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THE LIFE BOAT:

A Juvenile Temperance Magazine.

Vol. V.

MONTREAL, JUNE, 1856.

No. 6.

The Redeemed One.

OR, A LIFE'S LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.



LUCY MARSTON sat in her small kitchen and her only occupation was her child. The mother was young, not over five and twenty, and possessed a face of rare beauty and sweetness. But now there was a cloud upon her brow, and her face was pale, and a tear stood trembling upon her long lashes. It was past ten o'clock at night and her husband had not returned. The season was early Spring, and as the air without was chill and damp she was obliged to sit by the fire. She had procured supper at the usual hour, but no husband had come to partake with her. And there the table yet stood, and upon the stove the tea-kettle sung its simple song all unconscious of the tearful eye that watched it. So Lucy had placed no fire in the sitting room.

Upon a low stool at her feet sat

her boy. He was a curly-haired, bright-eyed child who had seen four summers and the frost of five winters. He lay now with his head in his mother's lap, and a deep sleep had closed his lids and hushed his soul to rest. The wind sighed mournfully about the sides of the house, and a pattering upon the window told that a rain storm was coming.

Larger and larger grew the tear upon the mother's eyelid, and by and by it fell upon the face of the child. He started up, and rubbed his eyes, and having realized where he was, he gazed up into his mother's face.

"Mamma," he said, and his low sweet voice sounded mournfully, "has papa come?"

"No, my child."

"And why don't he come, mamma?"

"I don't know, Freddy."

The child watched the working features of his mother for some moments, and then asked with great earnestness:

"Are you crying because he don't come?"

But the mother could not answer.

"Mamma, mamma," the little one uttered, more eagerly than before, "does papa know that you always cry hard when he don't come? Oh, he don't know it does he? because if he did he wouldn't stay so. I shall tell how my mamma cries."

Lucy Marston caught the child to her bosom and wept aloud. Oh! what a pain was in her heart—what a tear in her soul! And how many in the great city watch by the lonely fire-side with that same gloom upon them!

"Oh! mamma," the child cried, "will papa ever be good to us again as he used to be? He don't take me in his arms now and kiss me when he comes home. Don't you remember when he used to kiss me?—and how he used to take you on his lap, and me on his lap, and then how you used to laugh, and be so happy! Oh, mamma, I'm afraid——"

"Of what, Freddy," whispered the mother, struggling with all her power to keep her sobs back.

"Oh, I'm afraid papa don't love us as he did oncee."

"Yes, yes, he does, my child."

"Then what makes him do so? Why, why," and the child's voice sunk to a shuddering whisper, "why did he strike you last night?"

"It was not papa! It was not papa! It was not papa! It was a demon he took to his soul—a—a——"

But the wretched woman could say no more. With one deep sob she clasped her child to her bosom and the hot tears flowed fast.

Poor Lucy Marston! Six years before she had given her heart and hand to Alfred Marston, and in all the great city there was not a happier woman.—Then only sixteen years of age, she looked forward upon the course with all the high

hopes of the joyful, noble, heart; and if there was one source to which more than all others, she looked for lasting years of peace and joy, it was to the generous, devoted love of her husband. Alfred was then a clerk in a wholesale establishment, receiving a good salary; and laying up money. And so passed on four years of just such happiness as Lucy had wished for. But a cloud at length arose, and now it hung like a dark pall over her way. She had seen it from the moment it made its appearance on the horizon, but she could not make her husband see it. He had only laughed at her fears, and at times he had been really offended because of the fears which she held.

But now Alfred was out of business. He had become so unsteady that no one would trust him; and he had even sold articles of furniture to obtain the bare means of sustaining life.

The clock struck eleven, and the weeping wife and mother was upon the point of putting her child to bed, when she heard some one at the door, and shortly afterwards the bell rang. She placed Freddy upon the lounge, and then went to the door, where she found two men with her husband.

"Is this the home of this man?" Inquired one of the men.

"Yes, sir," gasped Lucy. "Oh! is he hurt?"

"No, only pretty drunk!"

Oh! how these harsh unfeeling words struck upon the poor woman's ears!

"Just show us the way to the bed, and we'll carry him in. You couldn't steady him now, for he's heavy."

Faint and trembling the wife turned towards the stairs and the policemen followed her leading her husband. Into the neatly arranged chamber she led them, and hav-

ing reached the bed she drew back the outer coverlet, and the stout men lifted the insensible form upon it.

"It's a shame—a bloody shame," uttered one of them, as they stepped back from the bed. "Perhaps you are his wife, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir," Lucy whispered with a powerful effort.

"Well, well they will do so but what fun they find is more than I can see.—And such a wife, too! But can't ye persuade him to stay in to-morrow? We shall have to take him up soon. What a fool!"

And with these words the officers left. Lucy conducted them to the door and then she returned to the kitchen where she had left her child. He was fast asleep, and without waking him she carried him and put him into his little bed. Then she took the light and went to her husband. She gazed a moment upon the bloated and distorted features, and then she sank down upon her knees.

