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THE



Weekly Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

{ PUBLISHED AND PROPRIETOR,  
F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—51 YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
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No. 12.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1865.

Four Cents per copy.

DOVER CHURCHYARD.

WEARIED with climbing Dover's cliffs,  
And gazing at its sights,  
I sat me down to rest awhile  
In the churchyard on its heights.

And as I looked upon the flowers  
That bloomed among the graves,  
And saw the long blue hills of France  
Beyond the sparkling waves.

A little girl came to my side,  
With almost noiseless tread,  
"Dear sir, this is a pretty place,"  
In softest tones she said.

"Mean you my dear, the churchyard here  
To be a pleasant place?"  
I asked, and gazed, half wondering  
Into her little face.

"Yes, sir, for mother says it is  
The sweetest 'neath the sky;  
May I, dear sir, sit by your side  
And tell the reason why."

"Oh yes," I said, and took her hand,  
And then she told this tale,  
So full of true simplicity,  
I know my words will fail:—

"My mother had a daughter, sir,  
My sister Caroline;  
She was a younger girl than I,  
And I am hardly nine.

I never saw my little sis';  
I hear my mother say  
A prettier girl you could not meet  
On a long summer day.

Our home is not in Dover, sir,  
It's down at Sutton Lee;  
But every summer we come here,  
For mother loves the sea.

In Dover, Carry grew unwell,  
And just before she died  
She saw poor mother very sad,  
And asked her why she sighed.

Poor mother answered that she wept  
To see her child so ill,  
And Carry said, 'Though I must go  
I'll love you, mother, still.

Heaven cannot be so far away,  
When God is always near,  
But mother, just before I go,  
Do call my playmates here.'

And Carry's little playmates came  
And stood beside her bed,  
And one by one she pressed their hands,  
And then she softly said,—

'I now must bid you all good-bye,  
I'm going far from here,  
I'm going to live with Jesus now,  
Who loves us all so dear.'

Look, sir! beyond 'yon small white stone,  
Just where the lilies fair  
Are bending o'er the withered grass,  
Our Carry's grave is there.

But Carry is not there herself,  
She's up in heaven high,  
For all good people dwell with God  
For ever in the sky.

Dear sir, you must not look so vexed,

And do not shed a tear,  
For mother says that Caroline  
Is better there than here.

Good day, sir!" My wee maiden ran  
Away across the graves,  
And left me gazing through my tears  
Beyond the Channel waves.

R. P. S.

THE STORY OF  
A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XLVII.—Continued

I AM IN LONDON AGAIN; AND IN SEARCH OF  
PEGGY MAGRATH, ONCE MORE FIND MY WAY  
TO WHISKERS' RENTS.

I complied with his request, at the same time saying that there was no need for such profound secrecy and preparation; that my errand was a very simple one. I was in search of the poor woman, whom I feared must be, if living, badly off; and that my intentions towards her were kind and friendly.

He was sure of that, he said, for he could see at first sight that I was an honourable gentleman; 'and how much,' he wished to know, with trembling earnestness, 'did you say, my tear, it might be worth to a poor man to help you to find the good lady?'

'I mentioned no sum,' I said, half amused and half disgusted: 'what do you think, now, I should offer?'

'Oh! I am a very poor man,' exclaimed the

Jew, clasping his hands, as if in supplication, and heaving a heavy sigh.

Reserving my much or little faith in this assertion to be proved, or not, according to circumstances, I reflected that by taking advantage of this man's evident greediness for gain, I might attain my object, when my own unassisted efforts would probably fail. I therefore told him after a moment's consideration, that if he would assist me, and successfully, in finding my old nurse, I should be willing to give him ten guineas for his trouble.

I could see, by the lightning up of his countenance, that the offer would be accepted, and that I had found a willing and zealous assistant; nevertheless it would not have been in accordance with the man's nature not to have attempted to screw an additional guinea or two out of me, 'considering,' as he said, 'that a great deal of trouble may be thrown away for nothing my fear.'

I saw there would be nothing so effectual as a retaining fee, and I put a golden guinea in his hand. He eagerly clutched it, with a profusion of thanks and protestations, but still he was not entirely satisfied. His caution suggested that an engagement in black and white would not be so easily evaded as a verbal promise. This was reasonable enough, and being speedily provided with the materials, I placed the document in his hands.

