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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER, 1854.

No. 10.

CAUGHT BY HIS LIKENESS:

OR, A DRUNKARD'S DAGUERRETYPE.



KNOW as good a temperance story as any body you will find after a short search, and if you will listen to it, I shall take pleasure in relating it.

I have a cousin, who, three or four years ago, was a dashing young man of graceful form and handsome face, and who was as frank, good-natured, and honest-hearted a companion as you could possibly desire. He had round, full features, large eyes, and dark hair. He was a daguerrean artist by profession, and I venture to say that if you had seen the pictures in his show case, you would have said his own fine face was the best looking of them all. At the time of the incident I am going to relate, he had just commenced business on his own responsibility, and was highly elated at the flattering prospects of more than expected success.

But Cousin Charlie—I think it is as beautiful a name for a man as Mary for a woman—had the common fault of sparkling joviality that has become fashionably, though unfortunately prevalent. It was his custom to drink in company, and his misfortune thereby to lose frequently the equilibrium both of mind and body. Upon occasions of his returning home from these evening entertainments, it was not unusual for him to fall out with the lamp-post and fall in with the gutter, and be at the same time altogether unconscious of having committed any trespass upon the rights of either of these useful municipal institutions, until he by and by felt the greasy tide of the one gurgling by a swelled nose, occasioned by the other. His velvet vest with gilt buttons always suffered by these mishaps, and the profits of his newly established business were of necessity reduced to a trifle by the expenditures which alone enabled him to keep up a shiny appearance in the midst of such unfavorable circumstances.

I had then just learned the art, and been taken as an operator into his establishment. We had a great regard for each other, not only be-

cause we were relatives, but from a congeniality of dispositions and a similarity of tastes, except in regard to the cup. We lived with our aunt, a maiden lady of the highest character and greatest amiability, (It is a remarkable thing, when I think of it, that she was allowed by—the *gallant* sex—to remain a maiden lady;) and she had a motherly affection for us, and filled our home with happiness. It was with great grief that she looked upon my cousin Charlie's weakness, but her most earnest expostulations were always in vain whenever he promised her he would endeavor to "keep right side up with care"—he never spoke of his intoxication by any other descriptive phrase—he invariably *would* fall over from the perpendicular, and not care which side was up. She loved him tenderly, but almost despaired of reforming him; and Charlie, poor victim of easy temptation! quite as much despaired of ever reforming himself.

"What shall I do, Fred?" said he to me one morning, when he was seriously lamenting his failing.

"Why," said I, "Charlie," I spoke to him kindly though with earnestness and emphasis, "be a man and sign the pledge."

"But," he replied, "if I do, I shall break it, and that will be worse than though I had never signed it."

"If you take the pledge," I urged, "it will show that you have at least a desire to reform."

"But if I cannot keep it, it will prove that I have not strength to fulfil a solemn promise."

"Fuddling is a weakness," I said with a smile of sarcasm which I well remember was all counterfeited.

He turned away his head to hide from me the look of shame that

overspread his face in consequence of my remark, and taking a seat upon a sofa in the gallery sheilded himself from my sight behind the morning paper, which he spread out before him to a breadth altogether unnecessary for the mere purpose of reading, and evidently inconvenient and fatiguing for the arms.

It occurred to me as I noticed the humbling effect of what I had said, that it might perhaps be well to prove his weakness with a little sarcasm, and endeavor thus to shame him from his degrading practice. I waited another good opportunity.

There are but few vices that are of more rapid and vigorous growth than that which is hypocritically called moderate drinking, and this is especially true when it has taken root on such a temperament as my cousin Charles. He began to drink more and more every day, and to delight more than ever in champagne revels. He even did not confine these genteel carousals to the hour of evening, but often attended a "select party of choice spirits," which was the title he gave to them, during the day, to the serious neglect of his business. My cousin always emphasised *select party*; though it is perhaps needless to say, he would have given a clearer idea of the truth, to have laid the stress on *choice spirits*.

The saloon he most frequented was in the basement of the building of which the gallery was the top floor. It was a pity that it was so convenient, for I think if it had been farther he would not have gone there so often: it would have been harder to get back.

One day, a clear and bright day, so auspicious to the practice of the art, Charlie shierred himself into a sound sleep of intoxication before

the noon had passed, and sat all alone snugly in the corner of a stall in the saloon with his head hanging down in his cap. One class of his *choice spirits*, had dishonorably left him, while the other even more dishonorably, continued to stay with him. I went with Alick, the boy who polished plates for us, to take him up stairs and lay him away more comfortably in a little room off the gallery, where we kept boxes and other rubbish, that he might not be seen in his degradation by unkind eyes.

An idea struck me that I would like if possible to get a picture of him while he was drunk. If I could get him up stairs without so startling him as that he might know what I was doing and where he was, I thought I could succeed. I resolved however to try. Accordingly, I tied my handkerchief softly down over his eyes, so that if he opened them he could not see light, and Alick and I carried him out through the back door of the saloon into the yard, thence to go up an iron staircase on the outside of the building which led to a rear door that opened into a room of the gallery.

