fatal accidents on railroads, and coaches, and in other situations of danger, in consequence of being under the influence of Intoxicating Drink; and to these may be added many more, who, by drinking, predispose themselves to various fatal diseases, and are often, as in the case of cholera, for example, already referred to, swept off in great numbers from the land of the living.

Now, all these do just as really sacrifice their lives to the idol Strong Drink, as the poor ignorant Hindoos do to the monster

Juggernaut, when they throw themselves down before the wheels of his massy car, and are crushed to death; and I say that our British worshippers of Alcohol are more to be blamed and wondered at than they, because they do it knowingly and deliberately, while the others do it in their ignorance, actually imagining that they are doing what is right.

(To be Concluded next Month.)

THE CADET.

"Virtue, Love and Temperance."

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1853.

"Rum and Murder."

Does any one believe that Satan could have induced the foolish, murderous fights, which have for the past few months disgraced our city, if he had not first sent his imps here to sell Rum, &c.?

Does not every one believe that Rum, &c., has been the exciting cause of all the cases of honorable murder which have occurred in Montreal from first to last?

We verily believe that the sentiment of this whole community, drunk or sober, is, that a murder cannot be got up without Rum, &c.

Suppose it should be announced through the newspapers that two true Sons of Temperance, unquestionable total abstinence men, had met in mortal combat, and that one of them had fallen by the murderous hand of the other; every man, woman, and child would be utterly astonished and horrified. All would cry out, "It cannot be possible!" "There must be some mistake!" "They surely must have violated their pledge of total abstinence!" and the Divisions to which they belonged would come to the same conclusion, and take immediate measures for cutting them off. A fight would be ample evidence that the parties were drunk.

A WELL-WISHER OF THE CADET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CADET.

Bytown, Aug. 1, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,—If the following communication should not take up too much room in

the *Cadet*, its insertion would perhaps be of some service to the cause.

His Excellency the Governor General arrived here on July 27. On the following morning, having proceeded to the Hill, where a bower had been prepared, several addresses were presented to him, one of which, the following, from the Cadets, was read by Bro. George Kennedy, W. A.:—

To the Right Honorable James, Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Knight of the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle, Governor General of British North America, &c., &c., &c.

May it please your Excellency,—

We, the Cadets of Temperance of Bytown, subjects of ~~his~~ Majesty, truly loyal and sincerely devoted, in common with our seniors, beg to approach your Excellency with humble expressions of our welcome upon this your first visit to our native town, and trust that your brief stay amongst us may afford you pleasure and satisfaction.

Situated as we are, on the borders of yet unexplored forests, with the boisterous hum of the sable Ottawa continually ringing in our ears, we cannot but partake of that rudeness which is so characteristic of all that surrounds us; nevertheless, though our words may be rude, yet they are sincere, emanating from young hearts, which cherish a well merited affection for the illustrious sovereign who sits upon the British throne, warm attachment to the Constitution of our country, and the deepest respect for your Excellency's person.

We hear with pleasure of your exertions for the prosperity of the country, by giving your countenance to Mechanics' Institutes, the diffusion of education, and the promotion of general improvements; and we are confident that such exertions will not be without happy results. We have good reason to believe that you do not think it unbecoming your station to look to the social well being of the people with which we as a body are more especially concerned.

We have witnessed, and many of us have indirectly suffered from the evils resulting from the general use of intoxicating liquors, the effects of which are as demoralizing as they are injurious to the human system. For the prevention of an appetite for these poisons, we have associated ourselves together, in common with large numbers of the youth of the Province, and with some success. We are what our name implies.—Cadets in the Army of Temperance. But while the traffic in intoxicating liquors is sanctioned by the law of Canada, and their use indulged in or countenanced by the most learned in the land, we cannot hope to be entirely successful. Thus, while the inducements for dissipation are countenanced by law and encouraged by ex-

ample, it is too much to expect that our humble efforts will be of much avail.

We would therefore, most respectfully, but earnestly pray that your Excellency would impress upon the people of this great country, by your counsel, the necessity for abstaining from indulgence in the use of intoxicating beverages, so injurious to themselves, and so pernicious to the well-being of society.

