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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER, 1854.

No. 12.

A CHAPTER IN A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.



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

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

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

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

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

ness. He soon revived, and slowly twining his arms around his mother's neck, he kissed her and murmured a child's blessing on her, his last and only earthly friend.

"Charley, dear, what makes you talk so about dying; what shall I do when you are laid in the grave, away from your mamma, your own dear mamma! Father is gone most of the time, and how lonesome shall I be if my darling leaves me," said the poor mother, in sad and soothing accents, as he roused himself a little from the lethargy that was creeping over him, the effect of long fasting, and the cold autumn air, for winter was near, and the sunny days of summer had long since fled.

"Why, mother," he replied, gazing at her with a look that seemed as if it were to be his last, "I don't wish to live any longer, and be always cold and hungry, and have you so too, and have father away at the tavern all the time, drinking rum and whisky, and I can't help feeling so, dear mother. Don't cry, for it does not do any good. I asked father the other day, when he hadn't been drinking, what made him drink so much rum, and leave you and me at home without any fire or clothes to keep us warm, or any thing to eat, and at first he was very angry, and talked so that I cried. When he noticed that, he said he was sorry, but couldn't help drinking; that he wished there was not another drop in the world, but that he loved it and must have it, and said he wished he was dead; then pretty soon he went off to the tavern, and when he came back he was drunk, and struck you with a chair, and drove us both out of doors. Oh, mother, I don't wish to live; I'd much rather die, hadn't you?"

The poor woman could not reply to this heart-rending appeal.

Her heart was too full, and the tears which she shed so freely seemed to flow from an inexhaustible source. She held her poor child closely in her arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Charles, my son," said she, becoming at length somewhat calmer, "I cannot wonder that you long to die, and that death has no terrors to you, and were it not for you, and your misguided father, who, though he deserved not the name, yet is still your father, and once an affectionate one, and very kind to both of us—were it not for you and him, I could most gladly quit this world of sorrow and trouble, and through the mercies of our Heavenly Father, find rest in a bright and glorious world above! Truly there is no sickness or grief in that home of the 'blest made perfect,' there all is peace and love, and joy and harmony forever and ever!" Overcome by her feelings, she gave vent to them in a broken but sincere prayer to the Creator for those whom she loved on earth.

When she had finished her pious exercise, she sat for some time gazing intently on the sleeping form of her child, who lay in her arms languidly, in a troubled, dreamy sleep, until the gathering shades of night warned her to make provision for the night! What a mockery of words! Yet, such was done, albeit it was very simple. She did all that was possible for her to do. There was nothing in the dwelling that could be converted into sustenance, the last crumb had been eaten the day before—there was no fuel to kindle a bright and cheerful fire on the hearth, by which they might warm their benumbed and stiffened forms.

There was in one corner of the miserable building a recess, in which lay a damp straw bed, and a few ragged bed clothes, and there

she carefully deposited her child, and kissing it over and over again, she resumed her weary vigil.

Sleep!—she sleep in the momentary expectation of the arrival of her intoxicated husband, and her only child lying at this moment—she shuddered at the thought—at the point of death. Ah, no—there was no rest or sleep for that wretched mother, save that eternal rest which awaited her beyond the silent tomb. No neighbors were near, for they lived on a bye-road distant from the tavern nearly two miles, where her infatuated husband procured the means of his degradation and ruin, and she, indeed, was too weak and feeble to walk a quarter of the distance for help in her sufferings.

No clock warns her of the fleeting hours, but yet she knows that it is late—later than is wont for her husband to tarry at his midnight orgies, for she has visited the couch of her child several times, and listened if he still lived, then moaning in the agony of despair she resumed her watch by the table. The wind whistles mournfully through the crevices in the dilapidated walls, and makes a hollow sound, a kind of trembling echo to her disconsolate thoughts.

