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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. V.

MONTREAL, OCTOBER, 1856.

No. 10.

Life or Death.

A TRUE STORY OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.



HE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge, in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the unheven rocks, with the almighty bridge over their everlasting abutments, built by the Great Architect when the morning stars sang together. The little piece of sky, spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up these perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered the more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock, down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their head, as standing

in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away—they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their hearts. "What man has done, man can do," is the watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who had been there before them.

They are satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that shall be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side by side with that of the great Father

of his Country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand—and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; but as he puts his feet and hands into these gains, and draws himself carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled on that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep, into the flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduation of his ascending scale grew wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now, for the first time, casts a look behind him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder, to this little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the cries of his terror-stricken companions below. What a meager chance to escape destruction. There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that

“freeze their young blood.” He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipated his desire. Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the fearful situation is told upon his father’s hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there were hundreds standing in the rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath and awaiting that fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father’s voice who is shouting with all the energy of despair—“William! William! don’t look down—your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you. Keep your eyes toward the top.”

The boy didn’t look down—his eyes are fixed like a flint toward Heaven; and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that removed him from human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that pier! How he avoids every flinty grain. How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each, again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over

this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands, on the bridge above, or with the ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone,

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under the lofty arch. Spiced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels, and his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart—his life must hang upon the last gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gash he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his hand, and ringing along the precipice, fell at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is silent as the grave. At the height of near three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders.—Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint and convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness came over him, with the words "God! Mother!" whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening

rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

The Gambler's Alarm.

THE following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country village in the State of Maine:

One evening in the month of December, 1834, a number of townsmen had assembled at the store of a Mr. Putnam, to talk over "matters and things," smoke, drink, and, in short, to do any thing to "kill time."

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time generally; so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first-rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch—one of the company—"let's all liquor, and then have a game of high-low-jack."

"So I say," exclaimed another one, "whose got the cards?"

"Fetch on your keerds," drawled out a third, his eyes half-closed from the effect of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn up before the fire-place, where burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs, which would snap and crackle—throwing large live coals out upon the hearth.

All drew up around the table, seating themselves on whatever

came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs, which from their weight were supposed to contain nails.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we play—every one for himself?"

"No; have partners," growled one man.

"No, hang'd if I'll play," shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come," said Hatch, "no quarreling; all who say for having partners, stand up."

Three arose.

"Now all who say each one for himself, stand up."

The remaining four immediately got up.

"You see, Barclay," said Hatch, "the majority are against you. Come, will you play?"

"Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play," answered Barclay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk, who was busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten o'clock, Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to the store, and see that every thing was safe. As he went in, he walked up to the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting he started back in horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described,—and four of them seated on kegs of powder. Barclay, who was a very heavy man, had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the contin-

ued motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered a space of two feet all around them.

Mr. Putnam's first movement was toward the door, but recovering himself, he walked up toward the fire.—Should either of them attempt to rise, he thought, and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire-place, where lay a large quantity of live coals!

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam with his face deadly pale, gazing into the fire exclaimed—

"Putnam, what ails you?" at the same time making a motion to rise. "Gentlemen, do not rise," said Mr. Putnam. "Four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all to eternity. There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved—move, and you are dead men."

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered not, a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible. Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken.

Before those seven men left the store that very night, they pledged themselves never to taste another glass of liquor, or play another game of cards!

A SCHENECTADY editor, describing the effects of a squall on a canal boat says: "when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft keeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

The Hated Prohibitory Law.

THE following pointed remarks are from one of the religious newspapers of the province of New Brunswick—the *Christian Visitor*—published at the city of St. John :

This has become a favorite utterance with a certain section of the press of the city ; and probably it is true enough that this law is hated. But who, we ask, are the parties who cherish this unrighteous passion against a law established for the public good ?—If we are to judge by actions as well as words, we should say that it is hated in high as well as in low quarters.

1. Wine loving Governors hate it.
2. Dram loving slaves hate it.
3. Wine bibbing Bishops hate it.
4. The open violators of the laws of God and man hate it.
5. Priests who love their glass more than the souls of men hate it.
6. The lovers of Yankee White Eye hate it.
7. Wholesale Liquor dealers hate it.
8. The keepers of petty dram shops hate it.
9. Aristocratic drunkards hate it.
10. The staggering inebriate hates it.
11. The editorial advocates of drinking usages hate it.
12. And to crown all, Beelzebub, the princely monarch of the great empire of evil hates it.

