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THE CHAPEL CHORISTERS.

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GLORIA in excelsis," rang through the little chapel in a clear volume of sound that rose above the accompaniment of the organ, and was just shaded and softened by the lute-like tenor that accompanied that single female voice.

Many of the sun-browned seamen who worshipped there knew the voice and the singer, and listened the more earnestly, because of her, to the chants and psalms, and the sermon that followed. It was "English Bessie" who came among their wives and children on many a kindly errand, and had always a cheerful word for the sick and desponding. — The men called her "a hearty lass," and wished many a "blessing on her honest face." Their wives, in Sunday dress, and proud of the stalwart arms on which they leaned, "thought it a shame" that she had not chosen from among the rough and hardy wooers by which she was surrounded.

Prayer and chant were over, and the still sermon time came, when Bessie's duties were ended; and she drew the crimson curtain aside to look and listen with the rest. The warm summer sun came quivering from the water through the lance-shaped windows, and lighted up the pale, grave face of the clergyman in his pulpit and the strangely gathered audience.

Some were boatmen, or hands from coasting vessels whose occupation allowed them leisure for home and its comforts. They were surrounded by their wives and little ones in all the smartness of their Sunday costume, relieved by scarfs or shawls of bright, foreign weaving, the gift of some successful relative on a return voyage. The children sat uneasily on the high benches, and looked at the flies on the window, or studied the pictures on their prayer-books, as children will. These were the more regular attendants of the chapel. Beyond them, the trim, blue jacket of a man-of-war's man was the contented neighbor of some "lubberly whaler," in ordinary intercourse a special aversion. And there were men whose dress had no pretension to Sunday neatness, who scarcely knew one day of the