"Oh! God!" she cried, have mercy on him! Save him! Oh, save him!—You'll kill your wife and child! God have mercy! mercy! mercy!

The distant bell sounded the hour of twelve as the unhappy wife lay down by the side of her child to sleep. She dared not rest by her husband's side, for in his wild maniac dreams he thrashed his arms about furiously. As the deep tones of the midnight bell sounded through the heavy air they struck upon her soul like the knell of the grave voice. She placed her arm about the form of her boy as though she would shield him from the touch of the demon; and thus, with the prayer upon her lips of "Save him—oh, save him," she sank into an uneasy slumber.

The morning broke dull and gloomy, with clouds and rain; and

Alfred Marston awoke with an aching head and parching lips. He asked for water and his wife was by his side in a moment. He grasped the pitcher in both his shaking hands, and drank deeply. He did not look his wife in the face, but with a deep groan he closed his bloodshot eyes and sunk back upon his pillow. Towards the middle of the afternoon he got up and tried to eat something, but he could not. His stomach could not bear it. Several times during the day he expressed a desire to go out, but by the most earnest and gentle persuasions his wife dissuaded him from the idea.—She did not say one word of the affair of the night before, and though she could not smile she was mild and gentle, and her words were sweet and kind.

Towards the middle of the afternoon Alfred fell asleep, and his wife took her sewing and sat down by the window at the foot of the bed. An hour afterwards her child came in and sat down by her side. The step of those tiny feet were hardly enough to waken a man from such a sleep, and yet he awoke. Perhaps there was some angel present fitting around that boy that flapped its wings close upon the sleeper's ears, and thus started him up from his sleep. But though he awoke, yet he did not speak. He lay there, and his breathing was long and regular as before, so his wife supposed he still slumbered.

"Mamma," spoke the boy, loud enough for the father to hear distinctly, "is papa sick?"

"Yes, my child, don't make a noise."

"I won't, I won't," said the little voice softly, but yet plainly.

"But is papa very sick?"

"Yes, Freddy."

For some moments the child was silent, and he seemed deeply

interested in some meditation. At length he said, and there was a hopefulness in his tone,

"Mamma, wasn't papa sick when he struck you?"

"Yes—yes, Freddy. But you must not speak of it again. He didn't mean to strike me."

"I shouldn't think he would strike such a good mamma."

"He won't again, Freddy."

"But will he ever love me again, mamma? Will he ever kiss me again, as he used to?"

"Hush, my child."

"But I won't wake papa up."

"Do tell me if papa will ever love me any more. Oh? I hope he will."

"So he will, Freddy."

There was another silence of some moments, and then the child spoke again, and this time with a simple earnestness that seemed strange for one of his years:

"Mamma, can God hear us when we talk to him?"

"Yes, yes, my child."

"And if I am good, won't he do what I ask him to do?"

"Anything that is really for your good, my son."

"Well, I mean to be good, I will be good always, so that God will help papa. Oh, mamma, if I am always good won't God make papa well, and make him love me once more?"

With one frantic yearning of her soul, the doating mother caught her boy to her bosom and wept. Alfred heard her stifled sobs, noiselessly he raised himself on his elbow and gazed upon her. His own eyes were filled with tears, and marks of intense pain were upon his brow. He saw his child—his noble, generous child—pillowed upon the bosom of his devoted wife, and the picture startled him. When he settled back upon his pillow again, his hands were

clasped, and his lips moved with some silent utterance of the soul. There was at that moment a mighty power within him, and in the depth of his awakened love he took a solemn oath. But he was determined that the oath should not be spoken aloud until his life had in a measure proved its sincerity.

Evening came, and Alfred managed to eat a light supper which his wife had prepared. The night passed away, and when the morning came, two officers came for Alfred Marston.

"For what?" asked the frightened wife, turning pale.

"Only as a witness," was the reply.

When Alfred came down he found that a subpoena had been served, and he must appear at court. The officer could not tell him what the case was. In a short time the young man was ready, and when he reached the court-house he found that on the evening of his last debauch a man had been killed in a row at a drinking-house where he had been present.

Alfred Marston was called upon the stand, but he could tell nothing of what had happened on the occasion alluded to; and he was not a little startled to learn that he had been in company with a gang of the most notorious scoundrels and villains in the city—that he had been seen drinking and playing with them.

"Young man," said the judge, as soon as it was found that Alfred had left the place before the man was killed. "I should hardly suppose that one like you belonged to such company. God grant that I may not see you here again under like circumstances."

Alfred left the court-house, and when he had reached a point where no one could see him, he stopped.

He bowed his head and remained for a long time in deep thought. At length he started up, and having clasped his hands as though he held some resolution there which he would not have escaped him, he started on. With quick steps he moved, and he stopped not until he had reached the large store of James Weston. At the door he hesitated, but it was only for a moment. He went in, and he had the good fortune to find Mr. Weston alone in his private counting-room.