We must not therefore blame our cotemporaries for calling it a "hated law," for if the views above be correct, the hatred is high, *very high*, and it is deep, *VERY DEEP*. It is felt in *very high places*, and it burns in *very low places*. It speaks out through the Bishop's robes, and the drunkard's rags. Its lurid glare shines in the mansion of the great, and sparkles in the dark

chambers of the poor. It is then emphatically a **HATED LAW**. "But there are some who love it," and for the sake of contrast we may call special attention to those in our next issue.

In a subsequent number the *Christian Visitor* resumes the subject and enumerates

THOSE WHO LOVE THE "HATED LAW."

1. God's ministers, whose special business it is to labor for the destruction of vice, and for the promotion of holiness, *love it*.

2. Those of every creed and sect, who truly and sincerely pray, "Thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," *love it*.

3. Those who in obedience to the divine command, "Go out into the highway and hedges" of vice and immorality, to "compel" men to come into the ways of holiness, and to the paths of peace, *love it*.

4. They who cherish a deeper interest in the welfare of humanity than they do in putting money in their own pocket, or in administering to a vitiated and depraved appetite, *love it*.

5. That father, who looks to the removal of the temptation to drink the liquid fire as the only means of reclaiming an erring son, *loves it*.

7. The hundreds of thousands of doting parents to be found in the old and new world, who are trembling in the presence of the intoxicating cup, lest it should prove a snare and a curse to their own beloved sons and daughters, *love it*.

8. Angels who "rejoice over one sinner," reclaimed from the error of his way, *love it*.

9. God who has forbidden us "to look upon the wine when it is red," and when it giveth its color in the cup, and who has said with all the authority of the universal lawgiver, "Woe unto him who

putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth," *loves it*:

10. In a word, all that is holy on earth, and pure in heaven, *love it*.

We say then to our readers, therefore, "look first at this picture, and then on that," mark the contrast and choose for yourselves.

An Honest Lawyer's Fee.

IT is now five years since the Widow Stiles called on me, one morning before breakfast, and asked me to recommend her to some lawyer; as she thought her friend S— was not as correct as he might be. I asked her to step into the parlor, and went myself to my breakfast, and to my wife, whose advice I always asked on such points. We had known Mrs. Jared Stiles many years. Her husband was a great landowner in a goodly town of the western country, and with a distinguished love that deserved some better aim, ever pressed it on his helpmate as the first rule of life, to get all she could, and keep all she got. He died, and Mrs. Stiles became more alms-giving, but also more and more fond of wealth, and sensible of the admirable advice which her husband had given her.

I stated the fact to my wife, and awaited her opinion.

"Well, William," she said, after drinking a cup of coffee on my story, "I fear the old lady has some money getting claim in view; you know she has of late given all her affections to the getting of more wealth. I would therefore recommend her to the most honest and conscientious lawyer in town, and not to the most acute and narrow one. She relies on your judgment, not for her *seeming*, but her *real* good."

I counted my legal acquaintance twice over before I hit on one answering to the terms "honest

and conscientious," in the sense in which I knew Ellen used them. At length I found him and taking my hat, walked with the widow to his office.

We found Mr. Sawyer at his desk. He arose and gave us chairs, and awaited Mrs. Stiles' statement. But before I go on in this point, let me say a few words of this phenomenon—this man with his head under his arm, close to his heart—this honest lawyer, in the broadest, highest sense of the term. He was a man of thirty-five; he had studied law because he liked the study, and began to practice because he had to get a living; and now he continued in the profession, in spite of bad opponents and bad courts, because he had done, and might yet do much good by his labors; not only by saving the innocent and needy from the strong and cruel, but preventing strife, putting a stop to half-knavish practices, and dissuading men and women from unjust suits, and passion-rousing quarrels.

Mr. Sawyer not only thought it proper for him to refuse acting for those whose claims he thought dishonest, but he counted it also a duty and privilege, nay, a mere charity, to strive to persuade them to forget such claims. He sought fame and extensive practice as means whereby to exert a *moral* influence over the community. He thought a lawyer bound to serve, not a client only, but God and his country; and looked on him, who for gain would prosecute a suit which he thought unfair, as a traitor to his country and his religion, in act, whatever might be his intention; in short, as Bill Blunt once said, "Sawyer was such a fool as to think it an attorney's business to help the parson to make men good Christians."