By the time, however, we were on the first step, he began to mumble something to signify that he was discontented with his situation. We stopped a moment to lull him to sleep again, and then went on carefully. I went up backwards, pulling him by the shoulders, while Alick followed with his feet. We unavoidably half awakened him, and he considerably amused us by his equally incoherent and unconscious remarks. When we were on the top flight he began to sing "Such a gitting up stairs," which, perhaps, gentle reader, you may have sung yourself, though, I hope, not in a like situation.

I was surprised to find my aunt

in the room when we entered with our jolly load. As soon as she saw him she started up and exclaimed: "Oh, Charles! Charles! you will break my heart," and as she saw the bandage around his head that I had put on to blindfold his eyes, she turned pale, and asked with terrible fearfulness of the answer—"is he hurt?"

"Sh," said I, "Aunt Elsie. Don't be alarmed. Nothing's the matter more than common."

I briefly explained to her my purpose, and her excited feeling was considerably soothed, although the beastly condition of her noble nephew—she called him noble in spite of his great fault—filled her eyes with tears.

We carried him in and doubled him up on a sofa before the instrument.

"Watcher doon?" he asked, rolling over at the risk of falling off upon the floor.

"Go to sleep! go to sleep!" said I, holding down the bandage over his eyes. "This is a respectable time of night for you to come home after your spree—and besides you persist in keeping the rest of us awake by your confounded noise?"

"Eh? hic?" said he loudly with a wide gape.

"I've put out the light," said I, "now lie still."

"Ye-e-s—hic?" oozed out from his throat through his mouth in a dwindling drawl, like ropy molasses from a spoon.

"I'll put you on the pillow first," said I accommodatingly.

"Thank you sir—hic! hic," said he with unavavoidable emphasis on the first hic.

I pulled him up against the side of the sofa to expose his face to full view, shoved up his legs in as ludicrous a position as I could, braced him up tight and left him to get sound a sleep before I took

off the handkerchief. He soon reconciled himself with most delightful unconsciousness to his situation, and became snoringly slumberous. I then uncovered his eyes and prepared to take a picture of him.

I desired to exaggerate the circumstances as much as possible, so I disarranged his hair, endeavoring to give it a clotted appearance, sprinkled some lamp-black on his face to resemble dirt, blooded one side of his forehead with a little red ink, crushed his collar, partially untied his cravat, wrinkled his shirt-bosom and laid on his lap an old mashed beaver hat, which I borrowed for the purpose from the black man who sawed wood for us.

My aunt had not ceased to weep meanwhile, and still sat in the corner of the room with her handkerchief to her eyes. I drew a chair to the head of the sofa, and asked her to sit there, that I might include her in the picture. She removed from her seat by the wall, and bent down gently over him. A steady expression of grieved affection overspread her face, which I was desirous to catch in the daguerreotype.

I arranged the instrument at the proper focus, put in the plate, and calculated the time. The day was clear, and I gave it fifty-five seconds. He did not stir during the operation, nor did my aunt.

I "gilded" it (I presume you understand the technicality of the term) with great care, and showed it to my aunt, who inquired what I was going to do with it.

"I intend," said I, "to take out this portrait from the show case, and put this in its place, that he may see it and be ashamed of himself."

"No," said my aunt, "I cannot permit that his vices be so exposed.

The picture will necessarily attract great attention."

I replied that I would put it in so that in the morning, when I supposed he would be sober, he might see it before the case was set out at the entrance. My aunt was willing that I should do this, and went herself to the desk, took out a sheet of paper, and began to write. When she had finished, she folded it and handed it to me, saying:

"Put that behind the plate in the case. He will take out the picture as soon as he sees it, and I want him to read this. I pray Heaven he may not disregard it. It reads thus:—

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—How long will you persist in your self-degradation? You are breaking my heart. Once again, I pray you, become a sober man. Call upon God for help, and he will shield you from your temptation. Sign the pledge that I have written below, and ask the blessing of Heaven upon your endeavor to abide by it. Give it to me when you have set your name to it; but if you never do I shall still love you and pray for you, though I cannot help grieving all my happiness away. Do this and receive the blessing of your aunt ELsie.

The pledge, which was written on a separate side of the sheet, was in these words:

"I solemnly promise that from this day henceforth during the remainder of my life, I will entirely abstain from drinking all intoxicating liquors, and in the fulfilment of this obligation, I humbly and earnestly invoke the aid of Almighty God."

I procured a carriage and conveyed my cousin home. He was put to bed where he remained until next morning, when sleep had completely worn away his fit of

drunkenness. At an early hour he came to the gallery—shortly after I had arrived there myself. I was anxious to note the effect that the picture, which I had arranged as I intended, would have upon him. As he entered the room in which the case was standing, I pretended to be going out, but as he passed me saying “Good morning, Fred,” in his hearty, good-humored way, I stepped unperceived by him, behind a screen, and eyed him through a small slit that had been accidentally made in the cloth. The picture soon caught his eye, and he stood before it for a few moments as though he had been mesmerized to the floor. His astonishment gave way, I could distinctly notice to a transient gleam of mirth and a slight emotion of anger; but these hasty and varied emotions soon settled down into a deep and mortifying feeling of shame.

