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# THE LIFE BOAT:

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No. 10.

## THE CHAPEL CHORISTERS.

BY ALICE B. NEIL.



GLORIA in excelsis," rang through the little chapel in a clear volume of sound that rose above the accompaniment of the organ, and was just shaded and softened by the lute-like tenor that accompanied that single female voice.

Many of the sun-browned seamen who worshipped there knew the voice and the singer, and listened the more earnestly, because of her, to the chants and psalms, and the sermon that followed. It was "English Bessie" who came among their wives and children on many a kindly errand, and had always a cheerful word for the sick and desponding. — The men called her "a hearty lass," and wished many a "blessing on her honest face." Their wives, in Sunday dress, and proud of the stalwart arms on which they leaned, "thought it a shame" that she had not chosen from among the rough and hardy wooers by which she was surrounded.

Prayer and chant were over, and the still sermon time came, when Bessie's duties were ended; and she drew the crimson curtain aside to look and listen with the rest. The warm summer sun came quivering from the water through the lance-shaped windows, and lighted up the pale, grave face of the clergyman in his pulpit and the strangely gathered audience.

Some were boatmen, or hands from coasting vessels whose occupation allowed them leisure for home and its comforts. They were surrounded by their wives and little ones in all the smartness of their Sunday costume, relieved by scarfs or shawls of bright, foreign weaving, the gift of some successful relative on a return voyage. The children sat uneasily on the high benches, and looked at the flies on the window, or studied the pictures on their prayer-books, as children will. These were the more regular attendants of the chapel. Beyond them, the trim, blue jacket of a man-of-war's man was the contented neighbor of some "lubberly whaler," in ordinary intercourse a special aversion. And there were men whose dress had no pretension to Sunday neatness, who scarcely knew one day of the

week from another, except that the seventh was, in some sort, a day of rest even with the hardest captains under whom they sailed, who were there they scarcely knew how or why, from idle whim or vague curiosity, to hear the music or "what the parson would have to say," gathered literally from the highways and byways and compelled to come in.

There were unusual sights and sounds for church-goers without. Now loud oaths or snatches of a sailor song from some group strolling along the wharves, then a hiss of steam, a flitting past of steamers, as the Sunday pleasure-boats left on their crowded hourly trips down the bay. Bells rang and dogs barked, men shouted or laughed with coarse, unseemly merriment at coarser jests, the chapel rocked and swayed in the swell of some arriving or departing vessel, and a steady, glaring heat struck upon the small organ loft, whose occupants were familiar with all this in the discharge of their self-appointed duty.

Heat and cold were alike to them so long as they could lead in the "common praise" and respond to the "common prayer" of those in whom they thus evinced untiring interest. English Bessie, for the sake of the father and brother, buried by one wave from the same wreck; and the blind man at her side, whose white hands drew such noble music from the organ's keys, while he sang the pure, clear tenor of which we spoke.

He sat with his face turned towards Bessie, as if his sightless eyes longed to know the features of this familiar friend whom he had never yet seen. His long hair thrown backwards from a forehead that had never known exposure, touched the broad linen collar, turned over a simple ribbon, tied carelessly

about the throat. His dress was simple, far from new, but neat, so neat that you wondered to know a woman's hand had not arranged it. Music was at once his passion and his livelihood. For the rest, he had no relatives and no dependence.

It was a singular friendship that had grown up between these two, who met not elsewhere; and when the sermon was done, it was pleasant to see the sisterly care with which she handed him his hat and staff and led him down the narrow stairs, where he must have groped slowly but for her hand.

"Here is the sill, Richard," she said, "and here the door; and there is the rector, waiting to speak with you."

But the quick ear of the blind man discovered another step, and though he listened to the kindly words of the grave rector, he heard an invitation given and refused where Bessie stood at the door of the vestibule.

"What did he want?" asked Richard in a quick, excited tone peculiar to him as his hand was placed once more in that firm, reliant clasp, and she led him over the swaying plank to the shore.

"Steady! There, now you are on the wharf," Bessie said, as she might have soothed an excited child. "Who?—What? Allen?"

"Yes, Allen. I heard his voice when Mr. Storey was talking. When did the 'Bess' come in? He has had a quick trip."

"Not very; the usual time. There, now, you do not need my hand any longer."

"Why do you take it away, Bessie? There is the crossing, yet, and those piles of lumber."

"Yes,"—and she laughed pleasantly—"but you know them as well as I do. You could lead me here."

"*I wish I could,*" he answered, below his breath, for the blindness was still a dark horror to him. "But Allen?"

"He only asked about to-night, if I should go to chapel, and—"

"If he could walk with you. When are you going to be married?" he added, abruptly.

But Bessie only pointed out a loose, round stone in the crossing, as if she did not hear the question.

"Mother's not so well to day, and I cannot go so far as usual," she said, as they entered a narrow, crooked street.—"How bright and pleasant it must look out at the asylum now, with all the roses in bloom!"

"Yes, if one could *see* them."