And now we shall let Mrs. Stiles

state, her business. It seems that her husband had sold and conveyed several lots, which her father had left in trust for her, and in such a form that she, meaning to release her fee in the lots, had in terms merely released right of dower. These lots she understood she could get back.

"Did you receive the money for them?" said Mr. Sawyer.

"Certainly, sir."

"Was it a fair, full price for the land?"

"It was all we asked, sir."

"Did you sign the deed willingly?"

"Of course; do you think Jared would have driven me to it?"

"Did you mean to convey a full title in fee, Mrs. Stiles?"

"Beyond doubt; but as we didn't the land never passed."

"Suppose, Mrs. Stiles, the money had been paid before you had drawn the deed, should you have thought it honest, after getting the money to refuse to give the deed?"

"Why, lawyer, that would have been thieving right down."

"Well, Mrs. Stiles, you have not yet given the deed—shall I draw one for you to sign?"

"Why, bless your soul, Mr. Sawyer, that is the deed you hold in your hand."

"Mrs. Stiles, if you had given the man, when he paid you money for the lots, a sheet of blank paper, and he had not looked at it, would that have been a deed?"

"Of course not."

"But you meant to give a full title in fee?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is not such a title, any more than a sheet of blank paper; you have not yet given the deed. Shall I draw a quit claim deed for you to sign?"

Mrs. Stiles looked at me, and I looked at the widow; she looked

very much puzzled; and somewhat abashed. At last she said:

"But don't the law say the land's mine, squire?"

"We can't tell that," said Mr. Sawyer, "till the case is tried. First, let us get things straight, and have the bargain complete; and then, if you please, we will go to law about it."

The widow was fairly caught in a corner. At length, with a gasp, she asked how much he would charge for a quit-claim deed; this charge he attorney told her, the other party would be willing to pay, he had no doubt, and taking down a blank proceeded to fill it. Before we left, the bargain was complete; the deed was signed, witnessed, and acknowledged.

"And pray," said the widow, "what sort of lawyer do you call that man? I verily believe he cheated me out of all them lots! I have a great mind to go back and tear that deed all to flinders."

I assured her that not only was it too late, but that she had done the proper thing under the circumstances, and advised her in future to employ no one but Mr. Sawyer. Much to my surprise, she took my advice, and henceforth that gentleman was her solicitor and counselor.

"Last week the Widow Stiles died, leaving me her executor. After the funeral, we opened the will, and found it, much to our astonishment, in her own handwriting:—

"Know ye all," it began, "that whereas I'm going to give something to my attorney. I write this myself; that is, I, Jane, relict of Jared Stiles, being of sound mind and body. Know all men, that whereas said attorney, to wit, videlicet: James Sawyer of this said town, that I'm of, namely of the town of Jackson, whereas, I

say, first led me to see the folly of giving my old age to the heaping up of filthy lucre, and caused me to turn aside from a course that was, as I have seen, wrong, for which he is blessed in this life and for ever. Therefore, know ye, that as a small token of respect and love for said attorney, to wit, namely, James Sawyer, who has of late been unfortunate, and much distressed in worldly matters, I do hereby, by these presents, give, bequeath, will, transfer, make over, and pass unto the aforesaid Sawyer, every cent I've got in the world; goods, chattels, lands, moneys, books, dress, and jewels, for his and his heirs' good, leaving it to him to give to my several friends such articles as are marked with their names.

“Witness my hand and seal, November 20th, 1836.

“JANE STILES.”

Knowing, as I did, Mr. Sawyer's troubles in these hard times, I shook his hand most joyfully.

“It is a fee, my friend,” said he, “that I must thank you for.”

“She must leave fifty thousand dollars,” I replied.

“I was thinking,” answered he, “not of the money, but of the change of life and heart; *that* is the fee I prize.”

A Hint for Youth.

IT is only a Cent. “Now, my little lad don't spend that cent for candy.”

“Why, didn't my father give it to me?”

“Certainly he did, but that is no reason you should spend it. If you run over to the candy shop and buy a roll, in five minutes you will be no better off for having the money; now save your money (and your health) and put it in a box.”

“But it is only a cent?”

“A hundred of them will make a dollar, and if you never save the cents you never will be worth a dollar.”

“But papa, gave me this to enjoy it. I do not want to lay it up.”

