HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

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Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.

HE WHO HAS MOST OF HEART.

"He who has most of heart has most of sorrow." Yes, yes, they are a fair target for the envious, the malicious, the selfish, and the crafty. God pity them, when the wide world is before them; when every rough breath of unkindness sends a chill like death to the trusting heart; when the coarse sneer and brutal jest fall with a crucifying sharpness on the sensitive ear; when private griefs and sorrows, borne with all their crushing weight unshared, too sacred to be trusted to ears that may prove treacherous, are rudely probed, and laid bare to careless eyes, by hands and tongues that should say, "Lean on me, I will shelter you."

Yes, yes, most of heart, most of sorrow! Treachery repaid for trust, once, twice, thrice; the heart still throwing out its tendrils to clasp again but a crumbling ruin. Leaves, buds, flowers, stem, all trampled under the ruthless foot. The same blue, mocking sky overhead; the same heavy thunder-cloud ever looming up in the distance. The little bark, feebly piloted, dashing on amid the billows, amid rocks, and shoals, and quicksands; no strong arm to help; no friendly voice to say, "God speed you!" no hope on earth; no haven of rest; no olive-branch for the weary dove. The waters never assuaged; the bow of peace never in the heavens. The feeble, fluttering wing beaten earthward when it would soar. Oh, surely, "he who has most of heart knows most of sorrow!"

SORROW'S TEACHINGS.

"How is it," said I despondingly to Aunt Milly, "that you, who have been steeped to the lips in trouble, can be so cheerful!"

"Listen to me Ellen. You know my first great sorrow, the loss of my husband. When the grave closed over him the star of hope faded from my sky. I could see no mercy in the Hand that dealt that blow. The green earth became one wide sepulchre; the sweet ministrations of nature had no healing power. In my selfish despair, I would have shrouded the blue heavens in sable, and thrown a pall of gloom over every happy heart. Months passed by slowly, wearily, and I found no alleviation of my sorrow; no tears came to ease that dull, dead pain that seemed crushing the life from out my heart, no star of Bethlehem shone through the dark cloud over my head.

"I was sitting one afternoon, as usual, motionless and speechless. It was dark and gloomy without, as my soul within. The driving sleet beat heavily against the windows: Twilight had set in. My little Charley had patiently tried for hours to amuse himself with his toys, now and then glancing sadly at my mournful face. But the oppressive gloom was becoming unendurable to the child. At length, creeping slowly to my side, and leaning heavily against my shoulder, he said, in a half sob, 'Does God love to see you look so, mamma?'

"'No, no, Charley!' said I, as I clasped him to my heart with repentant tears. 'No, no! I'll cloud your sunny face no longer.'

"Alas! dear Ellen, I but turned from one idol to another. I gave God the second place, and lived only for my boy; and so my wayward heart needed another lesson. The grave took in my last earthly treasure. But when the Smiter had done his work, those little lips, though silent, still said to me, 'God loveth the cheerful giver; and so, smiling through my tears, I learned to say, 'Thy will be done.' Dear Ellen, if the good Father takes away with one hand, he gives with the other. There is always some blessing left. 'Ilka blade of grass keeps its ain drap o' dew!'"

AN INFIDEL MOTHER.

Can it be? Can you look into the depths of those clear blue eyes, that seek yours in such confiding, innocent trust—can you deck those dimpled limbs, so "fearfully and wonderfully made"—can you watch with him the first faint streak of light that ushers in another happy day—can you point him to the gold and purple sunset glory—can you look upward with him to the shining host, or place in his eager hand the field-flowers which bend their dewy eyes with grateful thanks, and never name "Our Father?"

When, at dead of night, you watch beside his sick couch; when you hush your very breath to listen to his pained moan; when every gust of wind makes your cheek grow pale; when you turn with trembling hand the healing drops; when every tick of the clock seems beating against your heart; when the little pallid face looks beseechingly into yours for the "help" you cannot give—oh, where can you turn the suppliant eye, if you see not the "Great Physician?"

When health slowly returns; when the eye brightens, and the red blood colours cheek and lip; when the vacant chair is again filled; when the little feet are again busy; when loving arms in playful glee twine again around your neck, comes there from that mother's heart of thine no burst of grateful thanks to Him who notes even the sparrow's fall?