"Richard, you are not thankful to-night for what you *can* enjoy," said the young girl, earnestly. "You have a cheerful home, and fresh, sweet-scented air and cheerful society."

"Go on, Bessie. You mean while you are shut up in this close street with a sick mother, and your bread to gain by your needle. But then there is Allen!" and the gloomy tone came back again.

"Let him *be* there," Bessie answered, decidedly, pausing at her own door-stone. "Richard, you sang '*Benedic, anima mea*' this afternoon; remember it on your way home. I shall so long as my mother has a shelter, and I have health and strength to work for her. Take care now, and look out for the carriages and the crossings. I shall have time for a practice hour on Wednesday evening. You may come to tea if you like."

The blind man's staff rang upon the pavement as he went on his lonely way, not knowing that she stood upon the door-stone; and watched for his safety so long as he was in sight. He did not know what should make him so restless

and disturbed about this marriage. It was right and natural, and what he could have wished for Bessie. They would be finely paired, the high-spirited, energetic woman and her sailor lover. He so tall and bronzed, and stalwart, as Bessie's husband ought to be, frank and generous, as sailors ever are.

Richard Langdon, the blind music-teacher, still lived in the asylum where he had studied his beautiful art, with the love and confidence of pupils and teachers. The rooms were of noble proportions, the grounds fragrant with sweet-scented shrubbery, and cool with the shadow of heavy foliage. Here, he walked that still Sabbath afternoon, and thought upon his aimless, joyless childhood, and what if he had had a sister like Bessie, to cheer it. There were many hours when his mind preyed upon itself; it had always been so in the pauses in study, but never so much as now.

So he wandered down the rose-walk, listening to the murmur of voices that rose from the playground beyond the garden, and envying the children their Sabbath rest and peace. But his mind would go back to Bessie and their first acquaintance, when she came to offer her fresh, strong, but untrained voice to assist him lead in the chapel music. His nature was so gentle that her quick, stirring way was not pleasant to him at first; it was not his idea of womanlyness. He liked her better when he found how much in earnest she was to improve this one talent, and how grateful for his instructions. Now when they were together, he laid aside the timid uncertainty of step and manner, trusting to her guidance. When she was married, all these pleasant walks and rehearsals must end, for she would have new duties and

companionship and pleasures. No wonder he was restless and disturbed.

The pale, gentle widow had a welcome for him when the appointed evening came; and he sat down near her, in the open door, until Bessie should come in. He could *feel* the neatness of all around him, and hear the cat purring in the door sill, and kettle singing its pleasant evening song in the outer room. It was all so still and home-like to him, though he had never known a home but in his dreams; so different from the clatter of feet through the corridors of the asylum, the opening and shutting of doors, the hum of children conning their lessons, or the discordance of the tortured musical instruments under the hands of unskilled pupils. He wondered if the gay boisterous sailor would appreciate this quiet rest so dear to him, and Bessie's invalid mother, with her delicate tastes and instincts.

When tea was over, and the household duties were ended for the day, though it was pleasant to hear Bessie go so easily about them, she came for the first time, and sat down by him on the door-stone, for the house was one of those low, old fashioned tenements where you step from the street into the dwelling room, at once. The street was still and deserted, save now and then a solitary footstep echoed along the pavement, and died away in the shadows beyond. A massive, but long-disused warehouse, built when this street had its great commercial fame and influence, loomed up opposite to them, the iron-bound doors and shutterless windows gleaming in the glittering moonlight, an old, decayed, but to Bessie a pleasant neighbor. It was better to sit by her window and imagine the days of its ancient bustle and opulence than to watch

the bad management of some thriftless housekeeper, or her neglected children quarrelling on the pavement. To-night, it was especially pleasant to see it so softly shadowed; and she described it to the blind man as she would have drawn the picture of a friend.

And yet she could not draw a portrait of herself that satisfied him. She always turned away with some jest upon her stout figure and heavy features which displeased and annoyed him, for he never could make her anything but beautiful in his mind.

"I will ask her now," thought Richard, "before any one has a claim upon her," and, with quick impulse, he preferred a long-indulged, but unspoken request.

"If you will only let me touch your hair—your face, for one instant, Bessie, as I do when I wish to become better acquainted with friends and pupils, I shall be more contented when you are Allen's wife. You have been such a dear true friend to me!"

She took up both his hands, and stooping, laid them on her bowed head.

"As I thought," he murmured, rather than spoke; and his hands shook and trembled, though she was so quiet beneath their touch. "Soft, wavy hair; it is brown, I know, brown and silken as a child's. The broad, open forehead, that belongs to you, Bessie. I know how your eyes look now, honest and fearless and very truthful; such long lashes, and your cheek so round and smooth! How could you tell me you were not beautiful?"

"Because I am not," she said, taking his hands again. "And feel how hardened my hands are, while yours are soft and white. It is an ugly contrast, and so are

our faces and characters and dispositions," she added presently.

"I know—but Allen is manly and hardy and cheerful. I was not always so gloomy, Bessie; truly, I was not.—But I grow so restless and dependent and *homesick*—I cannot describe it in any other way—yet I have never had and never shall have a home such as other men win for themselves, who do not know how to prize it as I should."

