

THE LIFE BOAT.

CADET PLEDGE.—I do solemnly promise that I will not make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider, and that I will abstain entirely from the use of Tot acco in any form, so long as I am a member of this Order, &c. &c.

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No. 1.

Our Little Craft.

One year ago we launched our tiny vessel—a mere chip—upon the stormy sea of a divided public opinion. At the very outset of the voyage, we were taken all aback by a squall from a quarter of the compass we had least anticipated; but, without going over our log again, we may just say, that we fairly weathered the gale; and although our sea-room was somewhat limited, yet on the whole we have reason to look back upon our cruise with satisfaction. That we have always borne in mind the end of our mission, and warned many a crew of danger, put down a buoy here and a land-mark in the other place, besides taking on board some poor fellows who were buffeting the sea of intemperance, is, we think, quite apparent to our friends and well-wishers. We cannot flatter ourselves with having done the work of a gun-boat in demolishing the strongholds erected upon the coasts; yet occasionally we have pointed our small arms at them with some effect. We have not ventured out so far on the high seas in

pursuit of slavers, as the crack-ships fully armed and manned for severe conflict; but we have cheered them on, and rejoiced when we have seen them spread their canvas to the breeze, or putting on steam for a chase. Our crew being yet but young sailors, and our boat of light draft, we must be content to do our appropriate work, until (as we hope to do by and by) we double our length and strengthen our planking, then we shall put on the strain, and try our skill and sea qualities.

And now, lads and lasses, we want all the help you can give us. Get us as much good freight as you can; and if at any time you happen to forward us some packages that we can't take, don't be discouraged, but "Try, try again." Make interest for us among your friends, and let us see whether we can't add a thousand to our list next year! We, the Coxswain.—Mr. John Aimwell, otherwise Jack, for shortness, we, here upon the tiller of the *Life Boat*, record a promise, that the boy or girl who, during the year,