She thinks of her childhood's home, where she spent the happy, careless hours in innocent enjoyment—of a doting father, and fond mother's love for her in those golden moments of her existence. She thinks of a brother and sister that used to roam with her through the forest in search of flowers and berries that grew in charming luxuriance there. She thought of the school in the corner of the village green—of its various associations and friendships, and of the bright lad who helped her, when perplexed in her studies, and who brought her the earliest apples from his

father's orchard. Then pursuing her reverie of the past, she called to mind many a pleasant ramble in the meadows and forest on the out-skirts of her native village with one she loved and adored—the same kind one who assisted her in other days, now changed to an intelligent and comely young man, the pride of his aged parents to whom he proved a stay, and a staff in their declining years. She dwelt with pleasure on the happy moments centered here, of their betrothal, of the short time before their marriage that ensued—of the bridal day and the golden week of joy and felicity that succeeded that eventful period.

Time rolled on. A pledge of love, in the form of a sweet babe, making bright the fireside hearth by its innocent prattle and engaging actions. New joys, new pleasure and interest, were the result of the advent, and still the bark of life glides peacefully along the stream of time. Anon, the tempter—a struggle for the mastery—the fiend triumphed, and the rum-seller's victim was secured. Trouble and sorrow took permanent lodgings in this hitherto happy and contented household, and the husband and father speedily changed. Here the transition of thought was rapid, and she soon became conscious of her present condition of hopeless misery, and a fresh burst of scalding tears afforded little relief to her overcharged heart. She rises with an effort and steps softly but with difficulty, she has become so chilled with the damp, night air, towards the spot, where reclined cold and motionless the form of her only child, already touched by the icy hand of death. The pale light of the moon glanced through the broken panes of glass, and shone on the couch as if to ascertain what scene of earthly misery was being

enacted there, then retired with horror behind a friendly cloud, as if unable to gaze on such a sight as that.

She comprehends all in an instant, as the light reveals his marble features and shuddering frame, and darting forward catches her boy in her arms. A mother's love cannot now save him. Death must do its work, and heaven must receive the spirit of the little innocent sufferer to its last, long home! He opens his eyes as he is sensible of his mother's embrace, and hears her frantically calling his name, entreating him once more to speak to her.

"Charles! Charles! my darling, speak to me once more before you die. Oh, heaven, my cup of bitterness is full! Oh, where is George?—my husband—where can he be? Merciful heaven! and Charley dying—dying now!" and she rocked him wildly in her arms, beseeching him to speak once more.

He opened his eyes, gazing through the mellow, dim light of the moon's soft rays, as she again peeped from a dark and lowering cloud, at his mother's agonized countenance, essayed to speak, but his voice was almost inaudible. She listened with a throbbing heart to catch the sound—his lips move:

"Mother, I'm dying, and going away from you to live in heaven, with the angels! Good-bye, dear mother. God will take care—of you. I am going now, mother—good-bye!"

And, with a sigh, and a slight quivering of his emaciated form, the soul took its flight from its earthly tenement. The mother's bosom was torn and crushed by this spectacle, and when convinced that the last spark of life had fled, she uttered a convulsive groan of anguish, and expired.

Reader, are you trifling with the

poisonous beverage, and spending your time, your talents, your money, in an infatuated adoration at the shrine of Bacchus? Pause, I entreat you, ere the destroyer enchains you to a servitude that will result in your total destruction.

The companions of the inebriate husband and parent assisted him home at a late hour of the night on which the foregoing scene transpired, but he was not sensible of his calamity until the following morning, when he had recovered from his drunken stupefaction. The fearful lesson was lost on the deluded man, the power of the monster was secure, and a few months of continual drunkenness followed the loss of his wife and child, when he was laid, literally by his murderers, the very persons who had led him on in his ill-fated career, in a drunkard's grave!

