

# FOUND YOUR WAY

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[For the Home Journal.]

## POOR.

(A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

Her childish face, tanned by the summer's sun,  
And waves of chestnut hair,  
In creases wreathed around her brow—  
An artless, timid one,  
Her eyelids drooping low,  
Came softly to me, unaware!

Her eyes were clearest wells,  
Wherein a chastened splendour dwells;  
They seemed to me  
As if enchanting melody.  
Borne thro' the realms of space had taken flight  
To float amid their limpid light!  
And found a home apart  
From callous air, where tempest-tost,  
Its magic sweetness would be lost.  
For every look she gave was music to my heart.

To her the flowers might have bequeathed  
Their garb of beauty in the morn,  
When with the dew-drops wreathed,  
And felt the happier for their loon!  
The roaming breeze that stirs the clouds above  
In sultry noon,  
O, surely, might have sighed disconsolate for her love.

An air of poverty  
Clung round this artless child;  
Her treatments, homely spun, were coarse and plain;  
She seemed to me  
A mouldy flower's wilt,  
Whom nature had made beautiful, a debt she owed  
To the dense forests round the child's domain—  
A cot of maple wood.

Glide past me, sweet one, with thy airy head!  
A calm, ethereal sense of happiness  
Has fallen where thy steps have sped;  
The air is resonant with a sweet sound,  
That, welling from thy guileless heart,  
Reveals its tenderness;  
And earnest thoughts of good abound  
Within my breast.  
That of thy being are a part,  
That breathe upon my turbid spirit rest.

St. HILAIRE, C. E. ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

## THE NEW LIFE-BOAT.

A REMINISCENCE OF No. 108.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

**W**HAT a night it was for signs, doors and window-shutters! Whip! slap! bang! was heard from one end of the grim old city to the other, as the tempest turned the long, dark streets into bugles, and blew an assault that made youngsters shudder, and old men moun in their sleep. Although a feeble light gleamed here and there, it served but to gar-rison the gloom. All was void. There was neither earth, nor deep; nor sky. He who was abroad, was alone. Darkness was every-where.

It had been freshening all the evening, and we who were for duty had employed the last, lurid streaks of day in preparing for the merciless storm that we knew would be upon us before we left our different stations. Gloves, mufflers and heavy over-coats were in serious requisition; and he who happened to possess a sound India-rubber, as the rain came down in torrents, considered himself more than ordinarily blest indeed. Somewhere about nine o'clock, we were all at our respective points, among the various alleys and thoroughfares, making the best of it, no doubt. For my own part, taking everything into consideration, I had no right to complain. I was well wrapped

up; and, although the deluge was absolutely tearing the stones out of the pavement, I knew precisely how to avoid any serious inconvenience arising from a state of things so unpleasant. To keep up anything like a continous patrol, was not only perilous in the extreme, but totally impracticable. The slates were flying in every direction, and the force of the hurricane was such at times as to literally sweep you off your feet. So, about half-past eleven, after testing the virtue of sundry porches and sheltered nooks, I dropped down towards the water's edge, groping my way as best I could, until I stood directly opposite the "Foul Anchor," where I occasionally recruited my spirits with a foaming tankard and a pipe, when weary of trudging through the lewd, dark, dirty streets.

The locality in which I now found myself, although well known to me, was not the most respectable. It was in the suburbs, however, and possessed the only tolerable public house in my peculiar section. It appeared to have seen better days, nevertheless; for many of the buildings, though untenanted and dilapidated, were three, and even four stories high. But its glory had passed away, and it was now the abode of crime and the most squalid wretchedness. Contrary to my expectations, the "Foul Anchor" was closed. Owing, as I presumed, to the terrors of the night and the lack of custom, the inmates had retired at an earlier hour than usual. Not a light was to be seen glimmering from any of the windows, and the dim fabric itself would have been lost in the impenetrable darkness, were it not for the struggling beams of a dingy old lamp that seemed just expiring over the weather-beaten door. What was to be done? The storm was at its height, and the rain descending in cataracts. In the flickering ray from the low, projecting cave before me, I perceived some straw protruding through an opening in a ruined edifice beside which I was standing. Grey as my locks were, in a single bound I gained the friendly aperture; and the next moment was ensconced among some provender obtained, as I fancied, for whatever four-footed animals belonged to the hostelry over the way. Here I determined to remain until the fury of the elements had subsided, and so resigned myself to my ears and meditation alternately. Although a single drop had not penetrated my water-proof coat or over-alls, and notwithstanding that I was not now buffeted about by the blast, I was far from being thoroughly at ease in my impromptu quarters. I was fully aware that the structure in which I had taken refuge was old, infirm and lofty; and that the fact of the roof not having yet fallen in, or the floors given way totally, was, in the presence of a power so terrific, but little in its favor. I remembered, too, that all the doors and windows on the weather side, were barricaded with mouldering props and planks, setting up, so to speak, its frail shoulder against the dire attacks of the storm. It was this latter circumstance that disturbed me most, as I was apprehensive that some sudden swoop of the gale might bring the trembling walls about my head and bury me beneath their final ruins.