'And now,' I said, 'we will begin our inquiries at once, and we cannot do better than set to work on the spot here, in this house of yours.'

'But,' affirmed the Jew, earnestly, 'the woman is not here, and I know nothing of her.'

'I quite believe you,' said I; 'but some of your lodgers may have met with her elsewhere.'

This was true, he admitted; and so, without further hesitation, he led the way and I followed.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

I AM AT WHISKERS' RENTS SEEKING WHAT I DO NOT FIND, AND FINDING WHAT I DO NOT SEEK.

I SHALL not detain my readers with a description of all the scenes which met my eye, and the replies which our questions elicited, in this tour of inspection and search. The cracked and dilapidated house was crowded, as I had known it many years before, with temporary tenants. Filth there was in rich abundance; dissipation, reeking in its sites; vice, flaunting and shameless in the light of day; brutality, covered, but

not hidden, beneath a thin veil of civility, exorted perhaps by fear; and poverty in its many

hidden shapes. It was well that I had retained the service of a guide who held over the people with whom we came in contact the wholesome terror of a despotic landlord, and who had besides a pecuniary interest in the success of my researches. As it was, we met but little encouragement, and no satisfactory solution to our inquiries. In most cases we were met with a distinct and positive denial of any knowledge of such a person as Peggy Magrath, varied occasionally by blustering and oathful demands as to why they (the lodgers) should be bothered with such questions! Evidently, I was looked upon as a spy, perhaps a police officer in disguise, in search of some criminal in hiding; and it was believed that my questions and expressed anxiety about Peggy Magrath were merely a blind to conceal some dangerous purpose—dangerous, because probably almost every inmate of 'Whiskers' was, more or less, at variance with the law, or had been. At any rate, 'the world was not their friend, nor the world's law'; and they would, to a man or a woman, have been ready to take up arms against the law, and in favour of any hapless, law-persecuted victim.

Faithful to me (and himself), however, the landlord conducted me from room to room, and from floor to floor, up the broken and banisterless stairs, until we reached the attic which had been my boyhood's home. It had become even a more wretched abode than I had known it. Some of the rotten rafters had crumbled away, crushed beneath the weight of superincumbent tiles; leaving the roof to bulge fearfully inwards, with great gaps, exposed to the light of day and to every descending shower. At this time the broken floor was sodden with moisture, and a thick fall of sleety snow, which had commenced since my entrance into the miserable house already covered it, drifting indeed to every part of the vile loft; while the keen wind whistled through innumerable crevices in roof and wall.

And yet the room was not without its occupant. On a damp and hard mattress, in one corner—my old corner—and covered only with the thinnest of coverlets, without blanket above or beneath his emaciated body, lay a fair-haired boy, evidently in the last stage of consumption. He was alone; and his preternaturally bright, full, glistening eyes looked up inquiringly as we entered.

I believe that I started with horror at the sight; I knew that I felt horror-stricken; and

my guide seemed to think an explanation needed.

'The poor boy's mother, he said, was a very poor woman who earned what little she had by needlework, when she could get it; and she was gone out now, he supposed, to look for work or take some home. He only knew that she had the room 'scheep, very scheep'; and he shrugged his shoulders.

'And can you reconcile it to your conscience,' I said, 'to allow a poor child to lie in a hole like this and hastened to the grave by starvation, cold, and destitute of even the most needful comforts?'

'What should I do?' asked the landlord, sharply. 'Vy need they come to the poor Jew to ask for a scheep lodging? Yet indeed,' he added, however, with a touch of natural feeling, 'I did not know they were so badly off. The woman pays her rent always—always.'

'Look you,' I said, 'we will not talk about it, but leave me here; and go, beg or borrow a blanket—two, three, the more the better—to wrap this child in; and then see if cannot find a better place than this—go, go.'

'And what should I do the better for that?' demanded the landlord, suspiciously.

I put money in his hand, and he disappeared, while I went and stooped over the boy. Hitherto he had not spoken, only following me with his sparkling eye, and apparently watching the movement of my lips. But now his own lips moved, and he spake very faintly: 'You are very kind, sir; but it does not matter you know.'

'What does not matter, my poor boy?' I asked.

'About feeling cold and achy and faint-like. It won't last long.'