“How could it have been done?” said he, half-aloud, but the truth flashed upon his mind in a moment, and he proceeded to take out the picture. His face was burning red, for his shame was hot. It was a moment of intense anxiety with me. I prayed with an agony of earnestness that he might yield. The paper fell out when the picture was removed. He set down the one and picked up the other. His hand trembled as he held it, and he seemed to fear to unfold it. After a few moments, however, he read it, and read it again.

He was agitated in the extreme. He stood a minute as though undecided, but he suddenly lifted up his hands, while a large tear burst from each eye, and he exclaimed, “God help me! I will!”

He walked to the desk and signed the pledge with the same pen with which it had been written.

I took him by the hand, told him that I honored him, and that I knew

he would act the manly part. We went immediately home. He presented the paper to aunt Elsie, who kissed him with ineffable tenderness and wept upon his shoulder. She felt with joyfully overwhelming consciousness, that Charlie had been suddenly seized from ruin, and her most earnest prayer abundantly answered.

You may perhaps be glad to hear that Charlie kept his pledge as sacredly as my aunt keeps the sheet on which it was inscribed. The picture, too, is kept, and the story is often told, though by no one except himself.

THE HAND OF VIOLENCE.

SOME time since a worthy school teacher named Butler, in Louisville, Kentucky, was shot, in the presence of his school, by one Matt. F. Ward, on the pretence that Butler had punished his younger brother. Said Ward was tried for murder, and, to the outrage of all justice and the public sentiment of the community, was acquitted.

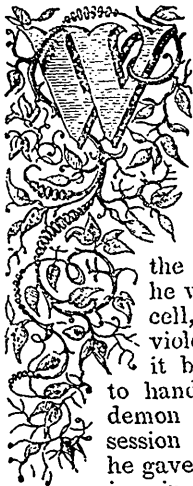
But his freedom is likely to prove to him a greater curse than a dungeon would have been. Several times he has already had to flee for his life from the violence of mobs; and wherever he goes, whether south or north, he is marked, scorned and loathed. The last notice we have seen of him is as follows. The Editor of the Philadelphia *Courier* says:—

“While at the ‘Burning Spring,’ near Niagara, a few days ago, we were requested to enter the names of our party on the Visitor’s Register, and while complying, we observed that the registry had been suspended at about two-thirds down on the left hand page, and then continued at the top of the right. On seeking the cause, we found the last entry as follows:—

‘Matt. F. Ward, Brothers, and Servant.’

Of course, that name had cast a blight upon the page forever; no honest man would add his name beneath that of the Cain branded fugitive; but underneath was written, as by the hand of some recording angel, or crime pursuing Nemesis—‘The Murderer.’”

WOMAN'S LOVE.



HE saw, last evening, an apt illustration of the affection of woman. A poor inebriate wretch in the afternoon had been taken to the calaboose. His conduct on the street, and after he was placed in the cell, was of such a violent character that it became necessary to handcuff him. The demon of rum had possession of his soul, and he gave vent to his ravings in curses so profane as to shock the senses of his fellow-prisoners, one of whom, in the same cell, at his own solicitation, was placed in a separate apartment. A woman appeared at the grating, and in her hands she had a rude tray, upon which was placed some slices of bread, fresh from the hearth-stone, and other little delicacies for her erring husband. She stood at the bar gazing intently into the thick gloom where her manacled companion wildly raved. Her voice was low and soft, and as she called his name, its utterance was as plaintive as the melody of a fond and crushed spirit.

The tears streamed from her eyes, and there, in that dark prison

house, and abode of the most wretched and depraved, the tones of her voice found their way into the wicked man's heart, and he knelt in sorrow and in silence before his young and injured wife, while his heart found relief in tears such only as a man can weep.

Though the iron still bound his wrists, he placed his hands with heavy insignia of degradation, confidently and affectionately upon the brow of his fair companion, and exclaimed, “Katy, I will be a better man.” There upon a rude seat she had spread the humble meal which she had prepared with her own hands, and after he had finished, she rose to depart, bidding him be calm and resigned for her sake, with the assurance that she would bring a friend to go on his bond, and that she would return and take him home. And she left him, a strong man, with his head drooping upon his breast, a very coward humiliated before the weak and tender being, whose presence and affection had stilled the angry passions of his soul. True to the instincts of her love and promise, she did return with one who went on his bond for his appearance next morning, and with his hands clasped in that of his loving wife, she led him away a penitent, and we trust a better man. There were those who laughed as that pale, meek woman, bore off her erring husband, but she heeded them not, and her self-sacrificing heart knew and cared for nothing in its holy and heaven-born instincts but to preserve and protect him whom she loved with all the devotion of a wife and a woman.—*St. Louis Republican.*

MANNERS is a medal whose reverse is insolence.

For the Life Boat.

OUR DREAMS.

