

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. V.


MONTREAL, APRIL, 1856.

No. 4.

The Neighbour in Law.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn,
Confers its fragrant beauty on our own.

 O you are going to live in the same building with Hetty Turnpenny, said Mrs. Lane to Mrs. Fairweather. "You will find nobody to envy you. If her temper does not prove too much even for your good nature, it must surprise those who know her. We lived there a year, and that is as long as anybody ever tried it."

"Poor Hetty," replied Mrs. Fairweather,—"She has had much to harden her. Her mother died too early for her to remember; her father was very severe with her; and the only lover she ever had borrowed the savings of her years of toil, and spent them in dissipation. But Hetty, notwithstanding her sharp features, and sharper words, certainly has a kind heart. In the midst of her poverty, many were

the stockings she knit, and the warm waistcoats she made, for the poor drunken lover, whom she had too much sense to marry. Then you know she feeds her brother's orphan child.

"If you call it feeding and clothing," replied Mrs. Lane, "the poor child looks cold and pinched, and frightened all the time, as if she was chased by the east wind. I used to tell Mrs. Turnpenny she ought to be ashamed of herself, to keep the poor little thing at work all the time, without one minute to play. If she does but look at the cat, as it runs by the window, Aunt Hetty gives her a rap on the knuckles. I used to tell her she would make the girl just such another sour old crab as she is herself."

"That must have been very improving to her disposition," replied Mrs. Fairweather, with a good-humoured smile. "But in justice to poor Aunt Hetty, you ought to remember that she had just such a cheerless childhood herself. Flowers grow where there is sunshine."

"I know you think everybody ought to live in the sunshine," rejoined Mrs. Lane, "and it must be confessed that you carry it with