

# THE LIFE BOAT:

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## The Redeemed One.

OR, A LIFE'S LESSON.

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LUCY MARSTON sat in her small kitchen and her only occupation was her child. The mother was young, not over five and twenty, and possessed a face of rare beauty and sweetness. 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 past 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

her boy. He was a curly-haired, bright-eyed child who had seen four summers and the frost of five winters. He lay now with his head in his mother's lap, and a deep sleep had closed his lids and hushed his soul to rest. The wind sighed mournfully about the sides of the house, and a pattering upon the window told that a rain storm was coming.

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 earnestness:

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

But the mother could not answer.