WHEN we press the downy pillow, and calmly seek repose,
Does aught disturb our slumbers to awake us in our doze ?
Do we dream of him who slumbers not, that is racked with deadly pain,
Whose moans can find no listener, whose sighs are spent in vain ?
Do we dream of some poor traveller, whose step once light and gay,
Disease has rendered feeble, and dulled his lonely way ;
Whose energies are well nigh spent, and almost worn away ;
Who sits upon a door step, and who vainly tries to weep,
But who, wretched and desponding, does seek relief in sleep ?
Do we dream of beggard outcasts, who, houseless and alone,
Address their fellow mortals in a supplicating tone ;
Who vainly seek to find a sympathising friend,
When death does hoarsely tell them that their hopes are at an end ?
Do we dream of what our duty is in this wild world of care,
When sorrows do oppress us, then indulging in despair ?
Do we quell our bitter heavings, and dry the mournful tear,
For the sake of all those loving ones whom we must try to cheer ?
Are we happy with our present lot, or do we dream of more
False pleasures to attract us—dim joyousness in store ?
Do we bless our earthly father for what's fallen to our lot ?
His tender mercies every day, in our dreams have we forgot ?
Are we thankful—are we earnest—in all we say and do ?
Are we honest in our sayings—in our actions are we true ?
Do we dream of what our duty is, or must we calmly say,
That wiser must we ever be in our dreams from day to day ?

FRUITS OF INTEMPERANCE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, writing from Vienna, says :—

“ One day I saw a Zouave and a large Grenadier staggering up the street arm in arm, each being literally laden with enormous pumpkins and cucumbers, and in the intervals of song—for one was shouting out, “ Cheer, boys, cheer,” in irregular spasms, and the other was chanting some love ditty of a very lachrymose character—they were feeding each other with a cucumber. One took a bite and handed it to his friend, who did the same, and thus they were continuing their amphibœan banquet till the English Grenadier slipped on a stone and went down in the mud, bringing his friend after him,—pumpkins, cucumbers, and all. The Frenchman disengaged himself briskly, but the Grenadier at once composed himself to sleep, notwithstanding the entreaties of his companion. After dragging at him, head, legs, arms, and shoulders, the Zouave found he could make no impression on the inert mass of his friend, and regarding him in the most tragic manner possible, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed, “ Tu es là, donc, mon ami, mon cher Iceon ! Eh bien, je me coucheini avec toi ;” and calmly fixing a couple of cucumbers for a pillow, he laid down, and was soon snoring in the gutter in unison with his ally.”

THE NEWS BOY.

IN the city of New York there are supposed to be between 500 and 600 boys who get their living by selling newspapers. Their earnings average 2s. or 3s. a-day ; on the Sabbath, they rise often to 2 or 3 dollars, the 6d. Sunday papers being far the most profitable.

Some of these boys have friends and a home, but the greater part are orphans, or worse than orphans, without homes at night, or school by day, and surrounded by none of those influences which we consider necessary for improvement or happiness. They are a non-descript class. Think of one such as is sometimes seen; his cap without a visor; his coat tail dragging at his heels; holes at the elbows; knees peeping through his trousers; a hoot on one foot, and a shoe on the other; his face with a thin, old, worn look, as if life was in the land of hard scrabble, and yet, after all, not altogether an unhappy one.

Their evenings are usually spent at the low saloons or theatres, or some under-ground places of pleasure; and their nights, where are they passed? Let us go down the stairs in front of the *Sun* Office, and there, in a large charcoal box, under the side walk, 5 or 6 are fast asleep: on a pile of refuse paper in the lower hall of the *Tribune* Office, half-a-dozen take up their nightly quarters; and others, when the weather is not too bad, fling themselves on the bricks in the open court below. Such are the shifts they make to find lodgings. What do the boys with nice chambers and clean beds think of that? The newsboys club together, and often recognize each other only by their slang names, as "Sneezer," "Chops," "Leather head," "Booby hut," and many of their phrases it would puzzle a lawyer to guess the drift of. The boys are both shrewd and smart, but there was little hope that their abilities would be sharpened for much future benefit, either to themselves or others, for they lived down in the very lowest strata of society, far below all wholesome influences. They grow up half-savages, only to tenant prisons, stir up strifes, die early and miser-

able deaths, or become vagabonds nobody knows where.

Happily the practical benevolence of New York has been recently turned to the news boys.—In the upper story of the *Sun* buildings corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets, two apartments have been fitted up, one for a lodging room with wooden standing berths, capable of accommodating some 90 boys, where clean and comfortable lodgings can be let at 6d. a night; and the other for a reading, sitting, or lecture room, furnished with books and papers, and where they can be collected, if willing, for some simple instruction, lectures or reading. The same room is used also for assembling them on the Sabbath for religious purposes; and the whole is under the superintendence of a gentleman, who brings a large heart full of interest to the work. A box also is kept to gather up their earnings, to be vested in the 6d. Savings Bank. These boys are worth too much to society to be left to die in gin shops, or swell the class of sharpers or blacklegs, and this is missionary work to their peculiar circumstances. The beginning is good, and we hope it will succeed; indeed, one of the most cheering tokens of the increase of practical Christianity, is the earnest, persevering, self-sacrificing efforts made by children, men, and women, in behalf of those who hitherto have been regarded below or beyond the reach of help—the heathen of our cities.

A FACT.—There are some that live without any design at all, and only live in the world like straws on a river; they do not go but are carried.

POLITICS is the art of being wise for others; policy the art of being wise for one's self.

EDITORIAL.

BAND OF HOPE.

