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The Farm House.

(Its Scenes of Happiness and Misery.)

BY S. E. G.

"My good woman, can you inform me if the old house at the turn of the road is for sale," inquired a gentleman one morning of a woman in a small town in New Hampshire.

"If you call that house old, what must you think of my age—I was a woman grown when the timber of that house stood in the forest yonder? Old, do you call it? Well, it may be with sin and sorrow, but not with time."

"I hope I have not given offence, ma'am," he replied, surprised at her not answering his question, and the sharpness of her tones.

"Oh no, sir, but I can hardly keep my temper when the 'old house' as you call it, is talked of. It is for sale, and may be you would like to buy it. It was a pretty place once, and might be again if another owner had it; and I guess Squire Flint would sell it for a little or nothing, for it's a terrible eyesore to him; and they say it's haunted, but I don't believe that. If any house is haunted it would be the Squire's; I reckon. There is a history connected with that house."

"Would you favor me with it good woman?"