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I Do Hate Cold Water.

No. I.

You could not have worked with Tom Jackson in the shop for a week, without hearing him say so again and again. It was one of his "pet phrases," if not the choicest of them all; being uttered not only when his dislike might seem naturally expressed at the sight of the object so repugnant, but when it was difficult to conceive how it was called forth. I shall never forget that oft-recurring sound; the words were always uttered in the same tone, and the emphasis was sure to be on the second word: "I do hate cold water!"

I never heard Tom describe how this hatred arose. Perhaps when a boy, or a youth, he went on the ice when it was not sufficiently firm, and so fell in and was well ducked, long before the Humane Society provided its apparatus of rescue and restoration, and was then dragged out, with no small trouble to others and suffering to himself. But then, that would only account for his disliking to be "in for it" under such circumstances; he might still have thought cold water a capital thing in its way, and, therefore, the imagination may not be correct. Gratiano's reasons were like two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; you might search for them all day without finding them, and if found they were not worth the trouble. The reason for his dislike, if Tom had one to give, was, I apprehend, of precisely the same value.