

HOOD REVISED.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Seedy and weary, and worn,
With eyes that are bloodshot and red,
On the morn after New Year's Day
I moralized thusly in bed:
Drink, Drink, Drink,
Whiskey, and Brandy, and Beer,
Till now, on the verge of horrid "D. T.,"
I hover in terrible fear.

Oh! why did I mix my drinks?
Oh! why could I never say "No"?
And why did I gorge and stuff myself
With cake that was nought but dough?
For it's Eat, Eat, Eat
At every house where you call—
Guzzle, and cuss it, and leave,
When you're hardly able to crawl.

Oh! men with sisters dear;
Oh! men with mothers and wives,
Why stuff your neighbors against their will?
Why sadden those neighbors' lives
With Drink, Drink, Drink,
Whiskey, and Brandy, and Rum—
A nightmare dread, and a restless bed,
And a waking seedy and glum?

Oh! for a little breathing space,
As we turn the New Year's leaf,
A gentle fasting would do me good,
But for me there is no relief.
I'd sooner be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where, at least, they couldn't your stomach spoil
With this guzzling New Year's work!

THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER.

CHAP. XII.

WESTWARD, HO!

And so he brought no more friends to the house, and Lizzie said nothing to Gilbert. She, too, dreaded that strong-willed brother. And in this way matters rolled on for nearly three years. Gerald not only absented himself from his house, but often from his office also. A letter was written to Gilbert, informing him of the fact. Gerald, a second time, ran away from home; but this time, by the aid of detectives, he was soon discovered. The interview between the two brothers was long and painful. It was the old story, and the young lad soon confessed all: Dissipation and Debt,—Debt and Dissipation! He reiterated his old wish that he should be sent to America, there to retrieve his character. After much discussion, the elder brother consented. Now arose the great difficulty. Who was to tell the father? Gerald would not,—Gilbert could not. Woman's tact and Woman's judgment were now required again. Whenever there is an unpleasant family communication to be made, the task is sure to be assigned to a woman. Lizzie now undertook it, without a murmur.

"Father," said she, "Gerald wants to go abroad."

The old man stood aghast, quite unable to realize the fact that his darling son wished to leave him.

"Why does he wish it?" inquired he, perfectly bewildered.

"He says there is a necessity for it, father."

And, for the remainder of the day, the father and daughter hardly interchanged a word.

Gilbert had, as may be imagined, lectured his brother with no little severity. He informed him, seriously, that he must now bid adieu to luxury, and be prepared to encounter hardship,—even want. He undertook to furnish him with funds sufficient for a steerage passage and a poor man's outfit, and would also provide him with a small sum of money, for his immediate expenses on his arrival in

America. He also extorted from him a promise that he would accept no money from that indulgent and imbecile father, whose old age he had contributed so much to impoverish. Gerald gave his word, and broke it a few hours later. When he saw his father that evening, the old man requested him—nay, entreated him—not to leave him just now. But the foolish "loafer" had now developed into a crafty liar. He reminded his father that this was the time of life when all young gentlemen usually "travelled" to compete their education. He easily recalled to the old man's memory the days when he had made the grand tour of Europe and the East, on leaving college. The parson's recollections of this pleasant period of his life were still acute and vivid. By degrees Gerald led him to talk of Cadiz and Venice, of Athens and Damascus, of foot excursions among the Swiss mountains, of horseback journeys over the plains of Syria. He soon became chatty and communicative, promised his son letters of introduction to foreign friends in distant lands, became quite reconciled to the proposed journey, and, finally, presented his son with a cheque for an amount sufficient to pay the travelling expenses of a young nobleman. He directed Gerald to conceal this last fact from his brother Gilbert, who, he said, had become remarkably stingy of late. This Gerald promised to do, and, it is needless to say, he kept his word.

Both Gilbert and Lizzy were excessively surprised to see the father so calm, and, apparently, resigned to the parting. This parting was not long delayed. Gerald, with a hypocrisy which did not become part of his character, declined the offers of any of his family to accompany him to Liverpool. He had already, he said, been an expense to them. There was no occasion to involve them in any more. He took an affectionate leave of his father, who bore it better than was expected, and a solemn one of his brother, who gave him some more stern advice. His farewell to his sister touched even him.

"Gerald," said she, "wherever you go, always remember how Gilbert loves you."

Gerald lost no time in getting to Liverpool, where he stopped a week. He soon disposed of the emigrant outfit which his brother had given him, and procured another of a much more expensive character, and, in his opinion, much more suitable to the wants of a gentleman. He took a first-class cabin passage on board the steamer "Niagara," bound for Boston.

And now, one word to the parents and guardians of England. When a young man turns out a "loafer," or gets into some miserable scrape, why do you immediately pack him off to "America?" "America" and the British Colonies are admirable fields for energy and industry, whether allied to poverty or accompanied by capital, but they are the worst reformatories in the world. Is your boy a drunkard?—he will here find that drunkenness is a favorite vice. Is he lazy?—he will find plenty of companions of a similar kind. Is he a spend-thrift?—there does not exist a more extravagant people than the "Americans." Is he inclined to be dishonest?—he will find "smartness" admired. Does he possess any, or all, of these vices in a small degree? On this soil they will bring forth fruit a hundred-fold. There is no greater misfortune for a young country or a young colony than a copious infusion of "loafers." There are, in this country, already enough, and to spare. They are like tares among wheat, occupying the place of the latter, and stifling its growth. It is somewhat remarkable that England sends us a far greater proportion of this species than does either Scotland or Ireland. Emigration is carried on with far more system among the inhabitants of the two latter countries. They come here from principle or necessity,—an Englishman, too often, from a freak.

(To be Continued.)

UNPRECEDENTED LIBERALITY.

REV. R. R. IRVINE, D. D.—At a prayer meeting held at Knox Church, Montreal, on the morning of New Year's Day, the Rev. Dr. Irvine, formerly of Knox Church in this city, was presented with the handsome* of \$150, as a New Year's Gift.

Four dollars and fifty cents! Good heavens! What will Dido say? Four dollars and fifty cents! and DIOGENES not dead yet, in spite of Grand Inquisitors and the *auto da fe*! The CYRUS is anxious to know more about this wonderful New Year's gift. It surely cannot be an expression of the generosity of an undivided congregation. Four dollars and fifty cents? Impossible!

* Sum?