But what of the vender of the cause of these sad results of this murderous traffic, which I have here imperfectly related. Secure in his fiendish vocation, he laughs at the desolation he is scattering through our land: and glides through life in the enjoyment of ease and luxury, unless, perchance, as is frequently the case, he falls in the pit at last, he has spent a life in assiduously preparing for others, a fate horrible as it is to contemplate, a world is too good for him. But, his heart is hardened, and like Pharaoh of old, until the "Maine Law" has him tightly in its searching grasp, he "will not let the people go!"—*Selected.*

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS.

THESE were, 1st. The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 121 feet high, built by Ceres, A.D., 288, occupying 20 years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was

bought by a Jew from the Saracenes, who loaded 900 camels with the brass. 2d. The pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 360,000 workmen 30 years in building, and has now stood at least 3,000 years. 3d. The aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudus, the censor. 4th. The Labyrinth of Psalmetichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall, 1,000 houses and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods. 5th. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolmey Philabelphus, in the year 282 B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off; mirrors of enormous size were round the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. 6th. The walls of Babylon, by order of Semiramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. 7th. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, the 6th King of Rome. It was 450 feet long, and 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars.

A RUMSELLER'S TELESCOPE.

A MR. LONG, from Virginia, related at the recent World's Convention, this amusing anecdote:

A rumseller in our state, feeling some compunction, went to a temperance gentleman, and asked what he should do to have some chance of expiating the consequence of his evil ways.

"Go and make a telescope," said the gentleman.

"A telescope! what can I do with one, and how can I make it?" asked the rumseller.

"Well, unless you do you will never get a glimpse of heaven," was the reply.

"How am I to do it?"

"Just take every barrel of liquor in your store, knock out the ends, put these barrels end to end in a long line, kneel down and take a good look through the tube, and that's your only chance of ever getting a view of heaven."

NEVER SNEER AT ANYBODY.

LITTLE folks often speak and act in a manner that is very improper, and never justifiable. No matter how much they may be injured, it is wrong to sneer at anybody. Indeed, this is often done to those who do you very little harm, and many times to those who do you no harm at all.

What is it to sneer? Is it to show contempt by turning up the nose, or by a particular kind of look or glance at a person you are displeased with. To insinuate things in the use of unkind words. To make faces. To act scornfully.

You can sneer with your lips, or with your eyes, or with your nose, or with your whole face, or with your feet. For there are sneering words, and sneering looks, and a sneering face. And when you turn on your heel and walk away with contempt, then you sneer with your feet.

Now it is asked of my little friends, if this definition of sneering is not enough to make them resolve to avoid it. They will have to take some pains to keep from it, as it is very easy to do, and many little boys and girls indulge in it. But for all that, it never makes any one feel better. It feeds an evil temper in those who sneer, and those who are sneered at. In

the breast of the sneerer it stirs up bad feelings that wrangle, and hiss, and sting, like a nest of vipers.

And besides all this, leaves ugly wrinkles on the face. You may try ever so hard to smooth your face over after turning up your nose, and pouting your lips and making faces, but it won't do. It leaves a mark. You can hardly see it to be sure, but by-and-by your constant cross looks will tell the story. And worse than the wrinkles on your face, will be the wrinkles on your heart. They will give form and tone to all your conduct and conversation. For out of the heart proceeds all your actions, as well as your thoughts and words. So that if you would keep your face and your heart smooth, avoid all sneering. There are many other things to do, but they will be noticed after this.— This one thing leave undone to begin with.—*Juvenile Instructor.*

A REMINISCENCE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.



MIRTY years ago, I was penniless and without a friend. I had engaged unsuccessfully in two or three forlorn speculations, in the course of which

I wandered about the State with a reckless independence, sometimes mourning over the past, and sometimes anticipating the bleak and gloomy future. At length my funds and every invention to increase them were exhausted, and shunning all society,

I spent a week in devising plans

by which I was to be rescued from my embarrassments. I wrote to a friend, who was the proprietor of an academy of some renown, and offered my services as an assistant. They were kindly accepted. His answer enclosed advance money to a considerable amount; and in a few days, as it were but the image of some changing dream, it found myself away from the wide green hills and shadowy wood of the country, pent up in a small room with a class of boys whom I was to initiate into the mysteries of geography and astronomy.

