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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER, 1854.

No. 8.

THE LOST CHILDREN AND THEIR LOST FATHER.



FEW Sabbaths since, at morning service, one of the most degraded specimens of humanity that ever greeted my vision, came staggering into the Chapel of the House of Industry. His wild and frightful looks, ragged and dirty beyond description, his face bruised and swollen, rendered him an object of disgust and terror. He seemed to look at the children with wonderful interest, occasionally muttering to himself—"Beautiful! beautiful! Oh, that mine were here!" He sat an hour or more, and then with a long earnest look at the children, staggered out of the chapel, and went up the dark "valley of the shadow of death,"—Cow Bay.

As the bell rang for service in the afternoon, and while the children were clustering together, the same wild looking man staggered in once more. He surveyed the

faces of the children with the closest scrutiny; and at length his eyes rested upon two bright-eyed little girls, who were singing one of their little hymns. He sat immovable as a statue during the whole service gazing intently on the faces of these two children.

The service closed, the congregation dispersed, yet he lingered, and tears came coursing down his face, thick and fast.

Dr. S— asked him "what was the matter?"

"I am a drunkard! A wretch— an outcast, homeless, and without a penny. Once I had a home and friends—father, mother, wife, children and hosts of friends who loved and respected me. Time passed on and I became a drunkard. One friend after another left me; still I drank on, and down, down I fell. Father and mother both went down to their graves with broken hearts. My poor wife clung to me when all others deserted me. I still drank on, pawned one article after another, until all was gone, and when my wife refused to give me her wedding-ring, which she had clung to with the tenacity of a death-grasp, I felled her to the earth, seized her finger, tore off the

ring—and pawned it for rum. That fatal blow maddened her, and in despair she too drank, and together we wallowed in the gutter.

"Pennyless, we begged our way from Vermont to this great city. Here we hired a small cellar, in a dark, dismal street, and sent our children out to beg. Many a weary day we spent in that dreary cellar, while our children were wandering the streets, begging for their drunken parents. About forty days since, my little girls went out to beg, and from that hour to this I have not seen them.

"Without food or fire, I clung to my dismal abode, until hunger forced me out, and I then began to search for my children. My degraded wife had been sent to Blackwell's Island, as a vagrant, and alone I went to the Islands, to the House of Refuge, to the Tombs, and in despair I wandered down to the Five Points, and for the last few days I have lived in 'Cow Bay,' among beggars and thieves. To-day I have seen two children, who, if they had not looked so clean and sung so sweetly, I would have called mine. Oh, would to God they were!"

"Tell me the name," said Dr. S., "and I will see." In a few moments, two interesting little girls were led toward him. At the first sight of this fearful looking man they shrank back. The poor man sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "They are mine! mine! My children, don't you know your poor old father? Come to me my children! Father loves you, he won't hurt you!" He reached out his arms; the little ones were timid at first, but soon they climbed upon their father's knee, while the tears were streaming down his face.

"Kiss your poor drunken father, my children!" But the face of the man was so black and filthy

that not a fit spot could be found. Soon they forgot the dirty face, and remembered their poor degraded father, and each entwined their little arms around his neck, and fondly kissed him; and the elder one said, with a voice that touched every heart—"Father, we are so happy we want to stay. Won't you come and live here to, Papa? What makes you drink so? Dear Papa! do sign the pledge, and do not drink any more. Mr. Pease found us in the street begging, and now we are happy. Do Papa, come and live here, and be good to us, as you used to be?"

The father's heart was overwhelmed; he sobbed and groaned aloud. For more than an hour they sat thus together, till at last the old man arose, still clinging to his children, and exclaimed,— "The pledge! the pledge! I will never drink again!"

I gave him the pledge, and from that hour he has most faithfully kept it. He is now a man again, engaged in business, earning ten dollars per week, and none would recognize in that well-dressed man—who still boards in the house—the degraded original whose portrait can still be seen at the House of Industry, daguerreotyped in all its striking deformity and squalor.—*Five Points Record.*

WELL PUT.—What are the objections to giving up this ruinous infatuation? What reasons are given for continuing to drink liquor? Why some persons say that God made it, and, therefore, they must drink it. Well, God made paving-stones, but does 'it necessarily follow that we are to eat them?—*Barnum.*

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

SETTING A PRISONER FREE.

