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HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.

(New Version.)

He's a jolly good fellow,
And spends his money free,
He is full of song and story,
The best of the company.
True, his little ones are shabby,
Scarcely fit to go to school;
Though he's a jolly good fellow;
No doubt he is a fool.

They say that his home lacks comfort,
That his despairing wife,
Sits weeping for her absent one,
Pining away her life;
But what is that to us, my boys,
Let's pass the drink along,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And here's his health and song.

He makes all merriment and glee,
Wherever he may roam,
Except around the shadow'd hearth
Of his neglected home;
There the little ones, afraid of him,
Creep close to mother's side,
Oh, he's such a jolly good fellow,
Of company the pride.

His business is a good one,
And long he's kept his place,
But they say that there is something up
That may end in his disgrace;
But what of that, his song and change
Are ringing still more fast,
He is a jolly good fellow,
We'll toast him to the last.

And so the poor misguided one

Is flattered o'er the brink,
And his 'jolly companions every one,'
Tell how he fell by drink;
The lesson we may surely learn,
In this severest school,
Is, he's a jolly good fellow,—no,
But an egregious fool.

FRANK NEWBTON,
OR

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TALISMAN.

THE next day Howard came as usual to see Frank, but he looked sad and dejected. 'You heard, I suppose,' said he, 'what kept me away yesterday?'

'I did not hear the particulars.'

'It does not signify. It was the old story. I am always doing wrong, and it is no use trying to do otherwise.'

'O, Howard, you must not say that so often.'

'Why not? It is the truth.'

'But have you really tried?'

'To be sure I have, again and again.'

'And in the way you promised, Howard?'

'I forget now what it was that I did promise. I only know that I am weary of trying. Everything goes against me: How do you manage, Frank, never to be in disgrace?'

'Because I have a talisman,' said Frank.

'A talisman! what, a real talisman, such as we read of in fairy tales? I thought there was no truth in those things.'

Frank smiled mysteriously.

'How I should love to see it! What is it

like? Is it a ring that pricks you whenever you are about to do wrong?'

'No, it is a lamp.'

Howard had read of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp; and he remembered something about a lamp invented by Sir Humphrey Davy; but Frank told him that it did not resemble either of those, but was called David's lamp.

'Was that the name of the inventor?' asked Howard.

'No; the lamp existed, although in an incomplete state, before David's time, but it was he who gave it that name.'

'And what do you do? Do you rub it?' inquired Howard, still thinking of Aladdin.

'No; I read it.'

'I understand now,' exclaimed Howard, with a slight accent of disappointment. 'You have been talking of the Bible all this time.'

'Yes,' replied Frank, 'the word of God is my talisman; as David says, 'a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' And yet David's Bible was very short compared with ours; for he had neither the Gospels nor the Epistles, nor a great part of the Old Testament. But a lamp cannot give light if we shut it up and never look at it.'

'I have no time.'

'We are told by the Rev. Thomas Adams,' replied Frank, 'that when time is devoted to God, we are sure to have enough for all other uses.'

'But I never can get up the moment I wake. And afterwards it is as much as I can do to dress before the breakfast bell rings.'

'And why cannot you get up?'

'I do not know. I never could.'

'No more could I once; but it is easy enough