The first lad was a dull, singular looking being, of a most unpromising exterior. Judging from appearances, the probability of teaching his "young ideas how to shoot," seemed a matter of considerable doubt. I strove several times for a glimpse of intelligence in his mind in vain. It was like the labor of the Brazilian slave, digging in the sand for diamonds.

"Where is Asia?" I asked.

He reddened, put out his underlip, cast down his eyes, and at length found words to say—

"On the map, sir."

"Point out its *real* situation."

He stuck out his clumsy hand like the fore-paw of a dancing bear, and pointed in a direction about twenty degrees above the horizon.

"What causes the day?"

"The sun, sir"

"What causes the night?"

"The moon, sir."

I was quite satisfied as to the extent of his abilities, and passed on. The next was a clear complexioned, noble looking fellow, with large dark eyes and glossy hair, curled about his high temples; his full lip was red like a girl's, and his voice sweet as music. He had a correct knowledge of what he had gone over, and a facility in learning what was placed before

him. The few simple interrogations which I put to him were easily replied to, till at length he missed several in succession. Then came a shadow over his morning face, and the tears stole up softly into his eyes, and hung upon their long lashes trembling. I could not but wonder to myself, if he had a sister or a cousin who resembled him; but what was that to me? So I went on.

The next had nothing to distinguish him from boys in general. His countenance was one of those common faces which we never notice. He had pins stuck in the sleeves of his coat, and twine hanging out of the corners of his pocket. His stockings hanging and slipped down over his shoes, and the strings trailed along the floor. He fidgeted with his button-hole, and put his foot in his lap, and at length got one of his companions laughing at something he had in his hand. I called him to me and he thrust it into his pocket, which stuck out from his body as if it contained the whole amount of his personal estate. I desired him to empty it upon the desk, and forth came a medley of school-boy treasures; including slates, pencils, a ball, chewed India rubber, paper boats, a top, and among the rest, a fly box, containing a most unfortunate prisoner, who without judge or jury had been summarily condemned—his wings stripped from his back, and hanged by a hair rope on an appropriate pine-wood, which my friend had manufactured for the occasion.

The other was an awkward, lubberly, overgrown creature, with a pair of green eyes that looked like a cat's. His hair stuck out straight on every side like a coat brush. He had a huge nose that occupied a third of his face, and he spoke with a cracked voice that had as little melody in it as the filing of a

saw. He sat upon the bench with as little animation as if he had been made out of putty; and though he did not answer any question, yet he exhibited no other sign of grief than might have been detected in a yawn that opened a mouth of most appalling dimensions.

Now, mark the caprices of fortune.—Thirty years have gone with the wind. I have taken an interest in watching the progress of my little class. The last mentioned grew up into a poet. He has written some of the most delightful stanzas I ever read. They breathe a soul of the highest nature, and a heart stored with all that ennobles and sweetens life. The dunce whom I first examined, at this instant holds an office in the service of the United States, where his knowledge of human nature, and his powerful talents have made his name familiar to every ear, as his praises will be to future generations. He in whom I found nothing to distinguish him from common boys but his slovenly appearance, is now one of the neatest and wealthiest merchants in the city, and universally beloved for his intelligence and virtue;—and the other, whose sweet face and brilliant mind won my affections immediately and awakened the liveliest hopes of his future eminence, sleeps in the grave.

“ANNETTE, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?”

“Don't know, sir.”

“Well, now,” continued the perplexed teacher, “If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?”

“Out of the hole, sir” replied the pupil with an air of triumph at having solved the great question.

THE BATTLE OF THE DRYGATE.

(A Parody on the Battle of Hohenlinden.)

