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# Weekly



# Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, }  
P. H. STEWART.

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—81 YONGE ST., TORONTO. }  
BOX 500 P. O.

No. 13.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

For The Weekly Visitor.

TO A. M. PHILLIPS, Esq., W. C. C. T., B. O. G. T.

'Tis evening's pensive hour, the moon  
With slender thread hangs in the west,  
My bird has checked his joyous tune,  
With head beneath his wing to rest;  
And busy feet are pattering by  
With hasty steps or footfall slow;  
Not e'en the winter's wind doth sigh,  
Nor stormy breezes loudly blow.

And now to thee my musings lend—  
I scan the lines thy pen hath traced,  
Where thoughts that shine and words that burn,  
Stand forth and may be of offence;  
I see thee toiling up the hill,  
Where science rears her palace high,  
Now drinking from the sparkling rill,  
Whose source is hid beyond the sky.

Press on for noble is the aim,  
Gain knowledge for the immortal soul,  
Trace in that palace high thy name,  
Among the great thine own enroll,  
May graces fan thy lofty brow,  
And cheer thee on thy winding way,  
Good angels keep the pure as now,  
And guard thee with a hallowed sway.

JENNIE ROWE

FRANK NETHERTON,  
OR  
THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued

After a few more turns up and down the garden walk, Frank went on communing, as it were, with his own heart. 'After all, my dear father does not care about my getting a prize. He would rather see me well and happy, and doing what was right. Neither does he need a

book, or anything else to remind him of me; nor Helen either. She would not love me any better, nor so well, if she knew all. I do think I will give it up. Yes, I am determined. Whatever Doyle says, I will not desert poor Rushton, especially now that my presence seems to render him so happy; now that I am beginning to hope that God will make him a different boy for the time to come. If I am permitted to say a single word that may be useful,

having come to this determination, Frank entered Rushton's chamber with a light heart, and his countenance so full of animation that Rushton involuntarily exclaimed, 'Has anything happened? How happy you look!

'Do I? I have been walking in the garden, and the air is so fresh and cool.'

'When shall I be able to walk again? But it serves me right. I am justly punished. Mr. Campbell did well to leave me to God. How perfectly I remember those words! But are you come to stay? Will you read a little to me?'

Frank was glad that he could say yes, cheerfully.

'That is right,' said Rushton, as Frank opened his little Bible; 'let it be your favorite book—your talisman! I had no idea how many beautiful stories it contained, until you pointed them out to me.'

'I have heard my father,' observed Frank, 'compare the Scripture to a mine, in which many precious things are always to be obtained if we will only take the trouble of digging for them. Above all, there is 'the Pearl of great price.' You know what that signifies?'

'No,' answered Rushton, shaking his head.

'Well, no more should I if it had not been explained to me. Our Lord Jesus Christ is 'the Pearl of great price.' You will find it mentioned in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew.'

'But what does it mean about the merchant selling all that he had, and buying it?' asked Rushton.

'I do not know exactly,' replied Frank, thoughtfully; 'I suppose it means, that when

once he has cast the net, he will take up everything else in the world for his sake.'

Frank went on reading. 'Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a net, that was cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.'

'I cannot help understanding that,' said Rushton, bitterly. 'Thus it will be with me.'

Frank did not know what to say, so he had recourse to his talisman; and turning to the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, read aloud to his companion the beautiful parables of the lost sheep, the piece of silver, and the prodigal son. Rushton wept as he listened.

He was much struck with that sentence in the twentieth verse—'When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'

'I am a long way off now,' thought the penitent boy; 'but it may be that God sees, and

will have compassion upon me.'

Frank wept with him; but his heart was full, and could not utter a word. He could only point with his finger to the twenty-ninth verse of the first chapter of St. John—'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world'—and pray in his childlike faith, that God would open the heart of Rushton to understand it, and to be comforted. He knew that nothing was impossible with God.

Both the boys were sorry when the bell rang, and Frank was obliged to go.

'You will come again soon?' said Rushton, eagerly.

'Yes, very soon.' And Frank went away with that happy feeling which can only arise from the consciousness of a duty performed at some little self-sacrifice.

But we must not forget in these seasons of exultation, that even when we have done all, we are but unprofitable servants, and have only done that which it was our duty to do. Luke xii, 10.

'I suppose you have given up all thought of a prize,' said Philip Doyle, somewhat impatiently, as he entered.

'Yes,' answered Frank, smiling; 'I have given it up.'

'It appears so indeed. But you are not serious?'

'I am quiet serious; so do not let us say any more about it.'

'I should not have expected it from you of all others,' said Doyle, evidently vexed.

'Leave him alone,' exclaimed Claude Hamilton, laying his hand kindly upon Frank's shoulder. 'None of us will like him the less for not gaining the prize; and I for one,' added he, in a low voice 'shall love him all the more.'

Frank looked up with the tears in his eyes. He felt that Hamilton both understood and approved of his motive, and was grateful for his sympathy and encouragement. And so, day by day, a friendship grew between them which was only to terminate with their lives.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Rushton was brought down stairs for the first time the day that the prizes were distributed, and the school broke up. He still moved with pain and difficulty; and one of the boys overheard the surgeon tell Mr. Campbell, that he was afraid Rushton would feel it as long as he lived.

Philip Doyle again carried off the first prize; and he was not a little proud of his success.

Howard also gained a prize, much to his own astonishment; he could not believe it possible, and actually wept for joy. Most of the boys rejoiced with him, especially Frank and Rushton.

'Who would have thought it?' exclaimed the delighted Howard, as he danced about with his treasure. 'What will my aunt and cousins say? They will never believe it. I can scarcely believe it myself.'