Suppose death come. You fold away the little useless robes; you turn with a filling eye from toys and books, and paths those little feet have trod; you feel ever the shadowy clasp of a little hand in yours; you turn heart-sick from happy mothers, who number no missing lamb from their flock. A sunny ringlet, a rosy cheek, or a piping voice, gives your heart a death-pang. You walk the busy street, and turn your head involuntarily when a little strange voice calls "Mother!" Oh, where can you go for comfort then, if you believe not that the "good Shepherd" folds your lamb to his loving breast?

There is perfidy at your household hearth. There are broken vows which you may not breath to human ear. There is treachery repaid for trust! Childhood looks on with a sad wonder: you must "go backward and cast the mantle" of evasion over the moral deformity. Whence shall strength come to your slender shoulders to bear this heavy cross? How silence the ready tempter's voice? Where shall all those warm affections now be garnered up, if not in heaven!

Oh, you have no anchor, no rudder or compass! Your little bark is adrift, at the mercy of every pitiless gale—the sea is dark and fearful, the billows mountains high, the sky black with darkness, if you turn from the Great Pilot!

LITTLE CHARLIE THE CHILD-ANGEL.

I am one of that persecuted class denominated old maids. By going quietly about the world, taking care not to jostle my neighbours, or hit against any of their rough angles, I manage to be cheerful, contented, and happy. In my multitudinous migrations I have had some opportunity to study human nature. Lately, I have become a temporary inmate of a crowded boarding-house. My little room has already begun to look home-like. The cheerful sun has expanded the fragrant flowers I love so well to nurture; my canary trills his satisfaction in a gayer song than ever; and my pictures, books, and guitar, drive "dull care away," and beguile many a pleasant hour. And now my heart has found a new object of interest. I've noticed on the staircase, and in the hall and lobby, a lovely child, who seemed wandering about at his own sweet will; sometimes sitting wearily on the stairs, almost asleep; then loitering at the kitchen-door, watching the operations of the cook; then peeping in at the half-open doors of the different apartments. As, by a rule of the house, "no children were permitted at table," it was some time before I could ascertain who claimed this little stray waif.

One morning, attracted by the carol of my canary, he ventured to put his little curly head inside my door. He needed little urging to enter, for he read, with a child's quick instinct, his welcome in my face. An animated conversation soon ensued about birds, flowers, and pictures; his large, blue eyes growing bright, and his cheek flushing with pleasure, as story followed story, while he sat upon my knee.

At length I said to him, "Charlie, won't mamma be anxious about you if you stay so long?"

"Oh, no," said he "Lizzie don't care."

"Who's Lizzie?"

"Why, my mamma! She don't care, if I'm only out of the way. Lizzie made me this pretty dress," said he, holding up his richly-embroidered frock, "but Lizzie don't know any stories, and she says I'm a bore. What is a 'bore?'" said the sweet child, as he looked trustingly in my face.

"Never mind, now," said I tearfully; "you may stay with me whenever you like, and we will be very good friends."

The dinner-bell sounding, a gaily-dressed young thing vociferated, in a voice anything but musical, "Charlie, Charlie!" When I apologised for keeping him, she said carelessly, as she re-arranged her bracelets, "Oh, it don't signify, if you can have patience with him—he's so tiresome with his questions. I've bought him heaps of toys, but he never wants to play, and is for ever asking me such old-fashioned questions. Keep him and welcome, when you like; but, take my word for it, you'll repent your bargain!" and she tripped gaily down to dinner.

Poor little Charlie! Time in plenty to adjust all those silken ringlets; time to embroider all those little gay dresses; time to linger over the last new novel; but for the soul that looked forth from those deep-blue eyes no time to sow good seed, no time to watch lest the enemy should "sow tares."