The merchant was a kind, generous looking man, somewhat past fifty, with a cast of countenance which marked firmness and decision of character.

"Ah, Marston—is this you?" the merchant said, as he noticed the young man.

"Yes, sir," Alfred replied, in a low tremulous voice. He hesitated a moment, but his resolution came back to him, and with tears in his eyes and upon his cheeks, he resumed.

"For God's sake, sir, do not spurn me from you. Night before last I was down—down—O, God! I cannot tell you how low! I was carried home. Yesterday I heard an angel speak, and as though a blaze from heaven had entered my soul, melted my evil genius away. This morning I have been before a magistrate. I was called up as a witness. I had been among the vilest of the vile, and in the haunts of murderers and thieves! Once I thought I could take the social glass in safety, but I think so no more. In the glass lurks death, and death alone, for me. Within the *first glass* lies all my danger. If I keep clear of that then there is no danger for me. And now, sir, I have sworn that the accursed poison passes my lips no more! I can die—but my grave shall not

close over the remains of a drunkard! Can you take me back here once more? Oh! give me one more trial—one more!"

"Alfred Marston," cried the merchant, taking the young man by hand, "are you earnest and sincere in this? Is your resolution so fixed that you will not swerve?"

"I cannot swerve, sir," Alfred replied, solemnly and earnestly. "I am not a villain sir. I know I have promised before, but I have always reserved the right to take a social glass with a friend. I have been wise till now. Let what will come from this day—let penury and want stare me in the face—let starvation lay me low—let rags cover me, and paupers be my mates—from this time forth, while I have the mind of manhood with its memory left, I will touch not to my lips a drop of beverage that can intoxicate. I ask you, sir, to witness my oath, and whether I come here again or not, do you despise me as a wretch beneath all honest contempt if I break it!"

Again the merchant reached forth and grasped the young man's hand. There were tears in his eyes, and his lip trembled.

"Alfred," he said, "your place has not yet been filled, for there has been a strange whispering in my soul that I had better not do it. I have seen your noble wife go by, and I thought you could not long be a brute with such a companion."

"Oh, sir," gasped the youth, while the tears rolled down his cheeks like rain, "you do not half know that noble being yet. *And I struck her!* Oh! my God! when I knew it—when I first realized the whole truth—then it was that the blaze melted into my soul! When I heard her—but I cannot go on. Only believe me now—"

"I do, Alfred,—I do. Come to me when you can, and the old

place is yours. When shall it be?"

"Say to-morrow morning."

"Then so be it And may God be with and help you!"

Lucy Marston sat by the window of her little kitchen, and she had become uneasy, when she heard the door open upon the street, and in a moment more that well-known step. Her husband entered. He was pale, but he was sober. Her heart leaped joyfully in her bosom, and she turned away to hide the tears which she could not keep back. Oh! how hard she worked to keep hope within her power!

During that day not one word was spoken upon what had passed. Alfred eat some dinner, and at supper time his appetite was good. That night he slept well, and on the following morning he eat his breakfast, and then prepared to go out. He had resolved not yet to speak upon the one great theme; but he could not go away and leave that noble being in painful doubt all the day long.

"Alfred—will you——"

The wife could say no more. He gazed a moment upon her bowed head, and then he resolved to tell her all. He opened his arms and pressed her to his bosom, and then, in deep, earnest tones—tones which came gushing up from a redeemed and bounding heart, all tuned to seraphic music—he poured forth the story of his redemption. Not one doubt now lingered in the wife's mind. Every word came to her loaded with heavenly truth, and when the strain had ceased she flung her arms wildly about her husband's neck, and sobbed until her very heart seemed ready to break with the frantic joy that burst into life there.

By-and-by the husband and wife became more calm, and then Alfred

caught his boy in his arms.

"My noble child," he cried, while his frame shook with wild emotion, "you have helped to save your father. Yes, yes, Freddy, God has answered your prayer."

And then Alfred Marston went to the store. He took his old place once more and he found that all the clerks were generous and kind; and ere he left the place that night, they had all sworn with him that henceforth and forever the social glass should be banished.

Time passed on, and each succeeding day Alfred Marston became more and more firmly established in the noble course he had marked out. And many a time, when he turned his thoughts upon the memory of the past, did he wonder how he could every have been so wilfully, blindly foolish as to trust himself upon the brink of the fatal precipice from whence no answering good can come, but only destruction dark and drear?

And in that home where the dark cloud rested so long, the sun shines brightly now.

"Mamma," cried Freddy, as he clings fondly around his mother's neck, "won't I always be good—always, always—because papa is so very good to me?"

I Love the Night.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I love the night when the moon streams bright

On flowers that drink the dew,—
When cascades shout as the stars peep out
From boundless fields of blue;
But dearer far than moon or star,
Or flowers of gaudy hue,
Or merry trills of mountain rills,
I love, I love, love—you!

I love to stray at the close of day,
Through groves of linden trees,
When music floats in warbled notes,
And incense loads the breeze.