“Well, I will tell you how to enjoy it—not by throwing it away for unwholesome sweetmeats? but keep it until you have six, and then go to the bakers and buy a nice loaf of bread——

“Why, what do I want of bread? Mother gives me all I need.”

“Stop a moment and I will tell you. A poor old widow lady lives down the alley below your house; all that she has to live upon is what kind neighbors bring in.”

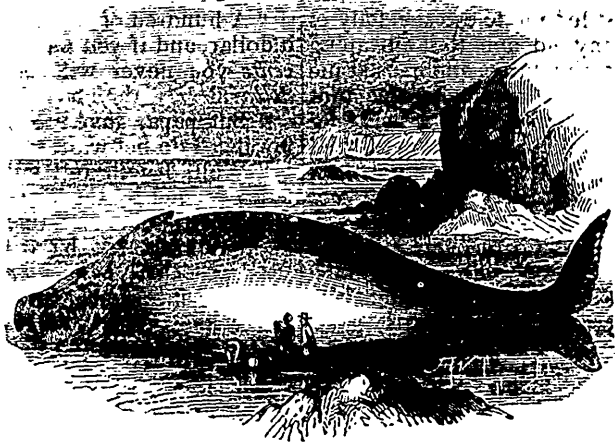
“O, I know who you mean. Old Widow Brown. Mother has sent me there a great many times.”

“Well do you take your loaf of nice bread, and get your mother to put a white napkin round it, and then carry it down to her house and say,—‘Here, Mrs. Brown, is a present from a little boy, will you please accept of it.’”

“Well, I'll do it! I know just what she will say. She will cry, and then put her hands upon my head, and say—God bless my little boy! And I shall feel so happy; I wish, I had the money now. But I won't spend a cent until I get it.”

“Then you will indeed *enjoy* your money. It is more blessed ‘to give than to receive’”

A BUMPER.—A load of rum came up from Boston to a town in Massachusetts, on a railroad car, and stopped to unload at a merchant's store. All was taken off but two hogsheds; when a locomotive came up furiously, like Daniel's he-goat, and dashed them both to pieces, strewing the ground with the precious liquor. Who would not say, **THAT WAS A BUMPER.**



The Whale

A SAILOR'S STORY.



T must have been near four-and-twenty years ago that I shipped as third mate for a long voyage. We sailed out of Nantucket, and for the crew we had a fine lot of fellows fore and aft, all up to the mark, and most of them used to deep water.

I was a smart young fellow then, though I say it myself; I'm tolerable tough now, but *then* I was all whip-cord and whalebone. Well, as I was saying, we had a first-rate crew all round, and whales were more plenty then than now, for a voyage was seldom more than a year or two: ah! whaling was whaling then, and no mistake. But hold on, boys, I'm running out line too fast, so let's haul in and fetch up to

the yarn. As I was saying, we left Nantucket in fine weather and ready for anything; we cruised along pleasantly enough, taking it all smooth and easy until we weathered 'the Cape,' and commenced cruising off the old ground on the coast of Chili and Peru. Well, month after month we searched, and crossed and recrossed the ground, but not a fish could we scare up—not a chance could we get—and we became sick of seeing our boats hanging dry upon the cranes. At last we thought we had a Jonah among us, and all kinds of unreasonable thoughts entered our heads. Meantime you see, we got under 'the line;' and, my eyes, wasn't it hot? when, one morning 'fore the sun was hand-spike high, we heard from the top, 'There she blows!' Again and again was this music repeated; but there was no time for gossiping, for, two or three miles ahead, the whales were spouting in crowds, so we down boats and were soon among 'em and, to cut short, as 'if to make up for bad luck, we had

weeks of 'killing,' 'cutting in,' and 'trying out.'

"Seventeen months out, and half the time idle, with three thousand barrels stowed away, the skipper concluded to catch two or three more fish if he could, and then head for home. Among my shipmates was one Tony, a good and true man as ever held an oar—he had been lively and given to sky-larking through all our bad luck, but he became unaccountably down-hearted from the time we talked of leaving the fishing-grounds. One evening Tony was more than usually depressed, and, with a strange expression, he announced 'that on the morrow we would catch our last fish and lose a man.' His hearers condemned him in harsh terms for what they called his 'infernal croaking,' and Tony was left to eat his supper by himself. The 'morrow' came, and by the time we had breakfasted the look-out announced 'There she blows!' and, sure enough, there was a large shoal of whales just discernible about half a point to the leeward of our course, enjoying the fine weather by lazily rolling about in the troughs of the sea. 'Now,' said the skipper, going over the side of the vessel with the boats, now for the last pull, and then for our sweet-hearts and wives!"