From that time Charlie and I were inseparable; the thoughtless mother, well content to pass her time devouring all sorts of trashy literature, or in idle gossip with her drawing-room companions; the young father, weary with business-troubles, contenting himself with a quiet "good-night," and closing the day by a visit to the theatre or concert-room. Poor Charlie, meanwhile, put to bed for safe keeping, would lie for hours, tossing restlessly from side to side, "with nothing in his mind," as he innocently said to me. What a joy to sit by his side and beguile the lonely hours! There I learned to understand the meaning of our Saviour's words, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In his clear, silvery tones, he would repeat after me, "Our Father," asking me the meaning of every petition. Then he would say, "Why don't you tell Lizzie? Lizzie don't know any prayers!"

One night I sang him these lines:—

> Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green

He raised himself in bed, while the tears trembled on his long lashes, and said, "Oh, sing that again; it seems as if I saw a beautiful picture!" Then, taking my guitar, I would sit by his bedside, and watch the blue eyes droop and grow heavy with slumber as I sang to him. And she whose duty, and joy, and pride it should have been to lead those little feet to Him who biddeth "little children come," was indolently and contentedly bound in flowery fetters of her own weaving, unmindful that an an angel's destiny was intrusted to her careless keeping.

Little Charlie lay tossing in his little bed with a high fever. It is needless to tell of the hold he had upon my heart and services. His childish mother, either unable or unwilling to see his danger, had left me in charge of him, drawn from his side by the attraction of a great military ball. I changed his heated pillows, gave him the cooling draught, bathed his feverish temples, and, finally, at his request, rocked him gently to quiet his restlessness. He placed his little arms caressingly about my neck, and said feebly, "Sing to me of heaven." When I finished he looked languidly up, saying, "Where's Lizzie! I must kiss Lizzie!" And as the words died upon his lips, his eyes drooped, his heart fluttered like a prisoned bird, and little Charlie was counted one in the heavenly fold.

As I closed his eyes, and crossed the dimpled hands peacefully upon his little breast, his last words rang fearfully in my ears, "Where's Lizzie?"

LILLA, THE ORPHAN.

It was a rough, dark, unsightly looking old farmhouse. The doors were off the hinges, panes of glass were broken in the windows, the grass had overgrown the little gravel path, and the pigs and poultry went in and out the door as if they were human. Farmer Brady sat sunning his bloated face on the door-step, stupid from the effects of the last debauch; his ungainly, idle boys were quarrelling which should smoke his pipe; and two great romps of girls, with uncombed locks and tattered clothes, were swinging on the gate in front of the house.

Everything within doors was in keeping with the disorder that reigned without, save a young fair girl who sat at the window, busily sewing on a coarse garment. Her features were regular and delicate, her hands and feet small and beautifully formed; and, despite her rustic attire, one could see at a glance that she was a star that had wandered from its sphere.

"I say, Lilla," said one of the hoydens, bounding into the kitchen, and pulling the comb out of Lilla's head as she bent over her work, shedding the long, brown hair around her slight figure, till her white shoulders and arms were completely veiled—"I say, make haste about that gown. Ma said you should finish it by noon, and you don't sew half fast enough."

Lilla's cheeks flushed, and the small hands wandered through the mass of hair in the vain attempt to confine it again, as she said meekly, "Won't you come help me, Betsy? My head aches sadly to-day."

"No, I won't. You think, because you are a lady, that you can live here on us, and do nothing for a living; but you wont, and you are no better than Peggy and I, with your soft voice, and long hair, and doll face." So saying, the romp went back again to her primitive gymnasium, the gate.

Lilla's tears flowed fast, as her little fingers flew more nimbly; and by afternoon her task was completed, and she obtained permission from her jailers to take a walk. It was a joy to Lilla to be alone with nature. It was a relief to free herself from vulgar sights and sounds; to exchange coarse taunts, and rude jests, and harsh words, for the song of birds, the ripple of the brook, and the soft murmur of the wind as it sighed through the tall tree-tops.

Poor Lilla! with a soul so tuned to harmony, to be condemned to perpetual discord! Through the long, bright summer days, to drudge at her ceaseless toil, at the bidding of those harsh voices! At night, to creep into her little bed, but to recall tearfully a dim vision of childhood; a gentle, wasted form; a fair, sweet face, growing paler day by day; large, lustrous, loving eyes, that still followed her by day and night; then a confused recollection of a burial—afterwards, a dispute as to her future home, ending in a long, dismal journey. Since then, scanty meals, harsh blows, coarse clothing, taunting words, and bitter servitude; and then she would sob herself to sleep, as she asked, "Must it always be thus? Is there none to care for me?"