'Indeed, I fear not,' I said, with a choking sensation in my throat; for the scene too vividly called to remembrance my dying mother.

'Oh, but I do not fear,' he said, quietly, and fixing his eyes upon me.

'No! how is this? But stop, your mouth is very parched; you are not hungry?'

No, oh no; he was not hungry, he said.

'Thirsty?'

Yes, a little thirsty: he would like a drink of water; only he did not think there was any.

I remembered that I had an orange in my pocket. I had provided myself with it in anticipation of the foulness of Whiskers' Rents, and of needing some purifying and invigorating refreshment. In another moment the orange was

In my hand; I had broken the rind, and was holding it to the boy's lips, squeezing the juice, which he sucked and swallowed eagerly. At length his thirst seemed assuaged, and he desisted. And then he stretched out his thin, thin arm, and took me by the hand. 'Sir, sir,' he whispered, "Inasmuch as ye have done it—unto the least—of these my brethren—ye have done it unto me;—you know who says so, don't you?" And a strange, lovely, unearthly smile settled on his lips.

'My poor boy, yes,' I said, looking at him with astonishment, and pressing softly his withered, faded hand.

'Not poor, not poor!' he repeated. 'He won't let me be poor: He won't indeed—'

'Since He is mine and I am His,  
What can I want besides?'

It was very wonderful, I thought, as I listened to the simple outpourings of the soul of that dying boy. How many years was it since, in that wretched garret, I had heard the same words from the lips of Fanny Grey; and now this same child-like confidence in the Good Shepherd, which had helped her to rise above her life trials, was supporting one, as young as she, in the prospect of death.

I repeat,—I thought this; but I asked, as a stranger might, 'What do you mean, my boy—I will not call you 'poor' again—but what do you mean by saying 'Since He is mine and I am His?'

He looked wistfully in my face, and apparently he was satisfied with the examination, for he smiled peacefully: 'I think you know, sir,' said he; 'but I mean Jesus—Jesus.'

'If I were not quite a stranger to you,' I would ask you what makes you think that Jesus is yours and that you are his?'

'His own word and promise, sir,' the boy answered. 'He says in his very own word, 'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.'

'And are you one of his sheep, then?' I asked, as gently as I could.

'I believe in him, sir; I love him; and I can trust him,' the child whispered; and tears started in his eyes, as though the shadow of a doubt were too painful to be borne.

I wiped his tears away. I stooped down and kissed his cold forehead. I asked him to forgive me if I had given him pain.

'Oh, it is not that, sir; but I am very weak, you see, and a little thing makes me cry now.'

'You will not have to cry much more, my dear, happy boy,' I said; and my own cheeks were wet with tears as I spoke. 'You are going where there is no sorrow and crying, where God himself will wipe away all tears from your eyes.'

'Yes, sir; oh yes!'

I continued,—

"Yet a season and you know,  
Happy entrance will be given;  
All your sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven."

'Yes, sir, yes; oh yes!' said he again; and then he added, 'You would like to pray with me, wouldn't you, sir?'

I knelt down on the floor by his side; and was yet praying with the dying boy when the Jew landlord returned with the blanket. He did not withdraw when he saw how I was engaged, but listened, at least with a show of respect and reverence, and spoke as well as acted, at that time, with more apparent kindness of feeling. It might have been, however, that the hope of gain prompted him to this; for there is a sense in which 'money answereth all things,' and certainly with this man it seemed to be all-powerful. Before I left, I had removed the poor child, in my own arms, to the next attic (once little Fanny's and her father's home), in which was a fireplace, and the roof of which was tolerably entire. I had caused a fire to be lighted, too, and wrapped the little fellow up warmly. I had also procured wine, and put the glass to his lips; and then I bethought me of engaging medical assistance, though how vain it was to dream of preserving a life already dwindled to the finest thread, I knew full well.

And this put me in mind of the doctor who had visited my mother, as she lay dying; and then I remembered—what it is strange had never occurred to me before—that poor Peggy used to work at this house; and I wondered that I had not thought of making inquiries among her old employers, who might perhaps be able to give me some intelligence of my poor old nurse. But this was not to be thought of now.

I sent for a doctor, however, who came and received my fee, and shook his head gravely, but engaged to attend to the young invalid's comfort while he lived; and then having done all that seemed in my power, I departed, leaving the landlord to follow up his inquiries for poor Peggy.

