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FATHER AND SON, OR TWO PLEDGES.


N the shore of the beautiful Horicon, now knownas Lake George, in the eastern part of New York, there lived a few years ago a clergyman. His happy family of five danghters, and a darling son, a boy, of more than ordinary promise, were growing up, under the influence and instructions of parents, such as few children could boast. Happy among themselves, with their home amidst the most beautiful scenery jn nature, life scemed to them a bright and glad reality. But occasionally, a shade of anxiety might have been detected on the usually calm brows of both father and mother.

The time at which my story commences, was before the day; of Temperance. It was when every family kept a supply of ardent spirits constantly on hand; and children were accustomed to the dangerous beverage daily. Sol
it was in this family. The little "Dennic," accustomed every morning to his glass of bitters, aud to a treat every time a friend called upon the family during the day, soon began to show a deciled fondness for the intoxicating drink, and sought for more frequent occasions to gratify his taste. His parents saw his growing appetite with alarm, and often admonished him, but with little effect; his appetite increased, and more than once they had the mortification of seeing their promising boy in a state of evident intoxication. Various were the remedies they tried, but with little good: and they could only hope that time, and his own good sense, would at length enable him to control the habit that threatened to ruin him. But an event occurred which blasted every hope, and they saw nothing before their child but a drunkard's life and grave.

One morning little Dennie came rumning in with the eager enquiry -" Mother, Mr. Smith is going to have a raising this afternoon, and James has invited me. May I go ?"
" My son, if your father thinks it best, you may go," his mother replied.
His father's consent was readily