'I always told you,' said Frank, 'that all you wanted was a little more perseverance.'

'If it had not been for you, Frank,' replied Howard, gratefully, 'I should never have gained a prize, or done anything else that was right.'

'O Howard! you must not say that.'

'You know what I mean,' said Howard.

'You led me to the talisman.'

Philip Doyle now approaching to congratulate Howard, and shake hands with Rushton on his once more coming among them.

'Do you not feel very happy?' whispered Howard, pointing to the splendid-looking volumes which Doyle held in his hand.

'Yes, but for one thing—I am disappointed that Frank Netherton has not a prize also.'

'Never think of me,' said Frank; 'I am happier without one.'

'Happier?'

'Well, just as happy. Pray do not think of me.'

Even Mr. Campbell appeared surprised that Frank had given up contending for the prize, but he said nothing on the subject. His school-fellows thought less highly of his talents than they had hitherto done; but a few, among whom was Claude Hamilton and Donaldson, loved him all the better for his kindness. Rushton seemed to have no idea of the sacrifice that had been made on his account. Notwithstanding which, he was very grateful to Frank; and parted from him, when the carriage came to convey him home, with many thanks for all that he had done: but Frank noticed that he appeared to be agitated and undecided, as if he would fain have said something more, but wanted courage.

'Poor Rushton!' exclaimed Howard, as he stood by the window and saw the servants lift him into the carriage, and place him carefully upon the cushions prepared for him.

'How altered he is!' said Herbert. 'I do not mean in appearance only; but have you not observed how gentle and good-natured he has been of late?'

'Yes,' answered Howard. 'He never laughs at me now; or at any one else.'

'God's ways are not our ways,' said Claude

Hamilton. 'He doeth all things well: and what seems at first to be painful and hard to bear, turns out, not unfrequently, a blessing in disguise. But here is Rushton come back again. How white he looks! What can have happened?'

'May I speak to you a moment, sir,' said Rushton, as Mr. Campbell went himself to the carriage, in order to save him the pain of getting out.

'Certainly: But what is the matter Rushton? I am afraid you are suffering a great deal.'

'Not more than I deserve sir. I could not go away without telling you—without—but I would rather, if you please—that is, I think I had better say what I have to say before my school-fellows.'

Mr. Campbell forebore to express the surprise which he could not help feeling, and desired that his pupil might be carried into the school-room.

'Rushton has come back,' said he, turning to the boys, who gathered round with eager curiosity, 'because he has something on his mind which he will feel easier when he has confessed. Is it not so?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Rushton, who was pale and trembling. Donaldson went up to him and took hold of his hand, but he did not utter a word.

'Sit down, Rushton, and take your time,' said Mr. Campbell, observing how much he suffered.

'O sir!' exclaimed the penitent boy, 'do not speak so kindly to me—pray do not. I do not deserve it. You have no idea how wicked I have been.'

With many sobs and self-upbraidings, Rushton proceeded to confess everything; how he had stolen the peaches, and purposely left the pencil-case where it was found, in order that Frank might be suspected. He did not attempt to excuse himself, but appeared to be deeply conscious of his own sinfulness, and anxious that no suspicion should rest upon others in consequence. When he had finished speaking, Donaldson let go his hand, and in the profound silence that intervened went up to Mr. Campbell, and said in a firm voice, 'I also helped to steal your peaches, sir; and I am very sorry for it now.'

There was not a youthful heart present that did not honor little Donaldson at that moment: and yet more than one wanted courage to follow his example.

After a few moments, Mr. Campbell took Rushton into his own study, and Donaldson followed them. Howard was the first to break the silence that ensued.

'Who would have thought it?' said he, with a sigh. 'Poor Rushton! how much he must have suffered!'

'I had almost said, it serves him right,' exclaimed Doyle; 'only one cannot help pitying him now that he is so ill, and sorry for what he has done.'

'I hope that Donaldson will not be punished,' observed one of the boys.

'So do I,' said Herbert; 'and there was something in the expression of Mr. Campbell's face which makes me think that his punishment will not be very great.'

'It shows that Rushton was truly penitent, or he would not have come back again,' observed Howard.

Frank proposed that they should all agree, upon their return to school, never in any way to allude to the affair of the peaches before Rushton or Donaldson, to which his companions readily assented.

Rushton did not return to the school-room. Frank could not help watching him as he was again lifted into the carriage. Just as it was driving away, Rushton looked up, and perceiving him, nodded and smiled as he had not smiled before for many weeks.

Donaldson also departed without bidding his school-fellows farewell. He needed not have been afraid of meeting them, for they were all prepared, as he afterwards found, to think kindly of him.

Hamilton was the next to leave. Frank and he promised to write to each other. They were real friends now. Never had Frank felt so happy; he would have liked to make friends with the whole world. Philip Doyle could not understand it; but he was pleased to see him so well and cheerful. Frank promised that he would try and gain a prize next year for his sake.

The cousins had a pleasant journey back again to the dear home, and had also the satisfaction of finding all well when they got there. Little Helen was too delighted at seeing them to think of anything else. And Frank's bright animated countenance pleased his father better than if he had brought home many prizes.

'I never saw a boy so altered in my life,' exclaimed Mrs. Mortimer. 'Why, he is half a head taller at least, and has almost as much color as my Frederick.'

Mr. Netherton did not reply. His thin

hands were folded together, and his eyes meekly raised to the Giver of all good.

It was not long before Frederick told them the story of the peaches; and how well Frank had behaved in keeping Howard's secret; while Helen listened with the tears in her eyes. And then Frank added how his cousin had stood his friend throughout, in good report and evil report, and what a comfort it had been to him; upon which his mother and sister kissed Frederick fondly, while Mr. Netherton thanked him for his kindness to his dear boy. Frederick never forgot that day, nor the impression it made upon him; and from that time Frank always found a firm friend and supporter in his cousin.