That you may return from your present tour in safety and health to the bosom of your noble family, and that God may bless and direct you in carrying out your responsible mission in Canada, and bestow upon you long life and happiness in your distinguished career; is our earnest prayer.

Signed in behalf of Early Dawn Section,
No. 77, Cadets of Temperance.

GEORGE KENNEDY, W. A.

An address was also presented by the Sons of Temperance; and to both his Excellency made the following reply:—

GENTLEMEN,—I am very sensible of the kind manner in which the Sons and Cadets of Temperance welcome me to Bytown.

Nothing has afforded me greater satisfaction since my arrival in this neighborhood than the information which I have received respecting the extent to which the principles of Temperance obtain in the region of the Ottawa, and the general tribute which is borne to the benefits which have resulted therefrom to the community at large.

No one is more alive than I am to the frightful evils entailed upon society by intemperance; and without hazarding an opinion on disputed points as to the best mode of obviating these evils, I beg to assure you that in all measures adopted with this view, which in my judgment I believe to be right, you may calculate on my support and sympathy.

His Excellency afterwards proceeded to an exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, and then continued his tour up the Ottawa as far as Portage du Fort.

Within three days he received and answered no less than sixteen addresses, and was very well received everywhere.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, we have trespassed too much on your limits, I therefore subscribe myself,

Yours, in Virtue, Love, and Temperance,

G.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CADET.

SIR,—Knowing that you are always glad to hear from Cadets, I take the liberty of writing to you.

Milton, the village in which our section

meets, is appointed county town of the County of Halton, which appointment, though now settled, has, during the past winter and summer, caused much trouble and anxiety. The Temperance cause has, notwithstanding, been advancing. The Milton Division S. of T. is in a very prosperous condition. They held a celebration on the 6th June last which was well attended. The Sons to the number of about 90, and about 25 Cadets, formed a procession, and preceded by the Georgetown brass band, marched through the village to the grove where, notwithstanding a great disappointment in speakers, everything went off well.

The Union Section C. of T. of this place was instituted about two years ago, and now numbers about twenty members. Owing, however, to various causes, it does not prosper very well. The chief cause, I am sorry to say, is the almost total neglect of the division under whose care we are placed; and were it not for the unwearied attention of our D.G.W.P., Henry E. Willmott, Esq., the section would long ere this have been broken up. I see by reading the *Cadet*, that some sections have their installations public. This, I think, is a very good plan. It creates an interest in the cause, and it would be better if more sections would adopt the same course. We intend trying it at our next installation; if it succeeds well we will send you an account of it.

One pleasing feature in our village is, that though it is improving very fast, there has not been a tavern erected for several years. It seems as though the friends of Alcohol were afraid of the Maine Liquor Law.

There was a public meeting of the County held here last summer, when resolutions strongly recommending the Maine Liquor Law were unanimously carried. I hope it may soon be the happy lot of our country to have such a law in operation here.

Wishing the *Cadet*, and Cadets, increased success, I send the answer to the problem in your last—

The number of male labourers is 49.

I remain yours in the bonds of Virtue, Love, and Temperance,

A CADET.

Original Puzzles for Pastime.

First Problem.—Three men were employed in removing a quantity of rubbish for £35. A and B is supposed to do 3 11 of the work, A and C 5.13, and B and C 4.14 of the work. They are to be paid proportionably. How much is each man to receive?

Second Problem.—7.8 of a certain number exceeds 4.5 by 6. What is that number?

E. DYER.

Ruperts, August 11th, 1853.

A Cistern is supplied with water by one pipe, of such bigness that if the cock A at the end of the pipe be set open, the Cistern will be filled in half an hour. But at the bottom of the Cistern are two other cocks, B and C, whose capacities are such, that by the cock B set open alone (all the rest being stopped), the cistern supposed to be full, will be emptied in 1 3-7 hours; also, by the cock C alone it will be emptied in 2 1-3 hours. Now, because more water will be infused by the cock A than can be expelled by the cocks B and C, in one and the same time; the question is, in what time the Cistern will be filled, if all the said three cocks are set open at once?

HENRY PILSON.

Bytown, March 18, 1853.

An Enigma.—I am a sentence of 28 letters. My 1, 27, 3, 7, 5, 4, is a Colony of Great Britain.

