

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

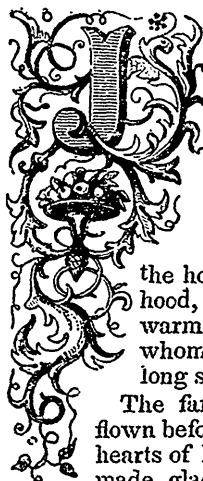
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TOM BOND.

A SHORT STORY FOR BOYS.



UST about seven years ago Tom Bond, of Indiana, graduated with the highest honors at one of the western institutions of learning and returned to the home of his childhood, and to a circle of warm friends from whom he had been long separated.

The fame of Tom had flown before him; and the hearts of his parents were made glad by the voices that spoke in his praise. He was courted in society; he was admired everywhere. His truthfulness, his learning, his wit, his benevolence, made him the favorite of all, and the bright centre of every social circle in which he moved. Many a time, when the good and the wise were speaking of him, they would say—"That young man has virtue, and genius, and learning; and he will some day hold a high rank among the great and good men of his country."

Such a man was Tom Bond, when I knew him, about seven years ago. Where is he now?

Some time in the month of January, 1854, a stranger was passing through the suburbs of one of the principal cities of the west, when his attention was arrested by the voices of angry men, uttering most horrid oaths, and the most blasphemous imprecations.—The sound of these voices came from a low dirty-looking frame building, upon the weather boards of which, written in chalk, was the sentence, "*Whisky for sale here.*"

Suddenly a man was forced violently from the house. He made several staggering steps forward—paused for a moment, then shouted at the stranger, and reeled towards him to grasp his hand.

The stranger saw the tattered and soiled garments, the watered and inflamed eyes, the bloated and ulcerated face, the purple lips, the tremulous hands, and the unsteady step, but he could trace no familiar features in the face, no familiar sound in the voice—of the miserable wreck of humanity that stood before him.

"What!" exclaimed the wreck