Claude Hamilton kept his promise of writing to Frank; and a regular correspondence commenced between them, which was continued, whenever they were separated, as long as they lived.

Mr. Netherton congratulated his son upon having found, or rather made, such a friend. But he forbore to add, that he hoped he would be a comfort to him when he himself should be no more. He could not bear to throw a shadow over the bright future which Frank anticipated when Hamilton should be able to come and stay with them at the Grange.

Just before the holidays terminated, Frank received a letter from Rushton, in which he told him that he should not be permitted to return to school, but was going abroad with his parents. 'My foot,' he wrote, 'is still painful; it is thought that I may feel the effects of it a long while. I hope I shall—I do not mean the pain, but the recollections which it brings with it. O Frank! I shall never forget your kindness to me, when I deserved nothing but reproaches. There are other things, too, which I hope never to forget as long as I live. I read the Bible every morning and evening, as I promised you I would. My mother has given me one just like yours. She smiled when I told her about the talisman, and said that it was a good name for it. If I had attended to its warnings before, it would have kept me from doing what I did. Remember me to Howard, and tell him to continue to persevere. And also to Donaldson, and as many of the others as ask after or care for me, and they are few indeed. But I have deserved that it should be so.'

Frank showed the letter to his father; but he did not tell even that dear parent all that he knew about, all that he had done, all that he hoped for Rushton. It was one of those innocent secrets which we are the happier for keep-

ing locked up in our own hearts. But the language of those hearts must ever be, 'Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory.'

'Well, Frank,' said Mr. Netherton to his son, as they sat together the last day of his holidays, the boy in his own place upon the little stool at his feet; 'and do you still desire as much as ever to be a missionary?'

'It is my one wish,' replied Frank.

'Then be it so,' said his father. 'God's will be done.'

'My dear papa,' continued the boy, who guessed the struggle was going on in the heart of that affectionate parent, 'I will never leave you.'

'No, my dear child, never while I live.'

'I will be a home missionary,' said Frank.

'I thought that you were so anxious to visit foreign countries,' added Mr. Netherton, after a pause; during which he had succeeded in controlling his almost overpowering emotion.

'Yes, I am afraid I have thought of that more than I ought,' said Frank. 'I half envied Rushton when I received his letter, to think that he was going abroad. But then his parents will be with him. You are not strong enough to travel, and I do not want to go anywhere without you.'

'You must learn to do without me some day,' Frank said.

The boy answered only by pressing closer to him.

'God knows how soon,' continued Mr. Netherton. 'Let us try and say, His will be done.'

'It is a hard lesson,' replied Frank weeping.

'We will learn it by degrees, my child.'

'You are not worse, dear papa, are you?' asked Frank, looking anxiously into his pale face.

'No; I am better.'

'Then why do you talk thus?'

'I know not. But you will not forget what I have said?'

'No,' replied Frank, smiling through his tears, 'I shall not easily forget it. I was afraid that you were ill.'

Mr. Netherton sighed; but a few moments afterwards he smiled also, in order to cheer and comfort the still anxious boy. 'God will comfort him,' thought he, 'when I am gone.'

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE END.

It is not our intention to dwell any longer upon the school days of Frank Netherton.

Enough has been said, we trust to excite an interest for him in the hearts of your youthful readers; and in the hearts of schoolboys especially, as they will be able to enter the more readily into all his little trials and difficulties, having experienced similar ones themselves.

Towards the conclusion of the year in which it had been finally arranged that Frank should leave school, he was summoned home in great haste, where he arrived only just in time to receive his father's blessing, and hear and treasure up his last words. 'Do not grieve for me over much,' said he. 'I should like to remain here a little longer; but to die, and be with Christ, is far better. My son, be useful, be happy. Serve God, and your fellow-creatures; and in a few years, through the merits of the dear Redeemer, we shall meet again in the kingdom of heaven.'

A little while before he died, Mr Netherton asked Frank if he remembered a pleasing anecdote of the good Richard Cecil; but Frank could not remember anything then. 'As he was lying on his death-bed,' continued his father, 'he requested one of the members of his family to write down for him in a book the following sentence: "None but Christ! None but Christ!"' ~~Mr Netherton, lying at the stake, the same in~~ dying circumstance, with his whole heart, said Richard Cecil.' So also, added the expiring Christian, 'saith William Netherton: None but Christ! None but Christ! He is all-sufficient.'

After giving this testimony. Mr. Netherton never uttered another word, but fell asleep with his head resting upon Frank's shoulder.

"Asleep in Jesus—O! how bless'd,  
How sweet their slumbers are!  
From sufferings and from sin released,  
And freed from every snare.

"Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord,  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward."

For a long time Frank was inconsolable. It was only natural that he should lament for so kind a parent. Our blessed Saviour himself wept at the tomb of Lazarus. But when Frank said that he should never be happy again, his aunt rebuked him gently, very gently, and with the tears in her own eyes, reminded him of his father's last wishes, that he should rouse himself, and endeavour to become an active and useful member of society. Then it was that Frank remembered the lesson learned so long before, and tied to say, 'Not my will, O God, but thine, be done.'

About this time Frank received a letter from his friend Claude Hamilton, inviting him to come and stay with him for a few weeks previous to his departure for India. 'It will do you good,' wrote he; 'besides which, I think you will be glad to meet my missionary uncle,' as we used to call him, who is now here on a visit. Remember, I will take no denial.'

Frank showed the letter to his aunt, who advised him by all means to go. At his earnest request, she consented to continue to make the Grange her home.

