

Weekly

THE

Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. IX.

{ PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,
F. H. STEWART. }

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

{ OFFICE—51 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
BOX 500 P. O. }

No. 10.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1865.

Four Cents per copy.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH is like an echo,
Falling softly on our ears;
Gently leading us to holier thoughts,
And banishing our fears;
Weaving peace within our sinful hearts,
And drying all our tears.

HOPE is like an Angel,
With healing on her wings;
For ever in our darkest night,
She consolation brings;
Melodious are the sounds that fall,
From her harp's golden strings.

And CHARITY's an Angel too,
Half human, half divine;
With smiles for those who smile in joy,
And tears for those who pine;
If a guardian Angel I might choose,
Charity should be mine.

THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BOUGHTON GRANGE."

CHAPTER XLIII—Continued.

'And what have you got to sell?' demanded the damsel, when the old man had come to a pause.

'Pins, needles, threads, laces, my dear; buttons and bodkins, hooks and eyes, and thimbles, and—'

'Oh, I don't want anything,' said Susan, stopping the old man in his enumeration of his

slender stock of haberdashery, which I now perceived he had slung in a basket by his side.

'Oh, don't say nay, charming Judy,' quavered the old man, in a feeble attempt to carol the words of an old song which at that time was, or had lately been, popular in London and elsewhere. 'May be you will buy a ballad of me, my dear?' he added; 'here's lot's on 'em; I used to sing 'em; but my bellows be too shakey now—wuss luck.'

'No, no; go away, do; we don't want such rubbish,' said Susan, as the old man began glibly to quote the titles of this part of his stock in trade. Nevertheless, she lingered, and the old man went on:—

'Here's dream books, my pretty lass, to put under yer piller, to make ye dream of yer true love—'

'Stuff!' said the girl.

I need not repeat, even if I could remember, all the blandishments used by the old pedlar in puffing off his goods; nor how the servant maid so far relaxed as to be persuaded to look over the contents of his basket. I only know that the conference seemed intolerably long, before a bargain was struck for a little handful of his wares.

In the course of these negotiations, I noticed that the old man more than once shifted his position; and at last pleading fatigue and thirst he seated himself on a stone horseblock within the yard, and entreated the girl to give him a draught of water or small beer; 'anything,' he said, 'to wet his whistle.' And when Susan disappeared for a moment on the benevolent errand, I could see that my old acquaintance looked sharply though furtively and pryingly round, and glanced quickly at the range of

kitchen offices by which he was partially surrounded. I thought little of this at the time, only that I supposed he was on the look-out for any thing that was neither too hot nor too heavy to purloin and carry off unperceived and I was glad when the damsel returned before my old ready-fingered acquaintance had had time or opportunity to indulge in his lifelong habit of 'picking and stealing.'

'Here's luck to ye,' said the old man lifting the mug to his lips and draining it to the bottom. 'You've got a nice place of it here my dear?'

'Oh, the place is well enough,' said she, 'not too much to do, nor too many to do it.'

'A rich man, I reckon, the master; what did you say his name was, my pretty one?' said the insinuating old vagrant.

'I didn't say his name was anything in particular,' said the girl; 'but my master's name is Mr. Simmonds; and he is rich enough, I dare say, but he dosen't make much show of it.'

'Ha! keeps his money safe locked up, does he?'

'I reckon so,' said the girl; 'but that's no business of mine, nor yours either, is it?'

'Oh dear no, not the least in the world,' said the old man, carelessly. 'I suppose now you couldn't—'

What he supposed my fellow-servant could not do or say, neither she nor I was doomed to hear; for at that moment the shrill voice of the housekeeper was heard calling loudly from the kitchen, reproving Susan for idling her time, and bidding the old man go about his business. Now the voice of Mrs. Latham, the housekeeper, was a voice potential, and not to be disregarded. Accordingly, Susan scuttled