I must shorten this part of my story, and

bring this chapter to a close. Several successive days I returned to Whiskers' Rents to see my young invalid; and I never knew till then how much I had yet to learn of patience, resignation, and faith in an ever-present though unseen Saviour; never till then saw such an exemplification of the apostle's words, 'Whom having not seen ye love, and in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory;' never till then so fully appreciated another apostle's question, 'Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?'

I shall not repeat the boy's story, as I heard it afterwards from his mother's lips—it was a very simple one; nor will I, though tempted to do it, give the history of that mother's life; for I must hasten on to conclude my own history. I shall only say, therefore, that in less than a week from my first knowledge of him, the child died. I followed him to the grave, and mourned for him as for a brother. And then I tried to comfort his mother. Years afterwards, when I had a happy and prosperous home, she entered it as my housekeeper, and, by more than twenty years' faithful services to me and mine, repaid tenfold my small offices of friendship to her dying child.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

I HEAR TIDINGS OF PEGGY, REVISIT MY OLD STABLE LOFT, AND RENEW ACQUAINTANCE WITH BEN THE OSTLER.

THE interest I felt in the stricken child at Whiskers' Rents did not cause me to neglect my search after Peggy Magrath; but it was unsuccessful. Her old employers had not seen her since her imprisonment; probably, therefore, shame for that disgrace had impelled her to seek another sphere for her industry. That she had sought me, however, was pretty certain, for I remembered that she had been seen in Whiskers' Rents, and had held communication with our old landlord; but if the secret of her retirement had been—as it most likely was—intrusted to him, he had carried it with him to the grave.

I had no reason to believe that his successor, the Jew landlord, slackened in his inquiries; for the expectation of a golden reward would keep him on the alert; but he met with success little better than my own. There was one old inhabitant of Whiskers' Rents, indeed, who re-

*Continued on page 95.*



## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DEC 20, '65.

### TORONTO CITY LODGE, B O G T

On account of Christmas being on Monday, the members of the above Lodge are requested to attend on Thursday next. A full attendance is requested as business of importance is to be brought forward.

### COLDSRING DIVISION S. OF T.

The members of this Division are to hold their fourth anniversary in the Congregational Church, St. Andrews, on New Years' Day. If any of our city friends will go out, we know they will receive a hearty welcome. An excellent programme is offered. Tea at 2 P.M.

### SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The Temperance Society of Scarborough, intend holding a Social entertainment on the 2nd of January, 1866, in the Temperance Hall, Malvern. We hope there will be a large gathering.

### CO. OF YORK TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the County of York Temperance Association will take place in the Temperance Hall at Richmond Hill, on Thursday, 25th December, at one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of deciding what steps shall be taken to promote the cause of temperance throughout the county, and to devise ways and means for carrying out the provisions of the Temperance Act of 1854 in said county. Societies are respectfully requested to send two or three delegates, and as matters of a most import-

ant character will be brought before the meeting, it is earnestly requested that each society will be represented as largely as possible.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

GREENBANK, Dec. 11th, 1865.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed dollar and fifty cents is for the *Weekly Visitor* for Everton Lodge of B. A. O. G. T. for one year, P. O. address, Everton, South Wellington County, and for Mr. Thomas Easton, for six months, Rockwood P. O. The money was paid to me some weeks ago, but I deferred writing, expecting to see you personally, and as I will not be able to go to Toronto for two or three weeks more, I now send you the money with the address of the subscribers, hoping they will forgive me for delaying so long. I hope to be able to visit Everton Good Templars before long, as I had two happy meetings with them, and found them in a flourishing state. Long may they be so.

Yours in F. H. and C.