'What should I do without you,' said Frank, 'and dear Helen, and Frederick?'

'Take care,' said his cousin, 'or I shall be jealous at your putting Helen's name before mine.'

'He loved her so!' answered Frank. 'I shall never forget Helen's kindness to my father. It would not seem like home if you were all to go away and leave me.'

'But we will not leave you,' said Helen, in a low voice.

'I am so glad.'

Frank passed several happy weeks with his friend. He was quite as much pleased with the 'missionary uncle' as he had expected to be; while Mr. Hamilton, on his part, took quite a fancy to Frank, and loved to draw him out, and hear him relate some of the many quaint stories and anecdotes with which his memory was stored. But what won the old man's heart more than anything else, was his simple and earnest zeal for the cause of his Divine Redeemer.

As the time drew near for Claude Hamilton's departure, the two friends became sad and thoughtful, for they loved one another very much.

One day when Frank and Mr. Hamilton were alone, the latter said, 'Claude tells me that you would like to be a missionary; is it so?'

'Yes,' answered Frank, 'I should like it above everything else in the world.'

'And your friends?'

'My best friend, my dear father, approved of and encouraged the wish. We used often to talk it over together.'

'Do you think yourself qualified for a missionary?'

'I am young,' answered Frank, modestly; 'but there is nothing I would not do and bear, with God's help, in his glorious cause. Had you asked me if I thought myself worthy of such an honor, I must have answered in the negative.'

'We none of us are,' replied Mr. Hamilton; 'but God has promised to accept our imperfect services for Jesus Christ's sake, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Years hence, when your education is finished, if you still continue in the same mind, I shall be happy to assist, as far as lies in my power, in furthering your wishes. But remember, my dear Frank, we are all too apt to forget that there are home duties as well as home missionaries.'

'So my father used to tell me,' said Frank. 'Yes, I will try to remember; I will try to do what is right, indeed I will.'

'I believe it, my dear boy,' replied Mr. Hamilton; 'and can only pray that you may be led to clearly perceive, and resolutely follow, the path of duty and providence.'

A few weeks after this conversation, Claude Hamilton and his uncle quitted England. The hope that they might hereafter meet again in India, dim and undefined as it was, somewhat lessened Frank's grief at parting with his friend; but the great source of consolation was the firm conviction in both their minds, that God ordereth everything for the best, and that he was leading them—as he leads all who trust in him as they did—forth by the right way to 'a city of habitation.'

Our readers will be glad to hear that Howard continued to persevere; and what was better still, he continued to consult his talisman upon all occasions, and so grew up to be an active and useful member of society, and a faithful and humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

God grant that this little history may not have been written in vain. And it will not, if, by his blessing, it should be the humble instrument of drawing one youthful heart near to himself. We would fain set forth in it the beauty as well as the comfort of the religion of Christ, showing how it supports, and cheers, and can alone make us happy. We would also encourage the very humblest of our readers to try and do something for God; and to remember that there are school, and home, as well as foreign missionaries. Frank Netherton was only a little school-boy, and yet he did a great deal of good. We may all do something if we try. As Dr. Chalmers says, 'there is nothing like trying'—only we must not forget the TALISMAN.

THE END.

An interesting meeting was held in the Coldstream Hall, Brock-street, last Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Reformation Society and Coldstream Division Sons of Temperance. W. S. Finch, Esq., occupied the Chair. Miss Wallace presided at the Melodeon, and sang several pieces. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Lundy and Messrs. R. Moore, Warden, Pomeroy, and the Editor of this paper. Several persons signed the pledge at the close.

## The Weekly Visitor.

VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAR. 28, 1866

Remember the Soiree of the Crusade Lodge to-morrow evening, in the Coldstream Hall, Brock-Street.

## TO OUR READERS.

With this number we close our tenth volume, and we desire that all those of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire will at once renew. Our Agents will please send in their lists before our next issue, and by so doing they will greatly oblige. Our next volume will contain more reading matter than previous volumes, and by inserting more temperance reading, we hope our list will be more than doubled, in order that we may in some measure be compensated for our labour.

Those of our Agents whose lists will not have reached us before our next issue, will receive the number of papers usually sent, to their own address.

The next meeting of the series under the auspices of the Reformation Society will be held on Friday Evening, in the Temperance Street Hall. Rev'ds Messrs. Bradshaw and Kelly are to be the principal speakers.

The Sabbath afternoon meeting in the Temperance Hall, from 3 to 4 p. m., is still in full operation. We would like to hear of a larger attendance.

To the Editor of the Weekly Visitor.

## RE-UNION.

OFFICE OF W. P. G. SECRETARY,  
BRITISH TEMPLARS,  
Newmarket, C. W., March 21, 1866.

MR. EDITOR,—In your issue of March 7th, I observe an article over the signature of R. C. J., in reference to a Re-union of the two Orders of Good Templars in Canada West, where the following occurs: "Both Reports mention the fact that a standing committee of our Order, with the G. W. S. as Secretary, was appointed. May I as a member of the Order enquire what steps, or if any at all have been taken to carry out this proposed union in Canada West." Perhaps the writer of the

above meant the Secretary of said Committee to enlighten him; but he ought to know that the Secretary is accountable not to individuals, but to said Committee, and the Grand Lodge by whom we as a Committee were appointed. However, we have no objection to answer R. C. J., more particularly as it is a question that has been so often asked of the Secretary both by members of the Order, and members of the Committee itself. The matter of Re-union just stands in this position: The Grand Lodge of British Order desiring no rent in the ranks of Templarism, made overtures to the B. A. Order, to, if possible, effect a Re-union. The matter was entered into on the part of both Orders. We received from them their written proposal, to which we objected, and our basis was forwarded in due course to the B. A. G. Lodge, with the intimation that all communications on the subject would be received by me as Secretary of Committee. I have only to say, that up till now I have had no communication whatever on the subject, therefore as a Committee no active steps can be taken as we wait an answer from the British American brethren. From a perusal of the B. A. G. L. Report (kindly sent me in exchange for one of ours forwarded to G. W. S. Flagge), I learn that no answer to our basis was passed in their Grand Lodge, neither that any action was taken to reunite the two Orders in Canada West, but I do find in the Report the following, which I quote, as few may have seen a copy of the B. A. G. L. Minutes:

"That, whereas, the unhappy dispute between the two Orders of Templars, in reference to the existence of a Supreme Grand Lodge, is deeply to be deplored by all true friends of temperance, inasmuch as the common cause for which we labor is seriously injured by the very anomalous position which the two Orders present to the public; and, whereas, it has been made known to this Grand Lodge that the Order of British Templars is willing and anxious to form a union between the two Orders, and form an Executive head over the whole Order:

"Therefore, be it resolved, that the Grand Lodge appoint two or more representatives to attend a meeting composed of the same number of representatives from each of the Provincial Grand Lodges of the British American and British Order of Good Templars, for the purpose of forming an Executive head over these Grand Lodges, and that these representatives meet in the city of St. John, N. B., on the first Tuesday in August, 1866, said representatives to pledge themselves to form said Executive head and abide by the decision of the majority of said representatives.—Carried."

"Resolved,—That the P. G. W. S. of this Grand Lodge, be required to send a circular to

the subordinate Lodges, informing them of the action of this Grand Lodge in reference to the union of this Order with the British Order of Good Templars, and the formation of an Executive head of these Orders, and that the various P. G. W. Secretaries be most respectfully requested to make the same known by circular to the various sub-lodges under their respective jurisdiction.—Carried."

It will thus be seen just how the matter stands. It appears to me in a three-fold aspect: First, that the Grand Lodge of the B. A. Order has for the present thrown overboard a re-union of the Order in Canada West. Our proposition was in reference to our own province, as we had no authority to make overtures for the lower provinces. Second, that the B. A. O. seeking by their Resolution, a union of the whole of the two Orders—a result which I believe would immediately follow a re-union in Canada West. As to the means by which this union is sought to be brought about, it is not for me to speak; suffice it to say that it is not in accordance with our instructions from the Grand Lodge, neither did we as a Committee express a willingness to form an Executive head. Third, that the B. A. G. L. passed the following:—"That the various P. G. W. Secretaries be most respectfully requested to make the same (viz., the action of the B. A. G. L.) known by circular to the various sub-lodges under their respective jurisdiction (see last resolution quoted as above) a matter which I cannot in the mean time do, having had no official communication.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Sincerely yours in F. H. & C.,  
JAS. C. ROBERTSON, P. G. W. S.,  
British Order Good Templars. C. W.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO MRS. SUSAN WRIGHT, WIFE OF THE LATE DAVID J. WRIGHT.

RESPECTED AND DEAR SISTER:

Watertown Lodge No. 372 British Order of Good Templars of this Village, desire most respectfully and affectionately to condole with you and your family in the recent sad bereavement sustained by you in the death of your husband,—a most worthy and honored member of this Institution and a Charter-member of this Lodge; and at the same time to express to you our sympathy in this great affliction which has not only brought gloom and sorrow upon you and your family and relatives, but on us as members of one fraternal brotherhood along with your late husband.

We sincerely trust that God, who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father

to the fatherless, in His infinite wisdom and goodness will make this affliction as light as possible upon you.

Taught by the principles of our Order, that in the maintenance of temperance principles with a reliance on the true God, is the sure safeguard of the comfort of every christian family. We trust you may be spared long a protector and a supporter of the family so deprived of a father's care, and that you will not forget his guiding star and bring them up in the paths of temperance: and we also hope that those dear ones of your bosom may be spared to caress and comfort you in your after years.

We trust that God will soon raise the hand of affliction which he has seen fit to place on you, and that you will soon again be restored to health and vigor.

Finally, we pray to that God who has promised that as our days so shall our strength be, that His presence may be with you, and that the Holy Spirit may bring comfort to your heart.

"Fear thou not for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy Lord; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

We are yours in F. H. and G. behalf of the Lodge.

G. A. TERRY, *Chairman.*  
T. R. GARRATT,  
A. M. PHILLIPS, *Sec'y.*  
*Committee.*

Watertown Lodge Room, }  
March 10th, 1865. }

### SIXTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

BY PROFESSOR C. E. STOWE, IN NATIONAL  
TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

My recollections cover a period of sixty years, the first twenty-five including the time when drinking habits were at their worst in this country. I was born and brought up in Middlesex county, Mass., one of the best counties of one of the best States. Its moral condition would compare favorably with the best portions of the country, and yet before I was four years old I was drunk. My father was not a drinker, but he considered it a duty of hospitality to furnish to guests. Among other liquors, he had a lot of cherry-*rum*. One day he poured the cherries on the ground out back of the house, I got hold of them, thought them pretty good, ate a large quantity, and was made ingloriously drunk. It is about the first sensation I recollect and a most painful one it was. Soon after this I went out to a part of the farm away from the house, and found the men at their lunch. I stole a drink, and again got drunk. And so frequent