IN Drygate, when the sun was low,
Some thirsty lads were "on the go,"
And clear as crystal was the flow
Of whisky drinking rapidly.

But Drygate saw another sight,
When they got drunk at dead of night,
And stagger'd forth, each drunken wight,
Into the gaslit scenery.

By gas and whisky fast arrayed,
Were brandish'd filthy fists displayed,
And loudly every toper brayed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook their rags by battle riven,
And watchmen's lamps to shivers driven,
Whilst blows and kicks were freely given
To quell the red-nosed chivalry.

But redder yet shall be the glow
Of blood that follows watchmen's blow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of noses bleeding rapidly.

'Tis morn, and fierce the drunkard's fun,
The attic sleepers even dun,
And hundreds to the fight now run,
And shout for deeds of devilry.

The combat deepens, and each brave,
In street filth does his carcass lave,
Wave, watchmen, all your batons wave,
And charge with all your chivalry!

Few, few can stand where many meet,
For many sprawl upon the street,
And growl among the watchmen's feet
Coarse oaths and foul obscenity.

W. ROBERTSON.

Broom, Mearns, Sept. 11, 1854.

SCHOOLS OF VICE.

PHYSICIANS have differed in their opinions as to the proximate and remote causes of many diseases "to which flesh is heir," but no such difference of opinion exists among the moral and intelligent as to the sources of the moral degradation so rife in the larger cities of our land. Transgression and sorrow move through our

streets in abhorred wedlock. Scores, and even hundreds, of the most abandoned men and women are cast into dishonored graves every year, and yet the moral leprosy is not stayed. Hundreds more crowd into their places, who seem to be ambitious to excel in the curious art of obliterating from their hearts and lives the last vestige of worth or virtue. Whence comes this delirium of viciousness—this recklessness of utter ruin? Whence the deadly miasm, as from a thousand Pontine marshes, infecting the moral atmosphere to such an extent that goodness and truth halt feebly along, or die asphyxiated. Reader, did you ever pass along our streets after nightfall? Did you look behind the screen of the beer saloon and the dram shop? Saw you that boy—ten, twelve, mayhap fifteen years old—as he turned off his mug of beer, and who, replacing his cigar, with a swaggering gait regains the street? Follow him a few steps, and he will enter the theatre, where scores of lads as young and vile as he, mingies in revelry and mirth until a late hour. Thus trained, we can reasonably expect nothing else of them but that they will fill up the ranks of libertinism, and conclude the life thus ignobly begun, in the felon's cell, or upon the scaffold.

We might indicate other sources of youthful depravity; but fix your attention on these—the dram shop and theatre! These are licensed to do their work. The broad shield of legal enactment is thrown around them, and their villainies are perpetrated under sanction of law. Much might be said on this subject; but would the public heed us? Would many even of those who are dead to the world (at least by profession) take warning? But these shall mourn at the last!—*Exchange.*

ANGLING FOR A HUSBAND.

FROM THE FRENCH.



MME. D—, who resided at Chaton, was a lady of the strictest character, and of a heart proof against allurements. She prided herself upon her great insensibility, and her profound indifference had repulsed all those gallants who had ventured to offer their addresses. The country was to her a veritable retreat; she shunned reunions and was only happy in solitude. The

charms of a chosen circle, the pleasure of the world had for her no attraction, and her favorite recreation was that of angling—an amusement worthy of an unfeeling woman.

She was accustomed every day to station herself at the extremity of the lonely island of Chaton, and there, with a book in one hand and her line in the other, her time was passed in fishing, reading or dreaming.

A lover who had always been intimidated by her coldness, and who had never ventured on a spoken or written declaration, surprised her at her favorite pursuit, one day when he had come to the island for the purpose of enjoying a swimming bath. He observed her for a long time without discovery, and busied himself with thinking how he might turn to his advantage this lonely amusement of angling. His reveries were so deep and so unfortunate that he at last hit upon the desired plan, a novel expedient, indeed—yet they are always most successful with

such women as pretend to be invulnerable.