M. E. DEGIER.

We, as British Templars, should stand by each other and do all in our power to encourage and build each other up. It is our duty to patronize members of our Organization, in preference to all others, thereby not only benefit ourselves, but the entire Brotherhood. It is not right for members of our Order to procure their groceries, etc., at liquor stores when they can obtain as good an article, if not better, from the persons who are associated with them endeavoring to drive intemperance from the land. If the services of a medical man are required, it is reasonable enough to suppose that a supporter of our Association should be preferred. The same will apply to the lawyer, the merchant, the laborer, the mechanic, etc. We could enlarge upon this, and will do so in a future number. We merely wish to remind all of their duty, and we feel confident that if the Templars and all Temperance MEN will but stand together more firmly, those who are opposed to the Cause will feel the loss of the money which is now given to them, perhaps, un-

thinkingly. Thus the enemy and its friends, will have no reserve, and the respectable would shun these dens of ruin as they should the very Gate of Hell.—*Monitor.*

### MAKE THE LODGE ROOM ATTRACTIVE.

It is perhaps less difficult to persuade persons to abandon their cups and become members of Temperance Societies, than to retain them after they have become members. This is particularly the case in reference to those who have been in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. They miss the bustle and excitement of their former haunts of pleasure—the billiard rooms and drinking saloons—where every inducement is held out, not only for the purpose of attracting, but retaining customers. The proprietors of saloons, etc., vie with each other in their efforts to make their establishments attractive; and why should not the members of Lodges and Divisions make their meeting attractive? Surely temperance men can out-rival rum-sellers? Sparkling wine, billiard tables and cards are not necessary to an evening's enjoyment. The Templars have every facility for making their meetings interesting.—*Monitor.*

### AN EXAMPLE.

The Lord Mayor of London recently presided at a meeting of the National Temperance League. He was supported by several members of Parliament, and other gentlemen, comprising SEVENTY-ONE physicians and surgeons, SIXTY-TWO aldermen, NINETY-THREE bankers, merchants, etc. This league is based upon Moral Suasion,—the English Reformers proposing to deal with the question in a practical way, and to wean the working-people from indulgence in intoxicating drink, by showing them how much they improve their condition by abstaining from its use. It is proposed to accomplish by legislation what the experience of years has shown is a mere covering of a crime from public view; but it is hoped that the axe will be laid at the root, by convincing the masses that happiness is to be found in temperance, cleanliness, and regular habits.

## Flower Basket.

### BEAUTY.

It fills the world, 'tis here, 'tis there,  
It rests on all we see,  
It shows God everywhere  
In hill, and dale, and tree.

It decks the lovely rainbow's form,  
Quick moves in Northern light,  
Red crimson hues the brow of morn,  
Bright gems the noon of night.

It dances on the foamy crest  
That crowns old ocean's wave,  
It sits across the river's breast,  
It cheers the gloomy grave.

It blossoms in the opening rose,  
It bursts in spring-tide bud,  
It lives where'er Jehovah goes,  
It is the voice of God.

—Rev. J. A. R. Dickson.

### THIS WORLD A BOG.

They pass best over this world, said Queen Elizabeth, who trip over it quickly, for it is but a bog. *If we stop, we sink.*

A volume might be written on the various methods which God has taken in providence to lead men first to think of him.—*Richd. Cecil.*

I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
And learn the future by the past of man.  
—*Campbell.*

### AN OLD STORY.

The worshippers of Mammon, says a Constantinople correspondent, have discovered that there is another power beside that of gold, and another God who is above the idol of worldly wealth. During the time the cholera lasted it was pitiable to see the fright of all those who used to boast that they had no religion and no creed save that of Nature. The 'Young Turkish' school of Moslems who had many of them thrown off even a semblance of belief in the Koran, were in a greater fright of death than any men I ever saw. The Christians were bad enough, at least such among them—not a few—who had led lives not exactly in accordance with their creed. The Arminian, Latin, Greek, and other churches, were crowded with

men and women hearing mass and going to confession, who, for many months, perhaps years, previously had never put foot inside a sacred edifice. Many of the priests were actually prevented going to administer to the dying by the importunity of the living for the consolations of religion. Now that all fear of the cholera has passed, every one has returned to his old ways.

### THE JEWISH SURGEON.

In one of the large London hospitals a poor woman lay dying. One of the young surgeons, who was a Jew, went to her bed, and said, 'My poor woman, you seem very ill; I am afraid you will not recover. Can I do anything for you?'

'Thank you, sir,' said the woman, 'there is a New Testament behind my pillow, and I should be much obliged to you if you would read a chapter to me.'

The young man seemed surprised, but he took the Testament, and did as she desired.

He continued to come and read to her for several days, and was greatly struck by the comfort and peace which the Word of Life seemed to give to the poor invalid.

