THE LIFE BOAT:

A Inbenile Temperance Magazine.

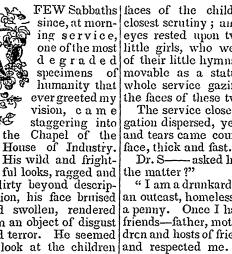
Vor. III.

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THE LOST CHILDREN

AND THEIR LOST FATHER.



with wonderful interest, occasion- on and I became a drunkard. One ally muttering to himself—"Beau- friend after another left me; still tiful! beautiful! Oh, that mine I drank on, and down, down I fell. were here!" He sat an hour or Father and mother both went down more, and then with a long earnest to their graves with broken hearts. look at the children, staggered out My poor wife clung to me when of the chapel, and went up the all others deserted me. dark "valley of the shadow of drank on, pawned one article after death,"-Cow Bay.

the afternoon, and while the chil- her wedding-ring, which she had dren were clustering together, the clung to with the tenacity of a same wild looking man staggered death-grasp, I felled her to the

FEW Sabbaths faces of the children with the since, at morn-closest scrutiny; and at length his ing service, eyes rested upon two bright-eyed one of the most little girls, who were singing one degraded of their little hymns. He sat imspecimens of movable as a statue during the humanity that whole service gazing intently on ever greeted my the faces of these two children.

The service closed, the congrestaggering into gation dispersed, yet he lingered, Chapel of the and tears came coursing down his

Dr. S-asked him " what was

dirty beyond descrip- "I am a drunkard! A wretch-tion, his face bruised an outcast, homeless, and without and swollen, rendered a penny. Once I had a home and him an object of disgust friends—father, mother, wife, chiland terror. He seemed dren and hosts of friends who loved to look at the children and respected me. Time passed another, until all was gone, and As the bell rang for service in when my wife refused to give me in once more. He surveyed the earth, seized her finger, tore off the