I love the night—the glorious night—
When hearts beat warm and true;
But far above the night I love,
I love, I love, love—you,

A Cherokee on Intemperance.

WE take the following sensible appeal from the *Cherokee Rose Bud*. No race of people has suffered more from the blighting effects of intoxicating liquors, yet no race is less guilty of its manufacture and traffic. Who is to be accountable for the desolation and death it spreads among the peaceful homes of the poor Indian? As large quantities of *fire water* are produced from the Ohio corn, so a large share of the awful responsibility must rest with her people. Surely the Great Spirit of the untutored red man will not be appealed to in vain:

It is something very common to see dissipated persons in our little villages by half dozens or more every week, especially on the Sabbath, that day appointed for sacred rest. Dissipation or intemperance is one of the greatest evils in our nation. Just look around and see how many happy families have been deprived of their happiness and peace by this one habit. Ought we not all to lend our aid in putting down this great evil? If we are young, we have an influence (our teachers say,) so let us one and all give our utmost influence for this noble cause. How I love the very word "Temperance." How often it restores comfort to many nearly ruined families. How many hearts would beat with pleasure to hear of our little nation becoming one in heart and hand in the cause of temperance. If those dissipated persons only knew of one half the pleasure it would give to their parents and sisters, they would shrink from the deadly poison and become a true-hearted people in this noble cause. Just look at a regular rum drinker. His step is feeble and unsteady, his

eyes swollen, his face red, and, perhaps, bruised from some recent fight, and his whole frame tells that rum has done its work, and he, a ruined man. Who of you would look thus? Will you not then all sign the temperance pledge, or join the Sons of Temperance, leave off intoxicating drinks and let it be told abroad that this nation, for one is a temperance one; that there is not one within its bounds who *condescends* to dissipation.

The First and the Last.

A YOUNG tippler at the threshold, and a sot at the grave. The saloon, and the scaffold—the bright hopes of remorse; the bright laughter of the young traveller, and the maniac's wail among the lost; the lurking promise of fame, and the lowest state of infamy; the innocence of childhood, and the wickedness of the damned. Stand, sir, upon the threshold of the drunkard, and the whole panorama of intemperance lies before you. There is the first step and the last. There is the man behind the bar, with the toddy-stick, and the man behind the church in Potter's Field with his spade. The pathway is broad and deeply beaten, for throngs of eager pilgrims are thronging to the land of gibbet, dungeon and grave. Do you go in?—Think of home, kindred, childhood, and heaven, and turn away? That is a fearful road to travel.

Graphic Delineation of the Miseries and Effects of Intemperance.

THE following is the most graphic delineation of the miseries and effects of intemperance that we have ever seen. It is from the arguments advanced by certain citizens of Portage county,

Ohio, in a memorial to the Legislature on the subject:—

“And yet its march of ruin is onward still. It reaches abroad to others—invades the family and social circles—and spreads woe and sorrow all around. It cuts down youth in its vigor—manhood in its strength—and age in its weakness. It breaks the father’s heart—bereaves the doting mother—extinguishes natural affection—erases conjugal love—blots out filial attachment—blights parental hope—and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows—children orphans—fathers fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars. It hails fever—feeds rheumatism—nurses gout—welcomes epidemic—invites cholera—imparts pestilence—and embraces consumptions. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails—supplies your almshouses—and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies—fosters quarrels—and cherishes riots. It contemns law—spurns order—and loves mobs. It crowds your penitentiaries—and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler—the aliment of the counterfeiter—the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts election, pollutes our institutions, and engenders our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And now, as with the

malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world, and laughs at its ruin.”

The Stream of Life.

BY REV. J. A. PRIEST.

On, like a river,
It bears me ever;
The rushing stream of life!
I grasp the rudder;
I start and shudder;
The waters roar in strife!

Many a year
Has brought me here,
From the sources of life’s river;
And one by one
They bear me on
To God, my spirit’s Giver.

Gentle and slow
Began the flow
Of the waters from the fountain;
But brook and rill
Sprang from each hill,
And the torrent from the mountain.

Till the silver thread,
At the fountain head,
Expanded to a river;
And deep and black
On its hurried track
It dashes now forever!

And well I know
That its onward flow
Is hasting to an ocean,
Whose broad expanse,
To my advance,
May heave in wild commotion.

O! God of life,
Amid the strife
Of life’s swift rolling river,
Take Thou the helm,
Least death o’erwhelm
My hopeless soul forever!

WE overheard a poor unfortunate get the following sockdolager, the other day from his better half: “You good-for-nothing fellow!” said she, “what would you have been if I had not married you? Whose was the baking kiver, whose the frying-pan, and iron-hooped bucket, but mine, when you married me?”



ELI AND SAMUEL.

A SCRIPTURAL SKETCH.

From first of Samuel ; iii. Chapter.

