

THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1856.

No. 3.

The Adventure;

OR A COUSIN IN NEED.



ON a dreary autumn day more than a hundred years ago, a heavy carriage was slowly lumbering along the muddy road from Potsdam to Berlin. Within it was one person only, who took no heed of the slowness of the traveling; but, leaning back in a corner, was arranging a multiplicity of papers contained in a small portfolio, and making notes in a pocket book. Since he was dressed in a plain, dark military uniform, it was fair to suppose that this gentleman belonged to the Prussian army, but to which grade of it nobody could determine, as all tokens of rank had been avoided. A dreary November evening was closing in; and though the rain had for a time ceased, yet dark masses of clouds flying through the sky, gave warning that a "weeping darkness" was at hand. The road grew heavier, at least, so it should have seemed to a foot traveler, who was ploughing his way through the mire: and so, doubtless it did seem to the carriage horses, who floundered along so slowly, that the pedestrian whom they had overtaken, kept easily by the side of the coach—though at a respectful distance, certainly, after the first basket-full of mud that it splashed over him. The gentleman inside the coach, when he could see no longer, shut up the portfolio and returned the pocket book to its place in the breast of his coat. He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Berlin. For the first time he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reasonably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his limbs were strong and his heart were light. Through the drizzle and the darkness, all that could be seen of his face, was sensible and good tempered. He had just finished a pipe as he attracted the traveler's attention, and was in the act of shaking out