THIS is the name of a Juvenile Temperance organization that seems to be extending itself over the whole of Great Britain. Almost every town in England and Scotland has its Band of Hope societies, numbering its members by hundreds, and thousands in some cases. A literature of its own has sprung up, and they have *Band of Hope Journals* and *Advocates*, whose pages are being scattered far and wide, producing the most beneficial effects on the whole community in favor of Temperance. We can scarcely take up an English paper that has the least favor for Temperance principles, but we find, during the summer months, accounts of demonstrations or excursions by these Bands of Hope, and the high and the low seem to take an extreme interest in their proceedings. We have before us, while we write this, an account of a "Band of Hope demonstration" that came off with great *eclat* in the Barrack Park, Dundee, Scotland, this last month. The immediate occasion of the meeting was the distribution of 600 Bibles, to members of the Band of Hope, who had paid for them by their Penny Bank savings. A platform was erected, and decorated with flowers and evergreens, with all the insignia of industry, peace and plenty. With banners bearing appropriate mottoes, and bands playing suitable airs, a long procession of the "hopeful Band" marched forward, and took up their posi-

tion in front of the "hustings," where a dense mass was collected to witness the proceedings. The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird occupied the chair. On the platform were a number of Ladies and Gentlemen, Clergymen and laymen of high standing in society. After singing, prayer, and a few remarks from the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie addressed the children. We extract the following sentences, and our only regret is, that the length of the address precludes us from giving it to our readers entire. "When I think," said he, "of the drunkard's child and its miseries, when I think of the horrid life upon which a child is about to enter when it puts the first fatal accursed glass to its lips, I am overpowered with gratitude to God this day that you have been led to join this 'Band of Hope,' that you may thereby in your future life be kept out of the temptation that has been the present and the eternal ruin of thousands and millions of precious souls. Who baptized you with the name, 'Band of Hope,' I do not know, but it was a blessed baptism. You are indeed a 'Band of Hope;' and I would rather see you three thousand children thus early swarm to this blessed cause, than see three thousand grown up men, with wrinkles on their brows, and grey hairs on their heads, adhering to it; because, in God's providence you have before you the prospect of a long life of honor and usefulness and blessing—long, compared with what is before me." What

a grand spectacle that must have been to the friends of youthful temperance societies, that assemblage of three thousand children, and we can almost imagine that we hear the sound of their clear voices ringing in the air as they cheered the Doctor on in his happy and interesting address.

PROSPECTUS FOR THE FOURTH VOL.
OF THE LIFE BOAT.

WE beg to call the attention of our subscribers to the prospectus accompanying this number. We enclose one to every subscriber, in the hope that each will exert his or her influence in extending our circulation among their friends and acquaintances in the locality in which they reside. Other temperance papers are asking for their tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of subscribers from the temperance community among whom a number of such publications circulate, yet we modestly ask no definite number for our magazine from the friends of youth in Canada, but as we know of no rival in our particular walk, we expect a large support for our new volume.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE invite the attention of those of our subscribers who have not yet forwarded to us the amount of their subscription for the present volume, to the accounts we enclose to them in this number of the *Life Boat*. Where they cannot get others to join them, the amount can be sent in postage stamps. Our terms, as we have announced from the beginning, are payment in advance; and we hope our subscribers will promptly reply to this first call on them, as we are anxi-

ous to have the subscriptions collected for the present volume before we enter upon our new one.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jessie, Bytown—Your communication has been received, and will be duly attended to.

A. D., Montreal—You will have to excuse us for not inserting the puzzles you last sent us, as we are rather crowded this time. We shall give them a place in next number.

H. J., Brockville—The Spanish Inquisition was established, under Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1480.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

CONCORD SECTION, QUEBEC.—This Section held its quarterly installation of officers, in public, on Thursday evening, 5th Oct. After the installation, Mr. J. R. Healey, W.P. of Gough Division, delivered an excellent address to the Section, and the Cadets recited some well-selected pieces, in a most creditable manner. The Section Room was filled with a very respectable audience, who were well pleased with the whole entertainment of the evening. The Section has been in rather a low state for some time back, but they have taken a start now, and from the well-known character and energy of the W.P. they have chosen, viz., G. Mathison, Esq., G.W.P. of the Sons for Canada East, we have every confidence in their future success. Mr. Mathison is a warm supporter of Juvenile Temperance Societies, and takes advantage of every occasion to impress on the minds and attention of the Sons the propriety and necessity of their upholding and fostering with all their might, as important auxiliaries to their own Order, such organizations as the Cadets of Temperance. The

following is a list of the officers installed on the occasion:—

A. Dixon, W.A.; T. Benson, V. A.; H. J. Morgan, S.; J. Rickaby, A.S.; W. Healey, T.; W. Drysdale, A.T.; J. Smeaton, G.; F. Healey, U.; J. Woodley, W., T. Cowan, J.W.; G. Mathison, W. Patron; J. Innes, A.W.P.; Mr. Wilkinson, A.W.P.

KINDNESS.