AN escape from bondage in these days thrills upon the public heart and gives the pulse a quicker flow, particularly when the world learns that no man had any just right to deprive that prisoner of his liberty.

We witnessed an escape—no it was not an escape, it was a noble act of setting free—one held under restraint—on Saturday, upon one of our city ferry boats, that gave the heart of more than one who witnessed it, a warmer glow of gratitude to God that the liberator had a heart to feel for others' woes; a heart in the right place where God intended Man's heart should be, and not in his right hand breeches pocket.

A man on the boat had a cage full of little birds, (such as go warbling about the fields in spring, enjoying life and liberty, but unlike the Canary, die in captivity,) which he was trying to sell for a shilling a piece.

It is a cruel way to make money; but why not seize upon birds and put them behind the iron gates and sell them, since man does the same thing to his fellow man, and then calls him his slave—his property—his chattel—which nobody else must steal, because he stole him himself, and the law don't allow but one theft upon one chattel. And if the stolen man runs away, his "master" pursues him through the swamps with bloodhounds, or through the towns with "the bulldogs of war," threatening death to any one who should set the captive free. Not so with the birds; if they do escape the cage and go back to the fields, they are not followed by dogs or guns, but suffered to go as best they may back to their own happy homes among the green boughs and

flowers and hills and rocks and woods.

"Going for a shilling!" said the man with the cage.

"Yes!" said a little blue-eyed boy at our side, "one shall go for a shilling." And he searched his pockets for the coin, an only one, and walked up to the man and said:

"Sir, I will take one of your little birds. Give me one that can fly well."

"Yes, here is a fine one, full fledged; you see his wings are perfect, and he is a strong, healthy bird; he will suit you exactly."

"Yes," that will do."

The bird fancier twisted a bit of paper up so his purchaser could carry him safely, without injuring a feather.

The boy marched away with his prize and sat down to contemplate his purchase as he undid one corner of the paper and peeped in upon his little slave.

"Ah," said he mentally, "what a lonely life of imprisonment you are destined to."

"Why did you not buy two my boy?"

"I had no more money, or I would have bought the whole."

What a young Turk we thought. How we wronged this noble boy. As the boat neared the shore, he got up and went out upon the guard, opened his paper, tossed the bird in the air and simply said: "Go free poor bird; I can't keep you."

What a happy bird—what a happier boy. How his eyes glistened. How a dozen men who witnessed the act did think what a noble boy.
—*N. Y. Trib.*

"WHAT'S whisky bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article.

"Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.

THE ONLY SON.

WHERE lived, in the Town of O——, N. Y. a pious, noble-hearted man, by the name of T——. He had several daughters, and an only son whose career was an eventful one, which we purpose to trace as a landmark for indulgent parents, and a warning to the young.

The father, enjoying a competence of worldly goods, determined to give his son a *liberal* education. He was accordingly placed under the care and tuition of the then popular teachers of the Village Academy. Here he at first distinguished himself, and gained the appellation of "*best scholar*." But being unused to restraint, and having been humored at home, in every capricious whim of fancy, it was with an ill grace he could brook the rigid discipline of the school. At length he formed the determination of breaking away from school discipline entirely. He began to play the truant, by staying from school when his parents supposed he was going regularly, and still excelling in his classes. At length came the tug of war. At his school he was required to declaim and write compositions regularly. This became a dreaded task; and to him, and an indulgent, but fond mother, a useless and uncalled for exercise.

And without the knowledge or advice of his father, he was allowed to absent himself from his school upon these occasions and seek amusement in his own way; and whilst idle in the village streets he found companions fit for anything immoral and disgusting. He here acquired the habit of drinking, and gambling; and in fact became the associate of black-legs and thieves. He was arrested and thrown into prison, for breaking into a store and stealing a quantity of goods; and

was only saved from the *Penitentiary* by the interference of his father, who paid a large sum to secure his liberty. Having been let loose from prison he joined himself again to his former associates; and in a drunken row so injured one of his fellows that he shortly after died.

W—— was again arrested and thrown into prison. This time neither the money nor influence of his friends would avail to set him free. After a long and tedious trial, he was condemned to five years hard labor in A——n State prison.