"It is almost time for the rehearsal," said Bessie, as if to lead him from this hopeless mood, "and mother has fallen asleep there upon her pillows. Come, let us go, Richard."

She drew his arm within hers as they rose, and they walked on towards the river, for the chapel was scarcely a stone's throw. He longed to say more, to tell her all that the touch of that bowed head had revealed to him, how passionately he loved her, how doubly hateful his blindness and dependence were to him for her sake, how doubly solitary his life would always be for having known her and for her care over him; but he struggled with this stormy mood bravely, for he knew he had no right to lay the burthen of his misfortunes at any woman's feet, even if she were free to take it up and bear it onward for him.

So they walked on in silence for a little time until they began to hear the soft splash of the incoming tide against the wharves and the sides of the vessels lying at anchor. It recalled the trim schooner "Bess," and her captain to his mind.

"When are you going to be married?" he asked, abruptly.

"Soon, I hope."

"Do you, Richard?"

"Yes, it is better to be soon; and again the strong tide of feel-

ing rushed to his lips. He pressed his teeth into them, so that he should say no more.

"Well, then," said Bessie, her voice trembling a little—he had never known this before—"I am going to make you a strange proposal, not strange, for it is right and best; mother thinks as I do. You are to be my husband, Richard, when I do marry, for you love me as Allen does not and cannot, and you need me more than he, as I told him when he asked me to be his wife."

"I, Bessie! Poor and blind! I your husband!"

He reeled as if a sudden blow had been struck, but she upheld him steadily.

"If you do not wish it, Richard, it ends here. You know me well enough in these three years to know that I mean all I say, and that I had only to assure myself of your love before I allowed mine to be seen. You would never have asked this of me, but here I *am*.—I offer myself, my love, and care and companionship to you, if you will take it. Richard, let me be home and strength, and sight to you always."

It was well that they had reached the chapel, for the courage with which she had nerved herself was fast forsaking her. By the dim light, she saw the rector bending over his books in the vestry as was his wont when he expected them there. The blind man heard the advancing step and kindly welcome, as he came forward to the chancel, and the sound of other voices in the loft above them.

"Make it real; it is all a dream," he said, as they knelt down together for their pastor's blessing, for he knew all that was in their hearts, and that henceforth the chant of thanksgiving would come from the

innermost depths of Richard Langdon's heart—

“Who crowneth me with mercy and loving kindness.”

#### THE ROCK AND THE PEBBLE.

**A** GIANT stood on a lofty height,  
On ocean's stormy shore,  
Where the dashing waves, with  
restless might,  
Were breaking evermore.

For the storm that touched the ocean's  
breast  
Had aroused its sleeping wrath;  
And warring surge, with foaming crest,  
Arose along its path.

And the billows flung their feathery foam  
Like snow flakes to the sky,  
Which wrathful hung, with a brow of  
gloom,  
O'er the conflict raging nigh.

Then rolled he down from that mountain  
top,  
With sinewy arm and strong,  
A massive rock, no power could stop,  
As it wildly dashed along.

It dashed along—that massive rock,  
Like lightning from a cloud;  
A thunder peal, an earthquake shock,  
Hath scarce a voice so loud.

It doaled along, down craggy steep,  
It sought the raging sea,  
And struck the billows of the deep,  
As if for mastery.

But the billows heeded not its might,  
They struggled as of yore;  
And the foam so white still met the sight,  
When it sank to rise no more.

That massive rock no impulse gave,  
Though hurled with a giant's power,  
When it struck the breast of the swollen  
wave,  
At that wild and stormy hour.

An infant played on the trackless sand,  
When the surge was sunk in sleep;  
A pebble he tossed from his tiny hand,  
And it struck the pulseless deep.

It settled down into ocean's breast,  
And it touched his lion heart;  
And a ripple it woke from its quiet rest  
With a wild convulsive start.

The pebble beneath moved the deep still  
tide,  
And above its surface blue,  
And a ripple spread out in circles wide,  
And over the ocean flew.

When it came where a stranded vessel lay,  
It had grown a mighty wave;  
And it bore that ship in its arms away,  
And rescued its sailors brave.

And the wave moved on from shore to  
shore,  
By an infant's hand awoke;  
And the boundless sea in its depths felt  
more  
The pebble than the rock's rude stroke.

And thus, when the tempests of passion  
sweep,  
Unchained o'er the human heart,  
And the crested surge, from its fountain  
deep,  
Breaks forth with a sudden start.

Truth falls on the ear like a rock on the  
wave,  
When the ocean is tempest tost;  
In measureless depths where the billows  
rave,  
Its might lies buried and lost.

And thus when the tempest of passion is  
o'er,  
And the heart's wild sea hath rest,  
A word—like the pebble from ocean's  
shore—  
Let fall on the human breast.

A ripple may wake on its surface still,  
And stir all its depth below,  
Till the slumbering tide of the human will  
Is changed in its ebb and flow.