With almost her dying breath, the poor woman gave the Testament to the Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read it.

He took the book home with him, and determined to keep his promise. He read it diligently, and soon found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote—Jesus, the Messiah—and was enabled to believe in Him as the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

The Hebrew proverb is "As is the Mother so is the Daughter." Then let the mothers be good, and the daughters will follow their example, and men will have good wives and good mothers—and faithful friends.—*D.*

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck if you have only a shilling a week to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbour's alone; good luck is to fulfil the ten commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the

world, they must take care of home, sweep their own door ways clean, try to help other people, avoid any temptation, have faith in truth and God.

A complete genealogy of Christ is found in the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, and the first of Mathew. Read them.—*D.*

### THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE NEVER PRAYED.

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and, having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place.

When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said, 'Good morning, my friend: you are the person I have been waiting for.'

'O sir!' said the man, 'you are mistaken, I think.'

'I do not know you; but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you.'

'Sir you are mistaken; it could not have been me. I never saw you in my life before, that I know of.'

'Well, my friend,' said Mr. Kilpin, 'I heard you pray last night.'

'Now I assure you that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life.'

'Oh,' said Mr. Kilpin, 'if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning! I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes, and ruin your soul.'

The man turned pale, and trembling, said 'Do you call that prayer? I did, I did!'

'Well, then my errand this morning is to request you, from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer!'

The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

### AN ASTRONOMER'S PRAYER.

These are the last words in Kepler's "Harmony of the World":

"Thou who, by the light of nature, has kindled in us the longing after the light of thy grace, in order to raise us to the light of thy glory, thanks to thee, Creator and Lord, that thou lettest me rejoice in thy works. Lo! I have done the work of my life with that power

of intellect which thou hast given. I have recorded to men the glory of thy works, as far as my mind could comprehend their infinite majesty. My senses were awake to search, as far as I could, with purity and faithfulness. If I, a worm before thine eyes, and born in the bonds of sin, have brought forth anything that is unworthy of thy counsels, inspire me with thy Spirit that I may correct it. If, by the wonderful beauty of thy works I have been led into boldness; if I have sought my own honor pardon me in charity, and by thy grace grant that my teaching may be to thy glory and the welfare of all men. Praise ye the Lord, ye heavenly harmonies; and ye that understand the new harmonies, praise the Lord. Praise God, O my soul, as long as I live. From him, through him, and in him, is all, the material as well as the spiritual; all that we know, and all that we know not yet, for there is much to do that is undone."

#### AN UNFAILING LAW.

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."—*Solomon.*

"A penny saved is a penny gained."—*Old Proverb.*

#### THE APOSTLE'S CREED.

There is a very old tradition that each of the twelve articles of the creed was composed by an Apostolic author. It is said that the twelve assembled in council before dispersing themselves to preach the Gospel throughout the world, to frame the symbol or watchword of the Christian Church, and it will be interesting to many of our readers to know the Apostle to whom each article is ascribed. The tradition is as follows.

St. Peter—I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth;

St. Andrew—And in Jesus Christ, his only son, our Lord;

St. James the Great—Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary;

St. John—Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried;

St. Thomas—He descended into Hell, [or, 'He went into the place of departed spirits,' which was considered as words of the same meaning,] the third day he rose from the dead;

St. James the less—He ascended into hea-

ven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty;

St. Philip—From thence he shall come to judge the quick and dead;

St. Bartholemew—I believe in the Holy Ghost;

St. Mathew—The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints;

St. Simon—The forgiveness of Sins;

St. Judas Thaddeus—The resurrection of the body.

St. Mathias—And the life everlasting. Amen.

#### DISCONTENTED DOBBIN.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Sunlight in the meadow, soft shade by the tree,  
Long winrows of hay just as sweet as could be;  
Where buttercups faded and daisies grew brown,  
And the dandelion scattered the plume from its crown.

Unhoused by the mower, the lark fluttered by,  
Then turned like a Christian for help to the sky,

And came back with a song about One who knew best

When he let the sharp scythe take the roof from its nest.

But the farm horse, who dozed in the maple-tree's shade,

Did not credit a word that the field preacher said,

And spent all the time of the farmer's noon rest,  
In thinking that he, not the Master, knew best.