After having served part of his time out, he was brought home in the winter of 1851-2 in the last stages of consumption. He survived but a few days after reaching the scenes of his early childhood. Thus the young man, who in the early part of life promised to become an honorable and respected member of society, was by an unwise over-indulgence made a ruined, disgraced, and dangerous man, and found a felon's grave at the early age of twenty-five years.

May his fate be a warning, not only to those who wish to cast off parental and school restraint, but to those who are inclined to humor a child, to their own sorrow, and the child's inevitable ruin.—*Literary Standard*.

SPEAK IT BOLDLY.

Be thou like the first Apostles;
 Be thou like heroic Paul;
 If a free thought seeks expression,
 Speak it boldly! Speak it all!
 Face thine enemies, accusers;
 Scorn the prison, rack or rod!
 And if thou hast truth to utter,
 Speak! and leave the rest to God.

An agricultural paper recommends a quart of brandy to cure the staggers. We have thought that brandy was the cause of staggers.

"ONLY GIVE ME AN EDUCATION."

BY VESTA VIOLET.



"REUBEN," said farmer Hadley one morning to his son, "I suppose you expect to have that colt of Old Nell's as yours, don't you, as I gave the other one to Levi?"

"Well, I don't care much about it," said Reuben, "I had rather have the privilege of going to school, and then, with my horse money, buy a library. I had rather have a few volumes of choice reading than all

the horses in the universe, if that was to be my only portion."

His father looked astonished at this reply, and answered somewhat gruffly: "What on earth do you want to go to school any longer for? You know how to read and write now, and that's enough. I should like to know, too, what you want to do with so many books? I see plainly you never mean to be good for anything."

"I tell you, father, I mean to be a great and good man. I can earn my own living, too; only give me an education, and you will see that I have not invested my capital foolishly."

Farmer Hadley was one of those cold, calculating, money-loving men, whose one idea is to get money. As soon as he began to think over the matter, and think Reuben might gain wealth by his learning, he concluded to gratify him; for, thought he, "I see he is always possessed to have a book in his hand, and he never will be good for anything on the farm."

So he was sent to school, and

from thence to college; subsequently followed school teaching a while, and then became a minister of the gospel, and is now employed by the Home Missionary Board to preach in one of the Western Territories; and farmer Hadley, in spite of his prejudice against books and book learning, feels proud of his son Reuben, and when he gets the warm, full letter of what his son is doing, the tears will roll down his withered cheeks, and he blesses God that he ever gave him so noble a boy.

Alas! for Levi. His choice was a different one; he did not love his school nor books. He commenced early to trade; at school he would trade knives, and toys, and tell stories to make good bargains. His mind was on everything, but learning. He rejoiced over the colt that his father gave him; but no sooner did he have control of it, than he traded it off, traded again and again, till finally he sold out to one of his worthless companions, who ran away and never paid him for it. Thus his treasure was gone. If it had been an education he could not have lost it so easily.

Soon after this he married, and commenced life for himself. His father gave him five hundred dollars to start with, and as he was always a hard worker, and quick, he hoped he would do well. But he had formed habits that continually undermined his little means, and he found that his purse leaked out as fast as it accumulated, and he was obliged to get in debt. He still loved to frequent places where the idle, vicious, and intemperate meet to waste their precious moments. And here, after toiling hard all day, he would spend his evenings, leaving his wife lonely and cheerless at home, wondering where he staid so long. These habits grew upon him; he loves

the drink that intoxicates, and often comes home reeling. His money is wasted, and what is he? Which of these would my little readers choose to follow?

THE MISTAKE THAT MR. TWOMBLY MADE.

TWOMBLY had drank but six glasses of brandy and water, when, being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of 1 A. M., and went soberly to bed. Mrs. Thomas Twombly was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of said Thomas to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring, but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of the bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombly, in an apologetic tone, "skuse me! How I came to forget my boots I can't conceive, for I'm just as sober as ever I was in all my life."

