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A CHAPTER IN A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.



MOTHER, I'm very hungry, indeed," said a bright-eyed boy of eight years, as he sat shivering over a few dying embers, vainly endeavoring to warm his benumbed limbs, and his pinched features assuming an expression that afforded the most satisfactory evidence of the truth of his ejaculation. "When do you think father will come?" he continued, in a sad tone, as he noticed his mother seemed not to have heard him. He arose from his seat, and with an unsteady step walked to his mother's side, and laying his thin, colorless hand on her arm, he made another and more successful attempt to arouse her from her mental abstraction.

She raised her head quickly from the old table on which she had been resting it, as if suddenly awakened from slumber by some unusual alarm, and gazed inquiringly at her boy.

"Mother," said he tremulously, and with tearful eyes, "the chips I

got for you are all burned out, and I am cold—very cold, and so hungry I am almost starved! Mother, I wish I could die, and be buried by little sister in the old churchyard, under the beautiful willow tree that grows by the side of the grave, and then, mother, I shouldn't suffer with cold any more, should I, or hunger either? but the angels would come and sit on the green grass by the side of my grave, and sing such pretty songs to sister and me. It almost seems as if I heard them now, mother, and can see their beautiful wings! O, mother, I can see"—His speech failed, and he sunk into the arms of his distressed mother, who had listened to the strange words her child uttered with feelings far better imagined than described, and watched with painful interest the increasing brilliancy of his dark eye as he proceeded until he became exhausted, and dreamed of death, the angels, and happiness.

"Charley, Charley,—dear, dear Charley, don't feel so!—don't, don't darling," snatching the insensible form of her child in her arms, and carrying him hastily to a wooden bench, on which stood a pail of water and a broken pitcher, and bathed his temples with the cool fluid to restore him to consciousness.