THE LIFE BOAT:

A Jubenile Temperance Magazine.

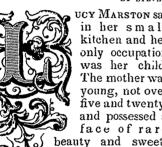
Vol. V.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1856.

The Redeemed One.

OR, A LIFE'S LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.



beauty and sweet- was coming. ness. But now there was a cloud upon her brow, and her face was pale, and a tear stood trembling upon her

long lashes. It was pas' ten o'clock at night and her husband had not returned. The season was

early Spring, and as the air without was chill and damp she was obliged to sit by the fire. She had procured supper at the usual hour, but no husband had come to partake with her. And there the table yet stood, and upon the stove the tea-kettle sung its simple song all unconscious of the tearful eye that watched it. So Lucy had placed no fire in the sitting room.

Upon a low stool at her feet sat

ucy Marston sat her boy. He was a curly-haired, in her small bright-eyed child who had seen kitchen and her four summers and the frost of five only occupation winters. He lay now with his head was her child. in his mother's lap, and a deep The mother was sleep had closed his lids and hushyoung, not over ed his soul to rest. The wind five and twenty, sighed mournfully about the sides and possessed a of the house, and a pattering upon face of rare the window told that a rain storm

Larger and larger grew the tear upon the mother's eyelid, and by and by it fell upon the face of the child. He started up, and rubbed his eyes, and having realized where he was, he gazed up into his mother's face.

" Mamma," he said, and his low sweet voice sounded mournfully. " has papa come?"

" No, my child."

" And why don't he come, mamma ?"

"I don't know, Freddy."

The child watched the working features of his mother for some moments, and then asked with great earnestnes:

"Are you crying because he don't come ?"

But the mother could not answer.