

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1856.

No. 9.

Division Room, Hut, and Cottage.

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FEW movements which have occupied the attention of the world, can present history more intensely thrilling than the Temperance reformation. Its scenes have stirred every fountain in the human heart. The wildest flight of fiction is over-reached by the every day reality. Sometimes the full sunshine will follow the darkest shadows, and clothe the blackened waters with more than summer verdure.

It had been a bright day in the city of ***** The Temperance hosts had been there in their regalia, and with their music and banners.

We love to look upon a procession of good and true men, and so turned out of the ranks to await its passing upon a street corner. The heart always leaps to the sound of the footfall, as strong men march to the sound of the drum-beat!

As the long line wound away over the hill, the sound of the music coming in gentle swells, and the low sunbeams bathing in wondrous beauty the silken steamer of the Order, some one took my hand, and said:

"O, Mr.! I wish you would make my pa like those men!"

The speaker was a boy of ten summers, perhaps; clear-skinned, his eye deeply blue, his features even beautiful, and his long flaxen locks, like masses of twisted gold, resting upon his shoulders. It was a vision of beauty and health in dirt and rags. As we looked down upon his face upturned, like a transparent spring of water, large drops swan upon the lids, and there was a quivering of the finely chiseled lips, the whole appearance one of touching sadness.

"Don't say you can't he again pleaded, as he continued to look us in the eye, and tightened his hold upon our hand, "I know you can. Won't you let my pa wear this?" and he took hesitatingly hold of the regalia we held in our hand.

"Do you want your pa to wear such as this?" we asked him.