Now ye who seek with truths sublime  
To move the human heart,  
If ye ponder well the time,  
Ye may an impulse start

That shall extend from shore to shore  
Around the soul's deep sea;  
A ripple, widening evermore  
Throughout eternity.

#### THREE IN A BED.

**E**MIGRATION in the State of  
Michigan was so great dur-  
ing the year 1835-36, that  
every house was filled each night  
with travellers wanting lodging.  
Every traveller there at that time  
will remember the difficulty of ob-  
taining a bed in the hotels, even  
if he had two or three “strange  
bed-fellows.”

The Rev. Hosea Brown, an ec-  
centric Methodist minister, stopped  
at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor,

and inquired if he could have a room and a bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could, unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep.—Along towards midnight he was aroused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

“Hallo, you, there!” he exclaimed, “what do you want *now!*” particular stress on the last word.

“You must take another lodger with you, sir,” said the landlord.

“What! another yet?”

“Why, yes—there is only one in there, is there?”

“One! why here is Mr. Brown, and a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that was enough for one bed, even in Michigan!”

The landlord seemed to think so too, and left them to their repose.

#### LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.



WE make the following extracts from an able article on *Unknown Tongues*, in *Putnam* for August:

How easily spiders are made to know the voice of their master is familiar to all, from many a sad prisoner's tale.—

When the great and brilliant Lanzun was held in captivity, his only joy and comfort was a friendly spider. She came to his cell;

she took her food from his finger, and well understood his word of

command. In vain did jailors and soldiers try to deceive his tiny companion. She would not obey their voices, and refused the tempting bait from their hand. Here then, was an ear not only, but a keen power of distinction. The despised little animal listened with sweet affection, and knew how to discriminate between not unsimilar tones. So it was with the friend of the patriot, Quartermere d'Ijonville, who paid, with captivity, for the too ardent love of his country. He also had tamed spiders and taught them to come at his call. For when the French invaded Holland, he managed to send them a message that the inundated and now impassible country would soon be frozen over so that they would be able to march over the ice-bridged swamps and lakes, for the spiders, true barometers as they are, had taught him to read in their queer habits, the signs of approaching weather. The frost came and with it the French; Holland was taken, and the lucky prophet set free. The spiders, alas, were forgotten.

Even the “hateful toad” has been the captive's friend and companion, and has shown itself endowed with a fine ear and remarkable talents. They come out of the dark night of their holes, when their self-chosen master's voice is heard.—They take flies from his hand; but what is the strangest of all, they actually learn to measure time; for more than one well authenticated instance speaks of their having appeared only at stated times, when the jailor was absent and all was safe.

The language which animals speak, by means of friction or concussion, is naturally the least known of all. We see the eager and rushing homeward to tell the news of

an invasion; she meets a friend; their antennæ touch and play with each other, in rapid succession.—The messenger returns, the latter conveys the news by the same means to others, until the whole is informed. Here we see, not an instinctive feeling of dread, but a clear undoubted communication of facts. So among bees; the instant the queen dies, the sad event is made known throughout the hive. No sound, perceptible to the human ear, is heard, but the antennæ move with surprising effect, and, as the result of a clear act of volition. It is not a sensation merely, nor an instinctive action, but it has all the signs of special purpose. How they speak, we know not; this only is certain, that their language is not like that of the deaf and dumb, with whom signs represent letters or words.

The cricket, even, is not without its note of utterance, and although a purely mechanical sound, it has its sweetness and charm, so that Milton could speak of being—

“Far from all resorts of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth.”

It produces a loud, clear sound, by a quick vibration of the elastic skin between its wings; and from the time when the Athenians wore golden cicada in their hair, to our days, when the cricket on the hearth is the proverbial image of home comfort, its simple note has been dear to the heart of man. The true cricket, however, speaks only in the sunny time of love. The male begins in his hermit cell, as May approaches, to produce a low, inward note of longing. As the sun rises higher and higher, and summer advances his shrill song becomes louder until he finds the desired companion.—Then he returns to his solitary life once more, and his voice dies away by degrees. Dean Swift has left us a

humorous description of the death-watch beetle. The little fellow, in his cell falls in love; immediately he begins to thump his head against the ground, and uses such energy in his demonstrations that he leaves deep marks in the softer kinds of wood. The powerful stroke produces a loud sound, the infallible presage of death to superstitious man, the soft music of love to the female beetle. If other males are within hearing, they all join in the concert with furious knocking, and such is their jealousy or zeal to answer that even the ticking of an innocent watch excites their wrath and their loudest notes.

#### SMALL ENEMIES—A FABLE.



GNAT one day asked a lion whether they ought to be friends or enemies. “Get away, silly insect,” said he, with contempt, “least I crush thee with my foot; what hurt or good could you do me?” “We shall soon know,” said the gnat; upon which he flew into one of the lion’s nostrils, and went to stinging him as hard as he could. The royal beast roared like thunder, lashed his sides with his tail, tore his nostrils with his talons, and rolled himself in the sand in agony, but all in vain; the little gnat kept on stinging till the mighty lion was obliged to own himself overcome by the little gnat, which he had but just now despised. It is sometimes justly said that no person is so small or mean but that he has it in his power to injure us or do us good; and that hence there is no person whose friendship is not highly desirable.