Shortly after midnight, the dark wings of

the tempest began to flap about in a manner so fitful, that, in the brief, uncertain pause accompanying their motion, I heard the long, wild shout of the sea. The yell was appalling! The billows were lashed from their deepest tones up to a cry so agonizing—so unearthly—that, for the moment, I was completely paralysed. The wind and rain that had been previously beating about my ears, had, up to that instant, confused me and masked the sublime battery of the deep. But, now, down came the shotted waters upon the rocky bar, about two miles to seaward, with a crash that shook the towering light-house to its base, and strained the iron stanchions in their grooves. I had never before been swallowed up so wholly amid a war of the elements; and now that the conflict began to wane down within the limits of my comprehension, its immensity became the more apparent. "God help the mariner to-night!" said I, as I thought of my own poor son, who had been a wanderer on the trackless ocean, from youth to manhood, and from whom I had not heard for three long years. "God help the mariner to-night!" I repeated—"and may He who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand, guide whatever lone bark may stagger on its starless way through that tumultuous wild." The words came back to my lips again and again; and, as I gave them silent utterance, I felt that they were mingled with the fervent pleadings of his fond mother, whom, but a few hours before, I left in her humble dwelling, sad with forebodings regarding the dangers of the deep on such a night of tempests.

The rain having ceased suddenly, I was enabled to get a glimpse of the sea along the bar, and up to the very foot of the light-house on its northern extremity. The waters seemed to be heaped up in mountains of foam that threw back the glare of the stormy pinnacle with an effect the most awful. My gaze was riveted upon the grand spectacle, when I thought I perceived a peculiar gleam of light to the north-west close on the fatal reef. I started from my recumbent position, and straining both eye and ear, again sought the point where I fancied I had discovered the feeble beam. I caught it once more; but this time my heart died within me, as the low moan of a gun came wailing to the shore, in one of those unaccountable gaps not unfrequently distinguishable among the wildest commotions of nature. There was a ship in distress! In such a place! And on such a night! She had evidently made some miscalculation regarding the position of the light-house, and was now dead ashore upon the bar!

Although no "old salt," I was not a total stranger to the deep, and could handle an oar as well as many a man who wore a tarpaulin; consequently, I soon recovered myself, and was quickly in the bar-room of the "Foul Anchor," after having roused up some of the inmates with the iron-shod toe of a boot that might have done credit to a trooper, and the heavy end of a baton that had been serviceable to me on many a former occasion.

"Holloa! holloa! what's ahead now?" said the landlord, as with a light in his hand he hastily unbarred the door and let me in. "Surely," he continued, when he caught a

glimpse of my face—"there must be something strange afloat that brings you down here in such foul weather and at such an hour of the night."

"Where's Bill Jones to be found?" said I, in reply to all this. "There's a ship in distress on the bar; and as the wind seems to be going down there may be some chance of her yet."

"On the bar!" he returned, in a measured, solemn tone, indicative of the utter hopelessness of the case. "Did you see her lights or hear her gun?"

"I saw and heard enough," I replied, "to know that there's a ship in distress on the bar; so where's Bill Jones, for I have learned that he has charge of the new life-boat."

"If that's all you want," said he, "follow me, for he turned in here, about half seas over, at nightfall; although apparently ready for any lark that might turn up 'twixt now and the next new moon."

I followed the landlord into an adjoining room; and there, in the arms of the drowsy god, I discovered the object of my search. He was, but half undressed, having divested himself of his shoes and jacket only, and as the light-streamed full on his manly face, he gave a short, uneasy twist, and sat bolt upright in his bed.

"Aho! there, 108," said he, as he recognized me beside the landlord. "What's to pay now, that you pipe up all hands in this here manner 'fore half your watch is out?"

"There's a ship in distress on the bar," said I, "and I think she is not totally beyond the reach of assistance, as the storm has been decreasing for the last half hour."

"Shiver my timbers," said he, leaping clean out on the floor, "but that's past lark-in," and, looking about him, he continued, "bear a hand there, and pass that toggery forred, as there's no use in heaving her a rope from such outlandish moorins as these."

In an incredibly short period he was fully equipped; and, passing out to the door through which I first entered, he brought his eye to bear upon the distant bar and the terrific white breakers that were wildly tumbling over it.

"It's no use, 108," said he, after having taken a long, steady look out, "'twould swamp a balloon over yonder, or blow the masts out of the Flying Dutchman. Howsomever," he added, "it's not for Bill Jones to haul down his colors while there's a cutlass on board or a leg on a powder-monkey; so if you like to try the new life-boat, pass the word and let's take a swig."

"What hands can we get?" said I, ordering something stiff, "as the boat is a large one, and will have to be well and stoutly manned in a sea like this."

"Hands enough," he returned, as he tossed off his glass, "but we'll want hearts as well, for there's wild work going on a mile or so out; although this strip of shore doesn't suffer so wonderfully, owing to the long headland and the bend."

"If that's the go," said the landlord, who was an old sailor, and had just finished his brimmer, "belike I might lend a hand, as Jack Hardy's not the man to stand by and see both chain-pumps choked below and the youngsters clinging to the standin-riggin."

"That's my hearty, old Blow Hard," said Bill, "and now let's ship our nor-westers,