Mr. Twombly sat on the side of the bed and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombly thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door on coming in, he was astonished; and dark as it was in the room, Mr. Twombly staggered towards the door to shut it, when, to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approaching from beyond. Twombly stopped; the figure stopped. Twombly advanced again; the figure did the same. Twombly raised his right hand; the figure raised his left. "Who's there?" roared Twombly, beginning to be frightened. The figure made no reply. Twombly raised his boot in a menacing attitude; the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

Cried Twombly, "I'll find out

who you be, you sneak!" He hurled the boot full at the head of the mysterious object, when crash went the big looking glass which Twombly had mistaken for the door.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A CUNNING WASP.

THE subterfuges resorted to by animals in search of food, have been regarded, by the general reader, as the most interesting and instructive portion of the works of naturalists. An incident illustrative of the cunning of the wasp was recently related to us by an observing gentleman.

A blue wasp, known as the solitary wasp, because it lives alone in its little clay nest, was seen to hurl itself upon the strong wheel shaped web of a large spider. Here it set up a loud buzzing, like that of the fly when accidentally entangled in a similar web.—The spider, watching at the door of his silken domicile, stole cautiously forth. His advance was slow, for he evidently felt that he was approaching no common enemy.—The apparently desperate, yet fruitless efforts of the wasp to free himself, encouraged the spider and lured him forward. But when within some three inches of his intended victim, the wasp suddenly freed himself from his mock entanglements, and darting upon the poor spider, in a moment as it were, pierced him with his deadly sting, in a hundred places.

The wasp then bore his ill-gotten spoil to his lonely home. This home is built of clay, thimble-shaped, and originally contained but one apartment. In the lower part of this *cul-de-sac*, the wasp deposits its eggs. Immediately over them, it draws a thin, glutinous curtain. Upon this curtain, it packs away the proceeds of its hunting excursions, such as spiders,

flies, and all other insects which it regards as suitable food for its young. Consequently, when the young escape from the ova, they find above them a well-stocked larder, and gradually eat their way through the choice depository, finally appearing to the delighted world in the agreeable form and stature of perfect wasps.—*Exeter News Letter.*

SWORD FISH.

THE *New Bedford Mercury* says about forty sword fish were, a few days since, brought into that market. The capture of these fish is attended with much difficulty and danger. They are taken with a harpoon and line, as in the whale fishery, and the boats often get "stove" by the sword of the wounded fish, sometimes sinking them almost instantly, they being heavily ballasted sail boats. At Edgartown this is a regular and profitable business at this season. The boats leave early in the morning for the south side of the island of Martha's Vineyard, and return at night with about half a dozen fish, averaging over one hundred pounds each, in weight. Their liver produces a fair quality and quantity of summer oil, and the flesh is salted for the Southern market, where it obtains a ready sale at good prices. Their "meat" is the most closely compacted of any fish that swims, being about of the consistency of pork, and eaten fresh, is most delicious. This is the only fish of which we have any knowledge in which there are no bones. The sword is a continuation—in a direct line from the head, from three to four feet in length—of the back bone, but there are no lateral bones. The sword of this fish is very hard, and is driven with such force into the solid timbers of a ship, that it can

never be drawn out; it breaks square off, and is so tightly wedged in that it serves as a plug to keep the ship from leaking badly. Every student of geography and natural history is familiar with the manner in which the sword fish aids the thrasher in killing the whale.

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.

WHY, you see, when my man came a courtin' me, I hadn't the least notion what he was after. Jobie came to our house one night, at dark, and rapped at the door, and I said, 'Come in.' He opened the door, and there was Jobie. I said, 'Come in and take a cheer.' 'No,' said he, 'Lizzie, I have come of an arrant, and I allus du arrants fust.' 'But you'd better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W.' 'No, I can't till I have done my arrant; the fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead three weeks, and everythings goin' to rack and ruin right along. Now, Lizzie, if you're a mind to have me, and take care of my house, and my children, and my things, tell me, and I'll come in and take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else to.'

"Well, I was skeered. I said, 'If you come on this courtin' business, come in, I must think on't a little.'

"'No, I can't till I know, that's my arrant. Can't set down till my arrant's done.'

"'I should like to think on't a day or tu.'

"'No, you needn't, Lizzie.'

"'Well, Jobie, if I must I must—so here's tu ye, then.'

"So Mr. W. came in, then he went after the Squire (justice of the peace) and he married us right off, and I went home with Jobie that very night.