"A few moments only elapsed before we were in full pursuit, but the whales got the scent of us, and put away to the windward. Tony, who was the first man in his place, wore a serious look, but there was nothing about him that indicated fear. Cheering on the boys as we dashed over the water, we soon came near two sperm whales, and in the excitement I forgot Tony's face and his prophecy. It was 'Spring, boys! spring, I tell you! a few more strokes and the prize

is our own! a good eighty barrels if they have a gallon. Think of the yellow shiners, lads, and bend your backs!' Such were my cries as we neared the monster, and the critical moment arrived. 'Stand up, Tony, my boys! and let him have it.' My words were scarcely uttered before the first harpoon was hurled with unerring certainty, and quick as thought a second iron was sped upon its deadly mission. 'Stern all!' was now the order and with a will the boys obeyed it. The stricken fish gave a convulsive flounce, rolled himself half over, breached his enormous body high in the air, madly lashed his flukes upon the foaming sea, then down he went, carrying the smoking tow-line out of the boat with startling velocity.

"No less rapid in his movements was the unhurt whale; for with that strange sympathy known to exist among the species, he appeared to share the agonizing pangs of his companion, by giving a wild, spasmodic start; then, perceiving his unknown enemy, as if impelled by a desire for vengeance, he set down a few fathoms beneath the surface of the sea, and then came rushing up madly at the boat, evidently intending to drive it to atoms by his monstrous head. With great difficulty we managed to evade the blow, and the whale breached out of the water a few feet from our bows. Finding he had missed his object, the enraged animal turned upon us with redoubted fury; rolling upon his side, and striking his huge jaws terrifically together, he rushed at us with open mouth. 'Stern all! stern all, men, for your lives;' I shouted, as the monster came down upon us. The boat, as if appreciating its own danger, glided rapidly astern, and thus once more just escaped the impending peril; but

our danger was by no means over, for, maddened and furious beyond measure at finding his attempts to seize us unavailing, the monster resolved on a different and more dangerous mode of attack. Rolling himself over toward the boat's head, he raised his body many feet above the water. I at once comprehended the threatened visitation, and shrieked to the men, 'Into the water, boys, for God's sake! into the water!' Ere the command could be obeyed, the whale's enormous flukes were thrown up from the boiling sea, flashing above the whole forward part of the boat. With lightning rapidity they passed away, when, lo! as if by a miracle, they descended with a deafening sound upon the water, leaving the boat, apparently unharmed, dancing and heaving upon the whitened waves.

"The scene, so imperfectly conveyed to the mind by any description, occupied but a moment of time. We had cut the line attached to the wounded whale before the last terrific charge of its companion; it would have been worse than madness to have held on longer, and all breathed freely that the danger of destruction was passed. Casting about our eyes, an universal exclamation arose—'My God! where's Tony?' He was at his place in the last charge of the whale—no one knew more. The horrid mystery soon was solved. Just at the boat's head was a wide, gaping opening, almost as round and clearly cut as if made by a saw, the bloody edges of which too painfully revealed the dreadful fate of the unhappy harpooner. He had been stricken down and torn through the side of the boat at the moment those fearful flukes were flourishing over us; and such was the incalculable force of the blow that the surrounding timbers were

unsprung. His presentiment had proved too true—'We had killed, for that voyage, our last whale, and lost a man.'"

Contentment.

The following stanzas are 260 years old; they were writing by Robert Southwell.

My conscience is my crown,
Contended thoughts my rest,
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

My wishes are but few,
All easy to fulfil;
I make the limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.

I fear no care of gold,
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health.

I clip high climbing thoughts,—
The wings of swelling pride:
Their fall is worst that from the height
Of greatest honors slide.

Since sails of largest size
The storm doth soonest tear,
I bear so small and low a sail
As freeth me from fear.

No change of fortune's calm
Can cast my comforts down;
When fortune smiles, I smile to think
How quickly she will frown.

And when in froward mood
She proved an angry foe,
Small gain I found to let her come,
Less loss to let her go.

A Worrying Christian.