YOU would feel pleased, in being able, as you passed along the street, to pick up a string of pearls, a lump of gold, diamonds and precious stones. It would make you feel happy for months to come. Such happiness you can give to others. How, do you ask? By dropping sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as you pass along. These are true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost, of which none can deprive you. Speak to that orphan child—see the diamonds drop from her cheek. Take the hand of that friendless boy—bright pearls flash in his eyes. Smile on the sad and dejected—a joy suffuses his cheek more brilliant than the most splendid precious stones. By the wayside, amid the city's din, and at the fireside of the poor, drop words and smiles to cheer and bless. You will feel happier when resting on your pillow at the close of day, than if you had picked up a score of perishing diamonds. The latter fade and crumble in time—the former grow brighter with age, and produce beautiful fruits.

TRY AGAIN, THERE IS NO REMAINDER.

WHEN we were a lad, just after we had commenced the puzzling study of Arithmetic, we one day had occasion to seek the Teacher's aid in solving a "question." It was in Division, and cipher as we would, we could not get an "answer" without a "remainder." After "trying" for two long hours we took our slate, marched up to the desk, and handed it to the teacher. He looked at our work, said not a word, wrote something on the slate, and handed it back to us. Vexed and out of patience with his cool indifference we returned to our seat, and after indulging in some very rebellious thoughts against him, we read the writing. It was, *Try again, there is no remainder.*" The silent but expressive sentence gave us more assurance than if he had spoken it a dozen times. It inspired us with confidence. We did try again, and again, and after repeated exertions we succeeded in obtaining a correct result without a "remainder." We felt proud of that boyish triumph, and when we again laid our slate before the master, we were amply rewarded with an approving smile and encouraging words.

These six words were stamped indelibly upon our memory, and ever afterwards when apparent difficulty stared us in the face in our undertakings they recurred to us.—Right there, before us,—with our mind's eye—we can see them on the slate—every word, every letter, distinctly—and we take fresh courage and "*try again.*" They are not cherished because of their authorship. The crabbed little schoolmaster that wrote them was the least beloved by us of all our youthful instructors, and yet he wrote six words that are engraved in our hearts.

WOLF NURSES IN INDIA.

WE have a very interesting account of observations made in northern India. They were conducted by a very distinguished Indian officer, who possessed unusual opportunities for obtaining information from the wilder and less known parts of the country.

The wolf in India is looked upon as it formerly was in northern Europe, as a sacred animal. Almost all Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying or even injuring it: and a village community within the boundary of whose lands a drop of wolf's blood has fallen, believes itself doomed to destruction. The natural consequence is, that in the districts least frequented by Europeans, these animals are very numerous and destructive, and great numbers of children are constantly carried off by them. Only one class of the population, the very lowest leading a vagrant life and bivouacing among the jungles, will attempt to kill or catch them. Even these, however, although they have no superstitious fear of the wolf, are always found to be well acquainted with its usual dens and haunts, very seldom attempt its capture; in all probability, from the profit they make of the gold and silver bracelets and necklaces worn by children whom the wolves have carried to their dens, and whose remains are left at the entrance. In all parts of India, it appears, numbers of children are daily murdered for the sake of those dangerous ornaments.

The wolf, however, is sometimes kinder than man. In the neighborhood of Sultaipoor, and among the ravines that intersect the banks of the Goomtoo river, this animal abounds; and our first instance of a

"wolfnurse" occurs in that district. A trooper, passing along the river bank near Chardour, saw a large female wolf leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. The boy went on all fours, apparently on the best possible terms with his fierce companions, and the wolf protected him with as much care as if he had been one of her own whelps. All went down to the river and drank, without noticing the trooper, who, as they were about to turn back, pushed on in order to secure the boy. But the ground was uneven, and his horse could not overtake them. All re-entered the den; and the trooper then assembled some people from Chandour, with pickaxes, who dug into the den for about six or eight feet, when the old wolf bolted, followed by her three cubs and the boy. The trooper, accompanied by the fleetest young men of the party, mounted and pursued; and having at last headed them, he turned the whelps and boy (who ran quite as fast) back upon the men on foot. They secured the boy and allowed the others to escape.

The boy thus taken was apparently about nine or ten years old, and had all the habits of a wild animal. On his way to Chandour he struggled hard to rush into every hole or den he passed. The sight of a grown up person alarmed him, and he tried to steal away; but he rushed at a child with a fierce snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. Cooked meat he would not eat, but he seized raw food with eagerness, putting it on the ground under his hands, and devouring it with evident pleasure. He growled angrily if any one approached him whilst eating, but made no objection to a dog's coming near and sharing his food. The trooper left him in charge of the

Rajah of Husunpoor, who saw the boy immediately after he was taken. Very soon afterwards he was sent by the Rajah's order, to Captain Nicholett's, at Sultanpoor; for although his parents are said to have recognized him when first captured, they abandoned him on finding that he displayed more of the wolf's than of human nature.

He lived in the charge of Captain Nicholett's servants nearly three years; very inoffensive, except when teased, but still a complete animal. He could never be induced to keep on any kind of clothing, even in the coldest of weather; and on one occasion tore a piece of quilt, stuffed with cotton, and eat a portion of it, cotton and all, every day with his bread. When his food was placed at a distance from him, he ran to it on all-fours, like a wolf; and it was only on rare occasions that he walked upright. Human beings he also shunned, and never willingly remained near them. On the other hand, he seemed fond of dogs and jackals, and indeed all animals, and readily allowed them to feed with him. He was never known to laugh or smile, and was never heard to speak till within a few minutes of his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, and asked for water, which he drank and died.—*English paper.*

DOG LAWS.