In a neighboring lot, with its coat all ashine,  
A gentleman's pony lived lazy and fine,

Never dragging a rake nor a plough at its heels,  
Bearing only a saddle or light-going wheels;

So old Dobbin thought he would like to exchange,  
And give up his work and his home at the Grange,

For the bay pony's place.  
Well, the thing came to pass;

Farmer Johnston had gathered but half of his grass,

When the bay pony's owner came seeking "to trade,"

The terms were agreed on, the bargain was made,

And Dobbin stood free as the pony had done,  
To frolic and gambol, or bask in the sun.

It was not quite so gay as he thought it would be,

He missed the old shade of the old maple tree;

Missed the rough, honest hands, and the loud, cheery word,

That for many a day he had constantly heard.

Missed little Will's voice and his arm on his neck,

Missed the old wadded collar, and merciful check;

Missed the long, lazy night on the cool, dewy hill,  
Where the trees were above him so watchful and still.

For now, on the road with a spur-quickened pace,

He galloped to tavern, and wassail and race,  
Or stood all the night by the publican's door,

Till the sun launched his ship from the horizon's shore,

And the stars moored their shalleps in safety away,

Forewarned by the rosy-red banner of day.

Then home in the morning with shame for his load,

He plodded along on the wearisome road;

Now quickened by blow, now goaded by heel,  
His patient side roughened by furrow and wheel.

This was old Dobbin's life.  
Looking over the hill,

He saw the bay pony was doing quite ill;

He had parted the harness and shattered the rake,

Had broken all things that a pony could break,  
Including poor Will's little venturesome arm,

That had tried to caress him all fearless of harm;

Had scared Farmer Johnston, and kicked at the dog,

Had chased the red cow till she fell in the bog;  
Had jumped all the gates and the fences beside,  
And eat up the pillar to which he was tied.

A month, and beneath the old maple-tree's shade,

His owner and Dobbin's a new bargain made;

So the pony went back, and little Will cried  
For joy as he trotted by old Dobbin's side,

Who wisely reflected and made up his mind  
The Master is never unjust or unkind,

While the lark sung her song, (I am sure it was she,

For she said—"There I told you just how it would be.")

*Continued from page 91.*

membered to have seen my old nurse since the fever, and with him I was brought into communication. He was a German, and one of the few working bees in that hive of profligacy. Why he had chosen such a place for his habitation is inconceivable; but it had been his home full a quarter of a century. He was a widower without kith or kin, so far as was known; he was dirty in his habits and person, and an inveterate smoker; he tenanted a single room in one of the least miserable houses in the locality, where he ate, drank, smoked, slept, and worked at his bench at some small mechanical trade. In former times, and at rare intervals, Peggy had been employed by him in this home; and she was also his laundress, when he thought he needed one, or when he did not perform that office for himself.

To this old man, whom I had slightly known in my childhood, I was introduced a few days after the funeral of the widow's child; but he had no recollection of me. He remembered my old nurse, however—'boor Beggy,' as he called her—and was sure that she had called on him 'in sore drubble.'

Could he tell me what the trouble was about?

He was not sure; but he 'daught it was about de liddle schildt dat she call Roland Leigh?'

'And how long since was this?' I asked.

He could not say; he had a bad memory. It might be 'dwo, dree, vour, vire year.'

'And she did not say where she lived, or might be found?' I once more asked.

'Nein—not at all, mine vriendt.'

'Can you tell me how she looked?' said I.

'Look! mid her eyes, I do suppose,' replied the old man, drily, emitting a huge volume of smoke from his foreign-looking pipe, which made my eyes water, 'mid vat you call de obdies,' he added, by way of further explanation.

'True my good friend; but I mean what sort of appearance had she?'

'Oh, I understandt: abbear! vell: she was boor Beggy; note vaary different vrom de old vay: she was vat you call slobdy slobdy. and——'

'She was very poor, then?' said I.

'Nein! he could not say dat, responded the German; indeed, he should think not; for when touched with her evident distress of mind, and supposing it to arise from poverty if not destitution, he offered her alms, she would not receive them. This he said in other words, and added

that 'de grade lamendation of boor Beggy was about the liddle schildt, Roland.'

