

With gallant bearing on the quarter deck,
The Captain of the Life Boat took his
stand,
And to make sail and guard his craft from
wreck,
In words like these he issued his com-
mand :—

“See that the hands are all men firm and
true—
The freight select—the stores approved
and good—
Provisions plenty, wholesome, sound and
new—
No grog my lads, but lots of the best
food.

All hands up anchor—loosen the fore-sail ;
Round with that windlass—hearties
bear a hand,
Let go your clew lines—foretop to the
gale—
Hoist the maintop-sail, lads, to steer
from land.

Shake out the maintop-gallant to the gale—
Let go the down haul—make these
hallyards fast—
Up with the flying gib, and the try sail—
Steady, my boys, we're clear away at
last.

Close all your weather ports, lest some foul
squall
From windward should our gallant ves-
sel swamp ;
Shut close your hatches, lest perchance
the fall
Of spray of grog your lower decks
should damp.”

“All ready, Captain!—whither shall we
steer?”
Thus spoke the Boatswain of the gallant
crew,
“Straight for the Maine Law, lads”—then
with a cheer,
They to the shores of Grogtown bid
adieu.

Well done my hearties,—bring the Maine
Law here,—
Cried landsmen, like myself, silent till
now,
And when it comes we'll give up Grog and
Beer—
And each of us will buy a new milk
cow.

Sorel.

R. H.

NOTE.—Ignorance of a seaman's duty may probably have caused some blunder in the orders given to weigh anchor and steer before the wind, if so, the reader must recollect that I am a laudsmen. If I had sent some hands to hoist the flag,—some to

the helm,—and described her gay pennon fluttering in the breeze, I might perhaps have made it too lengthy for insertion in the Life Boat.

A Father's Offering.



BOY, nine years old, residing in Taunton, England, was taken by his father to a public-house, where he was tempted to drink ale ; after which he was carried to a gin-shop, where he was again enticed to drink ardent spirits. The boy thereby became so intoxicated 'hat he reeled about the streets, and had several falls, when his father requested some boys to lead him home ; but as he could not walk, they were obliged to carry him. He was put to bed, became ill, and died in three days, in spite of all that the doctor could do. The wicked father of this poor child is not a drunkard, but, in general, a sober industrious man. By what is called moderate drinking he has sacrificed his child to the British Moloch, and entailed on himself guilt of a deep dye. We are told of the infanticide of heathen lands, and our sympathies are aroused on behalf of the victims of that inhuman practice ; why is it then that we behold, unmoved, multitudes of the young in our own land destroyed, body and soul, by means of our accursed drinking customs ? Let parents do their duty—let Sabbath school teachers do their duty (the above boy attended a Sabbath school, but had not been taught to *abstain*), and teach the rising generation, by precept and by *example*, to shun all intoxicating liquors, and then drunkenness will disappear, and our land cease to mourn for her slaughtered children.

SOME lone bachelor is guilty of the following : “ Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent ? Because it is the secreter (sea critter,) of great sighs, (size.)