"Tell you what it is, these long

courtings don't amount to any thing. Just as well do it up in a hurry."

WE'LL DRINK NO MORE.

BY W. A. PALLISTER.

We'll drink no more! The earnest vow
Within our inmost hearts shall glow,
Till life's red tide shall cease to flow—
We pledge to drink no more!

By manhood's fairest hopes upturn,
And by the burning sense of scorn,
Which long our secret souls have borne,
We pledge to drink no more!

By all our dark and murdered years!
By all our woes and wants and fears,
That mock all words, and stifle tears—
We pledge to drink no more!

And by our homes of joy despoiled—
A thorny waste where Eden smiled—
With discord curs'd and sin defiled,
We pledge to drink no more!

And by our pale wives' wasting sighs,
Our starving children's plaintive cries,
That pierce where all that's human lies—
We pledge to drink no more!

We'll stand in manhood's pith and pride,
And fling our galling chains aside,
Resolved—let weal or woe betide—
To pledge, and drink no more!

—*Teetotal Topic.*

(For the Life Boat.)

THE CADET'S HYMN.

Launch thy bark, mariner;
Roy'l Cadet, God speed thee,
Let loose the rudder band:
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails prudently,
Tempests may rise—
Steer thy bark steadily,
Cadet, steer and be wise.

Look o'er the weather bow,
Breakers are near thee,
Heave forth the lead now:
Shoals may ground thee!
Reef the topsails, there,
Mind the helm's fast,

So, let her now wear;
The squall's swept past.
What number of bells is't watch,
What say of the night?
Breezy, but clear; all quiet;
No land near, all's right:
Look out, the gale screeneth,
Dangers there may be
At a bell when all seemeth
The securest to thee.

Say! what meaneth that darkness,
How whistleth the wind?
Look out for black squalls!
Which sweep over the mind;
On our beam ends they have us,
And leave in sad plight;
But lo! to retrieve us,
The Life Boat's in sight!

How gains the leak so fast?
Man the pumps well,
Get ready the boats,
Steer the ship by the swell!
There, cut the masts away!
Now the ship rights;
Courage! the sailors say—
Look, there the shore lights!

Shorten not sail yet,
At inlet or island:
Straight for the light ship steer,
Straight for the highland;
Croud all the canvass leet,
Cut right through the foam;
Cadet, let go th' anchor now,
The Maine Law's thy home!

CURRAN.—It is not generally known that Curran, the celebrated Irish orator was obliged to overcome great natural defects of voice and articulation. In his youth he was known as "stuttering Jack Curran." By long continued and patient efforts, "he turned," says one of his friends, "his shrill and stumbling brogue into a flexible, sustained, and finely modulated voice; his action became free and forcible, he acquired perfect readiness in thinking on his legs." "Where there's a will there's a way." "*Labor omnia vincit.*"



NATURAL HISTORY.—ART. V.

THE AMERICAN ELK, CANADIAN STAG, OR WAPITI.

THIS species is second in size to the moose alone. The size and appearance of the elk are imposing; his air denotes confidence of great strength, while his towering horns exhibit weapons capable of doing much injury when offensively employed. It is not uncommon to see them four or five feet in height, and it is said they are sometimes higher. The elk has at one period ranged over the greater part, if not the whole of this continent. Hearne leaves no doubt of its existence as far north as fifty-three degrees. They are occasionally found in the remote and thinly settled parts of Pennsylvania, but the number of them is very small. They are found in great numbers in the western wilds, where the forests supply them with an abundance of buds and tender twigs. The elk is shy and retiring, and has very acute senses. The moment the air is tainted by the odor of his enemy, his head is erected with spirit, his ears rapidly thrown in every direction to catch the sounds, and his dark glistening eye expresses the most eager attention. As soon as he discovers the hunter, he bounds

along for a few paces, stops, turns half round, and scans his pursuer with a steady gaze, then throwing back his lofty horns, and projecting his taper nose forwards, he springs from the ground and advances with a velocity which soon leaves the object of his dread far out of sight.