EVERY summer the poor dogs suffer in our cities and villages, not merely from cruel boys, but by laws and ordinances which require all stray curs, who are unmuzzled, to be killed. A correspondent whose pet dog was a victim of such a law, takes part with the "doggies," and barks at the dog-killers thus:—

"If a cat may look on a king, a

poor dog may drop a word to those in authority. Please sirs, why am I chained? Why am I muzzled? Why is a death writ issued against me? *I am not mad, most noble fathers*—I am only a poor little dog; but I can put my paw on my heart and declare, that I have always tried to do the best I know how; and can folks with souls say *that*, I wonder? Because one dog bites a man and makes him crazy, and he dies, why must all dogs be hunted down, and muzzled, and murdered?

"Now there are men with their two legs and souls, who make folks crazy, and cause them to die awful deaths too—howling and raving and cursing; why don't you muzzle *them*, your honors? They don't bite, to be sure; but they sell and give drink, and *drink that maddens*; and what's the moral difference between a bite and a drink? What the moral difference between *delirium tremens* and *hydrophobia*, I should like to know; and which is there the *most* of, I should like to know? Are not the effects about alike, and the symptoms pretty much so? Don't they both hate water like poison? Well, your honors, why don't you muzzle *them*? Why do *they* go at large, making a *business* of it, carrying death and disease and torment into family after family, upon little children, and grown up men, and upon strong young men, making many a poor dog blush for his master? Please your honors, consistency is a jewel, a very big one; but I'm only one of the little Doggies."

PRaise THE CREATOR.

PRAISE the great Creator," said Robert the gardener. "Every thing around us speaks his praise. Small praise is due to me. I dig, and plant, and weed, and

trim; but can I make a single seed grow? Can I paint one flower leaf, or give to it a pleasant odor? Can I bring a single peach out of that limb, or give to it its flavor? Skillful gardening is little more than taking hinderances out of the way, that God's beautiful works may be seen. And God would have been unspeakably good, if there had been no flowers to please the eye and delight the smell, and if there had been not one half the variety of fruits and vegetables to gratify our appetite. What thanks then are due to him for beautifying the earth which our sins have cursed, and making it so abundant in healthy fruits, when in justice he might have made it bring forth only briars and thorns."

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER FATHER.



LITTLE girl once asked her father why some people, who are rich and have money enough to buy everything they want, are not happy; while other people, who are poor, are yet contented with their lot in life and live happily. Her father answered her question and explained to her the reason of it, and then told her a story in the shape of a fable, which, as other little girls may like to read it, we put in the *Life Boat*.

The father of this little girl said "that some persons are *disposed* to be contented in any circumstances; they are always cheerful and good-natured, and make everybody

around them happy. Others have a peevish, discontented disposition, which would make them unhappy if they were masters of the world. You have seen examples of both these kinds of persons."

"Have I, papa? who are they, I wonder? O, I know! Cousin Sarah is the one that is always so happy, and?"—

"Well, it is no matter who the other is. I have one thing to tell you, and that is that any place or situation looks pleasanter at a distance than near. Those persons whom you think the happiest have some secret trouble of which you know nothing; and if you could change places with them, you would probably be glad to return to your own condition. When you are a little older you shall read a fable on this subject that will amuse you I think."

"O, papa, please to tell it to me, instead of letting me read it."

"I will tell you a little about it. The fable supposes that Jupiter, being wearied with the complaints of mortals, gave them all leave to bring their calamities, and deposit them in a mass. So, there might be seen persons coming from every quarter, bearing loads on their shoulders, which they hastened to throw down as soon as they reached the appointed place.—Most of the burdens consisted of some personal defect; but no one took this opportunity to get rid of their sins. There was a personage named Fancy, with a mirror in her hand, who made herself very busy in the scene, causing each man's burden to appear much larger than before. After the grievances had been all deposited, Jupiter issued another proclamation, directing each one to take his choice from among the burdens thrown down by the others. I do not remember the particular exchanges which were made, but

they were very amusing. One man who had thrown away a wooden leg, went away with a hump on his back; and a lady who had deposited her gray hair, took in their stead a set of false teeth. But instead of being more contented, after these changes were completed, each one was more dissatisfied than at first. Groans and complaints were heard from all quarters, and when Jupiter again proclaimed that each man might resume his original burden, they all hastened to throw off their loads. Then a person called Patience took her station by the heap, which immediately shrank to half its size. She then fitted each man's burden to his shoulder, and showed him how to carry it, and the whole assembly retired, much more contented than they came."

"Thank you, papa, that is a very funny story, don't you know any more?"

Her father smiled. "You illustrate my remark, Maria, very well; I have hardly finished one story, and you require another. But you must wait till to-morrow."

PROHIBITION—A SONG.

BY J. CHALLIN.

