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THE LOST CHILDREN AND THEIR LOST FATHER.



A FEW Sabbaths since, at morning service, one of the most degraded specimens of humanity that ever greeted my vision, came staggering into the Chapel of the House of Industry. His wild and frightful looks, ragged and dirty beyond description, his face bruised and swollen, rendered him an object of disgust and terror. He seemed to look at the children with wonderful interest, occasionally muttering to himself—"Beautiful! beautiful! Oh, that mine were here!" He sat an hour or more, and then with a long earnest look at the children, staggered out of the chapel, and went up the dark "valley of the shadow of death,"—Cow Bay.

As the bell rang for service in the afternoon, and while the children were clustering together, the same wild looking man staggered in once more. He surveyed the

faces of the children with the closest scrutiny; and at length his eyes rested upon two bright-eyed little girls, who were singing one of their little hymns. He sat immovable as a statue during the whole service gazing intently on the faces of these two children.

The service closed, the congregation dispersed, yet he lingered, and tears came coursing down his face, thick and fast.

Dr. S— asked him "what was the matter?"

"I am a drunkard! A wretch— an outcast, homeless, and without a penny. Once I had a home and friends—father, mother, wife, children and hosts of friends who loved and respected me. Time passed on and I became a drunkard. One friend after another left me; still I drank on, and down, down I fell. Father and mother both went down to their graves with broken hearts. My poor wife clung to me when all others deserted me. I still drank on, pawned one article after another, until all was gone, and when my wife refused to give me her wedding-ring, which she had clung to with the tenacity of a death-grasp, I felled her to the earth, seized her finger, tore off the