The flesh of the elk is highly esteemed by the Indians and hunters as food, and the horns, while in a soft state, are also considered a delicacy; of their hides a great variety of articles of dress and usefulness are prepared. The Indians form bows of the perfect horn, which are highly serviceable, from their elasticity. These animals have been to a certain degree domesticated, and might possibly be rendered as useful as the reindeer.

The caribon or American reindeer, and the barren ground caribon, inhabit the northern parts of the continent; but are supposed to be only varieties of the Lapland reindeer.

THE strength and safety of a people lie in their knowledge of their rights, and their union in defence of them.

EDITORIAL.

A PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAW FOR CANADA.



SUCH a Bill is now before our Legislature, and the temperance community throughout the country are now preparing their petitions to pour into the house to strengthen the hands of the friends of the measure when they shall be called upon to stand up in its defence. In Montreal here, the members of Howard and Jonadab Divisions, Sons of Temperance, are canvassing the city with their petitions for signatures, and are confident of being able to send a large petition to parliament. No one had any conception of the feeling in this community in favor of such a law until the canvass for signatures commenced. Not more than one or two in fifty of those solicited refuse to sign, while with the others they are received most cordially, and fervent wishes expressed that they may accomplish their object. Many have signed who are steeped to the lips in the degradation produced by their use of intoxicating drinks, and want the moral courage and strength to free themselves from their bondage, who yet look with hope for success in the passage of the law. Only by not being able to get such drinks

can they be saved. Stimulate your efforts, brethren, and let the Legislature see what the opinion of the people of Canada is on the subject.

Some lukewarm friends say what is the use of such effort just now? Even should the bill become law, its enactments cannot be carried out; the country is not prepared for it yet. No matter, let us have the law now, and even should it not accomplish all that it intends, it will surely effect some good. We are confident it will effect a mighty amount of good, and itself is the only thing, if the country is not prepared for it, to prepare the country to ultimately see its most stringent enactments put in force. We say again, let us have the law, and then we can judge what it will be able to accomplish.

THE LIFE BOAT—FOURTH VOLUME.

AS we intend to commence the fourth volume of our magazine with the New Year, we have adopted the plan of issuing double numbers for the remainder of the year, the first of which our readers will receive this month. By this means we can accomplish our object, and it will make no difference to our subscribers as they will receive the full amount of reading matter, and as our magazine goes postage free, it will incur no extra expense to them. The first number of our next volume will then be issued with the New Year. We conceive this time to be the best

for commencing such a work as ours. We hope our friends will appreciate our efforts, and do their best to give our new volume a good start. We are gratified with the success of the *Life Boat*, and the support and encouragement we have received since it came into our hands, and we are persuaded it only needs a little exertion on the part of our friends to double our present subscription list. The *Life Boat* is now the only Juvenile Temperance Magazine published in these provinces that we know of. Since its first appearance other juvenile temperance publications have been started, lived a short time, and then passed away; but the *Life Boat* has weathered the storms that have gathered around it, and still holds on its way, with its watchword floating on the breeze—"We fly to succor and to save."

Such a publication as this cannot now be wanted in our country. If the temperance movement ever accomplish the grand object of its mission—the utter extermination of the use of intoxicating drinks—the minds of the rising generation—the youth of to-day—must be thoroughly imbued with sound temperance principles, so that they be prepared to battle manfully with the adversary, and with their strong right arm help to build up the glorious temple of universal temperance.

We conceive, then, that our *Boat* has claims on the Temperance community for additional support and

encouragement, and we invite all to use their influence in our behalf. Let every one of our present subscribers make an effort and obtain, at least, one more name each, and our list will be doubled. In some localities, we know, more than this can be accomplished. It only needs a trial. Who among our young friends will volunteer their services to act as agents and obtain subscribers? Our terms are liberal. For every five names sent with the money, we give one extra copy. Parties willing to act as agents will please send their names, and we will publish them on our cover to show that they have authority to receive subscriptions. In the meantime we leave the matter in the hands of our friends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

E. C. H., Hawkesbury.—We will be glad to hear from you at any future time. Age is no disparagement to your communicating anything that may be of interest to our readers.

J. O., Quebec.—You will perceive by the double number this month that your suggestion has been attended to. We are satisfied that our subscribers will be pleased with the arrangement.