Prohibition! Prohibition,
Let us form a coalition,

Strong and mighty as our mountains,
Thundering as their gushing fountains,
Flowing now, and flowing ever,
Till it swells a noble river;
For the voice is heard in sadness,
Heard in wailing, and in madness,
Which shall turn our joy and gladness;
Louder still, and louder sounding,
O'er our hills and valleys bounding,
From our sisters and our brothers,
From our fathers and our mothers.

Prohibition, sternly crying!
Prohibition, for the dying!
Prohibition, for the sighing!
See! the foe is from us flying!

BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT BURNS.

A LOWLY roof of simple thatch,—
No home of pride, of pomp, and sin,—
So freely let us lift the latch,
The willing latch that says, "Come in."

Plain dwelling this! a narrow door—
No carpet by soft sandals trod,
But just for peasant's feet a floor,
Small kingdom for a child of God!

Yet here was Scotland's noblest born,
And here Apollo chose to light;
And here those large eyes hailed the morn
That had for beauty such a sight!

There, as the glorious infant lay,
Some angel fanned him with his wing,
And whispered, "Dawn upon the day
Like a new sun! go forth and sing!"

He rose and sang, and Scotland heard—
The round world echoed with his song,
And hearts in every land were stirred
With love, and joy, and scorn of wrong.

Some their cold lips disdainful curled;
Yet the sweet lays would many learn;
But he went singing through the world,
In most melodious unconcern.

For flowers will grow and showers will fall,
And clouds will travel o'er the sky;
And the great God, who cares for all,
He will not let his darlings die.

But they shall sing in spite of men,
In spite of poverty and shame,
And show the world the poet's pen
May match the sword in winning fame.

AN ANCIENT MAINE LAW.—
Among the ancient Germans,
some two thousand years ago,
there was a tribe or nation called
the Suevians, who would not suffer
wine to be brought into their ter-
ritory, because, said they, it enter-
vates the mind and unfits the body
for exercise or labor. Yet these
men were classed among barba-
rians by the Romans.

ONE swallow does not make a
summer; but one lion can make a
spring.

QUESTION.

THE gain of A. and B. together amounts to £13 10s.; of B. and C. together to £12 12s.; and of A. and C. together to £11 6s. 6d., what was the gain of each? The work to be shewn. H. P.

TO TELL THE NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

TELL any person in company to think of a number; desire them to multiply it by 3; and that product by 3; and the last product by 3, then request to know how many nines are in it, (that is the last product,) then the number thought of will be the one-third of the number of nines. Example: suppose it was 20 that was thought of, then 20 multiplied by 3 equal to 60 and 3 to 180 and 3 to 540 divide by 9 equal to 60 and by 3 equal to 20.

When you know the number of nines in it divide by three in your own mind and you have the number thought of. If you wish to keep up the delusion, you can tell them to add, subtract, multiply, or divide so much. H. P.

THE MONEY GAME.

A PERSON having a piece of Gold in one hand, and a piece of Silver in the other, to tell the hand each piece is in.

Some value must be put on the Gold of an even number, say 8; and on the Silver of an odd number, say 5. Then desire the person to multiply the value in the right hand by any even number, say 2; and that in the left hand by any odd number, say 5, then tell him to add together the products— if the whole sum be odd, the Gold will be in the right hand, and the Silver in the left; if even, the contrary way. Example, right hand, gold, 8 multiplied by 2, equal to 16; left hand, silver, 5 multiplied by 5, equal to 25; both products 16 and 25 added, equal to 41, then the gold is in the right hand, and the silver in the left. H. P.

THE GAME OF THE RING.

THE number of persons playing must not be more than nine. Each person must be numbered, and in counting the fingers, the palms of the hands are to be laid upwards,

the thumb of the right hand is 1, and the little finger of the left hand is six; then to tell the person who has the ring, the hand it is on, the finger, and the joint.

Desire any one to put the ring on any person. Tell him to double the number of that person; to add 5 to it, and then multiply it by 5; then add the number of the finger that the ring is on, multiply that by 10, and then add the joint of the finger that the ring is on—then ask what is the total amount, and from it in your own mind subtract 250, the first figure will give the number of the person, the second figure will give the number of the finger, and the third figure will give the number of the joint. Example, say the 4th person, 4 doubled, equal to 8, add 5 equal to 13, multiply by 5, equal to 65, add 6 the number of the finger, equal to 71, multiply by 10, equal to 710, add 3 the joint of the finger, equal to 713, subtract 250, equal to 463; viz., the 4th person, the 6th finger, or the little finger of the left hand, and the third joint. H. P.

ENIGMA.

XVII.

My first in every barbe'r's shop,
And serves him for my second;
My whole I most sincerely hope,
I never shall be reckoned.

A. D.

A QUESTION FOR JUVENILES.

How many grammatical English Words will the word "Warrant" produce?

There is a puzzle for a juvenile reader; sit down, little one, and see how many words you can make from it. A. D.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN LAST No.—
No. 14, Plenipotentiary. 15, Encyclopædia.
16, Everlasting Pea.

WE omitted to give the answer in French to Enigma No. 9, viz., "Le bon temps viendra." Answer to T. D. Reid's puzzle in June number, God Save the Queen, the key to this sort of cypher writing, see Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, volume xx. page 160.

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