MRS. Smith and Mrs. Jones were near neighbors, and were much together, though they were very unlike. Both were called "good women," both were members of the Orthodox church in "good standing," yet one was respected and looked up to, while the other was not. The reason why Mrs. Jones was not thought more of was this,—she was always in a worry about something or other. It seemed as if nothing was right in her house the

week in and the week out. Her husband would not come for his breakfast when it was ready, or her children would come down cross in the morning, her girls would but half do their work, no one had half as many vexations "to worry her life out," as poor Mrs. Jones.

One afternoon Mrs. Smith took her knitting, and ran over to make her a neighborly visit and chat awhile.

"Good afternoon," said she: we have a fine day Mrs. Jones. How do you do?"

"Well, I dont know," replied Mrs. Jones, "I feel pretty miserable."

"Miserable? why, what about? what is the matter now?"

"Why, everything is so behind hand; here it is almost Thanksgiving time, and I am not ready for winter yet; and I don't see as I ever shall be. My girls are not worth a cent to work. I don't believe there was ever a woman in the world had as much to do as I have."

"I guess that it is not so," said Mrs. Smith, with a pleasant smile.

"Well, yes. You to be sure, have a larger family, but somehow you get along and I do not."

Mrs. Smith had often tried to explain this somehow, but without success. Still, she patiently attempted it again.

"My good neighbor," said she, "let me tell you that you worry too much. It is not the way to get along. Worrying does not help, it only hinders. What matter is it that your work is not done the very hour you meant to have it, so that you make it square Saturday night? You ought to be satisfied with this, but you seem to think that if a thing is not done to-day, it cannot possibly be done to-morrow. If you do the very best you

can, why should you not feel contented and even happy? We are not required to do more than we can do: ours is not a hard Master."

"I am sure I work as hard as I can, Mrs. Smith."

"I know it, and your sin is not in leaving undone, but in feeling unhappy. When you have gone just as far as you can go, then you worry and fret, that you cannot go further. Now I think, that though God has marked out for us a life of toil, yet he did not intend it should be one of wearing cares, for He says plainly that we are to 'cast our care upon the Lord.' I think, neighbor, he means to have us do to-day all which we can, and leave the morrow till he gives it to us. I believe he will give us each day our daily bread, if we are faithful and industrious and trust in Him."

"You talk like a book, Mrs. Smith, and I believe all which you say too; that is, it will do for you, but I am of a different make, and if I know a thing must be done, why it stays on my mind, and worries and worries me till it is done."

"Now be honest with me neighbor, does this worrying help it along any. Do you get through with it one minute sooner?"

"I can't say that I do, Mrs. Smith, I do not think I do."

"On the whole then, Mrs. Jones, do you not think it hurts you, makes you feel miserable, and sometimes takes away your appetite?"

"Yes, I know it does," said Mrs. Jones, very earnestly, "I would give any thing if my family would get along as smoothly as yours."

"Supposing that when they come home they found you always cheerful and composed, instead of being full of troubles, and worrying, don't you think it would make a change in them? I feel, Mrs. Jones, that as our sons are growing

up now, we cannot take too much pains to make a pleasant home for them; so that we can keep them around us as long as possible, and withhold them from bad company. It seems to me too, that they will not believe we put our trust in God as we profess to do, if they see us so overburdened with care and so worried about the morrow."

"You speak very plainly to me, neighbor Smith."

"Because, my dear Mrs. Jones. I long to see you more cheerful and trusting. I want to have you come out from these clouds, and when you have done all you can for your family, I want you should be willing to leave the rest with God. I wish to see you enjoying the comforts which our religion offers for this life: and I feel there is no consolation there for worrying Christians, for they make their own miseries."

Mrs. Jones wept, and resolved in her own heart, that she would turn over a new leaf.

The Course of Sin.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

Step by step still gliding onward,

Ever drifting with the tide:—

"Heed ye nothing," says the tempter,

"Skies are fair, and seas are wide"

Heard ye not that whisper, red warning

From a monitor within?

Sanken rock, and hidden barrier:

Pause: another step in sin.

Step by step o'er earth's broad bosom,

Here a flower, and there a gem:

Some of rare and matchless beauty—

Conscience whispers, "touch not them!"

Do we heed the soft injunction?

Bloom they not for such as we?

Others gather sparkling diamonds,

Poor and lowly though they be.

Step by step o'er life's broad bosom,

Step by step across the plain;

Sin, in many a shape before us,—

Conscience whispers off in vain.