Samuel ; The asked of God ;

So was he called,
 Because in answer to his mother's prayer,
 The child was given ; and as with grateful tears,
 She clasped her new borne treasure to her heart,
 She vowed to dedicate her precious one
 To Him who gave.

So from his tenderest years.

By holy Eli trained, the blooming child
 Stood at the altar, there to minister,
 In his young innocence, unto the Lord.
 And well the gentle boy that service loved,
 Nor less his mother joyed, to mark her son,
 Girt with the linen ephod, and intent
 To feed with holy oil the sacred lamp,
 And guard from touch profane the Ark of God.
 Thus early to the temple consecrate,
 Young Samuel favor found, where none in vain
 Seek for access ; and while he commune held
 With the most High, he, in his secret soul,
 His presence felt.

One eve his duty done,

In sleep he lay upon his little couch,
 When loud a voice like Eli's called—

"Samuel!" it said; and quick the boy up-rose,
 And sought the old man's side—"lo, I am here,"
 He answered strait; "My son, I called thee not;"
 The patriarch said—"go lie thee down in peace,"
 And he obeyed, weary and glad to rest,
 He laid him down, and soon sleep's balmy dews
 His eye-lids bathed.

But hark! again that voice
 Rang on his ear,—again he rose—trembling;
 And Eli sought, once more,—“Father,” he said,
 “Didst thou not call! I wait thy will to know.”
 “My son, I called thee not! sleep, sleep, and dream no more!”
 The aged man replied, and then again
 The child, craving repose, slept the sweet sleep,
 Which settles lightly on young childhood's eyes,
 While o'er him guardian angels kept their watch.
 But soon that slumber, calm and deep, was stir'd
 By the same voice,—it whispered, “Samuel!”
 And up sprang the boy, a thrill mysterious
 Circling through his frame, which seemed to tell
 Of God's dread presence near.

Quickly again,
 And with an earnest tone repeated he
 The old man's name, “Eli! my father, speak!
 “Thrice has thou called me, thrice from slumber deep
 “Have I arisen, in haste to do thy will.”
 Then fell a holy awe on the hushed soul
 Of the good patriarch, for, full well he knew,
 No human voice had the young sleeper roused,—
 None save that voice divine, which on the mount,
 And from the burning bush, to Moses spoke.

Reverent he gazed upon the youthful child
 So early called, chosen and set apart
 By wisdom high, a humble instrument,
 For some great end yet unrevealed to man,
 Lowly, adoring, then the man of God
 Bade youthful Samuel seek again his couch,
 And wait with prayerful heart the call divine.
 And he obeyed; and soon the summons came;—
 Meek, childlike, gentle, low he bowed him down
 Before that awful presence, answering swift,
 But in a tone tremulous with love and fear,
 “Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth?” and behold
 The Almighty gave unto that infant's trust
 His high behests—so holy Samuel walked
 Henceforth with God—growing in wisdom
 As he grew in years; a priest and prophet
 By his nation loved, and mourned by Israel
 When in death he slept.

A Story for Boys.

A FEW days since, in one of the Fox River towns, a party of boys were coasting, and as one after another they darted down the smooth white course and ran gaily back, drawing their sleds to the top of the hill for a fresh start, the laugh and the cheer that rose so pleasantly won even from busy men and aged men a smiling glance at a scene which called back to each his own boyhood. But, alas! one of these lads will not recall that afternoon's sport again, and another will never look back upon that bright winter's day without a shudder.

The story is a sad one. During their sport, the sled of one of the boys ran against that of a playfellow's, doing some slight injury. It was provoking—it might, perhaps have been avoided—but how does it compare with the terrible result that followed? The second scene is, two angry boys, with eyes flashing, and fists clenched, fighting; and the next, one of them is lying upon the snow, which is scarce paler than his cheek, or the frightened countenances of those who bend over him. His playmate has killed him. Anger came suddenly upon their peaceful sport, and this was the terrible consequence. And now, boys, picture if you can, the agony of him whose hand had taken the life of a school-fellow? What would he not give to recall that blow? and yet he can no more do so than he can call back to life the cold remains of the active little school-mate, who but a week ago, shared in his studies and sports.

Do not say that he is worse than you are, if you ever raised your hand in anger. He did not mean to kill his playfellow; he intended nothing more than you, when a thousand times, at a thousand little

things you have given way to passion. Boys, think of this; be gentle in your sports, be forbearing and manly, for true manliness is to "bear and forbear."—*Elgin Journal*.

A Case of Forgery.

DEACON CLOUGH took us "off at the knees" recently; we confess it was a clever sell.

"Did you hear of the forgery yesterday?" said the Deacon, as we were passing his Noah's ark.

"Forgery?" says we. "No, who's been forging?"

"Well," continued the Deacon, "I don't know that I ought to say anything about it—don't like to talk about other people's affairs—but it will soon be known I suppose. The fact is, there has been a heavy forgery committed by one of our oldest and most substantial men."

"You don't say so! How long has it been going on?" says we.

"O, some years," replied the Deacon.