My 9, 25, 11, 12, 21, 14, 13, 16, 24, 18, 19, 26, 15, 22, 13, 17, 10, 20, 2, 28, is the Drunkard's protection.

My 1, 27, 6, 8, is the name of the first murderer.

My whole would be a blessing to Canada.

J. B. W.

Mapleton; or, More Work for the Maine Law.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN PUNISHMENT.

With a view to meet the demand for this work, and to promote the growth of a public opinion favorable to prohibitory legislation, the undersigned made arrangements for the issue of a Canadian edition from the original stereotype plates. The editor of the *Advocate* says, concerning

Mapleton, "It is pretty clearly seen, through the whole tragedy, that the cause of all the domestic calamities which befall the respective families, was the legal facility given to make and sell the liquor poison everywhere; and that go where they might they could not get away from the fangs of the destroyer,—a most literal and faithful description of the state of things throughout our country. We have commended the book, and do so again with special earnestness." Being instrumental in creating a desire for the work, the subscriber would have been wanting in consistency if he had not tried to meet the demand.

This edition is the same clear type and white paper as the American copy; containing 432 pages 12mo. Sold at one dollar.

Single copies will be sold, or sent free by mail, for three shillings and ninepence currency, which amount can be remitted in postage stamps; or, if any prefer to remit a dollar, they can have in change the *Cadet* for one year, or the *Advocate* for six months.

Three copies by mail for two dollars, forwarded free of postage to one or three addresses.

Five copies by mail or otherwise, post or freight paid, for three dollars. The order and cash to be remitted here free of postage.

Twenty-five copies or upwards for half a dollar each, which is the wholesale price without discount.

For family reading, and for the use and benefit of Cadets, this work is strongly recommended.

J. C. BECKET.

The Carrier Pigeon.

Carrier pigeons fly with astonishing rapidity. They go through the air a great deal faster than the cars can run on a railroad. And the most wonderful thing of all is, that they can remain so long on the wing, without stopping to rest. There are several societies in Europe which are formed for the purpose of raising and training these birds. The members of these societies take a great deal of pains in teaching the pigeons. Sometimes they offer great prizes to those whose pigeons are swiftest on the wing. A few months ago, a number of carrier pigeons were taken from Brussels to Lyons, to be loos-

ed, so that they would fly back to Brussels. One of the societies let loose sixty-three pigeons, at five o'clock in the morning. Prizes were to be given to the owners of the birds which should return to Brussels in the shortest space of time. The first prize was won by a man whose pigeon arrived at thirty-one minutes past three o'clock in the afternoon. Another pigeon came at thirty-nine minutes past two; and a third at twenty minutes before three. The distance from Lyons to Brussels, by the railroad, is about six hundred miles. The first pigeon performed the journey in seven hours and a half, which is at the rate of eighty miles an hour for the whole distance.

These birds are not brought up at present with so much care as formerly, when they were sent from governors in a besieged city to generals that were coming to relieve it without, and when they were sent from princes to their subjects, with the tiding of some fortunate event. Only a few years ago, however, while the means of communicating between different parts of the country were much more limited than they are at present, it was ascertained that, in some mysterious way, at every arrival of a steamer from Great Britain, the news respecting the state of the markets in England was carried to New York and Boston, very soon after the vessel touched at Halifax, and before the express established for the purpose could reach these cities. The thing was for some time a great mystery; but it was at length discovered that the agents of the large dealers in cotton, flour, and other articles, were in the habit of employing persons to take passage in these steamers, who had carrier pigeons with them. When the steamer had reached the American coast, and before she had touched at her wharf in Halifax, they let the messengers loose, with a letter tied under their wings, telling as much about the state of the markets in England as it was necessary for the merchants to know. As soon as these birds received their liberty, they flew toward their home, and scarcely stopped till they reached it, or fell down from fatigue. Several of them were found dead on the way. The distance was too great for them. They flew until they exhausted all their strength, and then dropped down dead. Of course, this smuggling business was stopped, as soon as the captain of the steamer found out what was going on.

A laughable story of some carrier pi-

geons is told in an Antwerp paper. The editor of a celebrated journal published in that city, sent a reporter to Brussels for the "king's speech," and with him a couple of carrier pigeons, to take back the document. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicious fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why you've eaten them!" — *Woodworth's Stories about Birds.*

"Hanging Round a Rum-Shop."