If destruction overtake us,

Never sudden is the fall:

By slow degrees the tempter wins us,

Step by step we yield up all!

The Beautiful Sisters.

HERE are many beautiful and lovely sisters among earth's families. But among them all, there are no sisters so beautiful and lovely, and whose friendship and acquaintance is so desirable as those whose character is here described. We most earnestly commend to all, especially to all youthful readers of the Life Boat, to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with these two lovely sisters. Dr. Lant Carpenter of England, who knew them well, gives this account of them in a public lecture:—

One morning, as the sun rose, two spirits went forth upon the earth. And they were sisters; but Faith was of a mature age, while Hope was yet a child.

They were both beautiful. Some loved to gaze upon the countenance of Faith, for her eye was serene, and her beauty changed not; but Hope was the delight of every eye.

And the child sported in the freshness of the morning; and as she hung over the gardens and dewy lawns, her wings glittered in the sunbeams like a rainbow.

"Come, my sister," said she, "and chase with me the butterfly from flower to flower."

But her sister was gazing at the lark, as it rose from its low nest and warbled among the clouds.

And when it was noon, the child said again: "Come my sister, and pluck with me the flowers of the garden, for they are beautiful, and their fragrance is sweet."

But Faith replied: "Nay, my sister, let the flowers be there, for thou art young and delightest thyself in their beauty. I will meditate in the shade until the heat of the day is past. Thou wilt find me by the fountain in the forest.

When thou art weary come and repose on my bosom." And she smiled and departed. After a time Hope sought her sister. The tear was in her eye, and her countenance was mournful.

Then Faith said:—"my sister, wherefore dost thou weep, and why is thy countenance so sad?"

And the child answered:—"because a cloud is in the sky and the sunshine is overcast—see, the rain begins to fall."

"It is but a shower," Faith replied, "and when it is over the fields will be greener than before."

Now the place where they sat was sheltered from the rain, as it had been from the noon-tide heat. And Faith comforted the child, and showed how the waters flowed with a fuller and clearer stream as the showers fell. And presently, the sun broke out again, and the woods resounded with song.

Then Hope was glad and went forth to her sports once more.

After a while, the sky was again darkened, and the young spirit looked up, and behold there was no cloud in the whole circle of the heavens. Therefore Hope marvelled, for it was not yet night. And she fled to her sister, and cast herself down at her feet, trembling exceedingly.

Then Faith raised the child, and led her forth from the shade of the trees, and pointed to the sun, and said—"A shadow is passing over the face thereof, but no ray of his glory is extinguished. He still walketh in brightness, and thou shalt again delight thyself in his beams. See, even yet his face is not wholly hidden from us." But the child dared not look up, for the gloom struck upon her heart. And when all was bright again, she feared less than before.

When the eventide was come, Faith went forth from the forest

shades and sought the lawn, where she might watch the setting of the sun. Then said she to her young sister, "Come, and behold how far the glories of the sunset transcend the beauties of the morning. See how softly they melt away, and give place to the shadows of night."

But Hope was now weary—her eye was very heavy and her voice languid. She folded her radiant wings, and dropped on her sister's bosom and fell asleep.

But Faith watched through the night, she was never weary, nor did her eyelids need repose. She laid the child on a bed of flowers, and kissed her cheek. She also drew her mantle round the head of the young sleeper that she might sleep in peace.

Then Faith looked upward, and beheld how the stars came forth. She traced them in their harmonies, which mortal ear hath not heard. And as she listened, their music entranced her soul. At length, a light appeared in the east, and the sun burst forth from the portals of the heavens. Then the spirit hasten to arouse the young sleeper.

"Awake! O my sister! awake!" she cried, "a new day hath dawned, and no cloud shall overshadow it. Awake for the sun hath arisen which shall set no more."

A Story for Little Girls.

IT happened once, that all the animals, beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, assembled to hear a sermon preached by one of their number; I have not been informed who was the orator. The subject of the discourse was the duty of living to do good; and the audience seemed much delighted with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their respective homes, after the performance, they thus moralised to themselves.

Said the ant, "This sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little, crawling thing as I, do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and attention. If I had wings like the butterfly, I would not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the butterfly, "I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does no more good with them. I am sure if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor of the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself, how can I help others?"

The little fish complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor opportunity of doing good; he was so insignificant that he had no influence, and moreover he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and strong as the whale, he might be useful.

