

# THE LIFE BOAT:

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## THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP.

A THRILLING SKETCH.



LEGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood: "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe on the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been of late a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed a change

in his manners, the difference in his habits, and to night they watched to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it, as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot, tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through and bright flowers