were the temptations that it is astonishing that any one grew up sober. At the age of six my father died, and I went to live with my grandfather. He was a good man, and a deacon in the church; but both he and his wife took their daily dials at eleven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon, and always gave to me at the same time; and that was the custom of the country. Mr. Oliver Bacon, a resident in that section, said that in his father's day, that is, in 1760, they laid in a pint of rum for haying on his father's farm; but his son, in 1810, was obliged to lay in half a barrel of rum for haying on the same farm. So much had the drinking custom grown in fifty years. I recollect only two protests against rum that existed at that time. One of these was in Noah Webster's spelling and reading-book, and favored total abstinence; the other was a tract written by Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, on "The Nature and Effects of Ardent Spirits." There was a grocery-store in the town kept by Deacon Eb, as he was called, where an enormous amount of rum was sold. He failed, and in some way his account-books were scattered about the streets. We boys called them Deacon Eb's psalm books. The charges in them run something thus: "To rum, to tod, to rum, to tod, to rum, to rum." Nine out of ten of the charges were either for rum or toddy. I recollect being in a store one day, when an old man came in, who was once the owner of a fine farm. He was squalid and trembling, but—called for toddy. With his trembling hands he just managed to raise a first and second glass to his lips. He called for a third, and instead of taking it in his hand he was obliged to place it on the counter, lean over, and suck it up with his lips. I look back upon this period with perfect horror.

In 1813, the people of Eastern Massachusetts formed a society for the suppression of intemperance. Its object was not to prevent drinking, but simply to prevent people from getting drunk. Their ideas of drunkenness in those days were rather peculiar. A news-paper in New-York once charged a State senator with being drunk in the Senate. The senator sued the editor for libel. In court it was proved that the senator was only just able to stand by holding on to the desk by both hands. The court decided that a man who could keep an upright position by holding on to the desk with both hands was not drunk, and the editor was fined twenty thousand dollars for libel. At this time *delirium tremens* had not commenced. Liquors were not so destructive in their character as they were afterward, and the constitutions of the people had not deteriorated. But in another generation *delirium tremens* became fearfully prevalent. It frequently followed after four or five years of hard drinking. In three generations from the time just preceding the Revolution, diseases arising from the use of intoxicating drinks increased a hundred fold. If there had not been a check, I believe that by this time our whole people would become idiotic.

In 1819 I went to Maine, and found the farmers and fishermen reduced to the greatest

misery by their drinking habits. There was one village inhabited almost entirely by lumbermen, and I believe there was more rum drunk there in the course of a year than would be necessary to float the whole village off. In this village there was a temperance society formed, the pledge of which bound every one who should get drunk to treat the rest all round. In 1825 I entered the seminary at Andover as a theological student. When I first arrived at the Mansion House, which was kept for the exclusive benefit of the students and visitors at the seminary, the first thing I did was to step up to the bar, and order a glass of brandy toddy, which Squire —, a leading supporter of the Seminary, mixed with his own hands and gave me.

In 1826, Dr. Edwards proposed a temperance society on the basis of total abstinence from distilled liquors. I was one of the first fifteen to join it. The same arguments that made me join this society made me think I ought to give up the use of tobacco. So I bought sixteen cigars, in order to break off gradually. I was going to smoke half a one a day for a month, and then stop entirely. I sat down to smoke the first half. But when I got to the middle of the cigar, I thought it would be a pity to stop there, and so smoked the whole. And before I went to bed I had smoked the whole sixteen. And that is the way people generally break off gradually. There is no way but to stop entirely and at once.

In 1833, I went to Cincinnati, where the condition of the country was terrible beyond description. The little Miami valley was devoted to the culture of corn, which was nearly all distilled into whisky. This beverage could then be obtained for sixteen cents per gallon at wholesale, and twenty-five cents per gallon retail. It was about this time that the adulteration and drugging of liquors commenced. There was a large factory in the neighborhood where nothing but whisky went in, but all sorts of choice liquors came out. Accidents increased then at a fearful rate. There were steamboat explosions and similar accidents occurring constantly. And I believe that the increase of accidents at the present time is due, as then, to the relaxation of the temperance efforts. A person does not need to be intoxicated, but only exhilarated, to make him an unsafe guardian of any important interest.

In 1835, the total abstinence movement commenced. It was thought then that drunkards could not be reclaimed, and all attention was given to the young who had not formed habits of intemperance. In 1840 came the Washington movement. For a time this operated marvellously. Men were reclaimed, the prosperity of the villages was restored, and for a time it seemed to me as if the millennium had come. The most effective scenes I ever witnessed, and the most effective eloquence I ever listened to, were at this time.

In 1850, I returned to Maine, and joined in the Maine Law movement with all my heart. I went through Cumberland, Lincoln, Oxford, and

Somerset counties, and found that a most marvellous change had been wrought since I had lived there before. No one can tell what a blessing the Maine Law was to those communities. Public opinion sustained it, and I believe that if the moral men in the community had continued to sustain the law, and had kept up public opinion on the subject, there would have been no intemperance in the country at this day. Drunkenness was as rare in those counties in Maine as murder, forgery or theft. But men began to find fault with Neal Dow, and to quarrel about the law, and intemperance again crept in. Public sentiment has been deteriorating, and now we are nearly back to where we were in 1816.