"Well, who is the person? Who are the parties?"

"Daniel Emerson."

"No?"

"Yes, sir. He's been forging some of the largest cart and wagon wheels you ever saw?"

We grabbed for an axe-helve, but the Deacon had vanished.

Boys Read This.

THE late Professor Stuart was a farmer's son, and until the age of fourteen, intended to lead a farmer's life. His early education was agricultural. At the age of four, it is said, he read a book of ballads, which developed a lifelong passion for the creation of imaginative genius; at the age of twelve he read, with great absorbing interest, "Edwards on the

Will," and at the age of fourteen commenced fitting for college.

In one evening he learned the four conjugations of Latin verbs, in another the sixty rules of syntax, and in three days was master of the grammar. He graduated in 1799, a favorite pupil of President Dwight. His printed volumes are not less than twenty, and his reviews and essays fill more than two thousand octavo pages.

I Got A-Going and Couldn't Stop.



LITTLE boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him:

'Frank!'

'Sir?' said Frank, and started at full

speed and ran into the street?

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

'Yes, sir,' said Frank.

'Well, then,' said

his father 'what made you run into the street?'

'Oh,' said Frank, 'I got a-going and couldn't stop.'

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they get a-going and can't stop. The boy that tells lies, began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop till he came out a full grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police was sent to the House of Correction for stealing sweetmeats and other nice things that were put away. Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a-going

and couldn't stop till he got in jail.

These two boys that you see fighting out on the green, began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and dispute, and called each other names, till they got a-going and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gaming table. He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a despairing countenance. He has lost his last dollar. He began by playing marbles in the street; but he got a-going and couldn't stop.

See that young man, with a dark lantern, stealing from his master's drawer. He is a merchant's clerk. He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began thinking he would go only once, just to say that he had been to the theatre. But he got a-going and couldn't stop. He has used all his wages and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation, when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going—he will stop in the State Prison.

Hark! do you hear that horrid oath? It comes from the foul mouth of a little boy in the street. He began by saying by-words; but he has got a-going and can't stop.

Fifty young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public house, to enjoy themselves in social hilarity, where the wine cup passed freely round. One of them, as he was going there one evening began to think there might be some danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself—'Right about face!' He turned on his heel and went back to his room, and was

never seen at the public house again. He has become rich; and the first block of building which he erected, was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty three got a-going and couldn't stop till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in the drunkard's grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you get a-going. Be sure, before you start, that you are in the right way; for when you are sliding down hill, it is hard to stop.

Open the Gate.

I WISH you would send a boy to open the gate for me," said a boy of ten years old to his mother, as he passed with his books under his arm.

"Why John cannot you open the gate for yourself?" said his mother. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that."

"I could do it I suppose," said the boy, "but it is heavy and I do not like the trouble. The trouble. The servant can open it for me just as well. What is the use of having servants, if they are not to wait upon us?" thought he.

The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy, he drew from his bag his arithmetic, and began to look at the sums.

"I can not do these," he whispered to the next scholar; "they are too hard."

"But you can try," replied his companion.

"I know that I can try," said John, "but it is too much trouble. Pray, what are teachers for if not

to help us out of our difficulties? I shall carry my slate to Mr. Helpwell, the usher."

Alas, poor John. He had come to another closed gate—a gate leading into a path of useful knowledge. He could have opened it alone; but he had come to the conclusion that it was as well to have the gates opened for us as to exert our own strength.

The result was, it was decided that he had no "genius" for such a kind of study.

The same was true of Latin. He could have learned the declensions of the nouns and conjugations of the verbs as well as others of his age; but he had got other boys to do his exercise, and what was the use in opening the gate into the Latin language when others would do it for him. Oh, no, John Easy had no idea of tasking his mind or body when he could avoid it, and the consequence was that numerous gates remained closed to him all his life—gates to honor—gates to usefulness—gates to happiness! Children, you should early learn that it is always best to help yourselves.

Written For the Life Boat.

Spring.

SPRING, spring, art thou come again,
With thy fields and meadows all blooming
and green;

With thy budding flowers,
And thy sunny hours,
While the sound of the bird's
Sweet note is heard,

And the old forest trees is heard again
As they welcome thee back, O spring, sweet
spring.

O Spring, spring, thy breath is sweet,
The invalid doth thee gladly greet,
When thou art near,
Fair nights appear,

The streams are unbound,
And we hear their sound,

As they leap along on their pebbly bed,
And the blue sky smileth overhead.

Spring, spring, dost thou revive
All that has drooped, and bring to life

The insects gay
That had slept away
Through the wintry hour,
Chilled by its power,
And they sport again in thy gay sunshine,
For to them thou art a merry time.

Spring, spring, art thou come again,
Arrayed in thy robe of emerald green,
Thou art welcome here,
For the sound we hear
Of childhood's tone
On the still air come,
Welcoming thee with a shout of glee,
For all that is fair in thine hours they see.