“I SAY, John, where did you get that loafer’s hat?” “Please your honor,” said John, “it’s one of yours that missus gave me yesterday when you were in town.”

## FUNNY PEOPLE.



FUNNY people are certainly a great blessing. I had rather see a real humorous witty fellow—one who enjoys a good hearty laugh, and seldom wears a long countenance—move into a neighborhood than a doctor; for while the former is a great bugbear to disease, and turns the more trifling and not unfrequently imaginary ills of the flesh into such ridicule that one feels ashamed to allow them any weight, the latter, with a few exceptions, magnify minor ills, and increase the despondency of the nervous in precise ratio that they wish to increase their fee for medical attendance.

When I travel—whether a mile ride in an omnibus, or an hundred ditto in the cars—I never feel so much at home as when in the company of a funny man. He is constantly stirring up some pleasant reminiscence, always looking at the bright side of every circumstance, turning the most disagreeable occurrences into the most happy illustrations of life, and thus enlivening the whole way with his natural flow of wit and humor. Every thing with him is worked up into a joke; and even the most trying difficulties incident to travelling life—those that would excessively annoy another, affords him abundant food for merriment.

Funny people do an incalculable amount of good. If we were to be continually moping over all that's doleful in the past, or that we expect may be miserable in the future, we should have a queer world, besides not living out one half the time nature allots us. When you are low spirited, hardly knowing which way to turn or

what to do, how the appearance of a friend, with an enlivening joke, will rouse you up to a new view and new idea of life, reviving the drooping spirit, tickling the ribs, increasing the circulation, and putting indigestion to the blush with a good hearty laugh, and leading you to the thought that the world is not, after all, so bad as it might have been fashioned.

Funny folks—people of real genuine humor—always command my respect, especially when their wit is of that quiet, sensible turn that will work in upon you at times when you feel the most Sebastopolish to all such influences, and when you would not smile, as you think, at the most pleasant thing imaginable. It does so cheer one's spirit to enjoy a good hearty laugh, to say nothing of the beneficial effect upon the physical man, that, in my estimation, the practice cannot be too highly commended; and nothing gives me more pain than sights which I sometimes witness in the families of the pretended-pious, where the children are not allowed to laugh in company, or at table, and where an unceremonious giggle on the Sabbath would condemn a child to do penance in some miniature Newgate,—yclept a cubby hole, for hours together.

Nothing so much pleases me as to have a friend, who has returned perhaps from a long tour, turn up with a bright, cheerful face. It matters little in what circumstances or conditions he may come, so long as he is cheerful over it, how can I be sad? Smiles beget smiles, as like begets like; and 'as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man's the countenance of a friend.' In conclusion, therefore, I must say that funny people—call them clowns, buffons or what you will—have an important and essential

part to perform in the drama of life, and it is to them we owe that lighter part of the entertainment that lends the charm of romance to realities, and blunts the cutting edge of the sterner tragedies of existence.—*Dorchester Mercury*.

For the Life Boat.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.—No. I.

“And lo! while in this strait  
I stand—the chasm of the sky above my  
head

Is heaven’s profoundest azure; no domain  
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy,  
Or to pass through.”—*Wordsworth*.



ON a former occasion I talked a little about “a dark day,” now, with your gracious permission, I intend renewing my conversation, and I do so with confidence, for I think how partial you must be to softer prose. I therefore intend soliloquising a little.

It is a cold, bleak, dreary day; dark heavy masses of cloud blacken the heavens, and the rain falls copiously;—not drizzling, vapory showers, but heavy, pattering rain drops—a dark day never affects my spirits, no, not in the least—I feel all the better for it, in the same way as “It cannot be always May,” so it cannot be always fine weather, and then the contrast is so beautiful; the sunny atmosphere, still pregnant with the moisture that has revived parched nature, and redolent with the perfume and sweets of flowers; and the deep blue heavens look a deeper blue, and the foliage glittering and sparkling with the tiny

drops, wears a still lovelier appearance.

I am sitting on a balcony, and am engaged in reading. It is one of those soul speaking volumes, and my thoughts are centered in the book. I have forgotten everything. I am living with the author, and I enter into all her feelings and thoughts. The characters she describes are before me: now a burst of nature loving enthusiasm, or some glowing, vivid description, awakens similar feelings, and the scene she describes is before my vision. Now thoughts, tender and loving, touch my heart, I sympathize, I rejoice, I feel sad, and I wipe away a tear. It is a truthful, beautiful book, and I enjoy it.

