

A Page for Young Folks at Home.

Tom Bond.

A SHORT STORY FOR BOYS.

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 Bond 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 if he lives 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, who were quarrelling in a very loud tone, and uttering the 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 was written in chalk, the sentence, "Whiskey for sale here."

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

The stranger saw the tattered and soiled garments, the watery 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 of a man, "don't you know me? Don't you know Tom Bond?"

Poor Tom Bond was a loathsome drunkard; sinking, sinking, into degradation, infamy, and death. Intemperance had prostrated his intellect, and corrupted his heart. His relatives had abandoned him. His early friends shunned his presence; and he was left an outcast and a wanderer, in a land that his genius and his virtues might have adorned and blessed.

As long as his mother lived, he was not utterly forsaken. There was one star that would still glimmer over his sad destiny;—there was one heart that would still struggle to lead him back into the paths of temperance and virtue. But even the tremendous energy of a mother's love cannot endure all things; and death deprived Tom Bond of his first, and last, and best friend.

This is no sketch of fancy. It is truth; and it presents only a single instance of the desolating power of intoxicating liquors.—Oh! boys! oh! men! you who have true and manly hearts, do not by your voices, or by your votes, defend the use of such spirits as a social beverage. They prepare victims for the gallows—they fill the prisons of the country with criminals—they destroy the happiness of families—they obstruct the progress of knowledge—they taint the purity of religion—they make man a tyrant, and they make him a slave—they move over the earth like a pestilence, leaving their blasting traces upon the brightest, the best, and the purest institutions of human wisdom, and corrupting and crushing, in their course, even the most glorious works of God.

Many a parent has mourned the loss of a son. Many a sister has wept over the ruin of a brother. Many a wife, borne down by mental agony, and suffering from sickness

and poverty, and hunger and cold, has drawn her shivering infant closer to her heart, and sobbed aloud in bitterness of spirit, over blasted hopes and crushed affections, while the demon of drunkenness has stood by her side, to howl curses in her ears, and to mock her in her desolation.—*Temperance Union.*

I'll Never use Tobacco.

I'll never use tobacco, no!

It is a nasty weed!

I'll never put it in my mouth,

Said little Robert Reid.

Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,

As dirty as a pig,

Who smoked when only ten years old.

And thought it made him big.

He'd puff along the open street,

As if he had no shame,

He'd sit beside the tavern door,

And there would do the same.

He spent his time and money too,

And made his mother sad;

She fear'd a worthless man would come

From such a worthless lad.

"Oh no! I'll never smoke or chew;

'Tis very wrong indeed;

It hurts the health, it makes bad breath;

Said little Robert Reid.

"I'll never use tobacco, no!

It is a nasty weed!

I'll never put it in my mouth,"

Said little Robert Reid.

—*Religious Telescope.*

Inquiries and Thinkings.

How can any one see those bright spring days that so be-token the coming of flowers and birds, and many superior beauties, and not feel a gushing of gratitude to his God?—How can he look at yonder setting sun, each ray seeming to throw out new glories from the source of glory, without praising the hands of the Divine Painter? How can he view that just formed bud, feeling certain that it will yet expand into Spring-time fullness and Summer fragrance, without tracing the perfect workmanship of the Infinite in Power? How can a person be literally surrounded with so much that is beautiful, lovely and good, and yet close his eyes to all and his heart to their sweet influences?

O there is a joy, a *delight*, a *real benefit*, ministered to the soul from these *excellent* pages of the book of Nature.—Would we open our hearts to receive their lessons, they would grow bigger and better, and these teachings would go hand in hand with those of Revelation, to make us fit for an eternal companionship with the author of good.

The poor inebriate who passed just now—he might have appreciated the works of God. Yes, the Creator of these beauties might have been his father. These spring birds that are beginning so sweetly to join the chorus of new life that is waking the earth, might have been singing their songs to him, and his heart might have enjoyed all this nature-music. But ah! 'tis all in vain for him. The fine-strung chords of his once sensitive soul have lost their tension. His eyes are closed—his heart asleep—his sensibilities dead.

But, should this catch his eye in a sober, waking moment, let him cast one glance around upon the animated face of nature and ask, "All this for me and I enjoy it not? Let me rather shake off this death-spell that Alcohol has thrown about me, and in the fullness of renewed life let me enjoy what God means for me, both here and hereafter."—*N. J. Reformer.*

Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.—*Watts.*