### ALCOHOL AS A DISEASE-PRODUCER.

*From the Weekly Record.*

That alcohol is a fruitful cause of disease is now generally acknowledged, and medical men in large practice have abundant opportunities for studying the morbid effects of intoxicating drink. This is so much the case that "Alcoholism" is now a recognized term in medical nomenclature, and it is spoken of as "acute" and as "chronic." In Dr. Marcet's work on "Chronic Alcoholism," there is a good account of that form of disease, and of its existence among persons who have no idea that they are guilty of excessive indulgence in strong drink. But what is called "acute alcoholism" is only to be seen among those persons who go beyond the bounds of what is popularly called moderation. The *Lancet* of last Saturday contained an article on "Some Effects of Acute Alcoholism," by S. H. Ward, M. D., physician to the Seaman's Hospital. The Doctor says:—

"By the 'effects of acute alcoholism,' I mean those induced either by a single intoxication, or by repeated intoxications extended over a few days, and occurring in individuals who for some time previously had been comparatively abstinent. There is no class of the community in whom we have the opportunity of studying such effects so well as in sailors. Under discipline, which is tolerably strict, at least in the better class of merchant ships, during the several months they are at sea, as soon as they come ashore a large number plunge at once into reckless debauchery. Those who have not had the opportunity of studying the habits of sailors would scarcely credit the large quantity of alcoholic drink consumed by them in a short time. One sailor who came under my care admitted having drunk thirty-six glasses of rum in twenty-four hours; a second smiled when I asked him

if he had taken as much as a quart of gin per day; a third had for four days been imbibing indifferently ale, rum, porter, and whisky; a fourth, ten days after he had been discharged from the 'Dreadnought,' cured of a protracted attack of dysentery, was brought back in a state of *delirium tremens*, having in the interval spent £75 in drink and dissipation. Beer is taken by these men in almost unlimited quantity, and seems to be regarded by them as a cooling beverage to be taken for the purpose of quenching thirst. When we consider the great amount of alcohol taken in these cases, the wonder is that, as a rule, we have no more serious result than the phenomena of ordinary intoxication, and the transient comatose state in which they terminate. Occasionally, however, the coma merges into complete paralysis of the cerebral faculties and death; or it may clear off, leaving the individual afflicted with cerebral symptom of a more or less serious and protracted character; or the repetition of intoxication for a few days may induce a state of cerebral congestion, and a series of symptoms intermediate between those of phrenitis and *delirium tremens*."

Dr. Ward then gives a number of illustrative cases.

The *Medical Times* of last Saturday contains a report of a lecture by H. Bence Jones, M. D., F. R. S., on "Bright's Disease," in which is described some of the "chronic" effects of alcohol. There are many persons who imagine that so long as intoxication is avoided, no evil consequences flow from the use of alcoholic liquors. A better acquaintance with the nature of such liquors would teach these persons that alcoholic liquor, when taken in quantities far short of what will produce drunkenness, can derange the functions of life, produce numerous diseases, and cause premature death. The great fact that alcohol is an enemy to the healthy human body, and is able to inflict serious injury even in small quantities, cannot be too widely known. This is the point to which the skillful physician should specially direct his attention—viz., the morbid effects of small doses of alcohol, or, as it is termed by the non-professional public, "moderate drinking." Dr. Bence Jones in his lecture describes the action of alcohol as follows:—

"Let me for a moment follow a dose of alcohol through the system. It passes through the stomach, and in going through is to a small extent oxidised. The greater part escapes, and enters the circulation, acting there on the oxygen, fibrin, albumen, and blood globules to a

small degree. In a few minutes a part passes, still being oxidized, into every secretion, as, for example, into the lungs, kidneys, liver; whilst another part passes into every other texture; and on each substance in each texture, the alcohol produces its chemical action, still continually undergoing oxidation, so that in a few hours one part has entirely escaped, and another part has been entirely oxidised in the blood and textures. What has the alcohol during this time done? It has acted chemically on oxygen and on the textures with which it has been in contact. The first action has little to do with the strength of the alcohol. Weak or strong, it combines with oxygen; increased oxidation, increased circulation, increased secretion, increased effusion of lymph, altered nutrition result. The second action depends on the strength of the alcohol. Strong alcohol acts chemically on albumen, fibrin, cellular tissue, &c. It has a powerful attraction for water, and it shrivels up cellular tissue, hardens fibrin, and precipitates albumen by its chemical properties.

To no organs of the body is more alcohol taken than to the kidneys and liver, and in no organs are the mechanical results of its chemical action more manifest, and the consequences of the altered structure more apparent; and the increased oxidation, the increased flow of blood, the altered nutrition, are identical in kind with the first actions of inflammation; and when the series of actions are repeated over and over again for years, the result is the same as might have been produced in a shorter time by an ordinary inflammation when no alcohol whatever had been taken.

"Dr. Christison states that three-fourths of all the cases of Bright's disease which he saw were produced by the habitual long-continued abuse of drink. Very great occasional excess did not act so strongly as long-continued smaller excess.

"No doubt the alcohol acts on the vessels and ducts; but not so powerfully as on the interstitial texture, with which we are at present occupied."

Alcohol is not only inimical to the healthy action of the body, but it can derange the intellectual powers, and make men forget their duty to themselves and their families. It is certainly the greatest enemy to the health and happiness of the community with which we are acquainted. And every means should be employed to make its dangerous properties known. At the same time the consoling truth—that abstinence from alcohol is perfectly practicable, and that it promotes all the best interests of man—should be everywhere published.



## A STORY FOR WIVES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued from last issue—Conclusion.)

Oh! what a wretched night was that for Mrs. Nichols. Wretched beyond conception. With great difficulty she succeeded in removing her husband's clothes, and getting him covered up in bed. Then, unable to sleep, she passed the greater part of the time till morning in weeping or self-reproaches.

There had existed for Mrs. Nichols no real cause for unhappiness out of herself. Her husband, though not wealthy, was in good circumstances, and supplied every reasonable want she could desire. He was, moreover, a kind, cheerful, even-tempered man, domestic in his habits and feelings, and rather more disposed to seek intellectual, than sensual pleasures. Of social intercourse he was fond. With such a husband, it would seem that almost any woman could be happy; and Mrs. Nichols was happy in her way. She loved and respected her husband, but unfortunately for both her peace of mind and his was naturally of a fretful temper, which by long indulgence had grown into a disease; moreover, she had not the best of health; but indifferent health was most dependent on mental causes. It required only a little thing to disturb the even current of her feelings; and when this current was once disturbed it took some time for it to run clear.