What sounds are these that break the stillness? They are the innocent merry voices of childhood; a host of little ones are around me; little blooming, loving faces, bright with merriment and happiness. I am very fond of children, and a lovely group of sweet ones always interest me. I see the dawnings of intellect in the noble features of a boy. I see self sacrifice, tenderness, and earnest unchangeable love in the face of a girl. Look at this little one with rich masses of brown hair; mark her deep set glowing hazel eyes, and her quiet, serious, thoughtful look. She is serious beyond her years; under the guise of childhood, beats a woman’s heart, already does she take her young brother and sisters under her protection. She watches over them, ministers to their wants, and acts a mother’s part in every thing.

Mark this lovely face; watch the light-hearted, merry countenance, bedecked with smiles; and those lovely, sparkling, large azure eyes. Listen to her untutored voice, she speaks and laughs in the

warm ringing accents of sportive, happy childhood, gushing from a heart that knows naught of sorrow and care. Look at this little spirit, with dark loving bright eyes; high resolve, and firm purpose are seated on that calm, majestic brow. *He* will not be unjust, no, not even in play. He will grapple with the storms of life, grasp success, and when he has won it, he will hold it fast. He is a brave, noble hearted, spirited boy.

Truly I feel happy while gazing around; perchance I may learn lessons of truth, tenderness and goodness, while watching the faces of these merry-hearted children. But the heavens still scowl, and there is a heavy gloom everywhere. Our beautiful Mount Royal rises upward, clad in mournful, sombre vesture, for lowering masses of cloud still gather around it, and but for a little bright spot in the distance, all, all, would be dark. It is a ray of hope illumining adversity. It is an omen of a sudden, happy change; and I gaze on that little, one bright spot with rapture, for I feel sure that the gloom must soon disappear. Now all is again quiet, and my little companions are elsewhere. Once more I am wrapt in the contents of my interesting volume.

Lost again. Time rushes on, and I am not aware of his approach. I have finished a chapter, and I awake, as if from a dream. Where are the sombre masses of clouds, portentous of more rain? Where is the gloom and the darkness, and where is the heaviness that enfolded Mount Royal? All has disappeared. What a pleasant surprise, for now everything looks lovely. Bright rays have extended their influence on the whole face of nature, and the mount is once more encircled with a halo of loveliness. The sun has burst from

his hiding place, and has scattered the fleecy clouds and black vapors "as chaff before the wind." He cannot, however, linger long here, to see the effects of his goodness. Slowly he is sinking in the far west, but as he disappears from view, what splendor does he leave behind! what charms does he scatter in his track! What glorious remains of transcendent loveliness! What streaks of purple, and pink, and bright red! What gorgeous shades of color! How the heavens are bathed with the resplendent beams! How it settles around our noble mount, fringing its sides with gold, and crowning its lofty summit with a glorious halo of every shade of color. I am never tired of gazing at the heavenly sight, and it is more beautiful to my eyes from the contrast a few short hours before.

Now, my dear Mr. Life Boat, I have finished my musings for this month, and I am afraid you have found them dull enough. I intended at first to have written something about the night, and so closed the day, but on consideration, I have thought it best to leave off in a most propitious moment, when all is bright, and lovely; perchance the evening, with the moonlight and stars, might have engendered gloom, and then my article would have been unbearable, so I think now I am doing a wise thing in wishing yourself and readers good-bye.

ISIDORE.

#### A WESTERN WEDDING FEE.

 A MINISTER settled in one of our frontier western villages, in which the primitive manners of a pioneer life had been smoothed and polished by refinement and cultivation, was seated in his study one day, endeavouring to arrange the heads of his to-morrow's discourse;

when his attention was called by a loud knocking at the door.

The visitors proved to be a tall, gawky, shambling countryman, evidently arrayed in his Sunday suit, and a stout girl, attired in a dress of red calico, which, from the frequent and the complacent glances towards it by the fair owner, was considered quite a magnificent affair.

"Won't you walk in?" asked the minister, politely.

"Much obleeged, squire, I don't know but we will. I say, you're a minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"I reckoned so. Betsy and me—that's Betsy, a first-rate sort of a girl, anyhow—"

"Oh, Jothan," simpered the bashful Betsy.

"You are now, and needn't go for to deny it. Well, Betsy and me have concluded no hitch teams, and we want you to do it."

"You wish to be married?"

"Yes I believe that's what they call it. I say, though, before you bigin, let's know what is to be the damage, I reckon tisn't best to do it blind."

"Oh, I never set any price! I take whatever they give me."

"Well, that is all right; go ahead minister, if you please, we are in a hurry, as Joe's got to finish plantin' the potato patch, afore night, and Betsy she's got to fetch the butter."

Thus abjured, the minister commenced the ceremony, which occupied but a few moments.

"Kiss me Betsy," said the delighted bridegroom. "You are my old woman, now. Ain't it nice!"

"First-rate," was the satisfactory reply.

"Hold on a jerk," said Jotham, as he left his bride abruptly, and darted out to the gate where the waggon had been left.

"What's your husband gone out for?" asked the minister, somewhat surprised.

"I expect it's the sassage," was the confused reply.

Just then Jotham made his appearance, dangling in his hand a pail full of the "sassage," which he handed to the minister, with the grin of one conferring a favor.