G. C., Chelsea.—It must have been a mistake. The 12 copies were sent immediately on receipt of your letter.

H. P., Bytown.—We are unable to find room for your Enigmas, &c., this month, but they shall find a place in our next number.

PRO-LIQUOR CONVENTION.

IT is right that we should hear both sides. A large Pro-Liquor Convention has been held at Indianapolis, Ia., at which it was resolved:

"That Intemperance is a great moral and social evil, for the restraint and correction of which, legislative interposition is necessary and proper; but that we cannot approve of any plan for the eradication or correction of this evil, that must necessarily result in the infliction of greater ones; and that we are therefore opposed to any law upon this subject, that will authorise the *searching* for or *seizure, confiscation and destruction* of private property."

It reminds us of the famous Rat Convention, in which it was resolved that rat-thieving is a great social and moral evil, for the restraint and correction of which, good house-wives should make all needful regulations, but we are opposed to any searching for us in the garrets, or cellars, or ceiling of the house, or any seizure, confiscation, and destruction of our gentlemanly carcasses.—*Nashville State Sentinel*.

EXCELLENT.

A VENDER appeared before Alderman Voorhies, in the Ninth Ward, and said that he had kept a rumshop there for sixteen years. The Alderman said: "We do not consider that your establishment does any good in the Ward; on the contrary, we know that it has been productive of much evil. You say you have sold rum for sixteen years. Now look back through all that time, and ask yourself the question, 'Have any of the men who traded with me been made better citizens, or better husbands, or better parents, by me, than they were before they commenced?'"

And my word for it, you cannot fail to receive for an answer, a long list of those whom you have beggared and brutalized. If you have been in the liquor business for sixteen years, it is, we think, about time you sought a more honest and better vocation. We cannot give you a license."

THE ONE LITTLE FAVOR.



LITTLE PIERRE

sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes, for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music.

As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at his sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his mother see, but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame M——, then a favorite cantatrice, would sing that night at the temple.

"Oh, if I could only go," thought little Pierre, and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with unwonted fire,

and running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said Madam M—to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile, "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked to Madam M, and bowing, said—"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would sing only my little song at one of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was, she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child? And the words? wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked after a few moments of thought.

"Oh! yes;" and the boy's eyes grew languid with happiness—"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my

tickets—come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me. My good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling, not without tears, of his good fortune.

Never in his life had Pierre been in so grand a place. The music, clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered eyes and brain. At last she came—and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathlessly he waited—the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it and clapped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul subduing—many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song!—so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madam M. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Mad-

am, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down beside his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to these great hearts who from their high stations send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.

A SENSIBLE woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children to consider ill-humor as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. She had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for their crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness or ill-temper and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.

A boy called a doctor to visit his father, who had the delirium tremens; not remembering the name of the disease, he called it the devil's trembles—bad Latin, but good English.

MR. GOUGH IN ENGLAND.



HE justly celebrated temperance lecturer, J. B. Gough, is now in England, doing, as we trust, a great deal of good in arousing the attention of the people to the horrors of drunkenness.

The Band of Hope Review reports an eloquent address which he delivered to the children of London in Exeter Hall.

The Earl of Shaftesbury presided at the meeting, and expressed a deep interest in the welfare of the children and the remarks of Mr. Gough. Our readers will not be surprised on reading the following specimens:—

THE IDIOT.

When once stopping with a minister's family, I noticed something strange in one of the children. The father observed my looks, and said, "Four years ago that child was the idol of our family. He had been staying one night at a brother minister's, where they had feasted him, and he enjoyed himself. I saw him the next morning and he appeared to be stooping, I said to him, 'Stand up my child, stand up.' I put my hand upon his shoulder, and brought him round—in a fit! He now has them four and six times a day. Sometimes he will say, 'O pray to God Almighty, father, for me! O, shall I be an idiot?'" And that father at family prayer poured out his soul

for that child. "Have mercy, O Redeemer of man," he prayed, "on the child! for oft times he falleth in the fire, and oft times in the water."

The mother when they were speaking about it, wept like a child, and the father said, "It is breaking his mother's heart; but hard as it is, his mother and I would rather see him the thing he is than see him grow up to become a drunkard." There is not a father or mother here, but would rather see a child struck, by God's providence, with epilepsy to-night, than see him sent reeling before the judgment seat.