The next day our amorous hero returned to the island, studied the ground, made his arrangements, and when Mme. D—, had resumed her accustomed place, he slipped away to a remote and retired shelter, and after having divested himself of his clothing he entered the stream. An excellent swimmer and skillful diver, he trusted to his aquatic talents for the success of his enterprise. He swam to the end of the island with the greatest precaution, favored by the chances of the bank and the bushes which hung their dense foliage above the waters. In his lips was a note folded and sealed, and on arriving near the spot where Mme. D. was sitting, he made a dive, and lightly seized the hook he attached to it this letter.

Mme. D—, perceiving the movement of her line, supposed a fish was biting.

The young man had returned as he came, he had doubled the cape, which, extending out into the water separated them from each other, and had regained his post without the least noise in his passage under the willows. The deed was done.

Mme. D— pulled in her line, and what was her surprise to observe dangling upon the barb of her hook, not the expected shiner, but an unexpected letter!

This was, however, trifling, and her surprise became stupefaction when, on detaching the transfixed billet, she read upon the envelope her name!

So then, this letter which she had fished up, was addressed to her!

This was somewhat miraculous. She was afraid. Her troubled glance scrutinized the surrounding space, but there was nothing to be

seen or heard: all was still and lonely, both on land and water.

She quitted her seat, but took away the letter. As soon as she was alone, and closeted with herself, and as soon as the paper was dry—a paper perfectly waterproof, and written upon with indelible ink—she unsealed the letter, and commenced its perusal.

A declaration of love! cried she at the first words. What insolence!

Still, the insolence had come to her in such an extraordinary manner that her curiosity would not suffer her to treat this letter as she had so many others—pitilessly burn it without a reading.

No, she read it quite through. The lover, who dated his note from the bottom of the river, had skillfully adopted the allegory, and introduced himself as a grotesque inhabitant of the waters. The fable was gracefully managed, and with the jesting tone which he had adopted was mingled a true, serious, ardent sentiment, expressed with beauty and eloquence.

The next day Mme. D.— returned to the island, not without emotion and some trace of fear. She threw her line with a trembling hand, and shuddered as, a moment after, she perceived the movement of the hook.

Is it a fish? Is it a letter? It was a letter.

Mme. D.— was no believer in magic, still there was something strange and supernatural in all this.

She had an idea of throwing back the letter into the stream, but relinquished it. The most stubborn and haughty woman is always disarmed in face of that strange mystery which captivates her imagination.

The second letter was more tender, more passionate, more charming than the first.—Mme. D.— re-read it several times, and could

not help thinking about the delightful merman who wrote such bewitching letters.

On the subsequent day she attached her line to the bank, and left it swimming in the stream, whilst she withdrew to a hiding place upon the extremity of the island. She watched for a long time, but saw nothing. She returned to the place, withdrew the line—and there was the letter!

This time an answer was requested. It was, perhaps, premature, yet the audacious request obtained a full success. The reply was written after some hesitation and the hook dropped into the stream charged with a letter which was intended to say nothing, and affected a sort of badinage, which was nevertheless a bulletin of victory gained over the harsh severity of woman until then unapproachable.

Mme. D.— had too much shrewdness not to guess that her mysterious correspondent employed, instead of magic, the art of a skilful diver. Scruples easily understood, restrained her from that portion of the bank where she was sure the diver would emerge from the water.

But this game of letters amused her.—First, it pleased her intellect, then her heart was interested; finally her feelings, and her curiosity became so lively that she wrote:

“Let us give up this jesting, which has pleased me for the moment, but which should continue no longer, and come with your apologies to Chaton.”

The lover answered:

“Yes, if you will add—Hope.”

The inexorable lady replied:

“If only a word is necessary to decide you, be it so!”