"We hain't got much money," said he, "and so we thought we'd pay you in sassage. Mother made 'em, and I reckon they are good. If they ain't just you send them back, and we'll send you some more."

### EARLY LOVE.

BY JENNY MARSH.



H, Dickie Lee! Oh, Dickie Lee!

Of the sunny days gone by;

The bonny lad I called my lover,

The bonny lad that loved no other,

No other lass but me!

Oh, we were in love when years were few,

And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—

Six years was I, and seven was he:

And since those days long years have passed—

Long years of blossom and of blast;

But in them all there never grew

A love more sweet, a love more true,

'Than that of Dickie Lee!

I often think of Dickie Lee,

And the summers long ago—

Of the old school-house and the little brook;

With its mossy banks in the shady nook,

Where we would fish, till the bell did ring,

With our "home-made line" of a bonnet string,

And a crooked pin that served for a hook,

And learned more joy than the spelling-book.

And if we were late, and the teacher cross,

The blow and rebuke I "counted as dross,"

And daring it all, I only could see

The sparkling dark eyes of my Dickie Lee.

I wonder now if Dickie Lee

Looks back across the years,

Smiling, perhaps, at the thought of me,

And the funny times we used to see,

In that school-house dim of yore;

On the little bench close by the door,

The little bench that would hold but four—

Jane, Lois, Dickie and me—  
 And the lambs of the flock were we.  
 I wonder now if he ever thinks  
 Of the dreadful time when he stole the  
 pinks  
 And roses rare to give to me?  
 And what befell poor Dickie Lee?

They tell me that my Dickie Lee  
 Is a man of wealth and pride;  
 That he has ships upon the sea,  
 Titles, too, of a high degree,  
 And that a lady became his bride:  
 Very well, so let it be,  
 Fickle have I been as he.

'T is many a year since he was a lover,  
 Loving me well, and loving no other;  
 'T is many a year since the bare-footed lad  
 Romped close by my side, making merry  
 and glad;

'T is many a year, 't is many a year,  
 That seals up the past and brings down a  
 tear—  
 But I think of him yet as a laughing boy,  
 Knowing or dreaming of nought but joy,  
 Unless he dreamt of me.  
 And I would not see the man of care  
 That calls himself Richard Lee,  
 That has wasted cheeks and thin grey hair,  
 For, oh! he would steal from me  
 Something I love and cherish well,  
 An image shrined in a secret cell,  
 And it is dear to me;  
 Though the face is freckled, and plain,  
 and lean,  
 Yet memory calls it bright and serene,  
 And keepeth the spot of its dwelling green  
 For the sake of Dickie Lee,  
 The little boy that long ago  
 Was really in love with me!



THE HARE.

**T**HE little animal represented in the above engraving, comprizes a variety of species, which inhabit almost every part of the world. It is a timid, pretty creature, with soft fur, and large prominent eyes, which are so placed, that it can see almost as well behind as in front, a provision of nature designed doubtless to enable it to discern its pursuers and so escape them, which it can only do by flight. Its sense of hearing is not less keen and exquisite than its sight; nor is it deficient in sagacity which it much requires, since

harmless as it is, the Hare has a host of enemies of every description, which hunt and prey upon it. Dogs, cats, weasels, ravenous birds, and man, the most formidable of them all, are its foes, and to evade them it uses a great variety of arts, sometimes taking to the water and hiding itself in the rushes, sometimes joining a flock of sheep in the field; and even when pushed to desperation and almost exhausted, it has been known to dislodge a fresh hare and take possession of its form.

The hare sleeps most of the day,

snug in its form, but at night it feels secure and comes forth frisking round the fields, and feeding in summer on the grass and juicy fruits and vegetables, and in winter on the bark of young trees. It is a ruminating animal, and chews the cud like the cow. It is supposed by many that the rabbit is of the same species as the hare; but they are quite different, though slightly resembling each other in appearance, neither are their habits similar, the hare lives in the open fields, while the rabbit burrows in the ground, and those which we sometimes see here in a domesticated state were brought originally from Europe.

The hare is easily tamed, and is capable of strong attachment. Dr. Townsend, a late traveller, says, he had one at Gottingen which used to jump on the bed and sofa, knock the book out of his hand while reading, and sport round him, begging to be petted and played with. The poet Cowper, has left us a most interesting account of his three tame hares, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, which to those who have not read it, will well repay a perusal, as it not only exemplifies the simple and affectionate nature of that great and good man, but shows in a remarkable manner, the different characteristics manifested by the animal we are attempting to describe.

The hare is said to manifest a great love for music, and we recollect reading sometime since, in the *Edinburgh Journal*, an account of the surprise a party of choristers experienced one morning, when they were enjoying themselves on the banks of the Mersey; as they sat upon the grass, they joined in an anthem, and after awhile as they sang, they perceived a hare come from an adjoining wood, and stop within twenty yards of them,

turning her head with evident pleasure to catch the sound of the music. When the singing ceased, the hare went back towards the wood. When she had nearly reached it the singing was resumed. She stopped, turned round; and hurried back to the spot where she had before remained to listen; here she stayed in evident delight, as long as the music continued, when it was over, she walked slowly across the field, and disappeared in the wood.

