

as he shouted, "Stations! Hard a lee! Top'sle haul! Let go and haul"—and the "Two Susans" went about. And as old Miss Tarbox remarked years afterward, when she and Mary Ann had discovered their mistake, and laughed thereat, "Anybody that's never been to sea, won't see no Pint to this story."—*California Pioneer.*

For the Life Boat.

RANDOM THOUGHTS. — No. II.

"Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sung out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were
green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still mild music is abroad,
Pale, desert words! within your crowd,
And gathering winds, in horse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud."

—*Longfellow.*



DAY in the latter part of November, — cold, bleak and dreary, — autumn with its splendor and mellow richness is sadly hastening from us, and I bend my footsteps for a walk, wishing to take a last look at the melancholy scene around, to bid farewell to all that remains of summer—to the withered leaves, scattered by the sportive wind in every direction; to gigantic trees and little shrubs, that, shorn of their beauty, and bereft of their charms, stand bare and defenceless.

Many a careworn face I encounter—men, perhaps, oppressed by care, or enervated by laborious occupations at the desk; the dull monotonous routine of a business-life; and now the honest jovial

face of a laborer I see, who looks up from his work at me, and gives me the benefit of a good stare, as if to tell me I had no business to take a survey of *him*. I pause not, however, but contrast the appearance of the two men, laborer and man of commerce, clad, one with every show of comfort and taste, but marked about his face with lines of harassing care and thought; and the working man, with the jacket of homespun cloth, negligent in attire, careless as regards decorating his person, but with such a young, happy countenance. His bright eye beams with pleasure, and his lusty arm vigorously plies the hammer, and the flush of health is on his cheek. Each of these men have their business and station in life; but I doubt not if the former is not the happier and perhaps the better of the two.

Onward I hasten, and now an object crosses my path pitiable to view, and yet a human creature—a miserable, reeling, drunken wretch—a man who has lowered himself, and who is to be classed with the most abject beast of God's creation; and what is worse, he seems to know not how he sins—he is unconscious of his crime. I turn away, and yet pity him; for I think of the temptation that has lured him from the right path, from the path of rectitude and sobriety, and I curse the tempter that put the fatal poison cup to his lips. Oh! surely some kind friend will take him by the hand, and make him pledge that he will abandon the intoxicating cup. Surely some kind spirit will make him aware of his danger, will protect him from the fiend that has brought so much misery upon him.

I pass him bye, and proceed on my ramble. Nature wears no smiling aspect. The fields no