

Weekly

THE

Visitor.



Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR, }
P. M. STEWART.

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—81 YONGE ST., TORONTO. }
BOX 300 P. O.

No. 1.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1865.

Four Cents per copy.

For the Weekly Visitor.

ODE TO THE PAST.

IN IMITATION OF BYRON'S "ODE TO THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA."

BY ADOLESCENS.

Trust to futurity, never!

Its prospects are often unreal,
Alas! if we do so, we only endeavour
To nourish a phantom ideal.

The present is certain, but subtle and fleeting;
Ceaselessly moving, time ripples away,
Day after day is eternally meeting
Measures of pleasures, of grief, of decay.
Each moment successively stamps at its birth
Indellible prints on the face of the earth.

The past is but rarely perished;

E'en time's iron hand shall not sever
Those scenes from the mind, which are piously
cherished,

They live in remembrance for ever.
What though their authors may silently mould-
er

Beneath the green sod, they will flourish in
fame;

Year after year, as the world waxes older,
Will add to the lustre surrounding each
name.

Anterior genuises of the past
Will shine in the splendour their labours
amassed.

History's pages are beaming

With characters truly resplendent,
Nature has always, and age will be teeming
Sons to achieve the ascendant.

Old Egypt and Greece were the lands of the
learned,

When the bulk of the world was but partially
known,
Till Rome in her thirst of dominion o'erturned
The prestige those nations so nobly had
borne;
Then Italy much that was beautifully nourish-
ed;
Alone in her power and glory she flourished.

THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XXV. AN ADVENTURE.

I HAVE referred to two incidents in this part of my history which exercised an influence over my future life. Perhaps I should more correctly have said three, although the event I am about to describe was properly only a continuation of the first—another link in a chain of circumstances.

One evening I had parted from my poor drunken tutor, and was returning to my stable-loft, when my progress was obstructed by a crowd, which had gathered round a man who was reciting the 'true and full particulars' of a dreadful murder recently committed. There is nothing, unhappily, more attractive to a London street audience than what the patters call 'a good murder,' especially if accompanied and heightened by a copious sprinkling of terrific horrors, and there is no species of popular literature that commands a quicker and more profitable sale. I was not surprised, therefore, that at every half-dozen sentences or

at shorter intervals, the hawker had to pause while exchanging his broadsheets for the halfpence of his numerous customers; after which transaction he invariably cried out, 'Sold agin and got the money!' before he resumed his harangue.

It was not curiosity to learn about the murder, however, that induced me to pause and listen. In the cracked tones of the patterer I recognised those of the old man whose acquaintance I had first made at Whiskers' Rents, and which was afterwards revived in the oakum-picking room at the prison. And with these recognitions came thoughts of Peggy Magrath. Perhaps, in his wanderings since we last parted, the old man had come across her track. At any rate, I was resolved not to throw away the chance of recovering my poor lost nurse for whom my heart beat with strong affection.

It was evening, as I have said, and the street was lighted up in the dim manner in which even the best and busiest London thoroughfares were illuminated in those times; and I felt secure from discovery until I should choose to reveal myself. But in this I was mistaken; for while I stood at the outermost edge of the circle of gaping listeners, a carriage was driven through the street, preceded by links; the crowd separated, and the old man was compelled to step from the crown of the causeway to the curbstone of the pavement, close by where I stood. At the same moment the glare of the links fell full on us both, revealing me to the eyes of the erst ballad-singer.

'Why,' exclaimed he, in astonishment, 'if this be n't the most lucky hit as I has made this many a day. Why, Roley, if I hasn't bin a looking for you, 'igh and low, back'ards and forrards—'

Handwritten scribble at the bottom of the page.