The golden days of summer faded away; the leaves put on their dying glory; the soft wind of the Indian summer lifted gently the brown tresses from Lilla's sweet face. She still took her accustomed walks, but it was not alone. A stranger had taken up his residence at the village inn. He had met Lilla in her rambles, and his ready ingenuity soon devised a self-introduction. He satisfied himself that she claimed no affinity to the disorderly inmates of the farm-house. He drew from her her little history, and knew that she was an orphan, unprotected in her sweet innocence save by Him who guards us all.

And so the dewy, dim twilight witnessed their meetings, and the colour came to the pale cheek of Lilla, and her eyes grew wondrously beautiful, and her step was as light as her heart, and harsh household words fell to the ground like arrows short of the mark; for Lilla was happy. In the simplicity of her guileless heart, how should she know that Vincent lived only for the present? That she was to him but one of many beautiful visions—admired to-day, forgotten to-morrow! It was such a joy to be near him, to feel herself appreciated, to know that she was beloved!

And so time passed on. But their meetings had not been unnoticed. Rough threats were uttered to Lilla, if they were continued, for she had made herself too useful to be spared. All this was communicated to her lover, as they met again at the old trysting-place; and then, as she leaned trustingly on his arm, Vincent whispered in her ear words whose full import she understood not. Slowly the truth revealed itself! Her slight figure grew erect, as she withdrew from his supporting arm; her soft eye flashed with indignation, and the man of the world stood abashed in the presence of innocence! A moment, and he was alone beneath the holy stars!

That night Lilla fled her home. She could scarce be more desolated or unprotected. The next day found her, footsore and weary, in the heart of the great city, startled and trembling like the timid deer fleeing from its pursuers.

Lilla knew that she was beautiful—she read it in the lengthened gaze of the passers-by. Friendless, houseless and beautiful! God help thee, Lilla!

In a dark, unhealthy garret sat Lilla—her face, still lovely, was pale as marble. Her fingers flew with lightning rapidity over the coarse work that yielded her only a shelter. But there were angel faces, unseen by her—smiling approval; and she could clasp those small hands when the day's toil was over and say, "Our Father," with the innocent heart of childhood; and invisible ones had charge to guard her footsteps, and "He who feedeth the ravens" gave her "daily bread."

One day she took her little bundle, as usual, to the shop of her employers; and while waiting for the small pittance due, her eye fell upon an advertisement "for a housekeeper" in a newspaper before her. But how could she obtain it, without recommendation, without friends? She resolved to try. Her little hand trembled nervously as she pulled the bell of the large, handsome house. She was preceded by the servant into the liberary, where sat a fine-looking man in the prime of life. He looked admiringly upon the shrinking, modest face and form before him. She told him, in a few simple words, her history.

The eccentric old bachelor paused for a moment, then taking her hand, he said, "I advertised for a housekeeper, but I'm more in need of a wife. Will you marry me?"

And so Lilla became a happy, honoured wife. And if a flush passes over her sweet face when she meets Vincent in the circle of her husband's acquaintance, it is from no lingering feeling of affection for the treacherous heart that held in such light estimation the sacred name of Orphan.

(For Haszard's Gazette.)

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

At a Special Meeting of the GRAND DIVISION of the Sons of Temperance of Prince Edward Island, held in the Temperance Hall, on the evening of Saturday, the 20th May, 1854—the G. W. P. (Wm. Heard, Esq.) presiding, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted, viz:

"Whereas the Lieutenant Governor of this Island, has been pleased to dissolve the House of Assembly, and, in consequence thereof, we shall shortly be called upon to *elect* persons to represent our interests in Colonial Parliament, we therefore deem it prudent to express our views, as to how Sons of Temperance should *demean* themselves in order to meet the struggle which is about to take place, believing that every means will be had recouse to, by the enemies of our Cause, in order to defeat the Bill passed by the *late* House, for the abolition of the Liquor Traffic, it becomes the duty of every Son of Temperance to use all lawful means to return men that will sustain that Law:

Be it therefore *Resolved*, That it is the opinion of this Grand Division, that the Party Terms Conservative, Liberal, Departmental, or *anti*-Departmental forms of Government, as a body, we have nothing to do with, but as Sons of Temperance, and lovers of good order, we pledge ourselves to support such men, and such men only, who, we believe will sustain the measure, known as the *Maine Liquor Law;* and that a Copy of this Resolution be sent to each Division, under the jurisdiction of this G. D., soliciting the co-operation of the members of the Divisions in the carrying out of the spirit thereof.