Spring, spring, deep thoughts thou dost
bring,
Thoughts of the past, while of thee we sing,
Our childhood's days,
With their innocent plays,
And the hours that fled
So swift o'er each head,
Those times have fled that so sweet used
to be,
Yet a welcome still we can breathe to thee.
Montreal, May, 1856. MARY ANN.

Courting.

Boys, when you court,
You should deport
Yourselves with circumspection,
It is a sin
To seek to win
And trifle with affection.

Nor when sincere
The men appear
In gallantry and wooing,
Can woman jilt
Without the guilt
Of similar misdoing.

Too many court
In thoughtless sport,
Nor think when they have parted,
On what they've done—
The loving one
Left courted broken hearted.

Too many jilt
With equal guilt,
Nor think, while thus
That MEN have hearts
To feel love's darts,
Though they their feelings stifle.

In all we do
We should be true,
Nor raise an expectation,
Unless 'tis meant,
To full extent,
To meet the obligation.

Noble Self-Sacrifice.

DURING a recent war in Germany, the Captain of a cavalry troop was out foraging, or stealing fodder for his horses, and perceiving a little cottage in a solitary valley, he rode up and knocked at the door.

A venerable Moravian came to answer his call, whom he commanded to lead him and his troopers where they could find grain. The old man immediately put on his hat, and sallied forth in obedience to the command. After about a quarter of an hour's march, they came upon a fine field of barley, at which the captain exclaimed, "this is the very thing we want."

"Have patience for a few minutes," answered his guide, "we have not quite reached it."

They proceeded nearly a mile farther, where they found another field of barley, at which the Moravian stopped, and the troopers immediately dismounted, cut the grain, trussed it up, and began to retrace their steps to the camp. As they were going along, the captain said to his conductor, "you gave yourself unnecessary trouble in coming so far."

"Not so," replied he, "the first field was not mine, but the second was, and I have helped you rob, not my neighbor, but myself."

A BAD MARK.—"I've got a boy for you, sir." "Glad of it; who is he?" asked the master-workman of a large establishment. The man told the boy's name, and where he lived. "Don't want him," said the master-workman; "he has got a bad mark." "A bad mark, sir; what?" "I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."

DISINFECTING FLUID.—The best of all disinfecting fluids, is the milk of human kindness.

Puzzles for Pastime.

Enigmas.

I.

I AM a word of nine letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 4, is sour.

My 8, 5, 6, 4, is an animal.

My 1, 9, 5, 6, 4, is to be found in every human being.

My 7, 5, 4, is very destructive to

My 6, 5, 4, which it will 2, b, 4, and sometimes

My 4, 6, 5, 3 is used to take both, and

My 7, 5, 4, is often made a 3, 2, 4 of, and may be seen sitting on my 7, 5, 6, 3, 2, 4.

My 1, 5, 9, is made by the 8, 2, 5, 4 of the 6, 5, 9 of the sun.

My 7, 6, 5, 3, 2, is much used in mourning.

My 3, 2, 5, 4, is used for fuel. Without

My 7, 8, 5, 6, 4, sailors could not circumnavigate the world.

And my whole is an ancient government.

II.

I am a word of eight letters.

My 5, 1, 2, 5, 1, 3, is a religious sect.

My 5, 6, 8, 4, is a lady's name.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, 1, 2, is mentioned in the "Life of Telemachus."

My 5, 4, 2, 5, 1, 8, is an animal.

My 2, 1, 4, 7, is the colour of a horse.

My 5, 4, 3, 6, is part of a lion.

And my whole is a decoration.

Montreal.

A. D.

III.

I am a word of nine letters, and

My 9, 5, 9, is found in my whole.

My 7, 4, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a false representation.

My 4, 7, 8, 9, is a wild beast.

My 2, 8, 5, 1, 7, 9, is a relation.

My 9, 8, 6, 2, is part of the face.

My 9, 8, 7, 6, 2, is a loud clamour.

My 9, 7, 4, 2, is a river in Africa.

And my whole is separate from others.

Montreal.

A. D.

IV.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

My 19, 23, 15, 3, 11, is the name of a city repaired by King Jotham.

My 18, 21, 1, 30, 21, 17, was a Jewish prophet.

My 21, 2, 21, 26, 27, 8, 25, 24, 26, was a King of one hundred and twenty provinces.

My 23, 13, 22, 24, 13, 11, was a city built by Jeroboam.

My 21, 20, 19, 26, was a herdman of Tekoa.

My 14, 21, 19, 16, 25, the Israelites were in want of Rephidim.

My 4, 2, 21, 11, 28, is a great fish.

My 7, 5, 26, 15, was the father of one of the Kings of Israel.

My 29, 21, 6, 30, 20, 19, 18, 5, 1, 13, was one of David's Mighty men.

My 10, 8, 26, 29, 27, 26, was a governor of India.

My 1, 21, 9, 20, 19, 25, was a city built by Solomon.

And my whole is a wise saying of Solomon.

Montreal.

A. D.

V.