The sheep declared that as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd to think of his doing any thing for others; he hoped his neighbor the goat would apply the sermon to himself.

Thus each excused himself; and on the whole; the sole result of the discourse so much applauded, was to convince each, that himself was most unfortunate, and his neighbors without excuse.

Maria liked the fable very much: she wished her papa would *always* tell her a story, when he wanted to teach her anything; she should remember it so much better. But he told her it would not be best that she should always have stories; see must learn to attend, and remember what he said to her, in whatever form it was said. "And now," said he, "what are you go-

ing to remember as the result of this conversation?"

Maria hesitated a moment and then said, "That people who do not do their duty in the station in which they are, would not be likely to in another."

Autumnal Foliage.

THE beautiful appearance of the autumnal foliage, which this year seems almost to surpass in gorgeousness that of any previous season, often induces an inquiry as to the reason of the change which a few frosty nights make in the green livery of trees and forest. The question is purely a chemical one, and one, moreover, about which there is no very general agreement of opinion. In fact, there is no subject included among natural phenomena more difficult to explain than this change in the constitution or arrangement of matter, whereby a particular body is caused to reflect or absorb light in such a way that it assumes at one time a wholly different color. These changes are very far from being confined to any one species of matter. The trout, which, on a sandy bottom, has a yellow speckled hue, becomes dark brown, or blue, beneath a shaded bank; the yellow of the weasel and the rabbit, maintained during the summer months, is already changed to white; and it is susceptible of rigid demonstration that the blue of the October sky is not the same, either in tint or quality, with that which welcomed the bursting of the leaf in the months of April or May.

The general supposition in regard to the change of the leaves is this: When the tree or plant is in full activity, its foliage, it is well known, absorbs carbonic acid and disengages oxygen. When, now,

through the influence of a sufficiently low temperature, or from any other cause, the functions of vegetable life are suspended, and the fluids cease to circulate, the leaves no longer discharge oxygen, but, in common with all dead bodies, absorb this gas, which, forming an acid, changes the color of the leaves either to yellow, red, or some intermediate shade, depending on the quality of the matter present in the leaves. It has also been asserted that this acid can be neutralized by an alkali, and the green restored. This is not, however, the case. A leaf does not become green by any reagent: but when it has become red, a solution of potash will change it to green, because the red coloring matter forms green compounds with that alkali.

Berzelius, the great Swedish chemist, spent considerable time in investigating this subject. He found that when the yellow leaves were treated with alcohol, they yielded a granular substance, which had a tendency to crystallization, and also a yellow, soft, fatty substance, which appeared identical with the grains. These contained the yellow coloring matter of the leaves, which is described as a yellow, fatty, unctuous substance, easily melted, and on cooling becoming concrete and transparent. When moistened with water, and long exposed to the air and light, it loses its color entirely. Berzelius was of the opinion that the transformation of the green coloring matter of the leaf into a yellow is effected by the frost. Every effort to re-produce the green from the yellow proved fruitless; neither could he succeed in changing the green coloring matter to yellow. The red coloring matter of the leaves has been also extracted, and is believed to be the

same with that of red fruits. The brown color which leaves assume when completely withered has nothing in common with either the red or the yellow colors. It is produced by an extractive principle, originally colorless, but which, when the epidermis or outer layer of the leaf structure has decayed off, is acted upon by the oxygen of the air, and communicates to the fibrous skeleton of the leaf the well known brown color. This color is one of the most fixed and unchangeable with which we are acquainted, and cannot be impaired or destroyed.

The Father and his Little Boy.

WHILE the Rev. John Chambers was speaking at a meeting in Philadelphia, a man who had been occupying a seat in a distant part of the room arose with a little boy in his arms, scarce six years old, and came forward to the speaker's stand; all gave way for him. He placed his child on the stand, and while the tears were running fast down his cheeks, he with trembling accents addressed the speakers: "My little boy said to me, 'Father, don't drink any more!' Gentlemen, I have taken my last drink." The effect produced upon the audience beggars all description. The speakers, with the whole audience, were bathed in tears; and such were the good effects of this example, that seventeen others came forward and signed the pledge. Mr. Chambers, with tears streaming down his face, caught the boy in his arms, exclaiming—"Well may we say that the grave of Alcohol has been dug by this little boy!"

NEVER chase a lie, for if you be quiet, truth will eventually overtake and destroy it.