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"I'll be Revenged on Him."

COME along, Charlie Barrow; I can't wait for you, if you stop talking there. No more last words, I say." This speech was made, in an impatient tone, by Master James Graham, a boy of some thirteen or fourteen years, attired in the most elegant costume, and twirling in his hands a miniature cane. The companion whom he addressed was perhaps a year younger than himself; plainly and neatly dressed, who was talking to a boy of about his own age, whose patched and faded garments bore evidence of struggles with pinching poverty. Charlie seemed to pay no attention to the impatience of his playfellow, but finished his conversation; and then, bidding the poor lad a kind and friendly farewell, he rejoined James, who was tapping his shinning patent-leather boots with the end of his cane, for want of a better employment.

"Why do you stand talking to that ragged fellow, Charlie?" he cried. "I should think you would have too much spirit to be seen speaking to him."

"And I should think, James, that you would have too much good sense, not to speak of any thing better, to make such a remark as that."

"Good sense? I don't see that sense has any thing to do with the matter; and, if it has, I rather think it is on my side. He is in a different rank of society from you and me; and I don't see why we should notice him."

"I did not speak to him to gratify him then; though I should do so, if I had no other reason. I wished to inquire for his mother and sister."

"Mother and sister! Worse and worse! Why, how happened it that you knew he had any? And how came you to know him at all?"

"Before you came to live in the neighborhood, James, John Lee was my only playmate; and I am glad to play with him now, whenever he can be spared for a little amusement. He used to go to our school; and though he dressed plainly, and it was evident that