And the word was written.

The young man appeared and

was not a loser. The gift of pleasing belonged to his person as much as to his style, and he had made such rapid progress under water that it was easy to complete his conquest on land.

Thus Mme. D—— caught a husband without wishing it, and in spite of the vow which she had taken never to marry.—Holding the line, she had been caught by the fish.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

TO understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere and at all times of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently, its capacity to retain humidity is proportionately greater in warm than cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced, by cold currents descending from

above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, or by the motion of a saturated air to a colder latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?

HOW FALLEN.

IT is customary to charge every man with fanaticism who advocates the total abolition of the rum-traffic; and he who ventures to speak one word in the defence of an injured woman is charged with a sickly sentimentalism. At the imminent risk of incurring the censure of such people, we shall relate an incident which recently occurred on Orange street. A young husband had been enticed to a liquor den and made drunk. When he had partially recovered his senses he was conveyed home. His wife, an amiable and beautiful woman, gently laid him on a sofa, and bathed his fevered brow, and twined her fingers in his raven locks, and spoke kind words to him, and tried to smile when he turned up his heavy eyes and stared at her with that cold stare which only a drunken man can give. Sleep at last relieved her of her charge, and then, covering the face of him she loved, as if to hide his shame, she knelt down by his side and wept—wept bitter tears—for she was but an artless woman who had not yet learned the heartless usages of society. And there lay the unconscious husband—alas, how fallen—dreaming, perhaps, of boisterous merriment, of vulgar songs, of

coarse jests; but he dreamed not of the aching heart of her who bent over him, and prayed for him, and wept for him, but would not give him up.

The morning came, and he was received with smiles and with soft caresses. He heard no harsh word, he saw no unkind look; yet he was sullen, and his whole aspect was cold and repulsive. After breakfast he rose up and departed—departed without speaking. That night he was carried home drunk! One year ago, this man was an industrious, kind-hearted; loving husband; now, he is an outcast, a degraded wretch; his shame, his wife's sorrow, his neighbors' scoff, the world's by-word, the picture of a beast, the monster of a man.—*Forest City Democrat.*

THE CLIFF SWALLOW.

A BEAUTIFUL story is going the rounds, taken from an old number of the Greenfield (Mass.) Advertiser, of the Cliff Swallow, which species recently has made its appearance and begun to make settlements under the eaves, in Delaware co., Pa.—its nest being in the shape of a retort with a long neck. The story referred to is of one of these swallows, which was seen to linger after the tribe had taken its usual flight to the tropics, apparently alone, through the autumn and winter. The following is the explanation:

Spring came and he was there. An occurrence so singular, and contrary to the habits of the migrating tribes, caused his motions to be watched with more attention. At length another head was observed protruding from one of the nests, which seemed to be the abode of the bird which had been remarked with so much interest. On examining that nest the mystery was beautifully solved. An-

other swallow was found there a prisoner.

One of its legs had become entangled by a thread of hair which had been used in the lining of the nest and held it there a captive. Yet it was not deserted by its faithful mate. Through all the long and dreary winter, this patient, self-devoted love supplied her wants. He saw without regret, but for his hapless consort, the deepening gloom of the fading year; he felt without feeling, but for her, the advancing rigor of winter; and if he at times, remembered the sunny skies of the South, and the pleasure his tribe were then enjoying, it was only to sigh that she could not partake them. By night and by day, in sunshine and in cloud, in the calm and in the tempest, he was with her, ministering to her wants, and cheering the hours of her hopeless captivity by his caresses and untiring devotion.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THIS number finishes the third volume. Such of our subscribers as have not yet remitted the amount of their subscription for it, will oblige by doing so as early as possible.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"My heart's in Kentucky," is not suitable for our pages; we therefore decline inserting it.

S. N. H.'s puzzle will appear in next number.

Y. Z. will require to send the answer before we can insert the charade.

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