I am a word of ten letters.

My 2, 3, 6, 7, expresses the source of vitality.

My 2, 8, 5, is a personal pronoun.

My 1, 6, 10, is a male animal.

My 9, 8, 7, is to rest.

My 10, 6, 7, is a useful domestic article.

My 9, 3, 6, 7, is a resting place.

My 9, 4, 5, is a Schoolboy's dislike.

My 1, 4, 10, the sailor's delight.

My 10, 3, 6, 7, part of our daily food.

My 9, 6, 5, a male name.

And my whole a most uncomfortable companion.

Montreal.

A. D.

VI.

One side of every thing you see,
You often think and talk of me;
Yet though I clearly should proclaim
All that I am, and tell my name
Without disguise or round about,
Still you could never find me out.

VII.

By wise men in the days of yore
I was accounted one of four:
But what our number is, of late
Learning has brought into debate.
The circuit of this globe I round,
Disdaining loftiest wall and mound.
Scarce felt or known, I always move
Within you, round you, and above;
Floating the earth and heaven between,
Am often heard but never seen;
Yet though devoid of shape or size
Grow thinner always as I rise.
By drawing me you live and breathe;
If I withdraw you sink in death.
I help to feed the plant and tree;
I serve the birds for sail and sea.
Without my passport to its flight
Your eye could not discern the light,
Nor to your ear would ever reach
The voice of music or of speech.
I am a gesture, a grimace,
A blemish oftener than a grace,
Except upon a favorite's face.
But many are the parts I play,
And oft the grave and oft the gay,

Am pure, am foul, am heavy, light,
Am safer in the day than night,
Upon the mountain keen and sharp,
But soft and sweet upon the harp.
The prince of demons by degree
Is for a season prince of me ;
But thence, too, he shall fall in time,
As once he fell from higher clime :
Meanwhile his lies of every hue
By *taking* me are passed for true.

Charades.

i.

From toils of life and from the noon-day
heat
My first and second yield a calm retreat,
Inviting each to stillness and to sleep,
At once the brows to cool, the sense to
steep.
But he who would combine the two in
haste,
Venturing the sweets of both at once to
taste,
May rest so long as never more to rise,
May sleep till death for ever close his eyes

ii.

Though found in secrecy and shy,
Still I am ever in the way ;
You have me always in your eye,
You keep me constantly in pay.

Without me none behold the sky,
Begin the year, or close the day ;
You cannot without me say why,
Nor even answer yea or nay.

And if these facts you would deny,
Do what you can, shift as you may,
I still must finish your reply,
Still I must help you to gainsay.

Riddles.

i.

Most frequently we'er tall and straight,
Though various we appear ;
In olden time we show'd in state
But one day in the year.

Now in long files we often stand,
Some yeoman's dwelling near ;
From us are pluck'd, by many a hand,
The bitters of good cheer.

There is a land where we are born,
E'en in its sorrow dear,
Where our dependence we must mourn,
Though all unused to fear.

Two spots the farthest in degree,
Both cold, remote, and drear ;
A spot on you you cannot see,
Not far behind the ear.

A badge of trade some people still
Outside their windows rear ;
A tax that brought both grief and ill—
Say! is my meaning clear ?

ii.

A small conjunction, and a coin
Of western lands, if you will join
Correctly, that at once is shown
Which you or I can ne'er go down.

iii.

A little verb repeat twice over,
And you a river will discover
That almost boasts a classic name,
Its course not wild, nor far from Thame.

iv.

Why is woollen unfit to contend with
silk ?

v.

Why is P the best landlord's letter ?

Transpositions.

i.

When dusky night, with low'ring clouds,
Spreads darkness o'er the earth,
Then superstition, leagued with fear,
Will give my total birth ;
Curtail me, and the gloom is fled—
I cheer the wanderer's way ;
Again curtail'd you'll find a man
Whose heart is ever gay.
Now view me in another form,
The table I adorn ;
To science now I'm near allied,
Of industry am born.
A most destructive animal,
'Tis strange, I shall appear,
Reversed, and in the well-fill'd barn,
The rustic's greatest fear.

ii.

A weaver's instrument ; a formation of
two vowels ; a jet of water ; a useful pro-
pensity ; a wild animal ; a fruit ; a letter
in the Greek Alphabet ; and an instrument ;
the initials of which, read forwards, form
the name of an amusing, interesting, and
cheap publication, and the initials, the place
at which it is published.

Montreal.

A. D.

ANSWERS

TO PUZZLES FOR PASTIME IN LAST NO.

CHARADES.—1. Work Basket. 2. Cotton
Spool. 3. Candle. 4. Barley Soup.
OLDER RIDDLE RHYMES.—1. The Dew.
2. The Bee. 3. A nail in the bottom of
a ship. 4. A milkmaid sitting upon a
three-legged stool. 5. A chimney. 6.
His father was a dyer. 7. Smoke. 8.
Parchment, Pens, and wax. 9. The mist.
10. Paper and writing.