

# THE LIFE BOAT:

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## A TRUE WOMAN'S DEVOTION.



HE cool winds of October had come over the landscape, and chilled the green grass, and the bright golden hue of the maple was changing rapidly to a deep red, and clothed the forests in a mantle of beauty which no pencil could paint. I had started to see my friend while the darkness yet hung over the landscape, and ascended a high mountain ridge as the sun rose in the east. The trees were all wet and sparkled in the light, and the pure breath of morning was fast brushing those wet diamonds from leaf and bough; all the songsters of the forest had gathered along the roadside to cheer the traveler, and their notes seemed to grow louder and sweeter as I approached them. Down in a deep valley wandered a clear stream, that was stretched along the vale for many a league, and the light fog lifted from the mountain side and revealed the surface of a beautiful lake, sparkling in

the sunlight, and flashing its gay shadows on every surrounding object. In the distance on the opposite shore, robed in white, lay a quiet village, its steeples glittering in the flood of sunshine that poured down the green valley. I knew the condition of my new friend for I had seen him before prostrated under the baneful effects of the mocker wine. The long ride along the mountain side, soothed my spirits, and I almost forgot that man was a sinner, and was only aroused from my reverie by the habit of my horse at the gate of the mansion. The father and sister came out to greet me, and welcomed me with great cordiality. Deep furrows of sorrow rested on the father's brow, while in the sister's face the long lines of consuming sorrow could be plainly seen. The sick son lay on a couch in a quiet room, his face as wild and sorrowful, and his sepulchral voice like the low tones in a deep anthem. He was the pride of his house, gay handsome and manly; the soul of the society in which he lived, and greatly beloved by both old and young. He seemed born to feel for everything, and the cottage of the poor on the mountain side often heard his foot-steps in mid-winter, for he was called by