"Came to his death by hanging round a rum-shop." — *Verdict of a Coroner's Jury.*

Hanging round a rum-shop.—How came he there? There must have been some cause for this. Perhaps it was through the influence of his father, who may have learned him to drink when young: many come there by this means. I knew an old deacon once, who opposed the temperance societies and took a dram now and then. He said he had too much power over himself ever to become a drunkard. Perhaps he had; but there was evil elsewhere. One of his sons was a school-mate of mine; and a fine boy he was too. He grew up and prospered at a trade, and was an honored citizen of the town of E—. He became a member of the ——— church, and was licensed to preach; and Edward James became a man of distinction in the town. But there was a worm in the bud.

Some six years had passed away, and I went into an old blacksmith shop, fitted up in a stable, in an obscure town, and there I found my early schoolmate, a swearing, drunken, worthless fellow. Rum had done it all? And the father is verily guilty concerning his son. The old man may have had power to continue his dram without increasing it, but the son had not; and he fell. Perhaps it was so with the man found "hanging round the rum-shop." Or, it may have been that he was lazy, and had gone up to the grog-shop to spend a social half-day with the crowd assembled there; or, perchance, home may have been a bedlam, and the tongue of a brawling woman had driven him elsewhere for company; or, perhaps, as is most likely, he had frequented the genteel coffee house

until his funds were gone, and then had been kicked out to the rum-shop. But no matter; he was found "hanging round a rum-shop," and that is sufficient to account for his death.

"Came to his DEATH by hanging round a rum-shop." Who is to be blamed?

Firstly, himself. Every man is a free moral agent. Prosperity, and peace, and life, and heaven are offered to every man that will have them; all who reject them must be the guilty ones.

But, Secondly; his companions that drew him on, are accessories to this murder. They are verily guilty "concerning their brother."

Thirdly; those law-makers who permit the rumseller to dose a man to death, are "verily guilty."

And fourthly; the rumseller is very culpable in this matter. He sees the man driven by the demoniac appetite, and holds out the bottle to lure him on. He sees him tottering on the brink of the awful precipice, and hushing his fears urges him forward, until the man plunges into ruin; shouted on to destruction by the voice of a fellow man that should have been ready to save.

Look at that poor white man, running the Indian gauntlet. Thickly fly the arrows! Down streams the blood! The man falters, falls and dies! Who has killed him! No one arrow of all that flew proved fatal, but the combined arrows did the work. All that long file of Indians must stand guilty. So, behold a poor man, captive to the rumsellers. They put him through from shop to shop a dose here and a dose there, burning up his life-blood little by little. It is more than the poor victim can bear; and at last the accumulated drams finish the work, and the man is huddled into a grave, and the rumseller goes about the streets searching for other victims.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

The Universe.

The following sublime extract is from the pen of Jean Paul Richer, a genius that has sung forth more of such gorgeous *bravara*, than, perhaps, any other man:

"God called from dreams a man into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'Come thou hither and see the glory of my house.' And to the servants that stood around his throne he said, 'Take him and undress him from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision and put a new breath into his nos-

trils; only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done; and with a mighty angel for his guide, he stood steady for his infinite voyage; and from the terraces of heaven, without any sound or farewell they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes, with solemn flight of angel wing, they fled through Zaarahs of darkness, through wilderness of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes they swept over frontiers then quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then from a distance that is counted only in heaven, light dawned for a time through sleepy film; by unutterable pace that light; in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed.

"To the right hand and to the left towered mighty constellations, that by self-repetitions, and answers from afar that by counter positions built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, archways, horizontal, upright, resting, rose altitude, by spasms that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measures were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the eternities below; above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body; depth was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as they tilted over abyssmal worlds, a mighty cry arose—that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy—other heights and other depths—were coming, were nearing, were at hand.

"Then the man sighed and stopped; shuddered and wept. His overloaded heart uttered itself in tears, and he said, 'Angel, I will go no farther.—For the spirit of man acheth with this infinity. Insufferable is the glory of God. Let me lie down in the grave from the persecution of the infinite; for end I see there is none.'—And from all the listening stars that shone around, issued a choral voice, 'The man speaks truly; end there is none that ever yet we heard of.' 'End there is none?' the angel solemnly demanded, 'Is there indeed no end?—And is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered, that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the heaven of heavens, saying, 'End there is none to the Universe of God! Lo! also there is no beginning.'"

