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THE BLIND BOY.

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There was joy in the house. A young immortal had been ushered into being; and the calm and chastened pleasure, mingled with fear, with which a birth is welcomed, shone in the faces of all the inmates. The anxious inquiries of friends created a great excitement through the day; and at night two grateful hearts remembered in their orisons that God had made them the parents of a living child.

There was a little girl, the predecessor of the new comer by four or five summers, who felt richer than Cræsus that she could now number among her possessions a baby brother. She repeated the word to herself—she said it and sung it, and tried to write it on her slate—she spelled it, and dwelt over it, as if never since the world began was there a word so full of pride and happiness. She reviewed her little possessions, and laid aside in her mind what was fit for a little brother. She looked at the tall trees, and thought of the fruit that could no more elude her, since the brother, in her fast anticipations, already a little man, could soon shake down the hitherto inaccessible prize. And as she walked forth, she looked prophetic defiance at the dog which had long been her terror. Her brother would settle the matter for that ill-mannered creature, she was very sure, and teach him that he was not to