#### LIVING ON ONE'S WIT.



INE persons sailing from Basle down the Rhine, a Jew who wished to go to Schalampi was allowed to come on board and journey with them on condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it, but the only money there was within was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this he accepted the offer with gratitude; for he thought to himself something may be earned, even upon the water. There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine.

During the first part of the voyage, the passengers were very talkative and merry, and the Jew with his wallet under his arm—for he did not lay it aside, was the object of much mirth and mockery, as, alas! is often the case with

those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward and passed Thurrington and St. Veit, the passengers one after another, grew silent, gazed down the river, until one spoke out:

"Come, Jew, do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their long stay in the wilderness."

"Now is the time, to shear my sheep!" thought the Jew. And he proposed that they should sit round in a circle, and propound curious questions to each other, and he, with their permission, would sit down with them. Those who could not answer the questions, should pay the one who propounded them a twelve-kreutzer piece; and those who answered pertinently, should receive a twelve-kreutzer piece.

The proposal suited the company, and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked at random, whatever entered his head.

Thus for example, the first one asked:

"How many soft boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach?"

All said that it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid over his twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said, "One; for he who has eaten one egg cannot eat a second one on an empty stomach," and the other paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought, wait Jew, and I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece: "Why did the Apostle Paul write the second epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said: "Because he was not in Corinth, otherwise he would have spoken to them." So

he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third found the Jew so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and yet completes it in time?"

"The rope maker, if he is industrious," said the Jew.

In the meanwhile they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bamalch." Then the fourth asked, "in what month do the people of Bamalch eat the least?"

The Jew said, "In February, for that has only twenty-eight days."

The fifth said, "There are two natural brothers, and still only one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said: "The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish now jumped out of the water, and the sixth asked "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

The Jew said: "The smallest."

The seventh man asked, "How can a man ride from Basle to Berne in the shade in the summer time, when the sun shines?"

The Jew said: "When he comes to a place where there is no shade he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked, "When a man rides in the winter time from Berne to Basle and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said: "he must make fists out of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked: "How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said: "The last must take the dish with the egg, and

can let it remain there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments he asked with an air of mischievous friendliness:

"How can a man fry two trouts in three pans so that a trout may lay in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should answer it himself, he frankly acknowledged that he knew not how the trout could be fried in such a way?

Then it was maintained that this was unfair in the Jew, but he stoutly affirmed that there was no provision for it in the agreement, save that he who could not answer the questions should pay the kreutzers, and fulfil the agreement by paying that sum to the ninth of his comrades who had asked him to solve it himself. But they all being rich merchants, and grateful for the amusement which had passed an hour or two very pleasantly for them, laughed heartily for their loss and at the Jew's cunning.

### CHARADES.

I.

My first belongs to a quadruped,  
By farming folks well fattened and fed;  
My second is always seen in flight,  
But in standing still takes great delight;  
My third, in the history you may scan  
Of every nation, every man;  
My fourth, to describe, O what shall I say,  
You may find it tomorrow, or find it today;  
My fifth is at home; my sixth, I can tell,  
Is staying at present in Sorel.  
Altogether, I sometimes make a noise,  
And scare all the girls and please the boys.

R. HUNT.

II.

My first is always seen in a run;  
My second 's exceedingly fond of fun;

My third takes great delight in a ride;  
My fourth prefers to stay inside;  
My fifth and sixth are seen together,  
By seamen in fair as well as foul weather;  
Altogether, without me the ship cannot go,  
And my loss at sea cause the mariners woe.

R. HUNT.

### ENIGMAS.

I.

My name is a word of ten letters.  
My 5, 10, 8, 3 is a luminous globe in the heavens.  
My 10, 8, 4 is a river in Scotland.  
My 6, 2, 3, 10 is a piece of pastry.  
My 8, 3, 1, 4 is a large body of men.  
My 9, 8, 4 is a beam of light.

And my whole was a queen celebrated for her beauty.

A. T. D.

II.

I AM a word of thirteen letters.  
My 9, 11, 1, 12, 13, 6, 5 is a town in Kent.  
My 10, 1, 12, 10, 7 is a town in Westmoreland.  
My 5, 6, 8, 13, 6, 5 is a town in Yorkshire.  
My 12, 13, 10, 11, 7 is also a town in Yorkshire.  
My 5, 2, 12, 3, 13, 6, 5 is a town in Surrey.  
My 8, 12, 10, 9 is a town in Gloucestershire.  
My 8, 10, 13, 6, 5 is a town in Cambridgeshire.

And my whole is a town in Hertfordshire.

A. T. D.

### PUZZLE.

FOUR corners in a room; a cat in every corner; three cats before each cat; and a cat on every cat's tail. How many cats were there in the room?

A. D.

### ANSWERS.

To Enigma in September—To conquer Russia.

To Charade—Tea.

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