"Who Bids for the Little Children?"

(From the Illustrated London News.)

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain;
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my hair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born:
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue;
And the jailors and the policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"O shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they're trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're *not* the true religion,"
Said a sect with flashing eyes;
"Nor thou," said another scowling—
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third with a shout and yell!
"You're Antichrist and bigot—
You'd train them up for Hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity—
"Oh, friends! you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling,
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen:
Quoth they—"We bide our time;"
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth, and Crime;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high;
And the thick abomination
Spread recking to the sky.

Mr. Prescott's Mode of Writing.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Prescott, the historian, is deprived of the use of his eyes, and that in his extensive researches into the sources of history, as well as in the preparation of his manuscript, he is obliged to resort to an artificial process, which he thus describes in a letter to Mr. Putnam:

"As you desire, I send you a specimen of my autograph. It is in the concluding page of one of the chapters of the 'Conquest of Peru,' book 3, chapter 3. The

writing is not, as you imagine, made by a pencil, but is indelible, being made with an apparatus used by the blind. This is a very simple affair, consisting of a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter paper, with brass wires inserted in it to correspond with the number of lines wanted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates. Instead of a pen the writer makes use of a stylus, of ivory or agate, the last better or harder. The great difficulties in the way of a blind

man's writing in the usual manner arise from his not knowing when the ink is exhausted in his pen, and when his lines run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by this simple writing case, which enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light. Though my trouble is not blindness, but a disorder of the nerve of the eye, the effect, so far as this is concerned, is the same, and I am wholly incapacitated for writing in the ordinary way. In this manner I have written every word of my historicals. This *modus operandi* exposes one to some embarrassments; for as one cannot see what he is doing on the other side of the paper, any more than the performer in a tread-mill can see what he is grinding on the other side of the wall, it becomes very difficult to make any corrections. This equites the subject to be pretty thoroughly canvassed in the mind, and all the blots and erasures to be made there before taking up the pen or stylus. This compels me to go over my composition to the extent of a whole chapter, however long it may be, several times in my mind before sitting down to my desk. When there the work becomes one of memory rather than of creation, and the writing is apt to run off glibly enough. A letter which I received some years since from the French historian, Thierry, who is totally blind, urged me by all means to cultivate the habit of dictation, to which he had resorted; and James, the novelist, who has also adopted his habits, finds it favorable to facility of composition. I have too long been accustomed to my own way to change; and, to say the truth, I never dictated a sentence in my life for publication without its falling so flat on my ear that I felt almost ashamed to send it to the press. I suppose it is habit. One thing I may add, my manuscript is usually too illegible (I have sent you a favorable specimen) for the press, and it is always fairly copied by amanuenses before it is consigned to the printer. I have accompanied the autograph with these explanations, which are at your service, if you think they will have interest for your readers. My *modus operandi* has the merit of novelty; at least I have never heard of any history-monger who has adopted it besides myself."

Owe no Man Anything.

Never get into debt without some reasonable prospect of paying. To procure

the property of others without a determination to pay, is downright robbery. The man who plunders his neighbor's dwelling, or applies a pistol to his breast, may expose himself to greater danger among men, but both are chargeable with great offence in the sight of God. Take heed, therefore, how you behave if you are in debt. Much of a man's principle appears, by his spirit and conduct, when in debt. No one will trust the avowed deceiver; therefore the knave approaches the person he has marked out as his prey, under the garb of honesty, but no sooner are his fraudulent designs accomplished than the vizard drops, and his real character is exposed.