I thanked the old man for answering my questions; and was about to turn away in despair of receiving any further information, when he remembered that Mrs. Magrath had spoken of a stable yard where she had been searching for 'de liddle schildt,' as the old man persisted in speaking of me, quite at a loss to comprehend, as it seemed, that time had turned the little child into a man, and that, in fact, I myself was the Roland Leigh of whom poor Peggy was in search.

She had sought for me, then, and had discovered my retreat. Perhaps if I had not been kidnapped away from my old stable loft, or if I had returned to London immediately after my shipwreck, we might long ago have met; and the thought distressed me, if it did not cause me to murmur and rebel. For, reader, such as Peggy Magrath was, she was inexpressibly dear to me; and the hope of carefully nurturing her in her age, as she had nurtured me in my childhood, was one of the bright visions of my life.

Whatever other effect the information I had obtained from the old German of Whiskers' Kents had upon me, quickened my determination to prosecute my researches; and the next leisure hour I could command led me to the stable yard, where I found my old friend at his accustomed occupation, rubbing down a horse with a wisp of straw, and whistling ostlerwise. He was but little altered; only that his whistle I thought, sounded feebler, and his head was more plentifully sprinkled with grey hairs—which was surely to be expected; for Ben the ostler must have been, at that time, verging on or hastening towards threescore years and five.

I stood by him, as he went on with his job, unconscious of my presence, till a change of posture occasioned him to look up. Then he did not recognise me.

He touched—not his hat, for he was bare-headed—but a stray lock of his grizzled hair, and looked inquiringly, as waiting my commands.

'You don't know me, then, Ben?' I said.

He opened his eyes wide, and looked puzzled; but no gleam of intelligence crossed his countenance; and he shook his head.

'I am Roland Leigh.'

If a pistol had been exploded unexpectedly close to his ear, I am not certain that he would have started more naturally, or altered in countenance more completely. Still, he did not speak,

nor did he move, until, closely scanning me from head to foot, and finally suffering his eyes to rest on my face, he gradually relaxed; his eyes twinkled, as it seemed, with strange emotion, and he laid hold of my extended hand, and returned its pressure with a genuine Yorkshire squeeze, which made my arm tingle to the elbow joint. Then he broke silence.

'I always said thou'd coom back for it,' he cried. 'I be glad to see thee, Roley. The Lord knows I be glad to see thee; and thou shall ha' it. I knew thou'd coom back for't.'

'You were right, you see, Ben; I am come back,' said I, a little wondering what he thought I had come back for.

'I've taken care on't, Roley,' he went on; but I reckon 'tis a wee bit wore and grimed; but thou winnot mind it, lad. I've taken care on't.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

Several lodges of the British Order of Good Templars have recently been organized in King's County; and there is good reason to believe that many more will be added to the already large list of lodges in that County during the present winter. In this city the spread of Temperarism is truly astonishing. Young and old, rich and poor, male and female are joining the lodges by scores. If this state of affairs continues, by next spring the Templars will out-number any temperance society in British America.—*Monitor.*

#### BRITISH ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS

##### CITY OF TORONTO.

The Toronto City Lodge will, until further notice, meet in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street, every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J. ROBERTSON, Provincial Deputy.

The Queen City Lodge will, for the present, meet on Tuesday Evenings at 8 p. m., in the basement of the Evangelical Union Church, Albert Street.

W. A. POOLE, Provincial Deputy.

The Jesse Ketchum Lodge meets as usual on Friday evening, at 7.30 p. m., in the Coldstream Hall, Brook Street.

J. J. WILLIAMS, Provincial Deputy.

The Crusade Lodge meets in the Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street, every Tuesday evening, at 8 p. m.

P. STEWART, Provincial Deputy.



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

For the Weekly Visitor.

A VOICE FROM THE ENGLISH BUN HOUSE,

Corner of York and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

A fig for all your Lager Beer, And Brandy Slung, for Christmas cheer, Or Whiskey Toddy,— Which tend but to impair the health Of mind and body.

Give me a draught of fragrant Tea, Fine Hyson, Souchong, or Bohea, With English Buns, Coupled with Pound Cake, rich and rare, Or Silly Luns.

Now little prattlers—bless their hearts— Exulting, seize the proffered Tarts And Candy Sweets; The long expected time has come For Christmas treats.

Since Christmas comes but one a year, Give freely what thou hast to spare, To those in need; Thus shalt thou prove thyself a friend— A friend in need.

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