The following Brothers were thereupon appointed a Committee, to draw up a Circular adapted to the present crisis, to be transmitted to the various subordinate Divisions in this Island by the Grand Scribe without delay, viz:

Bros. Cooper, Pidwell and Morrison.

The said Circular was shortly after submitted to the Grand Division, and approved of, as follows:

(CIRCULAR.)

To the Members of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in P. E. Island.

Brothers;

It appears that the Lieutenant Governor of this Island (Sir Alexander Bannerman) has seen fit to dissolve the House of Assembly, and to order Writs for a General Election to be issued instanter.

It is not, however, our present purpose to direct your attention to the many novel and interesting features—social and political—presented by the approaching contest, further than as these are believed to have a bearing on the, to us, all important subject of TEMPERANCE. Our principal object in thus addressing you, Brethren, is, therefore, to impress upon your minds the imperative necessity—now more apparent than ever—for *combined, united* and *vigorous action*, in order to secure the attainment of that which has become the *ultima thule*—the *ne plus ultra*—of all our efforts, namely, *the assent of the three Branches of the Legislature* to a prohibitory LIQUOR LAW, identical in its provisions with the Bill which recently passed the Lower House by so respectable a majority, but which has been arrested in its progress through the Legislative Council, for lack of *one* vote.

The Gentlemen in both Houses of the Legislature who so ably advocated and supported by their Votes the measure just referred to are certainly entitled to the warmest Thanks of every member of our Order, and of every true friend of the ennobling cause of Temperance, whether connected with that Order or not, throughout the length and breadth of our beautiful Island, and possess, at least, a prior claim to our support and sy..thy.

The solemn conviction now resting upon our minds, Brethren, is, that should any of us, as Sons of Temperance, prove recreant to our principles, in the approaching political contest, by affording "aid or comfort" to the enemies of our cause, whosoever found, and, whether for party purposes or otherwise, suffer ourselves, either directly or indirectly, to countenance or abet those who are interested in the maintenance of the accursed Liquor Traffic, many years of painful toil may possibly elapse, and the expenditure of a large amount of mental energy and pecuniary resources—which might, otherwise, be employed in the furtherance of other and still nobler objects—be rendered necessary, ere we shall again occupy the high vantage ground, to which, by the Providence of God, we have now attained.

Under these circumstances, permit us to exhort you, Brothers, to united and concentaneous action, and to beseech you, for once, at least, studiously to avoid every thing which might lead to disunion or dissension, at the present important crisis, or which might have a tendency to jeopardize or postpone the fulfilment of our long-cherished hopes and expectations, with reference to that measure which has now almost attained its culminating point, and with which are bound up, as we believe, the best interests and highest destinies of our beloved Country.

Let party prejudices and predilections be suffered to remain in abeyance, until our present object be attained. Let no member of our noble Order give his support to *any man* or *body of men as a party*, who will not use their influence to give effect to our wishes in this respect and let each Division, within its peculiar sphere of operation, also employ its united and best efforts in the same direction, and our object must and will infallibly be gained.

In conclusion, Brothers, suffer us respectfully to advise you, immediately upon receipt hereof, to meet together and decide upon some regular, systematic and energetic mode of action. Let no time be lost. Our enemies are, more than ever, vigilant and active. Let us manifest similar dispositions; and, above all, let none of us have to charge ourselves, hereafter, with having allowed the golden opportunity to escape unimproved, in consequence of our own intestine divisions, supineness or inactivity!

Brethren! We speak as unto wise men; judge ye what we say.

(Signed) J. B. COOPER,
J. PIDWELL,
J. W. MORRISON.

Attest. P. DESBRISAY, Grand Scribe.