If you are in debt, then behave with civility to your creditors. May not the man who has befriended you in the hour of difficulty, at least expect to meet that behavior which common decency demands? Many ungrateful persons can scarcely afford a creditor a civil answer, when he ventures to inquire after his lawful property. Perhaps they will resent the application as an affront, and forsake him to play the same nefarious part upon another. If you are in debt, be always frank and candid. Never attempt to disguise your situation by misrepresentations. Investigate with impartial diligence your own circumstances, and state to your creditors the naked truth; for remember, he that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but who so confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy. The satisfaction felt by the upright mind in being out of debt, should operate as a reason for your endeavoring to keep unembarrassed in the world. Therefore sit not down contented if in debt. He that is easy, happy, and satisfied, in such a situation, wears a character nearly verging towards that of a villain. Nor is it less incumbent that you deny yourselves, nor provide entertainments for your friends or acquaintances, with what is not your own. Before you are hospitable and generous, determine to be just. Let justice to your creditors be a spur to your application and industry in your calling. And in order to do this, lay down some prudent plan for the attainment of this desirable end. Though your first efforts may be baffled, look upward and try again. Much has been and may be done by little and little. Whatsoever, then, thine hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—*Eastern Times*.

Riches.

"And don't you ever want to be rich, Aunt Larcom—never wish that you could have as much money as Mr. Allston?"

"No dear," said Mrs. Larcom in reply, and smiling at the earnestness of her niece's inquiry, "it is a good while since I have wished for a large share of this world's riches. I used to imagine that I should be a great deal happier if I had much earthly wealth, but I think otherwise now."

"O, I know I should be happier, aunt, if I had a great deal of money. I could buy every thing I wished for then, and I could make handsome presents to all my friends. And I could buy a nice new stove for poor aunt Peggy, and a carpet for her room." And Emily's eyes danced with delight, as she anticipated the pleasure she would enjoy if she could only become the possessor of a large sum of money.

"Aunt Peggy has great riches already, Emily, infinitely greater than any earthly friend can give her. With Paul, she has thoroughly learned the lesson,—*In whatsoever state she is, therewith to be content.* And there is coming to her an immensely rich inheritance hereafter." She will soon, I believe, come into possession of it, and then how trifling will appear all the privations of her mortal life. But I want to ask you a question, my dear. You know something of Aunt Peggy's lovely character—something of her severe trials, and of the last four years of pain and suffering, and something of the patience and sweetness with which she has borne her weary lot. You know too that she expresses a firm attachment to the Redeemer, and that her daily life is a sure evidence that she loves to obey his commandments. Now, if riches were among the best gifts of our Heavenly Benefactor, would he have withheld them from Aunt Peggy, whose whole life, since the years of early childhood, has been one of consecration to his service?"

Emily hesitated a moment before answering her aunt's question, and then said, "I suppose not aunt, for I am sure Aunt Peggy is one of the best persons I ever knew."

"Do not covet riches, then, Emily, but seek better, more enduring gifts. Try to obtain the *pearl of great price*, and it will not diminish your true happiness to be without this world's riches."

COUSIN ABBY.

The Number Nine.

This is a peculiar figure, with which numerous tricks may be performed; not to mention the fact that the fundamental rules of arithmetic are proved by the figure 9, there are, among others, the following curiosities connected with the figure:—

Add together as many nines as you please, and the figures indicating the amount, when added together, will be 9 or 9 repeated. The same is true in multiplying any number of times—the sum of the figures in the product will be 9 or a number of nines. For instance:

Twice 9 are 18—1 and 8 are 9;
Three times 9 are 27—2 and 7 are 9;
Four times 9 are 36—3 and 6 are 9.

And so on until we come to eleven times 9 are 99; here we have 2 nines, or 18, but 1 and 8 are 9.

Twelve times 9 are 108—1 and 0 and 8 are 9.

The curious student may carry this on still further for amusement.

Another curiosity is exhibited in these different products of the 9 when multiplied by the digits, the products being 18, 27, 36, 45, &c., reverse these and we have the remaining products, 54, 63, 72, 81.

The 9 digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, when added, amount to 5 nines—or instead of adding, multiply the middle figure by the last, and the product will be the 5 mysterious nines, or 45, and 4 and 5 are 9.

Once more, let the digits as written be

123456789
987654321

111111110

and we have 9 ones, and of course 9, once more.

Or let the upper series of numbers be subtracted from the other:

987654321
123456789

864197532

Add the figures of this difference, and once more we have the 5 nines, or 45, or 9.

We will now multiply these same figures by 9:

123456789
9

111111110

and we have 9 ones again, or 9.—*Granite Farmer.*