THE DEFORMED SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

Did you ever see a child with the face of an angel, but with a body frightfully deformed? I read in the *S. S. Advocate* of a little crooked child, but a bright little creature, saying on her death bed, "Mother, I am going to die; but I am so glad. I have been a trouble to you, mother, but I know I am going to heaven; and, O, mother, when I get to heaven among the angels shall I not be straight?" Would you not rather your child should die a cripple like this, than stand up an Apollo in form, and die shrieking mad, responsible for every act as if committed when perfectly sober? for drunkenness is a voluntary extinction of reason.

PREVENTION.

Let us think drunkenness so horrible that no sacrifice is too great to make to escape from it. I don't presume to say that every one of these boys and girls here to-night must, if they should continue to drink, become drunkards. Not so. But I look on the evil of drunkenness as an evil so terrible, that the bare possibility should be too terrible a thing for a father or mother

to entertain for one moment. Now total abstinence from all that intoxicates is a safe principle. Let a boy adopt it and keep it, and he cannot be a drunkard. Remember also that we do not set the principle of total abstinence in the place of the gospel. By no means. But what we say is, that drunkenness is a physical evil as well as a moral one.

THE POOR DRUNKARD.

O! I have sometimes looked at a bright beautiful boy, and my flesh has crept within me at the thought, that there was a bare possibility he might become a drunkard. I once was playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Connecticut; was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play, I said to him, "Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that stone wall?" "O, yes!" was his cheerful reply. We went together and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky. The sunbeams that warned and cheered and illumined us, lay upon his porous, greasy face. The pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned. The very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded man, and then looked upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips—the perfect picture of life, peace, and innocence; as I looked upon the man, and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eye grow dim gazing upon the poor drunkard; then

did I pray to God to give me an everlastingly increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that could make *such a thing* of a being *once as fair as that child*.

OUR HOPE IS IN THE YOUNG.

The hope of our temperance enterprise is the children; and again I say, "God bless the children! God save them from the influences that are degrading so many thousands!" If we can but operate upon the children, we feel as if the day of triumph would soon draw near. Will you help us? Help us for the sake of your own children, and the children of others, that these may be saved from the power and influence of intemperance.

I will not detain you further than to say, I am sure I have had a very attentive audience. These boys and girls have behaved exceedingly well, and have done credit tonight to their instructors and teachers. I leave this city this week for three months, but hope to come back again; and if in the spring we can get a large number of children together, with all my heart will I come to speak for them. While I am a Temperance advocate, if I can further any good movement relating to *children*, I feel myself bound to do it with all my heart. God bless you, dear children, and throw the mantle of his love around you. God save you, and all dear to you, from the curse which is fatal to so many. Such is my sincere and earnest prayer! Good night to you all.

(Loud cheers kept up enthusiastically by the children, until Mr. Gough had retired from sight.)

Which of Dicken's heroes is like a pair of snuffers? Answer, Pickwick.

"HE HAS NOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD."

WASN'T! Well, we are sorry for him! For he has mighty little character who has no enemies. He is nobody who has not got pluck enough to get an enemy. Give us rather, as our ideal of virtue and manliness, one who has many enemies—one who has made them by his manhood and downright sincerity, candor and fearless love of the thing he sees to be right. The man of earnest purposes, strong will, and love of principle, for its own sake, must have enemies. But this so far from being ill, is to him a good. The strong tree is more deeply rooted and fastened in the soil by the blast than the summer breeze. A man never knows how much there is of him till he has confronted and braved bitter opposition.

"WHISKY drinking never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or respectability to his character—therefore, whisky is a non-conductor and it is best to let it alone."

Whisky drinking conducts misery and shame into the family, profligacy and crime into society, topers into the gutter, rowdies into the lockup, to the penitentiary, and the gallows—therefore whisky is a *conductor*, as thousands who "go upon a *train*" find to their cost, exacting as its *fare* all that is *fair* in character or in prospects, applying the *breaks* to hopes, hearts, and heads, and finally *dumping* its freight of debauched humanity into a drunkard's grave. "*It is best to let it alone.*"—*Prohibitionist*.

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