Hardly any thing could have been more unbecoming to Mr. Nichols than the April-day life he had led since his marriage. He had no confidence in the smile of the morning, for too often the brightest smiles were drowned in tears at his evening return. Thus it had been going on for two years, and Mr. Nichols was getting discouraged. Instead of gaining self-control, his wife seemed to be losing the little portion she had possessed at the time of their marriage. The consequences growing out of one of her periodical fits of despondency and ill-humour we have just described.

Ever this, although her husband never complained, Mrs. Nichols had often felt that it was wrong to give way so much to her feelings; and she had often tried to force back the unhappy spirits that came intruding themselves into her mind. But it was hard to break a long continued habit. Her resistance was feeble, and the barriers she sought to interpose, quickly swept away.

The rebuking words of her husband, uttered in his drunken, unreflective state dragged the veil from before her eyes, and gave her to see the true relation she bore to him, and how she had been gradually alienating him from herself and home. And the dreadful consequences of that alienation! How the thought made her shudder.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Nichols had no inclination for sleep, nor that she spent most of the hours of that dreadful night in tears.

It was long past daylight when Mr. Nichols awoke. The sun was shining brightly into the room from the open curtains; but all was silent. He raised himself up and looked around. On a sofa lay his wife asleep. Tears were glistening on her pale

cheeks. His head ached, and his mind was confused. Some moments elapsed before he was able to comprehend the meaning of what he saw and felt. Gradually then, the memory of his evening's debauch grew distinct, and there was a faint recollection of what he had said to his wife coming home.

With a deep sigh the unhappy man threw himself back on his pillow; that sigh penetrated the ears of his wife, and she started up with an answering sigh. Nichols perceived this, and let his lids fall—feigning slumber. He said nothing; but he heard his wife approaching—he felt her breath upon his forehead, as she bent over him. What was that upon his cheek the sudden touch of which sent a thrill along his nerves? It was a tear! A stifled sigh was now heard. And then his wife moved from the bedside.

Oh! how wretched they both were. Oh, how intensely did both shrink from the moment when they should look into each other's conscious faces! Shame, deep shame and mortification were in the heart of one; and self-reproaches and fear in the heart of the other.

For full half an hour did Nichols continue to feign sleep. He could not make up his mind to meet his wife after the debauch he had indulged in on the previous night, and for which he now heartily despised himself.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he lay musing over the unhappy aspect of affairs; "if Margaret would only control herself a little more. If she would only make home the pleasant place it should be, nothing could tempt me abroad into such companionship."

At length, as he lay with such thoughts filling his mind a sigh moved his lips, and forgetting that he was acting a part, his eyes unclosed. Mrs. Nichols was standing near, looking upon his face.

"Are you not well, Edward?" she asked, stepping to the bedside quickly and laying her hand gently upon his forehead. Her voice was low, earnest and tender.

"Not very well, dear," returned Nichols in a subdued manner, his lids falling upon his cheeks as he spoke.

Mrs. Nichols pressed her lips to his forehead, and then laid her face, now wet with tears, against his.

Thus the matter was reconciled between them, and never after was the remotest allusion thereto. Days passed before the pressure on both their feelings was sufficiently removed to permit their hearts to bound lightly; yet during the time, they were particularly kind towards and considerate of each other.

In due time the sunshine came back again, and it was a more permanent sunshine. Stronger reasons for self-control were seen to exist by Mrs. Nichols, than were before apparent to her mind, and she called into exercise a strength of purpose that made her effort successful. Was she not herself happier, independent of the effect upon her husband? Yes, far happier. The fretful spirits were cast out of her mind, and cheerful spirits came in to fill their places. A new habit of feeling was established.

"Why Nichols!" said the young man named Anderson, meeting him about two months afterwards,

"where do you keep yourself these pleasant evenings?"

"At home," returned Nichols.

"Come round and join us in a supper at Guy's to-morrow night, Marsden's to be one of the company."

Nichols shook his head and said "No," in a very unequivocal manner.

"Didn't get a certain lecture last time, I hope," said Anderson, with rude familiarity. "Shouldn't wonder, for you went home a little high."

"If I had received one, it would have been no more than I deserved," replied Nichols, a little coldly.

"Oh, no offense," said Anderson, seeing that his familiarity was not well received, "I only spoke in jest. But come round to-morrow night. As I mentioned, Marsden will be there; and you know he is all sorts of a fine fellow."

"Marsden had better stay at home with his family as I shall do," returned Nichols.

"I rather think he finds almost any place more agreeable than home," replied Anderson.

"Why so?"

"They say his wife is as peevish and fretful as a person can well be. A woman who is ever grumbling and whom nobody can please for an hour together."

"That's speaking rather broadly."

"I know. But the plain truth is, as far as I can learn, that she doesn't make home attractive for her husband, and so he goes abroad for better companionship."

"It's a pity," Mr. Nichols responded, then adding a "good-bay" he parted from his pleasure-loving young friend, and kept on his way homeward where the sunshine had come back again.

Does our little story need a word to enforce the lesson to wives that we would teach? Men, especially those who are cheerful and companionable, have many temptations to go abroad and mingle with the pleasure-seeking. Let wives who have good home-loving temperate husbands, remember this, and let them not fail to repress a peevish, fretful, fault-finding temper, if inclined thereto, for nothing will estrange a man from home as this. There are hundreds of men who go abroad to spend their evenings in taverns and at political meetings, who would never think of leaving their homes and going out after nightfall, if a cheerful fire blazed on their own hearth-stone.

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