# TME LIFE BOATs 



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## THE OLD MAN＇S STORY．

A THRILLING SKETCH．

（2） and my parents idol－ ized me their child． Wine was often on the table，and both my father and mo－ ther frequently gave it to me in the botiom of the glass．

One Sunday，at church， a startlingannouncement as made to our people．I knew Fwhing of its purport，but there －xs much whispering among the wh．The pastor said that on the mat evening there would be a suseting，and an address upon the \％ils of intemperance in the use alcoholic drinks．He expressed证：nself ignorant of the object of变行 meetins，and could not say stat course it would be best to ＊sue in the matter．
$\because$ Che subject of the meeting came $\therefore$ at our table after the service， I I questioned my fathex about mencement of the temperance reform．I was a child at the time，of some ten years ofage． Our home had every comfort，

NEVER shall 1 it with all the curious eagerness of forget the com－a child．The whispers and words some scheme to unite church and state．

The night came and groups of people gathered on the tavern steps， and I heard the jest and the laugh， and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar－room．I urged my fa－ ther to let me go，but he first re－ fused．Finally thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity，he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the church．I remember how well the people appeared as they came in，seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off．

In the corner was the tavern－ keeper，and around him a number of friends．
For an hour the people of the place continued to come in，until there was a fair house full．All were curionsly watching at the door，wondering what would ap－ pear next．The pastor stole in and took a seat behind a pillar under the gallery，as if doubtful of the

