

Weekly

THE

Visitor.

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WAITING FOR HIM.

BY ELSIE.

Alas! she sits by her dreary hearth,
The fire is out, the candle burneth dim,
While in her heart a thousand fears have birth,
Waiting for him.

The wintry blast sweeps o'er the frosty pad,
The casement rattles, by the tempests stir'd
And her heart struggles in grief's cruel chain
Like a caged bird.

She presses one thin hand upon her breast,
To still the throbbings of the pulse within,
And tries to calm her anxious, vague unrest—
Waiting for him.

She was not wont to sit and wait alone,
In happy days, long number'd with the past,
Ere a dark cloud o'er her beloved home
Its shadow cast.

He was not wont to leave the fireside dear,
The joys of home where peace and comfort live,

For the base pleasures, and the mad'ning cheer
Which vice can give.

His step was firm, his eye was bright and clear,
When in his manly youth he sought her love,
And in her trusting heart she felt no fear
It thus might prove.

That he so honor'd, he so kind—so brave—
Should ever by his fellow-man be spurn'd,
And he, at last, lie in the drunkard's grave,
Unwept—unmourned.

And thus she muses on the happy past,
The wretched present,—and the future dim,

With dire screechings, on her pathway cast,
Waiting for him.

Oh! when he comes—the harsh, unfeeling look,
The brutal oath—perhaps the taunting sneer—
And o'en the blow—ah! that she could not
brook,
She waits in fear.

Hark! there are footsteps on the crusted snow,
Nearer they come, and nearer still, and last,
Footsteps unsteady—voices quick and low—
He comes at last.

He brings perchance some boon companions
home,
To revel all the live long night away,
"No fire, no light, no food," she cries, "they
come,"
Would it were day.

Alas no day could ever dawn for her;
A night of mental darkness had begun,
By crushing toil, and grief, and anxious care
The work was done.

And now she sits within a maniac's cell,
A prey to fancies of a fever'd brain,
Thinking each day the one she loved so well
Will come again.

She knows not that he perished long ago,
Ghastly and blood-stained in a drunken fight;
And pitying hands conveyed him thro' the snow
Into her sight.

She has forgotten how they brought him in,
His hair all stiff with gore, his glazed eyes
dim,
The night she sat so cold, and starv'd, and thin,
Waiting for him.

FRANK NETHERTON,

OR

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE COUSIN.

It was a happy day for Helen when her
cousin arrived to spend his holidays at the
Grange; for she was very fond of him, notwith-
standing that he used to tease her a great deal.
Frederick, as his mother had observed, although
only a year older than his cousin Frank, was at
least a head and shoulders taller. He was a fine
active, high-spirited boy, somewhat willful and
over-bearing, but good-natured and warm-heart-
ed.

Nothing could be more unlike in appearance
and disposition than the two cousins. Frederick
was cheerful and talkative, and often said a
great many things which had better have been
left unsaid, and for which, although he was too
proud to acknowledge it, he was sorry after-
wards. Frank was also cheerful, but quieter;
when he did speak, it was generally to the pur-
pose. Frederick was so restless that it was
with difficulty that he could sit still, or fix his
attention upon any subject for above a few mo-
ments at a time. Frank sat and studied too
much, and seldom cared to take that exercise
and relaxation which is so necessary, as well as
natural, for the young. The one wanted appli-
cation, the other activity.

Frederick was proud and sensitive; the fear
of ridicule, or the laughter of his companions,
would turn him away even from what he knew
to be right. He was not physically, but morally