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THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

NEVER ten years of age. every comfort, state.

and my parents idolmy father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the fused. glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew eren. sext evening there would be a wils of intemperance in the use of friends. al alcoholic drinks. He expressed sue in the matter.

shall | it with all the curious eagerness of forget the com- a child. The whispers and words mencement of which had been dropped in my the temperance | hearing, clothed the whole affair reform. I was with a great mystery to me, and I a child at the was all eagerness to learn the time, of some strange thing.

My father merely said it was Our home had some scheme to unite church and

The night came and groups of ized me their child. people gathered on the tavern steps, Wine was often on and I heard the jest and the laugh, the table, and both and saw drunken men reeling out of the bar-room. I urged my father to let me go, but he first re-Finally thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green to the church. I remember how well withing of its purport, but there the people appeared as they came was much whispering among the in, seeming to wonder what kind The pastor said that on the of an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tavernmeeting, and an address upon the keeper, and around him a number

For an hour the people of the self ignorant of the object of place continued to come in, until meeting, and could not say there was a fair house full. All stat course it would be best to were curiously watching at the door, wondering what would ap-" The subject of the meeting came pear next. The pastor stole in and at our table after the service, took a seat behind a pillar under I questioned my father about the gallery, as if doubtful of the